

Chapter 1510 Scatter Your Sister's Ashes

Jeremy lay on the floor, surrounded by an overwhelming sense of despair. But unlike before, he was no longer struggling or cursing.

Seeing the desperation etched on Jeremy's face, Brandon could not help but smile with satisfaction.

He had endured the same despair when he was separated from Janet, he now desired for Jeremy to experience that same anguish.

At this moment, Brandon picked up the cold tea from the table and leisurely took a sip. Once he saw enough despair in Jeremy's eyes, he casually remarked, "I've had someone check this address, but I haven't had the chance to take action yet."

Upon hearing this, a glimmer of hope flickered in Jeremy's eyes, and the sense of despair gradually receded.

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"But..." Brandon set the teacup down and continued. "If you don't cooperate, I won't hesitate to send someone to dig up her grave, denying her peace even in death."

As he spoke, his dark eyes brimmed with coldness, and his thin lips formed a stern line. His aura became ominous and intimidating, which could send shivers down people's spine.

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Overwhelmed with despair, Jeremy closed his eyes. His sister was his Achilles' heel, and Brandon's threat worked on him.

However, he still refused to give in. If he caved in and revealed the residual drugs in Janet's body, he would lose all leverage against Brandon once they cured her.

At the thought of this, Jeremy opened his eyes and let out chilling laughter that was enough to make anyone tremble with fear.

"Do you think I'd be afraid just because you threaten to desecrate my sister's resting place? Brandon, do you still believe you're an honorable man? I doubt you'd stoop so low as to violate the grave of a child who's been dead for years."

Brandon's eyes narrowed slightly with a hint of darkness lurking within. "Who told you I'm an honorable man? I seek revenge for even the slightest grievance. Besides, haven't you hurt the innocent too? I'm just learning from your example."

He smiled, and the ruthlessness in his eyes could make people's scalp tingle. "It appears you don't care about your sister that much.

Very well, I'll have someone scatter her ashes now, ensuring she never finds peace in the afterlife."

Jeremy's pupils constricted in anger, and he bellowed, "How dare you, Brandon!"

With a cold gleam shining in his dark eyes, Brandon leaned forward and said in a deep and cold voice, "Do you think your sister would hate you even in death? Blame you for denying her eternal peace?"

Hearing Brandon's chilling question, Jeremy closed his eyes in despair.

He knew Brandon was not bluffing. If he defied him, Brandon would carry out his threat, condemning his sister to eternal unrest.

After all, he had once sought ruthless vengeance and inflicted harm on Janet, who was as innocent as his sister.

Finally, after a long pause, Jeremy said in a sullen tone, "You can ask me whatever you want to know."

Brandon glanced at Frank and gave him a nod, signaling him to inquire about the formulas and dosages of the drugs that Jeremy had used on Janet.

After what seemed like an eternity, Frank

finished listing the complicated drug names.

To his astonishment, Jeremy had used over a hundred different drugs on Janet, with each dosage three to four times what was considered normal.

Hearing the extensive list, an overwhelming surge of murderous intent coursed through Brandon's veins. He lunged forward and gripped Jeremy's hair. His whole body exuded a strong sense of malevolence.

"How could you? How could you do this to her?"

Jeremy was forced to look up at him. Although he looked somewhat haggard, he still managed to muster an arrogant laugh. "If she hadn't run away, I would've subjected her to even more drugs, making her life a living hell... Argh!"

Before he could finish speaking, a piercing scream erupted from the room.

Brandon had picked up the dagger that had just fallen to the floor and drove it into Jeremy's shoulder.

Amid Jeremy's shrill screams, the dagger's blade was completely embedded in his shoulder, with only the hilt visible.