

Chapter 1438 A Slap

"Find her? How exactly are you planning to find her? Janet has been gone for days, do you have any leads at all?"

Johanna was not reassured by Brandon's words. In fact, she became more agitated, her hand raised as if to strike him. Beal, however, swiftly intervened, pulling her into a comforting embrace.

Beal's piercing gaze locked onto Brandon as he demanded, "How many days has Janet been missing?"

With his eyes slowly closing, a tremor in his voice revealed the underlying pain as Brandon confessed, "Four days..."

"Four days?" Johanna clutched tightly onto her husband's sleeve, her forehead resting against his shoulder as sobs wracked her body, leaving her gasping for breath. "Four days, four days... My daughter has been gone for four days, and I had no idea. What have you been doing these past few days, Brandon?"

As he looked at the anguished Johanna, a wave of bitterness washed over Brandon. "Johanna, we will find Janet soon. I have activated all..."

Smack!

A resounding slap echoed through the reception room.

Johanna had pushed Beal aside and struck Brandon, the force of the unexpected hit causing him to turn his head to the side.

The onlookers were stunned by the abrupt display of anger, rendered speechless by the shock of the situation.

The reception room fell silent, the atmosphere so quiet that even the sound of a pin dropping would be audible.

Johanna's hand trembled, her glare fixed on Brandon, her eyes a storm of unspeakable rage and sorrow. It was as if she wanted to exact a thousand-fold revenge on the person responsible for losing her daughter. "It seems like you're having a grand time here. You've no intention of searching for Janet at all!" she accused.

Confronted with Johanna's heartrending words,

Brandon's lips tightened, struggling to formulate an appropriate response. However, he felt as if a massive weight was pressing down on his chest, preventing him from speaking.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he managed to whisper in a near-lifeless tone, "I'm sorry..."

"I don't want your apologies! I want my daughter!"

Johanna's voice echoed through the room, filled with despair and anguish, akin to a lioness mourning her lost cub. "I went through so much to find her..." It took me such a long time... Now she's gone again. And I don't even know if she's alive or dead... It's been four days..."

Johanna's emotional turmoil resonated with everyone in the room. Laney averted her gaze, discreetly wiping away the tears that had been streaming down her face.

Just as Janet's life had begun to stabilize, this catastrophe struck in the blink of an eye.

Her life hung in the balance, with no one privy to her fate.

The atmosphere grew unbearably heavy.

Letting out a sigh, Beal stepped forward to

support his trembling wife, speaking in the calmest voice he could muster. "I've brought everyone available from the White family. The more people we have searching for Janet, the higher our chances of locating her." 1

Brandon dropped his gaze and gave a slight nod.

The tone of Beal's voice gradually grew icy. "We'll address other matters once Janet is found. As long as she's safe, you're free to marry whomever you please."

"What?" Brandon snapped his head up in disbelief, caught off guard by Beal's icy glare. In a state of confusion, he asked, "Beal, why would you say that? Have you misunderstood something?"

Beal responded with nothing more than a dismissive snort, tightening his grip around Johanna, his silence speaking volumes.

The resistance and indifference in his eyes had revealed it all.

Clearly, Janet's parents no longer viewed him as a trustworthy member of the family.

Left with no other option, Brandon turned to Garrett, asking, "What's going on?"

Under the frosty scrutiny of Laney, Garrett awkwardly scratched the back of his head and stammered, "We received news of Janet's disappearance, and at the same time, we heard... that your childhood friend, the heiress of Darkmoon, intentionally caused Janet to be lost. Now, you're here in Darkmoon, not to find Janet but to secure a marriage alliance with the family..."

Garrett's discomfort was palpable, causing him to trail off mid-sentence. Laney coldly interjected, "We've heard rumors that you're ready to abandon your search for Janet to become Britton's son-in-law."

Garrett let out a resigned sigh, saying, "The moment we heard the news, we rushed here to see what was going on. We didn't expect to find you actually residing in Darkmoon, and from what it seems..."

Garrett glanced at Britton and then lowered his voice to whisper into Brandon's ear, "It appears that Britton genuinely wants you as his son-in-law. Brandon, what exactly is happening?"

Garrett found it difficult to believe that such an absurd situation could involve Brandon, but the

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evidence before his eyes made it impossible to deny.

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