

Chapter 1658 Let's Go Home

Janet rested her face on Brandon's chest, contentedly listening to the strong beat of his heart. His familiar scent surrounded her like a soft blanket. Underneath her, he felt warm and alive.

It took a long time for Janet to finally recover from the shock of almost losing Brandon.

Following behind Janet were Sean and a group of bodyguards. Seeing that Brandon was safe, they let out relieved breaths, standing quietly on the side so as not to disturb the two.

"You scared me, Brandon. I thought I would never see you again," Janet murmured in Brandon's arms, shuddering at the memory of the scene of the earlier scene. She felt immensely relieved and grateful, like the feeling of regaining something that she had lost. Tears of joy welled up in her eyes, then flowed freely down her face. "Thank God you're alright."

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Brandon lowered his head, the sight of Janet's pale face coming into view. The hand that was holding his was trembling uncontrollably. She must have really been frightened.

The experience had shaken Janet, making her cling to Brandon the whole time, as if she wanted to reassure herself that he was here. With just a slight turn of his head, he could clearly see the unease in her eyes.

Seeing Janet in such a state sent a pang of guilt to Brandon.

He couldn't refuse her. Turning to Sean, he said, "Jeremy is missing, but he's heavily injured. He couldn't have gone too far. Send a team to go after him in the mountains. Don't miss anything, and look closely at any signs near the lake."

"Understood," Sean answered respectfully, then turned to the bodyguards behind him to carry out Brandon's orders.

After giving out instructions, Brandon turned back to Janet and placed hand on her head.

His eyes were soft, a small smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "Let's go home."

As if the words were a balm to all her worries, Janet's eyes lit up with joy, the worried expression leaving her face.

Brandon reached out and tenderly wiped her glistening tears. Then, she pulled him into the car.

However, just as Janet opened the car door, she caught sight of a black motorcycle speeding towards them and blocking the car's path.

The rider was a woman. She had short, jet-black hair, and her eyes were as cold and indifferent as glaciers.

Nightingale surveyed Brandon, her face darkening as she said, "Brandon, you can't leave yet."

Janet paused, immediately on her guard. Something told her this woman was hostile.

Her hand tightened around Brandon's.

Sensing her nervousness, Brandon ran a soothing hand on her back. His face turned harsh as he looked at Nightingale.

His voice held an unmistakable chill as he demanded, "Move aside."

Nightingale said nothing, nor did she make any sign of moving from her position, obstinately standing in front of his car. The two sides stayed in a deadlock, tension making the air grow thick.

Brandon was the first to make a move. With an

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emotionless face, he spoke to his bodyguards.
"Get her out of my way."

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