


## Chapter 1521 I Am Your Husband

"Why are you crying?" Garrett tenderly wiped the tears from Laney's face, managing a strained smile. "Don't cry, Laney. I'm fine."

Laney gripped his hand tightly, tears streaming down her face. "It's all my fault... If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be hurt so badly."

Garrett glanced at Harrell, helpless. "Please attend to the wounds later. I need to comfort my wife first." 

Harrell smiled, commenting, "You two clearly love each other deeply."

Managing to halt her tears, Laney urged Garrett, "I won't cry anymore. Let's address these wounds as soon as possible."

Hearing Laney's teary voice softened Garrett's heart. Holding her hand, it seemed as though the wounds on his body became less agonizing. Looking at Harrell, he endured the pain and replied calmly, "Thank you."

Harrell held the potion, hesitating as he

observed Garrett's injuries. "It will hurt when I treat the wound. Can you endure it? Do you need me to..."

Interrupting Harrell, Garrett's forehead beaded with sweat from the pain, but he didn't want Laney to worry. He nodded and said calmly, "I can handle the pain. Just clean the wounds."

Laney, however, was more anxious than Garrett. She clenched her lips, nervously reminding Harrell, "Please be gentle and don't use excessive force."

It had been a while since Laney had shown him this level of concern. Hearing her soft, caring words made the pain seem worthwhile. "Don't worry, Laney. The wounds might appear ghastly, but I don't really feel the pain."

As soon as his words ended, Harrell behind him took the potion and started applying it to his wounds.

"Hmm..." The intense pain made Garrett inhale sharply, causing him to tremble violently. He gripped Laney's hand, teeth gritted. Despite breaking out in a sweat from the pain, he managed to stay silent.

Tears welled up in Laney's eyes once again. "Garrett... are you in pain?"

Garrett, bearing the severe pain, took a deep breath and forced a smile. "It doesn't hurt... Honestly, it doesn't. If I'm lying... then I'm a fool..."

This only made Laney cry harder. "You idiot!"

Even through the considerable pain, Garrett managed a jest. "Even if I am an idiot... I'm still your husband."

Harrell paused, a little astounded at Garrett's ability to endure the pain. After cleaning one wound, he warned seriously, "The next part will hurt more. Can you withstand it?"

Garrett's face, pale but sarcastic, retorted, "Go ahead. I can't believe... it can hurt that much."

Harrell nodded, an admiring look on his face. "Alright. If you're not scared of pain, I won't hold back. You need to brace yourself."

Hearing this, Garrett's expression faltered. "You were holding back? What's that supposed to mean... Ah!"

Before he could finish speaking, Harrell applied more of the potion to his wounds.

Muffled groans filled the silence of the lab. Seeing Garrett's agony, Laney felt a heart-wrenching pain. She felt helpless, able to do nothing more than tightly grip Garrett's hand,



trying to soothe him.

Initially, Garrett managed to smile, reassuring Laney. However, after several instances of wound cleaning, he lost consciousness due to the unbearable pain, his vision blurred.

After an agonizing stretch, the wounds were finally addressed.

Upon bandaging Garrett's wounds, Harrell patted him on the shoulder, admiration in his sigh. "I didn't expect you to endure such immense pain without any anesthesia. Even professional bodyguards couldn't bear it. Many of them would pass out from the pain."

Garrett looked blankly at Harrell, stunned. After a moment, he asked with trembling, pale lips, "Are... Are you saying that I could have used anesthesia?"