

The Mysterious Billionaire and His Substitute Bride

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Chapter 24

‘What? One hundred bucks a month for an apartment like this? That’s unbelievable.’

The man looked dumbfounded. However, the apartment didn’t belong to him, so he couldn’t finalize the rent.

“Mrs. Lester, I’m actually surprised to hear your offer. However, this house isn’t mine. I need to check it with the landlord of the house.”

He walked out of the room with his phone on the pretext of making a phone call. Taking the opportunity, he winked at Ethan to ask for his opinion. Ethan understood his gesture and agreed without hesitation.

Janet was a little nervous. After all, she knew her offer was definitely unacceptable.

A few minutes later, the realtor returned with a smile.

“The landlord has agreed.”

Janet’s mouth popped open in shock. She tried slashing the price but didn’t think the landlord would actually agree.

She blinked at Ethan.

Ethan coughed and walked up to her. “What’s wrong?”

“I don’t think this is an ordinary haunted house. I think something extremely terrible must have happened here before. Otherwise, why would the landlord agree to rent it at only a hundred dollars?”

Her hot breath blowing in his ear seemed to distract Ethan. After a moment’s hesitation, he blinked and asked, “Do you want to find another house?”

“No. We are lucky to have found such an affordable house. I won’t let go of it.”

“Aren’t you afraid it might be a haunted house?”

“Nope. The rent is unbelievable. Even if there are ghosts in the house, I don’t mind inviting them for dinner,” Janet said intently.

Ethan had never seen anyone willing to move into a haunted house just because the rent was cheap.

He narrowed his eye and pinched Janet's cheek. "Wow! You're brave."

He gulped, surprised by the softness of her cheeks.

"Ethan, it hurts!" Janet's face turned red. She stood on tiptoe to grab his face. However, Ethan towered before her, so he quickly stepped back. Janet couldn't even touch his chin.

"Let me go! Ethan! I'm angry."

"Don't move. There is still dust on your face. I'm just wiping it for you." The smile on his face widened as he looked at her.

'How could she be so cute?' he thought.

Janet and Ethan moved into the apartment the next day.

It was more convenient for her to go to work.

She could save all her commuting time.

In her spare time, Janet accepted freelancing design gigs to earn extra money.

During weekends, she went to the hospital to see Hannah.

"Hannah, I have planned to transfer you to a better hospital for treatment. The hospitals in the city are more advanced than this one. It would also be convenient for me to meet you often," she said while peeling an apple.

Hannah had raised Janet. The old woman was all she had.

"The hospitals there will be too expensive. I'm fine here." Hannah shook her head.

Her hair had already turned white. Hannah was only in her sixties, yet she looked older because of her illness.

Hannah knew that Janet lived a hard life even though she never openly discussed her problems.

"I've found a new job. I can handle it. Don't worry about me." Janet smiled and handed the plateful of apple slices to Hannah. "Eat the apple."

She knew the medical expenses would double if Hannah moved to a better hospital in the city. Janet didn't have enough money at present but hoped to earn better in the future.

Chapter 25

After leaving the hospital, Janet immediately called Bernie and Fiona. But neither of them answered.

She had no choice but to go to the Lind family's house again.

"Are you insane? Why are you constantly ringing the doorbell?" Minutes later, the maid opened the door and yawned. She seemed annoyed that Janet had disturbed her sleep.

"Let me in! I'm looking for Bernie and Fiona!"

"The entire family is on a vacation to the Maldives. They're not at home."

"When will they come back?" Janet asked anxiously.

Fiona said she didn't have the money to pay the agreed money. How could they go on vacation to the Maldives?

"I don't know. Go ask them!" The maid slammed the door.

Janet stared at the door and kicked it. Her body trembled with rage. "You lying bastards! All of you will rot in hell!"

The Lind family had gone to the Maldives. Regardless of whether it was true or not, Janet couldn't get in touch with them. She had to think of a way to pay Hannah's medical bills.

Perhaps God had sensed that Janet needed money.

As soon as Janet opened her browser, she saw an advertisement about a hospital looking for volunteers for clinical trials to come up with tumor drugs.

They were paying the subjects a thousand dollars for staying in the hospital for a few days and trying out the medicines. In case the drug had repercussions on the subject's body, they would get about ten to forty thousand dollars as compensation, depending on the seriousness of the problem.

It seemed like the perfect opportunity for Janet. She was young and healthy. Even if the medicines had any side effects, they wouldn't harm her that much.

Janet went to the hospital, filled out the registration form, and went straight to get a physical examination. She planned to try the medicines the next week.

Delicious smell of food wafted in the air as soon as Ethan entered the house.

“Why did you come back early today?” Janet cast a sidelong glance at him and continued to toss the spaghetti in the pan.

The apron accentuated her alluring figure. Her curvy bum bobbed as she moved around. The bowtie on her back seemed to tease Ethan — as if hinting at him to open it and peek at the tempting gift inside.

Ethan’s eyes darkened as he felt hot in his throat.

He unbuttoned his collar and went to the fridge to get a bottle of water. “I was off duty earlier today,” he said after gulping down the water.

He looked at her floral apron and tugged at the hem. “Is this an apron? It can’t even cover your thighs.”

It was more like a ***y lingerie. “Stop pulling my apron.

I got it at a discount. It’s beautiful, is it not? Take the spaghetti to the table. I’ll make some salad.” Janet glared at him and continued to cut the vegetables without uttering a word.

Ethan grinned and put the spaghetti bowl on the dining table.

Several design sketches were scattered on the table. Just as Ethan sorted the papers and was about to keep them aside, a piece of paper fell from his hands.

It was a document from a hospital. After quickly looking through it, Ethan immediately found that something was wrong.

A clinical drug trial?

Janet put the salad on the table and realized that Ethan didn’t seem to be interested in the food tonight.

“You don’t like the food?”

“No, I was thinking about something.” The fork in Ethan’s hand stilled; he turned to look at her.

Janet met his piercing gaze. “What’s it?” she asked.

“Have you volunteer to do drug trials?” he asked coldly.

Janet’s hand trembled, and her fork fell.

She didn't know why she was flustered, but she tried to remain calm. "Yes. The hospital conducts regular trials like these. Moreover, the trial is legal. Don't look at me as if I have done something horrific."

Ethan put down his fork, pursed his lips, and looked at her. "Don't go. Don't you know that the drug trial could cause serious side effects?"

