

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire
Chapter 582: Getting Hammered

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Greg shrank away from Laney, but he didn't make a move to leave. Seeing this, Laney flew into a fit of rage. She started rolling up her sleeves as she stomped towards him.

"Will you leave on your own or will I have to throw you out?"

Seeing the fierce look on her face, Greg was scared out of his wits and jumped up from the sofa at once. Then, without looking back, he ran out the door. With Greg gone, Laney's apartment felt especially quiet. She sighed and turned to close the door. But before the door could click shut, someone from outside stuck their foot in the gap to stop it from closing. Laney thought that Greg had come back.

Gritting her teeth angrily, she swung the door open and was about to throw her fist at Greg's face when she saw that it was Garrett standing at the door.

"Why are you here?" Laney frowned in surprise.

"Anyway, I'm sorry for leaving in a hurry just now. I wasn't able to thank you properly yet." Then, she bowed her head solemnly and said, "I've saved you once, but you've saved me twice. You are a Harding, one life of yours is certainly equal to two of mine.

I suppose that makes us even."

Garrett didn't say anything. Laney straightened up and looked at him as she continued, "You seem fine. Plus, you came here so fast, so one of your men must've driven you here, right? So he can also drive you to the hospital. And if you don't think I'm being sincere enough now, I can formally thank you another day. Now please excuse me for I have to go out."

With that, she went back inside her apartment, grabbed her bag and keys, closed the door behind her, and left, ignoring the expression on Garrett's face.

As Laney was walking away, Garrett followed her. Sensing this, Laney stopped in her tracks, but she didn't look back. Her voice was full of impatience. "Are you planning to follow me everywhere? Don't make me yell at you."

Then, without giving Garrett a chance to respond, she bolted. Garrett wanted to chase after her, but stopped on a second

thought. Laney kept on running, regardless of not knowing where she was going. She only slowed down when she was sure that Garrett hadn't followed her. She took a deep, shaky breath, and a lump formed in her throat. She buried her face in her hands as tears began to roll down her cheeks uncontrollably. Was it strange that she felt so sad even though technically nothing had happened between them? .

When Janet received the phone call from Laney, she instantly sensed that something was wrong. Laney's voice was unusually calm. "Hey, Janet, are you free? Would you like to go out for a drink with me?"

"Sure. Just give me the address of the bar and I'll be there soon." Janet could tell that something was on Laney's mind. Being a devoted friend that she was, she said goodbye to Ethan, who had just stepped out of the shower, and went straight to the bar.

It was still early, so the bar was relatively quiet and the performers were still warming up onstage. Laney sat at the counter and ordered two bottles of whiskey. Eyeing the bottles, Janet felt that Laney was really going all out this time. One bottle of this brand alone was already quite expensive.

"This must've cost you a one months' salary, right?" Janet sighed warily. Even before she came here, she had already guessed that the issue must've had something to do with Garrett. Laney smiled bitterly as she poured herself a glass. Before Janet could stop her, she downed it all in one gulp.

It took half a bottle of alcohol before Laney finally opened up to Janet about what had happened that day. Janet stayed quiet and listened to the whole story without interrupting. She was well aware of the torture of being in a relationship with someone who was worlds away from her in terms of social status.

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