

Chapter 1612 Signs Of Cosmetic Alteration

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Desperately, she tried to maintain a semblance of calm, though the tremor in her voice gave away her unease. "Brandon," she began, her words tripping over each other, "I was just trying to..."

Brandon replied, his voice gentle yet edged with seriousness, "Now's not the time for games. Just be honest."

The consequences that could have ensued had he succumbed to Audrey's seduction was beyond his imagination. How a single indiscretion could've caused an irreversible rift, especially if Janet had stumbled upon it.

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Yet, the audaciousness of Audrey donning Janet's apparel and laying on their bed stirred a tempest of revulsion within him.

The depth of his displeasure was unmistakable, reflected in his narrowed eyes.

And in that moment, Audrey's memory jogged back to Janet's words.

To him, she was just a shadow. No matter how alluring she might be, Brandon would never waver. Once, she thought such loyalty absurd, assuming all men had their Achilles' heel. How starkly she had been mistaken.

And now, she found herself half buried in the ground, tortured and pressured to reveal the truth. It was both pathetic and ridiculous.

With a fleeting hint of sheepishness evident, Audrey cleared her throat. "Brandon, before the truth of our kinship surfaced, I harbored a deep affection for you. But last night, Janet's words struck a nerve, causing a lapse in my judgment and driving me to this misguided scheme."

Brandon, without uttering a word, kept his focused gaze on her. Every nuance and every emotion she displayed was transparent to him.

Audrey, sensing his skepticism, hastily added, "I promise you, never again will I indulge in such thoughtless escapades. Brandon, believe me, I've learned. Please, I beg your understanding!"

Standing up, Brandon responded with a sigh, "I gave you the chance once. Since you didn't appreciate that, you'll see a side of me you won't like."

The blood drained from Audrey's face. "What do you imply? Every word I've spoken has been true! Can't

you see the family resemblance in my features? Doesn't my face echo your mother's? How can such resemblance exist without blood ties?"

Brandon looked at her, his expression a blend of pity and disdain. "You thought I wouldn't notice?"

Confusion danced in Audrey's eyes. "Notice what exactly?"

She sensed that Brandon was about to expose her biggest secret.

His laugh, devoid of warmth, reverberated. "The subtle yet telltale signs of cosmetic alteration on your face. They may elude the ordinary, but not someone with a medical background."

In a turn of events she hadn't seen coming, Audrey grappled with the realization that Brandon had pierced through her masquerade long before this confrontation.

Taken aback, she hesitated, the enormity of her surprise evident in her wide eyes, and whispered, "Brandon, how long have you known?"

With an expression dripping in derision, he responded, "Did you truly believe that just because you managed to fool ailing Alina, everyone else would blindly follow suit? Tell me, Audrey, who's the actual fool here? You? Or did you assume it was me?"

Audrey's already pale face took on a ghostly hue, mirroring her inner turmoil and dawning dread. "So, if you'd been aware of my facade, why let me play my part within the Larson family? Why not expose me sooner?"

Studying her intently, the chill in Brandon's voice was unmistakable. "I kept you close to unmask the puppeteer pulling your strings. But honestly, I hadn't foreseen such blundering audacity from you; it's reached levels that are insufferable!"

With a heavy heart and eyes misted with regret, Audrey silently lamented her fate.


The truth dawned upon her: Brandon had never been in the dark about her identity. His impassiveness, the coldness he'd displayed, and his extreme act of burying her all made harrowing sense now. How utterly foolish she'd been to think she'd masterfully deceived him.

The weight of the realization bore down on her. Brandon's confrontation likely had only one mission in mind: to unearth the shadowy figure threatening them.


There seemed to be no avenue of escape. Her destiny seemed sealed, with a chilling end imminent.

Bathed in the melancholic light of her grim future, Audrey laughed, her voice resonating with a sad

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irony. "From the onset, it looks like the jester's hat was always on my head..."

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