

Chapter 1947 One Million Dollars

Brandon shook his head firmly. "No way I'm letting you out of my sight. Whatever happens, I'm staying."

Janet's frown deepened. Brandon's protectiveness felt suffocating. It made her feel like she was a burden. ①

Sensing her emotions, Brandon smiled gently, taking her hands. "Relax, don't read too much into it. You'll never be a burden. In fact, knowing you're safe lets me focus entirely on what's ahead."

Despite his logic, Janet suspected his words were meant to ease her concerns.

Brandon continued, "If I leave, I'll be constantly worried about someone kidnapping you now that everyone knows you're my weak spot."

Janet flushed under his sincere gaze. "Then I'll return to my parents' place. Their villa is definitely secure. You wouldn't have to worry."

Brandon pondered for a moment. "Then I'll take you myself. There's no progress on finding Julian, and the company can wait."

Janet agreed with a nod. After a quick discussion about the studio, they drove back to the White

family villa.

High atop Barnes' prestigious private plastic surgery hospital, a lavish VIP suite, occupying half the top floor, reeked of blood. Julian, bloodied and battered from a car accident, was dragged in by two suited bodyguards in sunglasses.

A man sat on the sofa, his face obscured by bandages. He recoiled in disgust at the bloody sight.

One of the bodyguards apologized. "Apologies, sir! We'll clean him right away!"

The man waved them off irritably. "Leave it. Waste of time. Just wake him up."

A kick to the gut from one of the bodyguards jolted Julian awake.

He struggled to raise his bloodied eyes to the bandaged figure. "Who are you? What do you want?"

The figure sneered. "Forgotten me already? After I gave you all that cash for the little job?"

Julian mumbled weakly, "One million... I remember you now. You are the one who wanted to make the deal."

The man's smile stretched wide, cruel and arrogant. "You did a good job before, Julian. Now, finish the final transaction, and that hefty sum is all yours."

Fear prickled at Julian. He stammered, "But..."

"Having second thoughts? Is one million not enough?"
The man's voice hardened.

"No, no, not at all!" Julian blurted. "A million dollars is more than enough for a comfortable life back home. I'd be happy with it. I'm just curious. Who exactly are you?" Julian's voice trembled, and he couldn't bring himself to look the man in the eye.

The man remained silent, but his assistant interjected coldly, "His identity is irrelevant. All you need to know is this: complete the final task, and you can disappear back to your peaceful life."