

Chapter 1542 Illicit Drugs

The hall fell into silence once Harrell's words hung in the air.

Corinne understood the individual words Harrell uttered, but the meaning behind them eluded her.

What was he saying? That her grandfather's most loyal subordinates were involved in smuggling illicit drugs into the Darkmoon Assassin Group? ¹

Impossible! Her grandfather would never touch those forbidden substances. ¹

Corinne's shock was palpable; her lips quivered as she struggled to find her voice. Finally, she whispered in disbelief, "You're spouting nonsense. I can't believe it."


Harrell's face twisted into a grim smile as he replied, "I couldn't believe it either, not until I saw it with my own eyes."


"Stop it! I won't believe it!" Corinne's voice rose to a shout, her face flushed, and her lips and chin trembled with anger. "My

Chapter 1542 Illicit Drugs

The hall fell into silence once Harrell's words hung in the air.

Corinne understood the individual words Harrell uttered, but the meaning behind them eluded her.

What was he saying? That her grandfather's most loyal subordinates were involved in smuggling illicit drugs into the Darkmoon Assassin Group? 

Impossible! Her grandfather would never touch those forbidden substances. 

Corinne's shock was palpable; her lips quivered as she struggled to find her voice. Finally, she whispered in disbelief, "You're spouting nonsense. I can't believe it."

Harrell's face twisted into a grim smile as he replied, "I couldn't believe it either, not until I saw it with my own eyes."

"Stop it! I won't believe it!" Corinne's voice rose to a shout, her face flushed, and her lips and chin trembled with anger. "My

What was he saying? That her grandfather's most loyal subordinates were involved in smuggling illicit drugs into the Darkmoon Assassin Group? ①

Impossible! Her grandfather would never touch those forbidden substances. ①

Corinne's shock was palpable; her lips quivered as she struggled to find her voice. Finally, she whispered in disbelief, "You're spouting nonsense. I can't believe it."

Harrell's face twisted into a grim smile as he replied, "I couldn't believe it either, not until I saw it with my own eyes."

"Stop it! I won't believe it!" Corinne's voice rose to a shout, her face flushed, and her lips and chin trembled with anger. "My grandfather has dedicated his life to the Darkmoon. It's more important to him than his own flesh and blood. He would never harm his people with drugs. Harrell, you'll have to find a more convincing lie!"

Harrell's eyes welled with tears as he took a deep breath, his voice tinged with sorrow. "Please, Corinne, try to understand. I know this is hard to accept. I couldn't believe that

this is hard to accept. I couldn't believe that Mr. Scott would do something like this."

His voice trailed off, the absurdity of his own words not lost on him.

It was true; Britton had committed his life to the Darkmoon Assassin Group. How could he possibly introduce illicit substances? How could he lead his own people, even the entire group, down such a perilous path?

Harrell managed a bitter smile. "Mr. Scott raised me, so naturally, I trusted him. But when I discovered Jeremy living in his house, and a lab built specifically for him..."

"You think that's enough to accuse my grandfather of smuggling drugs?" Corinne snapped, her voice shrill. The mere mention of "illicit drugs" seemed to unhinge her.

Harrell's gaze fixed on Corinne, and his voice grew urgent. "Do you know what I found in that lab?"

His red eyes bore into hers, and Corinne felt a chill, knowing she wouldn't want to hear the answer. "What?" she demanded.

Harrell's fists clenched, and he spoke

deliberately, his voice heavy with emotion. "I found the raw materials used to manufacture illicit drugs, and... the finished products."

As he finished, a lone tear escaped and traced a path down his cheek.

Harrell quickly averted his gaze, not wanting Corinne to witness his moment of vulnerability as he wiped away the tear.

Corinne's mouth opened, words forming, but they died on her lips when she caught the anguish in Harrell's expression. She found herself unable to speak.

His voice cracking, Harrell turned to Corinne and asked, "Do you understand the consequences if the drugs from that lab I just destroyed were to reach the streets? How many lives would be lost, how many families torn apart and left in ruins?"

"Stop it! Just stop!" Corinne's voice broke as she clutched her head, her face contorted in agony. "Is this the end of it?"

Witnessing Corinne's distress, Harrell instinctively stepped closer, his voice soft and

comforting. "Corinne..."

But she sharply raised her head, pushing him away with force. "Stay away from me!"

Harrell stood, shocked and wordless.

Her eyes ablaze, Corinne shouted, "How dare you lie to me like this? How could you accuse my grandfather of such a thing?"

"I don't need to lie to you," Harrell replied, his voice filled with helpless sincerity.

"You know how my father died!" Corinne's voice was shrill as she pushed him again, her words tumbling out in a torrent of anger. "You know he died from using those very drugs! How could my grandfather... bring them into the Darkmoon? How is that even possible?"

Stumbling back, Harrell managed to keep his footing, his fingers twitching in suppressed emotion. "I know the pain and death these drugs cause... That's why I did what I did."

Corinne jabbed a finger at Harrell's chest, her voice fierce. "And don't forget that your parents sold you to human traffickers because of their addiction, and they had no

money left. If my grandfather hadn't saved you, you'd be dead by now! How can you repay his kindness with these accusations?"