

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 792 I DON'T OWE BASTARDS AN EXPLANATION

Elizabeth had a strong desire to survive.

Why would she be the one to die?

Her only mistake was falling in love with this jerk, Jorge.

In desperation, she raised her hands and grabbed the blade from Jorge.

She did not want to die, especially not in his hands.

Her face distorted in pain, and beads of sweat broke out on her forehead. Blood dripped down the blade to the ground and formed a small puddle.

Just as she was on the verge of despair, someone

kicked the door open.

"Seize Jorge!" a man shouted, who turned out to be Brandon. In an instant, four bodyguards rushed in from behind him.

Jorge's eyes widened in shock. He cursed, threw the knife aside, and pushed Elizabeth away. While they were trying to catch Elizabeth, Jorge took advantage of the chaos and ran away.

"Call an ambulance. The two of you stay and protect the ladies. As for the rest, come with me."

Brandon glanced at Elizabeth and her aunt, who lay sprawled on the ground.

Without wasting any second, he and his men left to chase after Jorge.

Meanwhile, Jorge was running down the stairs as fast as he could. Just then, he ran into an old woman who was walking up the stairs with a basket of vegetables.

"Oh! Young man, be careful!" the old woman angrily said. Jorge swerved to avoid her, but she stopped him. "You'll hurt someone, you know? What's your name? Tell me!"

However, Jorge had no time for this. He impatiently pushed the woman and shouted, "Fuck off, you old bitch!"

Without waiting for the woman's response, he continued to run downstairs.

Sadly, it was too late.

By the time Jorge started running again, Brandon and his man had caught up with him.

At this moment, Brandon grabbed Jorge by the collar and threw him in the corner.

Jorge fell to the ground with a heavy thud.

His arm hit the wall, making him cry out in pain. He looked at Brandon with resentment and exclaimed, "It's you again! Brandon Larson, why do you always get in my way? You've ruined my life!"

He was aware that Brandon's men had been looking for him, but he had no idea why.

He feared death and not once did he dare to offend the rich and powerful. How could he have offended someone like Brandon?

Brandon looked down at Jorge and answered, "I don't owe bastards an explanation."

He walked over to his enemy, grabbed him by the collar again, and pinned him against the wall. "You scammed a poor and helpless woman. How pathetic."

Meanwhile, Jorge was terrified out of his wits. He knew very well that this would not end well, especially now that Brandon had caught him.

He swallowed hard and furtively took a look at the window in the corner.

He had seen it while going up the stairs earlier. The building was old and only a few stories high. Right now, he was on the second floor, and there was a heap of trash directly below the window.

With all his remaining strength, he pushed Brandon out of the way and leapt outside the window.

Brandon never thought Jorge would do such a thing.

He rushed over to the window and looked at where Jorge had landed.

To his surprise, Jorge had fallen onto a heap of trash and was not moving. But then, he got up and limped away.

Brandon's eyes narrowed in displeasure.

"Get him. Inform everyone that whoever helps Jorge will be seen as Larson Group's enemy," he ordered emotionlessly.

Meanwhile, in the car, Janet was anxiously waiting for Brandon.

"It's been over 30 minutes. Why isn't there any news from him?"

"Mr. Larson is good at fighting. You can trust him," the female bodyguard assured her.

Janet lowered her head and worriedly said, "I can't take it anymore. Brandon has been hurt several times before. I'll only be relieved if I see him with my own eyes."

The bodyguard fell silent for a long time, pondering about what she should say to Janet. "I understand how you feel, Mrs. Larson. But I'm afraid I still can't let you get out of the car."

Janet heaved a heavy sigh. Sadly, she could only look out of the window and wish for Brandon's safe return.

A few moments later, the sound of siren drew closer and closer.

Janet opened the window and poked her head out. There was an ambulance and a police car.

She then saw two paramedics were carrying a stretcher, on which lay Elizabeth's aunt who was covered in blood. Her gaze then fell onto Elizabeth's bloodied hand.

"Damn it!" she muttered under her breath.

Just as she was about to open the car door, the bodyguard stopped her.

"Mrs. Larson, you have to calm down!"

"Don't you dare get in my way. I don't care whether Brandon gets angry. He can do whatever the hell he wants to me later. I'm getting out of the car!" Janet said through gritted teeth.

She pushed her bodyguard away, opened the car door, and ran out without looking back.