


Chapter 1212 A Talk Between Men

Brandon observed Garrett's obstinate demeanor, and his fury surged like a tempestuous sea. With a swift motion, he threw a powerful punch that connected with Garrett's face.

"Pull your head from the depths of denial and confront the truth!" Brandon roared, his patience hanging by a thread.

Blindsided by the unexpected assault, Garrett crumpled to the ground, a rivulet of blood oozing from the corner of his mouth.

With a determined stride, Brandon closed in and seized Garrett's collar. His voice trembled with vexation, "Kailee is a venomous viper. She could strike at your wife and child without warning. If I were you, I'd have dealt with her ages ago!" 

As the words tumbled from his lips, a realization seemed to dawn on Brandon. His gaze hardened, piercing Garrett's very soul. "Have you genuinely fallen for that wretched woman?" he demanded,

his tone austere.

"What the blazes are you blathering about?!" Garrett snarled, shoving Brandon away with vehemence before springing up and landing a punishing blow on him.

"If you're not in love with her, why the cloak and dagger?!" Brandon retorted, returning the favor with an equally ferocious punch to Garrett's face.

"Silence! You understand nothing!"

Garrett roared, unleashing a flurry of pent-up anger and frustration as they traded blows. 1

Garrett had been living in a perpetual state of terror—fearing Kailee would send the incriminating photos to Laney, dreading that the last date with Kailee wouldn't resolve the situation, and trembling at the thought of Laney leaving him with their child upon discovering the truth...

Unrestrained, Brandon's assaults were devastatingly fierce.

The two men grappled on the rooftop, trading punch for punch in a whirlwind of violence.

By the time Janet appeared, both men lay battered and broken, strewn upon the ground like discarded marionettes.

Listening to their accounts, Janet heaved a weary sigh. "I merely hoped you two would resolve this peacefully. How did it devolve into this?"

Defensive about his dignity, Garrett insisted, "Your husband instigated it."

Janet arched an eyebrow and turned to Brandon. "Brawling is hardly your preferred means of communication," she observed.

"This is the language of men," Brandon replied, leveraging the railing to hoist himself up. Even with a bruised visage, he exuded an air of elegance.

Nonchalantly adjusting his coat, Brandon shot a scornful glance at Garrett and taunted, "If he were a true man, he'd handle his affairs instead of cowering here."

The brutal altercation had left Garrett in agony, yet it had also cleared the fog from his mind.

He recognized that the truth could never remain hidden, and the day of reckoning would inevitably arrive.

If Laney discovered the truth by herself, their relationship could shatter.

Wiping his face, Garrett shakily rose to his feet, resolved to confront the situation head-on. "I must

confess everything to Laney and plead for her mercy," he declared.

As Garrett moved to leave, Janet caught him, sensing the impulsiveness in his decision. "Hold on! Don't act recklessly! Calm yourself."

"How can I be calm? I can't bear the thought of losing Laney!" Garrett shook off Janet's grip and continued towards the ward.

His determination unwavering, he resolved to lay everything bare before Laney, seeking her absolution without reservation.

"Garrett Harding!"

Janet sprinted after Garrett and slapped him, her anger palpable as she pointed at him and admonished, "Laney is physically frail at present and cannot bear additional stress! Do you wish to be the death of her?!"

Stunned by the force of the slap, Garrett stood motionless, his mind reeling. Eventually, he lowered his head and crumbled, sobbing as he covered his face. "Then what am I to do?"

Janet exhaled a sigh of relief as Garrett's tempest subsided. "This is not the moment for melodrama. I've kept Laney in the dark thus far, partially out of

concern for her well-being, but also for your sake," she revealed.

"For me?" Garrett asked, momentarily bewildered by Janet's statement.

Janet fixed him with a contemptuous glare. "If we can obtain proof that you haven't been unfaithful, then you can come clean to Laney without causing her undue distress," she explained.

Garrett fell silent, his thoughts racing.

His mind now resolute, he understood that in order to mend the fractures in his life, he must first confront Kailee.