

Chapter 1209 A Guilty Conscience

From the moment Janet discovered the potential impropriety between Garrett and Kailee, a simmering rage brewed within her, threatening to spill over at any moment.

Her heart ached to visit Laney, but she feared inadvertently revealing the secret she harbored.

After an arduous mental struggle to quell her fury, Janet finally arrived at the hospital, steeling herself for the encounter. No sooner had she entered the ward, however, than her eyes fell upon Garrett artfully peeling an apple.

"Ah, Janet! It's been ages," Garrett exclaimed, a mischievous grin spreading across his face as he brandished the fruit. "Fancy an apple? I've mastered the art of peeling them just so," he boasted.

Indeed, after days of practice, he'd perfected the technique, rendering the peeled apple round and

plump.

When someone entered the room, he couldn't resist showing off his newfound skill.

Little did he know, Janet was in no mood to entertain his antics.

With a frosty huff, she strode past him, making a beeline for Laney. Her voice laced with concern, Janet inquired, "Laney, how is your recovery coming along?"

"Rest easy, I'm doing well," Laney assured her, a warm smile lighting up her face.

Lately, her recovery had progressed by leaps and bounds. Under Garrett's watchful eye, her complexion had brightened, and she'd regained the strength to walk unassisted.

Noticing Janet's icy dismissal, a disgruntled Garrett sidled up to her and whispered, "Why the cold shoulder?"

Janet rolled her eyes, retorting, "You know full well what you've done."

Garrett's pulse quickened, and he let out a nervous chuckle. "What could I possibly have done?" he queried, feigning innocence.

Sensing the tension that crackled between them, Laney furrowed her brow. "What's going on? Did something happen?" she prodded.

Recalling Brandon's earlier counsel, Janet mustered a smile for Laney's sake. "Nothing to worry about. Brandon just needed a word with Garrett, so I came to borrow him for a bit," she explained.

Visibly relieved, Garrett exhaled. "I thought it was something else. I'll go find him," he declared, and promptly departed.

As soon as he was gone, Janet summoned the doctor who'd assisted Laney during childbirth.

She requested a comprehensive check-up for both Laney and her baby, haunted by the fear that Garrett and Kailee might conspire to harm them.

Upon seeing the doctor arranged by Janet, Laney couldn't help but feel anxious. "Janet, is something wrong with the baby?" she asked, her voice trembling.

Unwilling to divulge Garrett's possible indiscretion, Janet hastily concocted an explanation. "After your premature labor and hemorrhage here last

time, I lost faith in the hospital's doctors. I thought it best to have another set of eyes examine you and the baby thoroughly," she reasoned.

Hearing Janet's words, Laney heaved a sigh of relief.

Touched by her friend's unwavering concern, Laney's heart swelled with gratitude. "Thank you, Janet, for caring for me so deeply," she said sincerely.

Janet smiled, clasping Laney's hand. "We're good friends, no need for thanks," she replied warmly.

Her expression then darkened with worry. "Laney, I truly hope you'll consider leaving this hospital. It belongs to the Gibson family, and if Kailee tries to hurt you again, it'll be hard to protect you," she urged.

Yet Laney, seemingly unfazed, beamed with a serene sense of happiness and contentment. "Janet, don't fret. Garrett and Ian are watching over me constantly, so Kailee can't harm me. Besides, I'll be discharged soon and won't have to see her again," she reassured.

Though Janet's concerns lingered, she bit her

tongue in the face of Laney's joyful demeanor.

Thankfully, the examination results confirmed Laney's excellent recovery, and her baby was the picture of health. This news allowed Janet to breathe a sigh of relief.

Just then, Ian entered, bearing a tray laden with fruit. Spotting Janet, he respectfully greeted her with a bow, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Larson."

Janet returned the polite gesture with a nod. Noting the meticulously sliced fruit – all of Laney's favorites – she felt pleased with Ian's attentive care.

It appeared she had made the right decision in selecting a personal assistant for her dear friend.