

Mogul 661

[Chapter 661 Keep It From Her](#)

Brandon walked into the reception room.

He was a tall man, and the well-tailored grey suit complemented his figure perfectly. However, his eyes were devoid of warmth as he surveyed the people in the room.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting. I was in an important meeting just now." Brandon nodded and sat opposite Janet. He leaned against the backrest of the chair, looking indifferent and aloof.

Janet stared at him in astonishment.

She instantly felt that the man in front of her was completely different.

If he didn't have the same facial features, figure, and even voice as that of Brandon, she would have thought that the man standing in front of her was a total stranger.

"Are... Are you feeling better now?" Clutching the armrest of her chair tightly, Janet tried desperately to calm herself down.

"Much better. Thank you for your concern." Brandon put on a polite smile, but it only alienated him further.

Feeling uncomfortable under his cold gaze, Janet ventured, "I heard that you fainted during the search. What happened? Brandon, you seem... different."

What was that supposed to mean?

Brandon narrowed his eyes at the woman before him.

But even after studying her face for a long time, he still felt nothing.

Unfortunately, he just didn't remember anything about her.

Today, Janet had come with her parents.

There was no way Brandon would let her know that he had lost his memory, let alone her parents. He wasn't sure whether he could trust the White family with his secret. What if they leaked the news about his memory loss? Besides, his marriage with Janet was just for business.

And Charis had told Brandon that Janet was obsessed with him. He, on the other hand, had zero interest in her and had only married her to fulfill his late mother's wish.

"I'm fine. I was just confined to the hospital the past few days and was discharge only yesterday. I don't see anything different about myself." Brandon tone was flat and lifeless, as though he had no interest in prolonging the conversation.

After all, he couldn't remember how he got along with Janet before. But he had to keep a distance from her so that she wouldn't find out that he had lost his memory.

He needed to keep it a secret from her until he was sure that he could trust her.

Janet didn't buy it at all and wanted to question him further.

However, Brandon's phone started to ring. Upon glancing at the caller ID, he excused himself. "Sorry, I have to take this."

He stood up and walked to the French window with his back to Janet and the White couple.

Brandon spoke on the phone briefly and then put it down.

He turned around and looked at Janet again. "I'm sorry. I have an overseas video conference to attend. If you need anything else, you can talk to my assistant."

As soon as he finished speaking, he left without waiting for Janet's response.

His assistant stayed on and asked them politely, "How can I help you today?"

Flabbergasted by Brandon's cold and indifferent behavior, Janet felt as though she was on the verge of breaking down.

The Whites were also stunned and were at a loss as to what to do.

After a while, Brandon's words finally registered in their minds.

Johanna was furious. She looked at his assistant with a sneer and said, "Call him back. We have to talk to him and him alone!"

The assistant didn't know what to do. "Mrs. White, I am just Mr. Larson's assistant He tells me what to do and not the other way around..."

Beal also looked grim. He had never been so angry before in his life.

"I had no idea Brandon was so arrogant! Does he even take us seriously? How dare he blow us off like that!"

[Chapter 662 Trust Brandon](#)

Johanna came from a noble family in Barnes, whereas Beal was a White—one of the most powerful families in Barnes. No one had ever been this disrespectful to them before.

The way Brandon had treated them today really pissed Johanna off.

"Let's get out of here, Janet! I refuse to let you be bullied. Since Brandon refuses to explain himself, then so be it. You don't need a man like that!" Johanna took a deep breath and calmed down. Her expression softened and she took Janet's hand to leave.

Janet followed Johanna and Beal out of the reception room in a daze.

After taking a few steps, she stopped in her tracks and said, "Mom, I don't think it's as simple as we saw it was. Brandon has never been like this before. Something must've happened to him."

Under normal circumstances, it was impossible for Brandon to change into a completely different person all of a sudden. Even if there was a huge misunderstanding between them, he wouldn't have been so indifferent to her.

She had noticed that the way Brandon looked at her just now was estranged and cold, as if he was looking at a total stranger.

It was as though the love they had cultivated over the past two years had disappeared overnight.

