

## Chapter 1570 Defamation

A veritable sea of reporters choked the hospital's entrance, the throngs so thick that all anyone could discern were ceaseless camera flashes, threatening to eclipse the midday sun. Wave after wave, they clamored at the gates, jostling to breach the hospital's barriers.

Frank stood, utterly aghast. The spectacle unfolding before him seemed straight from a drama. He turned to Brandon, his eyes bulging in disbelief. "I can't believe this madness! They're practically laying siege to a hospital, just for your story. Is this the world we live in now?"

Brandon's gaze, icier than a winter storm, swept over the mob. "There's a lot more of them than I'd bargained for," he noted with evident disdain.

"What should we do now..." Frank's words stuck in his throat when his gaze darted to a lone bodyguard, perilously close to being swallowed whole by the tidal wave of journalists.

Panic, cold and sharp, clawed at his insides, and

he blurted out, "Look out!" before dashing into the fray, desperately trying to bolster the beleaguered security with every ounce of his strength.

Meanwhile, Brandon, a commanding figure of elegance and authority, began to stride toward the epicenter of the chaos.

His tall, statuesque form and chiseled features acted like magnets, drawing every eye and lens to him.

The first echelons of reporters, recognizing him instantly, almost frothed with excitement. Shutter clicks became deafening as voices clamored, "There he is! Brandon's here!"

Echoes of excitement rippled throughout the horde. Whispers transformed into shouts of anticipation.

"Finally! Brandon's emerged! This is the scoop we've been waiting for!"

"Let's break through! First one in gets the scoop of the year!"

In the blink of an eye, the fervor intensified tenfold. It was a frenetic dance of desperation, each reporter trying to outmaneuver the other, each vying for that exclusive snapshot or soundbite of Brandon.

A pivotal moment arrived when one bodyguard, beleaguered and overwhelmed, faltered. Seizing this opportunity, a particularly audacious reporter weaved past the defenses and lunged at Brandon, his microphone threateningly close to being a weapon.

With eyes gleaming with a mad hunger for exclusivity, the reporter barked, ignoring Brandon's frigid aura, "Mr. Larson, they're branding you a killer! Why are you roaming free instead of behind bars? Did your wealth buy the police's silence?"

A hush fell upon the sea of reporters outside, a collective breath held, shocked into silence by the audacity of the question posed to Brandon within the hall.

Brandon Larson, the formidable titan of Barnes, had just been audaciously labeled a killer. Whispers echoed among the crowd. Was the reporter valiant or simply lacking any ounce of sanity?

Yet, mere moments later, the eerie calm was shattered.

An avalanche of questions erupted as reporters, emboldened by the standoff, unleashed a torrent of inquiries.

"Mr. Larson, why allegedly murdered someone who posed no threat? Do you believe your status as the Larson Group's CEO renders you untouchable?"

"Word's going around that you torched a club afterwards. An attempt to erase evidence, perhaps?"

"And your wife? How does she fit into this jigsaw puzzle?"

"Mr. Larson..."

"Could you please answer me..."

Their probing questions were as relentless as a driving rainstorm. Brandon, however, stood undeterred, an island of icy calm amid a tempest. He cast a withering gaze over the assembled reporters, then fixed his cold eyes upon the audacious journalist before him. "Tell me, did you personally witness me commit murder?"

Such was the chilling intensity of Brandon's aura that the journalist faltered. His microphone trembled in his grasp, but he rallied, responding, "The Internet's swarming with footage of the incident. Isn't that proof enough?"

"Huh." Brandon, his face etched with a derisive

smirk, retorted, "So, these clips show me inflicting a shoulder wound, correct? Since when did a shoulder wound become a death sentence?"

"Well..." The reporter, caught off guard, found himself grappling for words, but Brandon didn't grant him a reprieve.

"You claim I'm a killer without firsthand evidence. Perhaps it's time my attorneys reminded you of the price of defamation," Brandon remarked, his voice glacial.

The atmosphere in the room, previously thick with tension, suddenly felt as though the oxygen had been sucked out.

A heavy stillness settled. The reporters, both within and outside the hall, exchanged uneasy glances.

The mere mention of the Larson Group's legendary legal squadron struck terror in their hearts. This formidable team had an unbeaten streak and was a veritable legal juggernaut in Barnes.

Most of these journalists were just trying to scrape by. Did they truly have the mettle to square off against the gargantuan might of the Larson Group?

Cutting through the stifling silence, Brandon declared, his tone unyielding, "The online rumors of my alleged crime are baseless. I've commissioned my legal team to address the matter. A press conference will be convened soon for comprehensive clarification. Direct your queries there."