

Chapter 1818 Escaping The Basement

Alexandra's expression changed. Without Janet around, Brandon seemed like a completely different person. Right then, he looked utterly fearless, his eyes sharp enough to slice through anything.

Alexandra couldn't look away from those dark, intimidating eyes, feeling a chill run down his spine. The threat of death made his heart race, beating furiously. Holding the herbs tightly, he said firmly, "Go ahead, kill me if you want to. But unless you're absolutely sure you can find a doctor who can make a cure before you run out of these herbs, you might want to start hoping for a miracle to find them again soon. They're pretty rare, you know."

With the cold gun against his sweaty forehead, Alexandra was taking a big risk, betting on whether Brandon would lower the weapon.

Then, with a loud click, Alexandra jerked, his body freezing up.

Brandon looked at him silently, his face pale. After a moment, he asked, "Are you sure you can keep producing these herbs?"

Taking a deep breath, Alexandra decided to be honest. "It's uncertain. Sometimes, I get it right after many attempts."

Brandon gave him a complicated look, then, believing him, pushed him away and pointed the gun towards the hallway, saying, "Get behind something."

Alexandra watched him, mixed emotions in his gaze.

Just then, a noise from the hallway broke the silence, and a familiar figure stumbled into the room.

Taking a second look, they were shocked to find the butler, drenched in blood.

"Conway!" Alexandra cried out, his eyes swiftly filling with tears.

The butler, coughing up blood, gathered his remaining strength and said, "Mr. Barton, run. The plane has..."

He couldn't finish his words before his eyes glazed over, and he became unresponsive.

Alexandra barely had a moment to grieve before another blood-soaked man staggered out from the hallway. Brandon squinted for a better view and realized it was the bodyguard who had been accompanying Alexandra.

Blood smeared most of the bodyguard's face, contorting his features with pain and suffering.

A buzz filled Alexandra's head, leaving his thoughts in chaos. Driven by instinct, he rushed to assist the bodyguard, asking, "Can you hear me? Are you injured?"

His hands shook as he attempted to check the bodyguard for wounds.

Alexandra, in a frenzy, pressed hard on the bodyguard's shoulder to stop the blood flow, his worry nearly bringing him to tears. The bodyguard, with a hand soaked in blood, reached quickly for the place above Alexandra's heart where he kept his herbs.

Brandon, always alert to the herbs Alexandra carried, instantly knew something was wrong with the bodyguard.


Just as the bodyguard's hand neared the herbs, Brandon lifted his hand and fired, striking the bodyguard's wrist with a single bullet.

The air was filled with the bodyguard's sharp cry as blood sprayed across Alexandra's face.

Blinking rapidly, Alexandra took a moment to grasp the situation, then laid the screaming bodyguard down, whispering in shock, "Why?"

Brandon watched Alexandra, who looked bewildered, talking to himself in confusion. "Why do members of the Barton family fight among themselves? Why do you turn against me after more than ten years of loyalty? I only wanted to peacefully pursue my interests. Why does it feel like the whole world is against me?"

As Alexandra staggered, his eyes wild with panic, Brandon quickly stepped in to take the herbs from

Chapter 1818 Escaping The Baseme  +120 Points at most
him.

Yet, as he was about to leave through the hallway, he paused, hesitating.

Brandon took a quick look back at Alexandra, who was close to madness, his expression filled with worry. After a brief moment of hesitation, he returned, hoisted Alexandra onto his shoulder, and started moving through the hallway.

Carrying Alexandra, Brandon noticed him looking blankly as the familiar basement started to disappear from view. Alexandra then closed his eyes tightly, taking a moment to calm down and control his breathing.

Upon opening his eyes, Alexandra appeared calmer.

He stretched out his hand, pressed a few bricks in the wall, and with a series of clicks, a small door swiftly closed behind them. This action silenced the gunshots and screams from behind, leaving only their footsteps echoing through the corridor.

"Let me down. I can walk by myself!" Alexandra insisted, asking repeatedly to be let down so he could walk on his own. However, Brandon, moving quickly ahead, didn't heed his pleas.

They reached the end of the hallway and as they stepped out, Janet, Sean, and their group were there waiting for them.

Not too far away, a private plane arranged by Alexandra's team was ready, with only a few people

Chapter 1818 Escaping The Baseme 🎁 +120 Points at most
around it.

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.



🚫 I want no ads >