

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire  
Chapter 471: Trapped In The Rubble

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Janet didn't know what had happened. She was so engrossed in the movie that she didn't notice when the ceiling started to shake. The next thing she knew, she was lying flat on the floor of the aisle underneath Ethan as the ceiling collapsed.

To her horror, something heavy fell on Ethan and she heard a loud noise. Then it was pure chaos. The room fell into darkness.

She could hear people's screams and cries for help and Ethan's heavy breathing.

"Ethan, are you hurt?" she asked urgently.

A faint smell of blood wafted in the air. Janet had no idea if it was Ethan's or someone else's. Having been hit just now, Ethan had rolled down the stairs. Janet's voice trembled as she fumbled for Ethan in the darkness.

"Ethan?" She knew that he must've gotten hurt. She could hear his low, pained moans in the darkness.

However, after a few deep breaths, it became deathly silent. Janet couldn't hear anything from the direction where Ethan was.

Janet wanted to rush to his side, but a ceiling frame had inadvertently caged her. When she tried to stand up, her head hit the slate, causing a flurry of concrete powder to fall all over Janet's face.

"Ahem!" She inhaled the powder and couldn't stop coughing.

It was pitch black and she could barely see her hand in front of her. As she tried to get a feel for her surroundings, Janet concluded that the collapsed ceiling had fallen on top of the rows of seats, trapping them inside the aisle.

"Hello? Is anyone else there?" She shouted at the top of her lungs.

Although there weren't many other people watching this movie, she recalled at least a dozen other movie-goers in the cinema. But now, it was eerily quiet.

The cries for help just now had stopped. Perhaps the fallen ceiling had knocked them out. Without thinking too much, Janet continued to crawl ahead.

"Ouch!" Pain shot up from her knees. Janet winced and fumbled forward, trying to navigate with her palms. Finally, she touched something that felt like knitted fabric. It had to be the dark blue sweater that Ethan wore today.

“Ethan! Ethan, can you hear me?” Janet tapped him, but she received no response. He must have passed out.

The smell of blood in the air was more intense now that she was near Ethan. When she reached out to touch his arm, her fingers sank into something sticky and warm. Her mind went blank. Suddenly, panic seized her. She took a few deep breaths, trying to calm herself down. Then she placed her hand under Ethan’s nose to see if he was still breathing.

After a few seconds, she sighed in relief. She could still feel a faint breath coming from his nose. Next, Janet pressed her ear against Ethan’s chest. She could hear his heart beating.

He was alive! Gritting her teeth, Janet hastily wiped the blood on her knees with her hands. Then she retraced her steps back to her seat, hoping to find her phone and bag in the rubble.

When the ceiling collapsed just now, the chandelier had fallen along with it. Consequently, the floor was covered in broken glass. Janet tried her best to avoid them.

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Chapter 472: The Rescue

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The air was thick with dust.

Janet licked her chapped lips. It had been several hours since the ceiling collapsed. She had turned off her cellphone to save its battery. She only turned it on to check the time occasionally.

Last she checked, it was already eight o’clock in the evening. She and Ethan had arrived at the cinema at around two o’clock.

Six hours had passed.

Her stomach kept grumbling, reminding her of how hungry she was. She was used to having meals on time, so naturally, she was quite hungry by now. The popcorn Ethan had bought was now mixed with dust and pieces of the ceiling. She picked out the clean popcorn and ate it to calm her angry stomach. The coke had also spilled. The brown liquid was all over the floor.

“There’s a bit left!”. Janet’s eyes lit up. She was lucky.

There was a bit of coke left in the cup.

Using the light from her phone, she crawled back to Ethan.

There was a huge slab of slate on Ethan’s body. One side of the slab had pierced into his body. Blood trickled down along his

body, forming a pool of blood on the ground. His wound was covered with dust and rubble. The space under the seat was too narrow, so Janet couldn't reach him. She wanted to check his wound, but she couldn't see it clearly.

Fearing that Ethan would lose too much blood, Janet held his jaw and tried to pour the coke into his mouth. Ethan was unconscious. The coke she poured simply spilled out from the corner of his mouth.

"Honey, can you hear me? If you can, please drink..." Janet was choked with sobs. Tears rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably.

Ethan's wound was still bleeding, and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Ethan seemed to hear what Janet said. He frowned and struggled to peel his eyes open. He raised his hand slowly, wiped away Janet's tears, and said with difficulty, "Don't cry."

When Janet saw that his eyes were open, she immediately pressed the cup of coke to his lips.

"I don't know when the rescue team will come Honey, just hold on, okay?"

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Ethan's lips. Only then did Janet notice how pale his lips were. She couldn't tell if he had heard what she said just now. Soon, he closed his eyes again.

Janet sniffed, stroked Ethan's eyebrows, and wiped the dust off his face.

Time passed. Janet didn't know when, but she had fallen asleep. She woke up to the sound of digging around her. She glanced at her phone. It was already early morning of the next day.

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