

## Chapter 1185 Ian's Apprehension

---

A few days later, the time came again for Laney's prenatal check-up.

Garrett arrived at the hospital quite early in order to be with her during the check-up, but was still too late. By the time he got there, Ian had already accompanied Laney, and they were awaiting the results.

"Sorry I'm late." Garrett walked over and held Laney's hand, asking with concern, "How'd the exam go? Is our baby healthy?"

"We haven't gotten the results yet," Laney replied with a gentle smile, not at all upset by Garrett's tardiness.

She knew that he was doing his best for her and the baby.

At that moment, Laney's attending physician came over with the report and looked at her. Feeling a bit of nervous, he lowered his eyes and glanced at the report in his hand. "Mrs. Harding, you and the

baby are both healthy. There are no issues at all."

"When's the due date?" Garrett asked anxiously.

The Harding Group had grown rapidly in the recent years, with many business issues to attend to. That was why Garrett had been hectic these days. Even with his wife delivering a baby, Garrett still needed to consider the timing and align his schedule with it.

"The due date is around the 15th of the month after next," the physician replied. His eyes flickered nervously as he kept his head lowered.

Garrett didn't notice the physician's unusual behavior and instead took a look at his busy work schedule.

After confirming that he would be free around the due date, the huge knot he'd felt in his heart quickly dissipated. "Our baby chose the perfect time to arrive. I'll be back from a business trip on that exact day, and won't have to leave after that. I'll stay with you at the hospital for the delivery," Garrett said to Laney with relief.

The physician's eyes flickered some more upon hearing this, and he said, "I'll take my leave now. Please contact me if you need anything."

Upon noticing the physician's evasive demeanor, Ian frowned and stopped him. "Excuse me, Doctor. Are you sure about the due date? Is it possible that we need to consider making more time in advance for Mr. Harding, just in case?" he asked in a serious tone.

Since the physician was already nervous, he couldn't help but stutter when he was suddenly stopped.

"N-no... that won't be necessary," he replied haltingly.

Ian frowned some more, sensing that there was something not quite right about the physician's behavior. "Oh and by the way, I wanted to ask about the essential oils that you sent over not too long ago. What ingredients are in them?" he enquired.

This question made the physician feel even more uneasy. "W-what do you mean? Did Mrs. Harding experience any discomfort after using them?" he asked.

Ian kept his eyes fixed on the physician, with his tone stout and resolute. "I need to know the ingredients that those essential oils contain. We

take Mrs. Harding's health very seriously and wouldn't want her using any products with unknown or potentially harmful contents," he added sternly.

"The reason I'm asking this is that I once had a client who had a prolonged delivery after using essential oils with unknown ingredients. That lesson has stuck with me ever since, so I need total clarity on my concerns to avoid any similar incidents. Do you understand?"

Ian's voice was as cold as ice, sending a chill down the physician's spine despite the comfortable warmth of the hospital.

The physician hadn't expected Laney's assistant to be so difficult to deal with. With him around, there was a real risk that Kailee's plan would be exposed at any time.

As the daughter of the Gibson family, it was unlikely that Kailee would face any repercussions if her plan were exposed.

He, on the other hand, was just an ordinary physician with no power or influence. If the plan were to get out, his career would be irreparably ruined forever.

As the physician was thinking about how to deceive Ian, Garrett, who had never been too fond of Ian, spoke up. "That's enough, Ian. Do you think you know better than a doctor?"

Breathing a sigh of relief, the physician quickly came up with an excuse and left in a hurry.

He was terrified of getting caught, and didn't want to stay for even a moment longer.

Gazing at the physician's back as he rushed off, Ian still felt uneasy. "The fact remains that these essential oils with unknown ingredients aren't suitable for Mrs. Harding to use," he said, firmly voicing his concerns.