Chapter 1476 No Anesthetics

Brandon returned to his room by himself. As soon as he shut the door, his face darkened.

When he reached out and touched the wound on his waist, his fingertips were wet, streaked with blood.

Leaning against the couch, Brandon closed his eyes wearily, sweat beading on his forehead.

Earlier he had been so busy looking for Janet that he hadn't had time to worry about his own injury. Now that he had calmed down, he began to feel the pain in his waist. Even every breath he took was hurting him.

With a deep breath, Brandon endured the pain and tore the gauze apart. As expected, blood was oozing out from his wound. It seemed like it had reopened due to his great haste just now.

However, it didn't matter to him as long as Janet was safe.

Expressionless, Brandon was about to apply medicine to it when he heard a knock on the door. Before he could say anything, the door was pushed open rudely.

Garrett came in with Frank, not caring about the murderous look in Brandon's eyes.

Furrowing his brows, Brandon asked indifferently, "What are you doing here?"

Pointing at the wound on his waist, Garrett shook his head helplessly and said, "I knew you wouldn't take care of yourself properly just to find Janet back, so I've brought Frank here to apply the medicine for you."

Lowering his eyes, Brandon looked at his wound and said in a low voice, "I can deal with it myself."

"Look at how severe it has become. If you don't treat it well, it will only worsen your condition," Garrett said worriedly, beckoning Frank over. "Quick, check on him."

"Mr. Larson, I'll need to stitch up your wound so that it doesn't open up again and get infected," Frank said.

The moment Garrett heard that a stitch was needed, he shouted, "How can you still be so calm when your wound is going to be stitched?"

Brandon frowned deeper. He was already in a bad mood today, and now Garrett's voice was rattling his cage even more.

However, Garrett wasn't sensible at all. While nagging, he pressed Brandon onto the bed and said, "Be good and receive your treatment right now. Let the stitches teach you a lesson for not taking good care of your body."

Staring at him indifferently, Brandon uttered, "Shut up."

Garrett didn't say anything more and signaled to Frank to deal with the wound as soon as possible.

"I didn't bring any anesthetic with me. You probably need to endure the pain this time," Frank said as he stepped forward with his medical kit.

"What? You have no anesthetics?" Garrett shouted before Brandon could say anything. "A non-anesthetic suture is going to kill him! Let me ask my men to look for some now. Which type of anesthetics do you need: inhalation or injection?"

As Garrett spoke, he took out his phone. However, Brandon raised his hand to stop him. "No, thanks. Just stitch it directly." His voice was toneless.

"Um..." Although Frank had been around in the medical field for many years, he was still a little hesitant at the moment. "Are you sure you can bear it? Judging from your wound, it's going to need ten stitches, at least."

Frank could imagine how painful it was going to be.

Sparing a glance at Frank, Brandon didn't say anything more. Well, his message was clear.

Letting out a sigh, Frank began to stitch the wound.

It was a torturous process. Even Garrett couldn't bear to continue watching it. On the contrary, although Brandon was covered in sweat, he remained silent the whole time.

After an indeterminate amount of time had passed, Frank

was finally done with the suture. When he had finished packing up his medical kit, he looked at Brandon, who was clearly in pain but remained expressionless.

Flitting his eyes to Garrett, he asked in confusion, "What on earth have you gone through here? Why is Mr. Larson so quiet now? He didn't even cry out despite the agonizing pain."

Instead of teasing Brandon with Frank, Garrett suddenly became serious and said, "Shut up. I'll come here to change the dressing for Brandon every day. Stop prying about other things." ⓘ