

Chapter 1525 Want To Make Up

The tension that had once existed between them had dissipated, and the atmosphere had softened.

Laney's eyes were gentle and radiant, causing Garrett to become instantly mesmerized, gazing at her obsessively.

Observing Garrett's lovestruck expression, Laney chuckled. "What's the matter? Don't you trust me?"

Snapped out of his reverie by her soft voice, the typically eloquent Garrett stuttered, "No... I... I just..."

"Just what?" Laney asked, tilting her head and offering him a comforting smile. "Speak your mind."

Faced with her bright, expectant gaze, Garrett quickly averted his eyes.

What was he supposed to say?

Despite rehearsing countless times the words to express his wish to reconcile, he found himself

seized by anxiety as he prepared to speak. He was terrified...

He feared hearing Laney reject him and seeing her frosty demeanor once more.

The previously fearless heir of the Harding family had turned into a timid man in front of his wife, unable to utter a word.

Seeing the hesitation and awkwardness in his demeanor, Laney had a vague inkling of what he intended to say.

In reality, she had been noticing Garrett's efforts and progress in recent days.

He had transformed from an idle, rich young man to someone who accompanied her without hesitation to the Darkmoon Assassin Group in search of her friend, protecting her from unknown dangers. He had matured into a responsible man.

It would have been impossible for her not to be moved, but...

Laney's long lashes fluttered twice. She bit her lip and said softly, "Let's go back first."

Caught off guard, Garrett shook his head resolutely, refusing her suggestion, "No, I need to clear things up with you now."

Laney couldn't help but smile at his determination. "Then go ahead. Why are you acting so bashful?"

Garrett's anxiety grew in response to her question.

He was no fool. Quite the contrary, he was sensitive enough to perceive the uncertainty in her eyes. It was clear that Laney had yet to decide the fate of their relationship.

If he confessed his feelings now, he might face rejection from Laney, causing her to become even more distant.

But if he didn't seize this opportunity, it might be difficult to find such a suitable moment in the future.

He was torn between his options. The car fell into a tense silence, neither of them speaking.

After what felt like an eternity, he finally gathered his courage. Taking a few deep breaths, he grasped Laney's hand tightly, his palm slick with nervous sweat, and stammered, "Laney... I... I want to..."

Before he could complete his sentence, a thunderous explosion resonated, causing the ground and the car to tremble.

Garrett's eyes narrowed as he instinctively

pulled Laney close into his arms.

However, he completely forgot about his wounds. The sudden jolt sent a wave of pain through his body. His face turned pale and he bit his lower lip hard to stifle a cry of pain.

Laney, however, had keenly detected a slight whimper above her. Her heart constricted with worry. She quickly extricated herself from his hold and anxiously asked, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. As long as you're not hurt," Garrett replied, doing his best to endure the pain.

But to his surprise, Laney suddenly burst into laughter. "You idiot! That must have been Harrell blowing up the lab with a bomb. That's why the noise was so loud. Were you scared?"

Taken aback, Garrett stammered, "A bomb? I thought..."