

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 341: A Mother's Forgiveness

The bus arrived at their stop at 7:00p.m. The days were shorter in the winter and it was already dark out at this time. The snow fell over the land silently and violently. They walked in the direction of Hannah's house in the snow.

From a distance away, she could make out thick snow covering the entire yard and dim yellow light coursing through the window. "Hannah!" Janet called out from where she was.

She ran over to the house with a bright smile on her face, pulled open the gate of the yard and made her way inside. She always felt happy and excited every time she came back here, because she felt like returning to her childhood place.

When she was attending school, she barely knew her way around.

Hannah always stood at the front of the village with a walking stick, waiting to walk her home.

Hearing the sound of Janet's voice, Hannah opened the door with a huge smile on her face and said, "Why did you come here at this very hour? Why didn't you call me ahead of time? Have you eaten anything yet?"

Right after Hannah finished saying that, she saw Tyler next to Janet.

Hannah slammed the door shut in their faces and said, "I don't want to see that bastard. Ask him to stay away!"

"Mom, I haven't seen you for so long. You're old now. It's time I went out of my way to do something for you. At least talk to

me. Please let me in, Mom!" Tyler said, tears falling from his eyes.

He knelt down by the door, begging his mother to let him in. He was not very tall, and now he looked even more miserable. Janet had no idea what to say, so she stood to the side, clearly embarrassed.

Tyler prostrated three times and begged pitifully.

Finally, he had no other choice but to say to the door, "Mom, it's so cold out here. Can you let me and Janet inside first?"

At the mention of Janet, Hannah's heart softened and she opened the door. It had been nearly ten years since Hannah last seen Tyler.

Hannah hated him with all her heart for being a deadbeat gambler. But she also missed him greatly.

After all, he was her son and they were related by blood.

Last time, Hannah was so enraged that she turned him away.

Now Tyler had arrived at her home with a ton of gifts.

Hannah wiped her tears off of her face and sat next to the stove, preparing food wordlessly.

Tyler had the feeling that his mother's attitude was way better than the last time. He immediately knelt down in front of Hannah and said sorry over and over again. He slapped himself across the face and cried bitterly.

"This was all my fault. I shouldn't have hung out with a bad crowd. Mom, I've been drifting around all these past years, but I didn't dare to come back home to see you. I was afraid that you'd be disappointed in me. This is all my fault. Mom, now that I've returned, I just want to take good care of you from now on."

Tyler knelt on the floor, crying bitter tears, and his cheeks were raw and red from all the slapping.

Hannah seemed unmoved and said angrily, "How many times have you said such things before? Not once did you keep your word."

"Mom, I swear to you that I'll never let you down again. I'll never gamble again. If I do any of that, just let me drown in the river outside."

Tyler's eyes were bloodshot at this point. He raised his fingers next to his head and swore solemnly.

As he said this, he slammed his forehead hard against the floor.

Even Janet was startled by what Tyler was doing, let alone Hannah, who was his mother.

"Just look at you! What are you doing?"

Hannah let out a long sigh, her heart filled with complicated feelings.

She was disappointed and angry with Tyler at the same time, but when she saw his blood-covered face, it was hard for her not to relent.

After all, he happened to be her only son.

Hannah's heart gradually softened.

Finally, she sighed and wiped away her tears.

"Get up and go wash your face now. Also, do something about the wound on your head. Let bygones be bygones."

Seeing that Hannah had forgiven him, Tyler felt immensely overjoyed.

He immediately got up and clutched Hannah's arm.

"I'm fine, Mom. You go and rest in the living room. I'll cook something for you. I haven't done something like this for you in a very long time."

When he made his way to the kitchen door after helping Hannah sit down, he turned around to give Janet a look.

"You guys can wait outside. I'll call you when I'm done cooking."

It was not until then that Janet came back to her senses.

She nodded.

After cleaning up the injury on his forehead, Tyler started to cook some food.

"The food is now ready. Come on, have a taste of the pork chop. This dish is my specialty."

Forehead still wrapped in bandages, Tyler proceeded to wipe his hands on his apron.

After that, he turned to look at Hannah and said, "Mom, you don't need to worry about these matters at home from this point on. I'll take care of everything at home. I want you to live a peaceful life from now on."

Hannah sat down at the table.

Even though she didn't smile, her eyes looked very kind.

"You like to say all those beautiful things to me."

Janet could see that Hannah was really intending to forgive Tyler now.