

## THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

### CHAPTER 777 ALLIE'S PUNISHMENT

Brandon reached for Janet's hand and squeezed it. He looked into Janet's eyes for a few seconds and then broke into a smile.

He knew what she meant.

"Take this as a lesson learned and don't make deals with strangers ever again." Seeing that he had driven his point home, Brandon told her the truth. "The police will return the money to you after the investigation. Don't worry."

Janet's eyes instantly lit up. Then she glared at Brandon and asked, "Why'd you lie?"

"So that you wouldn't make the same mistake again." Brandon only hoped that Janet could learn from this.

This time, she had only lost some money. The next time, she might not be so lucky.

But Janet didn't have the heart to be angry with him now that she knew she could get her money back. "I can't believe Allie's going to get away with this so easily. Going to prison for fraud is such a light punishment."

"Don't worry. She'll get what she deserves," Brandon said cryptically, implying something deeper.

"What do you mean?" Janet looked at him questioningly.

She felt that the look in his eye was a bit strange.

"She has committed multiple crimes. If she's convicted of all of them, she'll be imprisoned for a good number of years." Brandon didn't want to give

too much away, so he didn't explain himself further.

But he knew very well that the evidence of Allie's crimes were solid enough to jail her for a very long time. The second she was put behind bars, no one could save her.

Even if someone wanted to bail her out, it was futile.

Not under the Larson Group's watch.

Of course, Allie didn't know that the Larson Group had eyes in the prison. Despite having worked there for years, she had no idea just how powerful Brandon's company was.

Since her case hadn't gone to trial yet, she was temporarily detained in the police station.

There were all kinds of criminals in the detention room

where all criminals were locked up before trials. Allie didn't fit in at all. The leader of her in-mates made her life a living hell.

"Hey, bitch! Come here and massage my feet." The leader of the female prisoners, Ellen, had a sleeve of tattoos on her arm, making her look especially intimidating. Because smoking was prohibited in here, she always had a toothpick in her mouth.

"What? No way!" Sometimes, Allie would try to resist. She used to be the assistant to the vice president of a powerful corporation. Now, she was reduced to this. Every day, she wished her trial would come sooner.

However, resisting was futile. She'd get beaten to a pulp, and after that, she'd still be forced to do what she was asked.

Ellen hated people like Allie—people who had already

been caught for their crimes yet still acted proudly. She patted Allie on the cheek and sneered, "You still think you can get out of this shithole? You're a goddamned idiot. Your life was ended the minute you stepped into this place."

"W-what do you mean?" Allie stammered, eyeing the leader of the in-mates cautiously.

Her crime was only fraud! The punishment couldn't be too serious, right? Even if she was sentenced to some jail time, she'd be released after a few months at most.

"You really are an idiot, aren't you? Well, let me spell it out for you: you've offended the Larson Group. Once you receive your sentencing, the police will immediately transfer you to prison. You'll be tortured to death before you can get out of there."

As soon as she finished speaking, Ellen burst into laughter at the sight of Allie's pale face.

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