

## **Mogul 641**

### [Chapter 641 Brandon Larson](#)

Raising his eyebrows, Ethan turned around and stood facing Patrick. The light from outside the door illuminated his profile, but his face was against the light, making it difficult for Patrick to see his expression clearly.

"In a word, yes. Although all the evidence that you raped my mom has been erased, do you honestly believe you can also erase all the crimes you've committed? The truth should be—and will be—revealed. My mother is innocent. It's time for you to take the fall for your sins. We've been waiting for this day for a long time."

Then, the young man turned around and left. Patrick watched him walk away in silence.

When Ethan was gone, Patrick raised his head, stared at the ceiling with his turbid eyes, and suddenly burst into manic laughter.

In the end, he lost. Ethan had won.

The following day, Patrick went to the cemetery to see Sylvia.

He had never been there before.

The cemetery was located in a decent area. Nearby, there was a large plot of land covered in daisies, and the cemetery was surrounded by pine trees.

When Sylvia was still alive, she liked flowers very much. It was not difficult to see why Ethan chosen this spot as her final resting place.

Patrick set a bunch of lilies in front of her grave. Looking at the black and white photograph on the tombstone, he suddenly felt that time had slipped away from him. In the photo, Sylvia's beautiful and gentle smile was immortalized.

Thinking of what had happened in the past, Patrick suddenly found himself unable to look at her photograph. He lowered his head, wrought with guilt.

"Get on your knees. What my mother needs is your apology." Patrick heard Ethan's cold voice from behind him.

Feeling humiliated, he squeezed his eyes shut.

He hadn't felt an ounce of guilt for over twenty years, and now he was only here due to Ethan's ultimatum.

"I'm sorry, Sylvia. I made a terrible mistake. I, Patrick Lester, hereby apologize to you." Patrick had to kneel down in front of the grave.

Patrick had been kneeling for over an hour before Ethan finally allowed him to stand up again.

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After leaving the cemetery, Patrick went straight to the police department and turned himself in. He admitted to his crime of rape from thirty years ago.

Ethan had already arranged for the media to report this matter to the public. Thirty years ago, Patrick slandered Sylvia, claiming that she had seduced a married man to sleep with her. Ever since then, the public had thought lowly of her. Now, her name was finally cleared and her innocence was restored.

Reading the news on the newspaper, Janet was still not satisfied. Sighing heavily, she murmured, "It's been so many years. People have forgotten all about it. Patrick is really lucky."

Patrick was already put into prison by the time the paper came out. Ethan sighed and rested his head on her shoulder. "Destroying the Lester family completely will only dirty my hands, which is something my mom wouldn't want to see. If she was still alive, she would've approved what I am doing now."

"Okay, honey. It's up to you." Turning her head to look at him, Janet pinched his cheek and kissed it. "You can finally take a break now."

Ethan smiled, closed his eyes, and said nothing.

Since he had given his word to Patrick, he didn't do anything to the other members of the Lester family, which gave them the opportunity to regroup. Despite this, they had lost most of their power and were deemed irrelevant now.

A few days later, Ethan held a press conference. He officially announced to the public that he would detach himself from the Lester family completely and that he would have nothing to do with the Lester family from now on.

He was no longer Ethan Lester, but only Brandon Larson.

#### [Chapter 642 An Unexpected Incident](#)

After the press conference, Brandon didn't take Janet straight home.

Instead, he drove all the way to the cemetery again. The two went to Sylvia's grave together.

Brandon had also brought the cake that his mother was fond of.

"Mom, I've finally avenged you and cleared your name." Brandon knelt down and carefully placed the cake in front of the grave.

With a gentle look on his face, he touched her photo on the tombstone and murmured, "After this, Janet and I, we'll go to Barnes and we won't come back too often in the future. I'm sorry."

Janet knelt down next to him and held his arm, looking at Sylvia's picture. "Brandon and I are very happy now. The guy who hurt you in the past is now behind bars."

Just then, a cool breeze blew past the cemetery, washing over the two refreshingly. It was as though this was Sylvia's gentle response.

