

Chapter 858 No Clues

Sitting in the meeting room, Brandon kept silent as his eyes darkened.

The shareholders present wondered why his face had suddenly seemed to drop.

They exchanged glances with one other and held their collective breath.

"The meeting is adjourned." Brandon squeezed his eyes shut. He had heard a man's voice on the phone with Janet just now.

And when Brandon tried to call Janet again immediately after, he found that he couldn't get through to her.

He should never have let her go to the show. Damn it. Brandon silently cursed and shut off his phone.

Sean sensed that something was wrong with Brandon. He hadn't intended to walk into the meeting uninvited, but he had a very important matter to report, and it couldn't be delayed. Sean

Rubbing his eyebrows, Brandon asked, "Is Jorge finally ready to crack? Call Frank and we'll go see him together."

As it so happened, Frank hadn't left yet. Maybe he could find something out about this mysterious pharmacist behind Jorge.

In the interrogation room of the Barnes Police Department...

Jorge's cheeks were sunken and he looked haggard.

"I said I wouldn't talk to anyone but Brandon Larson." Jorge lowered his head, looked away and said, "I won't say anything else as long as anyone else is present."

Through the interrogation room's one-way mirror, Frank and Brandon could clearly see the arrogant look plastered on Jorge's face.

"We have been kind enough to come, and he dares to make demands?" Frank sneered, "I've never seen such an arrogant criminal."

After considering the situation for a few seconds, Brandon said, "I'll speak to him."

Frank frowned and then said to him, "Be careful.

Jorge might have come into contact with that pharmacist. He might have other poisons concealed on him. I'll be outside. If at point you feel like you're in danger, leave the room immediately."

"I know what I'm doing." Brandon marched into the interrogation room alone. He wanted to see Jorge and hear what he had to say.

"I knew you'd come." Jorge laughed.

Taking a seat across from Jorge, Brandon asked slowly, "Who gave you the poison?"

"You want to know? Then bring that bitch, Elizabeth, here!" Jorge sneered, "Bring Elizabeth here and I'll tell you right away."

Brandon gave him a cold smile in return.

He stood up, stuck out his arm, and grabbed Jorge roughly by the neck.

Being handcuffed, Jorge couldn't fight back and so was forced to raise his head. When he met Brandon's eyes, he said in a trembling voice, "You... What do you want to do?"

"We're in a police department. I can't really do anything to you here. But once you're sentenced

and put behind bars, guess what I can do to you by then..." Brandon was sick of living under the threat of literally anyone. Jorge was digging his own grave.

Jorge's eyes widened. How foolish of him to think that he actually had a chance at escaping!

With cold eyes, Brandon stood up and said, "Since you don't want to say anything, you can shut up forever."

He turned his gaze away from Jorge and was about to leave.

Jorge laughed and raised his head, his eyes full of despair.

Suddenly, he began to tremble violently all over and fell out of his chair and to the ground.

Shocked, Brandon ran to the door and shouted for Frank, "Come in and check him!"

Frank was stunned and rushed into the interrogation room without saying a word. Unfortunately, it was too late. Jorge had taken the poison himself and died.

"What did you say to him? I guess he killed himself because he knew that he would die more

miserably if he fell into your hands." Shaking his head, Frank walked out and said, "We'll have no more clues from Jorge now."

When they walked out of the police department, Brandon sighed and frowned. His heart felt heavy in his chest.

Frank was also upset. He had been looking forward to seeing what he would get out of Jorge, but he had instead ended up witnessing his death.

When they returned to the company, Brandon asked Sean to investigate who Jorge had been in contact with before his death. A criminal like Jorge must have been under the protection of someone powerful since the police couldn't find him.

Sean understood how serious the matter was, so he got down to work immediately.

"Don't mention the fact that I was in the room with Jorge when he died."

"Got it, sir." Sean understood and left at once.

Seeing the look of anguish on Brandon's face, Frank cleared his throat.

"The pharmacist has made a lot of moves recently.

He must have left some evidence somewhere. Don't give up hope. I believe we will find him soon."

Brandon had always placed priority on his work above all else. He was glad that Brandon was taking this matter so seriously this time.

"You don't have to comfort me. I won't let myself spend every day living in fear." Right now, Brandon just wanted to cherish everything good in his life, especially his wife, Janet.

"Thank you for your hard work these days, Frank. Go back. Have a shower and a good rest." Brandon patted Frank on the shoulder.

Then he called his secretary and said, "Rearrange my schedule and move all of tomorrow's most important matters to today. I have to be free tomorrow."

The secretary was surprised. "Mr. Larson, that would be a great deal of work for you to do in one day."

"It's okay. I'll work overtime."

"What?" Frank frowned. "Brandon, you can't take all of this on yourself."

Sitting back in his chair, Brandon replied in a

surprisingly relaxed manner, "Don't worry. I just have to go to Northcliffe tomorrow."

He was going to bring Janet home. 8