

Chapter 1735 I Won't Get Involved

"What's with the tug?" Janet resisted, glancing back at the banquet hall, her reluctance evident.

Brandon held onto Janet's wrist, guiding her out of the Hamilton family's villa.

Checking the driver already in the car, he released his grip and said in a low tone, "Time to head home."


Brandon swung the car door open, smoothly guiding Janet into the back seat in one swift motion, with no room for resistance.

With the banquet dragging on, Janet, worn out, settled into the back seat in silence.

Brandon hopped in, instructing the driver, "Let's roll." ①

The driver, gripping the wheel, hesitated at Brandon's chilly tone. Sneaking a look through the rearview mirror, he sensed Brandon wasn't in the best mood.

"Sure thing, Mr. Larson." The driver kept quiet,

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steering away from the villa.

The car fell silent, and Janet gazed out the window, lost in thought.

Out of nowhere, Brandon's icy voice echoed in the car.

"Why are you always paying attention to Locke? What's the deal?"

Sensing Brandon's discontent in his tone, Janet looked at him, puzzled, not grasping his point.

The car tensed up instantly, and the driver up front probably wished he could vanish.

"What are you talking about?" Janet asked, bewildered. She stared at Brandon, waiting for an explanation.

Reading Janet's confusion, Brandon explained seriously, "Locke isn't a good guy. Stay out of his business with Mandy."

Janet furrowed her brow, remembering her encounters with Locke. She silently concurred with Brandon's advice.

Despite Locke's seemingly mild demeanor, he was far from innocent. A bit of a smooth-talking scoundrel, making people instinctively steer clear.

Janet nodded compliantly. "Got it."

She mumbled under her breath, "Me and Locke, we've got no ties. Of course, I won't get involved in his business."

As she spoke, Locke's somber face flashed in her mind, sending a shiver down her spine.

Suddenly, she snapped back to reality, locking eyes with Brandon. "Locke doesn't seem like a good guy. You think he might push Mandy into something?"

Brandon furrowed his brow, advising, "Stay out of other people's love dramas."

Janet shot a glare at Brandon, opting to stay silent.

Soon, the car entered the familiar villa area, and only then did Janet fully grasp the situation.


"Why are we at your place? I.. I'm heading to my parents' house. Pull over, please," Janet told the driver.

The driver ignored her request, parking the car in the yard.

Brandon hopped out, swung open the door, and yanked the reluctant Janet out of the car.

Seeing Brandon's dark expression, Janet sensed

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trouble. She furrowed her brow and said, "I... I'm leaving."

She turned to leave, but Brandon snagged her again.

A faint smirk played on his somber face. Leaning in close to Janet, he whispered in her ear, breath heavy, "You think I'd let you walk away now that you're here?"