

Chapter 1517 A Foe Or A Friend

After stepping out of the car, Laney, holding a sharp dagger in her right hand behind her back, leaned against the door and fixed her gaze upon Harrell, who was slowly approaching.

Harrell did not seem to notice her vigilance toward him and proceeded to greet her with a big smile. "You must be Laney, Brandon's friend. Nice to see you."

"What are you doing here?" Laney coldly asked, not in the mood for pleasantries.

Seeing her vigilance, Harrell sighed helplessly and threw his hands up. "Look. I don't have any weapons on me, and I'm not here to make things difficult for you."

Laney appraised and examined him from head to toe. When she realized that he could not have concealed any weapon, a sense of relief washed over her. Yet, her grip on the dagger did not waver. "Why are you here then? I don't think it's a coincidence."

Harrell spread his hands innocently and looked

washed over her. Yet, her grip on the dagger did not waver. "Why are you here then? I don't think it's a coincidence."

Harrell spread his hands innocently and looked at her with a sincere gaze. "Brandon asked me to pick you up. Otherwise, I wouldn't have come to help and risked being seen as a traitor by Mr. Scott."

"Did Brandon ask you to come here? Why didn't he tell me?" Laney queried, her eyes narrowed and brows furrowed in suspicion.

A thought suddenly crossed her mind. She tightened her grip on the dagger, and a sneer spread across her face. "If my memory serves me right, you're Britton's right-hand man, the second-in-command of the Darkmoon Assassin Group. Are you betraying your group for Brandon? Stop fooling around. Do you honestly think I'm a fool?"

Harrell shrugged helplessly. "If you don't believe me, why don't you call Brandon?"

"I don't need you to tell me." Laney took out her phone and called Brandon, who quickly answered her call.

"What's the matter? Did anything happen?" he worriedly asked.

"Did you send Harrell here?" Laney asked without beating around the bush.

Upon getting Brandon's confirmation, she breathed a sigh of relief and loosened her grip on the dagger.

Harrell's grin widened, and he asked with a chuckle, "You believe me now?"

Laney, still puzzled, asked, "You're the second-in-command of the Darkmoon. Why are you helping Brandon? What's in it for you to fight against your own group?"

At her question, Harrell burst into laughter. He pondered for a moment and then explained with a serious expression, "Fighting against the Darkmoon Assassin Group won't do me any good, and I seek no personal gain. But for Brandon, I'd do anything."

Before Laney could ask further, Harrell interjected with a smile, "Let's not talk about it now. Even though Brandon has Britton distracted, don't forget that we're still in his territory. Danger might arise later. We have to finish the plan before Britton returns. We shouldn't waste our time or be suspicious of each other. Agreed?"

Laney paused, then finally nodded. She turned

around and, at last, let Garrett out of the car.

After stepping out, Garrett nervously grasped Laney's hand and asked, "Are you alright? Did you get hurt?"

Laney rolled her eyes at him and retorted, "You were watching, weren't you. Can't you tell if I'm hurt or not?"

Garrett awkwardly scratched his head and complained, "Why lock me in the car? If something happened, I couldn't have protected you."


Laney pinched his arm with disdain and looked him from head to toe. "Save me with those weak arms and legs of yours? You'd probably be knocked down with a single punch."

Unconvinced, Garrett tightened his grip on Laney's hand and said, "I don't care. I'll keep holding your hand to make sure you're safe and that you can never abandon me when you're in danger."


Feeling the sweat on his hand from anxiety, Laney looked at him with affection. "You're quite the handful, but I'll leave it up to you," she said, suppressing a smile and feigning indifference.

Meanwhile, Harrell glanced at his watch and

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reminded them, "We don't have much time. Could you deal with your private affairs when this is over?"

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