

Spoiled by Mr. Russell by Luminous Night Chapter 467-470

Chapter 467 Brandon could only stand there and watch as the car drove into Imperial Hills. The security of Imperial Hills was stringent and well-equipped. If one were not one of its residents or accompanied by a resident, one would not be able to enter its compounds.

Moreover, the security guards did not know who Brandon was. Therefore, he was still not allowed to enter even after trying to talk sense into them. However, Brandon was not someone who would give up that easily, and his curiosity was fueled by Alexander's behavior too. He wanted to see what kind of woman Alexander fell for, or else he would not be able to sleep at night.

After making sure that no one was around, Brandon studied the fencing around the compound and noticed they were not very high. He found a secluded corner and checked to make sure he could climb over. He pretended to leave but circled back to the same spot and tried to climb over after checking that no one was looking.

The moment his hands touched the railing and he flung himself upward, he lost his sight suddenly, as beams of lights shone on his face and the security alarm went off, "Intruder alert! Intruder alert!" Brandon's eyes were already momentarily blinded by the bright lights, and now he had to bear with the piercing sound of the alarm.

Brandon had no choice but to let go. Moments later, the alarm stopped, and the beams turned off gradually. Peace

finally settled back into the area. It looked like he could not climb over the fence to enter. Imperial Hills's security was well-equipped even though they may not look it. Brandon stood at the foot of the fence, crossed his arms in front of his chest, and started complaining about Alexander while looking upward, "Alex, you're so heartless! After you've started to have a love life, you've turned into a horrible friend! You won't even allow me into your house anymore. This stupid neighborhood, just because you're equipped with some security systems doesn't mean you can stop me from entering! Just watch!"

Brandon took out his mobile phone and made several calls to some friends. It was impossible if he tried to enter through the fence, so he could only ask for a favor from his friends living inside.

It was a much better plan than breaking and entering. After talking on the phone for ten minutes, Brandon could enter the residential area smoothly without any hassle. Although the guards gave him some strange looks because they recognized him from the security camera footage, they were compelled to let him in after receiving permission from the tenants.

Brandon knew which block Alexander lived in as he had been there before. Still, he was upset that he was not allowed to enter Alexander's place. By the time he had run all the way from the entrance to Alexander's detached villa, he was already out of breath.

"D*rn it! Why did they have to make this place so big? How many would even be able to afford this?" Brandon complained while catching his breath, hunched over with his hands on his thighs.

Brandon was glad that he had finally made it to Alexander's house. This time, he had learned his lesson. Instead of walking over and ringing the doorbell, he chose to circle to the back of the house and enter through the garden.

If he came in from the front, Alexander would only slam the door in his face. However, it was a different story if he stealthily entered through the garden. Moreover, the flowers and plants in the garden would work as camouflage for him.

When he got there, he took a few steps back to give himself more momentum to jump over the garden wall. Brandon took a deep breath and ran with all his might. Just as he touched the wall to give himself a push, he felt numb, and before he knew it, he fell face down on the ground.

Brandon felt a shockwave running through his body as he lay on the floor, twitching uncontrollably. He could not stand up as his arms and legs felt stiff and powerless.

"Mr. Oakley?" An enlarged version of Edward's face looked down at him in shock.

Brandon could only blink as his facial muscles were stiff, and he could not even manage a smile or any expressions whatsoever.

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“How are you here? Did you...” Edward asked in surprise as he saw Brandon lying flat on the ground with his arms and legs wide open. His fingers were curled and lips still twitching, obviously unable to speak. Edward turned his head toward the garden wall and knew exactly what had happened.

Aside from the built-in security system of Imperial Hills, Alexander also added his own security system to the villa. The garden wall may look like an easy climb, but it was specially modified to electrocute anyone who tried to enter by climbing the walls. Of course, the electrical circuit was not deadly, but it was enough to momentarily paralyze those trying to enter without permission.

The person trying to break in was Brandon, so Alexander asked Edward to check when he had set off the security alarm.

