

Chapter 1608 The Mastermind Behind The...

Audrey, the palpable fear in her heart evident in her eyes, pressed her lips into a thin line. Tears welled up but didn't fall; she shot a helpless, pleading glance at Brandon.

With deliberate steps, Brandon approached Audrey, his every stride dripping with restrained disdain. His voice was cold, yet it had a low melodic note that hinted at a dangerous calm. "Audrey, enlighten me. Where did you find that drug?"

She stuttered, her voice barely a whisper, the façade of innocence etched onto her face, "Drug? I really don't know what you're talking about."

Brandon tilted his head ever so slightly, an almost amused glint in his eyes. "Care to jog your memory about that bottle on my nightstand?"

A shiver cascaded down Audrey's spine. She hadn't accounted for Brandon's uncanny attentiveness. The mere detail of a tiny bottle, yet he hadn't missed it.

The realization hit: he was a force to be reckoned with.

She took a shaky breath, the color draining from her face. "The one who handed it over... they wore a

mask. I couldn't make out any features."

Her eyes, wide and earnest, desperately tried to convey her sincerity. "It's the truth! I couldn't see who it was."

Brandon chuckled softly, the sound a curious mix of skepticism and amusement. "I highly doubt you'd have the nerve to weave tales now. So tell me, what's the real story behind your oh-so-timely appearance in my life?"

The dots connected too conveniently for him: Audrey showing up just as Jeremy vanished, him coming back to town, and her pitch-perfect solution to his predicament.

He was convinced there was more beneath the surface.

Audrey's voice wavered. "After my mother passed, she had one wish: to rest beside my aunt. I've been settling her affairs. Once everything was sorted, I sought you out."

Brandon smirked, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Odd. As I recall, you claimed Alina's inheritance in no time at all after her demise. And here we are, months later. Did the fortunes perhaps slip through your fingers?"

Audrey's complexion took on an ashen hue. She bit down hard on her lip, cornered and at a loss for words.

The facts were irrefutable; a mere inquiry would lay it all bare.

The evening was accentuated by the silent graveyard ambiance, the hush of the wind, and the distant, eerie call of an owl, setting a spine-chilling stage.

Despite the fear gripping Audrey and the unease evident in the bodyguards, Brandon remained an island of calm amidst the storm.

He prompted once more, his voice a soft but insistent whisper in the wind, "So, Audrey, why are you truly here? Who sent you my way?"

Audrey's eyes brimmed with tears, her lower lip quivering between her teeth. The weight of her actions pressed heavily on her heart, causing her to swallow back any words that threatened to expose her deceit.

Brandon, sensing her hesitance, softly tilted his head and, with a gentle, almost melancholic smile, said, "Audrey, won't you share your thoughts?"

His eyes, half-closed, shielded a storm of emotions just beneath the surface. With a casual flick of his wrist, he said, "Perhaps this help you think. Let her feel the earth."

Two guards moved swiftly, placing Audrey delicately in the pit they had dug earlier. The sound of earth hitting the ground was a quiet, haunting rhythm in the silence that enveloped them.

"No! Please! I beg you!" Audrey's voice was a heart-wrenching blend of panic and regret. "I made a mistake! Can't anyone hear me? Help! Please, somebody!"

One of the guards, who had shown earlier hints of sympathy for her plight, couldn't help but voice his concern again. He gently said, "Sir, are we really sure about going down this road? Audrey may have messed up, but she's family. Surely there's another way to handle this." 1