

Chapter 1536 It's All Your Fault

Gazing at the incensed Corinne, Brandon was acutely aware of the rage and animosity radiating from her. He instinctively stepped in front of Janet, his frosty gaze following Corinne's advance.

Corinne's stare briefly lingered on Janet, a fleeting spark of envy and anguish flitting across her eyes.

Yet this emotion was quickly concealed, her gaze swinging back towards Brandon as she jeered, "We've weathered countless trials and fought battles together for years. Why are you so guarded against me?"

From the moment she had entered, she had observed that Brandon's reaction to her presence was akin to confronting a formidable adversary. He immediately sheltered Janet with due diligence, wary of any potential harm Corinne might inflict.

In the past, Corinne would have suppressed

these emotions, burying them deep within her heart. However, perhaps the day's ordeals had taken a toll, exhausting her to the point of no longer being able to mask her jealousy. She was eager to voice these thoughts outright, hoping to evoke emotions from Brandon and the innocent Janet behind him.

Brandon met Corinne's gaze with an air of indifference, as if she were nothing more than a stranger. "I have no ties to you, neither in the past, present, nor future. My guardedness towards you stems from my belief that you are not a person of good character."

Brandon's unflinching words seemed to wound Corinne, causing her to bite her lower lip as her face turned a ghastly shade.

A frigid and mocking smile played upon Brandon's lips. "Furthermore, given your past actions, shouldn't I be vigilant around you?"

Corinne knew he was referring to the incident where she had purposely set Jeremy free from the abandoned school. Her countenance darkened completely. With a

huff, she retorted in a hostile tone, "The past is behind us. Feel free to despise me as much as you like. I merely want to pose a single question to you. Were you behind the attack on the Darkmoon headquarters?"

Raising an eyebrow, Brandon coolly inquired, "Oh, is that so? Then why don't you tell me first who attacked the Darkmoon?"

"You..." Corinne found herself at a loss for words, incensed yet speechless.

She had ventured to confront him openly, suspecting his involvement in the matter. She hadn't anticipated his outright denial, let alone the counter-question that implied his complete disassociation from the incident.

However, she lacked any concrete evidence. The truth about whether the person who orchestrated the attack on the Darkmoon was connected to Brandon was known only to him.

Brandon, arms folded over his chest, added frigidly, "Moreover, aren't you aware of who I've transferred here?"

Corinne found herself unable to respond to

his question. True, she had noticed Brandon's competent aides on the helicopter. They hadn't left their posts, making it implausible for them to have executed the attack on the Darkmoon.

Yet, who else would dare to provoke the Darkmoon if not Brandon?

Corinne found it hard to believe Brandon's words, yet she was at a loss for a rebuttal. All she could do was grind her teeth in frustration and glare at him.

Brandon remained unmoved by the hostility in her eyes. He stood protectively in front of Janet, unwavering.

Observing the stoic Brandon, Frank couldn't help but harbor a sense of admiration for him in his heart.

No doubt, his reputation as CEO of the Larson Group was well-earned. He effortlessly managed to wreak havoc within the Darkmoon Assassin Group, and even in the face of pointed questions, he retained an unruffled demeanor as if he truly was innocent of any underhanded actions.

Yet Frank harbored no qualms about the Darkmoon, a nefarious organization, being put through the wringer. He chimed in, questioning Corinne, "You've stormed in here, accusing Brandon with such vehemence. But do you have any concrete evidence to support your claims?"

Corinne turned a ferocious glare towards Frank, retorting angrily, "Who else possesses the audacity and capability to pull off something like this, if not him?"

"Despite Brandon's formidable power, had he desired to harm you, you and your grandfather would have been eliminated during the club fire," countered Frank, a derisive sneer dancing on his lips.

Upon hearing this, Corinne's face, twisted with resentment, suddenly froze.

Frank, arms folded over his chest, leaned back lazily in his chair. He drawled, "Moreover, when your grandfather had his hypertensive crisis on the helicopter, Brandon graciously asked me to treat him, free of charge. Yet here you are, causing a ruckus and insinuating that Brandon

orchestrated the attack on the Darkmoon. Is this your idea of gratitude? It's truly disheartening."

Mention of her grandfather seemed to darken Corinne's countenance further, her eyes blazing with fury. She bared her teeth and seethed at Frank, "How dare you bring up my grandfather!"

"And why shouldn't I?" retorted Frank sarcastically. "Did I utter any falsehoods? Didn't I administer medication to your grandfather on the helicopter without charging a single cent?"

"Without you, my grandfather wouldn't be bedridden!" Corinne abruptly clenched her fists, her eyes reddening as she roared. "Just now, his blood pressure spiked again. The doctor informed us he would be bed-bound hereafter, unable to even utter a single word! Had you not nonchalantly handed him a few pills on the helicopter, he wouldn't have experienced a secondary hypertensive crisis, and he wouldn't be severely incapacitated now. This is all your fault!"