

Chapter 1537 He Deserves It

Corrine became hysterical. Everyone's expression changed when they heard the resentment and blame in her words.

Unable to take it any longer, Janet's face darkened. She stood up and walked in front of Brandon, staring Corrine down.

"Miss Scott, Dr. Watson is not part of the Darkmoon Assassin Group, and he doesn't owe you anything! He is kind enough to treat your grandfather, but you can't blame him even if he wasn't willing to do it!"

Driven mad by those words, Corrine glared at Janet and taunted, regardless of Brandon's presence, "The Darkmoon's matters have nothing to do with you. What right do you have to interfere?"

However, Janet was unfazed by her hostility and said indifferently, "Of course, I have nothing to do with matters related to the Darkmoon, but Dr. Watson is our friend, and I can't allow you to distort the truth and defame him."

Corrine's face was livid as if she wanted to kill Janet at once.

But before she could speak another word, Brandon's cold voice came. "Corrine, I don't want to meddle in the Darkmoon's matters, but you can't offend my friend."

Corinne's resentful expression suddenly froze when she noticed the warning in his words.

Frank sighed and apologized, "Corinne, I'm truly sorry but Brandon and I were here today to discuss business with you. I did not bring any hypertension medication, which is why I couldn't help your grandfather. It wasn't because I didn't want to."

Not buying his reason, Corrine questioned rudely, "Wasn't there a first-aid kit on board? Do you want to tell me that there was no medicine in it for hypertension?"

With a helpless gesture, Frank explained, "The first-aid kit only included basic medications. Despite my efforts to stabilize Britton's blood pressure, I was limited by the available resources."

"If that's the case, why didn't you treat my grandfather when he had his second hypertension attack after we got off the helicopter?" Corrine's burning gaze of hatred was fixed on Frank. Gritting her teeth, she snapped, "My grandfather wouldn't be in this condition if you had given him proper treatment when he had

his second attack!"

Frank's usually good temper faltered as he couldn't help but appear sullen when faced with Corrine's unreasonably probing questions. "I'm not part of the Darkmoon. Could you really rest assured and let me treat Britton? Besides, we were in your territory at that time. Don't you have a doctor in your group to help him? Anyway, I think Britton deserved what he suffered today. No one else can be blamed for it."

Corinne's expression darkened as she snapped, "What do you mean?"

"I'm merely speaking the truth," Frank replied with a sneer. "Despite being a doctor, I find it difficult to be kind to an immoral and cruel person like Britton. In fact, I feel like the medication I prescribed him is going to waste."

Corrine couldn't say anything. She had to admit that Frank was right. After all, in his eyes, Britton was a cruel man unworthy of his medical expertise.

But so what? He was still her grandfather!

However, because Frank was Brandon's friend, she couldn't vent her anger on him as that might worsen her relationship with Brandon.

Though Corrine was understandably furious, she couldn't do anything because she knew how to act.

Clenching her fists, she tried her best to control her rage as she turned around and glared at Harrell. "This is all your fault!"

Corinne pushed him forcefully, pointing at his nose and cursing, "You're a good-for-nothing! If you hadn't failed to protect the Darkmoon, my grandpa wouldn't have had a hypertension attack, and his subordinates wouldn't have suffered! This is all your fault! You're the one to blame!"

Roaring like an angry lion, she pushed him a few more times.

No matter how hard Corinne scolded him, Harrell stood there silently throughout. As she beat and insulted him, he lowered his head.

Corrine was so harsh with him that even Janet couldn't bear to stand it. She asked with a frown, "Is he the only person working for the Darkmoon? How can you blame him alone for everything that transpired?"

Corinne glared at her and snapped, "This is none of your business. Are you still interested in getting involved in the matters of our group?"

Brandon's expression quickly turned serious. He spoke in a firm and distant tone. "We prefer not to interfere with the Darkmoon's business. If you want to argue,

please do so elsewhere and do not disrupt us."

Corinne wore a grim look. "Brandon..."

Brandon's cold voice rang in her ears again. "If there's nothing else, get out. We have to go back."

Upon learning that Brandon was returning, Corinne became panicked. Her grandfather had recently fallen ill, and she did not feel prepared to manage the large group independently. She believed Brandon was the only person strong enough to temporarily stabilize the group.

Hence, she didn't want Brandon to leave.