

## Chapter 1847 Broken Limbs

Jeremy barely had time to react before Brandon's bodyguard closed in on him and broke his limbs.

The air was instantly filled with Jeremy's shrill cries as his limbs were grotesquely contorted.

Jeremy lay sprawled on the ground, his eyes dark with unyielding defiance, unable to comprehend why he always ended up so thoroughly defeated when facing Brandon.

Brandon kicked aside the arm that Jeremy had thrust in front of him and spat out coldly, "Someone like you who only relies on shortcuts like potions can't measure up to someone like me who trains diligently. My senses are very sharp. Even if I can't see, I can still discern my surroundings through my ears and nose. Also, I can smell the miscellaneous collection of potions you're carrying."

Furious, Jeremy said through ground teeth, "I may have underestimated you this time, but even if I lose, I won't let you win. We'll go to hell together, Brandon!"

"Huh?" Brandon raised an intrigued eyebrow, eager to see what other absurd idea Jeremy had up his sleeve even while lame.

Jeremy chuckled coldly, then confidently glanced at his wrist, where his once-clean, exquisite mechanical watch sat soiled with blood.

Surprisingly, Brandon was no longer in a haste. He suddenly became patient as he leaned against the car door, waiting to see Jeremy's next big move.

Brandon decided to fill the silence as he waited. "Why do you keep hurting innocent people? Last time, it was Janet, and now you've gone completely mad and crashed into a hospital ambulance? You can't get any lower, can you? People like you are just wasting oxygen on earth."

"Nonsense!" Jeremy yelled angrily. "Don't you try pinning anything on me. I've always been very clear about my intentions. The only person I've ever wanted to kill is you, and you alone. I have no fucking idea how the ambulance crashed. And if I wanted to cause an accident, I would have done that three days ago!"

This got Brandon thinking. If it wasn't Jeremy, then who could it be?

Despite how ferociously Jeremy denied this act, Brandon still didn't believe that a severe accident could have happened at the hospital entrance almost at the same time that Jeremy was trying to sneak into the hospital. Who, apart from Jeremy, could be so despicable?

When Brandon's contemptuous gaze met Jeremy's, the latter cursed angrily and said, "I won't force you to believe me, but you should know that with all your bad deeds, a lot of people want you dead. So, don't put it all on me."

Minutes had passed and nothing had happened. Jeremy turned his head to look at the quiet alley,

then at his watch.

As soon as Brandon had entered the alley, Jeremy had sprinkled white powder and activated the timer on the explosives which should have gone off two minutes ago. Why hadn't they detonated yet?

The amount of explosives he had put up was enough to destroy half of a bustling commercial street. At this time, Brandon should have been in hell with him. In fact, the man should have died a long time ago to atone for what he did to his sister. Why was he still standing here?

Seeing Jeremy's panicked and confused expression, Brandon reminded him kindly, "You bought your explosives in Barnes. You can't seriously think that you would buy enough explosives to destroy half a commercial street in my territory behind my back, can you?"

Jeremy's eyes instantly darkened in fear and anger, but Brandon was done with him. He got into the car and slammed the door shut. "Are you sure you want to take him?" he asked the man in the back seat.

When Brandon left the hospital earlier, he saw Vinson waiting for him by the car. After considering Vinson's offer to handle any situation if Jeremy used more potions, Brandon decided to bring him along.

Vinson sighed heavily and spoke with resignation. "Jeremy was my student and escaped from my lab. I think it should end there as well."

When the elderly man stepped out of the car, Jeremy's face blanched. "Vinson?"

It was obvious how scared Jeremy was of this man. Even with his broken limbs, he still tried to crawl backwards when he saw Vinson.

However hard he tried though, he couldn't move an inch.

What was going on?

It was only then that Jeremy realized something was wrong with his body. He felt as if he were being crushed by a boulder weighing several hundred kilograms. Every single part of his body seemed to be paralyzed, even his neck.

He had been drugged.

When the hell did Brandon do it?