

Chapter 1817 Internal Strife In Barton Family

Alexandra's expression softened considerably when he caught sight of Janet's hopeful look. He approached the glass case and said gently, "Mrs. Larson, I'm truly impressed by your design. To some extent, you're my inspiration. I'd be glad to give you the shares, but I want to personally hand them over to you."

Janet and Brandon exchanged bewildered looks.

What was going on with Alexandra? Why the need for such a childish ritual?

Yet, if it meant obtaining the herbs, she was ready to indulge in the ritual.

Approaching, Janet saw Alexandra lift the glass cover to retrieve the jar on the far left. Just as she extended her hand to take it, a loud bang from the corridor startled everyone.

Before Janet could react, Brandon swiftly moved to protect her, taking cover behind a table.

That noise was a gunshot!

Brandon immediately tensed up and stared at Alexandra. "What's happening?"

A serious look overtook Alexandra's face. Just as he was about to dismiss the sounds as nothing, the gunfire outside grew louder, and the sound of running footsteps approached.

Reacting on impulse, Brandon reached for the jar in Alexandra's hand. However, Alexandra clutched it tightly to his chest, also securing the other three jars from the table, and asserted, "These are mine!"

Sensing the caution and defiance in Alexandra's gaze, Brandon had no choice but to ask, "Is there another way out of here?"

Alexandra stood up, twisting the vase in the corner. Suddenly, a small door was revealed behind it.

"Quick, this way!" Brandon lifted Janet to her feet, and they hurried towards the door.

However, as they neared the hidden exit, a familiar and unsettling groan echoed from the corridor close by.

Alexandra paused and signaled to Brandon. "You go ahead!"

With a worried look, Brandon extended his hand. "Hand over the jar."

At that moment, Brandon had only one thing on his mind. If Alexandra chose to take a risk, he wouldn't hold him back, as long as it didn't jeopardize Janet's safety.

The sound of gunfire growing louder told them all

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they needed to know. Their enemies, intent on claiming leadership of the Barton family from Alexandra, had launched a surprise attack, and Alexandra's forces were losing ground.

Upon hearing Brandon's demand, Alexandra concealed the herbs more securely within his grasp. If his forces were indeed losing this fight for leadership, the herbs were his last ace in the hole. He couldn't give them up so easily.

Anger bubbled up inside Brandon. He turned to Janet. "We need to get out of here. Try to reach Sean. If you can't, find a safe place to hide and stay put, got it?"

He needed to go back the way they came.

Brandon was beyond caring if Alexandra made it out or not; his priority was the herbs. He had gone through too much to secure them, and failure was not an option.

Janet watched Brandon with worry. She had thought about supporting him through everything, but realizing that all their efforts might be wasted if they failed here made her hesitate. Yet, seeing the determination in Brandon's eyes, she decided to trust him.

No matter what, he was set on obtaining the herbs.

Tears formed in Janet's eyes as she whispered, "Be careful. I'll get Sean and the bodyguards here as fast as I can."

Brandon gently patted her head and gave her a

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reassuring nod, saying, "Be safe."

Right after he spoke, a loud noise echoed, with a bullet hitting the wall of the underground hall and sparking brightly.

Janet decided it was time to go. She turned and left quickly.

Alexandra looked at Brandon and mentioned, "Since you've stayed to help me, you can have the herbs if I end up dying."

Brandon responded with a sneer, "If you're dead, I won't need your permission to take them."

"Think of it as a favor. I refuse to leave them for those greedy folks outside, daring to threaten the Barton family," Alexandra stated, his voice filled with threat.

With a chilling smile, Brandon drew a pistol and aimed it at Alexandra's head, stating, "I could take you out right now."