

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 348: Human Traffickers

Upon hearing the busy tone, Tyler muttered "bitch" under his breath.

He was referring to Janet.

'Just because she's sleeping with some CEO, she now thinks that she can tell me what to do and what not? Fuck that!' he thought.

As he held his phone, he put on his coat and slammed the door.

'How am I supposed to pay such a big gambling debt on my own? I'll never be able to pay that money back! Tyler kept mumbling swear words under his breath all the way to a bar.

He didn't have enough money to go to regular bars, so the bar he went to was an illegal one.

People like him who lived in the bottom of society knew some illegal bars.

These types of bars usually sold cheap alcohol, and they employed teenaged girls to sell beers table-to-table.

The bar wasn't well-ventilated, and smoking wasn't prohibited.

Upon entering the bar, all kinds of smells wafted into his nose and there were people from all walks of life.

He spat on the ground, walked to a seat with a cigarette in his mouth, and asked a barmaid for two dozen beers.

The barmaid didn't want to talk to him when she saw that he looked like a bum.

She just put the beers on the table and went to talk to the other guests.

Tyler gulped down the first bottle of beer, thinking of the embarrassment he faced when he tried to persuade Janet to give him more money.

'How could she ask me to find a job to pay off my debts?' he complained inwardly.

The taverns at night were brighter and livelier than the streets outside.

While Tyler was drinking, he heard someone whisper to another man, "I heard that the cripple in the neighboring village got a wife.

Did you help him? How much did you sell her for?"

"How much do you think a guy from a poor village can afford? A few thousand dollars. But there are a lot of men in Barnes, hoping to buy young, beautiful women. They offer really high prices, mind you," the man replied, raising his fingers.

"One hundred thousand dollars?"

"Nope. One million!"

Tyler was almost drooling when he heard the price.

He rolled his eyes, tempted at the thought that Janet met the standards that those were talking about.

He approached the men with a smile.

"I know a beautiful girl, I can give her for you for half the earnings. What do you think, boys?"

Not only could he pay off his gambling debts through these possible earnings, but he could also make a fortune.

He could even continue gambling using the rest of the money!: One of the human traffickers had a freckled face, and the other had thick eyebrows and big eyes.

They both eyed Tyler up and down.

The freckled-face man spoke first.

"Which neighborhood do you live in? And why have I not seen you before?" he asked vigilantly Tyler pondered for a moment and said, "I'm just another guy who's down on his luck. I used to hang out with people from the Gainrich Casino. Everybody there calls me Tiger."

The freckled-face man knew Gainrich Casino. He was also aware that all sorts of rogues owed money to the casino there. He and his companion exchanged glances before looking back at Tyler.

"Do you have any photos of the girl? We need to see what she looks like first. Call it a pre-check."

Tyler gulped down another bottle of beer and wiped his lips.

"Alright. She works for the Larson Group. I'll show you tomorrow. The next morning, he took them to the road that Janet always took to go to work. The human traffickers' eyes widened when they saw her. She was indeed gorgeous, and she was maddeningly sexy. They could easily sell her for a hefty sum.