

Chapter 1601

Confrontation

Audrey's lips curled into a wickedly triumphant smirk, watching the bodyguard's rapidly retreating form. An aura of menacing, almost fanatical glee oozed from her very being.

The bodyguard stationed by the door shifted uneasily. Despite his years in this line of work and witnessing countless harrowing scenarios, Audrey's cold laughter sent an unexpected shiver down his spine. He mentally noted, "This woman... She's entirely unhinged."

"Miss Larson," he began, his voice a soothing contrast to the tension in the room. "Maybe it's best if you head back inside? Whenever Mrs. Larson is ready, you'll be the first to know."

Audrey, her objective met, had no intention of entertaining these guards any further.

She cast a dismissive, almost pitying look at him, smirked, and, with a flourish, shut the door with a resounding thud.

Time seemed to drag on in the silence of the room,

but soon the door creaked open, revealing Janet, looking effortlessly graceful in her silk nightgown and chic overcoat.

Taking a seat, she nonchalantly inquired, "Miss Larson, you seemed quite keen to share something. What might it be?"

Janet's beauty wasn't lost on Audrey, and an unmistakable flash of envy darted across her eyes.

She couldn't help but think about how this woman, growing up in an impoverished environment, managed to ensnare her beloved Brandon.

Janet, sensing the prolonged scrutiny but hearing no words, began to lose patience. "Miss Larson," she remarked with a hint of irritation, "if there's nothing pressing, I really should be off."

Suddenly snapping back to the moment, Audrey attempted to reign in her jealousy. With a sly, almost predatory grin, she gracefully stood, deliberately closing the gap between them.

"Janet, I wouldn't have disturbed you at this hour without good reason. I've just been pondering how best to broach the topic."

Janet involuntarily wrinkled her nose as Audrey's overpowering perfume wafted over. "Miss Larson," she said with forced patience, "please, if you've got something on your mind, out with it. I do need my

sleep." ①

Audrey, clearly enjoying having the upper hand, replied with a teasing lilt, "Worried, Janet? In your own house? With guards just outside? I wouldn't dream of causing harm."

Her gaze, now keen and scrutinizing, wandered over Janet. After what felt like an eternity, she softly uttered, "Do you recall the circumstances surrounding your... lost memories?"

The weight of Audrey's words bore down on Janet. The atmosphere grew thick and palpable, almost as though the very walls were leaning in to listen. Janet felt her throat tighten; the simple act of drawing a breath now seemed Herculean. She clutched the edge of the table so fiercely that her fingers transformed into stark white talons.

"What... what are you implying? Only a select few even know about my amnesia."

Brandon ran the villa with meticulous precision. The very idea that a servant or even one of the bodyguards would gossip about something so personal was laughable. The thought of someone from the outside knowing was even more ludicrous. The circle that knew of her memory loss was minuscule.

So how had this piece of information fallen into

Audrey's lap?

A horrific realization began to creep up on Janet, and her entire countenance shifted.

Could it be? Was Audrey in cahoots with Jeremy? ①

Audrey's sinister chuckle cut through Janet's reverie. "Surprised I know about your little secret? It's shocking, isn't it?"

Her voice dripping with condescension, she added, "Do you ever wonder, my dear Janet, how it all slipped away?"


Janet's heart thudded loudly in her chest, a cacophonous drum against the eerie stillness of the room.

But she willed herself to wear a mask of indifference. "My past is a blank slate, and I've accepted that. What I've built now is happiness. Whatever reasons there were for my memory loss, they're inconsequential now."

Audrey leaned in, her voice a hushed whisper full of pity. "Oh, really? That's such a shame. I genuinely believed you'd want to unearth the cause of your mysterious memory loss."

The air in the room grew heavy, pressing down on Janet. Her intuition screamed at her to escape this stifling space.

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 +120 Points at most

Pushing her chair back, Janet stood gracefully, her voice dripping with ice. "Well, if that's all you've got, I should retire. Sleep well."

But as she turned on her heel, a sudden vice-like grip on her arm stopped her.

Audrey's voice, dripping with menace, was a cruel whisper against Janet's ear. "Leaving so soon, Janet? I've barely begun."