

Chapter 1610 Have You Taken A Fancy To Her

Just beyond the eerie borders of the graveyard, Brandon lounged casually beside his polished car, immersed in his phone. Blue light from the screen illuminated his face as he methodically coordinated the details of an impending press conference.

The surrounding cemetery, steeped in the darkest hour of the night, seemed almost otherworldly, akin to the abysmal depths of purgatory. Its silence was chillingly profound, devoid of even the faintest glimmer.

Yet, amidst this near-total silence, Audrey's distant cries of anguish managed to reach Brandon's ears, haunting him like a mournful, ghostly lullaby.

Remarkably, his face remained as stoic and unyielding as a marble statue, seemingly unmoved by the tormented voice echoing in the dark.

The bodyguard, who had earlier shown a flicker of empathy for Audrey, hesitated a moment before finding the courage to approach. He wore an expression of gentle concern as he ventured, "Mr. Larson, is it truly the right thing to do to abandon her here?"

Turning to the bodyguard, Brandon inquired with a hint of irony, "Do you doubt my judgment?"

Stammering slightly under Brandon's piercing gaze, the bodyguard managed to reply, "No, sir. It's just that she's so young, and her pleas—they're heartbreaking. Moreover, I heard her express her willingness to divulge everything. Perhaps, for humanity's sake, might we offer her a final reprieve?"

With a soft laugh that didn't quite reach his eyes, Brandon teased, "Have you taken a fancy to her, then? Would you like me to gift her to you?"

Though the words were light, the icy undercurrent was palpable, colder than the surrounding graves. The very air around Brandon seemed to thicken with tension.

Visibly flustered, the bodyguard quickly stammered, "You misunderstand, Mr. Larson! I'd never harbor such sentiments!"

Raising an eyebrow, Brandon pursued the topic, his voice smooth but edged with menace. "Then why, pray tell, does her fate concern you so deeply?"

Taking a deep breath to steady his nerves, the bodyguard hurriedly confessed, "She reminds me of my girlfriend. Every scream, every plea—it's like hearing her. It pains me to witness someone who bears such a resemblance to my girlfriend suffering like this."

"Empathy," Brandon mused with a sardonic grin, "is a curious emotion. Let me remind you: even a seemingly innocent girl can be cruel sometimes."

With a heavy sigh, the bodyguard bowed deeply. "I realize now that I've been overly sentimental. Please discipline me as you see fit."

Waving him off dismissively, Brandon responded coolly, "You'll be reassigned to one of our branches. Your tenderheartedness has no place here."

That simple declaration felt like a sledgehammer blow. "The branch? But, sir..." the bodyguard began, the weight of the realization sinking in.

He was acutely aware of the vast chasm between the prestige of headquarters and the obscurity of a branch. An assignment there was tantamount to professional exile.

Brandon's voice cut through the night with finality. "I need unwavering loyalty and impartiality. You, unfortunately, lack the fortitude required. Consider this a lesson in professionalism."

The bodyguard, initially poised to persist with his appeals, seemed to deflate as Brandon's decision hung in the air. He paused, taking a deep breath to gather his thoughts, and then gently bowed his head in quiet resignation.

"Understood, Mr. Larson," he murmured.

As the hours ticked by, the sky began its subtle

transformation. The very first hints of dawn painted the horizon in delicate hues of pastel, a dance of soft lilacs and pinks. Here and there, a few tenacious stars clung to the sky, their twinkle muted by the encroaching light of day.

Stifling a yawn and stretching his shoulders, Brandon signaled to his team to follow him as he ventured back toward the cemetery.

By now, Audrey's once-rosy complexion had adopted an alarming shade of blue, evidence of her desperate struggle for air. Her breaths came in ragged gasps, and every ounce of her energy was channeled into staying conscious.

The gentle rustling of leaves and soft footsteps drew her attention, and she mustered the strength to raise her head.

Upon seeing a familiar silhouette inching closer, a flicker of hope ignited in her eyes. It was as if, amidst the crushing weight of her situation, she'd sighted a far-off rescue beacon.

With a voice made tremulous by emotion and exhaustion, she beseeched, "Brandon, listen. I'll unveil every secret and every hidden detail you seek. I implore you. Grant me mercy."