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Right when they got home from the cemetery, Janet began to pack their things.

Brandon put his hand on her suitcase and stopped her gently. "There's no hurry. We still have another day before you have to go back to work, right? There's something very important we have to do first."

"What is it? Does it have anything to do with the Lester family?" Janet looked up at him anxiously.

Brandon's eyes took on a different light. He pulled Janet towards him, got close to her ear, and whispered softly, "Laney and Tasha are both expecting babies. Don't you want one too?"

Hearing this, Janet blushed, lowered her head, and murmured shyly, "But I want to keep working."

Truth be told, when she found out that Laney was pregnant, something sparked in her heart.

"I know you want a baby," Brandon said with a smile. "We can just let nature take its course. Now that your work is stable, there's no reason we can't have one. I think our child will be very cute!"

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The two of them were naked in bed, making love, when the phone suddenly rang.

"Oh, it's the healthcare worker who takes care of Hannah. Brandon, I have to take this." Blushing slightly, Janet pushed Brandon gently.

She had wanted to take Hannah to Barnes, but the latter was used to life in the village and didn't want to leave, so Janet hired a healthcare worker to look after Hannah.

The voice of the caregiver from the other end of the line was anxious. "Mrs. Larson, Hannah's condition is deteriorating. She's afraid that you'd worry about her, so she asked me not to contact you. But I didn't think that was a good idea, so I called. Can you take her to a hospital in the city some time?"

Hearing about Hannah's situation, Janet instantly lost her appetite for sex.

She asked Brandon to get off of her and quickly got dressed.

"Hannah's health is getting worse. I have to take her to the hospital right away. And about the baby... Let's talk about it when I come back." With an apologetic smile, Janet buttoned her clothes and bent over to kiss Brandon on the lips.

"Be careful on the road. I have a meeting in Barnes tonight. I'm sorry I can't go with you. I'll arrange a driver to take you there." Leaning against the wall, Brandon eyed Janet with lingering lust.

With her coat and bag in tow, Janet hurried out of the room as she said, "It's okay. I can go there by myself. Don't worry. I'll be back as soon as I get Hannah."

After leaving the house, she headed for the countryside.

It was very sultry in the summer in Seacisco, and the mornings felt like a sauna. In the afternoons, however, there were often thunderous rainstorms.

As soon as the car reached the mountain road, the wind outside started to howl, indicating the rainstorm to come.

"The weather's really fickle out here," the driver looked at the sky outside the window and couldn't help but complain.

After living in Seacisco for so many years, Janet was already used to the fickle weather. So she just reminded the driver, "Drive carefully."

As soon as she finished speaking, she looked ahead and saw a huge boulder on the cliff in front of her suddenly rolling down the hill—and it was coming straight at them!

#### [Chapter 643 A Fatal Rainstorm](#)

The rolling boulder was huge. If it hit the car, they'd be smashed to pieces!

Shocked, the driver couldn't help but curse, "Fuck!"

He turned the steering wheel immediately to dodge the stone and the whole car swerved to the right. Sitting in the back seat of the car, Janet was flung towards the window due to the momentum. Her heart pounded in her chest as she watched the car narrowly avoid the rolling boulder.

However, she didn't have the time to be relieved. Right after they dodged the boulder, the car rammed into the guardrail on the roadside, flying off the edge of the cliff—falling right into the ocean!

The whole world was spinning as Janet screamed at the top of her lungs.

Soon, the car hit the surface of the water.

Fortunately, the cliff wasn't too high, so the impact of the car falling into the water wasn't strong enough to knock Janet out.

She had been in this situation before and knew what to do.

Panicking was useless. She took a deep breath and held it, waiting for the sea water to completely fill the car. The moment the water pressure inside and outside the car were the same... She seized the opportunity, kicked the window open, and swam out.

She swam upward, towards the light. Her surroundings were endlessly blue, but she tried to keep calm and kept kicking and paddling.

When her head was out of the water, she spat out a mouthful of sea water and gasped for air.

