

Chapter 1568 Don't You Trust Me

Gazing down at Janet, whose concern for him was palpable, Brandon's voice softened to a near whisper. "It's a mere gaggle of reporters, nothing I can't handle. I want you to focus on your examination, okay?"

His fingers intertwined with hers, pulling her closer. "I won't rest easy until you complete the check-up, and we're sure you're alright."

There was a depth in Brandon's gaze as it met Janet's, revealing raw emotion that one rarely glimpsed. When Janet dared to return his look, the intensity of his stare caused her heartbeat to crescendo, and, flustered, she averted her gaze.

Spotting the telltale blush creeping onto her ears, Brandon, with a hint of mischief, tilted her chin gently, ensuring their eyes locked once more. "Don't you trust me?"

Shuffling her feet and allowing her eyelashes to form a veil, Janet whispered, her voice tinged with hesitation, "It's not about trust... It's just

that if they somehow breach our defenses and storm the hospital, how will you handle the ensuing chaos?"

His fingers left her chin, and a sigh of resignation escaped him. "So, you still harbor doubts, Janet."

Witnessing the crestfallen look in Brandon's eyes, Janet felt an overwhelming pang of regret. She fumbled for words. "I merely... I just..."

Hiding the turmoil in his eyes behind a curtain of lashes, Brandon's voice retained its gentle cadence. "Given your current amnesia, your skepticism is understandable. But let me assure you, the reporters won't be an issue. And as for Jeremy, I'll take care of him."

Janet's heartstrings tugged at the sight of Brandon's somber demeanor. Before she knew it, her fingers clasped his tightly.

His gaze piercingly clear, Brandon began, "You don't need to—"

"I trust you!" Janet interjected fervently, halting him mid-sentence. "I believe in your capabilities. You're a force to be reckoned with, and I'm certain everything will be alright."

Her conviction was unwavering. The impact of her words left Brandon momentarily speechless,

his initial surprise melting into a gratified grin. But before he could respond, the elevator chimed its arrival.

As the doors slid open, Frank, accompanied by a team of renowned medical professionals, approached them.

Given the presence of these new faces, Janet deemed it prudent to postpone her inquiries regarding the reporters for another time. She exchanged a lingering, meaningful look with Brandon and, bolstered by the reassurance in his gaze, proceeded into the examination room, albeit with visible nerves.

Adjacent to the examination room, in a plush lounge, Brandon found himself by an expansive French window. His gaze wandered to the hospital's entrance, where a burgeoning crowd of reporters had begun to assemble.

His eyes, usually serene, sharpened with intensity. With a swift motion, Brandon pulled the curtains closed, plunging the lounge into subdued shadows.

The soft rasp of the curtains had Frank shifting uneasily. He dared to glance up, only to be met with Brandon's palpable displeasure. Trying to find his voice, he began, "I apologize for the

oversight. It's entirely on me."

Brandon settled onto the plush sofa, stretching out his long legs elegantly crossed at the ankle.

"So, care to enlighten me on how paparazzi managed to snap pictures in your parking lot?"

Frank hesitated momentarily before admitting, "They're quite crafty, those reporters. They camouflaged themselves within parked cars from the day before. I regretfully missed this during my inspection earlier today."

A rhythmic tapping echoed in the dimmed room as Brandon's slender fingers drummed on the sofa's armrest, underscoring the tense atmosphere.

Frank, battling rising nerves, was about to offer further clarification. However, Brandon's voice, now cool and distant, interrupted him. "You assured me of the hospital's impeccable security, didn't you?"

The chilly ambiance of the room seemed almost tangible. Struggling to get words out, Frank managed to stutter, "I... They were unexpectedly sly... I couldn't have—"

"I'm not in the mood for excuses," Brandon cut him off icily. "I expect solutions."

"Wait... What?" Frank gasped.

Taking a breath to steady himself, Brandon continued in a more composed tone, "To remain inconspicuous, I limited our entourage. Now, ensure the hospital's security personnel disperse those eager journalists crowding below."

Frank peeked through a curtain slit, taking in the swarm of reporters below. The sheer number—easily a hundred or more—sent shivers racing down his spine.