

Chapter 1628 A

Premeditated Outbreak

The moment Janet heard Brandon's voice, she walked forward. Suddenly, a loud explosion came from the stage behind them, a cloud of thick white smoke shrouding the area at once.

In an instant, thousands of people broke out into a frenzy, the ground thundering with frantic footsteps as deafening screams filled the air.

"Ah! What happened? Did someone shoot?"

"Why is there smoke? Is there a fire?"

"The smoke smells strange. Is this poisonous gas? Cover your nose, quick!"

Janet was safe from the rampage, having thrown herself into Brandon's arms the instant she heard the explosion. "Did you hear that? Cover your nose. You might breathe the gas in."

"They're talking nonsense." Brandon looked down at Janet. She was covering her mouth and nose with her hands, her face red from holding

her own breath. He couldn't stop a laugh from escaping at the sight.

"You can't be too sure about that. Better safe than sorry. Right now, staying alive is our top priority." Brushing aside his seeming certainty, Janet surveyed the area. White smoke filled the entire hall, impairing their vision. There were only about a few meters of visible space.

Small tremors wracked her frame, and Brandon pulled her closer. "If I said that nothing would go wrong, nothing would go wrong," he reassured her.

Unbeknownst to her, the entire situation was premeditated. The bomb and the smoke were all part of Brandon's plan. There was no immediate danger, but the smoke had temporarily blinded the people there.

Brandon had not budged from where they were standing, and Janet started to grow anxious. "What are you doing just standing here? Don't you see the situation we're in right now?"

Her hands ran across his arms and back, making sure he was unharmed. She smelled him carefully, not wanting to miss if there was any scent of blood.

"I told you, everything's fine." Brandon comforted her softly, his palms sending warm touches on Janet's back.

Gradually, the commotion calmed down along with the dissipating smoke.

At this point, Janet was slowly getting the sense that Brandon knew something. She thought back, replaying the previous events in her mind and coming to the realization that not once had he displayed any amount of surprise or panic.

She looked him in the eye and asked, "What's going on?"

But as soon as she finished her sentence, she saw a figure bounding towards them from the smoke. He soon reached them, gasping for breath.

It was Sean.

"Mr. Larson, we've caught them."

"Let's get back to the office first," Brandon answered, still holding Janet close.

After taking two steps, Janet suddenly let out a small but pained cry. She sat back on the floor, looking at her ankle. It was red and swollen, possibly having been sprained in her haste to

run to Brandon earlier.

"There's a first-aid kit in the office," Sean said at once.

"Hold on for a while. I'll carry you upstairs." Brandon frowned at the bruise, holding her up. The crowd of people and reporters had already dispersed.


Janet obediently put her arms around Brandon's neck, and he walked with her in his arms to the elevator.

When the elevator doors closed, Janet felt as if she could finally breathe. She felt some of the tension leave her body, her senses clearing up. "Was this your plan? I thought someone was shooting!"


Brandon bowed his head to look at her. "I'm sorry. I planned it. I didn't tell you anything because I didn't want you to worry. But I'm really alright."

Under the elevator light, Janet gave him another once-over, checking his entire body. She wouldn't be satisfied until she was completely sure that Brandon was unhurt. Seized by an outpouring of emotion, she burst

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out into a loud cry as the feelings she had been suppressing violently came to the surface.

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