

## Chapter 836 Looming Danger

Janet and Draco boarded the plane and settled down in their seats.

After putting their luggage away in the overhead compartment, Draco turned to Janet. "Do you want something to drink?"

Janet had been talking with Brandon before boarding the plane. They had spoken for a long time, so her throat was indeed a little dry. "Yes, please. Orange juice would be good. Thank you, Mr. Wesley."

As the two of them fell into a conversation, they didn't notice the man sitting behind them. He was wearing a baseball cap, which he pressed down to cover his face. A strange, unsettling smile appeared on the corners of his mouth.

It was none other than Jorge! 🕒

Two days ago.

Jorge was resting on the bed, knowing there was no hope for his broken leg at all. He was damned to be a cripple for the rest of his miserable days. Only two faces filled his mind when he heard the prognosis. His hatred for Brandon and Janet consumed him, keeping him awake.

As he lay down, seething in anguish and fury, a message came from a mysterious man. He was the same person that saved Jorge before.

The man told him that Janet and her boss, Draco would be on a business trip to Northcliffe. He told Jorge to tail them.

The man had even sent a vial of poison to Jorge. Once Jorge got on the plane, he should find an opening to inject it into Janet.

The poison was extracted from a viper, and it was slow-acting. The symptoms would almost be the same as being bitten by the snake; the only difference was that the toxin took effect slowly. By the time it would be detected, the person's organs would have already failed.

It would be a slow, excruciating death.

Once the plane took off, there would be no professional medical staff or access to equipment. There would be no way to save Janet in time.

Most importantly, the unnamed man had already made calculations. The duration of the flight was about the same as the time it took for the poison to act. When the plane landed, Jorge could take advantage of the chaos and escape safely.

The plan was foolproof. Jorge glanced at the small syringe in his hand. The green liquid gleamed inside the



tube, giving off a sinister light.

He turned to his crippled leg and gritted his teeth. This was all because of Janet. If she hadn't butted into the matter with Elizabeth, his life would have been so different. He would have already been a rich man by now from the hundreds of thousands of dollars made from the sales of the design drafts he stole from Elizabeth.

Brandon had gotten involved too—putting a high price on Jorge's head and even going as far as freezing his bank account. Without money, Jorge didn't have far to run.

The two of them made his life hell.

He would make sure to return the favor.

Janet had no way of knowing the danger that lurked behind her.

Draco handed Janet the orange juice he got from the stewardess, and the two of them talked about the Iridescent Show. Janet gulped two mouthfuls of orange juice, and then took out the designs and began to read.

As she checked the details, a thought came up to her. "Do we need to check the venue in advance? What if your designs don't fit with the aesthetic?"

Draco blandly flipped through the documents in his hands. "Don't worry. I already know what the stage would look like, and the pieces I've designed have been sent there in advance. Everything's been taken care of.

**We can take it easy. All there's left is to show up."**

Only then could Janet let out a relieved breath. The Iridescent Show was of utmost importance to her. They couldn't afford for anything to go wrong.

There were still a few minutes left before the plane took off.

Janet glanced at her phone, wondering if she should send a message to Brandon. Before she boarded the plane, she had sensed that his mood was down.

She put down the documents she had been leafing through and took another sip of orange juice. Then, she stood up to go to the bathroom.

Jorge had never taken his eyes off Janet since she appeared. He watched her get up, his blood pumped with excitement. The perfect chance had presented itself, and she was walking right into his trap. Pushing himself up on his good leg, he left his seat and limped after Janet to the bathroom, his mind reeling with eagerness. He could almost taste his revenge.