Her vision had gone a little blurry thanks to the saltwater in her eyes. After blinking furiously for a moment, she turned and looked around. "Sir? Are you there? Where are you?"

She had been so focused on surviving that she didn't notice if the driver was able to escape.

To her despair, nobody answered her.

Her heart sank. The driver was most likely dead. The car should have sunk into the depths of the sea by now. It was impossible for her to dive into the water to save the driver...

Now, she had to save herself!

Janet looked around and found that she was surrounded by steep, slippery rocks. There wasn't a place along the cliff where she could get ashore.

The sea wind was getting stronger and stronger, stirring up the waves with it. The sky was also gloomy, and the dark clouds seemed to conquer the world. A heavy rainstorm was about to come.

Janet swam to the edge of the reef in desperation. She tried to climb up the rock, but the rock had been by the sea for countless years and it was covered in slippery seaweed. No matter how hard she tried to find a solid foot hold, her feet kept slipping and she'd fall into the sea.

She tried again and again, but it was futile. Her strength was gradually exhausted. She held the rock breathlessly and didn't know where to go for a moment.

At this time, the wind was getting stronger, and streaks of lightning lit up the dark clouds. Thunder

roared across the sea, and the waves grew bigger and bigger.

There was no time!

Staring at the huge waves rushing towards her, Janet trembled in fear.

She took a deep breath when the first huge wave rolled in front of her. Then she squeezed her eyes shut and held her breath.

The wind and waves hit the rocks over and over, accompanied by terrifyingly heavy rain...

By the time the sea gradually calmed down, Janet was nowhere to be found...

#### [Chapter 644 Nowhere To Be Found](#)

With great difficulty, Janet peeled her eyes open.

She was still alive!

When the storm came, she was swept away by a huge wave. Fortunately, the wave took her to a nearby reef, where she passed out.

When she tried to get up from the reef, she found that she couldn't. Some water rushed into her nose. She coughed violently and spat out the seawater.

The reef was isolated from the sea, and only a fraction of the road could be seen in the distance.

Janet climbed to the center of the reef and tried to regroup. The reef was quite large, so she could temporarily settle here. But there was no food nor water here. If no one came to her rescue, she would undoubtedly starve to death, if dehydration didn't take her life first.

Janet reached into her pocket and her heart sank. Her phone was in her bag, and her bag was in the car, and the car was in the bottom of the sea. There was nothing she could do to seek for help.

Squatting on the reef, she looked to the distance with expectant eyes. She had no choice but to hope and pray that boats passing by would see her.

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On the road by the sea, a huge boulder had rolled down from the mountain and blocked the way. The obstruction caused a traffic jam on the highway, and the drivers kept honking.

Someone called the road maintenance personnel, but he was told that it would take at least two days to haul the boulder out of the way.

The road that was blocked led to the countryside and was by no means a main road. Most of the people stuck on the road were simply trying to get back to their hometown. Seeing that the road was blocked, most of them just turned around to drive back, failing to notice that the guardrail beyond the boulder was broken.

In the evening, the setting sun lit up the horizon, turning the blue ocean an orange hue. Finally, the road maintenance personnel arrived at the scene.

"Hey, look at this! The guardrail's broken." The maintenance man stood beside the guardrail and inspected the damage. "The marks here are new. Could a car have fallen into the sea?"

"Oh, God. I think so. Call the authorities." Another maintenance man immediately dialed the police.

After informing the police, he sighed. "The weather has been terrible these days. I wonder if the police will be able to find the poor souls."

As soon as the police received the call from the road maintenance personnel, they immediately sent personnel to search and rescue.

The dark clouds became more and more gloomy. The rain, which had stopped momentarily, began to pour once again.

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In the well-lit building of the Larson Group in Barnes, after his meeting, Brandon looked out of the window at the fierce storm and took his phone from his assistant.

"Did my wife call?"

The assistant shook her head. "No, Mr. Larson. You said that if Mrs. Larson called, I should inform you immediately. But she didn't."

Brandon checked his phone and found that there were no notifications from Janet.

