

Chapter 1597 Fail To Seduce Brandon

With the sun blazing relentlessly overhead, Janet squinted against its bright rays. "It's scorching out here," she remarked, fanning herself with a hand. "You might want to reconsider roasting in this heat; sunstroke's no joke. Why don't you head inside and cool off? If Brandon swings by, I'll be sure to chat with him about your mom's ashes. Promise to keep you in the loop."

Although Audrey's behavior raised a few of Janet's eyebrows, she wrestled down the nagging suspicion. Taking a deep breath, she reached out and gently squeezed Audrey's shoulder. "Look, I can't even begin to imagine how you're feeling. But I do know one thing: your mom wouldn't want you drowning in sorrow."

Audrey offered a weak smile, moisture still glistening in her eyes. "I appreciate it, truly. But..." She hesitated, her gaze darting away for a split second. "I'd rather wait and speak with Brandon face-to-face."

Something in Audrey's tone sent shivers down Janet's spine. The unease she'd momentarily

dismissed surged back. "Why the insistence on talking directly to Brandon? If you hang around waiting for him, you might turn into a raisin in this sun," she quipped, but her light tone was betrayed by her furrowed brow.

Drawing her hand across her cheeks, catching the stray tears, Audrey murmured, "It's just... I need to personally handle my mother's affairs with my family. I hope you get it, Janet."

Was Audrey implying she was an outsider? A flood of unease washed over Janet. Memories of Audrey's past provocations clicked into place.

She had dismissed them before, but with Mandy's words echoing in her mind, a mosaic of doubt and suspicion was beginning to form.

Could Audrey truly be trying to win over Brandon?

Audrey shifted uneasily, breaking Janet from her reverie. "Janet, maybe you should head in? Get a cold drink or something. I can hold down the fort here."

A skeptical brow arched on Janet's face. "Are you sure you don't want any help?"

Audrey, a bit too hastily, replied, "No, but thanks."

Watching Audrey's not-so-subtle hints for her to take a hike, Janet's suspicions deepened. It was becoming clearer that Audrey harbored some feelings for Brandon.

But, deep down, she trusted Brandon implicitly.

Knowing him, he wouldn't give Audrey a second glance in that way. With a nod, she finally heeded Audrey's suggestion and headed back inside.

The sleek black Ferrari purred its way into the villa's driveway right as the evening clock chimed six. Its elegance and power are unmistakable.

Suddenly, like a darting shadow, a white figure sprinted towards the moving vehicle, positioning herself directly in its path.

The driver's reflexes kicked in. With a sharp, precise movement, he stomped the brakes, the Ferrari jerking to a sudden halt just inches away from the figure.

Thrown forward by the abrupt stop, Brandon, seated comfortably in the back until that moment, gripped the edge of his seat. In a tone dripping with irritation, he snapped, "What in the world was that?"

Wiping away the bead of sweat threatening to roll down his temple, the driver gulped, "Mr. Larson, outta nowhere, this lady just pops in front of the car. Lucky for me, I hit the brakes when I did."

Brandon's frown deepened at the driver's words, resembling a storm cloud ready to burst.

The car door swung open, revealing Audrey, pale and shaky, using the car as a makeshift support. Spotting him, her voice, like that of a lost child, quivered.

"Brandon... You're back."

Rolling his eyes, he shot a questioning glance at his nearby bodyguard. "Really? What's she doing here?"

Audrey's eyes welled up, her lips quivering, but she quickly mastered her emotions, pulling the vulnerable card. "Brandon, don't get mad at me," she started, her voice wobbly. "I just wanted a quick chat about my mom."

The coldness in Brandon's eyes could've frozen over a lake. His reply came swift and icy. "Didn't I already have someone retrieve the ashes? What more do you want?"

She blinked away her tears, her voice strained with emotion. "I just... I wanted to know when we could lay my mother to rest."

She took a moment, the weight of the afternoon evident on her face. "I've been baking out here all day. I think Janet forgot to invite me in, and your guys didn't even toss me a water bottle. Everything's spinning..."

Her knees buckled, and she began a slow descent, hoping to be caught by Brandon in a heroic, movie-like moment.

But life wasn't a movie. Brandon, with a look of pure revulsion, effortlessly sidestepped the falling Audrey.

She hit the ground with an ungraceful thud, the impact jarring her. Dazed, she turned her gaze

towards Brandon, disbelief evident in her voice.

"Brandon... why?"

He gave her one last, withering look. "Escort Miss Larson back to her room and fetch the doctor," he commanded his guards with a dismissive wave. ②

And with that, he sauntered off, leaving a shocked Audrey in the gathering twilight.