Johanna sighed and looked at Janet helplessly. "Do men need a reason to cheat? Janet, Brandon's attitude proves otherwise!"

Seeing that Janet was dead serious, Beal looked at her and asked, "My dear, do you really trust Brandon that much?"

Janet nodded without missing a beat.

She trusted Brandon with her life, as he did with her.

"I have to figure out why he is suddenly acting like this. Dad, Mom, you can go back to Barnes first. I'll take it from here."

Johanna clutched her daughter's hand worriedly. "You haven't fully recovered yet, and Brandon doesn't seem to care about you. We can't just leave you alone in Seacisco!"

"How's this? We can investigate together. Your mother and I will send someone to investigate everything that happened to Brandon during the past few days after he fainted. If anything comes up, we'll call you." Holding Janet's shoulders, Beal added, "If you need anything, just tell us. You're not alone anymore, Janet."

Tears welled up in Janet's eyes. She threw her arms around her parents tightly.

Yes, she had parents now, and she didn't have to fight against the whole world alone.

After the Whites left, Janet didn't waste any time. She headed towards the meeting room, intending to wait for Brandon's meeting to end. She planned to make it clear to him as soon as possible.

However, before she reached the meeting room, she bumped into Charis.

They hadn't seen each other in months, and Charis wore long hair now. Her long curly hair fell over her shoulders, making her look sharp yet mature. She looked like a professional office lady.

Charis smiled in mock pleasant surprise. "Miss White, long time no see! I heard from Brandon yesterday that you were in hospital. What brings you here?"

Janet smiled faintly. "Miss Turner, what a coincidence! I wanted to ask you something."

"What is it?" Charis asked calmly, as if she was willing to help Janet.

"What exactly happened to Brandon?" Janet didn't know how to trick Charis into telling her the truth, so she just asked straightforwardly.

"I knew you'd ask about this." Charis's eyes flashed.

"At the time, Brandon thought you were dead and he was devastated. It was I who stood by his side while he went through difficult times. So Brandon and I have reconciled."

"I'm asking why Brandon is so cold to me," Janet said through clenched teeth. She could hardly control her anger.

Charis burst into laughter, as though she had heard the funniest joke in the world.

"How on earth would I know about your private affairs with Brandon? Miss White, I am afraid you've asked the wrong person."

[Chapter 663 Well Prepared](#)

Janet fell silent for a long time.

She didn't believe a single word that came out of Charis's mouth.

Janet knew that Brandon wouldn't give up on her so easily. He wouldn't have rested until he found her.

Moreover, Brandon was not one to reconcile with his enemies. He was so hostile to Charis previously. Janet knew he wouldn't even allow her to be around him.

Most importantly, he would never write off what Charis had done so easily.

Charis glanced at the time on her watch and broke into a smile. "Miss White, if you want to talk, we should do this some other time. I really have to go to that meeting with Brandon now. So sorry."

She bowed her head slightly to show how "sorry" she was. Then she walked passed Janet almost arrogantly.

Charis had expected that Janet would come looking for Brandon.

In fact, she had already prepared for her return.

When Charis heard from Brandon's assistant that Janet and the Whites were waiting for him in the reception room, she reminded Brandon in a low voice that he didn't like dealing with Janet's parents before. "If you feel it's too troublesome to face them now, I can handle it for you," she then added.

After a few seconds of silence, Brandon nodded and then walked out.

Before that, Charis had mentioned to Brandon more than once that Janet was head over heels in love with him.

Charis made sure to plant an idea in Brandon's mind that Janet was nothing but a hopeless romantic who was a disturbance to his work.

After all, Charis knew Brandon very well. When the two were in high school, countless girls chased after him. He'd politely refuse them initially, but if the girls kept pestering, he'd grow very impatient.

He hated hopeless romantics the most.

So the more Janet tried to get close to Brandon, the more he'd repel her.

Charis guessed that the reason why Brandon had a crush on Janet in the first place was that she had left a good impression on him when they first met.

This time, Janet wouldn't be that lucky.

Looking at Charis's receding figure, Janet had to support herself on the wall. She felt a splitting headache and was at a total loss.