Something was wrong. She should've made it to the countryside by this time.

Brandon tried calling Janet several times, and then tried calling the driver, but nobody answered.

He trusted the driver, which was why he had ordered him to take Janet to the countryside.

Frowning, Brandon found Hannah's landline number.

"Janet? She's not here." The caregiver who took care of Hannah answered the phone.

Brandon had an ominous premonition and immediately turned to his assistant. "Send someone to check the surveillance cameras along the road and the traffic accident records in Seacisco today!"

After a while, the assistant came to Brandon with a report. "At around four o'clock this afternoon, there was a landslide on the highway road near the sea. There was indeed a car accident—a car rammed into the guardrail and fell into the sea."

#### [Chapter 645 Lost Contac](#)

"I'm going back to Seacisco now. Send out our men and the helicopters immediately." As he gave the orders, Brandon's heart sank.

He had a bad feeling that something bad might've happened to Janet.

The assistant hesitated. "Mr. Larson, the weather in Seacisco is bad. The wind is terribly strong and the rain is like hail; I'm afraid a helicopter can't take off under such circumstances. Even if they manage to do it, it'll be very dangerous."

Frowning, Brandon came up with another solution. "Then have someone rent some ships and search the water near Seacisco."

An accident that happened in this kind of weather was likely fatal. It was highly probably that both Janet and the driver had died. Worse yet, it was unlikely they'd be able to find their bodies.

As the realization sunk in, for the first time in his life, Brandon felt a sense of suffocating fear.

He couldn't lose Janet! He just couldn't!

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Soon, the Whites learned about the accident from Brandon.

The two of them were asleep in bed when they received the news. Johanna, disheveled and unkempt, immediately came to Seacisco with Beal.

Johanna had been crying non-stop in the car.

"Everything will be fine. I've hired a lot ships to look for Janet. Our daughter will come home safely, honey." However, tears welled up in Beal's eyes as he spoke, and his voice shook slightly.

He couldn't imagine what would happen to Janet if she had actually fallen into the sea.

When Johanna and Beal arrived at the scene, they happened to witness the car that Janet was in being hauled out of the water.



"Unfortunately, the driver failed to get out of the car and died. As for Mrs. Larson, she's not in the car and we haven't found her yet." The rescue personnel reported the situation to Brandon, who had also arrived.

"Keep searching." Frowning, Brandon couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. There was a glimmer of hope that Janet might still be alive since they hadn't found her body in the car.

"We're going to search the islands in the area. The waves were huge earlier, so Mrs. Larson might've been swept away to a nearby island." After reporting this to Brandon, the rescuers turned around to head to their ship.

"Wait." Brandon called them. He put on a life-saver and followed the rescue team to the ship. "I'll go with you."

Wiping away her tears, Johanna tried to stop him. "Brandon, you're not thinking straight. The wind is too strong. It's too dangerous for you to go with them."

However, Brandon shook his head firmly. "I'll bring Janet back safely."

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The waves never ceased. Instead, they became more and more violent, which was a huge roadblock to the rescue team.

After what felt like an eternity at the sea, the search and rescue team still got nothing.

Brandon asked, "How long have we been looking for her?"

"Some other boats came here earlier than we did. They've been searching for an hour along the coast, but there's no sign of her yet," the rescue team member said through chattering teeth.

It had been raining nonstop and night had fallen. The temperature continued to drop, and everyone was shivering from the cold.

Brandon nodded and said nothing more. He continued to stand at the bow of the ship with the binoculars. His white shirt was drenched from the rain, clinging to his broad shoulders.

He didn't hide from the rain. Instead, he stood with his back straight and a determined look in his eyes.

The rescue personnel on the ship couldn't hold on any longer. They even resorted to drinking liquor to warm themselves in the cabin, and one of the crew poured a mug for Brandon.

He shouted at Brandon, "Mr. Larson, would you like to come in and have a drink? You might freeze to death out here."

"Thank you." Brandon accepted the mug of liquor and downed it in one gulp. A warm feeling quickly flowed through his body, but he was still filled with worry.

