

Chapter 844 The Missing Syringe

Brandon called Sean and asked him to take people to the airport to see if they could find the syringe Jorge used.

Janet grabbed Frank's arm. "What if... We can't find the syringe?"

Janet was feeling a bit pessimistic about the situation. It was obvious that Jorge had wanted to kill her. Would he still hide such a damning piece of evidence in the airport? Maybe he had already destroyed it.

Frank said in a sober tone of voice, "If you can't find it, I can't analyze the exact components of the poison. And if I can't do that, there may be no way to save Draco."

Frank was telling the truth. As soon as he finished speaking, he went back to searching for the other materials he'd need to save Draco.

This kind of poison was extremely toxic to the human body. If he wanted to have the antidote ready in time, he would have to make some other preparations in advance.

Tears welled up in her eyes. Janet blamed herself for what had happened to Draco.

There had been no previous enmity between Draco and Jorge. Draco didn't even know what had happened, but

his life was hanging by a thread because of Janet. Janet blamed herself fully.

After wrapping up the call, Brandon came to look for Janet. He saw her wiping her nose and drying her eyes with a box of tissues that a nurse had brought her.

Seeing her like this, Brandon felt sorrow in his heart.

"Frank is a good doctor. With his help, Draco will come out just fine." Privately, Brandon wasn't a big fan of Draco, but that didn't mean he wished harm upon him. He really did want him to get better. "I have to go to the airport with Sean. You should stay in the hospital. It's safer to have bodyguards around."

"I want to go with you. I want to help find the syringe." Janet sniffed back her tears, resolve growing on her face. Brandon hesitated. He didn't want to agree at first, but he was also afraid that Janet's emotional state would deteriorate even further if she stayed here and looked after Draco. She needed to feel active and involved. So he decided to allow her to go with him.

Before leaving, Janet went into the ward where Draco was lying in bed. She gasped at seeing how pale his face looked. Beside him, Frank was having a meeting with a few other doctors, discussing the dire situation. They were doing their best to figure out how to fight against the poison currently ravaging Draco's body.

Janet pleaded with them. "Frank, please save Draco! We will be back soon."

Frank nodded, a solemn look on his face, as he promised, "I'm a doctor. I'll do my best to save my patient."

"Thank you, Frank. I believe you." After drying her eyes, Janet looked up at him, her gaze filled with trust and gratitude.

Frank was stunned. He had always thought that Janet and Brandon were a perfect match. She wasn't a delicate, graceful rose who was fragile and needed to be taken care of. Brandon needed someone just like that. Someone who wasn't vulnerable and could really stand up to him when necessary.

Frank smiled. "You'd better hurry. Find the syringe. I'll take care of the rest."

At Barnes International Airport...

Because of the incident that morning involving the wanted criminal, the whole airport had been completely blocked and all flights suspended. There were no passengers in the establishment. The only people there were staff.

No one stopped Brandon and Janet when they stepped into the airport's main building.

Sean had arrived earlier and taken both airport security and their own men from the Larson Group to help scour the place for the syringe.

Brandon and Janet joined the search immediately, but even after a whole afternoon, they found nothing.

The micro syringe with the residual poison seemed to have completely vanished. There was no trace of it anywhere.

In gratitude for all they'd done, Brandon arranged to provide the staff with a meal, which Sean brought to them.

"Thank you for your hard work. Let's break for dinner and then continue the search."

Brandon also handed a sandwich to Janet, but she had no appetite. "Brandon, I want to search the trash can."

The airport was almost empty. Janet suspected that Jorge might have thrown the syringe into the trash can before he ran away. "Go ahead. If you need my help, just call me over. I'll hold your food for you."

Brandon didn't try to stop her. He knew it was useless when she was that determined.

Janet smiled to herself, put on her gloves and mask, and began to rummage through the trash can by the gate that Jorge had run from. She ignored the grime and filth she was sifting through, completely focused on trying to find the syringe that Jorge had thrown away.

After having only two bites of food, Brandon decided that he should really be helping Janet. He put his dinner down, preparing to go over to her. But as soon as he put on his mask, his phone began to ring.

It was Frank.

Upon seeing that, Brandon's heart instantly began to sink. He didn't know whether Frank's news would be good or bad, but he was prepared for the worst.

"Draco's situation is not good right now. Have you found the syringe?" Frank asked nervously.

"Not yet," Brandon replied. 🗨️

