

Chapter 1529 Britton's Hypertension

After Garrett had successfully reconciled with his wife and was looking forward to a happy future, a helicopter circled above the headquarters of the Darkmoon Assassin Group. The occupants on the helicopter were shocked by the explosion down below.

Corinne, on the helicopter, rushed to look out the window upon hearing the explosion.

Witnessing the billowing smoke emanating from the Darkmoon headquarters, she immediately recognized the site of the explosion. With her eyes wide in shock, she frantically said, "Grandpa, the lab under your house exploded!"

"Which lab?" Britton, with his heart racing in his chest, looked out the window and saw his decades-old home now engulfed in heavy smoke. The ruins of his house were partially visible under the dark clouds of smoke.

"How could this be?" He stared at the ruins

with red eyes. He was so furious that his face turned red and his entire body trembled. "Who did this? How dare they destroy my lab! I'll kill them! I'm going to kill them!"

As her grandpa looked like he was about to faint, Corrine hurriedly held his shoulder and consoled him, "Grandpa, calm down."

"How can I calm down?" Britton asked while breathing heavily. With his trembling fingers, he pointed at the ruins and growled, "How dare someone attack the Darkmoon while I'm away?! This is an insult and provocation to me!"

The more he spoke, the more agitated he became. "I'll... I'll kill... them..." he stammered with a ferocious look on his face.

Meanwhile, seeing Britton struggling to breathe and on the brink of collapse, Corinne panicked. She urgently turned to Brandon for help. "Brandon, my grandpa has hypertension. If this continues, he might have a heart attack. What should we do?"

Brandon, seemingly unaffected by the situation, sneered and merely pursed his lips, ignoring Corinne's plea for help.

Corinne's heart sank, and she felt a surge of anxiety that brought her to the brink of tears. "Please, save my grandfather. He's really in danger! Please!" she implored.

Her desperate plea tugged at Janet's heartstrings. She pulled on Brandon's sleeve and whispered, "He looks like he's dying. Shouldn't we save him?"

With a deep frown, Brandon glanced at Janet beside him and asked back, "Help him? Do you know what they did when you were missing?"

If it hadn't been for Corinne, Janet would not have been kidnapped and gone missing. Moreover, if Britton and Jeremy had not colluded, he might have found Janet sooner.

Then, he and Janet would not have been separated for so long. She had suffered so much, and all of this was because of Corinne and Britton.

It was good enough that he did not add insult to injury. He really had no intention of saving Britton.

Janet pursed her lips. "No matter what

they've done... Have Frank save her grandfather. We'll settle the accounts later."

"You're too kind. They don't deserve your sympathy at all," Brandon said with a helpless sigh. But out of respect for Janet's wishes, he glanced at Frank and casually said, "Since Janet insists, you treat him."

Frank pursed his lips in reluctance. He knew just how despicable Britton was. "Can I not accept this patient?" he slowly asked.

Brandon raised his eyebrows at him. "You're a doctor. Aren't doctors supposed to be selfless? Why are you refusing to treat a patient?"

Frank rolled his eyes and expressed his moral dilemma, "It depends on what kind of person the patient is. Saving a bad guy might put innocent lives at risk. Besides, I've been working with you the whole day. I'm exhausted. I don't want to work overtime."

"Britton is still useful for now. You can try to save him. Whether he survives or not depends on his own luck," Brandon reasoned with a cold and sinister smile.

As she heard Brandon's heartless remarks, Corinne felt a chill in her heart. She bit her lower lip to hold back her tears, trying to remain composed.

Frank shrugged and, though reluctant, finally agreed, "Well, since you put it that way, I'll try to save him."

As he spoke, he took out a few blood pressure-lowering pills from his medical kit and put them in Britton's mouth. "Gently massage your grandfather's body to help him relax and breathe. He'll be stable for the time being."

Corinne felt a sense of relief as Britton's expression began to ease after taking the medicine. However, her relief did not last long as she heard Frank's mocking words. "Although he appears to be stable for now, I can't guarantee what might happen when he returns to the Darkmoon headquarters. If he gets so enraged that his blood vessels explode upon witnessingsomethingshocking... Well, that's none of my concern."