

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 342: Borrow Money

The trio sat down for dinner.

Tyler kept trying to fill Janet's plate. He seemed more enthusiastic than Hannah.

"It must be strenuous to work for such a big company as the Larson Group. Eat more."

It was awkward, so Janet forced a smile as she ate.

She said, "It's okay. It's not as bad as it seems."

"That's because you're superwoman, Janet. How many people can say they get to work for Larson Group? If I got married and had a child, my daughter might be your age."

Tyler kept flattering Janet as he served her more food.

"I see my mother treats you like her granddaughter, but I can't treat you like a daughter. I wouldn't dare. I'm better off treating you like I'm your uncle since we are family in a way."

Janet looked at the greasy pork chop in her plate before she looked up at Tyler's smiling eyes and said, "It's okay. Hannah is like a grandmother to me."

Hannah said with a smile, "Janet speaks better than you."

Janet smiled, but her smile disappeared when she saw the crazed look in Tyler's eyes. She had a feeling he hadn't changed, but she couldn't say anything.

When Tyler saw that Janet and Hannah had almost finished eating, he stood up, poured the rest of the food and sauce into his plate, and stirred them together before gulping the whole thing down.

"Slow down. No one will steal the food from you,"

Hannah scolded as she patted Tyler on the back. Her eyes were full of kindness. She was simply grateful and relieved that he came back.

Tyler finished the food and said, "I haven't had such a good meal in a while, Mom. It's so good to be at home."

Hannah smiled at Tyler.

"There's no place like home. What have you been up to?"

"I'm currently between jobs, trying to decide what I should do next," Tyler said after he swallowed the food in his mouth and wiped the sauce on his lips and chin.

This worried Hannah.

After thinking about it for a while, she said, "You don't have a good education background or skills, and you're not as young as you used to be, so you might not find anything except security guard work or something along that line."

Tyler sneered when he heard this.

"That's embarrassing. I used to have two people working for me, so I can't stoop that low."

"Well, now that things have changed, you have to curb your bad temper. It makes you unqualified to be a security guard." Hannah sighed.

Her son was ambitious but he was incapable.

When he saw that Hannah was getting riled up, he reluctantly agreed.

"I'll think about it."

Janet planned to go back downtown after dinner as there was usually a night bus at that time.

When he saw that she was leaving, Tyler followed her and said, "It's not safe for you to be going to the bus station alone so late at night. Let me walk with you."

It had stopped snowing and when Janet saw how dark it was outside, she didn't refuse.

As they both walked toward the bus stop, Tyler squinted and said, "I still want to run a small business. It's not lucrative for me to work as a security guard at my age. I'm over forty, and I need to save some money to take care of my mother."

Although Janet wasn't business-savvy, she politely replied, "That's okay. It's always better to have a goal."

Tyler rubbed his hands awkwardly before he said what was on his mind, "To run such a business, I need money and my mother doesn't have much, so I can't ask her. Can you lend me fifty thousand dollars? I'll pay you back as soon as I start earning profit."