

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 339: A Strange Man

Laney narrowed her eyes at Garrett, who returned her stare with a quizzical one of his own. She didn't want him to feel indebted to her, for anything.

"You can just pay me in cash, and we'll call it quits." He flashed her a lopsided grin.

"No way. You should know that the life of the Harding family's precious son cannot be measured by money. You have managed to preserve a priceless treasure." His gaze turned serious then.

"I owe you my life, and that is that. If you need help in the future, don't hesitate to come to me. The Harding family will see to it that you don't encounter any difficulty in Seacisco." Laney raised an eyebrow and rolled her eyes.

What an arrogant man! She decided to ignore his gallant declarations and shifted her focus back on the falling snow outside.

After another moment of silence, Garrett got up from his seat and walked over to Laney's bed. He knocked his knuckles lightly against the top of her head.

"Come on, Miss Garcia, don't be rude to me. Fine, you can ignore me if you like, but you'd better stay here and recuperate properly. You can't go back to work in your current condition."

Laney didn't want to give in to him, but she knew he was right. She had no choice but to grumble in agreement.

When Ethan later found out that Laney was hospitalized yet again, he immediately canceled Garrett's application for a vacation

The other man naturally felt aggrieved by this.

"It's your fault that Laney has to take time off work," Ethan explained casually.

"All things considered, this punishment isn't as severe as it should be."

"But I'm not the one to blame," Garrett argued.

"That's the thing. You know my ex-girlfriend's temper very well."

Ethan was having none of it, though.

"Of course, you're to blame. You keep messing around with the wrong women."

Garrett had nothing to say to that.

Janet didn't learn about the incident until she got off work that day. They were supposed to go home together, but Laney was nowhere in sight, so Janet went to Garrett to ask where she was.

Once informed about her friend's situation, Janet headed straight to the hospital and stormed into Laney's ward.

"Can you rein in your sense of justice for once?" Janet huffed.

"Mr. Harding is a grown man! Why did you feel the need to block his assailant with your own body?" She was visibly angry when she had first arrived, but her expression instantly softened when she caught sight of Laney's bandaged shoulder. Laney didn't know how to explain herself. As a matter of fact, she had acted out of instinct.

"I wasn't really thinking at the time," she said sheepishly.

"Don't worry; it's just a minor injury."

"Well, I suppose it's a good thing that Mr. Harding is your boss. He wouldn't complain even if you asked for additional days off. I just don't understand why you would go to such lengths..."

Now that Janet had looked at her closely, she realized that Laney had lost a lot of weight after the two successive encounters. Something clicked in her mind.

"Oh!" Janet explained, her face lighting up.

"Is Mr. Harding pursuing you?" Laney physically recoiled at the suggestion, as if the mere thought of it frightened her.

"That's ridiculous! You have a very wild imagination, Janet, but I'm not sure that I appreciate it." Since Laney stayed in the hospital, Janet had to travel back and forth between work and home by herself.

Winter in Seacisco was a magical sight to behold. The whole city was draped in snow, and the air practically sparkled as more snowflakes fell and glistened in the sunlight. It could be pretty brutal, too, however. Some days, it would be too foggy to see anything a few meters away.

On one such day, Janet found herself trudging through the snow. A thick scarf was wound around her neck, and an equally thick hat covered her head and ears. She was bundled in heavy clothing, with only her tiny, flushed face exposed to the cold winds.

She suddenly stopped in her tracks and whirled around. She had felt another presence behind her.

"Who's there?" Janet surveyed her surroundings, wary and alert. Soon, she spotted a short figure standing beside a tree just a few feet away. – The man was wearing a green and padded military jacket, and a black, knitted wool hat over his brow. He looked to be in his fifties, and was smoking a cheap cigarette despite his already gaunt stature. When their eyes met, he flicked the cigarette to the ground. He pocketed his hands and walked up to Janet with a big smile on his face.

"Are you Janet Lind?"