

## Chapter 1419 He Wants To Save Her Alone

Sean had never anticipated that Brandon, typically a beacon of rationale and composure, would consent to such an outlandish and perilous proposition.

He was well aware of Janet's significance to Brandon, but the idea that Janet's safety eclipsed Brandon's own well-being hadn't crossed his mind.

Caught in a swirl of emotions, Sean didn't know whether to commend Brandon's deep affection or question his lack of rationality.

Mandy, sharing Sean's viewpoint, furrowed her brows in frustration. "I agree that it's too hazardous for him to attempt a solo rescue mission, but I doubt he'll heed my advice," she confessed.

Grinding his teeth in determination, Sean declared,
"I must reason with Mr. Larson once more."

As he spun around and headed towards Brandon, the latter abruptly lifted his gaze and shot him an Mandy, sharing Sean's viewpoint, furrowed her brows in frustration. "I agree that it's too hazardous for him to attempt a solo rescue mission, but I doubt he'll heed my advice," she confessed.

Grinding his teeth in determination, Sean declared,
"I must reason with Mr. Larson once more."

As he spun around and headed towards Brandon, the latter abruptly lifted his gaze and shot him an icy look. "Enough with the chatter. Escort them back to the hotel first."

Catching a glimpse of an online map on Brandon's phone, Sean promptly placed himself in Brandon's path, anxiety etching his features. "Mr. Larson, let me accompany you! Otherwise, you'll be in danger!" "Fuck off!" Devoid of compassion, Brandon shoved Sean aside and briskly headed for the subterranean parking lot.

"Mr. Larson!" Sean yelled, his voice fraught with anxiety and helplessness. "If you find yourself in danger, give me a call! I'll be ready!"

Alone, Brandon made his way to the subterranean parking lot, took the wheel, and started driving towards the address Jeremy had sent him.

He zoomed past several traffic lights, significantly shortening his travel time.

However, upon his arrival, neither Jeremy nor Janet were to be found.

"Damn it!" Realizing he had been duped, Brandon lashed out at the wall with a forceful kick.

Just then, his phone chimed again. Jeremy had sent him another address.

Without a second thought, Brandon instantly setoff for the location specified by Jeremy.

But after visiting several places without catching sight of Jeremy or Janet, his patience wore thin.

He had been driving to each subsequent address for over an hour. After the third futile attempt, Brandon completely lost patience and dialed Jeremy's number directly.

Jeremy, seemingly anticipating Brandon's call, promptly picked up.

Wind gusts echoed through the receiver, suggesting Jeremy was near some ventilation. His boisterous laughter intermingled with the whooshing sound. "Mr. Larson, are you growing impatient?" he taunted.

"I've demonstrated that I'll come alone. If you don't

provide your genuine location, I'll find Janet myself," Brandon retorted, his voice ice-cold, his teeth gritted.

"Mr. Larson, don't let your temper get the best of you. I was merely jesting," Jeremy chortled. He gave Brandon another address, advising, "Hurry over, Mr. Larson. Your wife awaits you."

After ending the call, Brandon accelerated towards the address Jeremy had given him.

His destination was a dilapidated, seaside school. As night fell, the school premises took on an eerie, antiquated appearance.

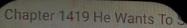
The iron gate, worn out and rusted from the salty sea breeze, barred his car from entry, forcing Brandon to continue on foot.

The condition of the school was as desolate as the deserted land outside. The entire area was enveloped in a chilling sea breeze, while the ancient classroom doors creaked as they swayed under the gusts of wind.

Brandon, expression impassive, moved past the administration building and straight towards the playing field.

Upon reaching the field's center, he spotted two

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figures on the rooftop of the classroom building opposite him.

At first glance, he recognized the lithe figure to be Janet.



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