

Chapter 1507 None Of You Can Escape

With the situation falling into his lap like an obedient puppet, Jeremy strutted to Brandon's side, his gaze descending upon him like a vulture circling its wounded prey. His lips curled into a haughty and malevolent grin.

"Brandon, you've decimated all of my strongholds and laid them to waste like fields of ashes. Yet your thirst for destruction seems insatiable. Plotting with that senile old man to end my life? I'll end him first, and then I'll subject you to a torturous demise. No one leaves this place alive today. Escape is but a dream you won't live to see," Jeremy hissed venomously.

Jeremy took a moment to drink in the sight of Brandon, squatting down with his gloating gaze, anticipating the delicious taste of panic on Brandon's face.

Yet the stark calm etched onto Brandon's face came as a sucker punch to Jeremy's pride. He was unflinching, even in the shadow of

imminent doom.

"Still putting up the façade of stoicism, even when death is on the horizon?" Jeremy snorted derisively, rising to his feet. "Prostrate yourself and beg for mercy; perhaps I'd consider making your death less painful."

A sardonic smirk played at the corner of Brandon's lips. His gaze fell on Frank, whose fingers were stealthily unscrewing the cap of a small vial, the scent of a potent drug subtly filling the air.

The two men shared an unspoken understanding: Jeremy would taste his own poison.

Britton, oblivious to Frank's maneuver, dismissed any help from Brandon as a futile endeavor. He pushed every muscle in his body, drawing nearer to Jeremy with the help of his survival instinct.

"Ahhh..." Choking on his words, Britton mustered all his strength to lift his head towards Jeremy, a desperate plea glinting in his eyes.

"Antidote..." he wheezed.

Jeremy's derisive chuckle rang out, reverberating around the room as he taunted

Britton, "You old fool, are you so desperate for your life that you want the poisoner to be your savior?"

He stamped his boot on Britton's face, his voice a searing whip. "You never saw this coming, did you? Your darling Brandon, utterly powerless to save you!"

Corinne's heart shattered at the sight of her grandfather's humiliation. Her fingers twitched towards the discarded firearm nearby, but the drugs coursing through her system rendered her as helpless as a rag doll. Her once defiant spirit was now a pathetic whimper.

Jeremy reveled in their despair, his laughter ringing out like a triumphant symphony. The pent-up frustration from his days in hiding was being purged, one cruel chuckle at a time. "Still dreaming of retaliation, even while incapacitated by my poison? Such sweet delusion!"

Britton's desperation spiraled; the desire to switch sides with Jeremy and spill the secret of Brandon and Frank's ruse was a fire in his heart. Yet his vocal cords were as feeble as the rest of him.

Jeremy, annoyed by Britton's whimpering,

snarled, "Silence!" He booted the weakened Britton aside with a disdainful kick.

Violently discarded, Britton felt the icy tendrils of death creeping up his spine. His body convulsed in agony, and cold sweat drenched him.

Seeing her once-venerated grandfather being tossed aside like a ragdoll by Jeremy, Corinne's cries echoed in the desolate room. She desperately tried to lunge at Jeremy, but her body wouldn't obey.

Alarmed, Jeremy drew a wickedly sharp dagger, the gleaming blade pressing against Britton's throat. "Another sound from you, and I end this old man's misery now!" he snarled.

Britton felt the cold kiss of the steel against his skin, and a stark realization hit him: Jeremy was not bluffing. The threat of death hung in the air like a chilling specter.

Fearing Jeremy's lethal intent, Britton's pleas subsided instantly. He lay splayed on the floor, his breath hitching in terror.

Corinne, her eyes transfixed on the blood trickling down her grandfather's neck, fell silent, her cries strangled by fear.

Having quelled Britton's and Corinne's protests,

Jeremy nonchalantly sauntered towards Brandon, his dagger caressing Brandon's face. "Remember our last encounter in that forsaken school? My carelessness cost me dearly then. Today, you won't be as fortunate!"

Memories of their previous face-off sparked Jeremy's wrath. He clenched his fists, the urge to strike Brandon down overpowering him. "We've got debts to settle—old scores and fresh slights. This time, I'll inflict a fate worse than death on you with my most potent poison!" he snarled, his voice echoing ominously in the room.