

## Chapter 1511 Jeremy's Provocation

The searing pain spread relentlessly through Jeremy's entire body from the wound in his shoulder. The pain made him tremble violently. He clenched his teeth to somehow control the pain. However, it was too much to bear, and he could not help but let out a cry.

With a firm grip on the dagger, Brandon twisted it and asked in a cold and terrifying voice, "Does it hurt? It must've been much worse for Janet when you subjected her to those drugs, right?"

The crimson blood soon stained Jeremy's clothes. Beads of cold sweat formed on his forehead due to the excruciating pain, yet he managed to muster an arrogant smile. "You're right. She screamed in agony back in the lab. Oh, I almost felt sorry for her..."

Brandon's eyes darkened at Jeremy's taunting words. He exerted more pressure on the dagger

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Brandon's eyes darkened at Jeremy's taunting words. He exerted more pressure on the dagger and remarked, "Seems like I've been too nice."

Frank squatted beside Jeremy and observed the wound with a smile. "You're a doctor, so you should know that your arm is now completely useless. I advise you not to provoke Brandon any further, or you might lose your other arm."

right arm permanently useless, with no chance of recovery.

However...

He glanced at the surveillance camera aimed at the tea table, and a sinister smile crossed his face. "Brandon, kill me if you dare, or I'll be your enemy until my last breath!"

Since his sister was gone and he could not exact revenge, there was no reason to go on living. He would rather risk his life to ensure that Brandon suffered for the rest of his days.

If Brandon killed him in a fit of rage, he would forever carry the burden of murder. He would be imprisoned, tormented by guilt for ending both his and his sister's lives!

Looking at Jeremy's provocative and bloodthirsty gaze and smile, Brandon, for the first time, felt a chill crawl over his heart.

His intuition told him that Jeremy was a madman, and there would be no escaping him for the rest of his life.

Compared to being tortured by a madman for a lifetime, it was better to kill him now...

Brandon's eyes grew darker, and a sinister and



chilling aura enveloped his entire being.

Kill Jeremy...

The relentless voice in his mind pushed Brandon to the brink of madness. His eyes turned bloodshot, and he yanked the dagger from Jeremy's shoulder.

Jeremy let out a snort, and the provocative smile on their face grew more apparent as he whispered, "Kill me. Do it quickly... Once you do, no one will disturb you and Janet anymore... Nobody will bother you again..."

"Fine..." Brandon raised the dagger high, his eyes filled with bloodlust. "You deserve it!"

With that, he lowered his hand to drive the dagger into Jeremy's neck.

But when the blade was a mere inch away from stabbing Jeremy, a pair of strong hands firmly clasped Brandon's hand.

"Brandon, are you out of your mind?!" Frank growled, holding Brandon's hand with all his strength.

"Let go! I'm going to kill him!" Brandon snarled while staring at Frank with bloodshot eyes.

Frank, refusing to release his grip, reminded him,

"Calm down! Think of Janet. She has amnesia and needs you more than ever. You have to be there for her. Go back and take care of her!"

Her name seemed to be a wake-up call for Brandon. His tense body relaxed, and the fury in his eyes gradually subsided.

After a long moment, he stepped back and flung the dagger aside. He wearily rubbed his forehead and admitted, "You're right. I still have Janet... I can't commit murder."


Seeing Brandon return to his senses, Frank breathed a sigh of relief. He patted him on the shoulder and advised, "You should leave now. I'll clean up the mess here."

"Leaving so soon?" Jeremy asked, continuing to taunt Brandon. "Aren't you going to kill me? Oh, I see, you're a coward!"

Brandon glared coldly at Jeremy. But for some reason, his legs seemed rooted in place, unable to move.

At that moment, a loud bang echoed through the room, accompanied by the heavy thud of something hitting the floor just outside the door. Moreover, the strong smell of smoke

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 +90 Points at most

began to seep in from the outside, filling the air.

Brandon turned his head to look at the door. A fire had started spreading.