

Chapter 1541 I Want You To Die

The living room settled into an unsettling silence. Harrell found himself caught in a seemingly interminable moment, his eyes fixed on Corinne, searching for any sign of compassion in her expression.

But Corinne's face was a mask of cold indifference, her eyes glinting with scorn, her voice dripping with icy contempt. "Yes, you heard me right. I want you to die!"

Harrell's eyes snapped shut as Corinne's once sweet and melodious voice twisted into something harsh and cruel.

Corinne seemed oblivious to Harrell's visible anguish. Her words became a sharpened blade, slashing at him. "Anyone who betrays the Darkmoon deserves death! Harrell, go to hell! Apologize there!"

Brandon's brow furrowed at Corinne's unhinged tirade, and he commanded his bodyguards with a steely voice, "Take her

away."

But Corinne was beyond caring, her fearless smile taunting Brandon as she sneered, "Brandon, you are a bastard. Just wait for the moment I catch you off guard. You won't escape me."

"I'll wait." Brandon's hand flicked dismissively. "Take her away."

"Wait!" Harrell's voice cracked, halting the bodyguards. "Don't lay a hand on her."

Brandon's eyes narrowed, his gaze glacial.

"Harrell, what are you planning?"

Exhaling a weary sigh, Harrell's voice trembled with concern. "Corinne's not herself right now. I'm worried that the bodyguards might hurt her if they try to remove her by force."

Before Brandon could respond, Corinne spat her venomous words, "Stop playing the saint. Kill me if you wish."

Brandon's lips curled into a disdainful smile.

"See? Her mental state is deteriorating. The longer she stays here, the worse it will get."

Harrell's eyes were filled with a desperate

plea as he implored Brandon in a hushed tone, "Let me talk to Corinne alone. Send the bodyguards out."

Brandon's frown deepened, his eyes darting to Corinne's hate-filled face. Reluctantly, he shook his head. "I don't think it's wise to talk to her now. She's far from stable. A conversation with her won't be productive."

But Harrell was insistent. "Just give us a moment alone. I'll make it quick."

Seeing that Harrell was unmovable, Brandon finally relented. "If anything goes wrong, let me know."

Harrell nodded in acknowledgment, and with a resigned sigh, Brandon left the room, his entourage in tow.

When the hall was finally left to just the two of them, Harrell opened his mouth to speak, but was met with a hard slap across his face that turned his head aside. The force behind it was so powerful that it was clear Corinne had put her all into it.

Corinne waved her aching hand and sneered, "What? Do you still want to pretend to be a

saint?"

"Corinne..." Harrell said calmly, wiping away the blood that stained his lips, "I just want to make things clear to you."

"Clear? If you have anything to say, you can explain it to our dead comrades after you die!"

Corinne's eyes narrowed to sharp slits as she raised her hand, striking Harrell again.

Seemingly unsatisfied with just those hits, Corinne continued to slap him mercilessly, each strike becoming more and more forceful, leaving his face swollen and the corner of his mouth bleeding.

Harrell merely stood there in silence, not making any move to dodge, allowing Corinne to vent her anger.

Only when Corinne's rage had subsided, and she'd calmed down somewhat, did Harrell slowly open his eyes, filled with a profound sadness. "Will you listen to my explanation now?"

Given his earnest demeanor, Corinne decided to let him speak. She looked at him coldly. "Alright, I want to hear how you justify

yourself."

"Do you know what those dead killers did?" Harrell's question left Corinne stunned for a moment, but before she could answer, he continued, "They were helping Mr. Scott carry out his wicked deeds. The illicit drugs that harmed our men were smuggled into the Darkmoon on his orders, under their supervision."

Harrell shook his head, a bitter smile playing on his lips. "I knew you would be furious to discover I had betrayed the Darkmoon, but I don't regret killing them. I only wanted to protect our men with the little strength I have. I didn't anticipate Mr. Scott would be so enraged that he would suffer a hypertension attack, leading to his paralysis."