

Chapter 1524 The Scar Is A Medal

Laney was just about to fasten her seat belt in the driver's seat when she heard Garrett's words. She paused, her gaze instinctively drawn to the bandages on Garrett's body. Barely an hour had passed since his wounds had been tended to, yet already some blood had seeped through the gauze—an indication of the severity of his injury.

"Smoothly?" Laney gritted her teeth, her voice sharp. "Look at yourself. Did everything truly go smoothly?"

Garrett cast a casual glance at the swathes of bandages adorning his body, then offered a nonchalant smile. "I'm a man. It's fine if I get hurt. Besides, had I not shielded you, the potion would have splashed on your face, with far graver consequences than it landing on my back. For me, the best outcome is that you remained unscathed."

Garrett's earnest and gentle words momentarily stilled Laney. After a pause, she averted her

gaze, her ears flushing faintly. "This time... Thank you."

"As your husband, it's my duty to protect you. There's no need for such formality," Garrett said, taking Laney's hand in his. Seeing the shy expression on her face, he couldn't help but chuckle.

"But the injuries on your back..." Laney began, guilt creeping in as she recalled the shocking wounds Garrett bore.

Garrett offered a comforting smile. "It's fine. I'll ask Frank to prescribe some medicine when we get back."

Despite her concerns, Laney couldn't help but chuckle, her tone turning playful. "Though I hate to burst your bubble, I have to warn you that with such extensive injuries, there's a high chance of scarring."

She winked at Garrett, whose smile had frozen on his face, and continued, "Your dashing, carefree image as a wealthy playboy might just take a hit."

At her words, Garrett's brow furrowed, while Laney's laughter rang out louder. "Still think it doesn't matter?"

Garrett's expression was pained. Just as Laney

was reveling in her mirth, he fixed her with a stern look, his voice serious. "If I do end up with scars, will you dislike me?"

Caught off guard, Laney blinked in surprise. "Is that what you've been worried about?"

With an aggrieved look, Garrett confessed, "I haven't succeeded in winning you over yet. I fear that scars might make it even more challenging to capture your heart..."

Upon hearing Garrett's concern, Laney found herself at a loss for words. She had not anticipated that Garrett, a man so conscious of his image and prone to vanity, would fear her distaste upon learning that his injuries might leave scars.

She had even assumed that he might regret his act of selflessness once he realized the potential for lasting blemishes...

Seeing Laney deep in thought and silent, Garrett mistakenly assumed she was repelled by his possible scars, causing him to feel even more distressed. "Do you truly dislike me? These potential scars are the result of me saving you! How can you find them distasteful?"

Coming back to reality and catching sight of Garrett's mournful expression, Laney burst out

laughing. "Did I ever say I'd find them repulsive?"

"You truly don't mind?" Garrett pressed, still fraught with worry and seeking reassurance.

After all, his injuries were severe. A multitude of scars would certainly mar his back.

He had assumed that Laney's feelings for him were, at least partially, based on his handsome features. Now, even that charm seemed lost.

Instead of answering him directly, Laney merely offered a gentle smile. "Perhaps other girls might mind."

Seeing Laney's nonchalant expression, Garrett felt even more heartbroken.

Laney hadn't explicitly said she didn't mind! Clearly, she was secretly repulsed.

As this thought gained momentum, Garrett's spirits plummeted. Attempting to reach out and hold her, he inadvertently strained his wounds, eliciting a sharp intake of breath as pain twisted his features.

Alarmed, Laney quickly held down his arm. "You're still injured! Don't move!"

Regardless, Garrett gripped her hand tightly, his gaze determined as he looked into her eyes. "I need to hear the truth from you. Will you be

bothered by the scars on my back?"

Garrett's insistence led to a resigned sigh from Laney. In a soft voice, she confessed, "I won't."

"Really?"

"Really. I'm being honest." Laney's smile slowly softened. "I've never been attracted to you solely because of your looks, let alone the fact that you got hurt while protecting me. How could I possibly dislike you?"