Charis was her enemy, but now, this woman somehow became the person that Brandon trusted the most. It was ridiculous!

Besides, Janet knew what kind of person Charis was.

After thinking for a while, she decided to keep on waiting for Brandon.

Once upon a time, Janet had believed something that Charis said, which resulted in a fight between her and Brandon. Learning from her past mistakes, Janet refused to believe anything Charis said now.

As long as Brandon trusted Janet, it wouldn't be difficult for them to deal with Charis together. But what worried Janet was whatever Charis had done to Brandon to make him change so dramatically.

Not only him, but the Larson Group also changed drastically. The employees had been replaced so wantonly. Brandon would never do such a thing. It seemed like Charis's deliberate arrangement to prevent people from noticing Brandon's abrupt change in personality.

What could Charis be hiding? Brandon... What had happened to him?

Janet's mind raced as she waited quietly at the door of the meeting room.

No matter what it was, she wanted to hear it from Brandon himself.

[Chapter 664 Just A Couple On Paper](#)

Evening fell in Seacisco. The skies turned purple and blue, slowly covering the city in darkness, and the streetlights lit up one by one.

Janet had been waiting outside the meeting room for a long time.

She stared out the window blankly. Brandon's strange behavior earlier kept replaying in her mind. Suddenly, someone called her name from behind.

"Janet!"

Janet turned around and found Tiffany standing behind her.

"When did you get back to Seacisco? And why didn't you tell me you were here?"

Tiffany complained, smiling playfully. She had only heard from her colleagues that Janet was back, so she came to see her as soon as she got off work.

However, the second she saw Janet's face, she instantly knew that something was wrong. "What happened? You look pale."

Janet forced a smile. "I'm fine, don't worry. I'm just waiting for Brandon."

Sensing that Janet didn't want to talk about it, Tiffany didn't press her further. The two of them exchanged a few more pleasantries. Just as Tiffany was about to leave, Janet suddenly asked, "Has anything big happened in the Larson Group recently?"

With pursed lips, Janet looked especially grim.

Tiffany squinted slightly as she mulled over Janet's question. Then she broke into a smile. "Yes, something did happen somewhat recently."

"What?" Janet looked at her expectantly, her heart racing.

Perhaps what Tiffany was about to say had something to do with the sudden change in Brandon's character!

"Well, we set up a branch in Barnes, and it's been prospering. I also heard that Brandon plans to bring the company to the northwest. That's something big, isn't it? Perhaps in the near future, the Larson Group's branches will be all over the country! You're so lucky you married such a capable man, Mrs. Larson!" Tiffany joked with a silly grin.

Janet forced a smile, albeit bitter. The expectant look in her eyes clouded over.

Even after Tiffany left, Janet continued to wait for Brandon. While she waited, many new employees passed by and looked at her strangely, wondering who she could be and what her business here was.

Janet smiled bitterly.

In the past, she never showed off the prestige that came with the title of "Mrs. Larson". But now that she was practically erased from Brandon's life and nobody seemed to know that they used to be a loving couple, Janet felt suffocated.

Still, she refused to leave. The night went on and her eyelids began to droop, so she leaned against the wall and almost fell asleep.

Just as she was drifting off to sleep, she heard the sound of a door opening.

When Janet opened her eyes, she found a large group of people walking out of the meeting room with Brandon.

Brandon saw Janet standing at the door of the meeting room, so after exchanging a few words with several executives, he walked towards her.

"Why are you still here?" Brandon thought he had already made himself clear earlier. Because he had no memories of Janet, he saw her advances as pestering and grew a little impatient.

"Do you have time to talk now?" Janet asked, firmly standing in Brandon's way.

The man glanced at his watch and frowned. "I have a full schedule tomorrow. I have to go to bed early tonight, but I suppose I can give you half an hour."

Hearing the coldness in his words, Janet wished she could slap him on the spot. Fortunately, she managed to suppress her anger and followed Brandon to the office quietly.

It was already midnight, so his office was quiet and empty.

He sank into his chair wearily and loosened his tie with his eyes closed.

