

## Chapter 1512 Raging Flames

Thick smoke billowed into the sky, and flames voraciously consumed the building. The acrid and pungent smell of the smoke filled the air, blowing into their faces.

Frank was shocked as he looked at the towering flames outside the window. "How did the fire start so suddenly?"

Seeing the blazing inferno, Jeremy burst into a peal of maniacal laughter. "Ha-ha! This is wonderful! Let the whole club burn to the ground. None of you can escape. Join me in hell! Join me in hell!"

"Aren't you afraid of death?" Brandon asked while staring at Jeremy, who appeared to have gone mad.

Jeremy looked back at him and flashed a sinister smile that held an insidious gleam in his eyes. "I don't fear death! As long as I can avenge my sister by killing you, I'll die without

regret!"

Brandon found it odd that Jeremy could laugh like crazy and did not fear death. Why was Jeremy not afraid of it at all? Fear of death was inherent in human nature, even for the deranged.

Before Brandon could ask Jeremy again, Frank suddenly grabbed him. "Now is not the time to talk to him. The fire is spreading quickly. We need to leave now!"

Brandon pursed his lips and glanced out the window at the intensifying flames. "Let's go!"

Just as they were about to leave, they heard two faint cries from behind.

"I... I'm still here..." Britton struggled to crawl from the floor and looked at Brandon and Frank with desperate eyes. "Help... Help me..."

Corinne, choked by smoke and in tears, also pleaded with Brandon, her beloved man, "Brandon... Brandon..."

Frank glanced at the two distressed individuals, reluctant to leave them. "Brandon, shouldn't we help them?"

Brandon glanced at them indifferently. After

hesitating for a brief moment, he pursed his lips and said, "I'll help Britton. You help Corinne."

"Okay," Frank readily complied. They quickly helped Britton and Corrine up and navigated through the raging flames and potential falling debris.

The fire intensified due to the wind. The entire club was engulfed in a sea of flames. Muffled sounds followed one after another, intermingling with piercing shrieks that filled the air. Outside the club, people were shouting and screaming in panic, creating a cacophony of deafening cries.

In a panic, they hurriedly sought refuge in the club's yard, only to find themselves encircled by black smoke and burning flames. With no clear way to escape, they felt trapped. Fortunately, the yard was sizable, offering some protection from the surrounding fire for the time being.

Frank, who was supporting Connie, asked Brandon, "What do we do now? We're trapped here."

As he observed the flames dancing in the air, Brandon turned his gaze to Britton and Corinne

hesitating for a brief moment, he pursed his lips and said, "I'll help Britton. You help Corinne."

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Frank, who was supporting Connie, asked Brandon, "What do we do now? We're trapped here."

As he observed the flames dancing in the air, Brandon turned his gaze to Britton and Corinne

and calmly said, "The yard is large enough, and there's a pool. The fire shouldn't reach us here. At most, we might be choked by the smoke and feel a bit uncomfortable."

Seeing that Brandon was right, Frank felt a bit of relief. He nodded and quickly administered the antidote to Corinne and Britton.

The two gradually regained their strength. They leaned against a stone bench in the yard, covering their mouths and noses, gasping for breath.

With anger etched on his face, Brandon glanced at Britton and concluded, "The fire seems to have been burning for some time. It's likely that someone set a fire outside when Jeremy took action. Otherwise, a club this large wouldn't have caught fire so quickly."

His words implied that there were traitors among the Darkmoon Assassin Group. When Jeremy drugged the bodyguards, those stationed at the club's entrance must have cooperated with him to set the fire.

Livid, Britton clenched his teeth and vowed, "Once we get out of here, I'll thoroughly investigate every person in the Darkmoon. No

one connected to Jeremy will escape."

Knowing how ruthless Britton could be with traitors, Brandon turned away, uninterested.

As the two-story wooden house began to collapse, Frank scratched his head in bewilderment. "The yard is so big, and the building isn't that high. Even if the entire club burns down, we can run into the yard and be safe from the fire. So, what was Jeremy's purpose in setting the fire?"

Brandon frowned, equally puzzled by Jeremy's motive for the arson.

Just then, a loud bang came from behind.

Startled, they turned around and saw that the room they had been in moments ago was now completely engulfed in flames. ④