

# The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

## Chapter 338: Owe You My Life

Laney shivered ever so slightly under Frank's scolding. It wasn't like he was roaring at her in fury; if anything, he sounded frustrating. But the look of reproach and disappointment in his eyes were somehow more ominous than outright anger.

There was a quality to his gaze that made people feel vulnerable, as though he had the power to read their thoughts. Like a petulant child who had been caught red-handed, Laney ducked her head.

"It was getting dangerous," she insisted.

"Garrett was about to get seriously hurt. I couldn't just stand by and do nothing. I may be small and injured, but I'm certainly a better fighter compared to a young master who's been sheltered all his life."

She didn't hold back on her words at all.

Garrett winced and ran a hand over his face, confused yet again on whether he should laugh or cry. He was learning quickly that he was no match for this tiny woman, especially when it came to clever banter.

At least in this regard, he was willing to concede to Laney. Besides, she was indeed, like she said, a better fighter.

He glanced down at Laney, noting how pale she was. Garrett reached out and patted the other man's shoulder.

"What happened, happened, Frank. It's all in the past now. Just deal with her wound instead of berating her about the incident."

Frank heaved a long sigh and began to stitch Laney's wound. Contrary to her claims, it was actually quite serious. If she had foregone treatment and continued her careless ways, this would become another lasting mark on her skin.

"In all my years of practice, I've never seen a woman with so many scars on her body," Frank mused out loud.

"Well, then, you're welcome!" Laney retorted.

"I'm just another one of your patients. Please stop talking nonsense and do what you have to do." She sat back against the pillows with a sullen expression, clearly annoyed by Frank's remarks. Garrett, who sported an equally morose face, leaned over and covered Laney's mouth with his hand.

"You're talking far too much for an injured patient." Then he turned to Frank and said, "Use the best surgical thread there is so that her wound won't scar."

Laney swatted Garrett's hand away.

"Forget it; that's too expensive. I'm fine with the ordinary ones."

"I'll pay for it," Garrett countered in a voice that brooked no argument.

"That's totally unnecessary," Laney said, rolling her eyes at him. Garrett didn't take the bait. Instead, he drew closer and stared at her open wound.

"Of course it's necessary; you're a woman. Not having a scar will always be the better choice." Laney paused then, looking startled.

Oddly enough, she didn't make any further protests. Right after Frank snipped the thread from the last stitch, Laney made to leave the bed. Garrett's hand quickly shot out to stop her.

"Do you honestly think of yourself as a superhero or something?" He pushed her back on the bed and pulled the covers over her legs.

"Lie down and rest for a bit. Just because you're all sewn up doesn't mean that your wound is already healed."

"I haven't even dealt with your ex-girlfriend yet. I need to go to the police station." Laney tried to get up again, but Garrett wouldn't let her.

"I will handle it." This feisty little woman seemed to have a penchant for worrying the people around her. He couldn't help but wonder if she was doing it on purpose.

Garrett made quick work of calling the police, and soon, a couple of officers came to the hospital to take a statement. They were also informed that Garrett's ex-girlfriend had already been apprehended.

The ward grew quiet after the police left.

Garrett and Laney both sat facing the window, watching the snowflakes falling slowly from above. It looked like it was going to snow for a while.

Moments passed. Garrett withdrew his gaze from the window and looked at Laney. He stared at her delicate profile, and was pleasantly surprised to realize that he found her rather attractive.

"You saved me back there. I'd like to express my sincerest thanks." Laney didn't move.

"There's no need for that, Mr. Harding," she said in a cool voice.

"I only did what was right." Garrett turned back to the window, a soft smile playing on his lips.

"You received a reward for saving Janet's life, didn't you? And that was when you were under duty. On the other hand, you protected me even though you weren't paid to do it. That means I owe you my life."