"What do you want to say? Just say it," he said with a trace of impatience.

Without beating around the bush, Janet went straight to the point. "There are only us here now. I'll ask you one more time, Brandon. What the hell happened to you? No matter what happened, we can solve it together!"

Brandon opened his eyes, which were full of annoyance. "I already told you that nothing happened. There's nothing I can do if you don't believe me."

Janet took a deep, shuddery breath. She couldn't help but raise her voice as she spoke. "We were a loving couple just last week! But look at how your attitude is towards me now! How the hell can you expect me to believe that nothing happened?"

It never occurred to Janet that she and Brandon would end up like this.

Brandon remained unfazed, his face expressionless.

He had no idea how he and Janet used to act around each other.

He only knew that Janet was head over heels in love with him, according to Charis.

Maybe their so-called loving past was nothing but Janet's fantasy. He doubted he was ever loving towards her.

"Miss White, I hope you'll stop overthinking things. We're still a couple and I'll fulfill my duty as your

husband." Brandon chose his words with great care and spoke slowly and emotionlessly.

Staring at him quietly, tears started to roll down Janet's cheeks.

She couldn't see any emotion in the man's lifeless eyes. Brandon had become such a stranger that she couldn't help but feel scared.

She cried, "Brandon, are we just a couple on paper now?"

Brandon frowned. The woman's tears only served to make him more impatient.

He stood up, gathered the documents on his desk, and said, "I've said what I needed to say. If there's nothing else, I will leave first. I'm busy lately, so I won't go home. I'll move to a place near the company."

[Chapter 665 In Trouble](#)

From outside the window, clouds gathered and the strong winds howled wildly. Lightning lit up the skies. A rainstorm was brewing.

Suddenly, thunder roared, and the lightning lit up Janet's shocked expression.

But Brandon didn't give a damn. He didn't say anything to comfort her. Instead, he walked out of the office without another word.

Janet watched him leave with tearful eyes. She didn't even try to stop him.

And even if she did, she wouldn't know what to say to this cold and aloof Brandon.

Brandon was like a completely different person now. He would never be so impatient with her before. When she looked into his malicious eyes just now, she found herself unable to even breathe.

How could she face her husband, who was now a complete stranger to her?

Janet felt like her whole world was crumbling down.

The Whites took shelter in a five-star hotel during their stay in Seacisco. They texted Janet, telling her not to worry too much.

Beal also mentioned that he had asked someone to investigate what had happened to Brandon the past few days. As Janet's parents, they couldn't just go back to Barnes without finding out what happened to her husband.

Soon after they checked into the hotel, they received a call from Draco. Draco said that he was calling

because he was worried about Janet. Johanna knew that they wouldn't be able to solve Janet's problem any time soon, so she asked Draco if Janet could file for a long-term leave from the company, to which the latter agreed.

As the thunder roared outside the window, it rained cats and dogs.

With every passing minute, Johanna grew more and more worried about her daughter. Before long, she heard a knock on the door.

She opened the door and found Janet staring blankly into space, drenched to the core.

Johanna was taken aback. She hurriedly pulled Janet inside the room and asked, "It's raining so hard outside. Didn't Brandon drive you home?"

Judging from the expression on Janet's face, it seemed that the conversation between her and Brandon didn't go so well.

"It's okay. You can stay here with us." Johanna comforted Janet softly. Then she looked at Beal and ordered, "Go ask the front desk to get Janet a presidential suite."

Seeing his daughter in this state, Beal also felt terrible. He sighed in his heart. Before leaving, he reminded his wife, "Stay with her. She needs you. If things go on like this, we'll go back to Barnes—without Brandon."

Johanna winked at him. Then she went to the bathroom to fetch Janet a towel. As she was drying Janet's hair, she asked with concern, "Can you tell me what happened?"

Janet hadn't spoken a word ever since she got here. Her eyes seemed to be covered with a thin layer of mist, losing their original vitality.

She shook her head bitterly, took the bath towel from Johanna, and started drying herself. "He still didn't tell me anything."

"Your father asked someone to investigate the matter a few hours ago." Johanna could only try her best to comfort her daughter.

