

Chapter 1609 Buried Alive

Brandon gazed calmly at the guard, a hint of playful mischief in his eyes. "My, my, are you suddenly taken by a charitable spirit?" His voice was light, as though discussing the weather. "Tell you what, since you're feeling so gracious today, how about you take her place?"

Caught off guard, the guard stammered, "I was only... I didn't mean to—"

A cold, teasing chuckle slipped from Brandon's lips. "Ah, the brave should always be ready to follow through. So, the deal's quite straightforward. Someone is destined to spend the night under this soil. Now, you or she, take your pick."

That blunt threat was enough to make the guard swallow his words, retreating a step, regret evident in his eyes.

Audrey had been tracking this exchange closely, the flutters of hope rising and falling with each spoken sentence.

When Brandon's words finally pointed to her impending doom, her voice came out desperate. "Brandon, we share the same bloodline. Doesn't our family bond mean anything to you? Surely you

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When Brandon's words finally pointed to her impending doom, her voice came out desperate. "Brandon, we share the same bloodline. Doesn't our family bond mean anything to you? Surely you believe in karma?"

With a contemplative nod, Brandon agreed, "Indeed, we are family." He paused, letting a hint of softness enter his tone. "So, I promise not to be overly cruel."

Audrey's heart raced, hope flaring once again. "Does that mean you'll let me go?"

The wry smile on Brandon's face spoke volumes. "Oh, certainly not," he mused. "But I can make a small concession."

With a gentle wave, he instructed, "Leave her head out. No need to be overzealous."

He looked around at the hauntingly silent graveyard, a subtle chill in his voice. "This way, if some wandering soul happens upon you, they might lend a hand. If not, you'll experience a slow fade. But hey, at least you'll have some time to think."

A slow fade?

Each word etched deeper fear into Audrey's heart. Her eyes darted around the eerie scene, realizing the odds were bleak.

"This cemetery... No one frequents here for weeks," Brandon added, almost offhandedly.

As her body was gradually submerged, all that remained was her tear-stricken face, gasping for breath and hope.

There was a sad irony in the fact that she wanted to weep, but tears refused to come. Brandon's merciless stance was the last image imprinted in her mind.

After a lingering glance, Brandon and his entourage faded into the shadows, their footsteps growing distant.

Desperation took over as Audrey shouted, her voice echoing eerily, "I'll reveal everything! Every secret, every plan! Just don't leave me here to die! Please, let me go! I'm begging you!"

Her revelation was driven by the sheer, raw fear of the unknown. Even if she had coveted Brandon's wealth, losing her life in this place would render everything meaningless.

Brandon's retreating silhouette blurred into the distance as Audrey's cries grew more haunting.

"Brandon, please, wait... Just hear me out. I promise I'll share everything; just give me another chance."

Her voice, once frantic, now grew subdued, carried away by the winds that roamed through the ancient gravestones. The only testament to her agony were the soft, heart-wrenching sobs that followed.

"You know, I only ever wanted to stand beside you," she murmured, her words dripping with anguish. "Was it such a sin to yearn for that?"

With each word, her anguish seemed to bubble over, culminating in a desperate outburst. "What spell has Janet cast that I lack? Why does she hold your heart when I stand in the shadows? Answer me, Brandon. Why?"


Her voice wavered with vulnerability as she whispered, "If she's barren, I could give you a lineage. I never aimed to take her place, just to gift you a legacy. I didn't do anything wrong! Let me go! Please, let me go!"

Yet, despite her fervent pleas, only the eerie, melancholic cry of an owl responded. Its solemn tune only amplified the sense of desolation that engulfed her.


It dawned on her then, with chilling clarity, that Brandon was truly gone. His absence felt like a void in the vast, sprawling graveyard. The chilly breeze seemed to mock her plight, brushing past her and chilling her to the bone.

A blend of hopelessness and terror washed over her,

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 +120 Points at most

dimming the once vibrant sparkle in her eyes to a mere glimmer, barely holding onto the will to survive.

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