

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 307: Piqued His Interest

Laney glanced at Garrett indifferently

"I'm very grateful for your visit, Mr.Harding," she said, her tone dry.

"You're always so busy, so I'm honored to receive even a moment of your time.Well, I dare not waste another second of it though.Drive safely on your way back, Mr.Harding Garrett frowned.

He hadn't intended to stay long in the first place, but he changed his mind after noting how eager this woman was to send him away.She had piqued his interest. He slowly took off his coat and tossed it on a nearby chair before pulling another one to sit by the bed.

"You want me to leave as soon as I arrive, huh? Tell me why you dislike me so much, Miss Garcia.Do you think that I will hurt you?"

A shiver ran down Laney's spine.

She was inexplicably unsettled by the man's piercing gaze, She told herself that it was only because he had very attractive, deep-set eyes.

His eyelashes were thick and naturally curled.

In addition to that, there was a faint, red mole under the corner of his eye that seemed to beguile people to look more closely.

Laney found herself thinking that if Garrett had been a woman, he would undoubtedly be a gorgeous one. Realizing that she had wandered far into her own thoughts, she cleared her throat and changed the subject.

"Actually, Mr.Harding, it's just that I need to use the bathroom."

"Then go and take care of your business.It doesn't matter whether I'm here or not, does it? Don't worry.I won't peep on you." Nonplussed, Garrett reached for the tea set on the side table and poured himself a cup.

Laney couldn't help but glare at him.It looked like he had no plans to leave any time soon.

After a few seconds of hesitation, she gingerly got off the bed.She gritted her teeth the entire time, frustrated that he had to see her in such an embarrassing situation.She didn't see the way Garrett narrowed his eyes when he heard her suck her breath from exertion.

He strode over in a flash and held out his arm.

"Here, let me help you."

"No, thanks.I can take care of myself."

Despite her brave words, Laney struggled to get on her feet.

When she finally did, she couldn't stifle a gasp of pain. She might have pulled on her wound just now.

Garrett's frown deepened.

"Laney," he said, unaware that his voice had turned gentle.

"You don't have to pretend to be strong, okay?" She raised her eyes then, and was stunned to see the tender expression on his face.

Laney looked away in a hurry.

When she spoke, her tone was gruff.

"You shouldn't underestimate us female bodyguards, Mr. Harding. This kind of injury is nothing. If I'm unable to handle this much, then I should have just quit a long time ago. Don't forget that I can single-handedly throw you over my shoulder like a sack of potatoes."

"I wouldn't dare. I meant no offense, Miss Garcia. I just want to help you. Do you really want to keep arguing with me on this?" Garrett's hands clenched into fists.

He knew this was a losing battle; the woman was just too stubborn. He had to retreat for now if he wanted another chance to advance in the future.

Laney felt her face burn, knowing that she was being unreasonable.

For some reason, she always turned into a shrew whenever Garrett was concerned.

In the end, she did allow him to help her into the bathroom.

Garrett waited outside the door and mulled over her words, The way she had spoken about her injuries... Did that mean that she had been in worse conditions in the past?

That was probably normal, given her line of work.

But she looked just like a typical young woman, small and weak.

He couldn't even begin to imagine what horrors she had suffered before he met her.

Garrett felt a pang of regret on her behalf.

Laney was different from all the women who had surrounded him all his life.

Unlike her, they were meek and cute, and almost always spoiled.

Usually when he developed an interest in a woman, it would start with a crush.

This time, however, he only felt deeply sorry for Laney.

And it had never happened before.