

## Chapter 1198 Dismiss Ian

Kailee gazed at the photo displayed on her phone, envisioning the sheer turmoil and devastation that would contort Laney's features upon witnessing this image. As she contemplated this, a sinister grin of gratification spread across her face.

Kailee had meticulously crafted contingency plans for every possible scenario, leaving nothing to chance.

While orchestrating an elaborate scheme to cause Laney's premature labor, Kailee had also pinpointed Garrett's location, drugged him, and posed him on the bed for these scandalous photographs.

This master plan ensured that even if Laney survived the premature delivery, Kailee could wield these incriminating pictures as a weapon to restore her reputation and influence. 4

Laney, prepare yourself for exile!

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During Laney's childbirth, she experienced severe

hemorrhaging, and only by a hair's breadth was she rescued from death's clutches.

In the aftermath, Garrett halted his work to devote his full attention to his wife and child in the hospital.

With Garrett's unwavering support, Laney's health began to improve incrementally.

Having never tended to anyone before, Garrett's caregiving abilities paled in comparison to Ian's professional nursing expertise.

Navigating the challenges of looking after Laney and their baby left Garrett feeling overwhelmed and frustrated.

Today was no exception.

"Darling, I've peeled an apple for you." Garrett beamed, triumphantly presenting a fruit so severely reduced that almost only an apple core was left. "Give it a try, it's positively delicious."

Laney's lips quivered as she incredulously inquired, "You call this... an apple?"

"Can't you see?" Garrett scrutinized the fruit in his hand, utterly convinced that he had done an impeccable job.

Just then, a nurse entered to check Laney's

temperature and courteously offered Garrett, "Mr. Harding, would you like me to dispose of this apple core for you?"

Laughter erupted from Laney.

Offended, Garrett protested, "This isn't an apple core! This is the apple I peeled!"

"My apologies," the nurse chuckled sheepishly. "I assumed it was the remnants of a consumed apple."

"Have some of mine," Ian suggested, extending a plate of perfectly sliced apples.

Standing beside Garrett with a courteous smile, he urged, "Mr. Harding, please help yourself."

The nurse's eyes sparkled as she commended, "Mr. Lopez, your apple slices are cut so precisely."

Garrett's chiseled features darkened, and he scoffed dismissively, "It's just an apple, no need for such fanfare."

Ian softly smiled and thoughtfully positioned the neatly arranged apple slices on a table beside Laney's bed. In a gentle tone, he explained, "Mrs. Harding hasn't fully recuperated, so it's best to cut food into smaller portions for easier digestion."

Clearly impressed, the nurse declared, "Mr. Lopez,

you are truly an exceptional assistant. Your thoughtfulness shines through in every task."

Garrett grumpily munched on his mangled apple, muttering, "It's nothing extraordinary."

Laney diffused the tension, laughing as she encouraged, "Regardless of how we eat the apples, let's enjoy them together."

Garrett's mood soured further by Ian's intrusion.

His disdain for Ian grew with each passing moment.

Throughout their time at the hospital, Ian consistently doted on Laney, charming not only her but also all the nurses. This only fueled Garrett's resentment.

What a conniving character Ian was!

How could Garrett feel secure with someone like that attending to Laney?

The more Garrett pondered, the more he questioned Ian's trustworthiness.

While Laney rested, Garrett pulled Ian aside for a discreet discussion in a secluded corner.

The two of them retreated to the hospital staircase, where a puzzled Ian inquired, "Mr. Harding, is there

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+90 Points at most

something on your mind that you'd like to discuss?"

Garrett halted abruptly and declared bluntly, "Laney no longer requires your services. I'll provide double your salary as compensation, but you need to find another job."

Unwavering, Ian responded instantaneously, "I will not quit, Mr. Harding." 5