

Chapter 1399 Vanishing Without A Trace

The roster of attendees for the fashion show was public, featuring the contestants' names. The elusive adversary who had been pursuing Janet wouldn't miss such an opportunity once they discovered she was participating in the event.

Brandon suspected that Jeremy and Suzanne might have arrived in this country ahead of time.

As expected, Sean's voice took a solemn tone over the phone as he informed, "We've just received word that Jeremy arrived here a few days ago."

"I see." Brandon's laugh was laced with a frosty edge, his gaze turning sharp and icy. His presence grew oppressive and heavy.

"And what about Suzanne?" Brandon asked nonchalantly.

Unexpectedly, Sean faltered on the other end of the phone, admitting, "Boss, I'm not sure if I should

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say this..."

"I fear it might sicken you," he thought to himself.
Brandon's frown deepened and he said tersely,
"Just spit it out."

Sean cleared his throat uneasily and relayed,
"Since arriving abroad, Suzanne has been lodged
in a top-tier private hospital. It took some effort to
discover that she... she underwent an embryo
implantation and is now... pregnant."

As he spoke, Sean involuntarily recalled the
incident when Brandon had instructed him to
swap out the trash in the hotel room. The memory
sent a shudder down his spine.

Jeremy and Suzanne were truly... depraved!
Outright perverts!

Brandon remained silent for a moment. A wave of
revulsion threatened to make him nauseous.

Thankfully, he had had the foresight to have Sean
switch the trash bin earlier. Otherwise, if Suzanne
had indeed become pregnant with his child,
clearing his reputation would have been an
impossible task.

Thinking of Suzanne, a successful woman

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stooping to such low and distasteful measures,
Sean shook his head and sighed. "Suzanne had
wealth and beauty. As a CEO of a talent agency,
her future should have been bright. Why would she
resort to such vile acts? It's truly baffling." 2

What perplexed him the most was why Suzanne
had decided to provoke Brandon out of the blue.
Was she digging her own grave? The last person
who dared conspire against Brandon was already
six feet under.

A bloodthirsty smile played on Brandon's lips as he
declared, "Regardless of their motives, I'll ensure
each of them meets their end."

With that, he ended the call.

Sean shivered, processing Brandon's ruthless
declaration.

They were as good as doomed, having incited
Brandon's ire.

Of course, Brandon was oblivious to Sean's
thoughts. After ending the call, he promptly dialed
his underlings who were tasked with tracking
down the elusive pharmacist.

The call was picked up, and Brandon rubbed his

temples wearily as he inquired, "Any leads yet?"

"Nothing, sir. It's as if this individual has vanished without a trace. We're unable to find any information whatsoever," the underling reported, his voice trembling with apprehension. "Mr. Larson, could there be an error in the intel? Or..."

Or was there no such person at all?

The underling didn't dare voice the final thought. But they were all perplexed. Why couldn't they find anything based on the information provided by Mr. Larson? It was as if this person had never existed.

"No leads?" Brandon's brow furrowed in thought, an odd feeling stirring within him.

He had dispatched substantial resources and manpower during this period. No matter whom they were searching for, they should've found something. Yet, this enigmatic pharmacist had left no trace whatsoever.

What went wrong? Or had he been barking up the wrong tree altogether?

With these thoughts swirling in his mind, Brandon immediately commanded, "Compile and resend all the data gathered over the past few days."

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"Understood," the underling responded.

Brandon's subordinates were highly efficient, and in no time, they forwarded all the collected data from the past few days to his inbox.

Brandon meticulously scanned the information twice over. By the break of dawn, a vague suspicion started to take shape in his mind.