

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire
Chapter 477: Fight In The Living Room

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The suit jacket, with a strong smell of nicotine, was thrown at Elissa's face, and the huge force forced her to take a few steps back. Frightened by Patrick's fury, Ritchie immediately retreated and hid in the kitchen. As the patriarch of the Lester family, Patrick was intimidating and domineering.

Elissa was so scared out of her wits that her heart seemed to have stopped in her chest. She clutched Patrick's suit jacket tightly and fell to her knees.

"It was me." Elissa knew that she couldn't hide it anymore, so she admitted to her crime.

Time seemed to stand still. The room fell deathly silent. Patrick strode over to her and slapped her across the face without warning. The servants who were cleaning up the table nearly jumped at the loud sound and quickly scurried out of the room like mice. Shocked, Elissa gingerly touched her swollen cheek, where a red palm print gradually appeared.

"Elissa, you're a terrible woman! Even after so many years, you haven't changed at all!" Patrick roared at the top of his lungs.

"Ethan is still my son. Even if I never liked him, I've never thought of killing him! Moreover, he's the president of the Larson Group now!" Patrick glared at Elissa, gnashing his teeth in anger. He had known for a long time now that Elissa was not a kind person. Ever since she had married into the Lester family, she had done a lot of things behind his back, but he had always turned a blind eye to them.

"I knew you didn't like Ethan. I didn't care what you did to him in the past. But now, he's not just Ethan Lester. He's also Brandon Larson! Did you ever stop to think about the consequences you've brought upon the Lester family?" Patrick continued to berate the woman.

Whatever Elissa had done in the past didn't endanger the interests of the Lester Group.

But things were different now. The Larson Group was a force to be reckoned with and could easily topple the Lester family.

Cradling her stinging cheek, Elissa glared at Patrick with hatred. Her eyes were so sharp, they could've pierced through Patrick.

She had never been hit by anyone before in her whole life. How dare he slap her in the face? She too came from an affluent family in Seacisco.

When she married into the Lester family, Patrick was just the owner of a small, developing company. If it weren't for her family's support, could he have achieved what he had today?

"Patrick, how dare you hit me?!" Elissa flew into a rage.

"He's just a bastard! He shouldn't even have been born! How dare you blame me now? If you hadn't fooled around with all those women back then, there wouldn't even be a Brandon Larson today! The Lester family would've been even more powerful!"

Patrick was so angry at the woman's arrogance that he rolled up his sleeves to deliver another slap across her face.

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