

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 337: Heartbreaker

Garrett wasn't expecting Laney to brush off his question, much less mention the one embarrassing thing he didn't want to talk about. He held on to her arm and hesitated for a moment before speaking.

"Well... She is an ex-girlfriend of mine. She was spoiled all her life, so she's quite used to doing things without thinking about the possible consequences. I must admit that I am partly at fault here. I should have been more firm when I broke up with her; she wouldn't have fostered any false hopes that we might get back together again."

True enough, his ex-girlfriend was a very stubborn brat. When he had first tried to break up with her, she was adamant with her refusal. They had broken up eventually, but it seemed like she had turned her love for him into some sinister obsession that prompted her to do horrible things like attacking him with a weapon.

Garrett hung his head and said nothing more. He wasn't the type to gossip about his exes, regardless of whether he was in good terms with them or not.

Laney narrowed her eyes at him. Clearly, she didn't believe a word he had just said, "Are you sure the fault isn't entirely yours? Maybe you trampled on her heart too much."

If the tabloids were to be believed, Garrett had supposedly dated several women at the same time. He was notorious for having a messy love life. He looked at Laney now, caught between crying and laughing. He was painfully aware of his awful reputation, as well as the fact that most people believed the stories to be a true.

However, Garrett wasn't a womanizer at all. Or at least he didn't think so. Contrary to popular claims, he was always serious about every relationship he got into. He had never played with a partner's feelings.

When he was in love, he would give his girlfriend his all. And once he broke up with someone, he would draw a clear line and never contact the other party again.

Perhaps the problem was that he was rarely single. The media had simply latched on to the number of relationships under his belt and built up his image as a playboy and a heartbreaker.

Garrett was silent for a couple of seconds as pulled himself out of his musings.

"I can only say that you don't know me, Miss Garcia," he said with a wry smile.

When he looked down at her wound again, he realized that Laney was bleeding profusely.

"Why do you ask so many questions, anyway?" he grumbled.

"Can't you just worry about yourself for once? Look, your clothes are practically dyed with blood."

It wasn't the first time he had wondered-genuinely wondered-if this woman was made of steel.

Something clicked in her mind at his words, and Laney realized that the pain on her shoulder had indeed worsened.

"It's not a serious injury," she said lightly, even as she tightened the makeshift bandages around her arm.

"We're in a hospital. It's not like I would die from this,"

Garrett sighed helplessly and shook his head. All he could do for now was to assist her as they rushed through the hallways.

"Does your girlfriend have a problem with her eyesight?" Laney asked all of a sudden.

He turned to her abruptly and found her brows furrowed in the most adorable way. Now, why would she ask something like that?

"I'm not a tomboy, am I?" Laney added before he could say anything. She sounded pretty miffed. Garrett suppressed the urge to chuckle and settled for a smile.

"She was just trying to goad you," he said patiently.

"Don't take her comments to heart. You're a lovely little woman." They carried on with some mindless chatter as they made their way to the nearest empty ward, as if to distract themselves from the severity of the situation.

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Frank arrived shortly after. His jaw dropped at the sight of the bleeding woman on the hospital bed.

"Why are you back already?" he demanded.

"And you've got a new cut on your shoulder! Don't you have any respect for the sanctity of life?"

Out of all the problematic patients he had had to deal with, what Frank hated the most were those who were reckless with the matter of life and death.

Garrett looked away guiltily and scratched the back of his head. He cleared his throat and took Frank aside to recount the incident that brought them here.

Not that Frank was any happier for the explanation. Shaking his head, he called for a nurse to help him sew Laney up. His already glum face only grew darker as he inspected the gash.

"I don't really care what you do, Laney, but you're courting death at this point. Your previous injuries haven't even fully healed yet! What were you thinking, going against an armed person with your bare fists?"