

Chapter 1431 The Underground Boxing Ring

Upon the conclusion of Britton's words, Brandon continued to advance forward, offering no response.

Corinne, driven to frustration, stomped her feet. "Brandon, listen to Grandpa and return to Darkmoon! He has been anticipating your return all these years!"

Brandon paid no mind to her pleas and continued his swift stride towards the exit.

Just as Brandon reached the door, Britton sighed, choosing to speak once more. "Brandon, there's another way to save your wife."

At this, Brandon halted and swiveled to look at him. "I will never return to Darkmoon. It's best you abandon that hope."

The underlying message was clear: if this method required the sacrifice of his freedom, he would never agree.

Studying him, Britton spoke helplessly, "Are you certain you won't return to Darkmoon, even if it would expedite your wife's rescue?"

"Yes," affirmed Brandon resolutely.

"In that case, you could enter the underground boxing ring. Win once, and you can command the manpower of Darkmoon for a day as you see fit," Britton suggested, eyes narrowed.

In the underground boxing ring, high stakes matches were a primary source of revenue for several shadowy organizations, often at the cost of the safety and even lives of the fighters. It was populated by all manner of individuals, making it exceedingly dangerous.

Corinne hadn't anticipated Britton's proposition and shook her head at Brandon, "Brandon, don't agree to..."

Without a moment's hesitation, Brandon nodded.

"Alright, I'll enter the challenge."

Upon hearing this, Corinne grew frantic, her eyes welling up with tears. She interposed herself between Brandon and Britton, exclaiming, "Brandon has lost too much blood already and is in

a weakened state! Grandpa, if you allow him to fight against those drugged brutes now, it's clear you're sending him to his death!"

Brandon's impatient gaze landed on Corinne obstructing his path. He frowned, commanding tersely, "Move."

"No!" Standing firm against his intimidating glare, Corinne tearfully protested, "Don't you realize this is a death wish? You'll die in the ring and won't be able to save your wife!"

Harrell, who had remained quiet throughout, leaned in to whisper in Brandon's ear, "The underground boxing ring has changed, it's extremely dangerous. The fighters there have ingested Darkmoon's special drugs that numb pain and fatigue. They fight relentlessly once they enter the ring. Given your current state of weakness, despite your combat skills, you stand no chance of winning."

Britton, observing as Corinne and Harrell attempted to dissuade Brandon and enlighten him about the current conditions of the underground ring, smiled in satisfaction. He reclined back onto the sofa, resuming his enjoyment of the music.

If Brandon wished to avoid death, he would need to relent and return to Darkmoon.

Yet, Brandon's expression remained unaltered. He shot a cold glance towards Britton before striding away.

Corinne, reaching out, grabbed Brandon's sleeve and pleaded, "Brandon, you can't go! The underground boxing ring will mean certain death."

"Release me!" Brandon's eyes flared with anger as he glared at Corinne.

Corinne tightened her grip on his arm, her tears flowing freely. "I can't just stand by and watch you die!"

"Let. Me. Go!" Brandon forcefully shook off her grasp.

"Ah!" With a scream, Corinne tumbled awkwardly onto the floor. ³

Without sparing her a glance, Brandon continued his determined march towards the fitting room of the boxing ring.

Within the fitting room, Harrell anxiously trailed behind Brandon, persisting in his attempts to

persuade him against this reckless course of action. Suddenly, Brandon spun around to fix a piercing stare on him.

Caught off guard by the intensity of his gaze, Harrell faltered, "What's wrong?"

"Tell me the truth. Did you intentionally allow Jeremy to abduct Janet?"

As Brandon's cold and sharp eyes bore into him, Harrell guiltily averted his gaze, choosing to remain silent.

Unable to hold back his rising fury, Brandon landed a punch on Harrell, demanding, "Answer me!"

Despite being weakened from his injuries, the force of Brandon's punch sent Harrell sprawling to the floor. Blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, but he bit his lips and remained silent. ¹

In that moment, Brandon understood everything. ¹