

Chapter 1423 He Is A Murderer

"Are you joking? What do I have to fear?" Jeremy cackled manically, positioning the needle against Janet's neck, poised to inject it. "Brandon, the one who should be terrified is you!"

Witnessing this, Brandon's fists clenched in fear and his lips tightened. He dared not provoke Jeremy further, fearing that any misstep might lead to Janet being harmed.

Janet trembled, feeling the chilly point of the needle against her neck. Her breath hitched and her heart pounded tumultuously.

Jeremy, the madman! She could almost feel the needle breaking her skin!

After their prolonged face-off on the rooftop, Jeremy had deduced something was off about Brandon. He was stalling for time, waiting for backup to arrive!

Wishful thinking!

Jeremy cackled insanely, unhinged in his delight.

"As long as Janet remains in my clutches, your backup amounts to nothing! You still have to bow to my whims. If I decree death, then death it shall be!"

With that, he nudged her forward a couple of steps.

Now, Janet's toes were perilously close to the edge of the pool. One more shove from Jeremy and she would plunge straight in.

"Stop!" Brandon's eyes widened in panic, and he instinctively reached out, trying to catch Janet's arm.

However, with several yards separating them, if Jeremy decided to harm Janet, Brandon could only helplessly watch as she was thrust into the pool teeming with leeches, unable to prevent the calamity.

Brandon instinctively stepped forward, pleading, "Jeremy, calm down!"

"Don't move an inch!" Jeremy remained alert against any potential counter-attack from Brandon. He brandished the needle menacingly, shouting, "If you dare advance further, I'll end her life!"

Brandon took a deep breath, trying to reason with him. "I won't move. You need to take it easy!"

Jeremy's eyes blazed with a manic glow, his expression twisted into something monstrous. He pointed at the pool, hollering, "Enough with the prattle! Dive into the pool. I want to see you die! I want you dead this instant!"

With these words, he threatened to shove Janet once more.

Brandon was too formidable. Even with his utmost confidence, Jeremy wasn't certain he could overpower him.

Left with no alternatives, Jeremy intended to kill Brandon swiftly, using Janet as his bargaining chip. He couldn't afford to waste a single moment.

Only with Brandon's death could he truly relax!

Forced to the edge of the pool, Janet had no choice but to gaze at the squirming leeches in the water. The faint stench of blood sent waves of nausea through her, causing her to panic.

How revolting! Of all creatures, she dreaded these legless ones the most!

"Alright, I'll jump!" Without any delay, Brandon

stepped towards the pool.

"No! Don't!" Janet cried out, desperation and powerlessness evident in her tear-stricken face as she watched Brandon, poised to embrace his doom without hesitation.

Brandon bestowed a deep, meaningful look upon Janet, who was engulfed in tears, and softly reassured her, "Janet, don't worry. Everything will be alright."

With those parting words, he unflinchingly plunged into the pool.

Splash! As Brandon hit the frigid water, an icy chill shot through his entire body, triggering violent shivers.

Almost immediately, countless leeches latched onto his submerged lower body.

The searing pain turned Brandon's complexion pallid, but he held his lips tightly shut, his stoic and stern countenance revealing no hint of his agony.

The smell of blood in the pool intensified as the leeches, sensing a fresh meal, frenziedly competed to fasten themselves onto Brandon's legs.

The sharp pain coupled with the grotesque

sensation presented a dual torment to Brandon's psyche and physique. He struggled to breathe, his brows involuntarily furrowing.

Nonetheless, he remained composed, his deep-set eyes never straying from Janet, full of unspoken affection.

Jeremy, observing Brandon's minor grimace of pain, broke into a fit of laughter. His laughter eventually subsided, leaving behind an air of satisfaction.

His expression was that of someone who had just completed a momentous ritual. Looking at Brandon, he taunted, "Brandon, how does the countdown to your end feel? This is the penance you must pay for your transgressions. Start your journey of atonement!"

Brandon merely raised his eyebrows in response, looking at Jeremy with an incredulous smirk. "Atonement? I have never resorted to theft or deceit, and my conscience is clear. What sins am I atoning for?"

Janet, too, stared at Jeremy, perplexed.

She also found it puzzling that Jeremy harbored

such intense hatred towards Brandon. They had been targeted multiple times before, but this time Jeremy intended to kill Brandon as if he was guilty of an egregious crime. Yet, in reality, Brandon was unfamiliar with him.

Despite her weak voice, Janet's words carried undeniable conviction. "Brandon has always been honorable and forthright. You, on the other hand, concocted harmful drugs and victimized innocents. It's you who needs atonement."

"Silence!" Jeremy shot Janet a warning glare before his gaze snapped back to Brandon. His voice, thick with resentment and vitriol, seethed. "Brandon, you're a murderer. You should've died long ago! How dare you claim innocence!"

He then addressed Janet, his voice a frenzied shout. "Your husband is a wolf in lamb's clothing! He has taken lives and reeks of bloodshed. Can't you smell it?"

Jeremy's manic outburst sent chills down Janet's spine. She trembled uncontrollably, biting her lip to suppress any further provocations.

"Murderer?" Brandon's confusion deepened. "You

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+90 Points at most

must be mistaken. I have never taken a life."

Brandon had previously assumed his pursuit by the mysterious pharmacist was a result of business rivalry. Could it be that Jeremy held a personal grudge against him?