

## Chapter 1569 A Spectacle Of Chaos

Frank's eyes were wide with panic and uncertainty, prompting a sardonic smirk from Brandon. "Having second thoughts, are we?"

Desperation was evident in his stance, and Frank slapped his forehead dramatically. "How on earth do we handle this army of journalists? Perhaps you should just get rid of me now. With our meager security, we'd be lucky just to keep them from storming the main entrance."

A shadow of annoyance passed over Brandon's features. "This mess is squarely on you," he muttered, the lingering camaraderie from their years of friendship the only thing keeping his temper in check.

Running a hand through his hair, a flustered Frank admitted, "Yes, I messed up royally this time. But considering the sea of reporters below, our handful of guards can hardly cope. Can we lean on your security team?"

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The thought of the relentless press hoard growing by the minute made Brandon's temples pulse. "Fine. I'll get the Larson Group's elite guards on this."

Frank's relieved exhale came out as a sigh. "I owe you big time. Once this storm subsides, dinner's on me—for both you and Janet."

Waving the offer away, Brandon replied dismissively, "Spare me."

Frank's sheepish grin went unnoticed by Brandon. Just as Brandon was about to dial reinforcements, a thunderous commotion echoed from the floors below, followed by a chorus of screams that seemed to shake the very foundation of the hospital.

Even from their elevated vantage point, the cacophony of frenzied footsteps was deafening. Clearly, a massive crowd was surging below.

Despite witnessing countless altercations during his tenure at the hospital, this was a spectacle of chaos unlike any Frank had ever encountered. His voice shaking, he murmured, "Have they gone mad? Are they actually trying to breach the hospital?"

Brandon, who had braced himself for trouble, was still taken aback by the escalating intensity. His voice dripping with contempt, he growled, "Do these fools actually believe they're invincible against the might of the Larson Group?"

Spotting Brandon's simmering rage, Frank quickly interjected, "Let's not do anything rash. I'll send my guys to assess the madness."

Brushing Frank's grasp aside, Brandon retorted, "Every second counts!"

He stormed towards the door, his voice tinged with foreboding. "If they get through, it's not just my reputation at stake. Your hospital will crumble first."

Frank's mind buzzed, like the frantic hum of a trapped bee, as he grasped the perilous edge they were teetering on. Hurrying alongside Brandon, he voiced his rising panic, "What's our next move?"

Halting abruptly by the gleaming elevator doors, Brandon's eyes sharpened into a commanding glare. "Above all," he began with deliberate weight, "ensure your team barricades the hospital's entrance. We can't let that horde of news-hungry maniacs storm in. If they breach, it's a catastrophe for all of us."

The gravity of the situation sent shivers down Frank's spine. His years as a medical professional had taught him one unwavering fact: hospitals were sanctuaries of calm. Right now, with two surgeries ongoing, any disturbance from the media mob would be catastrophic, causing damage beyond repair.

In a frenzy, Frank pulled out his phone, dialing

the hospital's security team.

"Activate our tightest security measures now!" he demanded. He wasn't going to allow a single journalist to exploit a crack in their defense.

As the elevator doors slid silently closed, Brandon, visibly drained, massaged the bridge of his nose, murmuring, "Janet's exam better not be disrupted by this chaos. If so, there will be hell to pay."

Simultaneously, Frank held onto a hope that the journalists wouldn't barge in. If they did, the hospital would descend into turmoil, and everything would crumble.


Frank, nerves fraying by the second, clutched his fingers together, his lips moving in a desperate plea. "Just hold out a bit longer. Please."

Casting a sidelong glance at Frank, Brandon quipped, "You know, if you've got energy for prayers, maybe you should be out there with the security, fending off those vultures."


The elevator chimed softly, signaling their arrival on the first floor.

As the doors parted, a sight of chaos met them. Bodyguards, muscles straining, fought a losing battle against a tsunami of reporters, their

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 +120 Points at most

cameras flashing like storm lightning.

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