

Chapter 1215 Restore The Recording

Once Ian had departed, Laney reclined on the bed, her expression a mix of blankness and despair. The bittersweet memories of her and Garrett, from the moment they met to the blossoming of their love, cascaded through her mind.

But now, with the photo and the damning recording as her companions, the memories had lost their luster, tainted by newfound heartache.

Laney was uncertain how long she had been immersed in her thoughts when the baby's cry snapped her back to reality.

The room was enshrouded in darkness, with only the gentle touch of moonlight stealing in through the window.

Determined, Laney switched on the light, briskly patted her cheeks, and mustered the strength to face her responsibilities. She tenderly cradled her daughter and began to feed her.

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The baby girl eagerly drank her mother's milk, her wide eyes gazing up at Laney's weary visage.

With a sudden gesture, the infant stretched her chubby little hand to caress Laney's cheek, as if offering solace.

This simple, tender act quieted the storm within Laney's mind. As she looked down upon her daughter's angelic face, a wellspring of strength surged within her.

For her daughter's sake, she couldn't let despair consume her.

The following day, Laney reached out to her old friend, Teresa Walsh, a former fellow bodyguard.

Teresa, an accomplished professional bodyguard, now worked in another city.

She had been saddened when Laney's marriage and pregnancy took her away from their shared profession, but she had nonetheless wished her

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the best.

Time and distance had not weakened their bond.

When Teresa picked up the phone, she was taken aback. "Laney! What brings you to call me? How have you been?"

Laney felt a pang of guilt for neglecting their friendship since her marriage. 1

She managed a wistful smile. "I've been well, thank you. What about you?"

Teresa's voice radiated exuberance and energy.

"I've been working with friends to establish a security company. I handle both business and training new female bodyguards. My days are hectic, but the fulfillment it brings is immeasurable."

Laney felt a hot sting of tears at the corners of her eyes as she listened to Teresa describe her vibrant life.

She had once been so spirited and content. Those feelings had ebbed away after her marriage to Garrett.

As one of the nation's leading female bodyguards, her days had been filled with demanding employers and ever-present danger. It had been exhausting, but she had felt alive.

Once she married into the Harding family, her career came to an abrupt halt. She was confined to the Harding estate, forced to endure the rigidity of their aristocratic teachings.

Pregnancy only intensified her captivity, as she was assigned handlers by the Harding family.

She felt like a caged bird, monitored and stripped of her freedom.

Was this truly the life she yearned for?

Teresa's concerned voice cut through Laney's reminiscence. "Laney, what's wrong? Did someone hurt you? I'll make sure they pay!"

"I'm fine," Laney insisted, unwilling to reveal her vulnerability.

She hastily wiped her tears and steadied her voice.

"I just need to ask you a favor."

"Of course, anything," Teresa assured her without hesitation.

Laney retrieved the recorder from the bedside table and spoke with icy determination. "I need you to recover an edited recording for me."

"Consider it done," Teresa agreed without missing a beat.

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As a security company, they had their own skilled technicians; restoring the recording would be well within their reach.

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