

Chapter 1429 Meet Again

Brandon shot them a frigid glance, saying, "It had better be that way, otherwise..."

A lethal glint flashed in his eyes as he issued a fierce warning, "I'll show no mercy to anyone who dares to harm Janet."

Corinne and Harrell were taken aback by the deadly look in Brandon's eyes. Harrell nodded gravely, reassuring him, "Rest assured. We committed to saving your wife and we won't resort to any underhanded tactics."

Corinne's beautiful eyes welled up with tears. She studied the wound on Brandon's body with concern, her voice gentle. "Let me tend to your wound first. We can strategize about the rescue operation once you've recovered."

Backing away, Brandon put some distance between himself and Corinne, swiftly attending to his own bleeding wound.

Corinne felt a pang of sorrow at his aloofness. She started to say, her voice tinged with hurt, "We've

wound first. We can strategize about the rescue operation once you've recovered."

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Corinne felt a pang of sorrow at his aloofness. She started to say, her voice tinged with hurt, "We've known each other since childhood. Our relationship has always been good. You..."

"I don't think our relationship is particularly good," Brandon cut her off without remorse. After attending to his injury, he turned to leave.

Seeing him about to depart, Corinne was struck with anxiety. She reached out, grabbing his arm.

"Brandon, where are you going?"

Brandon halted, glancing at the hand clasped around his arm, a look of disgust in his eyes. He said impatiently, "Let go of me."

Corinne bit her lip but didn't release her grip. "You can't leave..."

"Let me go!" Brandon's voice rose.

Startled, Corinne reluctantly released her hold.

As the atmosphere grew increasingly tense, Harrell attempted to broker peace. "Brandon,

you're injured. You should come back to headquarters with us first. You can leave once you've recovered. Besides, Mr. Scott hasn't seen you in a long time. He's been asking after you. He requested that we bring you back this time."

"I'm going to save my wife. I'll see him when I have the time," Brandon said flatly.

Now that he knew Jeremy was the mysterious pharmacist, he understood how perilous Janet's situation was.

Thinking about the danger that Janet might be facing caused a sharp pain in Brandon's heart. He couldn't afford to stay put any longer. His only thought was to rescue her as swiftly as possible.

Harrell attempted to patiently reason with him, "Jeremy has a strong foothold here. If he's gone into hiding, it'll be quite challenging for you to find him on your own. Not to mention, you might end up encountering danger again. If you come with us, with the aid of Darkmoon, the odds of finding your wife will be significantly higher."

Brandon fell silent for a moment.

He knew Harrell made a valid point. The country was fraught with complexities. Though the people

he had brought with him were skilled combatants, they weren't familiar with the local landscape, and didn't have access to certain confidential information. With Darkmoon's assistance, their chances of saving Janet would be far better.

But Darkmoon...

Brandon furrowed his brow. Did he truly need to return to the place he had once escaped from so desperately?

Harrell waited patiently for Brandon's response. He had gleaned some insight into Brandon's feelings for his wife and was confident that Brandon would return to Darkmoon for her sake, regardless of his disdain for the place.

Sure enough, a few seconds later, Brandon looked at him and stated, "Let's go."

The Darkmoon Assassin Group was globally renowned. Its headquarters, built like a palace, spanned five stories, enclosed by imposing black iron fences, with numerous guards stationed at the entrance. Its location near the mountain gave each floor its own unique vista.

The interior was even more ornate and luxurious.

Thick, gold-patterned carpets covered immaculately clean floors, rose gold wallpapers adorned the walls, and intricate crystal lights dazzled from the ceiling.

The living room furniture, including the sofas and coffee tables, was all finely designed and impeccably crafted. An elderly man with white hair and a beard was seated on one of the sofas, engrossed in his music.

Presently, the butler entered and murmured respectfully into his ear, "Mr. Scott, they've returned."

Upon hearing this, Britton nodded but continued to enjoy his music.


After a moment, Brandon, Corinne, and Harrell made their entrance. "Grandpa, we've brought Brandon back," Corinne announced.

The music abruptly stopped. Britton turned his keen gaze towards Brandon.


Brandon gave a slight bow. His manner was respectful yet chilly. He didn't exactly relish the sight of Britton, who had tutored him for several years. "Mr. Scott, it's been a while."

Britton felt a pang of disappointment hearing the

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 +90 Points at most

detached way in which Brandon addressed him.
"Brandon, are you intending to always maintain
this distance between us?" 3

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