Alexander’s voice could be heard through Edward’s Bluetooth earphones, “Edward, bring him in.” Alexander had already seen everything through the security camera’s footage.

“Yes, sir!” Edward looked down at the still-paralyzed Brandon and realized that he could not walk on his own, let alone stand up. Edward decided to take matters into his own hands, picked Brandon up again, and carried him into the house.

Brandon was feeling hopeless now. He only wanted to cry.

Inside, the place was warm and cozy, contrasting the cold, harsh weather outside. Edward walked toward the sofa and looked over, ready to lower Brandon, when Alexander said, “No, not the sofa. He’ll only dirty it!”

Alexander instructed, “Just place him on the floor.” He did not care about Brandon’s condition at all.

Brandon was again speechless at how obedient Edward was as a subordinate since he immediately placed him on the floor without hesitation. Brandon could only glare at Alexander with hateful eyes, lying on the floor while trying to feel his hands and legs.

He tried moving his fingers, but it gave him a horrible numbing feeling. The only thing he could do was continuously blink until he could feel his tongue again," Alex, you heartless person!"

"Heartless?" Alexander smirked coldly, "Edward, throw him out!"

Brandon immediately gave in, "D-Don't! It's all my fault! Y-You shouldn't be angry at some... one like me. Just t-treat what I-I've just said as b-b*llshit!" His involuntary stuttering resulted from the aftereffects of being electrocuted, yet he made every effort to complete his sentence. He had gone through so much just to enter Alexander's house. How could he allow Alexander to throw him out into the cold again? That was just plain dumb!

Alexander motioned for Edward to leave them and started," It's already so late. Shouldn't you be home or at a pub? What are you doing at my house? Besides, how did you even manage to get in?" "Don't get me started!" Brandon glared at Alexander but then decided against it as he could throw him out into the cold again anytime, "Hehe, I called James for a favor, so he told the security guards to let me in! Now, I'm forced to owe him one just because of you!"

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In the face of Alexander's indifference, Brandon did not give up. More importantly, Alexander's house was warm and comfortable. Brandon's body recovered from the shock, and he could finally move again, so he got up from the floor and went to sit on the sofa.

Alexander glared at him, but Brandon did not care as his butt was glued firmly onto the sofa. "Come on, don't give me that look. You've kicked me out of your car and electrocuted me, yet I'm not complaining.

"All I wanted was to have a look at your fiancée. Why are you even trying so hard to hide her? Is it because she's really ugly that you're embarrassed to..." After noticing Alexander's glare, Brandon did not dare continue.

“Okay, okay. I’m just trying to help. Your secret was already made public, so there’s no point even trying to try hiding it. Besides, you didn’t plan on hiding right? Since you’ve already decided to get married, why don’t you introduce her to me first? It’s still better than my sister seeing her, right?” Brandon explained patiently, hoping to convince Alexander to give in. “You know very well what kind of person my sister is. She’s been by your side for many years and has helped keep other women at bay, right? If she finds out that you’re getting married, she would probably go crazy!” Brandon had expected Brittany to go crazy if she found out about this news.

Furthermore, this was not an arranged marriage; this was a marriage out of love. Brittany would probably even kill when she found out. The more Brandon thought about it, the scarier it became, which was why he wanted to see what kind of woman Alexander had fallen in love with.

If he could break them up, he would try, or it would be good to warn the couple about his sister if they were a matching couple.

“I’ve only thought of Brittany as my sister, and you all know about it,” Alexander frowned in annoyance. He had never once given her false hope or shown interest in her.

Brandon nodded like a chick, “Of course, I know! Even my mother and father do too. I’m sure Brittany is aware, but she’s just such a stubborn girl. She would’ve given up years ago if she weren’t. I’m just worried that she’ll go crazy...”

He paused, looked at the rooms in the house, and mumbled, “Aren’t you worried that the fiancée you’re trying so hard to protect would be in danger?”

