

Chapter 1699 Isn't She Your Most Trusted Partner

Observing Nightingale's departing figure, Brandon stood motionless, experiencing a wide range of emotions.

Having known her for several years, he had never imagined that things would end up this way.

As Nightingale exited the villa's gate, Brandon turned around, intending to return to the hall, only to discover Janet standing at the entrance.

Janet furrowed her brow slightly, a touch of displeasure on her face as she asked in a dissatisfied tone, "Why did you allow Nightingale to leave like that?"

Upon hearing Janet's question, Brandon walked over, took her hand, and led her into the living room.

"Everything is settled. She will be punished for what she has done," Brandon explained with a stern expression.

Janet suddenly stopped in her tracks, turning to look at Brandon with an expectant look in her

eyes. "Have you discovered evidence to prove that Nightingale was the one who poisoned the water?"

She hoped that Brandon had indeed found it, as it would've provided the Hamilton family with an explanation.

However, she saw Brandon shaking his head, saying, "I haven't found any evidence, but I trust everyone in the villa except Nightingale. She has consistently been scheming behind the scenes. After all other possibilities were eliminated, she remains the only plausible suspect."

In Janet's eyes, an indescribable blend of emotions surfaced. Even Brandon was unable to uncover evidence of Nightingale's involvement in the poisoning. In her eyes, he was capable of accomplishing anything. Nightingale truly was a formidable character, then.

Janet let out a deep sigh, her brow furrowing as a sense of unease washed over her.

After thinking for a moment, she asked in confusion, "Why would Nightingale poison me, Brandon? Isn't she your most trusted partner?"

As soon as she uttered those words, memories of Brandon and Nightingale's past, which he had recounted to her, came rushing through her mind.

Pondering over this, Janet felt a twinge of discomfort. Just a few days prior, she had witnessed Nightingale rushing on a motorcycle to rescue Brandon from beneath a cliff. How had things taken such a turn?

Brandon lowered his eyelids, his eyes bearing an icy look.

He couldn't quite figure out what was running through Nightingale's mind, nor could he understand her statements about Janet being a hindrance.

He opted not to disclose what Nightingale had said to Janet, as he believed it would only sour her mood.

He gently caressed her hair and reassured her, "Don't dwell on these things if you can't figure them out. We won't encounter this person ever again."

"Okay." Janet nodded obediently, exchanging a smile with Brandon before preparing to return to the bedroom.

At that moment, the butler hurried over and respectfully handed a phone to Janet. "Madam, your phone has been ringing in the bedroom for a while. There have also been numerous media calls to the villa's landline."

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Janet's brow furrowed, no longer in the mood to contemplate the Nightingale situation.

With a tinge of hesitance, the butler added, "The poisoning of Miss Hamilton in the villa and the incident at the hospital today have become widely discussed topics."

Upon hearing this, Janet immediately checked her call log and saw several missed calls.

Right at that time, her phone rang again—another call from the media.

She let out a dejected sigh, feeling as though her number were under siege from both friends and the media.