

Chapter 1813 Livestream Your Suicide

Disguising his emotions behind a facade of anger, Brandon calmly messages his associates, instructing them to discreetly track Jeremy's mobile phone signal and determine his current whereabouts.

Upon hearing Brandon's agitated tone, Jeremy's smile widened with pride as he inquired, "Might you be wondering about the coincidence of Wren's laboratory exploding just after she revealed her possession of the curative herbs for Janet?"

Before Brandon could retort, Jeremy persisted arrogantly, "Allow me to enlighten you further. I procured insider assistance from Frank's hospital, enabling me to meticulously observe the entirety of your encounter via surveillance. Timing the detonation precisely with Wren's disclosure of the herbs was deliberate on my part. I derived satisfaction from witnessing your fleeting glimpse of hope swiftly devolve into despair. All of this was meticulously orchestrated by me!"

Brandon drew in a deep breath, clenched his jaw, and bellowed, "Jeremy, you'd best seek shelter now, or I'll tear you apart when I catch you!"

Yet Jeremy dismissed his warning with a hearty laugh. He taunted, "Oh, you're clueless about the rarity of one of the herbs, aren't you? To put it

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simply, its global supply could be tallied on two hands, most of which perished with Wren's lab. If you want Janet to survive, you'll heed my demands and hand over what I seek."

In a bid to persuade Brandon, Jeremy snapped a picture of the herbs and transmitted it.

Brandon tapped the image and noticed today's newspaper nestled beneath the herbs.

Upon seeing the herbs, Brandon experienced a surge of simultaneous anger and relief. His fury drove him to contemplate violence against Jeremy. However, a glimmer of hope emerged as he realized the herbs remained intact, offering Janet's illness a slight boost in recovery prospects.

Despite knowing that obtaining the herbs would inevitably lead to a life-and-death struggle with Jeremy, Brandon resolved never to give up as long as there was hope.

Attempting to steady his emotions, he inquired, "I need the herbs urgently. What are your terms?"

Jeremy, unsurprised by Brandon's acquiescence, understood the depth of Brandon's love for Janet. Holding her fate in his hands, he knew Brandon would comply.

"My demands remain unchanged. I seek your life. Once you're gone, I'll spare her. She bears a striking resemblance to my late sister. Perhaps I'll even care for her in the future."

Brandon recoiled at Jeremy's deliberately softened tone, his disgust evident as he furrowed his brow in response. "A mere photo won't suffice, I must arrange for someone to inspect the herbs. Only after confirming that you're not deceiving me will I even entertain your condition."

"No way." Jeremy promptly dismissed Brandon's request without hesitation. "I'm being pursued by your associates worldwide. Do you think I'm foolish enough to readily disclose my location? I'll offer you a single option: Livestream your demise. I insist on witnessing your death firsthand. Once you've passed, I'll promptly surrender the herbs."

At that moment, Vincent's bodyguards signaled to him, indicating they had pinpointed Jeremy's location.

With a sneer, Brandon scoffed into the phone, "Not a chance. I refuse to place trust in your character."

With that, he decisively ended the call.

He had no desire to waste another moment conversing with someone as repulsive as Jeremy.

As Janet emerged from the bedroom, burdened with a heavy suitcase, she inquired curiously, "Who were you speaking to?"

Taking the suitcase from her, Brandon flashed a reassuring smile. "Just some business matters. All is sorted now. Let's get moving."

On the plane, Sean surveyed the surroundings,

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noting fewer than ten bodyguards present. As Janet stowed her luggage, he leaned in to whisper to Brandon, "Should we arrange for additional security? With the ongoing power struggle in the Barton family, things have been unsettled lately. I'm concerned about potential complications."

Brandon shook his head before addressing the two female bodyguards Sean had arranged, inquiring, "What is their level of expertise?"

With a confirming nod, Sean asserted, "These two are the best in the base, and for Mrs. Larson's added protection, I ensured they acquired some medical training."

Brandon acknowledged Sean's assurance and turned to the female bodyguards, issuing clear instructions. "Remain by Janet's side at all times. Upon her safe return to Barnes, I will double your wages."

The eyes of the two female bodyguards gleamed with determination as they nodded in earnest.