

## Chapter 1505 Creator Of Chaos Should Resolve It

Sequestered within the private chamber, Britton remained steadfast, determined to extract additional advantages from Brandon. The unusual silence beyond the door, devoid of the rhythmic patter of footsteps, escaped his notice.

Brandon, however, was the first to detect the brewing anomaly. A covert glance exchanged with Frank served as a silent command for action. It appeared Jeremy's patience had ebbed away.

The abrupt shift in Brandon's and Frank's demeanors finally alerted Britton to the lurking uncertainty.

A tug on Britton's sleeve from Corinne was accompanied by a whisper. "Has Jeremy arrived?"

A grim affirmation was all Britton offered. His icy gaze shifted from the door to Brandon as he muttered, "He's here."

Brandon, nonchalantly reclining in his chair, greeted Britton's revelation with an icy smile, selectively ignoring it.

Corinne's countenance darkened at Brandon's lack of response. In hushed urgency, she cautioned him, "Brandon, Jeremy is crafty and well-versed in underhand tactics. His target is you now; do not underestimate him."

A cunning smirk adorned Brandon's face as he gestured towards the concealed camera in the corner, jeering, "It appears I am not his only prey, am I, Mr. Scott? I've provided substantial leverage for our cooperation. Is this your gratitude?"

Brandon's ability to decipher his covert surveillance was something Britton hadn't anticipated. He found himself speechless, lips pursed in an awkward silence.

Learning of the hidden camera was a shock to Corinne. Despite her ire and anxiety, she knew better than to incite a quarrel at this juncture. Frantically, she warned Brandon, "This is not the time to delve into this issue, Brandon. Clearly, our deal has stoked Jeremy's fury. Unless we unite against him, he may pose a lethal threat."

With an uncanny chill to his voice, Brandon scoffed, "Jeremy's rampage is your doing. The creator of the chaos should be the one to

resolve it."

Britton's grip on his teacup tightened, his glare boring into Brandon. "What are you implying? Do you intend to remain aloof? I lured Jeremy here for your benefit!"

A sneer was Brandon's response. "Had the Darkmoon not sheltered him, Jeremy would have met his end the night I decimated his base." Stunned into silence by Brandon's retort, Britton's face was a mask of frustration.

Crossing his arms, Brandon continued his impassive onslaught, "Moreover, if the Darkmoon can't handle a single Jeremy, do you truly believe you're fit to negotiate a partnership with me?"

Britton, his lips pressed in a tight line, glared menacingly at Brandon, the veins on his hand bulging ominously against the cup's cold surface.

It dawned on him then that his decision to harbor Jeremy had infuriated Brandon, leading to this deliberate humiliation.

However, now is not the time for heated exchanges. The thought of Jeremy's bizarre and potent pharmaceutical capabilities spurred Britton into action. He motioned for two of his



trusted bodyguards to venture out and assess the situation.

The bodyguards, upon receiving their orders, stealthily approached the door. Pressing their ears against the cool surface, they strained to detect any signs of activity beyond.

The deafening silence only heightened their wariness.

Exchanging a glance, one guard gingerly cracked open the door. Confirming the apparent absence of anyone outside, they gradually opened the door in its entirety.

The room's occupants collectively held their breath as the door creaked open.

Brandon's sharp and focused gaze darted towards Frank.

Frank, understanding Brandon's silent command, quietly unscrewed the lid of the glass vial nestled in his pocket.

The very next moment, a delicate aroma wafted through the air, enveloping both Brandon and Frank. ②