

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire  
Chapter 357: Lucky To Have Married You

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"It's just so weird. How can a person disappear without a trace just like that?" Janet had been pondering the matter for so long, but she still couldn't figure it out. Her elbows were propped on the table, her dainty little chin resting on the tent of her fingers. She pursed her lips and squinted at the distance as she thought of every possible explanation for her savior's disappearance. Ethan emerged from the kitchen with the tableware. He couldn't help but chuckle at the tiny furrow between her brows and the slight pucker of her lips. "Think about it carefully. Maybe you forgot something, or missed some details." He set their places on the table. His cooking skills had significantly improved these last few weeks, and tonight, he had volunteered to cook dinner for them two. "Oh, please." Janet shot Ethan a glare. "There's no way I would forget anything about the person who saved my life." And then something occurred to her. "Ethan! You can help me find her, right?" Ethan paused. He couldn't let Janet know the existence of this bodyguard, no matter what. He stalled by picking up Janet's fork and handing it to her. Although the indoor heating was on, it was still a little cold. Ethan was wearing a cream turtleneck sweater and lounge pants. He looked cozy and relaxed, with just a hint of his usual debonair elegance. "All right," he finally said. "I'll have my friends make some inquiries for you." Ethan wasn't planning to do that, of course. He only said it to get her to drop the matter, and then a few days later, he would tell Janet that they had no leads about her savior's whereabouts. Just as he intended, Janet felt assured by his show of support, and didn't pursue the subject any further. In the middle of dinner, however, Janet put down her fork and turned serious all of a sudden. "I'm not sure why, but I feel like I've been very lucky recently. I mean, why does someone always appear to rescue me every time I'm in danger? Ethan, do you think I should buy a lottery ticket?" The corners of Ethan's lips lifted in amusement. He cleared his throat and casually pushed the salad bowl towards her. "Who knows? Maybe you've done a lot of good deeds in your previous life, and this is your reward." But Janet didn't resume eating. Instead, she leaned over and narrowed her eyes at him. "Tell me, honestly. Did those things have anything to do with you?" Ethan's heart skipped a beat. He could feel his guilt showing on his face, but he composed himself in the next second. He racked his brains, but couldn't recall anything that could have exposed his involvement in everything related to Janet's safety. Perhaps his wife was just inherently clever. Since she had found out the truth, anyway, he decided to explain everything once and for all. Ethan put his fork down and crossed his arms over his chest. "How did you know?" he asked, cool as a cucumber. Janet cocked her head to the side and thought about it for a few seconds. "It's just that... Ever since I married you, I've always been fortunate in everything I got myself into. Whenever I encountered trouble at work or other things, the problems were always resolved quickly. It's obviously because of you." Ethan blinked at her, realizing that she hadn't found out after all. Chuckling to himself, he picked up his fork and got back to his food. "You're a very charming person. No matter where you are and who you meet, you're bound to be fortunate. I won't refuse your praise, though. If you say that I'm the one who brought you good luck, then who am I to argue? But if that's the case, then shouldn't you be thanking me for the blessing?" At the back of Janet's mind, a voice was telling her that she had missed something. She wanted to discover what it was, but her thoughts were currently in a jumble, and she had no idea where to even begin. She then figured if she couldn't determine what it was, then it must be nothing important. There was no need to strain herself over something so trivial. After dismissing the voice in her head, Janet rolled her eyes and scoffed. "I may have praised you, but I can't believe you really ran away with it and took it to another level. For your information, Ethan, you're also lucky to have married me. Extremely so." He burst out laughing. What she said did make a lot of sense. If he were really the dirt-poor nobody that he was pretending to be, then it would indeed be a great fortune to have married Janet. Of course, he considered himself lucky either way. Janet was a priceless treasure in his eyes. "You're right; I am lucky. I've been married for half a year, and have been abstinent for just as long. I am so very lucky." Ethan flashed her a wicked grin, his eyes glinting with mischief. Janet almost fell into a daze before she caught herself. She ducked her head and focused on her food for the remainder of the meal. A few days later, Laney was finally getting charged from the hospital-again. Janet had more insight this time. She called Garrett in advance and asked if he could go and pick up Laney. "Sure, I'll do it. By the way, Lind, would you like to have dinner together this evening? I booked a private room at a nice restaurant. You can bring your husband as well." Although he had promised Laney a reward in the future, he felt that he should at least treat her to dinner to celebrate her recover. She had saved his life, after all. But he knew that they couldn't dine alone, especially not in public. He might not care about the rumor mill, but he couldn't say the same for Laney. "Then, I shall take you up on your offer, Mr. Harding," Janet said without a second thought.