Alexander’s face darkened as he heard what Brandon said. It reminded him of the incident in Westwood; just the thought of it scared him. Even though they had settled the incident correctly and Lily came out unscathed, Alexander still felt upset when he thought of how much worse the kidnapping could have gone.

This thought always made his palms sweat and sent shivers down his spine. He could not and would never allow something like that to happen again.

With this thought in mind, he looked at Brandon seriously, “You need to make sure that Brittany doesn’t do anything that would hurt my fiancée, or else, even if she were my biological sister, I would not let her get away!”

This was a warning to both Brandon and Brittany. In other words, Alexander had already given the Oakley family a heads-up that if Brittany ever did something out of line, he would not let her off the hook.

That was the first time Brandon had seen such a frigid expression on Alexander’s face. He knew Alexander had a cold façade on the outside but was a warm person inside. Just like Alexander did not mind that Brandon was sitting on his sofa even though he was covered in mud.

However, this time Alexander was serious. Brandon could even feel Alexander’s murderous mood, and it scared him. It seemed like he was serious about this woman. It was not a conspiracy to hide something, as Alexander was genuinely in love with Lily.

Brandon was curious to see what kind of person Lily was, as she could melt Alexander’s stone, cold heart. Alexander had encountered countless women, be they gentle, beautiful, cute, or friendly; he had seen all of them, but never once did he falter.

How much of a beauty Lily must be to be able to enter Alexander’s eyes and for him to treat her like his most prized possession.

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Brandon had been there for a long time, but he still had not seen Alexander’s fiancée. He had tried so hard to enter Alexander’s house, but why had he not seen her yet? Were they not living together? Brandon continued to look around the house but failed to notice a single woman. At that moment, Alexander stood up and said, “Feel free to make yourself at home.”

Brandon was confused as he noticed Alexander was walking toward the other side of the house and rolling up his sleeves. Brandon was not sure what Alexander wanted to do.

“Where are you going? How am I supposed to make myself at home? Can I look around your rooms? Can I walk around?” He asked, testing the waters. He knew he might bump into Alexander’s fiancée if Alexander allowed him to roam. He did not even have to meet her in person, as a photo of them together would also suffice.

“As long as you’re not afraid of setting off the alarm, then feel free to roam around,” Alexander said without turning back and continued on his way to the kitchen.

Brandon remained silent as he remembered the feeling of being electrocuted. He was worried he might suffer some side effects after that incident, so he was unwilling to take the risk.

Alex is so paranoid. Who does something like installing an electric fence in their own home?!

For his safety, Brandon decided to follow Alexander closely. He was shocked when Alexander entered the kitchen and put on an apron. “Y–You...” He could not even form a proper sentence. The shock he felt was even more than when he got electrocuted. He would have taken out his cell phone, taken a picture of Alexander, and posted it on Facebook if he were not afraid for his life or maybe destroying his family’s business. Still, it was a historical moment that Brandon knew he had to remember.

‘Alexander Russell, director of La Beaute Group, the head of the Russell family, one of the country’s top four most influential families, is in an apron, preparing to cook.’

If Brandon posted this photo online, he was sure it would create an uproar. Sadly, this was all just his imagination. He dared not do it as he still valued his life.

Alexander had expected Brandon to react this way, so he glanced at him and instructed, “Since you’re just standing around doing nothing, you might as well make yourself useful. Open the fridge’s second compartment and bring me some tomatoes.”

“Oh, okay!” Brandon immediately carried out what Alexander had instructed after coming to his senses. He was once again surprised by how well-stocked Alexander’s fridge was. His own fridge was also well-

stocked, but mostly with instant meal packs and junk food. Alexander's fridge, on the other hand, had a lot of fresh ingredients like fruits,

vegetables, and meat. They were all well-packed and separated into different packages. There were even supplements and some expensive ingredients in his fridge.

It was a fridge that was owned by someone who would often cook. Yet, it was still surprising that Alexander did his own cooking

As Brandon handed Alexander the tomatoes, he could not help but add, "What happened to your private chef? Is he dead?"

