

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 780 THE PURPOSE OF VIVIAN'S VISI

In the visiting room.

Vivian was still trying to soothe Allie. "Since you're already here, you need to stay calm. There's nothing you can do to change anything, anyway."

Allie shook her head frantically. She clutched Vivian's hand as tears streamed down her face. "In the last few days, I've witnessed first-hand just how ruthless criminals are. I can't even imagine what might happen to me if I get locked up for good! You have to get me out of this hellhole!"

But Vivian ignored her pleas. She shook off Allie's hand, her eyes flashing with disgust. "Brandon believes that you're behind everything, right?"

Allie sniffed. "Of course. That's why I'm here, isn't it?"

Vivian heaved an inward sigh of relief. Her main purpose for coming here was to make sure that Allie had indeed taken the blame for her.

Now that it was settled, she no longer had any business in this place.

Seeing that Vivian was about to leave, Allie shot to her feet and stopped her. "You haven't told me when you're getting me out yet!"

This woman was her last hope for salvation.

Vivian pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes. "Are you really that naive, or are you just plain stupid? Don't you see what's happening?"

Allie balked at the sight of the other woman's face. An

ominous feeling gripped her heart. "What do you mean by that?"

"I'm not getting you out of here," Vivian scoffed. "The Turner family and I are no match for Brandon Larson, so we needed to pin the blame on someone else, that's all."

This bitch was about to ditch her! Allie realized too late that she had truly become a scapegoat.

Different emotions played across her face—shock, despair, then finally, rage. She was so furious that veins started appearing on her forehead. Without thinking, she lunged forward and grabbed Vivian's collar. "You liar! You've planned this since the beginning, haven't you? It was you all along! You never meant to save me!"

How could Vivian do this to her?

"Get your dirty hands off me!" Vivian snapped viciously. She swatted Allie's hand away and proceeded to slap the latter in the face. "Count yourself lucky that you're still alive. That is the extent of my mercy. Allie, Miss Turner used to treat you well, didn't she? Just take this as a way for you to repay her kindness."

Vivian leaned close and smirked at the stunned woman. "Don't worry," she said in a low voice. "I will never stop trying to avenge Charis, and I will succeed one day."

Allie finally broke down. "Do you really think I can't do anything to you?" she screamed. "I'm going to tell the prison guards all about your crimes. If I have to go down, then I'm taking you and the Turner family along with me!"

Vivian smiled again before stating the address of Allie's parents. "Oh, Allie, Allie. You never learn, do you? Have you forgotten that your parents are still benefiting from the money that I gave them? If the Turners and I are put to jail, who's going to support your poor, ailing father? Think about it carefully."

Allie crumpled to her knees in defeat. She didn't want Vivian to get away with what she had done, but she couldn't risk her parents' safety, either.

Just then, a prison guard came over with his electric baton. "Time is up. Come with me, Allie Olson."

He pulled her up by the arm and ushered her toward the door.

Allie's eyes were glazed as she took in the reality that she no longer had a future to look forward to.

Then, all of a sudden, she rushed into the wall and hit her head against the concrete. Her skull was cracked from the impact. Blood gushed down her face as she lost consciousness.

Shocked, the prison guard immediately called for the resident doctor.

Vivian watched it all happen, her expression blank. She felt nothing at all.

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