He couldn't help but ask, "Any news from the other teams?"

A rescuer rubbed his hands to keep warm and shook his head. "Not yet, Mr. Larson. Do you want to go inside and rest for a bit? I'll keep an eye out here."

Brandon sighed. He nodded, gave the binoculars to the rescuer, and turned around to walk back to the cabin.

However, as soon as he took a step forward, his vision suddenly blurred...

The next second, he fainted on the deck.

#### [Chapter 646 All According To Plan](#)

All of a sudden, Brandon passed out. Everyone was in a panic and hurried to carry him safely into the cabin.

The rescue personnel immediately set out to check on his condition. "Mr. Larson may have fainted from stress and fatigue. Let's go back to shore and take him to the hospital."

"No!" A female voice suddenly came from the door of the cabin.

Everyone turned to look in the direction of the voice. One of the employees from the Larson Group recognized the woman and gasped. "M... Ms. Turner, what're you doing here?"

The accident had happened too suddenly, and Garrett was still in Barnes. Apart from the staff of the search and rescue team, some of Brandon's trusted employees who were stationed in Seacisco were also here. They had heard about the accident and immediately came to help.

"I've been friends with Brandon for years. Now that his wife got into an accident, of course I came to help in any way I could." Smiling slightly, Charis explained herself patiently. "Going back will delay the rescue. I brought my yacht here. I can take him back to the hospital myself while you guys carry on with the search."

The rain was getting heavier and heavier, and the sails were whipping violently in the wind.

A hint of excitement flashed through Charis's eyes as she spoke.

She had been waiting for this moment for a long time. Not long ago, she found out that Hannah was in a hospital in the countryside. It took her little effort to bribe someone from the hospital to secretly change Hannah's medicine, which made her health deteriorate exponentially. She did all this to force Janet to

come to the countryside.

There was one caveat to her plan: the possibility that Brandon would come along.

But even God was on her side this time. She could push through with her plan since Brandon wasn't in the car with Janet.

She had also hired someone to stage the "accident". Charis had thought that Janet would die in the car after the rock squashed it, but things didn't go exactly according to her plan, because the car dodged the boulder and fell into the sea.

After this little setback, she had to carry out another plan.

She took advantage of Brandon's distraction and bribed a man from search and rescue team to let her board their ship. She then managed to spike Brandon's drink with the drug that would make him lose part of his memory.

Everyone present didn't doubt her when she said she would take Brandon back.

However, one employee from the Larson Group did feel that it wasn't really appropriate. "Ms. Turner, you don't work in the Larson Group anymore, so I think we should take care of him. There are four other teams searching the area anyway. We can surely go back and send him to the hospital."

"Whether I still work in the Larson Group or not, Brandon and I are still good friends," Charis said in a sincere tone. "We can't waste more time here. I think Brandon passed out from the cold. He's the backbone of the Larson Group. We have to keep him alive and well. Just let me take him to the hospital—now!"

When Charis was fired from the Larson Group, nobody knew that she had fallen out with Brandon. Everyone present found that what she said was reasonable, so nobody dared to protest any further.

"Okay then, let's help Mr. Larson to Ms. Turner's yacht." The employees exchanged glances and finally agreed.

#### [Chapter 647 The Knights In Shining Armor](#)

Janet came back to consciousness to the sound of the ceaseless thunderous claps of the surf against the rocks.

She opened her eyes again and looked at the sea. The rain had eased up completely but the sky was still an ominous gloomy grey. She had no idea of how long she had been there.

She was exhausted so she curled up under the shelter of some rocks and slept for some time.

She looked in the distance to the horizon and couldn't spot a single boat or ship passing by. There was

no sign of life apart from the occasional seagull diving into the reef.

Janet swallowed hard and licked her chapped lips, and her stomach growled ravenously. Now she was parched and starving.

Fortunately, since it had rained today, some water had collected in a shallow depression in the reef.

She lay on the reef and scooped up some water into her cupped hands. She sipped the water to try to quench her thirst.

After sipping some of it, she felt like some life had returned to her body.

