

Chapter 845 I Found It

Not only was the airport eerily quiet, but Brandon was standing very close to Janet, making it easy for her to hear what Frank had just said over the phone.

At Frank's words, Janet froze. She stood up and asked, in a strangled voice, "Did Frank just say that Draco's condition has worsened?"

Brandon had never been in this situation before. Having had so many dealings with businessmen over the years, he was able to spout falsehoods easily. When facing Janet, however, he found himself unable to say anything other than the truth. All he could do now was nod.

Janet took several deep breaths to try to calm herself down. "It's all my fault," she whimpered.

Tears filled her eyes and she knelt down on the ground weakly. Her shoulders trembled as the intensity of her crying increased.

"I must be bad luck; wherever I go, I put others in danger. Now I've even hurt my most respected teacher."

Disregarding the fact that Janet's hand had been touching the dirty floor, Brandon held her hand and pulled her up into his arms. "It's not your fault," he reassured her

warmly.

Burying her face in his arms, Janet kept sobbing. "Don't comfort me. I know I'm a jinx. Everyone's been saying so, ever since I was a child."

She had never been lucky. It seemed that anyone who approached her became prone to misfortune.

Brandon bowed his head and spoke slowly, choosing each word with care. "The reason Draco chose to take you with him to the show was that he knows you can handle all sorts of situations. Now is no exception. Draco trusts you very much. So don't let him down and let's find the syringe." With a serious look on his face, Brandon added, "Now's not the time for crying. Save your tears for Draco's funeral after we try and fail every means we can think of to save him."

"But Frank said..." Janet began, panicking.

Brandon interrupted her. "Frank just said that Draco's condition was getting worse. He didn't say that Draco was dead. As long as he's still alive, we still have time."

Janet relaxed significantly. "What do you think I should do?" she asked.

"Calm down and think about what happened. Try to recall every detail. Maybe that will help," Brandon replied. After thinking for a moment, he added, "Where might Jorge have hidden the syringe?"

At this, Janet began to recall what had happened.

The scene in the plane replayed in her mind.

When Jorge had rushed over to her, he must have been holding the syringe in his hand. Draco had rushed over and stood between Janet and Jorge, causing Jorge to accidentally inject Draco with the poison.

Then Janet had shouted, and Jorge had run away.

Within 10 minutes of Jorge's escape, he was caught by the police. The only possible hiding place between the plane and his capture had been a trash can, but Janet had already checked it and the syringe wasn't there.

Where would Jorge have hidden the syringe in such a short amount of time?

Suddenly, Janet had an idea. "The syringe is probably still on the plane!" she said urgently.

"Let's go back to the cabin."

When they returned to the plane, she found her seat and said, "This is where I was sitting. Jorge was sitting behind me. He walked out from the front seat and ran back in the same direction."

Something suddenly occurred to her. She squatted down and searched the cushion in the front row.

The syringe was there!

Janet was ecstatic. "Brandon!" she cried. "I found it!"

At the time, the scene had been utter chaos. It would have been impossible for Jorge to throw away the syringe directly, but he also had no time to destroy it. As it turned out, he had hidden it in the nearest available hiding place. It was so unlikely that nobody could have expected it.

Brandon asked his people to send the syringe to the hospital immediately.



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