

Chapter 1531 All His Men Were Killed

Observing the departing group, Janet entwined her fingers with Brandon's, her voice filled with eager anticipation. "Can we return now?"

Janet's wide, expectant eyes moved Brandon, and her request caused his heart to soften. He gently patted her head, his large hand enveloping her delicate features, softly confiding, "There's something else I need to attend to."

At his response, Janet puckered her lips, clearly dissatisfied. "What else is there? Haven't all those despicable scoundrels been dealt with? And you're injured; you shouldn't be moving around."

Hearing Janet's concerned mutterings, a helpless smile danced on Brandon's lips, his voice lowering. "You and your parents can rest on the helicopter. I'll address this matter and be back shortly."

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With those words, he turned around and prepared to join Britton and the others, but a warm, gentle grasp stopped him in his tracks.

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Janet, holding onto Brandon's hand, her eyes sparkling like twin stars, implored in a soft whisper, "I wish to disembark, to breathe the fresh air. Could you accompany me?"

Brandon exhaled a sigh and said, "Wait for me on the helicopter. I assure you, I'll be back in thirty minutes. We'll head back to Barnes immediately upon my return, alright?"

Upon hearing his response, Janet's sparkling eyes dimmed slightly. She confessed in a hushed tone, "I'm scared... I fear something untoward might happen to you."

Aware that the recent upheaval had left her terrified, leading to her insistence on accompanying him, he found himself unable to resist her request. "Could you promise not to wander off and to stay by my side once we get off?"

The prospect of Brandon's agreement brightened Janet's eyes. She nodded earnestly. "I promise I'll behave and not cause any inconvenience!"

Brandon tenderly pinched her rosy cheek and

consented, "Let's go."

Harrell and his men were waiting for them when they stepped out of the helicopter. As soon as Harrell spotted Britton, he advanced towards him, his head lowered in a mark of respect, and said, "Mr. Scott."

Britton's countenance darkened at the sight of Harrell's men instead of his own loyal subordinates. He cast a displeased glance at Harrell, demanding, "Where are my men?"

Harrell met Britton's gaze evenly, replying, "Mr. Scott, aren't we your men too?"

Harrell's feigned ignorance didn't sit well with Britton. His voice laced with cold fury, he retorted, "Enough with the act, Harrell. Where are my usual men?"

Despite Harrell's continued innocent façade, Britton gritted his teeth and insisted on the presence of his usual underlings. "Summon them immediately. I don't need you here."

A barely perceptible smile tugged at Harrell's lips. Rather than responding to Britton, he turned his attention toward Brandon and the bodyguards.

Brandon conveyed his intentions to Harrell with a subtle nod. In response, Harrell's smile widened.

Britton, fatigued from the day's events, missed the subtle interaction between Harrell and Brandon. Misinterpreting Harrell's silence, he lashed out in frustration, "Have you lost your hearing? Call them over right now! And I demand an explanation for the explosion at the Darkmoon headquarters today!"

Harrell returned his impassive gaze to Britton, stating in a tone devoid of emotion, "There's an incident you're unaware of. A band of hoodlums raided the headquarters. They didn't just blow up your house, but also..."

He left his sentence hanging, seemingly struggling to continue.

A wave of foreboding washed over Britton. He bellowed, "But also what?"

Harrell released a heavy sigh, delivering the devastating blow. "They've also taken out your most competent aides."

Britton's world seemed to spin at the news,

his vision darkening as he fought the urge to crumble.

His men, all dead? How could such a coincidence occur in the world?