

Chapter 1649 Do Not Try To Get Rid Of Me

With furrowed brows, Brandon accepted the phone that Sean handed him and shot a cold glance in his direction. At that moment, Sean almost melted into the corner of his seat, pretending not to notice.

Brandon recognized the need for a delicate approach and spoke before the call could be abruptly ended.

"Honey."

On the other end of the line, just as Janet was on the brink of hanging up, she caught Brandon's voice, and her unease gradually ebbed away.

"Brandon, are you finally willing to pick up the phone? You almost had me convinced you wanted to call it quits."

Janet's tone carried a hint of irritation, stemming from Brandon's prior negligence in answering her calls.

"I'm sorry, honey. My phone was being tracked, so I left it in the office and didn't take it with me. It wasn't my intention to ignore your calls."

Brandon's voice softened considerably, and Sean, seated beside him, watched with a helpless expression.

"It's my fault. I should have informed you. Next time, I'll give you a heads-up and make sure you're never left worrying like this again. Can you forgive me this time?"

The anger in Janet's heart subsided considerably. "Considering how sincere you are with your timely apology, I'll forgive you this time."

Sean was taken aback by the unexpected turn of events. He hadn't anticipated Brandon's ability to quell Janet's anger so swiftly.

Moments ago, Janet's tone had given Sean the impression that she was ready to pounce.

With her anger abated, Janet began to fret over Brandon's safety.

Worry etched her voice as she asked, "So where are you now? What's your plan? Are you in any danger?"

Brandon offered a patient, reassuring smile as he responded, "I'm currently in the one of the cars you mentioned. My men have tracked Jeremy's whereabouts, and I'm concerned, so I'm going to assess the situation in person."

"Humph!" Janet emitted a soft, knowing snort. "I had a feeling my intuition was right."

With an affectionate smile, Brandon said earnestly, "Honey, head home for now and wait for my updates. Jeremy poses a significant threat, and I haven't brought many people with me. If I were to encounter him, there'd be no

one to protect you. I can't bear the thought of you getting hurt."

"You don't need to worry about my safety. I've got a plan." Concerned that she might be prevented from joining, Janet rushed to add, "I'll take care of myself."

Turning to the driver, Janet instructed, "Sir, please stay close to that vehicle. Don't lose sight of it."

"Janet—"

"Brandon, don't even think about trying to shake me off. I told you I'm concerned about you. I have to go with you," Janet explained with a warm smile.

Brandon's brows knitted together. He understood that no one could dissuade Janet when she set her mind to something. So, he replied deliberately, "If you're not going home, then I won't either. I'll return with my men right away."

Compared to pursuing Jeremy, he was even more unwilling to put Janet in harm's way.

Chapter 1650 Don't Be Like That, Janet

Janet's heart fluttered as she sensed Brandon's deep concern for her.

Deep down, she understood Brandon's fear of her facing peril in her pursuit of Jeremy.

Yet, the urgency of capturing Jeremy loomed large. She couldn't let Brandon forfeit this chance on her account.

A hushed pause fell over their phone call, each seemingly waiting for the other to decide.

Soon, Janet's voice broke the silence.

"The White family isn't far off from here. If it's a matter of safety, I can reach out to my parents for bodyguards," Janet proposed earnestly. "We'll have enough time, and the White family's guards are sure to keep me safe."

As she spoke, Janet multitasked, swiftly texting Beal to mobilize the White family's bodyguards with utmost urgency.

Yet, Brandon's unease lingered. His face mirrored his reluctance. "I'm not convinced. Please, head back first," he urged, his voice firm and brooking no argument.

"Brandon..." Janet's voice softened, laced with a tender plea. "Please, let me come. My worry

for you is overwhelming."

Realizing her words weren't swaying him, Janet coaxed him over the phone.

Brandon exhaled deeply, his eyes reflecting helplessness, yet his voice stayed tender. "Don't be like that, Janet."

"I promise to stay at a safe distance, just waiting for you. I won't go near Jeremy, okay?"

Her voice remained gentle, like a kitten delicately reaching out, playfully tugging at Brandon's heartstrings.

"Alright." Brandon finally conceded to her wish.

A wave of elation washed over Janet at his agreement. Soon after, Brandon's voice came through once more.

"But promise me, keep our distance to at least one kilometer. Can you manage that?"

"Absolutely, no issue."

Janet recognized the magnitude of Brandon's compromise and readily agreed.

Following their agreement, they ended the call.

Meanwhile, Beal became anxious and troubled upon reading Janet's message.

In a bid to safeguard Janet, Beal swiftly dispatched more than ten elite bodyguards to rendezvous with her.

Soon, a convoy of vans sped along the highway, proceeding in a disciplined manner.

After an agonizing wait of over ten minutes, the convoy of bodyguards finally drew near, a sight that brought a flicker of relief to Janet's eyes.

Upon glimpsing the protective entourage, Janet's driver exhaled a deep, tension-easing sigh of relief.

Similarly, a wave of calm washed over Janet, soothing her frayed nerves.

Indeed, the presence of these vigilant bodyguards not only fortified her safety but also bolstered the likelihood of Brandon's success.

Absorbed in contemplation, Janet's gaze drifted to her phone's screen; she realized Brandon's car had already distanced itself significantly.

With a furrow of her brows, Janet commanded the driver, "Speed up, let's catch up."

The driver found himself ensnared in a quandary, voicing his concern. "But didn't Mr. Larson expressly ask us to maintain a distance?"