

Chapter 1508 Your Poison Is Quite Mediocre

"Brandon, I'll be your envoy to the afterlife, tasked with delivering your confession to my sister."

Jeremy's malevolent threat halted abruptly, his eyes widening in an unanticipated fear as he stammered at Brandon, "You're not under the effect of my poison?"

A sly grin cracked Brandon's face, illuminating his features with an air of triumph.

"Your so-called potent toxin is quite mediocre," he retorted, leisurely sitting up and adjusting his attire. His icy gaze bore into Jeremy's, each word laced with unyielding contempt. "Moreover, wasn't it you who fled in terror after our last altercation? When it comes to fortune, it seems to favor you, hiding like a stray cur, continuously eluding death."

In Brandon's eyes, a cold, savage fire burned, devoid of any hints of intoxication. Jeremy, stricken with fear, retreated several paces, maintaining a safe distance.

"Did you anticipate my arrival today?" Jeremy inquired through gritted teeth, defiance written in every line of his face.

Resting comfortably against his chair, Brandon's arms were folded arrogantly across his chest. In stark contrast to Jeremy's growing panic, his demeanor remained unperturbed. "I was well aware of your refuge in the Darkmoon Assassin Group. I initially planned to lead Britton astray and send an execution squad after you. Alas, I underestimated your naivety in seeking me out."

His words, dripping with sarcasm, made Jeremy's fists tighten further. "You orchestrated all of this? The antidote to my poison, whose recipe I never shared—how did you come across it?"

Brandon threw a casual glance towards Frank and sighed, as if bored. "When do you plan to end this charade?"

"Perhaps a little longer. It's entertaining to witness his foolish, self-satisfied demeanor," Frank retorted, grinning faintly.

Jeremy, jolted by the revelation, shot an accusing glare at Frank. "It was you? You sabotaged it all!"

With a smile that barely hid his amusement, Frank rose with the grace of a cat and snapped his fingers. "Congratulations! You've nailed it. But, alas, there's no prize for your deduction."

"Why? Why?" Jeremy roared, his face contorting in wrath. "Why stand against me? My quest is for vengeance—for my sister!"

Frank shrugged nonchalantly, with an air of mock pity about him. "Regrettably, your quest for revenge ends here. And even more regrettable is the fact that your rage is misguided. Brandon owes nothing to your sister."

"I'll annihilate you! You'll all meet your end alongside my deceased sister!"

Growling low, Jeremy lunged at Frank, his dagger glinting ominously.

Brandon, sensing the danger, rose swiftly and planted a forceful kick into Jeremy's midsection.

Reeling from the impact, Jeremy staggered backward and leveled his dagger at Brandon, a venomous threat seething from his words. "If you're so eager for death, I'll grant your wish!"

Launching himself at Brandon, Jeremy was abruptly halted by a stool kicked into his path.

Tripping over the unexpected obstacle, he lurched forward, crashing heavily onto the floor,

his weapon clattering away.

Gazing down at the disheveled Jeremy, sprawled pitifully on the floor, Brandon smirked dismissively. "Your weakness is evident. You don't stand a chance at taking a life in this state."

Jeremy gritted his teeth, reaching out towards his discarded dagger. Observing his feeble attempts, Frank playfully sent the weapon spinning farther away with a swift kick.

"Bastards!" Jeremy spat, his eyes blazing with hatred as he glared at his tormentors. "Do you really believe I'm helpless without my dagger?"

Brandon let out a derisive snort. "I'm intrigued to see what other tricks you have up your sleeve."

Chuckling darkly, Jeremy fished out a vial from his pocket, a deadly scarlet liquid sloshing within its confines. His eyes glowed with unhinged fervor. "I'm a pharmacist! What better way to end you than with my most exquisite poison? Once this aroma graces your nostrils, your one-way ticket to hell is booked!"

With a sneer, Brandon retorted, "What about you?"

Jeremy's laughter echoed eerily around them.

"As long as you perish, my own survival becomes irrelevant!"

He prepared to unseal the vial, but his fingers, upon touching the cold lid, suddenly lost all strength.

The vial slipped from his grip, rolling to a halt at Brandon's feet.

With an arch of his eyebrow, Brandon bent down to retrieve the discarded vial. "Is this your lethal concoction? Unfortunately, your plans to uncork it seem foiled."

"What... What have you done?" Jeremy's voice trembled with disbelief as he looked up at Brandon.

Brandon inclined his chin towards Frank, an unspoken command to disarm Jeremy of any remaining toxins.

Frank dutifully patted down Jeremy, ensuring no other threats were present. Once certain, he nodded affirmatively at Brandon.