

Chapter 1571 Brandon's Wrath

The instant it reached the ears of the media that Brandon had made a personal commitment to hold a press conference addressing the swirling murder rumors, a palpable wave of anticipation swept through the assembled reporters. Microphones shot up like a forest of eager hands, and camera shutters clicked in a frenzied symphony.

"Mr. Larson," a voice called out urgently, "how do you intend to clarify the footage that seemingly captures a fatal assault on the now-deceased?"

Another voice, a shade more skeptical, piped up, "Given your surprising decision to host a press conference, Mr. Larson, surely you come armed with irrefutable evidence?"

A softer tone queried, "In the shadow of such a grave incident, Mr. Larson, do you harbor any remorse?"

Questions rained down like a summer storm. These journalists, ravenous for an exclusive, saw

today as their golden ticket. They were determined not to squander this chance.

What added to their curiosity was Brandon's demeanor. Typically aloof and haughty, today he seemed ever so slightly more accessible, having directly addressed them. There was an unspoken wish among the press members. If only the press conference could commence immediately, gifting them with even more juicy insights. Ⓢ

Amid this fervor, the previously intimidated reporter found a surge of audacity, his voice quivering but insistent. "Given the absence of a formal inquiry into the matter, Mr. Larson, how can we trust the veracity of any evidence you might present?"

Brandon's gaze sharpened like a hawk spotting its prey. With a subtle arch of his brow and a glacial voice, he asked, "Which media house are you affiliated with?"

The reporter, now feeling the weight of Brandon's intense scrutiny, stuttered out his employer's name, his nerves plainly evident.

A sardonic smile graced Brandon's lips. "Ah, isn't it intriguing? Your establishment has enjoyed harmonious ties with Larson Group

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A sardonic smile graced Brandon's lips. "Ah, isn't it intriguing? Your establishment has enjoyed harmonious ties with Larson Group

these past years. Might you be suggesting it's time for a... parting of ways?"

The color drained from the reporter's face as he stumbled over his words, panic evident. "Mr. Larson, that wasn't my intent."

Brandon's attention shifted away from the floundering journalist, landing on the sea of reporters beyond. With a voice dripping with nonchalance yet bearing an underlying threat, he declared, "Should our partnership no longer be of value, consider it severed."

As these words hung in the air, the reporter felt his world shatter. Frantically gathering his composure, he uttered a plea, his voice quivering, "Mr. Larson, I deeply apologize for my misjudgment! I beg for your understanding."

"Time's up." Brandon's voice sliced through the tense atmosphere, causing a palpable lull among the reporters. His voice, icy and authoritative, brooked no argument. He then skewered the boldest reporters with a glacial stare, emphasizing, "Some of you represent firms in collaboration with Larson Group. Are you indicating a desire to sever those ties?"

The journalists he had singled out blanched, the blood draining from their faces as they

sought refuge behind their more cautious colleagues.

Collaborations with the Larson Group infused their respective companies with advertising revenues exceeding a staggering \$100 million annually. Offending Brandon, and by extension, risking such lucrative partnerships, might not only lead to immediate job terminations but could also mean being ostracized by the entire industry.

A palpable hush descended as every reporter in the vicinity came to grips with Brandon's unyielding stance. The very walls of the hospital seemed to absorb the tension.

No one, absolutely no one, wished to cross Brandon now. Even firms without direct ties to Larson Group feared being on his radar, wary of the colossal influence his empire could wield against them.

Surveying the suddenly sheepish crowd, Brandon's lips curled into a disdainful smirk. "In three days," he began, every syllable dripping with authority, "I'll be hosting a press conference. You're all invited. Until then, don't expect a word from me."

His attention briefly shifted. With meticulous

grace, he adjusted an opulent watch around his wrist. Then, his voice dripping with a mixture of boredom and warning, he added, "Unless you're keen on lingering unnecessarily, I suggest you vacate the premises. Cause any more ruckus here, and you'll experience the breadth of my ruthlessness."

The media personnel, once buzzing with questions, now remained silent, paralyzed with a mixture of fear and awe.

To incur Brandon's wrath was to invite disaster.

Frank exhaled deeply, relieved at the momentary peace. He meticulously straightened his white coat, gathering a semblance of his authoritative posture. Clearing his throat to command attention, he stepped forward from the protective perimeter of bodyguards, every inch the hospital director.

"You've got exactly three minutes," he declared, his voice firm. "Should you choose to overstay, I, as the hospital director, won't hesitate to involve the police. Disturbing the peace of this institution carries severe consequences."