Chapter 1846 I Am Going To Kill You

Brandon's men halted Jeremy in an alley close to the hospital, encircled by towering office buildings that blocked any escape.

Standing empty-handed in the center, Jeremy noticed the hesitation among Brandon's crew, their fear palpable as if he might unleash some potent drug.

"What's the matter? Scared you can't take me down with all your numbers?" Jeremy taunted, eyes scanning for any sign of Brandon. He couldn't fathom Brandon missing this confrontation. The anticipation had been building for far too long.

Despite his provocations echoing off the walls, the bodyguards maintained their distance, and there was no sign of Brandon.

Frustration mounting, Jeremy bellowed, "Brandon! I never pegged you for a coward, nor your men. Look, I'm unarmed. What are you scared of?"

Jeremy's voice rang out, but just as he was about to give up hope, a familiar voice cut through the tension.

"You're already finished, yet here you are, still spouting off," Brandon retorted as he approached

briskly with his entourage.

Noting Jeremy's gaunt appearance and disheveled state, Brandon felt no satisfaction in his vengeance, but instead, a deeper loathing than he had ever known—fueled by the memories of Janet's suffering.

With a decisive motion, Brandon donned a specially prepared anti-corrosive mask, signaling to his bodyguards to stand back, choosing to confront Jeremy alone.

Jeremy scoffed, "How noble of you, facing me by yourself now." His voice dripping with sarcasm.

In a swift move, he withdrew a handful of white powder from his pocket, casting it into the air. Within moments, the alley was engulfed in a dense white fog.

Brandon squinted as Jeremy vanished in the haze.

"Still trying to escape?" he murmured. Standing his ground, Brandon opened the container of medicine Vinson had given him days earlier, his sneer reflecting his disdain.

The white dust hung thick in the air, reducing his visibility to mere inches.

Jeremy had always been crafty, but this time Brandon couldn't let him slip away—not with Janet's safety on the line.

Brandon's lips tightened, the only sounds in the dense silence were his own breath and heartbeat.

As minutes stretched on, a faint sound of footsteps caught his attention to his front left. Reacting swiftly, Brandon kicked towards the sound, hearing a thud followed by painful groans shortly after.

Hearing Jeremy coughing up blood brought a harsh sneer of satisfaction to Brandon's lips. He strode forward, seized Jeremy by the collar, and dragged him out of the alley.

Jeremy sputtered blood as he spoke, disbelief coloring his voice. "It's impossible! How could you see me? Brandon! I intentionally mixed the white powder to impair your close combat advantage in the obscured environment. How could it be possible? Brandon!"

Jeremy struggled violently, but Brandon's grip was unyielding. At that moment, he sensed Brandon's murderous intent and began to become scared.

Brandon slammed Jeremy to the ground with a loud bang as he walked to the car.

Gritting his teeth against the pain, Jeremy tried to rise, shouting, "Brandon! It's not possible! Today, I will kill you! I swear it!"

But before he could fully stand, Brandon delivered a fierce kick to his chest, propelling him to land on the car and then fall to the ground.