

## Chapter 1607 Suspecting Her Identity

Why were they digging a hole in the cemetery at this hushed hour?

Audrey's eyes expanded in paralyzing fear. Her once rosy complexion transformed, taking on the pallor of winter's first snow, and her body convulsed in uncontrollable shivers. Desperation urged her to scream, but an effective gag stifled her cries, leaving her with only heart-wrenching sobs that echoed her despair.

In this ethereal moment, Audrey felt like a delicate petal, trapped in the unrelenting gust of fate, awaiting inevitable doom. Her frantic attempts to resist felt tragically futile.

Fear, an intense, omnipresent sensation, embraced her.

Glimpses of tales hinting at Brandon's darker side had once reached her ears. However, his chivalrous interactions with Janet had bewitched her, creating a mirage of benevolence that muddled her perception. Envy and unrestrained passion blinded her to reality, making her yearn for a sliver of that same affection.

Now, face to face with Brandon's chillingly callous demeanor, she was struck by the weight of her misjudgments, realizing the potency of the storm she had inadvertently invited.

A fleeting emotion, perhaps compassion, seemed to stir within one of the bodyguards. He hesitated, uncertainty marking his features, and ventured, "Mr. Larson, isn't this going too far? She's just a girl and not deserving of such a grave fate."

At this potential reprieve, Audrey's heart raced, her muffled cries resurging, as if trying to reach out and plead directly with Brandon, begging for a moment of mercy.

Yet, with an air of nonchalance, Brandon simply said, "Continue your work. Should you falter, you know where the exit is."

The sheer dominance of his presence rendered any protest mute. The digging resumed with newfound urgency.

A frigid breeze swirled, causing the leaves to whisper tales of sorrow, as if mourning spirits roamed the very earth. Each gravestone cast eerie shadows, their silhouettes reminiscent of hands reaching out from another world, making the ambiance profoundly haunting.

Fear, so thick it was nearly palpable, consumed Audrey. The pungent aroma of ancient decay

Now, face to face with Brandon's chillingly callous demeanor, she was struck by the weight of her misjudgments, realizing the potency of the storm she had inadvertently invited.

A fleeting emotion, perhaps compassion, seemed to stir within one of the bodyguards. He hesitated, uncertainty marking his features, and ventured, "Mr. Larson, isn't this going too far? She's just a girl and not deserving of such a grave fate."

At this potential reprieve, Audrey's heart raced, her muffled cries resurging, as if trying to reach out and plead directly with Brandon, begging for a moment of mercy.

Yet, with an air of nonchalance, Brandon simply said, "Continue your work. Should you falter, you know where the exit is."

The sheer dominance of his presence rendered any protest mute. The digging resumed with newfound urgency.

A frigid breeze swirled, causing the leaves to whisper tales of sorrow, as if mourning spirits roamed the very earth. Each gravestone cast eerie shadows, their silhouettes reminiscent of hands reaching out from another world, making the ambiance profoundly haunting.

Fear, so thick it was nearly palpable, consumed Audrey. The pungent aroma of ancient decay

seemed to draw nearer, its eventual embrace a ghastly inevitability.

"Waah... Waah!"

Driven by sheer survival instinct, Audrey, with Herculean effort, expelled the gag from her mouth, her voice erupting in a desperate cry.

"Please! Forgive my transgressions! Someone, anyone! Help me!"

Her raw and haunting shrieks echoed, enveloping the surrounding stillness, causing even the steely bodyguards to halt, a cocktail of dread and empathy reflecting in their eyes.

A slight crease formed on Brandon's brow, clearly displeased. A subtle nod signaled a bodyguard's approach.

"No! No!" Panicking, Audrey's voice reached a shrill pitch. "I admit my mistakes, Brandon! I'm begging you! Please, I..."

But before her desperate entreaties could fully form, silence was ruthlessly imposed upon her once more, and the gag was refashioned even more cruelly this time.

The ominous cadence of digging echoed, casting long, sinister shadows in the desolate cemetery under the velvet expanse above.

Audrey's struggles persisted, though largely ignored. Just when the depths of hopelessness seemed most

profound, the grating sound of a shovel on earth mercifully ended.

By her side lay an open chasm.

In a voice that was eerily serene, Brandon uttered, "Free her voice."

The guard gently removed the cloth that restrained Audrey's voice, revealing her quivering lips. But instead of the screams, an eerie silence prevailed. She recognized, with heartbreaking clarity, that her cries would simply get lost in the vast emptiness of the night. Her only remaining card to play was the hope that, through acquiescence and submission, Brandon might yet find a shred of mercy for her.

Brandon's eyes, as cold as the depths of winter, met hers. His voice, though low, carried the weight of centuries and was foreboding, akin to a legendary creature on the prowl. "Is there something you wish to share before time runs out? Choose your words wisely; they may be your last."

Audrey's eyes darted towards the gaping pit beside her, its mere presence causing her heart to thud erratically against her ribcage.

As moments passed and clarity battled with panic, she finally whispered with a voice that was a mere shadow of her former self, "Brandon... Out of respect for our shared bloodline, I'm begging you to let me vanish from your world forever. I plead for mercy."

Crouching to level with her, Brandon's silhouette cast an even more imposing shadow over Audrey. He queried, somewhat amused, "Are you really my cousin?"

A shiver ran down Audrey's spine as she stammered, trying to regain some composure, "I am your cousin. You knew it, didn't you?"

A flicker of revulsion momentarily darkened Brandon's sharp gaze. "Your machinations towards family are truly detestable. You should feel ashamed of yourself."

Each pointed word from Brandon felt like a dagger to Audrey, further cementing her despair.

She replied, her voice laden with regret and desolation, "I regret every moment. My affection for you blurred the lines of propriety. My heart led me down this twisted path. I only ask for a chance to right my wrongs. Please, Brandon..."

Yet, regardless of Audrey's impassioned pleas, Brandon's face remained an emotionless mask. His voice, laced with a tinge of exasperation, broke through her sobs. "Enough!"