

Chapter 1547 Murderer

"Brandon Larson, CEO of the Larson Group, Under Suspicion for Murder."

"Larson Group CEO Accused of Homicide: Fact or Fiction?"

The bright red headlines flashed prominently on the screen. The top trending searches on several major domestic social platforms were filled with sensational news about Brandon's alleged murder abroad. The reports were filled with vivid details, and it didn't take long for the story to spark a nationwide frenzy.

Brandon's face contorted into a frown. He rapidly skimmed through two stories that claimed to contain irrefutable evidence, including pictures. Clicking on the images, he enlarged them to see clearly. At first glance, he recognized the setting—it was the private room of the exclusive club that had been burned down.

His lips thinning, Brandon scrolled through the images with his fingertips. The next picture was a GIF, purportedly showing him stabbing

Jeremy with a dagger.

The final image was a death certificate—Jeremy's death certificate.

Though Brandon had weathered many storms in his life, this moment left him feeling a chill in his fingers.

Who could have spread this news on the Internet, catching him off guard?

The Darkmoon Assassin Group was currently in turmoil, and Corinne obviously had neither the time nor energy to orchestrate this. Except for her, only Jeremy, who was supposedly consumed in flames, would have the motive.

It seemed that Jeremy was not dead after all. He had even taken advantage of Brandon's unguarded state to attack him.

The realization that he had been framed made Brandon's eyes burn with rage.

Sensing the overwhelming killing intent emanating from Brandon, Frank asked in a trembling voice, "It seems that not only is Jeremy still alive, but he's also prepared. What should we do now?"

A cold light flickered in Brandon's eyes. He sneered, "Game on. I'd like to see what tricks he has up his sleeve."

Though he spoke defiantly, he rubbed his temples, a weariness showing in his eyes.

The recent events, piling one on top of the other, were beginning to take their toll. Even for someone as capable as Brandon, the relentless pressure was wearing him down.

Noticing the exhaustion on his face, Frank reached over to pat him on the shoulder, suggesting, "Shall we contact Sean to ask him to deal with it?"

Rubbing his temples, Brandon nodded and dialed Sean's number.

Clearly, Sean had been anticipating Brandon's call. He answered almost immediately, and before Brandon could even speak, he said, "Mr. Larson, we have been dealing with the posts on the Internet, but those posts are coming from overseas websites. The IP addresses are located outside our country, and the information is being spread across numerous platforms. We can't delete them in a short time."

Brandon had already understood that since Jeremy had orchestrated this, he would not give him a chance to handle it neatly. Pondering for a moment, Brandon instructed, "Make every effort to bring the situation under control

tonight. Don't let the rumors continue to spread unchecked."

"Yes, we've already dispatched someone to address the situation. If nothing goes wrong, we may be able to delete all the posts tonight," Sean replied, his voice tinged with the strain of a headache. "But now, most online users have already seen these posts. Even if we delete the reports, it will be difficult to stop people from talking about them."

This was indeed a vexing problem for Brandon. Jeremy had cunningly utilized the power of public opinion to exert pressure on him. It didn't matter whether or not Brandon was the actual murderer; as long as the public believed he was, the perception would stick. If the police were to intervene at that point, the Larson Group's reputation and stock price would suffer immensely.

Even if he were not arrested, if he couldn't conclusively prove his innocence, he would be burdened with the stigma of being labeled a murderer for the rest of his life.

The only way out would be to present evidence that unequivocally proved he was not the one who committed the crime.

But finding such evidence would be difficult, given how well-prepared Jeremy had been.

With this realization, a chill ran through Brandon's eyes, and his expression took on a malevolent cast.