

## **THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE**

### **CHAPTER 817 PUTTING ON A SHOW FOR VERA**

Vera had a feeling of what was going on.

She had discovered that the maids were sneaking snacks—and junk food at that—to Laney.

As a lady, she believed Laney shouldn't eat any junk food. It was disgraceful. But Vera didn't say anything. She reasoned that it would be best to catch Laney on the spot.

That night, Laney told her that she was not having dinner and she wanted to go to bed right away.

Vera was quite certain that Laney would get up at midnight to eat junk food since she skipped dinner. So she turned off the light in her room and waited quietly.

A little after midnight, she heard noises from downstairs, just as she had expected.

As quietly as a mouse, Vera walked towards the kitchen in darkness. She wanted to catch Laney this time.

"Laney!" she called out as she switched on the light in the kitchen. "Are you having junk food again? In the middle of the night, even? You know that..." Her voice trailed off when she saw the person in front of her.

"Garrett!"

Her son was standing next to the fridge door with a slice of pizza in his mouth.

"Mom! Are you sleepwalking? I'm not Laney."

Garrett then took out the box of pizza from the fridge

and put it on the table. He then pulled out the chair beside the table and sat down.

Vera smiled awkwardly. "Garrett, when did you come home?"

Garrett had been too busy with work that leaving for home had been difficult. So, he had been staying in the hotel near the company.

Vera hadn't seen her son for more than ten days.

"I miss home. Can't I come back?" Garrett continued to eat pizza.

With a helpless look on her face, Vera asked, "Why didn't you ask them to cook something for you? Eating cold food can upset your stomach."

Garrett nodded and said, "Oh, right, I'll microwave the

pizza then." And he licked his fingers after putting the slice of pizza back to the box.

He heated up the pizza in the microwave for a minute. Turning to face Vera, he asked, "Mom, why haven't you gone to bed? It's way past midnight."

Vera thought it best not to tell the truth to her son. "I heard the noises downstairs and thought it was a thief, so I came to check it."

She felt a little sorry for her son who was eating leftover pizza for dinner. "I'll ask the maid to cook for you. You should keep a healthy diet."

Garrett reassured his mother, "I'm fine, really. I just need to get something to eat. I don't want to wake Laney up. I just went upstairs and saw her sleeping soundly."

Thinking of Laney with her grandchild, Vera couldn't argue with Garrett.

"Yes, Laney needs her good night sleep." She walked over to the fridge and opened it. "There is some soup here. I'll heat it up for you."

Garrett grinned indulgently at Vera. "Mom, stop fussing over me. You have to go back to sleep," he said as he walked his mother to the stairs.

When his mother had gone upstairs, Garrett turned around and returned to the kitchen.

He took out the pizza that had been heated in the microwave.

The temperature of the pizza was just right. Garrett took out a slice and went to the table. He knelt down and looked at the woman who was curled up under

the table. Grinning affectionately, he removed the cold pizza from her mouth and offered her the warm slice instead. "Have this one."

Hiding under the table, Laney bit into the pizza, nodding pitifully.

She then bowed her head and savored a large slice of the pizza.

Garrett smiled. He touched her head and said, "You poor little thing."

Laney had come downstairs for the pizza.

She had taken the pizza out of the fridge to reheat it in the microwave when she heard Vera walking towards the kitchen.

She was so scared that she didn't know what to do.

Garrett fortunately arrived home in time.

When he heard his mother's voice, he told Laney to hide under the table and then adjusted the tablecloth to cover her.