

Chapter 1448 Desperation

The uproar beyond the door amplified; a glimmer of hope sparkled in Janet's eyes as her slender hand met the doorknob

Despite her mighty tug, the door remained steadfast

Her spirit deflated upon seeing the burly men close in. She alternated between pushing and pulling at the door, pleading in alarm, "Unlock this door! Please, just unlock this door!"

The door merely trembled with each shove and tug, still resolutely shut

Her pursuers narrowed the gap, and a terrified shriek slipped from Janet, she pounded the door, wailing, "Help! Is anyone out there? Please, help..." Her plea was cut short as a pair of grimy, large hands muffled her mouth

"Mmmph..." Janet's fight was futile; her feet kicked the ground in desperation

But she was outnumbered and outpowered. The burly men subdued her with ease, dragging her to a decrepit security booth nearby, all the while silencing her protests

Just as they stuffed her inside, the gate swung open from the other side

An unfamiliar face peered in, stating his confusion, "I thought I heard someone, but there's no one here?"

The sight of the man intensified Janet's struggle, but her captors held her firmly, allowing no movement

The man at the gate, still finding no one, concluded his misjudgment. He withdrew and secured the gate

Despair washed over Janet. She questioned her chances of rescue now..

erreed

Meanwhile, Brandon had navigated to the underground casino that Suzanne had disclosed. This casino was a notorious hub for unsavory characters, teeming with violent clashes. Here, the weak were merely fodder for the ruthless

Especially a delicate beauty like Janet. If those predators caught sight of her, she wouldn't stand a chance

The thought of Janet's potential harm sent Brandon's temper flaring

He gripped his gun tightly, barging through the doors of the casino's front hall

The scar-faced overseer of the hall immediately gauged the intensity of the new threat. Just as he instructed his henchmen to handle Brandon, an astute thug interjected, "Boss, that's the renowned boxer from Darkmoon. He's a heavy hitter around here. We can't afford to provoke him."

The boss held his command, giving Brandon a

"Boss, he's here looking for trouble. What's our next move?"

"Approach him and inquire his business," directed the boss. Along with a couple of henchmen, he ambled towards Brandon. He plastered a forced smile on his scarred face and questioned, "What brings you here?"

A murderous glint twinkled in Brandon's bloodshot eyes. He thrust forward a photograph of Janet, his demand crisp and clear. "Give her back!"

The boss scrutinized the picture carefully, barkinecognize her? Return her at once, if you have her!"

One by one, the men shook their heads in denial. "Nope, never laid eyes

on her before," they chorused

Wearing an obsequious smile, the boss attempteken, my friend. None of us has seen her before

Perhaps, she isn't here. You might want to search elsewhere."

But Brandon wasn't swayed. His cold gaze swept over the Jeremy's goods, where is it? I need to see for myself!"

His words reverberated in the quiet hall

The smile clung to the boss's face, but a glint of fierceness se access to their warehouse? Are you planning to snatch our stuff?"

Fear of Darkmoon didn't equate to submission to oppression

Unfazed by the veiled threat, Brandon disregarinconspicuous rusty door at the rear of the hall

"Damn it, boss, he's forcing his way in. H

Cracking his knuckles and neck, the boss wore a malicious grin, "He seems to know about our inner parking lot. Probably eyeing that truckload of goods. Well, we need not cower then. Men, arm yourselves!"

At their leader's command, they scrambled for chairs and iron bars, storming towards Brandon