

Chapter 900 Car Crash

Dalores had no time to get out of the way.

The truck rammed into her car, sending it toppling a few meters away.

The oil tank was punctured in the process, and gasoline steadily flowed out of the vehicle and onto the road. In the next second, a loud explosion occurred, and the car was ablaze. Dark smoke billowed into the night sky as the pungent smell of burning spread in the air.

The other cars screeched to a halt, and several burly men in black suits approached the scene to assess the situation. Dalores was stuck inside the car and her head was bleeding. She lay in a coma, surrounded by raging flames.

The next day.

Brandon had just finished breakfast and was reading the newspaper on the sofa when he received a call from Sean.

"We found Dalores."

Before Brandon could respond, the woman in his arms instantly discarded her magazine and sat up.

"You found her?" Janet exclaimed. "Where is she?"

Because of the paparazzi, Janet decided not to go to W Marks today and work from home instead.

Brandon listened for a while what Sean had to say and hung up the phone. He placed it on the table and resumed reading his paper.

"What happened?" Janet snaked her arm around his and looked up at him with wide, expectant eyes.

"Dalores is dead."

She let out a gasp. "What? How come?"

"It seems that Mrs. Fuller also sent her people to hunt her down. Apparently, Dalores drove on the wrong side of the road to escape the chase, and was eventually hit by a truck." Brandon's tone was cold and methodical. He put down his newspaper to lean over and peck her lips. "This is actually a good thing for her." ①

But Janet was unsettled. She didn't expect Dalores to die from an accident, and so suddenly,

too. 3

As if on cue, the news about the very same accident flashed on the TV screen. The crash was so bad that it had caused a small explosion on the highway, which, in turn, caused a major traffic jam. The camera panned over to the burnt car, where the rescuers were in the process of extracting a burnt body. Naturally, the corpse was censored.

"Don't watch it." Brandon grabbed the remote and turned the TV off. "Dalores was driving. She got herself into this accident. She was reckless and stupid. It has nothing to do with us."

"I understand what you're saying." Janet slowly came back to her senses.

With Dalores' death, this matter was finished. At least for now, anyway. Either way, Janet still had much work to do.

After putting herself back together, Janet collected her purse. "Since Dalores is dead, there's no use in going forward with the lawsuit. I need to go to the studio and tell Tasha to withdraw it."

"It can wait. Why don't you take one more day off and we go out and relax? The cherry blossoms are

in season. Didn't you always want to see them?"

Brandon moved as he spoke, gathering her in his arms and pulling her back to the sofa until they were tangled together.

Janet looked reluctant to stay. "Mr. Wesley asked me to manage W Marks in his absence. I have to take responsibility for my word. I can't back down just because of some tabloid reporters."

Brandon knew that he couldn't change her mind.

He released her and said in a serious tone, "You can go to the studio, but don't be too hard on yourself. You don't have to shoulder everything."

He let out a sigh and added, "Draco is a good man, but he is too softhearted. He has to bear some responsibility for what happened as well. If he had dealt with Dalores as soon as possible, if he had refused to employ that scum in the first place, we could have avoided so many tragedies."

Brandon's brows were furrowed. He didn't like it when a man was indecisive, especially when it was costing other people.

"Well, all right. You can stop talking now. Mr. Wesley has a clear mind and heart. He knew

everything from the beginning. He's simply too kind for his own good." Janet had to admit that Draco was indeed too softhearted.

The thing with Brandon, though, was that he never mixed his emotions with work. He was firm and resolute with his every move, which was also why the Larson Group had grown into the empire that it was today. ³

Regardless, to each his own. Everyone went through different experiences, which played a part in shaping their individual personalities. It wasn't a bad thing entirely that Draco was kind. They couldn't fault him for that.

Brandon snorted and rolled his eyes. He nuzzled the crook of her neck and playfully nipped at her skin. "Honey, why are you always siding with other people instead of your husband?"

"I'm not!" Janet denied vehemently, though her face broke into a wide grin.

Something else occurred to her then. She ran her fingers through Brandon's soft, raven hair. "There's something I want to ask you. That first photo of me and Draco, was Dalores behind that, too?" ⁶

