

Chapter 1417 I've Been Longing For This Day

Jeremy took immense satisfaction from Brandon's attempt to suppress his rage, visibly reflected on the screen. He burst into laughter, as though he had just witnessed something highly amusing.

"I've been longing for this day," he declared, laughing so intensely that tears welled in his eyes. It took him a while to regain his composure.

Listening to Jeremy's boisterous laughter, Brandon's eyes smouldered with rage. He pronounced each word meticulously, his voice low and seemingly crushed between his teeth, "What do you want from me? Direct your aggression at me. She's innocent."

Jeremy found Brandon's desperate pleas amusing yet again. He nodded, his laughter resounding. "You're right. She indeed is innocent."

"Let her go, and I'll face whatever you've planned," Brandon proposed, clenching his fists and glaring

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at the pompous figure on the screen.

Jeremy cocked an eyebrow and smirked, "If I let her go, how would I toy with you, Mr. Larson?"

With that, he shifted his position casually, reclining against the leather seat. "Relax, Mr. Larson. As long as you comply, your wife will remain unscathed."

Brandon's gaze was as piercing as a blade, as though he yearned to dissect Jeremy's concealed motives. He retorted coolly, "How can I trust your words?"


"Mr. Larson, haven't you grasped the reality of the situation?" Jeremy sneered, his tone brazen. "I hold the reins of this game. You have no alternative but to hope I stand by my word."

Brandon eyed him intensely, not uttering a word.

Jeremy seemed to grow weary of this standoff. He sat upright, meeting Brandon's stern gaze on the screen, and inquired impatiently, "So, Mr. Larson, are you willing to cooperate?"

After a moment of silence, Brandon said in a low voice, "First, I need to ensure she's unharmed."

"Certainly," Jeremy responded swiftly, directing the

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camera towards Janet to demonstrate to Brandon that she was intact. "Don't fret. She's merely unconscious and has sustained no injuries."

Relieved to see Janet unscathed, Brandon heaved a sigh, and asked in a stern tone, "What are your expectations from my cooperation?"

Jeremy redirected the camera towards himself, a frosty smile gracing his features, "It's straightforward. First, evacuate your men from the venue."

Brandon's expression grew frigid and cautious. "And how am I to know you won't seize this chance to flee?"

Jeremy spoke with conviction. "You have no option but to heed my words. Once I'm secure, I'll share my location. However, you must come alone."

Brandon fell silent, evidently contemplating the feasibility of this arrangement.

Jeremy scoffed, "Of course, you're an intelligent man. You must understand that any tricks at this juncture would be detrimental to both you and your wife..."

Observing Brandon's continued silence, Jeremy

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laughed and provoked, "Word is that your love for
your wife is profound. You wouldn't want her to
get hurt, would you?"

On hearing this, Brandon's eyes flared with fury,
his voice booming. "How dare you!"

Jeremy casually glanced at the sleeping Janet in
the rearview mirror and shrugged nonchalantly.
"Let's test it out. I trust you're aware that the drugs
I possess could render your wife wishing for death!"

Inhaling deeply, Brandon conceded, "Alright, I
agree to your terms."

He then commanded his men beside him,
"Instruct the guards at the entrance to retreat."

Jeremy was pleased to see Brandon obeying his
command. "It seems the rumors hold true. Your
love for your wife runs deep. It's truly touching."



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