

Chapter 1513 Death Certificate

Everyone, except for Brandon, stood in stunned silence, their gazes fixed on the private room they had just been in.

Frank, his mouth agape, finally managed to utter, "Jeremy... He's still inside..."

He could not believe that Jeremy would die just like that.

With narrowed eyes, Brandon glanced in the direction of the room and pondered over something. After a moment's silence, he finally said, "Jeremy has committed many heinous acts. He deserves more than just death. He doesn't deserve our sympathy."

Frank opened his mouth to say something but stopped on a second thought. But then, he decided to voice out his concern, "I don't sympathize with him either. It's just... it's so strange."

An unsettling feeling gnawed at his mind. He

found it hard to believe that someone as cunning as Jeremy would die so easily. Was there another conspiracy at play? 2

Frank refrained from voicing these thoughts to Brandon. After all, these were mere conjectures. In a fire this big, Jeremy, who was trapped and poisoned, could not have escaped. He must have been consumed by the flames. Dwelling on other possibilities would only add to Brandon's worries.

Brandon glanced indifferently at Frank and then fixed his gaze on the soaring flames. He pursed his lips and thought that something was amiss. However, before they could delve into the strangeness of the matter, the fire grew larger and louder, its crackling sounds filling the air. The intense heat and thick black smoke made it difficult for them to breathe. Staying here any longer would surely render them unconscious, if not burned to death.

Corinne's forehead glistened with sweat. She covered her mouth and nose and breathed heavily. "Brandon, what should we do now? We can't stay here any longer. The fire is spreading fast. If we don't leave now, we'll be consumed

by the flames."

Frank surveyed the surroundings and realized that the fire had blocked all possible escape routes. "We can't leave. This yard is the safest place."

Corrine coughed incessantly due to the smoke and tears streamed down her face. She glanced around at the fiery inferno and then fixed her gaze on the artificial pond in the yard. "The heat is starting to be unbearable. We could seek refuge in that artificial pond to cool down, or we'll overheat to death."

Frank followed her gaze and then nodded in agreement. "Great idea!"

He turned to Brandon with joy and suggested, "Let's head to the pond for cover."

However, Brandon raised his head and gazed up at the sky. With a rare gentle smile gracing his lips, he raised his eyebrows and said, "There's no need for cover. Help is on its way."

Frank was perplexed for a moment until he heard the buzzing of an aircraft in the distance. He looked up and saw a helicopter hovering above them. "What's going on?"

The smile on Brandon's face grew wider, and he explained, "It's Janet. She's coming to save us."

Frank's eyes lit up with joy. "Your wife is right on time!" he exclaimed.

Meanwhile, on the helicopter, Janet spotted Brandon and the others through binoculars. Seeing that Brandon was safe, a sense of relief washed over her. "They're right below us. Hurry and land to rescue them!" she urged the pilot.

The pilot quickly deployed the rescue rope and pulled them up onto the helicopter.

As soon as Brandon boarded the helicopter, Janet held him in a tight embrace.

As she held her husband, her emotions got the better of her. She cried and laughed at the same time. "Thank goodness! I'm so relieved that you're okay..."

As Brandon held Janet, he gently stroked her hair and comforted her, "It's all right. I'm safe now."

Unbeknownst to them, in an office building not far from the burning private club, a man stood by a massive French window, gazing up at the helicopter in the sky with a sinister smile on

his face. ①

One of his arms was injured, while the other, unharmed, held a death certificate. Written on it were the words "Jeremy Button".

Jeremy stared at the death certificate in his hand with a wicked smile.

Just then, footsteps approached him from behind. With the same eerie expression as when he had faced Brandon, Jeremy asked, "Is everything ready?"