

Chapter 1428 Scheming

Brandon stared blankly at the spot where Janet and Jeremy had vanished, his mind a complete void. He didn't even notice the man and woman now standing before him. Both were young, dressed in neat attire.

The woman looked at Brandon anxiously. "Brandon, are you okay?" she asked.

But Brandon didn't respond, seemingly lost in his own world.

With desperate energy, he clambered out of the pool and dashed towards the place where Janet had disappeared, but there was nothing. No sign, no trace of their sudden disappearance.

His gaze locked onto the corner, filled with despair. How had Jeremy vanished with Janet? Where had they gone? Was Janet in danger? Brandon was consumed by worry.

The man surveyed Brandon's stricken face, a blend of worry and helplessness. He sighed and said to

the woman, "Let's first help him clean up."

The woman, her lips pursed, nodded with a look of distress.

Her heart clenched at the sight of Brandon's blood-soaked shirt. She took out a handkerchief, intending to remove the leeches clinging to him, but Brandon halted her.

With an expressionless look, Brandon stated, "Don't touch me."

Startled and hurt, Corinne Scott could only watch as Brandon began removing the leeches from his body himself. "My wife doesn't like other women touching me," he explained.

Tears welled up in Corinne's eyes. She bit her lower lip and looked at Brandon, her expression pitiful. "Brandon, do I mean nothing to you?" ²

Brandon averted his gaze and turned to face the man. His voice was thick with anger. "Harrell, where is Janet? Why did she disappear with Jeremy?"

Caught off guard, Harrell Webster and Corinne exchanged a silent glance. Both were taken aback by the dangerous glint in Brandon's eyes. ¹

Harrell attempted to sound calm. "She was likely taken by Jeremy. The top two floors of this building were newly constructed by Jeremy. He knows this place very well, so he managed to escape."

Harrell's explanation did nothing to quell Brandon's rage. Suddenly, Brandon lunged at him, seizing him by the neck and slowly tightening his grip. Veins bulged on his arm as he seethed, "Did you let this happen on purpose? Did you purposely let Jeremy escape with my wife?"

Corinne shrieked and tried to pry Brandon's hand from Harrell's neck. "Brandon, you're misunderstanding us!" she cried.

"Get lost!" The look in Brandon's eyes was terrifying.

Corinne recoiled, struck by the dangerous aura emanating from Brandon.

Brandon's gaze held a ruthless edge. He demanded, his words punctuated for emphasis, "Tell me, did you purposely offer up Janet to Jeremy as bait to force me help you weed out the traitors?"

"Brandon..." Harrell's face flushed as Brandon's grip around his neck tightened. He strained to get the words out. "We really didn't..."

Brandon scrutinized Harrell for a tense few seconds before finally loosening his grip, just as Harrell was on the brink of suffocating.

Harrell stumbled back, doubled over as he clutched his neck, coughing and gasping for fresh air.

After a moment, he straightened up, meeting Brandon's glare with a look of helplessness. "Why are you so quick to doubt me? No matter how much of a schemer I am, I'd never risk your lover's life."

Corinne nodded in agreement. "Brandon, you've got us all wrong. It really was an accident."

Brandon scoffed, "An accident? Why didn't you kill Jeremy outright? Are you such poor shots that you missed him time and again?"

Harrell sighed heavily. "You know how sly Jeremy is. He kept using Janet as a shield. It was too dark, and our visibility was compromised. Besides, we didn't want to risk injuring your wife, so we

refrained from shooting recklessly."

Corinne chimed in with a helpless look, "Jeremy knows this place inside and out, and your wife was next to him the whole time. We didn't want to accidentally hurt her, so we held our fire. That's why we failed to prevent him from taking her." 4