Chapter 1663 That Woman

The three of them noticed that Nightingale seemed to have something to say, and turned their gazes towards her.

Nightingale opened her mouth to speak, but closed her lips the next moment, as if deciding against her words.

"Let's go," she said, turning to Frank before leaving the villa.

Frank sent a nod towards Brandon and followed behind Nightingale. Together, they departed.

Brandon and Janet were left alone in the spacious villa.

Janet watched Frank and Nightingale as they left, their figures growing smaller and smaller. When they were out of sight, a sudden realization came to Janet.

"Frank hasn't examined you yet! Why did he leave?" Janet exclaimed, already rushing to run after them.

However, Brandon quickly pulled her back.

He turned his head to look at her and said

calmly, "I'm fine. I'm not hurt. There's no need for an examination."

Then, he led Janet to the sofa and sat her down. His dark brows arched with mischief as he added teasingly, "If you're worried, feel free to personally examine me to your heart's content."

As he spoke, he casually lifted his clothes.

Janet was face to face with the well-defined ridges of his stomach, each distinct curve of firm muscle exuding male strength.

Her eyes grew wide as heat crept to her cheeks, her flush traveling all the way to her cheeks and neck.

"Brandon! What are you doing? Put your clothes back on."

Janet quickly reached out to pull down the clothes that Brandon was about to take off.

Then, she made an effort to compose herself, putting on a serious expression. Her tone turned stern at her question. "By the way, who was that woman just now?"

"Woman?" There was momentary confusion on Brandon's face, but he quickly realized what Janet meant. The corners of his lips lifted into a faint smile. "Are you talking about the one on

the motorcycle?"

Janet nodded, her tone taking on an accusatory edge. "Yes, that one! Unless there's a third girl I don't know about."

Brandon's smile grew wider at her clearly affected tone.

He pressed his forehead against her and said in a soft voice, "Her name is Nightingale. We used to be partners. I've only ever seen her as a colleague, and I've never even paid attention to her gender."

Brandon said the words "used to be partners" in a somewhat complicated tone.

Sitting quietly beside him, Janet said nothing and let him speak.

"Besides, for someone like her, she probably doesn't even have time to bother about these things," Brandon added.

His words piqued Janet's curiosity. "What do you mean by 'used to be partners?' Why aren't you partners now?"

Brandon could never say no to her, and it wasn't as if the topic was forbidden, so he began to explain.

"Nightingale's parents were a part of the

Darkmoon. They passed away before she turned three. She was lucky enough to be noticed by the organization's trainer. Thanks to that, she learned alongside other orphans that the organization had picked up..."