

Chapter 1695 Do You Trust Me

"Since you don't believe me, I should take my leave. Excuse me," Nightingale said as she turned to leave.

"Stop right there," Brandon said coldly, causing her to halt. His gaze was piercing and stern.

Freezing in place, Nightingale maintained a straight face, but her heart was pounding hard against her chest in nervousness.

Brandon wasn't easily fooled, and Nightingale knew things would go south if he got involved.

Fortunately, she already had a fool-proof excuse for the poisoning incident. No matter how much investigation Janet carried out, she would never find evidence pointing to her.

Composing herself, Nightingale turned around and met Brandon's piercing gaze with equal intensity.

The tension between them enveloped the car.

"You must go back to the villa with us while the investigation is ongoing," Brandon said with a hint of warning in his tone.

Under Brandon's icy gaze, Nightingale complied, albeit reluctantly.

"Fine. If that's what you want." Nightingale said

with an exasperated sigh and cast a sharp look at Janet. "I'm innocent, so I've got nothing to fear. I'll willingly cooperate with the investigation."

She resumed her spot in the passenger seat and sat there without another word.

"Take us back to the villa," Brandon told the driver.

"Copy, Mr. Larson," the driver said and started the engine.

After a while, they arrived at the villa.

As soon as the driver pulled up at the front door, Nightingale climbed out and headed straight to the bodyguards' quarters, leaving Brandon and Janet in the car.

Brandon got out of the car next and watched Nightingale walk away, shaking his head lightly.

He circled the car and opened the car door for Janet. They walked side by side into the living room.

As soon as they walked in, Janet's gaze fell on the untouched fruit tray on the coffee table.

It triggered images in her mind of Mandy curled up in pain on the sofa earlier.

Janet remembered how the colors drained from Mandy's face because of the pain. If she hadn't been careless, Nightingale wouldn't have taken advantage of the situation and harmed Mandy.

Janet's expression hardened at these thoughts. She turned to Brandon and looked into his eyes as she asked, "Do you trust me, Brandon?"

Brandon smiled and ruffled her hair affectionately as he said, "Of course. It's just the two of us here. Tell me whatever you want to say."

With his affirmation and support, Janet felt relieved.

Maintaining a stern expression, she began, "I know your maids can be trusted because you hired them, so I don't suspect them. Only Nightingale touched the glass of water."

Brandon listened attentively, analyzing the sequence of events she described.

"She brought the water with everyone around, so it was impossible for her to tamper with it then," Janet said, her demeanor pensive.

Brandon pulled her into his arms and whispered in her ear, "Don't worry. I will investigate and get to the bottom of it until we make the culprit pay. I won't let anyone cause you harm again."

Janet bit her lower lip. After a moment of hesitation, she furrowed her brows and said, "Nightingale gave that glass of water to me, but Mandy drank it and suffered in my place."