

Chapter 1538 You Can't Leave

Though Corinne wanted to retain Brandon, he was not part of the Darkmoon. Moreover, Brandon was a determined man, and a few mere words would not be enough to manipulate him.

Just as Brandon and Janet were about to leave, hand in hand, Corinne interjected loudly, "Stop! You can't go!" positioning herself in front of them.

Janet furrowed her brows, questioning Corinne's intentions, while Brandon's face darkened. His icy voice questioned, "Corinne, what's your game?"

Confronted with his wrathful gaze, Corinne, despite being the heir of the Darkmoon and having witnessed countless ups and downs, felt a chill down her spine, causing her to step back.

Frank's mocking laughter echoed from behind them, seemingly laughing at

Corinne's fear.

Realizing her show of cowardice, her cheeks reddened in embarrassment.

She was on her home ground, surrounded by her people. She shouldn't be fearful; it was Brandon and the others who should be on edge!

Emboldened by this thought, Corinne mustered the courage to meet Brandon's gaze fearlessly, stating firmly, "Until we uncover the assailant of the Darkmoon headquarters, you remain our prime suspect! I can't let you leave!"

As Brandon was about to retort, Janet, standing next to him, intervened, "Miss Scott, do you have any proof that we were involved?"

Corinne was taken aback momentarily, but quickly recovered, retorting defiantly, "The investigation hasn't started yet. How could I possibly have evidence? Nevertheless, you all are suspects. You are required to stay within the Darkmoon until we discover the actual assailant and clear your names."

Corinne's unreasonable stance intensified the

frostiness in Brandon's eyes. "Corinne, are you implying that you wish to detain us against our will?"

His aura was too cold, too commanding. It sent shivers down Corinne's spine, inducing an urge to yield.

However, when she remembered her bedridden grandfather and the declining Darkmoon, she gritted her teeth, steeling herself to maintain her stance. "In any case, you're not leaving until this issue is resolved. My grandfather has poured his life into the Darkmoon, and it's my duty to safeguard it."

Brandon scoffed, "Do you truly believe you can coerce me into staying?"

His words dripped with disdain and scorn, as if he didn't regard Corinne as a credible threat at all.

Corinne's face flushed with rage. "Perhaps I can't restrain you with my own power, but this is the domain of the Darkmoon. With your limited company, escaping without my consent will be a challenge."

Brandon's frosty smile made his response.

"We'll see about that."

Thinking Brandon was merely bluffing, Corinne signaled with her hand. Instantly, a group of well-trained bodyguards rushed in, cornering Brandon and his companions.

Reacting swiftly, Brandon shielded Janet behind him, fixing a cold stare on Corinne. "Are you planning to pick a fight?"

Meanwhile, Frank's jovial demeanor vanished. He glared at the encircling bodyguards, scoffing, "It seems the Darkmoon lacks reason. You wish to detain us without evidence. How utterly ludicrous."

Corinne gritted her teeth, her fists clenched tight. "Say what you will. If anyone dares to move a muscle today, don't blame me for my subsequent actions."

"I'd like to see how severe those actions will be." A trace of icy resolve shadowed Brandon's expression. He held Janet's hand, boldly stepping forward.

"You dare!" Brandon's overpowering aura startled Corinne, making her retreat a few steps as she snarled, "Brandon, if you

advance one more step, don't hold me accountable for disregarding our years of camaraderie."

The bodyguards tightened their encirclement. The aura of frigidity and sternness exuding from Brandon was so intense that it dwarfed Corinne and her bodyguards, rendering them insignificant, thereby deflating their morale. Corinne inhaled deeply, her nerves on edge, reminding herself repeatedly not to cower. This was her territory. No matter how formidable Brandon was, he wouldn't escape. Observing the concealed panic and guilt beneath Corinne's defiant stance, Brandon scoffed, "Camaraderie? I have none with you. You overestimate your importance. Out of my way!"

Corinne bit her lower lip, unwilling to budge. She harbored a suspicion that the day's events at the Darkmoon were part of Brandon's scheme. Britton's paralysis, she felt, was linked to him.

Despite the lack of evidence and her fear of Brandon's methods and imposing presence,

she would never let them escape.

If she did, how could she face her grandfather, the group that sheltered her, or offer an explanation to her fallen comrades?