

Chapter 1489 Heading Home Urgently

Brandon scoffed; Frank's attempt at consolation obviously held no weight with him.

His slender fingers tapped lightly on the desk as he squinted his eyes, saying coldly, "If you were Jeremy, where would you seek refuge when cornered?"

Caught off guard by the question, Frank was momentarily nonplussed.

His gaze dark and cold, Brandon prompted, "Well?"

Snapping out of his surprise, Frank took the question seriously, despite not understanding Brandon's reasoning. He responded honestly, "If I were Jeremy, with my hideout exposed and my allies driven away, naturally I would seek a place where my advantages could be fully exploited."

Brandon, with his arms folded across his chest, leaning against the desk, concurred, "Correct.

He'd seek a place that allows him to leverage his skills...given his expertise in pharmacology..."

Frank's eyes brightened, and he exclaimed, "A top-tier private hospital or an underground casino known for drug use!"

A smile flickered across Brandon's face, his eyes harboring a predatory glint. "He'd aim for a place where people would pay a premium for a seasoned pharmacist's skills. Only with sufficient leverage can he ensure his safety. Given these factors, there's a greater likelihood of him seeking refuge with an underground syndicate."

Frank nodded in agreement before knitting his brows. "But there are so many such organizations. Which one would he choose? We can't possibly sift through them all, can we?"

A derisive chuckle escaped Brandon, "Only a handful of underground factions could afford him protection. As for which one..."

His gaze drifted towards the window, observing the birds outside, his mind formulating a hypothesis.

Observing Brandon's composed demeanor,

Frank knew he must have a conjecture in mind. Intrigued, he asked, "Despite knowing of the hostility between you and Jeremy, they still dare harbor him. What sort of organization would this be?"

Instead of replying, Brandon gave a cold smirk, patting Frank on the shoulder and motioning. "Come with me."

Though unclear about Brandon's intentions, Frank obeyed, following him without question.

Upon reaching the main hall, where everyone had gathered, Brandon calmly announced, "Thank you all for your hard work over these days. We're heading back home today."

Garrett cast a worried glance at Brandon's injury, cautioning, "You're still grievously wounded. How about delaying our departure by a few more days? The journey could cause your wound to reopen."

Brandon glanced at him, countering, "Who said I was leaving?"

"You're not returning?" Garrett queried, visibly taken aback. "Then why did you suddenly ask us to head back?"

With a shrug, Brandon responded, "No specific reason. Laney will be leading you this time."

Laney frowned, questioning with evident confusion, "Why are you rushing us to leave?"

Glancing at his watch, Brandon replied dismissively, "Frank and I have other matters to address, so I suggested you return ahead of us. The flight has been arranged, and you can depart right away."

Garrett furrowed his brows, doubtful of Brandon's abrupt decision. "Why such urgency? You've even scheduled the flight. What's going on?"

The sudden call for departure perplexed everyone. Only Frank could faintly surmise the rationale.

Upon learning of Janet's medical condition, Brandon was eager for retribution against Jeremy, thus prompting him to send most of the group back. His intention was to prevent Jeremy from exploiting the situation and harming those close to him in the forthcoming conflict.

But when did he agree to stay behind? He was

just a physician. Was he expected to participate in the hunt for Jeremy?

Frank visibly paled. Grabbing Brandon by the arm, he stammered, "Why do I need to stay? I should be heading back to study Janet's medical reports."

Casting a glance at Frank, Brandon's lips curved into a slight smile. "You have a more critical task at hand now..."

Frank looked lost, protesting, "But I'm just a doctor."

Arching his eyebrows, Brandon challenged, "And your point is?"

Frank pressed a hand to his forehead, evidently exasperated. "If you're intending to confront Jeremy, keeping me here is pointless. If you're looking for the most capable individual, you should have Laney accompany you. What role am I to play? You might end up diverting your focus to ensure I'm not captured by Jeremy."