

Chapter 1527 She Doesn't Want To Make Up

Laney often dreamt about her pregnancy, a period that marked the darkest phase of her life and brought her the closest to death.

She vividly remembered how Kailee had deceived her, leading to a severe hemorrhage that nearly ended her life on the operating table. She recalled how Garrett's parents had pressured her, leading to postpartum depression and a faint hope for survival.

And the root cause of all this turmoil was Garrett's failure to intervene. ²

She found it impossible to reconcile with Garrett without holding any grudges. Although her heart softened in the face of his pleas, she yearned to break free.

"Garrett..." After mulling over it for a while, Laney slowly withdrew her hand.

Garrett's anxiety and anticipation instantly came to a chilling halt. His discarded hand

trembled slightly, his pale lips quivering. "Laney... Are... Are you going to reject me?"

"I don't know how to offer you another chance, nor do I have a clear vision of our future," Laney uttered softly, averting her gaze. She couldn't bear to witness the pain in Garrett's eyes.

After departing from Barnes, they had spent significant time together, day in and day out. She had noticed the changes in Garrett. It wasn't that she didn't wish to reconcile, nor was it a lack of desire to forgive him. It was just that every time she contemplated forgiving him, the agonizing past would flood her mind, compelling her to recoil.

She was at a loss... She genuinely didn't know how to carry on with him.

Mending a fractured relationship was a monumental task, and the gaping chasm between her and Garrett seemed insurmountable.

"Laney..." At her words, his heart ached, and he visibly trembled. "Don't be so harsh... Give me another chance..."

Laney found herself instinctively reaching out

to touch his face, and she smiled. "Just have a little patience. Once you've appropriately resolved the issues between your parents and me, we can contemplate reconciliation..."

Garrett clasped her hand tightly, burying his face in her soft palm. Large teardrops seeped through her fingers, carrying the joy of retained hope. "As long as you don't outright reject me, it doesn't matter... I will always stand by your side. Eventually, my actions will convince you..."

As she felt the tears in her palm, a pang of sorrow coursed through Laney's heart.

Witnessing his despair and self-blame saddened her. She found herself yearning for the confident and unbridled Garrett she once knew. He shouldn't have been reduced to such humility...

Suppressing a lump in her throat, Laney closed her eyes and attempted to maintain her composure. "The truth is, I'm also scared..."

Garrett, a little taken aback, looked up at her, his eyes brimming with tears.

Laney gently wiped away his tears, her voice carrying a tone of desolation. "It's not that I'm

reluctant to forgive you, but I fear we might end up repeating the same mistakes... I'm scared that this moment of compassion might be fleeting, and you'll revert to your old ways once we reconcile... "

Garrett hadn't anticipated the extent of Laney's apprehensions. And all these doubts stemmed from his prior failures.

At this moment, Garrett once again recognized how his past actions had caused irreparable harm to Laney.

"Laney, I..."

"Hear me out first." Laney gently pressed a finger to his lips and continued in a soft voice, "I've been contemplating whether I'll have to confront the pettiness of the elite, your female acquaintances, and the disdain of your parents once we reconcile... Garrett, I simply don't want to return to a life that felt worse than death. Can you understand?"

As she finished, a spark ignited in Garrett's eyes. He gripped her hand tightly, regarding her with utmost seriousness. "You just don't want to return? That's easy. We don't have to. We can continue living in the house you've

rented."

Laney furrowed her brows. "But will your parents consent?"

Garrett kissed her hand, a joyful smile adorning his face. "I don't need their approval. I'm willing to live in your house with you. There's no need for you to return to Barnes or face my parents. I'll handle all the affairs concerning the Harding family. You won't need to worry about a thing."