

Chapter 1102 The Price Of Saving Luke

"Halt!" The group turned to face Catherine as she spoke.

Jeremy wanted to move quickly. He had spent too much time and effort today with the Turner couple. He needed to leave.

After the fight, Jeremy kicked aside the bodyguard at his feet and straightened out his wrinkled coat. His eyebrows relaxed as he showed no fear toward Catherine. "You have two options now. If you want to save Luke, hand me your shares in the Turner Group. Or you can let Luke die and leave your firm unattended. After all, I have a lot of time here."

Glancing at the man resting on the bed, he said, "I doubt Luke has that much time though."

After exiting the ward, Jeremy shut the door once more.

Only after Jeremy had departed did Catherine make her way back to her seat with the assistance of a servant. Her once graceful countenance now

appeared very pallid, with bloodless lips that made her seem significantly aged.

"Mrs. Turner, do you intend to surrender your shares? Once Mr. Turner is awake and becomes aware, he will definitely be mad at you." The elderly servant, employed by the Turner family for numerous years, couldn't resist the urge to inquire. She had been dutifully serving Catherine ever since her married Luke.

Catherine's hand rose to her forehead as she lowered her head in despair, gazing at Luke, who was in a coma in the hospital bed.

She brushed away the tears gathered at the corners of her eyes. "What other options do I have? Luke is the pillar of the Turner family. He can't leave us like this."

A heavy sigh escaped the elderly servant's lips as she observed Catherine's worn-out appearance. The constant setbacks had robbed the once graceful lady of her usual charm.

Although Brandon had heard of Luke's hospitalization, he felt no need to concern himself with the matter. The Larson Group had little interaction with the Turner family, after all.

Brandon's sole focus was on Vivian's whereabouts, and he relied on Sean to keep him informed of any developments.

"I've heard that Vivian has been going through a tough time since she was sent overseas. I heard she attempted suicide several times but was either stopped or rescued. Have you received any information on the nursing home where she resides? Vivian has become the prime subject of observation in that facility. I've investigated the background of the sanatorium and learned that it was dubbed a "madhouse" by the locals. I've also heard that over ten years ago, it was used as a burial ground for deceased soldiers. There appears to be an eerie aura surrounding that place." Sean had a penchant for delving into peculiar matters, so he had amassed a wealth of knowledge on such topics.

After contemplating, he finally asserted, "Mr. Larson, there's no need to worry. I highly doubt that Vivian will ever return."

"Have you inspected everything that belongs to Vivian?" Setting aside the documents, Brandon's mind was preoccupied, and he struggled to concentrate on work. He couldn't shake off the

nagging suspicion that someone had been pulling the strings behind Vivian's predicament and orchestrated everything.

"Vivian's possessions consist mainly of her university textbooks, her letters, and some photos with Charis. However, there's one thing that strikes me as weird." Sean paused briefly before continuing, "I noticed that a particular phone number frequently appeared in Vivian's call log. I have requested our technical staff to investigate, but the number no longer exists. What a shame!"

"We may be getting closer to uncovering the individual responsible for Vivian's plight. Perhaps they are observing us in secret and will soon reveal themselves." Brandon's countenance turned grim, and a stern expression etched onto his face. As a man in a high-ranking position, Brandon exuded a strong aura that made people hesitant to approach him. His commanding presence often left others feeling intimidated.

Sean gathered his courage and asked in a cautious tone, "Mr. Larson, now that the situation with Vivian has been resolved, what course of action do you suggest we take next? Furthermore, Mrs. Larson has been missing for several days now..."

After hearing this, Brandon's grim expression softened, and a slight smile graced his handsome face. Standing up from the sofa, he grabbed his coat and said, "Get the car ready. I'll go and bring her back home to the White family residence."

Sean hastened to follow Brandon and said hesitantly, "Mr. Larson, I'm not sure if I should bring this up, but..."

"If you have something to say, just say it. Why are you hesitating?" Brandon turned to face Sean with a stern expression.

"I just feared that you would get angry." Sean hesitated to speak and rubbed the back of his head.

"Maybe you don't need your mouth since you're reluctant to use it." Brandon gave a stern look.

"Here's the thing," Sean admitted truthfully. "Mrs. Larson might no longer be at the White family residence now. According to the bodyguards stationed outside the White family residence, they have been unable to locate Mrs. Larson due to the interference of the White family's men."

"Why haven't you told me this before?" Brandon seized Sean by the collar, shoved him to the side,

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and marched toward the underground parking lot.

Sean promptly followed his boss, getting into the car first and swiftly starting the engine. In addition, he regretted not informing Brandon beforehand. Sean had been preoccupied with investigating Vivian's situation abroad, causing him to forget.

"Mr. Larson, I have identified several locations where Mrs. Larson is known to frequent. Would you like us to check them one by one?" Sean aimed to make up for his mistake.

"It's not necessary. If she was under the protection of the White family, and her parents must have also dispatched their men to track her, so she is safe for the time being." Brandon gazed out the window, the passing scenery reflected in his deep eyes. "Let's put the company's matters on hold for now. We're headed to the White family residence."

He intended to inquire about Janet's whereabouts from her parents.