

## Chapter 1420 I Want Brandon's Life

Brandon's gaze settled on the captivating figure from a distance, watching as Jeremy roughly yanked her by the collar, forcing her to stand at the rooftop's edge where she teetered precariously on the brink of falling. A wrenching pain clutched his heart.

The fault was his. His complacency and negligence had subjected the woman he cherished to this torment.

Regardless, he was resolute; even if it necessitated endangering his own life, he was resolved to rescue her.

Simultaneously, Jeremy spotted Brandon in the middle of the playing field. His malevolent grin was more ghastly than any specter as he bellowed, "Brandon, I've been expecting you for a while!"

Meeting Jeremy's gaze with icy resolve, Brandon retorted, "I'm here now. Let Janet go."

Jeremy sneered, countering, "Join me in a game,

and I'll free her."

Without a moment's hesitation, Brandon commenced his trek towards the ominous, vacant classroom building.

Seeing Brandon ascending the stairs compliantly, Jeremy felt a rush of exhilaration, his blood surged with anticipation.

He had awaited this day for far too long!

Janet, standing precariously at the edge of the railing-free rooftop, felt her nerves stretched to breaking point. She could crumble at any moment.

Staring at Jeremy with a loathing gaze, she demanded bitterly, "What exactly is it that you want?"

With a brutal yank, Jeremy seized Janet's hair, pulling her back. He breathed a sinister chuckle into her ear, retorting, "Patience. You'll know soon enough."

Janet's pained cry echoed into the night, tears spilling from her eyes. She seethed with rage, yearning to fight back, but the drug Jeremy had administered left her paralyzed, unable to resist.

"Whatever it is you desire, take it out on me! Leave Brandon out of this!" Janet choked down her

anger and despair, bargaining with Jeremy through gritted teeth. "If it's money you're after, both the Larson and White families can offer you a fortune substantial enough for a lifetime of luxury."

Jeremy's grip tightened on her hair, his sneer oozing disdain. "Money? Is that all you business types can fathom? What I desire carries far more weight than such trivialities. Even if I explained, you probably wouldn't be willing to part with it."

A wave of unease washed over Janet, making her hesitate before posing the question, "What do you want?"

Jeremy's lips twisted into a chilling smirk, his features morphing into a ferocious mask as he slowly articulated each word, "I want... Brandon's life!"

He intended to murder Brandon!

The revelation sent a chilling shockwave through Janet, the icy dread seeping from her toes to her head.

After a moment, trembling, she struggled to form the question. "Why... why do you hold such animosity towards him? Why must you kill him?"

Jeremy was immensely satisfied with Janet's

reaction. Her panic and frantic demeanor were exceedingly gratifying.

Patting Janet's cheek, he chortled, "Worry not, you'll discover soon enough."

If Janet was this terrified now, her reaction upon witnessing Brandon's demise would undoubtedly be even more sensational.

As Janet discerned the anticipatory glee in Jeremy's eyes, her heart plummeted. She shot Jeremy a defiant glare, rebuking, "You lunatic!"

Unperturbed by Janet's admonishment, Jeremy released his hold, directing his attention towards the stairs with expectation.

Biting her lip, Janet's gaze also fell on the staircase. Overwhelmed by hopelessness and fear, she felt cornered.

What on earth was Jeremy planning? Brandon, with his astute mind, surely wouldn't be deceived easily. The fault lay with her. She had been recklessly complacent, leading to her own capture and thereby ensnaring Brandon in this perilous predicament.

Brandon soon arrived on the topmost floor of the classroom building.

During his climb, he noticed that the building was dilapidated, except for the two topmost floors—the fifth and sixth—which were freshly constructed.

This anomaly pointed unmistakably to Jeremy's handiwork. He had deliberately readied this place for something.

Upon reaching the rooftop, he was met with a massive pool occupying over two-thirds of the entire rooftop area. Beyond the murky water, there appeared to be other organisms squirming and rolling within.

A wave of nausea washed over Brandon, prompting him to look away from the pool and towards Jeremy at the edge of the rooftop.

Noticing Brandon's brief focus on the pool, a sinister grin spread across Jeremy's face. "Mr. Larson, do you appreciate this pool?"

A sense of foreboding settled in Brandon, his features hardening. "What are you implying?"

Jeremy let loose a chilling, maniacal laugh, openly flaunting his madness and hate. He fixed Brandon with a malevolent stare, declaring, "I arranged this pool especially for you. Seeing your fondness for it is quite reassuring."

Hearing Jeremy's deranged laughter, Janet felt a shudder of fear. Her eyes met Brandon's, filled with anxious concern, attempting to relay a silent message about Jeremy's murderous intentions. She hoped he would comprehend her desperate plea and quickly escape from this precarious situation.