

Chapter 1435 He Wants You To Marry Into The Scott...

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Despite this, Jeremy proved elusive. Even as Brandon obliterated his strongholds, he remained unseen, with no sign of Janet found.

This plunged Brandon into deep unease.

With each passing moment, the likelihood of her being injured grew higher.

What if... what if she was already...

The mere thought of this possibility drove Brandon to the edge, his wrath finding an outlet in the boxing ring.

In accordance with Britton's rules, Brandon was required to defeat the boxers in the ring in order to gain the service of Darkmoon for one day. Therefore, his immediate recourse upon returning each day was to step into the ring and engage in

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He showed no leniency towards all the boxers, even the ones from Darkmoon.

This indiscriminate assault displeased Britton. Several of his meticulously trained boxers had

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no choice but to increase the roster and introduce
new fighters to combat Brandon.

However, as Brandon's rounds of fighting mounted,
his proficiency escalated. Even the newly
introduced boxers, despite their medicated
enhancements, barely managed to hold out for a
few rounds before being knocked down.

Before long, Brandon earned the moniker "the
Ruthless" in the underground boxing arena.
Whenever he partook in a match, the audience
swelled, with the odds doubling repeatedly.

That night, after felling five boxers consecutively,
no one dared to challenge him. The crowd roared
with admiration.

"The Ruthless! The Ruthless!"

"Who else dares to face the Ruthless? He'll flatten
you!"

"The Ruthless! You're incredible!"

Hearing the adulation from the crowd, Brandon,
concealed behind a mask, remained unfazed and
taunted, "No one else?"

There was no response.

Harrell stepped up to lead Brandon away. "You

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need to rest."

Brandon took a hefty swig of water and replied lightly, "I can continue."

Surveying the myriad wounds scattered across Brandon's body, Harrell couldn't suppress his concern. "You're not sleeping, eating, or allowing any medical treatment for your injuries. You've lost a considerable amount of weight. How can you keep going?"

Brandon discarded the bottle and stated coolly, "I can't rest easy until I find Janet."

With bandages and ointment in hand, Harrell tended to Brandon's wounds while admonishing, "Then you must look after yourself. If you're to find her, you can't afford to fall ill."

Thoughts of Janet stirred up profound sadness within Brandon. "I won't fall ill before I find her."

Harrell, observing this, refrained from further persuasion.

Once he finished tending to the wounds, Harrell lingered, looking at Brandon as if wanting to broach a topic, but hesitated.

Brandon glanced at him quizzically. "Is there

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something else?"

Harrell wore a peculiar expression, opened his mouth as if to speak, but seemed at a loss for words.

Observing Harrell's hesitance, Brandon grew excited. "Is there news about Janet?"

Harrell immediately shook his head. "No."

Brandon lowered his gaze, his voice icy as he asked, "Then why are you still here?"

"I just wanted to remind you to be wary of Mr. Scott..."

Brandon frowned, impatience edging his tone. "Why? Is he stirring up trouble? Speak plainly. Don't waver."

Harrell scratched his head. "You've successfully razed Jeremy's strongholds recently, and your prowess in the boxing ring is remarkable. You know Mr. Scott values strength above all else. Plus, with Corinne's interest in you, he might want you to marry into the Scott family..."

Contemplating Britton's cunning visage, Brandon felt a wave of revulsion and dismissed the notion.

"That's wishful thinking."

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Harrell clapped Brandon on the shoulder, advising,
"Just be cautious. He might resort to underhanded
tactics."

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