"Mom, just tell me everything you know. Don't worry. I can take it."

"We don't know anything useful yet. Our priority now is to find out what happened to Brandon when Charis took him to the hospital. The Turner family is powerful here, and they own that hospital. We can't just send someone there to investigate."

Johanna was also puzzled. Brandon had turned into a completely different person overnight, but there were no clues as to how or why.

After drying her hair, Janet went to the bathroom to change out of her wet clothes.

In desperation, it suddenly occurred to her that there might be someone who had answers.

"Garrett, are you in Barnes now? Have you noticed if there's anything wrong with Brandon lately?"

It was past midnight now, and Garrett was asleep when Janet called. When he answered the phone, he was still foggy and half-asleep. Janet's questions only stunned him further.

"Hmm... Brandon? Well, yeah. He has been a little strange recently." Garrett yawned sleepily. "What happened to him?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you. I got into an accident some time ago and I wasn't in Seacisco the past few days." Garrett was Brandon's best friend. Janet figured that he might know something.

Garrett gradually came up. "I did sense that there's something off about Brandon lately. His attitude toward me has been very strange. It's almost as though he's been on guard against me. But he refuses to tell me why. The most strange thing about him is that he seems to only trust Charis now."

Janet's expression instantly darkened. She said firmly, "Charis must have done something to Brandon."

But what on earth Charis had done to make Brandon become like this? Janet had no idea...

[Chapter 666 Let's Get A Divorce](#)

Given the current tricky situation with Brandon, Janet couldn't just go back to work. She needed to stay in Seacisco until she figured out what was going on with him, so she decided to stay in the same hotel as her parents.

Johanna and Beal stuck by her side.

Early the following morning, Garrett arrived with breakfast.

"Judging from how upset you sounded last night, I assume you're probably not in the mood for breakfast, so I got you some good stuff. Come on. I brought sausages, bacon, toast, donuts, sandwiches, and coffee. There must be something you'd want to eat."

In fact, he had long felt that something was wrong with Brandon. After receiving Janet's call last night, now more than ever he was certain that something was amiss.

Besides Garrett, Tiffany also came.

She was a workaholic, but she actually took that day off for the sake of checking on Janet.

"No wonder you were so pale yesterday we met. Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Tiffany patted Janet's shoulder with a pout. "Aren't we supposed to be friends?"

Two important figures who were closely related to the Larson Group and its CEO were present.

However, Janet still had no idea what to do next. "I don't want to keep you away from work, but I couldn't do this on my own. Brandon's cold and unapproachable now. He's completely devoted to his work and the company. I can't even see him, let alone talk to him properly."

Tiffany rested her chin on her hand and mused, "Mr. Larson has indeed been very busy since he came back. It's really hard to find an opportunity to sit down with him."

A thought suddenly occurred to Garrett. He warned Janet, "Don't hover around Brandon. He hates that kind of thing the most. When we were still in school, many girls chased after him like this, and it really pissed him off!"

Janet was at the end of her rope. Exhausted and at wit's end, she lay in bed with a heavy sigh.

She had to come up with a way to get close to Brandon.

Since it was useless to try to talk to him, perhaps she should adopt something more direct.

Suddenly, Janet got up from the bed. There was fierce determination in her eyes and she seemed to have the will to fight again. "I'm going to see Brandon."

Brandon saw the woman standing outside his office. There was an unyielding look in her bright eyes. This upset him a little. He didn't expect that Janet would come to him again.

"Miss White, what're you doing here? I thought I made myself clear." Brandon looked at Janet coldly.

"We still need to talk, Brandon. We... Has there been any misunderstanding between us?" Janet tried to speak in a soft, gentle voice.

But as she looked into the pair of cold eyes in front of her, she couldn't help but feel torn-up inside.

Brandon became more annoyed. Janet would become detrimental to his work if she continued to pester him like this.

Indeed, Charis had told him before that Janet was a clingy woman. At first, he didn't take her seriously. But now he realized that what Charis said was right.

