Chapter 1656 Nightingale

Time seemed to have rewound to the moment when Brandon fell down the cliff.

Brandon's car collided violently with Jeremy's, sending both vehicles flying towards the edge of the cliff.

Brandon remained calm behind the wheel. His face was filled with determination as he exerted all his strength to maintain his balance. Meanwhile, he was also desperately eying for a gentler gradient on the cliff where he could escape to safety.

Just then, Brandon spotted a black motorcycle approaching him at rapid speed from the corner of his eye.

Brandon furrowed his brows when he recognized the woman riding the motorcycle. It was the woman who had helped him earlier on the mountaintop.

Somehow, Brandon felt familiar yet distant with the woman. He couldn't be sure if that person was really her.

Brandon was having a hard time determining her identity because of her helmet.

Just then, the woman was riding closer to him. She reached out her hand towards Brandon, and he instinctively chose to trust her.

When their eyes met, memories of them working together flooded into Brandon's mind.

Though they hadn't seen each other for several years, Brandon recognized her eyes. He was sure that he had not mistaken her identity.

Without a moment of hesitation, Brandon jumped out of his car and firmly grasped the woman's hand without exchanging a word.

The woman gripped Brandon's hand tightly and pulled him safely to the rear seat. Their chemistry was as strong as ever.

Once Brandon was safely seated, a deafening crash resounded from below. He glanced down and saw two cars plunging swiftly into the abyss. "Nightingale, catch up with him," he said coldly to the woman.

"Okay," Nightingale replied with a chuckle.

Nightingale sped up, skillfully maneuvering her black motorcycle along the steep cliff. Her speed was not much slower than her usual on flat ground. Her riding skills were evidently superb.

Not long after, both Brandon's car and Jeremy's landed with a loud crash.

Meanwhile, Brandon and Nightingale also reached the bottom of the cliff. There, they found the cars utterly destroyed.

Brandon swiftly got off the motorcycle and walked towards Jeremy's wrecked car. Jeremy

must be severely injured or even dead after falling from that height, right?

As Brandon opened the car door, a strong, nauseating stench of blood flooded his nostrils. There were obvious bloodstains on the driver's seat, but Jeremy was nowhere to be found.

Nightingale parked her motorcycle and removed her helmet, revealing her pretty face.

"How is it?" she asked as she walked to Brandon with her helmet under her arm. Her expression was cold as she surveyed the gory scene before her eyes.

"Gone," Brandon replied curtly.

Nightingale let out a cold laugh. "Wow, he managed to escape even after falling from such a height? Brandon, Jeremy needs to be caught. He has committed too many offenses. Quickly gather a team to search the mountain. He is seriously injured. He can't run far."

Nightingale's voice was filled with determination. She would not rest until Jeremy was brought to justice.

Brandon nodded as he quickly surveyed the surroundings.

His expression instantly grew grim when he noticed a vast, deep blue lake not far away.

Noticing Brandon's change in expression, Nightingale followed his line of sight.