

## Chapter 1532 Disfigured Remains

The revelations uttered by Harrell were of such magnitude that Britton felt a wave of dizziness wash over him, his breath hitching in his chest. He clutched Corinne's arm for support, lest he succumb to the overwhelming vertigo.

Observing Britton teeter on the brink of unconsciousness, his complexion alarmingly flushed, Harrell interjected with feigned concern, "Mr. Scott, please try to contain your grief. We've made arrangements for an extravagant send-off for our fallen comrades, a funeral befitting their heavenly ascension."

"Harrell!" Britton erupted; his gaze hardened with fury directed at Harrell. "I refuse to believe it! I groomed them personally! It's inconceivable that they met their end this way!"

Harrell's face was etched with regret. He spread his hands in a placatory gesture,

responding, "Mr. Scott, I've no reason to fabricate such a tale."

Despite his face purpling with rage and disbelief, Britton choked out his denial, "I refuse to accept it. They can't be dead! You've likely stashed them away. If you value your life, ensure they present themselves before me posthaste!"

Britton's irrational behavior had Harrell frowning in helplessness. "Mr. Scott, I'm afraid the reality is that they have indeed perished. If you insist on seeing them, all we have left are their remains."

At Harrell's pronouncement, Britton's fury reached a fever pitch, threatening to render him unconscious.

Corinne, a pillar of strength beside Britton, gripped his arm for support. Her innate sensitivity alerted her to the odd undercurrent in the air—the abnormal behavior of Harrell. Swallowing her disquiet, she challenged him coldly, "What exactly is your endgame here, Harrell? Remember, this is the Darkmoon, not a playground for your recklessness."



Corinne's words seemed to soften Harrell's demeanor. His gaze fell to the ground as he reiterated, "Everything I've said is the truth."

Corinne's eyes narrowed, her voice a frosty whisper. "We demand to see them, alive or dead. You claim they're deceased, then produce their bodies as evidence."

"Certainly." Harrell's lips curled into a slight smile, and with a clap of his hands, he instructed, "Bring out our departed brothers' remains, so Mr. Scott can personally ascertain their identities."

His men dutifully hauled in several stretchers, each draped with a solemn white sheet.

Harrell's voice echoed with sorrow as he lamented, "These were the Darkmoon's valiant warriors. In an effort to protect Mr. Scott's domicile, they met their cruel end at the hands of those thugs."

Corinne's brow furrowed as she reached out to pull back the white cloth. Harrell, however, intercepted her, grabbing her wrist as he warned, "These men have been severely charred. Brace yourself for the sight."

With a jerk, Corinne freed her wrist from Harrell's grasp, her gaze icy as she snapped at him, "Your concern is unneeded."

Harrell shrugged nonchalantly, stepping back. "Very well, proceed as you wish."

Corinne, her features set in grim determination, drew back the sheet.

The grotesque visage of a charred body caused her to involuntarily recoil.

"I warned you that their bodies were disfigured. Why insist on viewing them?"

Harrell's tone carried an undertone of resignation. To his subordinates, he ordered, "Unveil the remaining corpses, so Mr. Scott and Miss Scott can identify them."

As the white shrouds were progressively removed, Britton was presented with the horrific sight of his once-vibrant confidants reduced to unrecognizable, charred remains. His blood pressure skyrocketed once more, and he staggered back, clutching his forehead and squeezing his eyes shut to block out the nightmare before him, teetering on the edge of fainting.



Corinne, clutching onto Britton, anxiously queried, "Grandpa, are you alright?"

Witnessing this, Harrell wore a look of concern, saying, "Mr. Scott, excessive sorrow isn't conducive to your health."

Corinne shot a deathly glare at Harrell, snapping, "Silence!"

With an unconcerned shrug, Harrell clamped his mouth shut.

Britton, seemingly oblivious to their exchange, scrutinized the charred corpses with rheumy eyes. Despite their severe disfigurement, he could discern familiar traits, etching their faces into his memory.

A wave of profound rage and irrepressible fear swelled within Britton.

These men, whom he had personally molded, were indispensable cogs in his dark operations and instrumental in securing enormous profits. To think that within mere hours of his absence, the men he had cultivated over decades were mercilessly snuffed out.

His lifetime of effort had been razed!

Britton's gaze remained riveted on the stretchers bearing his fallen men. His eyes widened in disbelief; his lips trembled uncontrollably; speechlessness overtook him.

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