

Chapter 842 Something Is Wrong With Draco

As soon as his examination was finished, Draco walked out of the room.

"What did the doctor say?" Janet got up and walked over to him, concern on her face.

Smiling, Draco replied, "The doctor said I'm fine."

However, it certainly didn't look like he was fine to Janet. The look on Draco's face was even worse than when he was on the plane.

Then, Draco picked up his backpack and signaled to Janet. "Let's go," he started to say. But before he could complete the sentence, he suddenly began violently coughing.

Feeling out of breath, Draco loosened the buttons on his collar and looked over to Brandon. "Mr. Larson, has the helicopter arrived yet? I just received a phone call and the host was urging us to arrive at Northcliffe before 2 o'clock."

Janet's heart jolted. She grabbed Draco's arm and asked, "When did you catch a cold? You seemed fine just before now."

Draco was stunned by what Janet said.

He had stayed up late these past few days, but he didn't think he'd caught a cold. Throughout his life, he'd always been the picture of perfect health. From childhood to adulthood, he had only been sick a handful of times.

Janet's heart sank. "Mr. Wesley, I think they need to run more tests. Something's definitely wrong."

"This Iridescent Show is very important to both of us. I have no time to waste here, Janet," Draco interrupted her sternly.

Janet noticed, however, that Draco was still having difficulty breathing.

But she also realized that she'd begun to irritate him, so instead she calmly explained to Draco, "Mr. Wesley, your health is more important than anything else now. The rest can all wait."

Draco raised his hand. It seemed that it was getting more and more difficult for him to breathe, and he grew impatient. "I have expended a lot of time and energy to the Iridescent Show, and it can't go wrong. Now the clothes have arrived there, and the models are ready at Northcliffe. We just need to be there."

Brandon also noticed that something seemed very wrong with Draco. He grabbed hold of Draco's arm and said, "You don't look well. Even if you left right now, you're in

no condition to attend the Iridescent Show.

With a frown, Draco impatiently replied, "Brandon, it's none of your business!"

Without a second thought, Brandon answered bluntly, "You're right! It isn't any of my business. But if you don't do the tests, Janet won't be going with you to the Iridescent Show. Nor will I allow you on Larson Group helicopter."

Brandon had thousands of ways to keep Janet here.

But Draco was determined to leave. Sometimes, Draco looked a lot like Janet. Once he set his mind on something, no one could make him change it.

Sighing, Draco said, "I'm not that desperate, Brandon. I have my own connections. There will always be someone willing to help me to Northcliffe."

Seeing that he was dead-set on leaving, Janet ran over to beg Draco to change his mind. "Mr. Wesley, a few more tests won't take you much time."

She became increasingly suspicious of what Jorge might have done to Draco. There was clearly something very wrong with Draco.

"Since you've chosen to stay here rather than accompany me, Janet, stay away from me!" The look in Draco's eyes suddenly grew cold and fierce.

Hearing his voice and seeing that look, chills ran down Janet's spine. She had never seen Draco like this before. She was stunned and didn't know what to do.

Then, Draco swiftly marched away from Janet and towards the gate.

As he continued on, Draco had the sense that someone was following him. He had expected it to be Janet, but when he looked back, he found Brandon standing behind him.

Without giving him a chance to speak, Brandon said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wesley." He raised his fist and knocked Draco out. ①

Draco landed on the ground, unconscious.

With an exhausted look on his face, Brandon held the unconscious Draco and gazed up at the stunned Janet behind him. "Come and help me."

Looking around, Janet checked to make sure that no one had seen what Brandon had done. Then she ran over and held Draco.

"What have you done?" Janet slapped Brandon's arm and asked. "You didn't think the situation was messy enough already?"

Brandon thought of what Jorge had said to the police. "Something is wrong with Draco. If he leaves, he may die before he gets to Northcliffe. I have no choice but to do

this to keep him here."

Janet didn't say a word.

That was when the phone in Brandon's pocket began to ring.

It was at that exact moment that Brandon remembered that he had made an appointment with Frank before the emergency at the airport happened.

"Brandon?" As soon as he picked up the phone, Brandon could hear the annoyed tone in Frank's voice. "Where are you? I've been waiting for you for an hour!"

