

Chapter 1654 A Good Time

The mountains stretched endlessly, their peaks rising and falling in a continuous expanse. At the top of a cliff was a small patch of land no larger than ten square meters where three black SUVs were squeezed together. Before them stood ten bodyguards in black suits, standing in a row as if being punished.

Janet, held back by the bodyguards, struggled to free herself from their grip and returned to her seat in the car. She then turned to the driver and gave her orders.

"Drive. I have to save Brandon!"

With a quick nod, the driver moved to step on the gas, only for their car to be blocked by Sean.

"No. You can't go." He stood before Janet and the others with a grave expression and said, "Please go back."

His words made Janet snap. Her eyes turned sharp as she glared at Sean, her fists clenching tightly as her jaws tightened. "Sean, move aside. It's an order."

Sean shook his head, visibly distressed. "You

cannot go. Jeremy carries poison on him."

Janet's face turned pale. Her voice grew cold and she spat, "So this is how you repay Brandon's goodness? By being a coward? Get out of my way! If you're not going to help him, then I will!"

Sean's mouth twitched, at a loss what to say. He looked wronged at the accusation and felt the need to explain everything to Janet.

Three minutes ago...

Jeremy, who was trying to escape, was surrounded by Brandon and his bodyguards.

"It's over for you, Jeremy. There's nowhere to run," Brandon said coldly.

"You sure about that?" Jeremy's smile was sinister as he pulled out a poisonous smoke bomb from behind him. "This is a newly developed toxic smoke bomb—my latest, and quite possibly the deadliest out of all my formulations. Any contact with the gas will mean certain death. Even if I die here, I'm taking you with me, Brandon!"

Sean instinctively took a step forward, his eyes fixed on the bomb as he moved in front of Brandon.

But Brandon waved his hand, signaling him to step aside.

Sean was quick to follow his order.

Soon after, Jeremy's voice once again echoed. "How about a one-on-one duel, Brandon?"

Disdain was written all over Brandon's face. "Why should I?"

He only wanted one thing—to capture this bastard and return to Janet as soon as possible.

"Because you don't have a choice." Jeremy toyed with the bomb in his hand, wearing a smug smile as if he knew he would get his way. "If you don't want to, that's fine. We'll just go to hell together. But if you accept, it's just you and me. That means your loyal dogs would stay out of it.." He pointed at the bodyguards standing beside Brandon.

Sean was the first to refute. "No! Mr. Larson, you know how cunning that bastard is. You can't agree to his terms. What if it's a trap?"

"He's right, Mr. Larson," the others echoed one after another.

Amidst his men's protests, Brandon's voice rang out. "Fine. I accept. But in exchange, I also have one condition."

"And what's that?" Jeremy waited for Brandon's reply with great interest.

"It's just as you said. This is between the two of us. You can't involve Janet or anyone else from the White family," Brandon said, his tone ringing with finality.

Jeremy sneered, "I have never harmed Janet."

Then, perhaps to purposely rile Brandon up, he continued with a sick smile, "Janet had a wonderful time by my side during those two months."