

Chapter 1681 A Special Poison

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It was well past ten when she finally opened her eyes, feeling groggy and drained. She slowly rose, went to freshen up, and changed her clothes.

Descending the stairs, Janet found the dining room deserted. However, Nightingale was there, having arrived early, sitting patiently on the sofa.

"Good morning," Janet greeted her with a friendly smile, though she couldn't quite shake off the unease from the previous day's disagreement between Nightingale and Brandon about chasing Jeremy.

"It's not early anymore," Nightingale responded, her expression somber. She approached Janet with a look of concern. "You seem off. Is the medicine affecting you?"

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Janet touched her cheek thoughtfully, a frown creasing her forehead. "Maybe it's just lack of sleep. I'm not stopping the treatment unless I really have to."

A complex emotion briefly passed through Nightingale's eyes upon hearing Janet's determination. "I'll get someone to make breakfast."

After Janet had finished eating, Nightingale approached her. "Would you like some water?"

Their eyes met, and understanding flashed between them. Janet nodded with a smile. "Yes, please. Bring it to my bedroom."

With that, Janet rose and made her way upstairs.

In the kitchen, Nightingale reached for a glass and filled it with water.

She glanced around, ensuring privacy, before discreetly retrieving a 'white pill from her pocket and dropping it into the water.

The pill dissolved quickly, leaving no evidence of its existence.

This poison, which Nightingale had stumbled upon in a remote area, was particularly insidious. Its effects mimicked common illnesses, but it was lethal after three days of continuous intake.

If Janet succumbed to it, Brandon would likely attribute her death to the medicine she had been taking to cure infertility.

"Janet, don't blame me," Nightingale murmured, her voice tinged with cold resolve. Her eyes, usually indifferent, now held a trace of sinister intent.

As she carried the glass towards the living room, the sound of high heels interrupted her thoughts.

"Janet! Janet?" called a woman entering the room.

It was Mandy who walked in.

Nightingale's brow creased, her plan to place the water down in the kitchen momentarily thwarted by Mandy's interruption.

"Hey, stop right there! I need to talk to you," Mandy said with confidence. "I'm Janet's designer. Please fetch her to try on this dress."

Unaware of Nightingale's true identity, Mandy mistook her for a housemaid.

Nightingale, with a brief glance at Mandy, set the water glass aside on a table and turned to go upstairs for Janet.

Meanwhile, Mandy took a seat on the sofa. She turned to her assistant and instructed, "Open the garment bag; let's get the dress ready."

"Okay," responded the assistant, placing the dress on the coffee table and carefully unzipping the garment bag.

In her bedroom, Janet was ready, holding her medication and anticipating Nightingale's return.

However, when Nightingale arrived without the

water, Janet looked puzzled. "Where's the water?"

Nightingale explained, "There's someone downstairs claiming to be your designer. She's waiting for you."

At the mention of her designer, Janet's expression brightened. She quickly tucked away the medication and hurried downstairs to meet the visitor.