

Chapter 1503 He Was Abandoned

Corinne could not tell what was on Britton's mind. So she poured another cup of tea for him and tried coaxing him with a wide smile.

"Grandpa, I truly believe Brandon's cooperation with us is sincere this time. Plus, the drug can very well improve our boxer's strength. I see this as great profit with no detriment. Please consider it."

Britton smiled, picked up his tea cup, and blew the steam off it. He remained silent.

Frank's eyes went to the drug on the table and he asked, "Are you unsatisfied with the drug, Mr. Scott? Perhaps you already possess a similar product. I guess I'll just take back mine." Frank then reached out his hand to take back the tube.


However, Britton grabbed his hand immediately and stared at him with his shrewd old eyes. He flashed Frank a fake smile and said, "Don't be in such a hurry, Dr. Watson. I never said I'm unsatisfied with the product. I just need to

mull over the cooperation carefully."

Before Brandon could respond, Corinne anxiously jumped in. She couldn't let Britton break up this cooperation. "What are you thinking, Grandpa? How could our drug be better than Dr. Watson's?"

Britton's grip on Frank loosened and he glared at Corinne. "You've been talking a lot today, Corinne."

Corinne panicked at Britton's cold eyes and lowered her head without saying anything more.

Britton snorted and carefully inserted the drug into his pocket. Then he sipped on his tea again and smiled. "As my granddaughter said, we are very satisfied with your Dr. Watson's product. However..." 

He paused and then shot Brandon a cold glare. "As the saying goes, once bitten, twice shy. In view of your previous betrayal to the Darkmoon, Brandon, you have little credibility. We'd have to keep Dr. Watson in the Darkmoon to solely develop the drug for us, that way, we'd feel more at ease with the cooperation."

Brandon's eyes narrowed with a false smile at Britton's words. "It seems you don't really plan on cooperating with us, Mr. Scott."

Britton placed his cup down and drew out his words, "It seemed you've misunderstood me, Brandon. Dr. Watson would stay in the Darkmoon Assassin Group only as our distinguished guest, and he'll receive the best treatment. This would be no detriment to me or you now, would it?"

"You're the one who's misunderstood me, Mr. Scott," Brandon raised his chin haughtily and said assertively. "Whether or not I cooperate with the Darkmoon, I'd still be able to find Jeremy. It's only a matter of time. Some forces can keep him hidden for a while, but they won't be able to protect him forever." 3

Frank's tensed body immediately relaxed as he saw how Brandon refused. His appeasing smile returned and he said, "It's true that I'm very interested in the Darkmoon, but my lab is in Barnes, Mr. Scott. I can't just have it transferred to another country. I've become very accustomed to the conditions of my own lab and may not be able to create the drug you want without them."

Britton's arrogance died completely at this. His eyes narrowed at both Brandon and Frank, his confidence gone at their determined stand to

refuse him.

He was indeed afraid of Brandon's intelligence and skills, and the only thing he had to offer was Jeremy. Attempting to trade Jeremy's insignificant life for someone as valuable as Frank was almost certain to fail.

Adding to that, Brandon looked well-prepared. It was very likely he had other tricks up his sleeve to find Jeremy.

Britton was old, but he was still the ruler of the Darkmoon. He was still smart. He weighed his options quickly and turned to Brandon with an even more amiable smile. "Brandon, I don't mean it that way. If you don't think it's a good idea, we can re-discuss the conditions."

Brandon's eyes glinted with a devious smile when he saw the change in Britton's attitude.

At that moment, Jeremy had been placed in a private room by Britton. He watched the surveillance video and saw things become more amiable between Britton and Brandon. The two were about to make a deal and his face turned dark as he smashed the teacup in his hand to the floor.

He had been wrong!

He had not anticipated Frank's new drug to be

ready yet.

Britton was a greedy old man. The moment he saw gain, he would drop him with zero hesitation. Jeremy knew he couldn't just sit around and wait for death. He jumped up immediately. ②

However, as Britton's bodyguards saw this, they readied themselves and quietly moved to block his way. Britton had arranged these guards under the false claim of protection, but they were actually there to monitor and keep Jeremy in check. They were prepared to hold him down the moment he tried escaping.