As for food, Janet could only look for seaweed and bird eggs on the rocks, which barely filled her stomach.

When a person was extremely hungry and thirsty, food of any kind felt as precious as gold.

As soon as she finished eating, a downpour of rain ensued once again. The only thing she could do was curl up under the shelter of rocks to avoid the whipping wind and rain.

The night sea breeze was frigid. She took off her wet coat and placed it on the reef. She incessantly rubbed her hands together, desperately trying to keep herself warm.

Janet could do nothing but wait. She encouraged herself to hang on for a few more days. There would definitely be a boat coming for her.

After two days of staying by the reef, the weather finally took a turn for the better. The sun dispelled the dark clouds and stormy haze.

She climbed to the highest point of the reef and stared out at the sea anxiously.

She desperately hoped that there would be a boat passing by. She imagined countless times that she would stand at the top of the reef and shout when she saw a boat so that the boatman could see her and come to her rescue.

Unfortunately, there were only seagulls and endless waves to accompany her.

On the third morning, Janet was woken up by the sound of a yacht.

She thought it was an auditory hallucination. When she rubbed her eyes and looked ahead, she saw a yacht floating quite nearby! She was thrilled and filled with wild excitement!

Janet climbed to the highest point of the reef, took off her coat, waved it, and shouted at the yacht in the distance, "This way! Help!"

Without delay, the yacht soon approached her.

"Are you Janet White? We are the rescue team sent by the White family." The muscular man on the yacht reached out his hand to pull Janet up onto the yacht. "Come on. In order to find you, we have searched almost every inch of this sea!"

Immersed in the excitement of being saved, Janet walked toward the yacht and said gratefully, "Thank you! My mom and dad must be really anxious. Where is my husband? Did he come with you?"

The two people on the yacht looked at each other.

The thinner rescuer said, "Yes, they are all waiting for you on the shore. You come up here first. It will take some time to get you there."

Janet frowned. Seeing their reaction to her question, she could sense something was amiss.

She smiled and said, "I want to inform my parents of my safety first. You also need to report the situation, right? Can you give me the phone? I want to talk to them."

"Well..." These knights in shining armor who had come to her rescue actually looked flummoxed and as if they couldn't find the words to answer her.

Janet immediately went on the defensive because she was now suspicious. "Since you claim to be sent by the White family, you should inform them as soon as possible that you have found me. Why are you hesitating about making a phone call to them?"

#### [Chapter 648 The Floating Coa](#)

"This isn't a good place to talk, Miss White! Why not get on the yacht first?" The two men exchanged nervous glances and continued to urge Janet to come aboard.

Janet's suspicion only grew. She narrowed her eyes and instinctively took a step back. "Throw me a phone first. I want to call my family to tell them that I'm safe now."

The strong man was obviously about to lose his patience. He said in a booming voice, "Get on the yacht first. I'll give you a phone after you come on board."

Janet gritted her teeth and took another step back. Now she was certain that these two people were not here to rescue her!

Seeing that Janet had seen through them, those two men just dropped the act.

"Fuck! She knows! Go and capture her!" The strong man roared agitatedly.

The lanky sailor jumped off the yacht and rushed toward Janet.

Janet quickly climbed to the top of the reef. She looked over her shoulder only to find the two men at her heels. Left without a choice, she jumped off the edge of the reef and swam away as fast as she could.

"Boss, she jumped! Oh, God! I'm scared of heights!" The lanky man stared at Janet, who was getting away. But the edge of reef was too steep, and the sea seemed so far down below...

The muscled man rushed over and smacked him on the head in exasperation. "You coward! Why are you just standing here? Jump and catch her!"

"But boss, she's so far away already. How can I catch up with her?"

The muscled man looked at Janet, who had already put some distance between her and them. He gritted his teeth and hissed, "Forget it. We won't be able to catch up to her now. Go back to the yacht and sail to the other side of the reef. We can definitely stop her from there."

The thin man nodded in agreement. The two men hurriedly ran to the yacht and drove in the direction Janet had escaped just now.

