

Chapter 1500 Desperate Pleas

Sixty minutes later, Brandon and Frank finally reached their intended destination, the luxurious vehicle pulling to a smooth halt before a private and exclusive club.

The instant Brandon emerged from the car, his figure captured the attention of Corinne, who had been vigilantly keeping watch at the club entrance. She immediately moved to welcome him, her entourage in tow.

Upon noting the unusual pallor on Brandon's countenance, Corinne directed her gaze toward his waist, concern etched on her face. "Rumors of your injury have reached my ears," she fretted. "Is it severe? Wouldn't it be wise to rest and recuperate?"

Brandon, dismissing her without so much as a glance, proceeded to stride past her into the establishment.

Corinne, growing increasingly apprehensive, quickly seized his arm. "Halt! You cannot..."

Her words trailed off, leaving an ominous

silence hanging in the air. She clenched his hand anxiously; her words stuck in her throat.

Unfazed, Brandon retracted his hand, casting a penetrating look in Corinne's direction. "What were you about to say?"

Corinne, her lips pressed into a tight line, glanced at her cohorts anxiously. She managed a strained smile, suggesting, "Your injury... You appear unwell. Perhaps you should reschedule your meeting with my grandfather to discuss business?"

As she articulated her concern, she subtly signaled to Brandon, unnoticed by her underlings, her eyes wide and an urgent whisper on her lips. "Turn back! It's perilous here!"

She was recently privy to the clandestine alliance between Britton and Jeremy. She was aware that this rendezvous between Britton and Brandon had implications far beyond mere business negotiations.

Corinne's affection for Brandon motivated her to prevent the meeting with her grandfather. She had intended to warn him at the earliest opportunity, but Britton's watchful eyes rendered her helpless.

Finally, she seized this chance to caution Brandon, praying that he wouldn't remain obstinate and would heed her advice.

While trailing behind Brandon, Frank's watchful eyes caught Corinne's troubled expression. He surreptitiously observed the bodyguards, strategically positioned at every corner inside the club's grand hall, and whispered a warning to Brandon, "Has Britton enlisted the entire Darkmoon Assassin Group? It's clearly a trap."

Dismissing the ominous setting with a derisive sneer, Brandon retorted, "I am eager to discover who'll fall into it."

With these words, he continued his march inside, ignoring Corinne's desperate pleas.

Witnessing Brandon's nonchalance incited a mix of anger and anxiety in Corinne. She promptly intercepted him, her voice stern. "Halt! What leverage do you possess to negotiate with the Darkmoon Assassin Group?"

Upon hearing her, Brandon paused, bestowing a profound look on Corinne. He retorted cryptically, "My leverage? Your grandfather will soon comprehend its magnitude."

Corinne was incensed by Brandon's defiance

and complete disregard for her cautionary hints. She inwardly cursed his stubbornness and taunted, "There are numerous men claiming to possess leverage. Yet, not all can negotiate business with my grandfather."

Undeterred, Brandon dismissed Corinne's jibe and confidently navigated his way through the club, following the suite number provided by Britton.

Corinne's frustration escalated to the point that she yearned to restrain Brandon physically. Disregarding the disapproving glares of her underlings, she bluntly retorted, "You have previously betrayed the Darkmoon, thus making you a traitor in our midst. Are you so deluded as to believe that my grandfather would negotiate business with a traitor?"

Her provocative words caused Britton's men to bristle with discomfort. They quickly intervened, pulling her aside and chastising her, "Miss Scott, your grandfather has instructed you to maintain decorum."

Upon witnessing this, Frank found himself rendered speechless, an involuntary pang of sympathy for Corinne surfacing.

It baffled him as to why the leader's beautiful

daughter, who could have any man at her beck and call, was besotted with the aloof Brandon.

While Frank mulled over the situation, they arrived at their designated suite.

Even though Brandon was acutely aware of the impending dangers, he fearlessly knocked on the door, declaring, "Mr. Scott, I have arrived."

Unable to prevent the inevitable, Corinne resignedly shot Brandon a heated glare, her silent protest lodged within her restrained silence.