

Chapter 1667 Private Bodyguard

In the living room downstairs, Frank and Nightingale were sitting on the sofa.

Frank took a sip of coffee from his cup and fixed his inquisitive gaze upon Nightingale, feeling puzzled about her medical skills.

Finally, Frank couldn't contain his curiosity and voiced the question that had been lingering in his mind. "Nightingale, when did you learn medicine? Why didn't you mention it before?"

Nightingale remained silent, unwilling to speak, but Frank continued probing, "Who did you learn from? Your method is rather unique!"

Nightingale's expression turned cold. She glared at Frank sternly and replied reluctantly, "A couple of years ago, I went on a mission to a remote tribe and learned a few things from the people there."

Although Nightingale's answer made sense, Frank still found it unbelievable.

Seeing the disbelief on Frank's face, Nightingale continued solemnly, "Moreover, I am also a personal bodyguard for many high-ranking billionaires. It's only natural to have some

unconventional skills under my belt."

Her explanation was flawless, and Frank felt at a loss for words.

Although he was amazed by Nightingale's change, he didn't dwell on it further.

It was a common requirement for top-notch bodyguards to learn a wide range of skills, particularly medicine. After all, everyone wanted to stay alive, including the billionaires.

Janet was heading downstairs when she overheard the conversation between Frank and Nightingale. Curiosity was painted on her face as she approached Nightingale and asked, "What is it like being a personal bodyguard for high-ranking billionaires? Is it interesting?"

Janet sat down on the sofa next to Nightingale.

Nightingale smiled unexpectedly and replied, "I wouldn't say it's interesting. Besides, there are certainly moments where it can be quite frustrating."

"Oh? How so?" Janet asked curiously as she propped her chin on her hands, waiting for Nightingale to tell her more.

Nightingale furrowed her brow and recalled. "Some billionaires have strict rules to adhere to. Such as only allowing open flames and candles as sources of light. Some are allergic to sunlight

and often stay indoors during the day, only going out after sunset or late at night. Some can't stand even a speck of dust or dirt. Some have unusual eating habits too! For example, there was one who liked eating things that were clearly inedible, like screws or bolts. And some even have a fondness for weird smells. Just the other day, I encountered a rich man who had the tendency to steal..."

Janet burst into laughter when she heard about the eccentricities of the billionaires Nightingale had worked for.

Meanwhile, Frank was also amused by her stories. He was surprised that Nightingale had such a talkative side.

Just then, Brandon came over and saw Nightingale and Janet chatting happily. Suddenly, an idea sprouted in his mind.

He approached them and asked, "How much do you charge as a personal bodyguard nowadays?"

Surprised, Nightingale raised her eyebrows and looked at Brandon. "With your formidable combat prowess, do you really need to hire me as your bodyguard?"

She let out a soft sigh and continued playfully, "Billionaires value their lives a lot, don't they? My services can be quite expensive."

Brandon lifted his brows slightly as he stared at

Nightingale. "It's not for me. I want to hire you as Janet's bodyguard. I need someone who can protect her around the clock."

Jeremy had escaped and could potentially cause trouble for them again. Given Janet's unstable physical condition, Brandon felt the need to hire a bodyguard for her. However, he was also hesitant about having too many bodyguards at home, as it might make her uneasy.

But if it was Nightingale, Brandon felt he could put his mind at ease. Nightingale possessed exceptional combat skills. She alone was equivalent to several bodyguards.



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