

## Chapter 1433 The Battle

The Darkmoon Assassin Group had an arena as big as a football field in its underground headquarters. ①

There were hundreds of spectators surrounding the arena, each of them staring intently at the boxers on stage with their bloodshot eyes, cheering wildly.

Brandon furrowed his brows slightly at the sound of the cheers.

It seemed as if everything remained unchanged. How frustrating.

Brandon was Darkmoon arena's former best boxer. He had defeated countless opponents, helping Britton to win one bet after another.

He thought he could leave Darkmoon for good. Never did he expect to be back to fight and entertain the audience.

Brandon felt restless from the contempt he felt from re-entering the arena as he gazed fixedly at

Brandon's coat soaked in blood, Corinne exclaimed in distress, "Brandon, your injury is getting worse. We need to tend to it immediately!"

Brandon ignored her and got into the driver's seat.

Corinne was angry and helpless as she stood in front of the car, shouting, "How do you plan to save someone in your current state? You might even faint from blood loss before finding Jeremy!"

Brandon turned on the ignition and glared at Corinne coldly. "Get out of the way," he warned.

However, Corinne ignored the warning. She shook her head and implored, "I won't let you leave until you get your wounds bandaged."

Brandon gripped the steering wheel tightly, trying to restrain his temper. "I won't repeat myself for the third time. Get out of the way!" he growled.

Harrell felt his head aching as he watched the stubborn pair from the side. He pulled Corinne and said in concern, "Corinne, you know Brandon's temperament. You should let him go."

"How can he save Janet in that state? If he plans to go without treating his wounds, he needs to run over me first!" Corinne argued as she locked her

immediately got up and pounced at Brandon.

This time, Brandon didn't dodge. He let his opponent close in and fought him head-on.

He was running out of time as Janet's life was in danger. The faster he defeated his opponent, the higher the chance of rescuing Janet from Jeremy.

In a blink of an eye, several rounds were fought. Amidst the audience's thunderous applause, Brandon finally landed a decisive punch on his opponent's temple, knocking him out cold.

Brandon leaned on the ropes, trying to catch his breath. Only when he calmed down did he feel the pain in his arm. The pain was like a tearing sensation, making it hard for him to breathe.

However, he did not rest for long. He soon picked up his jacket and strode out of the arena.

Fresh blood streamed down his left arm, dripping onto the floor as he walked.

Brandon paid no attention to his wound and went straight for his car instead. Just as he was about to get into the car, Corinne and a doctor stopped him.

Seeing the bloodstains on the ground and

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Harrell stayed silent.

He knew she was lying. When Brandon's car had charged towards her earlier, she had trembled in sheer terror.

She made such declarations only to keep him from getting involved in her trouble again.