

## Love Has its Will by Selena Lewis Chapter 450

“Mr. Cassel, we found Mrs. Cassel’s whereabouts. She’s in a sanatorium in the south of the city.”

Brandon was rushing back when he received a call from his assistant, Jim.

“I’ve arranged for spies to wait outside. When will you go over there?”

After more than forty days of investigation, they finally found Savanna’s whereabouts. Jim could not hide the excitement in his tone.

Unexpectedly, Jim heard Brandon say, “Get those people to withdraw.”

Jim simply suspected that something was wrong with his ears. He said, “Mr. Cassel, are you sure? We have found Mrs. Cassel, are you not going to see her?”

Brandon snorted, “Your action is too late.”

Jim slapped his thigh and came to a realization. “So you had already found Mrs. Cassel. Those good-for-nothings! They didn’t even know that you took Mrs. Cassel away!”

Hearing that, Brandon had his face become gloomy.

He was indeed planning to coax Savanna back.

He knew that Savanna was angry with him, but he had not expected that she would propose a divorce.

Brandon had always thought that he was the one who held the initiative in their marriage, but the moment Savanna proposed divorce, he realized how wrong he was.

He was too conceited.

“Have your men keep an eye on them,” Brandon said and mercilessly hung up the phone.

Brandon slammed on the accelerator to speed up and leave.

Jim was stunned when he heard the beeping sound of his phone.

He thought, didn’t Mr. Cassel take Mrs. Cassel away? Why should I still guard this crappy sanatorium?

What’s going on?

Could it be that... He didn’t take her away?

This is impossible.

Jim immediately called his subordinates. “Go and check what the situation is. See if Mrs. Cassel and the baby are still in the sanatorium?”

A moment later, he received the answer.

Brandon did not take Savanna and their daughter away. Jim felt so doubtful.

He thought, according to Mr. Cassel's character, even if Savanna refuses to leave, he would destroy the sanatorium.

How could he let her stay there?

Did Brandon change his personality?

On the other hand, the Charade car couldn't bear the burden of a long-term high-speed sprint and was scrapped halfway.

Brandon parked the car on the side of the road in frustration and looked around. This was a newly built entertainment place.

The bars were close to each other, and they were decorated in a variety of colors.

Because it was daytime, the shops seemed a bit deserted.

Brandon walked into a bar that was still open during the day. The frustration in his heart needed to be dispelled. He sat down at the bar counter.

"Sir, what would you like to drink?" The bartender asked.

"Give me all the strongest wine you have here."

"I don't expect that such a handsome gentleman like you also needed to drink to ease worries." The bartender began to adjust the first glass of wine.

Soon, a cup of dark blue wine was placed in the cup. The bartender pushed it onto the bar counter to Brandon.

"It is called the Tear of a Lover."

Brandon took it over and drank it. It was a little salty. The taste was very similar to Savanna's tears.

When she cried before, he kissed her face.

He raised his head and gulped it down. A few seconds later, his throat felt like it was burning.

He thought, Savanna, why?

Soon, the second glass of wine was pushed over.

Brandon picked it up again and gulped it down.

He thought, why are you mentioning divorce?

He swiped down his third glass of wine.

Why do you like others?

Then he drank the fourth and fifth glasses of wine.

Brandon drank so quickly and fiercely. After drinking five glasses of wine, he felt dizzy.

As he was about to drink the sixth glass of wine, a pair of slender little hands suddenly stuck to the back of his hand.

"Get lost." Brandon didn't even look at it as he flung it away in frustration.

More than half of the wine in the glass was spilled.

The woman kept pestering him. "Brandon, don't drink anymore. Drinking like this will hurt your body."

Brandon turned his head and glanced at the person beside him out of the corner of his eye.

"Winnie, why are you so persistent?"

"I came back, especially for you." Winnie deliberately widened her eyes and pouted, pretending to be pitiful. "I am here for you."

Brandon sneered, "Are you coming all the way here to break us up?"

Hearing that, Winnie quickly squeezed out a few drops of tears. "What are you talking about? Back then, it was that slut Savanna who stepped in front of us first. If it wasn't for her meddling, we

would have been the most enviable couple."

"Who gave you the right to scold her?"

Alcohol can paralyze people's nerves and magnify their anger. After a long paragraph, Brandon only heard the sentence "Savanna is a slut."

He threw the wine glass to the side angrily and reached out his hand to grab Winnie's throat.

"You asked Kady to ask me out that day, didn't you? You knew that Savanna was about to give birth, yet you still tricked me out. Did you do it on purpose?"

Winnie's throat was stuck. Winnie could not breathe properly. The suffocation made her blush.

Brandon's eyes were red. They were filled with anger and killing intent.

Winnie was scared. Tears fell one by one, falling on Brandon's hand.

"Brandon, listen to me. I..."

Brandon shook her off in frustration. "Get out!"

Winnie fell to the ground in a panic, tears streaming down her face. She said, "Brandon, I missed. you too much that day. I called you but you didn't answer. You didn't even reply to my text messages. I had no choice."

"I told you to scram."

There was no room for regret when matters reached this stage. Brandon directly waved his hand

to let her leave. "Brandon..." Winnie did not want to leave.

Brandon took out a stack of cash from his wallet and slapped it on the bar.

He got up and left.

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The man walked fast. Winnie wanted to get up and chase after him. She staggered to get up. When she chased to the door, Brandon, who was tall and had long legs, had long disappeared.

Winnie stood at the entrance of the bar dejectedly. At this time, footsteps came from behind her.

A moment later, a tall man walked up to her.

“Miss, would you like me to treat you to a drink?”

Winnie cleaned up her tears and turned to glance at him. The man had an ordinary appearance. He was quite manly, but not handsome.

“Didn’t you see? My man is so handsome. You bastard, how dare you come and strike up a conversation with me?”

Winnie sneered with contempt.

When the man heard her say this, not only did he not get angry, he instead laughed heartily.

“You are pretty good. It’s a pity that you have to learn a little bit about the character. Otherwise, you will be exposed.”

When Winnie heard this, her expression immediately changed.

“What do you mean?”

Men didn’t beat around the bush. “I said, you are not Winnie at all. You are just a fake who got plastic surgery.”