

Chapter 1598 Janet Is Jealous

Within the vast expanse of the mansion's living room, Brandon, with an air of authority, entered and gracefully handed his coat to the maid. He cast a displeased glance at the butler, inquiring in a low tone, "Has something happened with Audrey?"

Quick to pick up on Brandon's vexation, the butler immediately approached, regret evident in his demeanor. Without any excuses, he admitted, "My sincerest apologies, Mr. Larson. Miss Larson remained adamant about awaiting your return in the garden. I fear she may have suffered a sunstroke in the process. It was a grave oversight on my part not to ensure her comfort. I am prepared for any reprimand you see fit."

Janet, who had been engrossed in a design book after a personal send-off for Mandy, looked up, genuine surprise mixed with a hint of amusement dancing in her eyes. "She lingered in the garden throughout the afternoon?"

With a reluctant nod, the butler sighed. "Despite my repeated efforts to persuade Miss Larson, she was insistent on waiting there for Mr. Larson. It's beyond

my comprehension, really."

The butler couldn't shake the feeling that Audrey seemed to have been crafting an elaborate performance for Brandon.

Janet, intending to mediate the situation, spoke in a placatory manner to Brandon, saying, "You shouldn't hold it against him. I, too, tried reasoning with Miss Larson. She was just unyielding in her desire to speak with you."

Brandon, his brow furrowed deeper, responded, "So, you had a word with her as well?" A flash of recollection brought back memories of Audrey's divisive remarks.

Unaware of Audrey's machinations, Janet affirmed, "Yes, she emphasized the urgency regarding her mother's affairs. Speaking of which, has she indeed suffered a sunstroke? How grave is her condition?"

Exhaling deeply, Brandon replied while rubbing his temple, "I've dispatched the family doctor to assess her. She should be in capable hands."

Though not particularly fond of Audrey, Janet felt a touch of relief. "That's heartening. On another note, how do you intend to proceed with the burial of Miss Larson's mother?"

Releasing his tie and allowing it to dangle loosely, Brandon replied, "Follow her directive—bury her ashes alongside my mother." He then turned his

attention to the butler, adding, "Make the necessary arrangements for Alina's funeral. I want the interment by sunrise. We need closure."

The butler hesitated momentarily, then cautiously inquired, "Mr. Larson, can we be absolutely certain about Alina's relation to your mother? Could there be any hidden agendas?"

Maintaining a stern gaze, Brandon responded affirmatively, "I had it verified. Alina was indeed kin to my mother."

Though aware of the familial ties, Brandon harbored a lingering indifference towards Alina due to past family estrangements.

Acknowledging Brandon's assertion, the butler intoned with a note of resignation, "The arrangements will be executed posthaste. Your wishes will be honored, Mr. Larson."

As the butler was about to exit, Brandon casually called out, "Hey, make sure those bodyguards keep an eagle eye on Audrey tonight. And tell her to stick to the guest room. No sightseeing tours in the mansion, alright? After tomorrow's ceremony, she hops on the next carriage out; no detours to the mansion, understood?"

The butler left, and a weight seemed to lift from Brandon's shoulders.

He swiveled around, eager to envelop Janet in one of

his signature hugs, only to be met with a graceful sidestep.

"Whoa, what just happened there?" Brandon mumbled, a little taken aback by her dodge, "No love for the hug?"

Janet, gracefully perched on the other side of the sofa, gave him an amused smirk. "Well, let's see. Audrey voyages miles on end just to see you, and you're practically giving her the boot. Little heartbroken, are we?"

Brandon, visibly aggrieved, slid next to Janet and playfully pinched her cheek. "Hey now, what's this? Jealous much? You think there's something cooking between me and Audrey?"

Janet gave an exaggerated roll of her eyes and said, "Oh, come on! It's just that your cousin seems super clingy. Wants all this face-to-face chitchat. Lock her up in the guest room, and who knows? Maybe she'll start singing the blues."

Brandon's chuckles were cut short when Janet, feigning annoyance, swatted away his hand. She mockingly huffed, "Hands off, mister! Go console your dear cousin."

Janet's playful banter hid a deeper unease. Every time she thought of Mandy's gossip from earlier, a knot formed in her stomach. She trusted Brandon, but those little whispers of doubt still sent her heart

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into an unsettling flutter.

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