

Chapter 1516 His Tenderness

Corinne and Britton were still trying to make a full recovery. They sat wearily on the seats, taking a moment to rest.

Corinne leaned back in the seat, closing her eyes briefly to collect herself. Upon hearing Brandon and Janet's laughter nearby, however, she couldn't help but open her eyes and glance in their direction.

Observing Brandon tenderly caressing Janet's face, a wave of sadness and powerlessness washed over Corinne, dimming the light in her eyes.

Never before had she received such gentle treatment from Brandon.

Even when Brandon was still in the Darkmoon, his care for her was mostly based on the trust and camaraderie between teammates when they sparred together, lacking the affectionate tenderness she now saw him display towards

Janet.


She'd never expected that the first time she'd see his gentle side would be when it wasn't directed at her, but rather, another woman.

As she pondered over these emotions, Corinne couldn't help but chuckle sarcastically at her own feelings.

Seeing the loneliness and depression in Corinne's eyes, Britton glared at her with disappointment and said crossly, "You're not showing any promise. Are you going to give up so easily after facing such a minor setback?"

Corinne gazed at Britton with a helpless expression. "What else can I do but give up? It's very clear to me now. Brandon has never... He's never loved me."

Upon hearing this, Britton snorted dismissively. "Love is just a trivial seasoning in life. Only young people such as yourself value it so much."

He then glanced over at Brandon, a glimmer of hope flashing through his opaque eyes. "Brandon is a good catch. He's capable and resourceful. If you're able to marry him, it will certainly benefit the Darkmoon." 

"Brandon won't marry me..." Corinne murmured as she lowered her head dejectedly.

Britton's dissatisfaction was evident as he retorted, "If you give up at the first sign of trouble, how do you expect to lead the entire Darkmoon to dominance?"

Sensing the dissatisfaction and disdain in Britton's tone, Corinne lowered her head, choosing to remain silent with tears welling up in her eyes.

No matter how hard she tried, she knew deep down that she would never meet his expectations.

Having failed numerous times in Britton's eyes, Corinne felt physically and mentally drained. She couldn't bear to put in so much effort just to get his approval.

Perhaps it was time for her to rethink her desires.

Noticing Corinne's silent, dispirited demeanor, Britton glared at her angrily, realizing that he couldn't count on her. He turned to Brandon and took charge, saying, "Brandon, can you drop us off at Darkmoon's headquarters first? I

fear that if we don't return, the situation with the group will become chaotic."

Taking a look at his watch, Brandon nodded in agreement and instructed the pilot to head to Darkmoon's headquarters.

Two hours earlier, at the headquarters of the Darkmoon Assassin Group, Laney led the way as Garrett drove towards a clandestine entrance. As soon as the car stopped, Laney caught sight of a figure slowly approaching them. Her eyes narrowed as she instantly became alert.

Garrett also noticed the incoming figure, and couldn't help but exclaim in astonishment when he saw the person clearly. "Is that Harrell?"

"Yes," Laney replied. "You're not skilled in combat, so don't get out of the car and cause any trouble for me. If there's any danger, just drive away and leave me to deal with it on my own."

"No way! I have to get out of the car and fight with you!" Garrett objected without hesitation.

"I'm a man. How can I hide behind a woman?"

Laney rolled her eyes at him and retorted,

"Come on, you can't even kill a chicken. How could you possibly fight with me? If you get out of the car, you'll only make things worse. Just stay here."

As Laney spoke, she unfastened her seat belt, getting ready to get out of the car. Upon seeing this, Garrett grew anxious and grabbed her wrist, saying, "I want to go with you!"

Laney raised her eyebrows in surprise, taking a look at Garrett's large hand as he gripped her wrist. She smirked. "You've made a lot of progress, Garrett. Now you even dare to try and stop."

"I can't let you take this risk alone!" he replied stubbornly.


"Let go of me!"

"No!"

Seeing Harrell getting closer and closer, Laney's patience wore thin. She immediately grabbed Garrett's arm and pressed him firmly against the window. Then, with a swift move, she got out of the car and locked the door behind her.


Upon hearing the door lock, Garrett became even more anxious, ignoring the pain in his arm

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and pounding on the window as he yelled.

Outside the car, however, no one could hear his cries through the bulletproof glass, and Laney just ignored him.

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