

Chapter 1445 About To Be Discovered

Suzanne asserted her words with confidence, a self-satisfied glint lighting her eyes. She seemed convinced that Brandon would show her mercy due to the unborn child, and might even treat her with care.

What man could disregard his own offspring? Brandon must have already held a distaste for Janet, the barren woman, but had to feign love for her due to the influence of the White family!

Now, as the bearer of Brandon's child, the future heir of the Larson Group, she was sure that Brandon would alter his behavior towards her! Brandon narrowed his gaze, observing the conceited Suzanne with a playful expression, he queried, "Are you so certain the child is mine?" Catching the trace of a smile on Brandon's lips, Suzanne's spirits soared as she saw a glimmer of hope. She nodded vehemently. "Of course! We can perform a paternity test once the child is born. One can't fake such matters."

Brandon scoffed and clapped his hands, commanding, "Inject her."

No sooner had he finished speaking, a man slowly approached Suzanne, syringe in hand.

Suzanne, trembling, watched the needle tip glisten under the light. Her body shook uncontrollably, her teeth clattering as she stammered, "Bran..

Brandon, you'll regret this!"

Brandon merely observed with a wicked grin.

Just as the needle was about to penetrate Suzanne's skin, she screamed,

"Stop! I'll tell you!"

The syringe paused. Brandon tilted his

Suzanne, terror-stricken, wept openly. She recoiled and confessed, "I... I had her loaded onto a truck bound for an underground casino to deliver contraband. Jeremy really does treat her like a sister, and Janet only ever gets the best. I was envious, and it seemed unfair, so... So I did it!"

Eyes aflame, Brandon stomped her

Suzanne screamed in agony,

Brandon increased the pressure on her ankle, and amidst, "If anything happens to Janet, you'll pay tenfold!"

With that, he hauled Suzanne out of the car and drove directly towards

the casino without waiting for anyone else.

At that very moment, an unremarkable truck was parked in a disorderly, deserted yard of the underground casino. A burly man adorned with a shiny gold necklace leaned against the truck, complaining, "Damn it, Jeremy's supply has been declining in quality, barely making a profit for our casino. We're breaking our backs every day, and can barely afford his low-grade pills!"

His lackey lowered his gaze, inquiring, "What's our next move, boss?" The burly man gave his lackey a kick, replying, "What can we do? Just try to keep afloat. Start unloading the cargo from the truck. No slacking, unless you want me to flay you alive!"

The men promptly started offloading the freight from the truck,

grumbling and hurling curses at Jeremy as they worked.

Amidst the commotion, a slight

Janet, with a backpack slung over her shoulders, huddled behind a car scene unfolding outside, hyper-alert to the movements of the burly men.

Nervousness caused sweat to bead on her pale forehead, soon drenching her hair. The rank odor in the truck induced waves of nausea, but she suppressed it, biting her lip to prevent her presence from being detected.

As time ticked away, most of the truck's load had been removed. Devoid of its shielding cargo, the light from outside gradually seeped in, and the previously dimly lit truck suddenly seemed a lot brighter. Had Janet not been slight and been crouched behind the crate this whole time, she would have been spotted long ago.

Just then, a pair of grime-streaked hands reached in, poised to shift the crate hiding Janet. 2