Chapter 1666 Nightingale's Unexpected Skill

Brandon's silence was heavy, his stare sharp and intense.

"Let me see." A calm and cool voice floated over.

Nightingale, holding a black helmet, approached with a stoic face.

Early that morning, Frank had received back-to-back calls from Brandon. Nightingale had driven Frank over on her motorcycle, rushing him to Brandon's place.

Nightingale had kept to the shadows. She didn't meddle in medical matters; that wasn't her role.

But the heavy tension emanating from Brandon, combined with Frank's earlier kindness, compelled her to step in and examine Janet.

"You?" Brandon's voice echoed with skepticism.

He couldn't hide his surprise; Nightingale's medical skills were news to him, and it unsettled him.

Unruffled by his doubt, Nightingale moved to Janet's bedside. "I might have a way to help her."

Brandon's expression tightened, a mix of hope

and caution in his eyes. "And what would that be?"

Brandon wasn't one to distrust others without cause, but with Janet's well-being on the line, he couldn't afford to take any risks.

Attempting to cut through the tension with a grin, Frank chimed in, "Nightingale, you're a stellar guard, but are you really trying to outdo our doctor?"

Everyone caught Frank's drift; he was trying to defuse the situation, hinting at Nightingale to step back from a domain that wasn't hers, albeit in a light-hearted way.

Janet was more than just a patient to Brandon; she was someone he deeply cared about. If Nightingale's unconventional method backfired, Brandon would inevitably hold her responsible.

Frank tried to lighten the mood with a joke. "Nightingale, are you stirring up trouble because you didn't like being at the hospital with me?"

In response to Frank's jest, Nightingale stayed quiet. With Brandon and Frank watching skeptically, she grasped Janet's hand, targeting a precise point on her wrist.

Almost immediately, Janet, previously deep in sleep, began to stir. Her brows knitted together in a faint expression of discomfort, and her eyes slowly fluttered open.

Reacting to the slight pain, Janet instinctively

moved her hand to her mouth, blowing on it gently.

"Ouch... That hurts."

Gradually, Janet's eyes adjusted to the room, noticing the others' presence.

Pulling the comforter closer, she looked questioningly at Nightingale and Frank. "Why are you both here?"

Nightingale simply shrugged in response, maintaining her silence.

Frank, with an awkward laugh, shared a quick glance with Brandon before both he and Nightingale discreetly exited the room.

The room settled back into a peaceful quiet, leaving Brandon and Janet alone.

Brandon sat down beside her, a reassuring smile on his face. "You wouldn't wake, and I feared yesterday's events had troubled you, so I called Frank to check on you."

Janet, still looking puzzled, asked, "But why was Nightingale here too?"

Brandon's smile softened as he looked down. "She brought Frank on her motorcycle; it's quicker and avoids traffic."

After his explanation, Brandon gently took Janet's hand, concern in his voice. "Does it still hurt?"

Janet shook her head, the discomfort fading.

"No, it's fine now."

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