

Chapter 1651 Wait For Me Behind

Janet's face took on a grave cast, her voice laced with a tinge of apprehension. "Jeremy is a master of deception, and the perils Brandon might face are unknown to us. Naturally, the White family's bodyguards must accompany me to aid him." Having declared this, she issued another command, firm and resolute. "Follow them."

Upon absorbing Janet's words, the driver cast a brief glance in the rearview mirror, observing the procession of the White family's cars. The presence of those bodyguards brought him a comforting sense of security, diminishing his fears of any impending threat.

In compliance with Janet's directive, the driver pressed down on the accelerator, the engine responding with a surge of power as they hastened to close the gap with Brandon's vehicle.

Half an hour elapsed as they trailed Brandon's car, gradually distancing themselves from the lively hustle of Barnes, now a mere speck in the rearview mirror.

Their journey led them to the remote, hilly outskirts of the suburb, an area scarcely touched by civilization.

The vehicle navigated the rugged terrain

car, gradually distancing themselves from the lively hustle of Barnes, now a mere speck in the rearview mirror.

Their journey led them to the remote, hilly outskirts of the suburb, an area scarcely touched by civilization.

The vehicle navigated the rugged terrain, jostling over bumps and veering around bends. Its engine alternated between a soft purr and a fierce roar, as though it were narrating the journey's tumultuous nature.

"Miss, this path is treacherous. I urge you to grip the handle for your safety," the driver cautioned Janet, concern evident in his tone.

"Understood," Janet responded, extending her hand to clasp the safety handle firmly, bracing herself.

The driver quickened the pace, deftly maneuvering the car along the narrow, uneven road.

Trailing behind, the White family's bodyguards promptly matched their speed, ensuring they were not left behind.

Meanwhile, Brandon, leading the convoy, noticed in his rearview mirror Janet's car was drawing nearer than what was promised, clearly trying to catch up.

With a frown creasing his brow, he turned to Sean and instructed, "Deploy two cars to safeguard Janet. They must slow her down."

Sean's heart raced, and he interjected hastily, "But, Mr. Larson, we don't have enough bodyguards with us. Diverting two more cars, I fear..."

Sean's words trailed off as he met Brandon's icy gaze. Swallowing his concerns, he promptly grabbed his phone and relayed Brandon's orders to the bodyguards in the other two cars.

Abruptly, a harsh brake jerked Janet forward, her head snapping against the headrest from the sudden inertia.

Raising her head, Janet's gaze fell upon the two vehicles ahead, deliberately decelerating, their maneuvers clearly aimed at impeding her progress.

Moreover, Janet observed Brandon's car gaining speed, evidently intent on distancing himself from her.

"What's happening?" Displeasure flickered over Janet's refined features as she inquired of the driver, "Is there a way we can overtake them and keep up?"

"I'm afraid not, Miss. The road is too constricted for overtaking," the driver responded, his hands firmly on the wheel as he matched the decelerating pace of the leading cars.

Janet's brows knitted in frustration, her cheeks tinted with a flush of ire. A warmth of annoyance was palpable in her demeanor.

Without hesitation, she retrieved her phone and dialed Sean's number.

Upon seeing Janet's name flash on the caller ID, Sean nervously passed his phone to Brandon.

Brandon accepted the phone and hit the answer button, only to be met with Janet's voice, forceful and unyielding.

"Brandon! You have three seconds to remove your bodyguards from my path!" Janet's voice was sharp and commanding.

Perceiving the fury in Janet's tone, Brandon hastily attempted to soothe her. "Janet, calm down. Jeremy is just ahead. Stay behind for me, please."

Having said this, he abruptly ended the call.

"Brandon, you..." Janet began, only to be cut off by the sound of a disconnected line.

Brandon hung up the call.

A surge of anger welled up within Janet at this dismissal.

At that moment, the two off-road vehicles before Janet halted abruptly, forming an immovable barrier on her path.

