

Chapter 1530 Reduced To Ashes

Corinne's face turned livid with anger as she heard Frank's cold and cruel words. She was so mad that she felt a suffocating feeling in her chest.

Seeing that her face darkened, Brandon's lips curled into a sneer, and he said, "This is your own mess. Frank already did you a favor by saving your grandfather once."

"I only did it because you asked me to. I have no idea how many innocent people might suffer if he survives," Frank chimed in.

"But you're a doctor!" Corinne retorted, her frustration evident. "It's your duty to save people!"

"It depends on whether they deserve it or not," Frank sarcastically replied.

"You..." Corinne turned to Brandon, seeking help. However, when she met his cold, sarcastic gaze, her anger turned into pain.

She could only lower her head weakly in defeat.

Frank was right. The Darkmoon Assassin Group had done a lot of shady things and caused the deaths of many innocent people. How could she blame Frank for his stance or expect Brandon to defend her?

Furthermore...

Corinne glanced dejectedly at Janet, looking beautiful and innocent as ever and was right next to Brandon, and felt even worse.

It was because of her and her grandfather that such a tragedy happened to Janet. So, it was only natural for Brandon to harbor such intense hatred toward them.

Meanwhile, after taking the medicine given by Frank, Britton's condition gradually improved. However, his breathing remained unstable. It could be seen that he still felt resentful of the explosion at the Darkmoon headquarters.

Corinne could only sigh helplessly and massage Britton's back. "Grandpa, try to stay calm..." she persuaded him in a low voice.

Britton clenched his fists and growled, "How can I be calm? I dedicated decades of my life to the Darkmoon, and everything has turned into ashes!"

Helpless, Corinne let out another deep sigh and tried to reason with him. "But dwelling on it won't change anything, Grandpa. The damage has been done."

"But—"

"Grandpa, please, stop dwelling on it," Corinne interjected and then bit her lip in anxiety. "If you hadn't provoked Brandon and Jeremy and taken advantage of both sides, the Darkmoon wouldn't have ended up like this."

As she spoke, she stole a glance at Brandon. It was clear to her that he was the one who had orchestrated the explosion at the headquarters.

When Brandon invited them for a business meeting, he surmised that Jeremy would be accompanying Britton. Therefore, he took advantage of the opportunity and sent someone to infiltrate the Darkmoon headquarters. He planned to blow up

Britton's expensive lab, dealing a fatal blow to the organization.

How vicious and cunning!

With a sly smile, Brandon met Corinne's gaze and raised an eyebrow at her.

When he had discussed the plan with Harrell to blow up the lab, he had known there was a high probability that Britton and the others would find out. But he did not care.

Even if they found out, so what? The Darkmoon was on the decline. Even if they had all the information they needed, they were powerless against him.

Upon hearing Corinne's words, Britton snapped back to reality and glared at Brandon with red, angry eyes. "Brandon, it's you..." he uttered through gritted teeth.

Corinne grasped his hand tightly and sobbed, "Grandpa, calm down. It's too late to change anything now. We were being too careless and stubborn."

Having spent so many years in the underworld, Britton knew that when he was outmatched in power, admitting defeat was

the only way. However, he was too prideful to do that.

Never in his life did he imagine that all his efforts would go in vain.

Britton despised Brandon for being ungrateful. How could Brandon turn his back on the Darkmoon, which had trained him for several years, and destroy it while he was gone? At this very moment, all Britton could see was red.

The thought of the Darkmoon headquarters reduced to ruins filled Britton with rage and made his chest heave violently. Despite taking the medicine, his blood pressure had barely decreased and might even rise again.

The helicopter landed in the yard of the headquarters. The area was still covered in black smoke. Brandon sat upright, his arms crossed over his chest, and said with an indifferent tone, "This is your destination. You can leave now."

Britton stared daggers at Brandon and declared, "Fine, Brandon, you win!"

"Mr. Scott, I have no idea what you're talking

about," Brandon replied with a noncommittal smile.

"Let's go." Britton looked away, seething with anger. He leaned half of his body weight on Corrine for support. Trembling, he struggled to stand up and disembarked the helicopter.