

Chapter 1543 A Devoted Man

Leaving the hall, Brandon and the others retreated to the lounge to await Harrell.

After half an hour, Harrell finally emerged, his face red and swollen.

Upon seeing the marks on Harrell's face, Janet exclaimed, "You..."

Frank's eyes widened in shock as well. "Did Corinne do this to you? That's too much!"

Brandon gripped Janet's hand, his brow furrowing as he studied the red imprint on Harrell's face. "What happened? Is there anything we can do to help?"

Harrell managed a bitter smile and shook his head. "I'm fine."

Frank placed a reassuring hand on Harrell's shoulder. "Don't keep it all inside. If you need help, just let us know. We'll do whatever we can."

Brandon nodded his agreement. "Without

you, today might have ended in disaster."

Harrell's smile grew slightly more genuine at their kind words, though he shook his head again. "It's okay, really. I'll handle the situation with the Darkmoon. You can go home without worry."

Brandon bit his lip, recognizing that Harrell didn't want to discuss it further.

As Harrell saw them off to the helicopter, Frank suddenly called out, "Wait, I have something for you."

He dashed onto the helicopter, rummaging through a medical kit before triumphantly producing a jar of ointment.

He handed it to Harrell, explaining with a smile, "This will help with the swelling. Use it."

Touched by the gesture, Harrell murmured his thanks.

After the helicopter had taken off, Frank leaned against the window, watching the Darkmoon's headquarters shrink in the distance. He sighed heavily, murmuring, "Such a devoted man."

Janet looked at him quizzically. "You mean Harrell?"

Frank nodded, his expression thoughtful. "Harrell is talented and faithful. If he'd chosen to come back to Barnes with us, he could have achieved great things. But he refused to leave, insisting on guarding the nearly deserted Darkmoon, all for the sake of a woman like Corinne who doesn't even care for him."

Then he shrugged and shook his head, saying, "It's really not worth it."

After a moment's reflection, Janet responded, "I don't think love is about whether it's worth it or not. It depends on whether the person feels it's worth it. If he's willing, then it is worth it."

Raising his eyebrows, Frank cast a meaningful glance at Brandon, echoing, "It's worth it if the person is willing to..."

Everyone knew that Corinne had harbored feelings for Brandon for several years. The fact that Harrell hadn't turned against Brandon, but rather had helped him on numerous occasions, was indeed surprising.

With a warning glint in his eyes, Brandon shot Frank a cold look. "Do you feel sorry for Harrell?"

Frank lifted his chin and sighed with an air of teasing. "Yes, the woman he loves most is infatuated with his best friend..."

"Since you feel so sorry for him..." Brandon interrupted Frank, his smile turning frosty. "How about I introduce Elizabeth to him? You seem quite generous. I believe you'd be willing to help him out, wouldn't you?" ²

At the mention of Elizabeth, Frank's composure cracked, and he blurted out, "How can you just introduce her to him?"

Brandon's eyes narrowed, and he replied coolly, "I thought you were kind-hearted enough to do it."

Frank's bravado crumbled under Brandon's serious gaze. He shrank back, forcing an awkward smile. "Forget it, forget it. Maybe he's not as pitiable as I thought..."

It was only then that Brandon's gaze softened, and he ceased his verbal sparring with Frank. Janet, who had been smiling and observing

their banter, was taken aback when she heard Elizabeth's name. She murmured to herself, repeating, "Elizabeth..."

Her eyes grew distant, as if the name had stirred something within her, leaving her with an inexplicable and unfamiliar feeling.