

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire
Chapter 537: Ever-Growing Disgust

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“Your sister used to live with the White family. How could she own a fake bag? Anyway, you came home just in time for dinner. Come and sit down.” Eva waved gestured her children to come in with a smile.

Irritation flashed in Lila’s eyes and she walked to the dining table reluctantly. The house was so small that the living area and kitchen were pretty much one room and there was barely enough space for the four of them.

As if the cramped feeling wasn’t enough, the place was filthy, too. A few flies hovered over the food. Eva scooped some gunk into a bowl and put it in front of Lila.

“Eat it while it’s hot. I didn’t know you’d be here for dinner, so I didn’t buy any other ingredients beforehand.” Lila was used to a life of luxury. She only ever had food made with imported fresh ingredients. Her taste buds were accustomed to food from high-end restaurants and their home chefs. She had never seen “peasant” food such as the bowl of gunk in front of her. But since she was already here, she had no choice but to eat it.

However, the second she put the spoon in her mouth, she felt like vomiting. The disgusting-looking dishes coupled with the overall stench of the home made her lose her appetite. She sulkily pushed the bowl away and pouted.

That evening, after tidying up the house, Eva approached Lila with an embarrassed smile.

“We only have two bedrooms; one for me and your dad and the other is for your brother Jeff. You’ll have to make do in the living room, is that okay?” Lila looked at her in a daze, not knowing what to say. Well, there was nothing she could say. She couldn’t stay in Glenn and Eva’s room because they smelled terrible.

On the other hand, Jeff’s room was just filthy. As for the living room... Lila glanced at the piles of garbage. This whole place was like a trash bin. Eva wanted her to sleep in here? What was the difference between sleeping here and on the street?

The more Lila looked around, the more disgusted she felt with this family. She didn’t want to live here at all. When she left the

White family, Johanna had given her a generous amount of money. As long as she didn't squander it, it would be enough for her to live a carefree life for a couple of years. Thinking of this, Lila put on a fake smile.

"Don't worry. I'll stay in a hotel." As she spoke, she quickly grabbed her luggage and headed for the door.

"That's really not necessary!" Eva hurriedly stopped her.

"Our house might not be as nice as the Whites', but we can make do..." Lila couldn't stand being inside this house a second longer, so without replying, she turned around and left with a sneer.

A few days later, Lila was lying peacefully in a luxurious bathtub in her hotel room with rose petals floating around her. She stretched her arms and yawned, picked up a glass of red wine on the side, and sipped it carefully.

These days, she had been staying in the hotel. She hadn't felt so relaxed in so long. This was the kind of life for her.

However, her moment of peace was interrupted by the shrill ringtone of the mobile phone.

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