

Chapter 1504 Fight Back

The incessant scrutiny of the two bodyguards stationed beside him contorted Jeremy's expression momentarily as the flames of indignation within him blazed ever brighter.

Only days ago, he was a revered pharmacist, basking in the glow of adulation wherever his path led him. However, he has been in a corner ever since Brandon's onslaught overran his base. Numerous factions, bearing age-old grudges against him, hunted him relentlessly once they sensed his loss of power.

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Bitter resentment filled Jeremy, but circumstances forced him into submission. Britton was his shield, and he lacked the strength to challenge the status quo.

Drawing a deep breath to quell his raging emotions, Jeremy announced coldly, "I require the restroom."

One of the bodyguards, stone-faced, pushed him back into his seat and said, "Mr. Button, I advise you to await Mr. Scott's completion of his business with Mr. Larson."

His forehead veins pulsated slightly, and his

fists clenched. The sight of the joyous chatter on the monitor ignited his simmering rage.

Today's agreement with Britton—a unified front against Brandon—felt like a distant memory. Britton's integrity was a sham, a mere facade that crumbled at the sight of Frank's proposition.

Jeremy knew time was of the essence. Should the pair find common ground, he would be reduced to a mere bargaining chip in Britton and Brandon's unholy alliance.

A glint of ruthless determination flashed in Jeremy's narrowed eyes. He surged to his feet, roaring, "I need to leave. Out of my path!"

The bodyguards barricaded his way, emotionless as ever, and forced him back into the seat. "Mr. Britton, Mr. Scott's permission is required for any movements. We urge you not to complicate matters."

Imprisoned in the chair, Jeremy glared at his captors, bellowing, "Release me! Dare me, and I'll teach you a lesson!"

Yet the bodyguards' grip only intensified, their faces etched with a hint of disdain. They echoed their earlier statement in a monotone, "Mr. Britton, please don't complicate matters

for us."

Realizing his futile struggle against their formidable strength, Jeremy surrendered reluctantly. "Release me. I will remain."

A tinge of contempt flashed in the bodyguards' eyes as they released their grip on Jeremy and retreated.

His gaze fixated on the screen, malice etching his features.

Regardless of his current, desolate state, he refused to be a mere pawn in others' negotiations, least of all to witness his own betrayal!

Britton's breach of their pact would not go unanswered. Ruthlessness was his only option now.

Perceiving the slackened vigilance of the bodyguards behind him, a sinister, icy smile surfaced on Jeremy's face. He swept his hand backward in a casual gesture.

A cloud of white powder diffused into the air, engulfing the two bodyguards.

Caught off-guard, they collapsed instantly, unconscious, their fall reverberating through the room.

Jeremy stood over the incapacitated bodyguards and aimed a contemptuous kick at their still bodies. No response elicited a deeper sneer. "You dared to defy me?"

Meanwhile, the disturbance in the room alerted an external bodyguard, who knocked on the door and asked, "What transpired? Mr. Britton, is all well?"

Following a spell of silence, he pushed open the door to investigate.

However, as the door swung open, a gust of white powder assaulted him. A wave of weakness washed over him before he crumpled to the floor, unconscious.

Smirking, Jeremy strode past the fallen bodyguard, moving towards the private room where Brandon and Britton were engaged in negotiations.

Several attempted to hinder his path, but all succumbed to his potent drug, falling into oblivion.