

Chapter 1189 Premature Birth

Ian was shocked that such an incident would occur when he was out for only a few minutes.

He felt his chest tighten as he hurriedly moved forward to help Laney up so she could sit on her bed. "Mrs. Harding, what happened? How did you fall all of a sudden?"

Laney rested against the bed, clutching her stomach in pain. Her breathing grew faster by the minute and cold sweat dripped down all over her body. She stuttered, "Just... now... A care worker came to clean... I wanted to get out of bed to get a glass of water after she left, I never expected... the floor close to the bed to be so slippery... It made me fall..."

"A care worker?"

Lola and the attending physician's abnormal behavior a few moments ago came to Ian's mind, then there was the appearance of this care worker. Ian's instinct told him that this entire thing was a scheme.

However, there was no time to think of such things at the moment.

Ian saw that Laney's clothing was damp between her legs, indicating her water had broken. She was likely about to have a premature delivery.

Nothing else mattered, Ian hurriedly pressed the emergency button, and softly comforted Laney, "You need to relax, Mrs. Harding. Take deep breaths and calm yourself."

Laney held tight on Ian's sleeve, as the pain in her abdomen grew more and more intense, making it hard to even speak.

It was only at this point that Lola and the attending physician finally arrived, coming late to the scene. As they watched Laney go into premature labor after her fall, they both remained calm and kept their composure, as though this was something they had foreseen. The physician remained indifferent as he directed a couple of nurses to move Laney to the delivery room. He showed zero signs of panic despite the dire state the patient was in.

Watching both the physician and Lola, Ian grew more doubtful. Their calmness promoted his

suspicion that they had been working out this scheme from the beginning to the end.

They purposely kept him out of the way then called on a care worker to clean the area around Laney's bed, tampering with it to result in her slipping and going into premature delivery.

However, with Laney's life hanging in the balance, the only thing Ian could do was hold himself back and silently escort her to the delivery room.

Before she was rolled into the delivery room, Laney clutched Ian's sleeve tightly and pleaded, "Call Garrett. Immediately..."

Ian easily nodded and instantly dialed Garrett. However, he couldn't reach him, even after dialing a dozen times.

As Lola watched this from the side, her lips curled upwards in a small smile, a hint of self-satisfaction glistening in her eyes.

It appeared that Kailee's scheme had worked perfectly!

Despite multiple tries, Ian wasn't able to reach Garrett on the phone. He eventually had to give up after dialing for a while.

As Ian lifted his head, he caught sight of Lola's

nonchalant expression and couldn't help but furrow his brows as he warned, "Do not do anything to aggravate Mrs. Harding, I'm warning you. Don't tell her I can't reach Mr. Harding."

Lola pretended she hadn't heard Ian speaking. She bent her head and toyed with her phone, covering her disdainful look with one of indifference.

Laney was all alone with no support now, so what power did Ian have over her?

And as Kailee's plan had succeeded, very soon Laney would be kicked to the curb.

As Ian could not reach Garrett, he hurriedly phoned Janet to pass on the news.

"Hey, Ian, is something wrong? How's Laney?" Janet answered the call instantly.

She had been working on her design, fully focused on the intricate lines in the manuscript as she held the phone between her cheek and shoulder.

Ian felt a bit of ease as Janet's sweet voice sounded in his ears. He said nervously, "Mrs. Larson, Mrs. Harding fell and is now in labor. Could you make your way here as soon as possible?"

"What? Laney fell??"

Janet was shocked, and her expression instantly

changed when she heard the news.

She hurriedly got up from her chair, knocking over the glass of water on her desk unto her nearly-completed manuscript.

But there was no time for her to tidy things up at the moment. She quickly phoned the driver and rushed to the hospital.