

Chapter 2080 Grabbing The Phone

Sonia's frown deepened when she heard this; she glanced up at Brandon with suspicion and asked, "Mr. Larson, what leads you to ask that?"

"Because I've uncovered who you really are. For Janet's sake, you should explain things yourself," Brandon stated coldly, his face showing no emotion.

At his words, Sonia froze, feeling a sudden chill of cold sweat down her spine.

Her identity had been exposed so swiftly?

That seemed impossible. She had concealed it so well. How could Brandon have unraveled it in such a short period?

She convinced herself he was merely bluffing.

He had always been suspicious of her and wanted her away from Janet. Perhaps now, he was feigning knowledge of her identity to coax her into confessing.

With a silent effort to calm her nerves, Sonia responded evenly, "Mr. Larson, I'm not sure what you mean."

"Feigning ignorance won't help you. Unlike Janet, my patience is limited," Brandon scoffed, his gaze cold. "If you choose not to come clean, I'll treat you as a threat and take precautionary action."

His final words carried an unmistakable threat.

Sonia stood frozen for a moment, her fingers instinctively tightening around the fabric of her dress.

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She had assumed Brandon was merely bluffing, yet his demeanor hinted at an extraordinary secret behind her own identity.

Would it be wise for her to confess to Brandon?

A frown creased her forehead as she grappled with embarrassment.

If she truly admitted being sent by Alexandra, Janet would surely never forgive her.

Yet, withholding the truth could prompt Brandon to dismiss her prematurely.

Just as she weighed her options, her phone rang, slicing through her thoughts. With Brandon watching, Sonia pulled out her cell phone.

Her eyes widened as she saw the caller ID.

It was Alexandra.

At that moment, Brandon's gaze intensified, reading her hesitation. He sensed the caller was no ordinary person, possibly linked to the Barton family.

Brandon's gaze grew colder as he glared at Sonia and reiterated his stance. "Regardless of Janet's reaction, I will remove any threat to her safety."

No sooner had he finished speaking than Brandon stepped towards Sonia, making a grab for her phone.

Sonia reacted swiftly, sidestepping Brandon's advance with graceful agility.

The phone continued to ring.

Retreating a few steps, Sonia glanced at her cellphone and then back at Brandon, whose stern expression deepened her sense of conflict.

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It was clear she needed to make a choice, and soon.

On one side stood the distant, uncaring Barton family who regarded her as insignificant, while on the other, there were the warm-hearted Janet and Johanna, who had appeared in her dreams. The choice seemed obvious to anyone.

Composing herself, Sonia managed a smile and suggested, "Mr. Larson, perhaps we could try a more amicable approach?"

"No way," Brandon refused flatly, reaching for the phone once more.

"I've already demonstrated my willingness by giving you my hair. Please, let's not cause any more trouble," Sonia retorted as she nimbly avoided another of Brandon's attempts. "Let me finish this call, and then we can talk about our next move. But if you keep this up, I can't promise Janet will remain safe!"