

## Chapter 1539 I'm Left With No Choice

The atmosphere in the hall intensified significantly due to Corinne's interference.

Janet, having experienced such a tense situation for the first time since her memory loss, anxiously clutched Brandon's hand and whispered, "Won't we be able to leave today?"

However, surrounded by bodyguards, Brandon remained calm and composed. He tenderly brushed Janet's hair with his hand, reassuring her, "Don't worry. They can't stop us."

Witnessing the affectionate interaction between Brandon and Janet, Corinne felt a surge of annoyance. She squinted and sneered, "Brandon, it's a tad too early for such bravado."

Upon hearing Corinne's mockery, Frank immediately shot back, "Corinne, do you seriously believe you can trap Brandon? Keep dreaming! If you really had the capability, you

wouldn't be struggling to control Jeremy."

Corinne's face contorted for a moment as she glared at Frank. "If you don't shut up, I won't show you any courtesy!"

Unfazed, Frank met her gaze with a disdainful smile. "If you dare, bring it on."

"You..." Corinne retorted, enraged, "you think I don't dare?"

As she spoke, she gestured, prompting a bodyguard to step forward, poised to attack Frank.

"Corinne, you're not to harm my friend," warned Brandon, his deep-set eyes boring into her. His voice, stern and suppressed, left no room for negotiation. "I'm giving you one last chance. Either withdraw with your men, or prepare for a showdown."

The bodyguard, poised to attack Frank, halted, his gaze flickering between Brandon and Corinne.

Corinne's fists clenched. She wouldn't be outdone. She met Brandon's intense gaze head-on.

Despite Britton's illness, they were on the

Darkmoon's turf. No matter how formidable Brandon was, he couldn't escape without a scratch, let alone with two vulnerable individuals like Janet and Frank accompanying him. It seemed highly improbable for the trio to leave the hall unscathed. Forcefully detaining them shouldn't pose much of a problem.

"Guards!" Deciding on her course of action, Corinne gestured. "Escort our guests to their rooms to rest. They are not to leave without my express permission."

"Let's see who dares to attempt that!" Brandon roared, his voice a low rumble. His icy, fierce aura caused the advancing bodyguards to halt in their tracks.

The atmosphere in the living room escalated, teetering on the edge of explosion.

The bodyguards hesitated, caught between advancing on Brandon and his companions who were cornered in the center, and standing down. A stalemate ensued, with an imminent clash looming over them.

Brandon stepped in front of Janet, narrowing his eyes at Corinne, a cold glint present

within. "Corinne, consider your next move carefully. Are you prepared to oppose me? Openly engage in a confrontation with me? You're bolder than your grandfather." 2

Suppressing her fear in the face of Brandon's terrifying aura, Corinne feigned a smile. "Brandon, I apologize. But I'm left with no choice. How else would I detain you without resorting to drastic measures?"

Recognizing Corinne's resolve, Harrell, who had maintained silence thus far, sighed helplessly. "Corinne, Brandon is our friend. Don't escalate the situation due to a misunderstanding."

Corinne shot Harrell a frosty look, her gaze filled with suspicion and mistrust. "Be quiet. What right do you have to advise me?"

Taken aback, Harrell sighed once more. "Don't do this, Corinne."

Corinne dismissed his plea with a sneer, her voice cold. "Don't address me so familiarly. Ever since the raid on the Darkmoon, our friendship ended. Did you really think I wouldn't uncover your affiliation with them?"

Then she clapped her hands and ordered, "Surround him too."

Harrell's face paled considerably. Frowning, he said quietly, "Corinne, you're doubting me now too?" 2

In response to Harrell's shocked and hurt expression, Corinne indifferently lifted her chin. "Your involvement in the explosion will be determined by an investigation. If you're proven innocent, I'll be the first to apologize when the truth emerges."

Having said that, she turned away from Harrell, commanding, "Take them away. If anyone resists, use force."

However, Harrell suddenly lowered his gaze, seemingly unable to meet her eyes. He murmured, "I'm sorry, Corinne."

"What did you say?" Corinne almost thought she'd misheard.

She'd accused Harrell and ordered his capture, so why was he the one apologizing to her?