"Miss White, there's nothing I have to say to you. Don't waste my time. If you come back here and make

trouble out of nothing one more time, don't blame me for being rude." Brandon's expression darkened. This time, he didn't even invite Janet to talk in his office.

Just then, Charis heard the commotion and came out of his office. She asked with a gentle smile, "What happened? Why are you so worked up?"

Lately, she had been playing the role of Brandon's competent assistant who devoted herself to work. She was not in a hurry to develop a deeper relationship with Brandon. The most important thing right now was to make sure he trusted her.

Seeing the unfriendly look on Brandon's face, Charis realized what was going on. She turned to look at Janet and smiled apologetically, "Miss White, please forgive Mr. Larson. He's very busy and doesn't even have the time to sleep—hence the bad temper."

Janet's face turned purple from anger. Of course, she could tell that Charis was only stirring up trouble.

Compared to Charis, who seemed to be considerate, Janet looked like an unreasonable shrew who kept pestering Brandon. The winner was obvious.

Without saying anything more, Brandon turned around to leave.

Charis looked at Janet with a smug smile. Then she also turned around and followed Brandon.

Just then, Janet's cold voice sounded from behind them. "Brandon, I need to talk to you for the last time. If you don't agree, then let's get a divorce. Anyway, a marriage without trust is meaningless."

[Chapter 667 Negotiation](#)

The last shred of hope in Janet's heart disappeared.

Charis kept making things difficult for her. Janet knew that it'd be impossible to curry Brandon's favor by playing an affectionate wife

So Janet was going to deal with this matter in the way that Brandon liked most—in a businesslike, professional manner.

Her firm words seemed to finally get to Brandon.

His tall, burly figure suddenly stiffened.

At present, the Larson Group was growing stronger and stronger. Divorce would be an unwise move at this time.

If the divorce pushed through, Janet would get tons of his assets in alimony.

Brandon turned around and looked at Janet in unmasked surprise. There was finally a trace of emotion in his usually cold eyes.

He had never considered divorcing Janet. And according to Charis, Janet was completely obsessed with him. Wasn't it out of character for her to ask for a divorce then?

With one hand in his pocket, Brandon narrowed his eyes at Janet and finally asked, "What do you want?"

Janet's expression darkened. "I've told you countless times. All I want is to be able to talk to you. Mr. Larson, since you are so busy every single day, I don't know when you'll be available to talk. I don't mind making an appointment to fit your schedule, but I only have one request: we need to have enough time to talk."

Janet glanced at Charis, who was standing near Brandon, and added sarcastically, "If you leave in the middle of our conversation because of some 'emergency' again, I'll divorce you on the spot."

What a cold tone!

Brandon couldn't help but look Janet up and down a few more times.

It seemed that he had never looked at her this seriously before.

The woman in front of him had a pair of fiercely determined eyes. She wasn't that tall, nor was she stunning at first sight, but she was still pretty. And she had this magic charm of her that once you set eyes on her, it would be hard to take your eyes off of her.

An indescribable emotion suddenly emerged at the bottom of Brandon's heart.

Why did this woman insist on having a talk with him? Did they really love each other deeply before?

If that was the case, how could he have just forgotten her completely?

Something seemed to spark within Brandon's heart, but the complex emotion died down as soon as it came. He couldn't even understand why he had such a strange feeling for Janet.

He thought for a while and then said, "I'll ask my assistant to keep my whole morning open tomorrow."

Janet nodded. "Okay."

After saying that, she turned around and left without hesitation.

The following morning, Janet, Beal, and Johanna all came to Larson Group. At first, Janet didn't want her parents to come with her, but Beal and Johanna were worried that Janet would be bullied if she went to see Brandon alone, so they insisted on coming together with her.

The three sat opposite Brandon in a negotiating manner.

Janet spoke up first, her tone unhurried. "You said that you would fulfill your duty as a husband, but you only care about work. You even moved to the hotel near the company. You turn a blind eye to me and even refuse to talk with me. You completely ignore me as your wife. Is this what you mean by 'duty'?"

Brandon answered calmly, "I've always put work first. For me, love is—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Janet interrupted him.

