

# The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

## Chapter 349: A Trick

Janet was indeed beautiful. The human traffickers had never sold someone so beautiful. Janet was a white collar worker in the city.

Clearly she had some social experience, so she wasn't as gullible as those female college students they usually dealt with.

"I don't think we can do anything to her. Besides, we don't know who she is. It'll be suspicious if we just walk up to her to strike up a conversation."

The human traffickers were caught in a dilemma.

Seeing that they were about to give up, Tyler replied, "Take it easy. She's my niece. She's not wary of me. If I'm around, it'll be easier to deceive her."

Thanks to his assurance, the human traffickers became hopeful.

They exchanged glances with each other, and then one of them said, "In that case, we should do this as soon as possible. When do you think we can take action?"

Tyler walked on ahead of them, wearing a wicked smile. He had already formulated a plan.

"Let's talk about the money first, shall we? Since she's my niece, I want seventy percent of the profits you sell her for."

"Considering how you're more than willing to sell her off, I don't think you're that close to your niece. You don't even flinch when you say such horrible remarks. It will take us a lot of effort and time to sell her to a willing buyer. Why should we give you that much money?" the freckled man countered with a grin.

'This man is fucking horrible! He's even willing to sell out his relatives just to make money. That girl is so unlucky to have an uncle like him,' the freckled man thought.

Once they were done negotiating, they decided to give Tyler sixty percent of the earnings they'd get for selling Janet. Afterwards, they discussed the plan of action, and worked on their part of the plan separately.

On Saturday morning, Tyler called Janet.

"I'm sorry about the other day, Janet. I shouldn't have put you in that position. Now that I've had time to ponder on your words, I realize that it makes a lot of sense. People shouldn't rely on anyone but themselves."

Glad that he figured it out himself, Janet replied, "It's nice to hear you say that. Find a stable job, so that you can pay off your debts one day. As long as you avoid gambling and correct your bad habits, all will be fine."

As Tyler held the phone, he nodded repeatedly and continued, "A few days ago, I scored an interview to become a hotel security guard, but I've never taken part in an interview before. You work at a big company, right? Do you mind accompanying me to the interview? It'll give me a sense of security and boost my confidence."

"Sure. No problem. I'm free this weekend, anyway."

Janet was always willing to help anyone in need as long as it was something she could help with.

Aside from that, she also wanted to see what kind of job Tyler had found.

If Hannah were to ask her about it, she could tell her about his job.

That very weekend, she followed the address that Tyler sent her and wanted the address that Tyler sent her and went to a run-down area in the city.

It was close to the suburbs, and it wasn't completely developed yet.

Some of the houses had dilapidated tile roofs, and the alleys were narrow and worn down.

At the end of the alley, Janet saw Tyler smoking.

She clutched her bag and asked, "Tyler, can you check the address again? Did we go to the wrong place? I don't see any hotels around here."

Tyler threw the cigarette butt on the ground and crushed it underfoot. He glanced at Janet before walking to a more remote place. "It's right ahead of us. Come and have a look."

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After a moment of hesitation, she decided to follow him.

The further they walked, the more she began to suspect that there was no hotel in this remote area.

And even if there were, she wondered why they would need to recruit security guards and have such formal interviews.

Soon, they walked out of the alley. On both sides of the alley were dilapidated residential buildings.

A crow flew over Janet's head and perched on a branch.

While staring at the crow, Tyler cursed, "What a fucking bitch."

Janet was taken aback, wary of any danger and shuddering all over. She wanted to say something, but a black van came barreling towards her.