

Chapter 1767 How Did You Do It

Laney knew how complicated family matters could be. It mattered little that she was Janet's friend.

A faint smile appeared on her lips. She was about to refuse Janet's offer and tell her that she could manage taking care of Anya.

Anya, who had been brought to her own room, stopped crying at once even before Laney could speak.

Janet and Brandon looked at each other, wondering why the baby stopped crying all of a sudden.

Garrett came out of Anya's bedroom, his face split into a wide grin. In his arms was a giggling girl, evidently amused by him.

Janet's eyes went to the little girl in his arms. She couldn't believe her eyes. Just a moment ago, the baby had been bawling uncontrollably, but now it was almost as if she hadn't been crying at all.

Brandon's gaze followed Janet's as he sat next to her.

He had never been particularly interested in kids, but now he was watching the little girl in Garrett's arms curiously. Brandon's eyes lingered on the soft curve of Anya's chubby cheeks.

"This was a surprise. I didn't expect that I would be able to calm her down," Garrett remarked, walking proudly over to Laney with Anya in his arms.

His voice was full of surprise. Just earlier Anya had been wailing, and he wasn't confident that he would be able to soothe her. But he did, and it filled him with immense satisfaction.

"You did it!" Laney rolled her eyes in sarcasm, but she admired him inwardly.

Calming down a crying child was no easy task.

Janet smiled, reaching out a hand to touch Anya's soft and round face. Then, she couldn't help herself from pinching the baby's little hands. Anya broke into giggles once more as she looked at Janet—the tinkling sound of her laughter diffusing a lighthearted atmosphere in the room.

"How did you do it, Garrett?" Janet asked curiously.

"I just changed her diaper," Garrett answered casually.

At his words, Janet was stunned.

Brandon, who was sort of a neat freak, instinctively moved back.

Garrett hadn't even bothered to word it more delicately. Laney was speechless for a moment, then held out her arms to reach for Anya.

"Come here, sweetie." Carefully, she held Anya in

her hands. Then, turning to Garrett, she said, "Go and wash your hands."

With a shrug, Garrett spread his hands. He looked at them carefully and argued, "My hands are totally clean!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he stretched out his hand to Brandon.

Brandon glared at him in disgust and moved back again. "Get your hands away from me."

"I told you, they're clean! They don't even smell." Seeing Brandon's repulsion, Garrett was left with no choice but to go and wash his hands.

Janet burst into laughter at Brandon's reaction. She reached out and pulled lightly at his clothes, wordlessly telling him to restrain himself.

Garrett quickly walked to the bathroom and washed his hands. When he returned to the living room, he turned to Brandon and grumbled, aggrieved, "Brandon, my daughter smells so sweet. How can you hate my hands like that? When you have your own child, you would also be changing dirty diapers, you know?"

His words left Janet and Brandon stunned. Then, sadness gradually clouded over their features as a somber expression settled over their faces.