The yacht sped through the waves and made it to the other side of the reef minutes later.

However, there was no sign of Janet.

"Damn it! Where did she go?" The lanky man scratched his head in confusion and craned his neck to search for Janet.

The muscled man lost his patience completely at that point and punched him in the gut. "Look carefully! We might've just missed her!"

The two of them sailed around the reef twice more but still didn't see Janet anywhere.

"Did she manage to swim away?"

"Weird. How could she swim so fast? Let's keep looking over there."

The lanky man nodded and drove the yacht farther away.

Still, there was no sign of Janet.

The lanky man had sharp eyes. He suddenly pointed at something floating in the distance and shouted, "Look over there! The woman was wearing that coat just now!"

The muscled man scratched the stubble on his chin and mused, "Is it possible that she drowned?"

They had searched around the reef carefully, but they didn't see Janet. They did find her coat, which was floating far away from the reef. Was it possible that she was too tired to keep on swimming and drowned?

#### [Chapter 649 Is Janet Dead](#)

Unbeknownst to the two men, Janet was clinging to the side of the reef, panting breathlessly.

In fact, she didn't swim away at all. She was painfully aware that she couldn't outrun their yacht, so when those men went back to their vessel, she left her coat in the sea, swam back to the reef, and hid in a shallow stone cave.

She hoped that they would think she drowned and give up looking for her when they saw her coat floating in the distance.

Janet hadn't had a proper meal in several days. It took all her remaining strength to escape just now. She squatted weakly in the stone cave, trembling from the cold and hunger.

Things couldn't be that simple. The sudden landslide, the car accident, and now the hit men who tried to kill her... All of a sudden, it dawned on Janet. Her "accident" was no accident at all.

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Charis waited for what felt like an eternity on the shore when the yacht finally came back.

"How'd it go? Jimmy told me you found her. So where is she?" Charis looked around the yacht but didn't see Janet.

Her eyes went wide in fury. "You didn't lose her, did you?"

Then lanky man called Jimmy glanced at his companion John and stammered, "We did find her, and we tried to trick her into getting on the yacht... But she somehow figured out that we weren't from the search and rescue team, so she tried to escape and jumped into the sea. After that, John and I looked for her, circling the area countless times, but we couldn't find her. We only found her coat floating alone. She... She must've drowned. It's the only possibility."

Charis's eyebrows shot up dubiously. "Really?"

John nodded seriously. "Janet should be dead. She jumped off a very high reef and swam for a long time. And I heard there are many white sharks in that area. Even if she didn't drown from exhaustion, she most likely would've been eaten by the sharks."

Charis grabbed Janet's coat and clutched it tightly in her hands. She felt no sense of relief.

Over the past couple of days, she had secretly sent a lot of people to look for Janet, trying to get rid of this woman before anyone else found her. She had already made Brandon take the drug that would erase his memory. If Janet showed up again, it would disrupt her plan.

"You can't even catch a girl! You losers! Go back to the reef and check again! She isn't that stupid. I doubt she drowned! Even if she's really dead, I wanna see her body!"

Because they only found Janet's coat and not her body, Charis wasn't convinced.

"The sun's setting. How can we look for her in the dark? It was you who asked us to drown her. You forbade us to use any weaponry, and that was why she got away. If we could've used our guns, we would've shot her on the spot." John was angry. He had never gotten a job wherein the method of killing had to be so specific.

Charis had ordered them specifically to drown Janet and then bring back the body. That way, everyone would believe that her death was an accident and no one would suspect foul play. That was why she didn't allow the hit men to use any weapon of any sort, lest they leave any suspicious marks on her body.

"How many times do I have to tell you that you have to make it look like an accident? If there is a gunshot wound on her body, the White family will find out that it was murder. You are all idiots!"

Jimmy rubbed his temples and complained, "But it's getting dark now. We won't be able to find her even if we tried. There are only reefs in that area, and there's no food or fresh water there. Even if Janet is still alive, she won't last long."

