

Chapter 1426 Redeem With Your Life

Jeremy's lip curled in a derisive sneer, his response seemed a foregone conclusion to Brandon's denial of guilt over his sister's demise. With a nonchalance bordering on apathy, he stated, "Your confession hardly matters. You can atone for my sister with your life. You're doomed regardless, right?"

Blood loss made Brandon's head spin, yet he managed to stay composed. "Fine, if you're adamant I had a hand in your sister's death, I'll play along. But I did what you asked. I jumped in the pool. It's time you release Janet, as you swore you would."

Witnessing Brandon still putting her first despite his circumstances, Janet's tears fell even more freely.

She longed to tell him to flee and forget her, but the potency of Jeremy's administered drug robbed her of her speech.

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Jeremy's grip on Janet's hand didn't slacken; his intentions were clear. "Once you're dead, I'll free her. But how will you ever know if I keep my word?"

His smug evasion of his promise was clear.

Outrage washed over Brandon's face but with Janet in jeopardy and his life hanging in the balance, reckless behavior was not an option. All he could do was continue negotiating, "If you don't let her go now, backup will arrive. You won't get away even if we end up dead."

Jeremy scoffed, dripping with scorn, "This is my turf. Every inch for ten miles is patrolled by my men. Not even a fly can break in. Rescue is a pipe dream. Embrace your end!"

Yet, confidence laced Brandon's chuckle. "Ever considered whose life Darkmoon values more?"

Yours or mine?"

The mention of Darkmoon, one of the globe's most feared assassin groups, was unexpected.

"Why bring up Darkmoon?" Jeremy's eyes narrowed, suspicion flickering.

Brandon smirked subtly, his voice calm, "Before arriving, I struck a deal with Darkmoon. You're aware of their reputation, right? In their eyes, I believe my worth outstrips yours."

Disbelief overrode Jeremy's features as he countered, "Don't think I'm clueless. You're estranged from them. How could they negotiate with you? You're not fooling me!"

Brandon's laughter bubbled up as if he'd just heard the punchline of an innocent joke. He fixed a knowing gaze on Jeremy and retorted, "Just because we had a fallout doesn't mean we can't reconvene. Darkmoon's leader, Britton Scott, is a notorious opportunist. You should know his modus operandi all too well."

Darkmoon's ethos was simple. Profit trumped all; they cared little for individuals, only their coin.

A glint of panic sparked in Jeremy's eyes, which only widened Brandon's grin. "I struck a deal with

Mr. Scott. If I don't ring him within half an hour of my arrival, Darkmoon will immediately place a bounty on your head."

Jeremy gaped, a sheen of disbelief on his face. "A bounty? They're actually on your side?"

Darkmoon's reputation for ruthless assassination, coupled with substantial payouts, was enough to pique the interest of the most affluent killers.

Despite Jeremy's skill in pharmacology and an expansive web of connections, surviving Darkmoon's assassination wasn't a certainty he was willing to bet on.

Sensing Jeremy's disorientation, Brandon dealt another hard-hitting blow. "Isn't your longtime collaboration with Mr. Scott reason enough to vouch for his character?"

That statement hit a nerve with Jeremy.

Their clandestine dealings concerning special drugs were only known to the two of them. If Brandon knew of it, it implied that Mr. Scott had spilled the beans.

Having provided Mr. Scott with various drugs over time, Jeremy was well versed in his counterpart's modus operandi—profit above all, everything else

was just a stepping stone.

"So you had an ace up your sleeve!" Jeremy's face morphed into a malevolent expression, his stare bore into Brandon. "That explains why you jumped without a second thought. You were ready for this!"

Brandon's relaxed smile did little to hide his satisfaction. "You surely didn't expect me to face you unarmed? After all, trusting you to keep your word and let Janet go isn't in my playbook."

Janet sighed in relief, realizing that Brandon had a backup plan all along.

Watching Brandon's imminent victory, Jeremy was sent into a frenzy, his face contorting in desperation. "Do you think aligning with Darkmoon means you walk away unscathed? I suggest you make the call promptly, then accept your fate. As long as you cooperate, I'll free her at once."

Brandon remained unflinching. "Your assurances don't sway me. My priority is Janet's safety. Once you free her, I'll call Darkmoon."

Jeremy was aware that if Brandon dallied too long, Darkmoon might dispatch the assassination due to his lack of communication.

His anxious plea punctuated the air. "This isn't the

time for negotiations! Do you want to see me kill her right now?"

Leaning against the pool wall, Brandon appeared serene despite his weakened state. His tone laced with stoic despair, he retorted, "Then we all meet our ends together."

Jeremy finally understood that threatening a dying man was futile, and he risked being pulled into the abyss alongside Brandon.

Inhaling deeply, he forced a semblance of calm onto his features. "Fine, I can free her now. But you need to call Darkmoon immediately, or we all perish together!"


Following a moment of hesitation, Brandon nodded reluctantly. "Okay, once you release Janet, I'll give them a ring."

The color drained from Jeremy's face as he fished out his phone and lobbed it toward Brandon. "Make the call, now."

Brandon caught the phone, his eyes trained on Jeremy, silently urging him to hold up his end of the bargain.


Cursing under his breath, Jeremy whipped out a spray bottle, directing a mist toward Janet's face.

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Seconds later, she came to.

Impatience flickered in Jeremy's eyes as he shoved her aside. "Go!"

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