

Chapter 1432 Do You Think I Don't Have The Guts To Kill...

"Is this Corinne's doing?" Brandon seized Harrell by the collar, his eyes bloodshot and menacing.

Harrell had never witnessed Brandon lose control and become so unhinged. He couldn't betray Corinne, but Brandon was his best friend.

Besides, it was indeed Corinne's fault this time.

Harrell knew that Corinne intentionally missed the shot while saving Janet, to keep Jeremy alive and allow Brandon to remain in Darkmoon a little longer.

He believed it was because Corinne had deep feelings for Brandon, so he didn't intervene. But he never expected that when Jeremy disappeared, he took Janet with him.

Harrell found himself in a predicament. After a brief silence, he hoarsely spoke. "Brandon, don't blame her... She loves you too much..."

How could they dare to intentionally not save

Chapter 1432 Do You Think I Don't Ha 🎁 +90 Points at most Janet?

Gritting his teeth, Brandon threw Harrell to the floor, turned around, and prepared to leave. "I'm going to kill her!"

Shocked, Harrell grabbed hold of Brandon's leg and pleaded, "I'm sorry, Brandon. I never anticipated that Jeremy would take your wife away. It's my fault. Just kill me!"

Suddenly, Brandon turned around, kicked Harrell away, and angrily shouted, "Get lost! Do you think I don't have the guts to kill you?"

Harrell was sent flying several yards.

Clutching his abdomen, he coughed up a mouthful of blood, yet he continued to gaze at Brandon with unwavering determination. "It's my fault. I was overwhelmed when I received your message. I unintentionally let Corinne in on it, so she secretly joined me, leading to this grave mistake."

Stepping on Harrell's chest, Brandon looked down at him with a murderous glare and declared, "I don't want an explanation, I want Corinne's life!"

He sneered, "No, that's not enough. If anything

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happens to Janet, I will slowly torture Corinne to
death!"

Wide-eyed in shock, Harrell stared at Brandon's
cruel face, consumed by despair.

He knew Brandon would keep his word. If anything
happened to Janet, no one could save Corinne.

After giving Harrell a cold glance, Brandon turned
around and left.

As soon as Brandon stepped out, Harrell suddenly
stood up, wiped the blood from the corner of his
mouth, and smiled. "Brandon, I saved your life
once."

Brandon halted.

Holding his chest, Harrell leaned against the wall
and spoke slowly. "You owe me, so I'm asking you
to spare Corinne this time."

After a moment of silence, Brandon turned around,
entered the fitting room, and changed his clothes.
Before leaving, he looked at Harrell and asked, "Is
it worth it?"

Harrell didn't answer. It wasn't until Brandon
departed that he bitterly smiled and muttered, "Is
it worth it? I don't know. I just know I can't refuse

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any of Corinne's requests..."

In the hall, Corinne awkwardly rose from the floor, intending to chase after Brandon.

At that moment, Britton, who had been listening to music, glanced at her and snapped, "Stop. Are you not ashamed?"

As she gazed at Brandon's retreating figure, Corinne wept. "Grandpa, I can't watch him die..."

She suddenly turned around and knelt before Britton. "Grandpa, please stop the boxing match! I don't want Brandon to die! I don't want him to die!"

Staring at his tearful granddaughter, Britton showed no pity. Instead, he said sternly, "Do you still remember your identity?"

Corinne dropped her gaze, a river of tears tracing its course down her cheeks. "I understand. I do," she whispered through the heartache. "But Brandon and I... We've grown alongside each other since childhood. Can't you see how I feel about him...?"

A disdainful snort escaped Britton. "You're my flesh and blood, Corinne. A scion of the Darkmoon

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Assassin Group. Our interests, our mission, must always come before your personal sentiments. Your emotions, especially those towards any man, have no place here. And truth be told, Brandon harbors no such affection for you!"

His blunt words cut through Corinne like a serrated blade, leaving her wounded. She offered him a desolate look, and her words dipped with surrender. "Grandpa, I understand... But must you be so unyielding? You were Brandon's mentor. Didn't you once admire him?"

Her voice hitched, choking on the lump in her throat. "Why, then, can you so callously condemn him to the underground boxing ring, forcing him to fight for his life? Haven't you ever envisioned him leading Darkmoon?"

Britton sneered, his eyes tracking Brandon's retreating silhouette. "I once saw a future with him as my successor, which is why I lavished him with opportunities. But what did he give me in return?"

His tone took a chillingly ruthless turn. "He committed the highest act of treason against our organization! Has he forgotten who lifted him from the depths of obscurity? If it weren't for me, he'd

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be long dead! I offered him a chance, a lifeline, yet
he threw it away with both hands. If he doesn't
want to return to us, then let him exchange his life
for our best interests."

Corinne was petrified, her words failing her in the
face of Britton's fury.

He regarded her sternly, his warning ringing clear.
"You're my granddaughter, Corinne. Don't let your
personal feelings compromise the well-being of
our group. Do I make myself clear?"

Under the formidable glare of Britton, Corinne
meekly nodded, her voice barely above a whisper.
"Yes, Grandpa."