

Chapter 1451 The Familiar Fragrance

Janet cast a panicked look out the window, moving closer to Brandon. "They're on motorcycles. They're too fast!"

Brandon immediately went on high alert. With one hand, he spun the steering wheel; with the other, he drew Janet close, pressing her head against his thigh and holding her tightly.

Outside the passenger window, a group of men clad in black on motorcycles steadily closed the gap, attempting to force the taxi to a halt.

It was clear these men had no intention of letting them go without a fight!

With Janet secured in his arms, Brandon floored the gas pedal. The aged, second-hand vehicle strained to weave through traffic, barely evading the pursuit of the black-clad

riders.

Janet attempted to lift her head to assess the situation, but Brandon pushed her back down. "Stay down," he commanded.

His stern tone sent Janet's heart racing with anxiety, and she stayed put, hunkered down against his thigh.

Simultaneously steering and gripping Janet, Brandon quickly pulled out his phone and messaged his team for backup. Meanwhile, a motorcycle closed in on their position.

Catching sight of the approaching biker, a deadly smile tugged at Brandon's lips. He swiftly turned the wheel, pulling a drift that knocked the motorcycle off balance.

However, more motorcycles swarmed in their direction.

Brandon floored the accelerator, weaving through traffic to shake off one motorcycle after another trying to encroach upon them.

But their old taxi was no match for the speed of the motorcycles. Despite Brandon's skillful maneuvering, they could only hold out for so

long. Eventually, they were cornered by several speeding motorcycles and brought to a stop.

Despite the halt, Janet wasn't overly frightened.

Lying against Brandon's thigh, she was enveloped by his cool and comforting scent. It was a familiar fragrance that made her feel incredibly safe—as if his mere presence could keep her safe from all danger.

Suddenly, a gunshot ripped through the air, shattering Janet's reverie.

Startled, she covered her ears and shrieked. Trembling, she glanced around to find the car window reduced to a spiderweb of cracks.

"Don't look." Brandon's deep voice echoed above her. He gently pressed her back down with his warm hand, his voice reassuring. "Close your eyes. Don't worry, I'll handle it."

Obediently, Janet closed her eyes. A peculiar thought crossed her mind—why was she so compliant with this stranger's commands?

Before Janet could delve deeper into this

quandary, the situation outside escalated. Gunfire and the screams of terrified bystanders filled the air.

It was clear that their black-clad pursuers had grown more reckless, unconcerned about involving innocent bystanders.

Though everyone in the car remained unscathed, Janet could still detect the metallic scent of blood wafting in through the shattered window.

Brandon, too, noted the recklessness of their black-clad pursuers and furrowed his brow in concern. "We can't stay here. It will endanger innocent bystanders. Brace yourself, we need to break out of this encirclement."

Janet clung tightly to Brandon, her chest brimming with fear and anxiety. Her voice trembled as she pleaded, "You have to stay safe."

Keeping an eye on the unfolding chaos outside, Brandon smoothly avoided several attempts to box them in. He gently brushed his fingers through Janet's hair, murmuring

softly, "Close your eyes."

The soothing baritone of the man's voice made Janet instinctively comply. Her nerves slightly eased, she whispered, "Okay."

As Brandon floored the gas pedal, the battered car lurched forward. His chuckle filled the air as he spun the steering wheel, complimenting, "Good girl."

His tender words stirred something in Janet, her heart pounding with a thrill she couldn't explain. A blush bloomed on her cheeks as she realized that she was once again obeying this man's instructions, despite having known him for less than a day!

Internally, Janet chastised herself for her vulnerability, her inability to resist a handsome face. But the more she pondered over it, the more her face flushed, turning as red as a beet.

Oblivious to Janet's internal turmoil, Brandon remained focused on the scene outside, his eyes cool and detached. With deft maneuvering, he steered the car towards an

opening, successfully intimidating the two motorcycles attempting to block their way.

Brandon expertly navigated through the traffic, heading towards a less congested area.

The echo of gunshots and the sharp tinkling of broken glass rang out. Janet's heart pounded fiercely in her chest; were it not for Brandon's presence, she would've surely screamed in fear.

As the sounds of city traffic receded, the roar of motorcycles and gunfire was left far behind, their threatening clamor fading into the distance under Brandon's expert driving.