

Chapter 1502 Improved Drug

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Corrine knew what both men really wanted. As she watched them discuss peacefully, she felt happy. She then held onto Britton's arm and pouted like a spoiled child.

"I think we should discuss business with those close to us, Grandpa."

She shook Britton's arm and spoke in a soft voice. "Brandon has been in the Darkmoon for multiple years. Despite any unhappiness in the past, our relationship is still good. Brandon is such a trustworthy person, and is completely different from those outsiders."

"You really think so?" Britton chuckled lightly, but his sharp eyes meaningfully assessed Brandon. "Do you share the same sentiment, Brandon?"

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Brandon responded with a gentle smile and said, "What I think does not really matter. What matters is your decision alone, Mr. Scott."

He tapped his slender fingers on the table and said casually, "Still, Mr. Scott, I implore you to

mul over it properly before making a decision. This is directly tied to the future of the Darkmoon Assassin Group, after all."

Britton was not annoyed by his slightly threatening tone. Instead, he smiled more kindly. "Business shouldn't be linked with emotions. Even though I think highly of you and I'm willing to cooperate with you, it honestly comes down to whether or not you have enough bargaining chips at the moment..."

Britton sipped on his tea and shook his head helplessly.

Brandon had been aware that a shrewd man like Britton would not just promise him anything without confirming the valuables first. He shot Frank an indifferent glance and asked him to take out what they had brought.

Frank understood immediately and produced a tube of transparent liquid. He smiled. "Do you know what this is, Mr. Scott?"

Britton's eyes lit up the moment he saw the tube. He quickly lowered his head and blew on the hot tea to conceal the excitement in his eyes. He pretended not to know and asked, "What is it?"

Frank shook the liquid in the tube and smiled.

"It's a drug that boosts physical strength and endurance. It's excellent for your underground boxing ring, Mr. Scott."

Britton placed the teacup down and calmly said, "I have this sort of drug in my underground boxing ring as well. If this sort of bargaining chip is your offer, I fear it won't be enough."

Frank had a confident smile on his face. This was his field and what he was good at so he no longer felt nervous. "I heard your drug has a terrible side effect. The boxers get to win the competition, yes, but then they also end up completely disabled or lose all mental intelligence. My drug, however, is different."

He pushed the tube in front of Britton. "There are no side effects and long-term use of it causes no damage to the boxer's well-being. It only makes them stronger." ¹

Britton's expression changed immediately the moment he heard this. He finally looked directly at the tube before him.

He gently picked up the tube, squinted and inspected it for a while. Then he asked, "This is the drug you developed last year, right?"

Frank was shocked to his core. "How do you know?"

Britton stared at the drug with a smile, and didn't respond.

A grinning Corinne was the one who answered, "Dr. Watson, your medical skills are outstanding, and you're well-known across the world. We were keeping tabs on you so we knew once you released the drug. Unfortunately, we haven't been able to contact you."

Corinne actually left some parts out. The Darkmoon tried to contact Brandon as soon as the drug was released so that he could connect them to Frank. Brandon had ignored them though, so the matter was delayed.

Britton nodded, continuing to smile. "If it weren't for Brandon, we wouldn't have had the chance to meet you, Dr. Watson."

Brandon returned the smile and said calmly, "This is how I am showing my sincerity for our future cooperation. If you find it hard to trust me, get someone to test the drug right now. I have time."

Brandon was so confident that Britton had to believe him. It seemed Frank really had created a marvel of a drug.

Regardless...

Britton stroked his teacup, keeping his eyes

lowered to hide the calculations going on behind them.

Could he really hand Jeremy over just like that? If he gave Brandon what he wanted so easily, he wouldn't be able to drag out their cooperation for a long time.