

Chapter 1495 He Will Definitely Show Up

Upon hearing Brandon's calculated analysis, Garrett exhaled a breath he hadn't realized he was holding, his demeanor returning to its usual lightheartedness. "I feared you'd let rage consume you and impulsively seek vengeance on Jeremy right away. But your meticulous strategy and visible confidence have reassured me."

He turned, gripping Laney's hand with conviction. "Stay safe, Laney. I'll be here, waiting."

Caught off guard, Laney stood mute for a moment. She glanced at their entwined hands and ultimately chose not to pull away. "Alright, don't fret."

Recognizing that everyone was on board, Brandon asserted, "I'll reach out to Britton and set up a meeting then."

All eyes nervously tracked Brandon as he dialed Britton's number.

The call connected swiftly. Britton expressed

his surprise, "Brandon, I didn't expect you to call me of your own accord."

Lacking patience for small talk, Brandon cut straight to the chase. "I wish to negotiate a deal with you on behalf of Dr. Watson."

"Oh?" From the other end of the line, Britton's murky eyes narrowed in intrigue. "You're referring to Dr. Frank Watson?"

Discerning the barely detectable excitement in Britton's voice, Brandon knew his bait was working. With a sardonic smirk, he confirmed, "Indeed. I'm curious if you'd be interested, Mr. Scott."

Without missing a beat, Britton queried, "What nature of business do you wish to discuss?"

"You'll find out in person."

Without a second's hesitation, Britton agreed.

This was his territory. He had no reason to fear any underhanded trickery from Brandon. With ample bodyguards by his side, he was untouchable. If the negotiations fell through, he could simply seize Frank by force.

They quickly agreed on a meeting spot and time.

In two hours, they would convene at a

sophisticated private club not far from the Darkmoon Assassin Group's headquarters.

Once the call ended, Laney turned to Brandon, inquiring, "How did your conversation with Britton go?"

Brandon pocketed his phone, his voice deep and resolute. "Britton seemed quite keen. He's agreed to meet us in two hours. If there are no further queries, we should depart now."

Rising to her feet, Laney suggested, "Then let's get going."

Everyone followed suit. Brandon glanced at the blinding sun through the window, reiterating, "Let's proceed."

They split into two groups. Garrett and Laney were tasked with infiltrating the Darkmoon's headquarters to find Jeremy, while Frank accompanied Brandon to the meeting with Britton.

Inside the car, Frank noticed the intimidating aura surrounding Brandon. He couldn't help but cast a worried glance at his waist injury, cautioning, "Our mission is fraught with danger this time. Be mindful of your wound, lest it reopen."

Brandon scoffed and said, "Rest assured. I've

never felt more composed."

"Please refrain from rash actions," Frank implored with a sigh.

Brandon cast a sidelong glance, querying casually, "Did you bring the drugs I asked for?"

Frank patted the sealed drugs in his pocket, nodding earnestly. "Yes, I did."

A sinister, predatory smile tugged at Brandon's lips. "Good. Failure is not an option this time. As for Jeremy, well..."

Brandon's cold, ruthless aura took Frank aback. He gulped, asking, "How can you be so certain that Jeremy will accompany Britton to the meeting?"

Brandon's dark eyes twinkled with certainty as he asserted, "As long as you're present, he'll definitely show up."

Frank questioned, baffled, "Why? Do we share some hidden connection? Also, if your judgment is mistaken, I fear Laney and Garrett alone won't be able to handle Jeremy within the Darkmoon's stronghold."

Brandon glanced sideways at Frank, explaining, "Jeremy's faith in his pharmaceutical skills is unshakeable. He's an egotistical man. After our raid on his base, he'll be itching for payback,

eager to prove his superiority and worth over you."

The grim mental image of the impending showdown made Frank shrink in apprehension. "I'm not sure if Jeremy will come prepared with his own drugs."

Detecting the apprehension in his voice, Brandon reassured him, "If things spiral out of control, I'll ensure your safe extraction first. Don't worry. You'll be alright."

Frantically, Frank shook his head. "It's just... I'm not accustomed to such high-stakes scenarios, hence the fear. But you needn't concern yourself with me. You must focus on dealing with Jeremy. I won't be a liability."

Nodding in acknowledgment, Brandon's gaze returned to the passing scenery outside, his expression chilling.