

Chapter 1437 Blame

Despite being entirely ignored, Corinne vented her frustration by stomping her feet and hollering, "Brandon! Is it going to kill you to talk to me?"

No matter how furiously she yelled, the tall, nonchalant figure didn't pause even for a moment but continued walking away.

Angry, Corinne lashed out at her subordinates who had accompanied her. "You lot are utterly useless! What good are you? The Darkmoon has been supporting you for nothing! We've been searching endlessly, yet there's still no word about Janet. What have you been doing all this while?" she berated.

Several subordinates lowered their heads in fear and dared not utter a word.

Seeing this, Harrell couldn't help but offer a weak smile and tried to defuse the situation. "Easy, Corinne, it's not their fault. It's just that Jeremy is exceptionally cunning."

Still fuming, Corinne retorted, "I think they're

Angry, Corinne lashed out at her subordinates who had accompanied her. "You lot are utterly useless! What good are you? The Darkmoon has been supporting you for nothing! We've been searching endlessly, yet there's still no word about Janet. What have you been doing all this while?" she berated.

Several subordinates lowered their heads in fear and dared not utter a word.

Seeing this, Harrell couldn't help but offer a weak smile and tried to defuse the situation. "Easy, Corinne, it's not their fault. It's just that Jeremy is exceptionally cunning."

Still fuming, Corinne retorted, "I think they're nothing more than a bunch of inept people, idly waiting for death. Darkmoon shouldn't keep such riffraff. It would be better to cast them out to fend for themselves."

Upon hearing this, her subordinates immediately fell to their knees, pleading for forgiveness.

Their fear stemmed from the fact that being abandoned by Darkmoon would leave them at the mercy of other underworld gangs. They could be

recruited as underlings in other organizations, where their fate would be in others' hands, or they could be captured by Darkmoon's enemies and be tortured to death.

Either way, these were scenarios they dreaded.

Facing Corinne's unpredictable temperament, Harrell sighed in resignation and subtly changed the subject. "Why did Mr. Scott suddenly seek Brandon? Did something happen? Should we accompany him and find out?"

As he spoke, he gestured for the kneeling subordinates to leave at their earliest.

The subordinates hesitated, glancing at Corinne. Seeing her dismissive wave, they sighed in relief and hastily retreated.

Once everyone had departed, Corinne's expression turned somewhat serious. "A group of strangers came to Darkmoon looking for Brandon. They didn't look too pleased, so it's likely not good news."

Meanwhile, as Brandon entered the reception room of Darkmoon, he instantly sensed the tense atmosphere within.

Upon identifying the individual seated in the room, his expression turned grave.

Johanna and Laney were seated to the left with their husbands, while Britton sat on the right. Both sides were engaged in a silent standoff.

The icy atmosphere experienced a slight ripple when Brandon arrived.

Each individual in the room gazed at him with a unique expression.

Beal's face was flushed with anger, and his typically immaculate hair appeared somewhat disheveled, indicating his hurried arrival. Johanna looked ghostly pale, her eyes reddened, suggesting she had been crying recently.

Upon witnessing their expressions, Brandon immediately sensed trouble.

Evidently, they were all aware of Janet's disappearance and had come to him seeking answers.

At this moment, even Brandon, who prided himself on his calm and rational demeanor, felt a creeping sense of guilt and unease.

"Johanna, Beal," Brandon greeted, lips tightly

pressed together as he attempted to maintain a facade of calm. "Why did you come here without notifying me? I could have arranged for someone to fetch you."

Beal, known for his mild temperament, was the first to rise. He stared at Brandon, his gaze serious, as he asked directly, "Where is Janet? Have her come out and meet us."

Brandon dropped his gaze and opened his mouth, but words failed him. He didn't know how to explain the situation to Beal and Johanna.

The room's occupants noticed Brandon's guilt-ridden expression and swiftly understood the gravity of the situation.

Janet had indeed gone missing.

"Damn it!" Johanna, overwhelmed with anger, slammed the table and rose. The news of her daughter's disappearance had completely shattered the dignified demeanor of this aristocratic lady. Her eyes, bloodshot, betrayed her impending breakdown. "Why did Janet go missing? Brandon! I entrusted our daughter to you, and this is how you protect her?" she exclaimed, her voice

heavy with grief.

Laney and the others also displayed visible disappointment.

Brandon raised his eyes, glancing at the varying expressions around the room. Lowering his head, he confessed in a tone laden with guilt and sorrow, "It's... It's my fault. I inadvertently let Janet get kidnapped."

Beal clenched his fists, struggling to maintain his composure as he confronted Brandon. "Brandon, I'm not interested in hearing you admit your mistakes. I just want to know the current status of my daughter," he stated firmly.


Brandon, lips pursed, replied, "Janet was abducted during a fashion show, and I've dispatched people to search for her. I believe we'll locate her soon. Please..."


After a brief pause, the pain evident in his voice, he continued, "Please give me a bit more time to find her."

Brandon's calm and composed demeanor, maintained over the past few days, was finally crumbling before Beal and Johanna, the anguish

Chapter 1437 Blame
nearly suffocating him.

2

 +90 Points at most

 I want no ads >