

Chapter 1534 He Is So Good At Flirting

Brandon's gaze softened as it settled on Janet, radiating affection that touched every corner of her being.

Janet's cheeks warmed under the weight of his loving stare, and she coyly lowered her gaze, a gentle blush creeping up her cheeks.

Just as a tantalizing air of romance began to weave its magic around them, Corinne's sudden shriek shattered the tranquil atmosphere. "Grandpa! Are you okay?" she cried out in terror.

Corinne's alarmed cry jolted Janet, her attention instinctively pivoting towards the origin of the distressing sound.

However, darkness suddenly engulfed her vision before her eyes could fully take in the scene playing out in the distance.

A pair of warm, expansive hands gently masked her eyes, their heat seeping through

her skin and stirring her heartbeat into an erratic rhythm.

"Brandon..." Janet's voice faltered in surprise, a wave of confusion washing over her. "Why are you obstructing my sight?"

Bending down to align with her height, Brandon let his warm breath fan over her ear, a hint of a suppressed smile coloring his voice that had adopted a deeper, icier tone. "I fear the sight might stir fear in you."

Janet's lips curled into a pout upon hearing his words, countering, "I'm not so easily frightened."

Her voice, laced with sweet indignation, stirred a brighter smile on Brandon's face. He murmured soothingly, "You're indeed the bravest, but some sights are unsuited for your delicate eyes. Please, let's avoid this one, shall we?"

His soft reassurances stirred a flush in Janet's cheeks, sending her heart pounding in overdrive. Overwhelmed by shy exhilaration, she could only manage a dazed nod, stammering, "I'll heed your advice."

Witnessing Janet's compliant response, a delighted chuckle bubbled up in Brandon's throat. Shielding her eyes, he enveloped her in his embrace, gently guiding her away from the scene.

Grasping his hand with a hint of trepidation, Janet inquired, "Where are we headed?"

"Oh? What seems to be the problem?" Brandon's hand subtly tightened around Janet's waist, drawing her closer to his comforting presence. "Are you afraid I might auction you off?"

The heat from Brandon's body seeped through her clothing, warming her back as she was pressed against him. This comforting warmth slowly crept up her spine, painting her cheeks with a soft, rosy hue.

"I am aware you won't," she replied softly, her voice barely above a whisper.

"What was that?" Brandon's question hovered in the air, with a curious tilt to his voice as he strained to catch her words.

Gathering a swell of courage, Janet cleared her throat, her voice rising. "I know you

won't. On the contrary, You'll ensure my safety."

Brandon's response was a stunned silence. And then, laughter bubbled up from his throat, warm and rich, as he complimented, "Good girl, your acuity impresses me."

In the midst of their exchange, Brandon halted their progress.

Gently, he removed his hands from her eyes and placed them on her shoulders, guiding her to settle down on a chair.

Blinking in surprise, Janet's gaze swept across her new surroundings. She found herself in a living room, with Frank lounging across from her while Brandon stood at her side, uncapping a bottle of water.

"Hydrate yourself," Brandon murmured, his voice a comforting balm, as he passed her the bottle. "Take a moment to rest."

Frank, upon observing this exchange, couldn't resist ribbing, "Brandon, I've never witnessed such considerate behavior from you. Might you fetch me a bottle of water too?"

Brandon shot him a cool glance and retorted,

"If thirst quenches your throat, help yourself. Have your limbs ceased their function?"

Listening to Brandon's sharp response, Frank's lips curled into a pout as he grumbled lowly, "Clearly, you favor your lady love over a comrade."

Disregarding Frank's grumbling, Brandon refocused his attention on Janet, his voice dropping to a tender register. "You've been on your feet all day. Drink some water to soothe your parched throat."

Janet accepted the bottle but hesitated.

Her fear wasn't rooted in distrust of Brandon but rather in the dangerous company of the Darkmoon. She couldn't help but worry that if the water was tainted, she might unintentionally bring further trouble to Brandon.

Her concerns ushered her hand to place the water back onto the table, her head shaking gently. "Thank you, but I'm not thirsty."

"You're not?" Brandon quirked an eyebrow, leaning in closer to Janet. His smile held a flirtatious glimmer that was dangerously

enchanting.

The palpable tension made Janet flustered, and she stammered, "Wha-what are you doing? Why are you so near to me?"

Brandon reached out, lifting her chin with a casual graze of his fingers, a playful smile dancing on his lips. "Your face is flushed, a sheen of sweat gracing your forehead. I assumed you were feeling warm."

Their faces were so close that Janet could see her own flustered reflection mirrored in the depth of Brandon's dark eyes. The sight caused her blush to deepen, the heat from Brandon's teasing gaze igniting a warmth that engulfed her.

Restlessly shifting in her chair, her mouth fell open, words failing her as she struggled to camouflage her shy disarray.