"Jesus Christ! Forget it. Let's call it a day." Charis still felt uneasy, but she knew that the chances of surviving after jumping into the sea were really low. Besides, she knew that the White family was also searching for Janet nearby. If her men ran into theirs, things would be more troublesome.

Therefore, Charis dismissed most of her men, leaving only a small group to continue searching for Janet near the reef area.

### [Chapter 650 Brandon Woke Up](#)

When Brandon peeled his eyes open, he saw a plain, white ceiling. Then he saw that he was hooked onto an IV. The clear liquid in the infusion bottle slowly but steadily made its way into his body.

He wanted to sit up, but found that he didn't have the strength. What's more, he felt particularly dizzy and tired, as if something was taken away from his body.

Lying weakly in the bed, Brandon tried to recall what had happened and why he was in the hospital.



But try as he might, he only felt a splitting headache. The pain was so extreme that it hurt to even think.

"Is anyone there?" Brandon shouted at the door warily.

No one answered him.

He reached for the phone on the bedside table to call someone so as to find out what had happened to him, only to realize that the device in his hand was completely alien to him.

How strange!

What surprised Brandon even more was the date on the phone.

How ridiculous! How could he have been asleep for two years?

His first reaction was that the date on his phone was wrong. Maybe Garrett was just trying to prank him.

He put the phone down and yanked the infusion needle out of his arm, intending to go find someone to talk to. However, when he looked up at the electronic clock on the wall unintentionally, he was stunned by what he saw.

The date displayed on the electronic clock was indeed two years later.

Brandon felt helpless. Who was behind this stupid prank? Did they think he would be deceived so easily?

The TV in the ward was still on. Brandon glanced at it and found that the date was also two years later!

His expression darkened. What the hell was going on? Had he lost his memory? How could his mind be in the wrong time?

Just then, a woman's voice came from the door.

Charis then came in with a tray of food.

"You're awake! The doctor said that you might wake up at noon. It seems that I made the right decision, bringing you some breakfast," Charis joked casually.

"Cut to the chase. What the hell happened? Is the clock showing the right time?" Brandon demanded anxiously.

Charis giggled lightheartedly. "What on earth do you mean? Did you lose your memory just because of a high fever?"

When she saw the serious look on Brandon's face, she feigned a stunned expression for a few seconds

and suddenly frowned. She rushed to his side and asked, "Brandon? Are you serious? Did you really lose your memory?"

Brandon's face turned cold. "What happened? How could a fever erase my memories?"

Charis sat on the edge of the bed and looked at him seriously. "Hold on. I'll ask a doctor to come and check on you. Garrett has been in Barnes lately. You had a fever and just passed out, and I was so worried about you."

"Why is Garrett in Barnes? For a woman?" Brandon spat angrily.

Charis smiled and sighed. "You're suddenly as strict as you were two years ago. Garrett moved to Barnes for work. The Larson Group has developed rapidly in the past two years and we have even opened up overseas markets. These days, you've been focusing on the development in Barnes."

"What else happened?" Brandon soon recovered from the initial shock and quickly accepted the fact that he had lost two years of his memory. Now, his priority was to understand what was going on in the present.

Charis explained everything that had happened in the past two years to Brandon in brief words. She even admitted that he had been married.

"Married? Interesting." Brandon's tone took on a hint of mockery. "Was it a marriage arranged by my family?"

"Well, something like that." Charis smiled and added, "But your wife got into an accident. Her car fell into the sea and she disappeared. You passed out during the search and rescue. I was the one who took you to the hospital. That was when we found out you had a high fever. Maybe... Maybe your memory was affected by the high fever."

With a worried look on her face, Charis continued, "I've never seen anyone lose their memories from a high fever. It's kind of like a plot in a movie."

Brandon glanced at her indifferently. "No wonder you suddenly seem more capable. I thought you and Garrett were pranking me."

Charis stuck her tongue out at Brandon and grumbled, "Who would do such a thing? We're not kids anymore!" The smile on her face became brighter.

She looked at Brandon's side profile and felt elated. It was so good to see that her Brandon was finally back.