

Chapter 1657 You Have Changed A Lot

Before them was a large lake, nearly a hundred meters across. Its waters were so crystal-clear that the aquatic plants at the bottom were visible. Gentle waves rippled across the surface.

Brandon made his way to the edge of the lake, with Nightingale following closely.

As they arrived at the lake's brink, Nightingale admired the water's purity and remarked with a smile, "Even if Jeremy dives in here to hide his trail, we'll still track him down easily."

A thoughtful frown creased Brandon's brow, his deep gaze seemingly lost in contemplation, making it hard to guess what he was thinking.

Nightingale suggested, "We could deploy more searchers to comb the nearby hills. Jeremy won't be able to elude us for long."

She looked intently at Brandon, anticipating his decision.

"Barnes is a law-abiding community; we can't create such a commotion," Brandon said with a deep sigh, his expression growing more serious.

Unperturbed, Nightingale posed a question. "Are you really bothered by these concerns?"

She continued to look at him with a mocking smile. "With your influence, you can easily deal with these minor issues."

In the past, Brandon wouldn't have hesitated over such things. But now, circumstances were different. He wasn't just thinking for himself; he had to consider Janet and the White family.

Brandon noticed the intense anger in Nightingale's eyes, understanding she wouldn't miss this chance to apprehend Jeremy.

With a sense of resignation, he said, "You haven't changed at all, even after all these years."

Nightingale looked at him intensely upon hearing this. "I've heard you've changed quite a bit."

Brandon parted his lips to reply, but the sound of approaching vehicles caught his attention. His face relaxed, and he walked to the sound.

Nightingale stood by, observing the scene, a puzzled look on her face. Her brows were knitted together, and her expression was serious.

She watched Brandon intently, noticing his tall, graceful, and authoritative demeanor. Yet, as he moved away, a subtle coldness seemed to emanate from him.

Nightingale watched him for a few more seconds, then turned coldly and climbed onto her motorcycle.

Janet, meanwhile, had reached the cliff base in Sean's car, feeling tense throughout the ride.

"Janet!"

Looking up, Janet saw a man in black formal wear waving at her from the roadside.

When she saw Brandon unharmed, her anxiety melted away.

Her hands shook slightly, and her eyes, slightly red, glistened with tears that started to fall again.

When the car stopped near Brandon, Janet rushed out and embraced him eagerly.

Janet clung to Brandon, tightening her hold as if fearing he might disappear.

As she hugged him, Brandon's lips curled into a soft smile, his eyes showing a touch of warmth.

He understood Janet's usual shyness, making her bold move today quite extraordinary.

Brandon wrapped one arm around her waist and gently patted her back with the other, saying reassuringly, "There, there, it's alright now. Everything is fine."