

## Chapter 1611 Who The Hell Are You

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With an eyebrow raised and a devilish smirk etched on his face, Brandon's voice dipped low, oozing with a potent mixture of menace and curiosity. "Audrey, should you choose to weave another lie—" He paused, letting the weight of his words hang. "I assure you, the result will be... unforgettable. Are we on the same page here?"

Audrey's once bright eyes, now clouded with despair, met his gaze. She responded, her voice shaky but genuine, "Loud and clear, Brandon. I've got no more tales to spin. Tell me what you need to know, and I promise that every word will be the unvarnished truth. Just... maybe consider going easy on me?"

In a smooth motion, Brandon gestured subtly. A bodyguard stepped forward, unveiling a collection of photos before Audrey, querying, "Is this the individual who whispered secrets about Mrs. Larson and handed you that potion?"

The photographs were captured vividly, showcasing details so intimate that even Jeremy's pores seemed to be whispering stories.

Drawn into the stark realism of the images, Audrey felt a whirlpool of anxiety and uncertainty envelop her.

Each glance at the photos deepened her sense of dread. The face of the individual who provided her with the potion remained a distant, nebulous memory. And what if her memory betrayed her?

With her anxiety evident in every quiver of her lip and every teardrop's trajectory, she worried. What if her words weren't the balm to soothe Brandon's inflamed suspicions?

Brandon, noticing her hesitation, pierced the silence with a query, his voice carrying the weight of mounting impatience. "Well? Does he look familiar?"

"I, I, I..." Audrey stammered, her words blurred by sobs. "I can't pin him down. The man who approached me always lurked in shadows, his face veiled."

Brandon's stare grew intense, as if he were trying to peer into Audrey's very soul. His voice dropped, thick with warning. "Deception has a price, Audrey. Reflect before you respond."

His words washed over her like an arctic wave. Almost instinctively, she responded with fervor, "Hear me out, Brandon! Our clandestine rendezvous was always marked by his enigmatic attire—a mask

concealing his face and a cloak so black it seemed to swallow all light. But the secrets about you, Janet, and that potion? Straight from the horse's mouth!"

Her ordeal had left indelible scars, both mental and physical.

She teetered on the edge, sensing that another falsehood might be her undoing.

Observing Audrey's pallid complexion, Brandon pieced together the tale of her ordeal. "Alright, Audrey. Focus. Describe this man in the shadows."

Summoning her fragmented memories, Audrey began tentatively, "From the hazy recesses of my mind, I recall... he stood tall, around six feet, I guess. And there was this peculiar stiffness to one shoulder, like a lingering injury. His voice, though... his voice was..."

"All right, that'll do." Brandon's voice was as cool as a gentle stream, but his countenance painted a stark contrast, cloaked in shades of thunderclouds. <sup>1</sup>

From the vague details of a towering stature and a hampered shoulder, he found himself connecting the dots—to Jeremy. "Audrey, I really hope for your sake that every word that's left your lips has been authentic."

Doubt seemed to hang in the air, thick and palpable. Desperate to solidify her claims, Audrey swiftly filled

in the blanks, punctuating every pivotal encounter she had with this elusive figure.

"Brandon, I've spilled it all. Every shadowed meeting, every whispered word. That's all my interactions with him."

A glint of something—perhaps revelation or maybe disbelief—flickered in Brandon's eyes.

The timeline was revealing. Jeremy, orchestrating everything merely hours after the club's fire? It seemed like the act of someone fueled by an irrational vendetta.

As the realization dawned on Brandon that Jeremy was the likely maestro behind Audrey's actions, he let out a contemplative sigh. Without breaking stride, his gaze, razor-sharp and probing, settled on Audrey. "Just one more piece of the puzzle."

Spotting a glimmer of hope, Audrey leaned in, her tone thick with anticipation. "Ask. No secrets here. I'm just hoping you can get me out of here."

Brandon's lips tweaked into a half-smile, the enigma of his thoughts shielded. "Before we proceed, there's something I'm trying to wrap my head around."

He paused, watching the ripples of anxiety spread across her face. "Tell me, who the hell are you?"

A pang of alarm raced through Audrey. Had he

unearthed her real identity?

Her heart drummed loudly, and with a valiant effort, she forced a laugh, attempting to cloak her nerves.

"Come on, Brandon. Who else would I be but your cousin? Let's not get into these jests."

Brandon's reply was slow, each word meticulously chosen and dripping with insinuation. "Really? So, assuming we share the bond of family, explain your animosity towards Janet. And the audacious idea of seducing me. Those aren't cousinly overtures, Audrey, are they?"