Chapter 1665 A Deep Sleep

Brandon tenderly caressed Janet's head and chuckled. "While I may come across as cold to others, it's impossible for me to be that way in your presence."

Following their playful exchange, they returned to discussing Nightingale.

Brandon furrowed his brow and remarked, "Nightingale does possess a rather stoic demeanor. Since the loss of her parents, she has adopted only her Darkmoon codename. To this day, I remain ignorant of her true name."

Janet's eyes widened in astonishment, and she couldn't contain her disbelief as she exclaimed, "You were the two most trusted individuals in the Darkmoon, and yet you never knew her real name? It's difficult to fathom."

Brandon shrugged and responded, "It never concerned me. Following my departure from the Darkmoon, Nightingale also turned her back on the organization. Over the past few years, I've maintained zero contact with members of the Darkmoon and haven't sought her out."

Brandon contemplated for a moment, his lips forming a tight line. "I'm uncertain about how she ended up in Barnes all of a sudden. Additionally, I'm baffled by her arrival on that mountain while Jeremy and I were engaged in a heated confrontation."

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The enigma perplexing Brandon mirrored the very puzzle that had left Janet confounded.

Janet concurred, her eyes gleaming with conviction. "Considering Jeremy's numerous vile actions, Nightingale likely couldn't ignore the situation and made the journey here with the intent to eliminate him."

Brandon chuckled, extending his hand to lightly tousle Janet's silky hair. "What goes on in that little mind of yours? Your imagination is truly vivid."

Encouraged by Brandon's words, Janet's confidence in her theory grew.

"Upon further reflection, Nightingale does stand out from the ordinary!"

Observing Janet lost in her contemplations while seated on the sofa, Brandon extended his hand and tenderly lifted her into his embrace.

"Don't dwell on it any longer, my dear. Let's freshen up and head to bed." Saying so, Brandon carried Janet into the bedroom.

Perhaps owing to the strenuous pursuit of Jeremy earlier in the day, the couple experienced a tranquil night's rest.

The following morning, the bedroom bathed in radiant sunlight streaming through the French windows, casting a warm glow throughout.

Janet lay still in the plush bed, peacefully asleep, her rhythmic breathing a testament to her

tranquility. Her lengthy hair splayed gracefully across the pillow, while her closed eyes conveyed a serene countenance, radiating a youthful innocence.

Yet, Brandon, perched at the bed's edge, sported a somber countenance.

His icy stare remained locked on Frank, who was in the midst of arranging medical instruments. The palpable intensity of Brandon's presence nearly caused Frank to fumble with the tools.

"You conducted an examination yesterday, didn't you? You indicated she was in good health. So, why hasn't she awakened?" Brandon queried, his brow furrowing.

Frank deftly packed away the medical tools into their designated box, adjusting his glasses as he let out a sigh. "I've already conducted a second examination on Janet today. Her physical condition displays no anomalies whatsoever. Considering her current condition, she appears to be in a deep slumber."

Brandon's gaze darkened slightly, his skepticism evident as he inquired, "Can someone remain in such a profound slumber until noon?"

Frank offered a helpless shrug. "If she continues to sleep until noon, it simply indicates that she enjoys high-quality slumber."

Frank had been summoned by Brandon early in the morning, approximately around nine o'clock, to conduct an examination on Janet.

The findings of that examination were consistent with the current assessment—Janet exhibited no indications of any irregularities.