

Chapter 1675 What Were You Doing Just Now

Half an hour later, the luxurious car glided smoothly into the villa's garage.

Nightingale, after expertly parking, quickly got out and opened the backseat door for Janet. She always showed such thoughtfulness.

"Thank you," Janet said gratefully. She peered at the empty parking space nearby, a sign that Brandon was still away.

Together, Nightingale and Janet walked to the villa's main hall. Janet raised her wrist to check the time on her watch.

It was getting late. The doctor had advised her to take her medication an hour before dinner.

Entering the hall, Janet looked at her handbag. It held the medication she'd picked up from the hospital earlier. A new dilemma presented itself to her.

Where could she hide the medication to keep it from Brandon's eyes?

Janet turned to Nightingale and asked, "Where

do you think I should hide this medication?"

Nightingale shook her head, unsure.

Janet sighed deeply. Then, as if struck by a sudden idea, she hurried upstairs, followed closely by a puzzled Nightingale.

They reached the master bedroom. Janet walked into the walk-in closet and tucked the medication into a winter coat's pocket.

"Nightingale, do you think this is a good hiding spot?"

Nightingale looked at Janet, then at the coats, and nodded without expression.

Janet, reassured by Nightingale's nod, smiled. "Could you please bring me a glass of water? I should take the medication now, before Brandon sees it."

Nightingale, though puzzled by Janet's actions, obliged and left to fetch the water.

Returning with a glass, Nightingale carefully handed it to Janet.

"Thank you," Janet responded, accepting the water. She quickly swallowed the pills, a frown marking her forehead.

She took a big gulp of water, trying to wash away the bitterness in her throat. She swallowed the pills, feeling them descend into her stomach.

Nightingale reached to take the glass from her, ready to exit the closet.

Suddenly, the door opened gently.

Janet's heart skipped a beat. She instinctively stepped in front of the coat hiding her medication.

Brandon entered the walk-in closet, his eyes betraying his exhaustion from a long day. Yet, seeing Janet, his weariness vanished, replaced by a warm smile.

Brandon noticed Janet's unease. He teased, "What mischief were you up to just now? You look guilty."

He approached her with each word.

"N-No... I've done nothing wrong. I'm not guilty. Don't be silly," Janet stammered.

As he drew nearer, Janet's nerves heightened. Her heart pounded, and her palms grew clammy.

"Really?" Brandon said, half in doubt, his eyes lingering on her with curiosity.