

## Chapter 1679 Protect Janet

As dusk settled, the area around the villa grew quiet and peaceful. The night sky, dotted with sparse stars, was a picture of tranquility.

After dinner, Brandon retreated to his study to address some business concerns for his company.

Janet, meanwhile, was alone on the living room sofa, deeply immersed in her book.

Out of the blue, Nightingale, clad in a black jacket, entered the room.

Janet looked up, her brow furrowed in confusion. "Nightingale? Why are you still here? Shouldn't you be out chasing Jeremy?"

Nightingale's gaze was icy as she answered in a frosty tone, "My role now is your personal bodyguard. The pursuit of Jeremy is a task for Brandon's team."

Janet often felt uneasy under Nightingale's intense scrutiny. She occasionally glanced away from her book to sneak a peek at Nightingale, feeling a chill each time their eyes met.

Feeling increasingly uncomfortable in Nightingale's presence, Janet set her book aside and retreated to the bedroom.

Free from Nightingale's gaze, Janet finally felt a sense of relief wash over her in the bedroom.

She inhaled deeply, contemplating a soothing warm shower.

Meanwhile, the sounds of typing and conversation from the study eventually ceased.

Brandon emerged, having wrapped up his work. He raised an eyebrow upon seeing Nightingale stationed silently at the bedroom door. "I'm here now. You can attend to your own tasks."

After a moment's thought, he added, "There's no need for you to be here when Janet is sleeping or when I'm around."

Nightingale, typically emotionless, displayed a flicker of displeasure upon hearing this. She was notably bothered by Brandon's apparent lack of urgency in capturing Jeremy. With a frown, she queried, "Has Jeremy been found yet?"

Brandon's patience seemed to fray at Nightingale's persistent questioning. In a firm tone, he responded, "A thorough search has been conducted at the crash site, but no body was found. It's likely Jeremy has escaped."

Nightingale's expression grew darker, her tone edging on hostile. "How could you let a demon like Jeremy escape?"

Recalling Brandon's earlier justification for not pursuing Jeremy himself, due to his concerns for Janet, Nightingale's voice took on a grave tone. "Janet seems perfectly healthy; she doesn't need constant supervision. Can't you prioritize matters more effectively?"

Brandon's expression turned stern.

unaccustomed to being questioned like this.

"I don't need your input on my decisions. My plans are my own. Your job is to ensure Janet's safety," he responded, his voice laced with irritation.

With that, Brandon strode past Nightingale and into the bedroom, not sparing her another look.


The corridor was left in a haunting silence, with only Nightingale standing there, her demeanor rigid.

Her hands were clenched into fists, her gaze fixed on the now shut bedroom door. After a moment, with the sound of Brandon's footsteps receding, she turned and left reluctantly.

Upon entering the bedroom, Brandon's pace slowed and the somber look on his face faded.

Expecting to see Janet, he was instead greeted by the sound of running water from the bathroom.



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