

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

Chapter 644: Hope

The sound of crashing waves drowned everything else.

The woman curled up in the reef cave opened her eyes to the sight of ships out in the sea. She had no intention to call for help, though her eyes were bright and alert. It had been six days since Janet was trapped in this place.

In all that time, several ships had passed by and gone.

There was even one instance when a ship had thrown anchor near the cave, The men had alighted and traversed the reef, shouting her name as they went.

"Is anybody here? We are the search and rescue team sent by the White family! If you can hear us, please respond or make some noise!"

They bellowed the same words over and over.

But their voices only scared Janet, so much so that she squeezed deeper into the cave. She never made a sound.

After all, she couldn't be certain whether these so-called rescuers were friend or foe.

What she did know for sure was that someone wanted to kill her.

Janet didn't want to risk running into her enemies, so she thought it would be best to keep silent and hidden.

If things turned out the same as last time, she may not be as lucky as to escape again.

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The rescuers had stayed for a few minutes.

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When they got no answer, they decided to leave.

"Let's go. There is no one here. I heard that there is an island just up ahead. Let's go over there and take a look."

With a short blare of its horn, the ship lifted its anchor and sailed away.

Janet watched it all happen from her dark corner in the cave.

For days on end, the same scenario repeated itself, and she would press tight against the cave walls and observe whoever had come. She couldn't even begin to guess who all those men worked for. She was careful not to make a peep, afraid that the slightest sound might alert them to her presence.

In the end, the ships eventually stopped coming to this area.

Only then did Janet realize that she didn't know what to do.

The last time it rained was three days ago, and all the freshwater around her had already dried up under the glaring sun. Her throat was dry as a parchment. She swallowed and tried to soothe it with what little saliva she had left. She was already showing symptoms of dehydration, and could barely stand up without feeling dizzy.

Janet knew she was slowly dying. Her vision blurred, and a choked sob came out of her mouth. She thought she no longer had tears to shed, but two hot droplets fell from her eyes.

Suddenly, the faces of the important people in her life appeared in her mind. She missed Brandon and her parents.

It was said that one would recall their most treasured memories just before they died.

Janet's lips curled into a bitter smile.

At that moment, she could only think of one thing—that she would really perish this time.

After the storm died down, a number of small fishing boats set out to the sea to get some catch off the waters.

On the beach, people walked around to enjoy the breeze and pick some shells.

And by the reef, a middle-aged woman in a floral shirt hopped off her boat with a basket on her back. She often scavenged for shells near the reef, and when she grew tired, she would climb into the cave to rest in the shade.

Today was different, however.

When she went into the cave, she saw that someone was inside.

The woman was wary at first, but as she approached, she realized that a young woman was lying unconscious among the rocks.

Scared out of her wits, she ran out of the cave screaming.

"Honey! Honey, hurry and come take a look! There's a woman inside!" she called out to her husband in between gasps for air.

Her husband was a fisherman who was just about her age.

He had been born and raised by the sea, and fished all year round.

As such, he was actually no strangers to situations where a corpse was stumbled upon after a particularly heavy storm.

"She must have been swept away in the rain a few days ago.I'll go and check on her."

The fisherman jumped out of his boat and made his way to the cave.

His wife was right at his heels.

The couple crouched over Janet, and the man held a finger under her nose.

"She's still breathing.Let's take her back to the island first and see if she can be saved."

The woman nodded and threw her basket aside.

Together, they hoisted Janet on the fisherman's back.

As they did, the wife couldn't help but sigh at Janet's young and pretty face.

"This girl looks like she's just the same age as our daughter.I do hope she survives this."