

## Chapter 1600 Theatrics

The butler, for all his years of service and the countless characters he'd seen, couldn't help but feel a stirring of contempt.

Here was Audrey, proclaiming herself as Brandon's one and only family. The irony was palpable. Where was she when Brandon's mother succumbed to her ailments? Where was she when a sinister plot by Mrs. Lester almost snuffed the life out of Brandon?

It was no mystery. During Brandon's times of destitution, this "family" was nowhere to be found.

Yet now, with Brandon's name adorning some of the world's wealthiest lists, she emerged out of nowhere, claiming kinship. The sheer audacity!

The deep-seated disdain evident in the butler's gaze stung Audrey like a slap. In a fit of rage, she grabbed a water glass, hurling it towards him as she spat out, "What's with that look? Don't push it, or I'll make sure Brandon shows you the door."

The shattering glass resonated sharply, but the butler remained unflinchingly composed. "Miss Larson," he began, his voice a calm contrast to the room's tension, "I'm simply here to pass on a

message. There's no need for theatrics. Perhaps you should rest."

The butler's indifferent attitude made Audrey even more indignant. Audrey's fury bubbled over; any pretense of fragility was forgotten.

"I demand to see Brandon! He wouldn't just send me packing. Fetch him! Now!"

Shaking his head at the audacious display, the butler simply signaled the guards stationed outside to keep a vigilant watch on her antics before departing with grace.

Audrey fumed, her gaze piercing the butler's departing form. The sheer insolence! A mere servant, acting so high and mighty?

Her fingers twitched, and she visualized them around his throat.

Once her rage subsided slightly, she furtively retrieved a cold vial stashed beneath her pillow, smirking malevolently. "If they want to play it this way, I'm game. Brandon will see me tonight."

Time dwindled as the contents of the infusion bottle dwindled to nothing.

Grimacing from the pain, Audrey fueled herself with some food before attempting to leave.

However, the moment she approached the door, two

imposing bodyguards obstructed her.

One guard, his face void of emotion, stated, "Miss Larson, Mr. Larson has ordered that you remain in this room. We're here to ensure that. Anything you require, let us know."

Audrey, trying a different tactic, fixed them with a firm gaze. "I wasn't planning on heading out. Just fetch Janet for me. It's imperative I speak with her. Don't let this be on your conscience if you delay."

The guards exchanged wary glances, an unspoken understanding passing between them. They recognized trouble when they saw it and were resolute in their silence.

This silence pushed Audrey's buttons all over again. Her voice, dripping with impatience, echoed. "Did you not hear me? I said, Bring Janet to me. Now."

The two bodyguards, despite Audrey's escalating demands, exuded a calm and unruffled exterior, choosing to stay mum.

"Well, alright then," Audrey remarked with a feigned chuckle, her voice dripping with icy mockery. "Assuming your silence means I'm powerless, are we?"

As her voice trailed off, a sudden glint caught the dim room's light. She revealed a fruit knife, its blade gleaming ominously. "You know," she mused, her

tone chillingly relaxed, "if Janet isn't brought to me, I might just end it all here and now. Surely the commotion would get her attention, right? But you guys... oh, you guys..."

The horror in the bodyguards' eyes was palpable as she pressed the blade against her delicate wrist, her eyes darkening with mischief. "You'll bear the brunt of Brandon's rage. I hear he has ways of making people regret crossing him, especially in Barnes."

A thin line of crimson began to trace its way down her wrist, a testament to her unwavering commitment to her threats.

The spectacle before them left the bodyguards perturbed. One finally, with a hint of desperation in his calm voice, implored, "Miss Larson, enough with this. I'll fetch Mrs. Larson right away."

Audrey, reveling in her triumphant maneuver, slightly eased the knife's pressure against her wrist. With a smirk, she advised, "Better be quick about it. Who knows what might happen should my patience run thin?"

The two exchanged a heavy look, and one of them made a hasty exit, leaving his partner behind to monitor the increasingly unpredictable woman.