

## Chapter 1509 Turning The Tide

The tide of events abruptly turned on its head. Once he'd confirmed that Jeremy was devoid of any poison, Brandon paced leisurely towards the defeated adversary, his gaze descending upon him with an air of superiority.

"Is that the extent of your abilities?" Brandon taunted, flicking Jeremy's face derisively with his boot. "The renowned enigmatic pharmacist leaves much to be desired."

"Brandon! I will end you!" Jeremy bellowed, the sting of humiliation, unlike anything he'd ever felt before. Enraged, he made a feeble attempt to stand, itching for a retaliatory clash with Brandon.

His wrath blinded him to the fact that Frank's poison still coursed through his veins. Before he could even muster the strength to rise, his body surrendered to gravity, collapsing back onto the hard floor. The resounding thud echoed the weight of his failure.

Jeremy's pained groan reverberated through the

air as he strained to lift his head, his face flushed with a potent blend of agony and fury. His words came out disjointed and incoherent, yet the message was clear.

"Brandon, may your death be filled with suffering! May the torments of hell be your eternal fate! I curse you."

Before he could spit out the rest of his vengeful proclamation, Brandon responded with a scornful laugh, delivering a brutal kick to Jeremy's face.

Blood spurted from Jeremy's nose, abruptly silencing his curses. Yet his eyes, filled to the brim with loathing, bore into Brandon with the intensity of a dying wolf, ready to bite at its foe with its last breath.

Brandon placed a foot on Jeremy's face with ruthless determination, his gaze intense and bloodshot. "Out with it! What concoctions did you force on Janet after you took her away?"

Jeremy's eyes spat fire; his hatred for Brandon was so intense that he could tear him apart.

"You want me to divulge the remnants of the potions in Janet's body? Not in your life! I won't give you satisfaction, even if you send me to my grave! I desire nothing more than for you to

perish alongside my sister!"

Brandon, applying further pressure on his foot, asserted his innocence emphatically, "I reiterate that your sister's demise was never my doing."

Jeremy's visage twisted in agony, but his gaze remained locked on Brandon, seething with resentment. "No connection to her demise? How dare you say it wasn't your doing? Had it not been for you, my sister would still be alive! She could have had a life filled with health and joy!"

For years, hatred had saturated Jeremy's very being; his animosity towards Brandon was a constant companion. Whether Brandon truly harmed his sister was inconsequential. Someone had to pay for his sister's untimely end.

Growing weary of this futile exchange, Brandon's expression hardened. "You're saying you won't talk?"

Jeremy responded with a defiant smirk, "I want nothing more than for you to experience the torment of losing someone dear! I want you to endure a lifetime haunted by the absence of the one you love!"

At this, Frank leisurely approached Jeremy, his arms folded across his chest, a confident smile

adorning his features. "That's immaterial. Truthfully, even if you withhold your secrets, I am more than capable of deciphering the anomalies in Janet's system. But..."

Frank paused, casting a meaningful glance at Jeremy. "Considering your numerous altercations with Brandon, I presume you're familiar with his ruthless and vengeful nature. Think carefully: are you truly prepared to withstand his wrath?"

Visions of the days spent in hiding haunted Jeremy, his complexion paling.

"Jeremy..." Frank crouched beside him, giving his shoulder a comforting pat as he sighed. "Death isn't the most dreadful outcome. What's truly horrific is a life so unbearable that death seems like a mercy."

After a silent interlude, Jeremy scoffed, "As long as I can ensure that Brandon endures an equal measure of my suffering, I fear nothing. Do as you please."

With these words, he appeared to envision Brandon's future misery. His eyes twisted with malevolence, his maniacal grin widening. "Go on! Kill me! Kill me, Brandon! Let the woman you cherish perish alongside me!"

Observing Jeremy's deranged demeanor, Brandon responded with a calm smile, his words measured, "The Gulf Cemetery is rather well situated, a fitting burial ground indeed."

Jeremy's chilling laughter abruptly ceased at the mention of "Gulf Cemetery".

With a wicked grin, Brandon added, "I hear that's where your sister was laid to rest."

Jeremy's body convulsed uncontrollably, his eyes widening in shock as he bellowed, "What have you done to my sister?"

Arching an eyebrow, Brandon retorted, "What do you think I've done?"

Recalling his own deeds towards Janet and acknowledging Brandon's vindictive nature, a deep sense of despair overcame Jeremy, his eyes losing their spark.

Despite failing to protect his sister while she was alive, he never anticipated that he would be incapable of ensuring her peace even in death.