Chapter 1698 What's So Good About Her

Brandon turned his phone around so that Nightingale could see the kill order on the screen.

Nightingale's pupils contracted and she froze when she saw her name and photo on the dark web's kill order.

Perplexed, she couldn't help but ask Brandon, "Why? I was careful when I poisoned the water. After Mandy drank the water, I disposed of all the evidence. Even if you took the glass to the hospital for forensics check, you wouldn't find anything incriminating. Yet, you decided to kill me just because of a few words from Janet?"

Even though Nightingale had unwittingly confessed to the crime, Brandon gave no indication that he was surprised or interested in her confession, nor did he bother to answer her question.

"Do you trust Janet that much?" Nightingale asked, the disbelief she felt evident in her tone.

"Yes I trust her," Brandon told Nightingale firmly.

It was precisely because he believed in Janet that he was willing to believe anything she told him.

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he continued, "Moreover, you knew about Janet's physical condition and hid the fact that she went to the hospital to get medication from me. This alone proves to me that you have ill intentions towards her. And I will never allow anyone who poses a threat to Janet to remain by her side."

Nightingale's eyes were cold and barely showed any emotion. But as Brandon spoke, her eyes dimmed a little.

So, Janet had already told Brandon that she was secretly taking medication for conception.

To make Nightingale convinced, Brandon added, "Out of the people in this villa, you are the only one who could obtain such a rare poison and drug Janet continuously for three days."

Nightingale sneered, but she didn't make any attempt to defend herself as Brandon continued to damp her with his words.

"I'm convinced you were the one that poisoned her, and I don't need any evidence. The only thing I do not understand is why you would want to hurt Janet. Has Jeremy bought you off?"

Although Brandon had no concrete evidence, his analysis was logical and well-founded.

When Nightingale realized that Brandon had already concluded that she was the one who poisoned Janet and there was no way to convince him otherwise, she didn't waste her breath trying. She sneered and let out a cold, sinister laugh. There was no trace of remorse or guilt in her eves.

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"Yes, it was me. You guessed it right," Nightingale said angrily. "But I wasn't bribed by Jeremy. I just didn't want to see you trapped in Barnes because of a woman. I wanted to help you get rid of the stumbling block that is Janet. That's why I tried to kill her!"

Brandon's brows furrowed as he listened to Nightingale's resentment filled words. "Janet is not a stumbling block for me. Everything I do for her is of my own volition."

As Brandon spoke, his expression became even more grim. "If you had any complaints, you should have come to me instead of hurting Janet."

Reasonable Brandon's words might be, but it was not enough to convince Nightingale that her actions were wrong. She sneered, "What's so special about Janet that she could make someone like you, who has always been indifferent to women, undergo such a drastic change?"

"You wouldn't understand." Brandon didn't see the need to explain his private affairs to Nightingale.

"I don't need those lovey-dovey things. Because of Janet, you let Jeremy escape. Just know that you will bear half the blame for all the countless people he will kill in the future," Nightingale yelled, her face mottled with rage.

As Brandon watched the crazy and stubborn Nightingale, he could only shake his head at her. "You are no longer the partner I once

