

Chapter 1437 Blame

Despite being entirely ignored, Corinne vented her frustration by stomping her feet and hollering, "Brandon! Is it going to kill you to talk to me?"

No matter how furiously she yelled, the tall, nonchalant figure didn't pause even for a moment but continued walking away

Angry, Corinne lashed out at her subordinates who had accompanied her

"You lot are utterly useless! What good are you? The Darkmoon has been supporting you for nothing!

We've been searching endlessly, yet there's still no word about Janet. What have you been doing all this while?" she berated

Several subordinates lowered their heads in fear and dared not utter a word

Seeing this, Harrell couldn't help but offer a weak smile and tried to defuse the situation. "Easy, Corinne, it's not their fault. It's just that Jeremy is exceptionally cunning."

Still fuming, Corinne retorted, "I think they're nothing more than a bunch of inept people, idly waiting for death. Darkmoon shouldn't keep such riffraff. It would be better to cast them out to fend for themselves."

Upon hearing this, her subordinates immediately fell to their knees, pleading for forgiveness

Their fear stemmed from the fact that being abandoned by Darkmoon would leave them at the mercy of other underworld gangs. They could be recruited as underlings in other organizations, where their fate would be in others' hands, or they could be captured by Darkmoon's enemies and be tortured to death

Either way, these were scenarios they dreaded

Facing Corinne's unpredictable temperament, Harrell sighed in resignation and subtly changed the subject.

"Why did Mr. Scott suddenly seek Brandon? Did something happen? Should we accompany him and find out?"

As he spoke, he gestured for the kneeling subordinates to leave at their earliest

The subordinates hesitated, glancing at Corinne. Seeing her dismissive wave, they sighed in relief and hastily retreated

Once everyone had departed, Corinne's expression turned somewhat serious. "A group of strangers came to Darkmoon looking for Brandon

They didn't look too pleased, so it's likely not good news."

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Meanwhile, as Brandon entered the reception room of Darkmoon, he

instantly sensed the tense atmosphere within

Upon identifying the individual seated in the room, his expression turned grave

Johanna and Laney were seated to the left with their husbands, while

Britton sat on the right. Both sides were engaged in a silent standoff

The icy atmosphere experienced a slight ripple when Brandon arrived

Each individual in the room gazed at him with a unique expression

Beal's face was flushed with anger, and his typically immaculate hair looked ghostly pale, her eyes reddened, suggesting she had been crying

recently

Upon witnessing their expressions, Brandon immediately sensed trouble

Evidently, they were all aware of Janet's disappearance and had come to him seeking answers

At this moment, even Brandon, who prided

"Johanna, Beal," Brandon greeted, lips tightly pressed together as he attempted to maintain a facade of calm. "Why did you come here without notifying me? I could have arranged for someone to fetch you."

Beal, known for his mild temperament, was the first to rise. He stared at Brandon, his gaze serious, as he asked directly, "Where is Janet? Have her come out and meet us."

Brandon dropped his gaze and opened his mouth, but words failed him

He didn't know how to explain the situation to Beal and Johanna

The room's occupants noticed Brandon'

Janet had indeed gone missing

“Damn it!” Johanna, overwhelmed with anger, slammed the table and rose. The news of her daughter’s disappearance had completely shattered the dignified demeanor of this aristocratic lady. Her eyes, bloodshot, betrayed her impending breakdown. “Why did Janet go missing? Brandon! I entrusted our daughter to you, and this is how you protect her?” she exclaimed, her voice heavy with grief. Laney and the others also displayed visible disappointment.

Brandon raised his eyes, glancing at the varying expressions around the room. Lowering his head, he confessed in a tone laden with guilt and sorrow, “It’s... It’s my fault. I inadvertently let Janet get kidnapped.” Beal clenched his fists, struggling to maintain his composure as he cycled through his mistakes. “I just want to know the current status of my daughter,” he stated firmly.

Brandon, lips pursed, replied, “Janet was abducted during her search. I believe we’ll locate her soon. Please...” After a brief pause, the pain evident.

Brandon’s calm and composed demeanor, maintained before Beal and Johanna, the anguish nearly suffocating him. 2