

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire
Chapter 478: In Turmoil

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“What? I know nothing about it! Don’t involve me!” Ritchie protested.

“How dare you talk back to me?!” Patrick was so angry that he slapped Ritchie across the face.

“I’ve spent a fortune for you to study abroad. And this is the thanks I get?”

This was the second beating Ritchie had received

today. He was a grown man and felt utterly humiliated.

“Damn it! Damn you! I already told you that I have nothing to do with it! It’s all mom’s fault!” Ritchie couldn’t hold himself back anymore and spat on the ground angrily.

“You sent me abroad because you were afraid that I would end up in some shitty community college and disgrace the whole

family! You think I don’t know that? You’ve always been ashamed of me!

You’ve always thought that Seth and Ethan were way

better than me! You’ve always wanted to beat me up, right, Patrick Lester?”

Ritchie finally gave vent to all his pent up feelings over the years. Patrick

stomped his foot angrily. He hated it when people tried

to go against him. In his eyes, Ritchie was just trying to piss him off.

“How dare you?! I’ll beat the crap out of you!” He was so angry that his face

turned as red as a tomato. He looked around the

room until his eyes fell on a mop. He grabbed it and raised it above his

head, poised to hit Ritchie.

But Ritchie acted fast. He jumped up and ran around in the living room.

“Mom! Help me! He’s trying to kill me!” Ritchie hid behind Elissa like a little child.

Elissa gritted her teeth and dodged Patrick’s advances. She roared irritably,

“Patrick Lester! What the hell are you trying to do?

Do you want to break up this family?”

Just as Patrick was about to swing the mop, the phone in the living room

suddenly rang. Amidst the chaos, the boldest of the

servants went to answer the phone.

“Hello, Lester residence. You want to speak with Mr. Lester? I’m afraid he’s... Busy right now.”

The servant glanced at Patrick, who was about to hit Ritchie with the mop.

The caller seemed persistent so she handed over the

phone to Patrick, her body trembling slightly.

“Sir, it’s your assistant.” Patrick was in a fit of rage. He snatched the phone from her impatiently and spat into the receiver,
“What?”

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