

## The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

### Chapter 283: Fight

Sensing the tension in the air, Ethan stood up, picked up the documents on the table and left immediately

“You guys talk,” he said as he walked out.

There was a helpless look on Garrett’s gentle, strikingly handsome face. It was only when Ethan left that Garrett took his glasses off the bridge of his nose. He held his aching head and looked at Laney.

“Anyway, this was just part of the disguise. I have spared a room for you here, you can do as you please in there. There is also a gym at the company. Just don’t stir up any trouble for me.”

Laney nodded politely. She didn’t like Garrett in the least bit and thought he was just a superficial man who enjoyed judging people by their appearance. She said in a plain tone, “Don’t worry. I won’t disturb you.”

Garrett didn’t even want to look at her any longer or be bothered by her mere presence. He waved her out and said, “Alright, you can leave now.”

“Okay, Mr. Harding,” Laney replied in the same bland tone. She put down the documents in her hands and was just about to leave.

Before she closed the office door, she made a departing comment, “Mr. Harding, my name is Laney, Laney Garcia. If you find it so difficult to pronounce or remember, just call me Miss Garcia. If you keep calling me ‘woman’, I will mistakenly think that you are being disrespectful to me and I might lose my t mper.”

Laney had always been a straightforward person. Perhaps it was because she had spent much of her time around men. She learned that when there was any conflict, the most effective way to deal with it was to put up a fight. With an unhappy scowl in his face, Garrett did his utmost not to snap at her. He said, “I see, Miss Garcia.”

On her first day at work, Laney spent half of the day in the gym. She didn’t have many hobbies but she was positively obsessed with exercising and fighting. There weren’t many people in the gym during work hours, so she ran a full ten miles on the treadmill.

After working in the office for the entire morning and having attended a two-hour meeting with the senior executives at midday, Garrett’s entire body felt sore all over.

He decided to hit the gym to ease the muscle tension. He changed into his gym attire and walked in. The first thing he saw was Laney punching a sandbag in the corner, her wrists wrapped in white gauze.

Although Laney had a feminine, petite build and looked like she couldn’t hurt a fly, when she hit the punching bag, it sank in from the brute force. Garrett could tell how strong Laney was from the sound he heard when her fists made contact with the punching bag. He thought that not even a tall, strong man

could be sure to win a fight against her. He had practiced boxing techniques before, but he only did it to build up his body rather than with the intention of fighting

As he watched Laney practicing, he wondered who would be able to handle such a tough woman.

Nothing escaped Laney's sharp eyes. In the reflection of the mirror, she saw Garrett enter the gym in his black sportswear and look her up and down repeatedly.

"Mr. Harding, do you want to fight me?"

The hostility in Laney's eyes was obvious. She raised her fists slightly in his direction, as if to say she was welcoming his attack.

"I wouldn't dare," he said. Garrett raised his hand and took several steps back. His tone was much gentler and more polite than before. He had thought of what she had said to him earlier.

She was right. As a man, he ought not to be so petty. Now that Garrett was treating her in a much more respectful manner, she stopped staring at him. She took the towel that was hanging around her neck and wiped the beads of sweat rolling down her forehead. Her intention was to keep up her practice for another two hours.

"Miss Garcia, may I ask you something?" Garrett was surprised at how fit she was and was curious to discuss the topic with her.

"Why would you become a hit man? I mean, you are a woman, and..."