

Chapter 1567 Reporters Have Tracked Them Down

A sleek, black SUV leisurely made its entrance into the subterranean parking complex of an exclusive medical facility. Within, the bodyguard behind the wheel cast a hawk-eyed gaze, his expression tightening.

Brandon, sensing the tension, shifted his piercing gaze onto him, querying, "Is something amiss?"

Returning his focus to the interior, the bodyguard replied with a blend of reverence and alertness, "Mr. Larson, the parking area seems... unusually populated today. Perhaps it'd be wise to seek an alternate spot."

At this, a wave of unease washed over Janet. "Could those extra faces be reporters in disguise? Have they tracked us down?" she whispered, her voice tinged with anxiety.

Reading her distress, Brandon's hand moved instinctively to Janet's shoulder, his fingers pressing gently. "Stay calm," he murmured soothingly. "I've got everything under control."

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Reading her distress, Brandon's hand moved instinctively to Janet's shoulder, his fingers pressing gently. "Stay calm," he murmured soothingly. "I've got everything under control." Janet clutched at his sleeve, her grip betraying her unease.

Casting a discerning look outside, where seemingly innocent pedestrians meandered, Brandon decisively commanded, "Steer us to the reserved parking meant for the hospital's inner circle."

The bodyguard executed a neat turn, maneuvering them towards a more secluded section of the parking complex, where the crowd thinned appreciably.

Yet Janet's worries were far from assuaged.

"What if reporters have infiltrated the hospital? What if they swarm us the moment we step out?"

Brandon gave her a reassuring pat, vowing, "Before we set foot outside, I'll check in with Frank to ensure all's clear."

With a nod from Janet, he promptly dialed Frank.

Almost instantaneously, Frank's voice echoed.

"Have you and Janet made it to the hospital?"

"Indeed," came Brandon's measured reply. "Given that Janet's here, I trust the hospital's security is impeccable. I won't stand for any glitches."

A chuckle filtered through the phone as Frank responded, "Relax. Today, I personally oversee the hospital's defenses. Don't I have your trust?"

Yet, recalling the unusually high foot traffic earlier, a nagging sense of foreboding clouded Brandon's mind. His voice dropping several degrees cooler, he prodded, "Can you absolutely vouch for the hospital's safety today? Have we vetted every staff member? Tightened the security net?"

Hearing Brandon's barrage of inquiries, Frank responded with a hint of exasperation but mostly reassurance, "Look, our hospital's

security is top-notch—it always has been. Just this morning, I personally led a sweep with my team. We've scoured every nook and cranny and vetted every staff member, patient, and even their visiting families. There isn't a snowball's chance in hell that a reporter could've wormed their way in. Relax. Let's focus on getting Janet's examination done, alright?"

With Frank's words instilling a degree of confidence, Brandon signaled to the driver to angle the vehicle closer to the elevator bank.

Feeling the fabric of Brandon's sleeve between her fingers, Janet voiced her concerns, her eyes large with trepidation, "You're certain everything's safe?"

With a brief scan outside, Brandon signaled to his bodyguards to scout the immediate vicinity for any anomalies. Stepping out with Janet, he murmured, "All's in hand; don't fret."

Yet, the familiar click-click of camera shutters from a concealed spot not too far off belied his assurance.

Hearing that signature sound, Janet's pulse quickened, and instinctively, she tried to usher Brandon back into the safety of the vehicle. "We should split. Reporters are on our tail! Let me

shield you!"

With an ironclad resolve, Brandon gently ensconced Janet within the circle of his arms, declaring, "They wouldn't dare cross me." And with that, they proceeded forward.

Janet, nestled within the fortress of Brandon's formidable embrace, murmured, her voice betraying her consternation, "I thought we'd been so discreet. How are they still on our heels?"

Their dialogue was interrupted as they entered the sanctuary of the elevator, Brandon's arm still firmly anchored around Janet. Only once the steel doors slid shut did the tremors of anxiety begin to ebb from Janet's demeanor.

With a gentle tousle of her hair, Brandon whispered, "It's alright. There's no need to fear."


Her gaze flicked upwards, revealing eyes awash with a blend of fear and concern. "It's not the reporters that worry me. It's your safety."

A warmth enveloped Brandon's chest. With an affectionate, if slightly rougher, ruffle of her hair, he teased, "What's there to fret over with me?"

She playfully swatted his hand away, smoothing down her now-disheveled tresses.

"This isn't a joke. If word got out that we were

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 +120 Points at most

here, a horde of reporters might descend any minute. Make a swift exit before they rally. I can handle my tests alone."