"Don't talk nonsense with me," Janet pulled a long face and said firmly. "Don't tell me that work is more important. Before this, even if you were extremely busy, you would always spare time for me. But now, you've been so cold to me. You're practically begging me to divorce you, aren't you? Brandon, let me tell you this: if I divorce you, I promise I won't be merciful. Don't forget that I have the support of the White family now. My parents are no weaker than you. They will support whatever decision I make. We didn't sign any prenup before we got married. I will use all means to get as much property from you as possible if we are to get divorced. When that happens, do you think you'll still be able to strengthen the Larson Group smoothly as planned?"

[Chapter 668 Marital Obligations](#)

Janet had a fierce, almost aggressive air about her as she spoke.

It surprised Brandon enough that he unconsciously squared his shoulders.

Johanna didn't expect her daughter to straight-up ask for a divorce. But it wasn't an entirely bad idea, seeing as how indifferent Brandon was to her. At his current state, the man didn't deserve Janet at all.

"This time, it's all your fault," Johanna commented. "You've been ignoring your wife all this time. She has a perfectly healthy husband, but she is forced to live the life of a widow. Let me make things clear for you, Brandon. If you and my daughter get a divorce, the Larson Group will be regarded as an enemy of the White family. The decision is yours. I suggest you think about it very carefully."

"Janet," Beal interjected in a quiet but serious tone, "if you really want a divorce, I'll call our family lawyer over. He can be here by tomorrow."

Brandon lowered his eyes. With Beal's words, he could tell that the couple were willing to support Janet's pursuit of a divorce. It was no mere threat.

However, the White family was a formidable force in Barnes. If he went up against them in any way, it

would damage the interests of his company. Notwithstanding the losses he might incur, he also had to answer to the tens of thousands of employees under the Larson Group. He might be able to shoulder most of the burden, but he couldn't take the risk of endangering the livelihood of his people.

"What do you want me to do?" Brandon asked, his voice sounding deeper than usual.

Janet took out a folder and tossed it on the table in front of him. "This contract stipulates all the marital obligations you need to carry out as a husband. This is the least you can do for me. We are getting divorced otherwise."

She had a cold and distant expression as she leaned back on the sofa and stared at Brandon.

Johanna sighed to herself in relief. Her daughter had looked so distraught these past few days as she pined for her absent husband. Johanna had suspected that Janet might never give up on Brandon to her own detriment.

She was glad to see her daughter holding up her own during this confrontation. The White family had more properties than they could care for. If Janet somehow ended up divorcing Brandon, she could just take over the family business. She was smart and talented, and could definitely live a better life.

The more Johanna thought about it, the more convinced she was that a divorce would be the best course of action.

Brandon wordlessly picked up the documents and leafed through the pages.

According to the contract, he needed to spend the night at home for at least five days a week, and had to stay at least one day for the weekend. On holidays, he had to make time to accompany Janet to whatever event she was hosting or attending. He would also have to come home and tend to her whenever she was sick or injured. There were many more similar instances cited on the paper, but none of them were excessive.

"Mr. Larson, I'm assuming that you already know what to do. The terms I've laid down are nothing more than the barest duties a husband must attend to. If you can't even accomplish these, then there is no need to continue this marriage." Janet spoke slowly. Her voice rang out clearly in the room, and her calm tone only served to make her more intimidating.

Brandon rubbed the paper between his thumb and forefinger as he considered his options. Then he looked up and met Janet's eyes. "Your requirements are well within reason. All right, let us proceed with this contract."

Janet raised her chin and smiled. "Good. Then we will follow the terms as stipulated."

She stood up and added, "By the way, I expect you to come home tonight."

Janet and her parents then walked out of the Larson Group building and got into their car.

Johanna peered at her daughter for a while before saying, "My dear, what if Brandon refused to agree to your terms? Were you really going to divorce him?"

A playful smile was dancing on Janet's lips. She turned to her mother and said firmly, "I have never considered divorcing him, not even for a second."

[Chapter 669 A Familiar Stranger](#)

"Mom, I haven't even figured out what's wrong with Brandon yet. I can't let our marriage end just like that. If we get divorced, Charis will have gotten exactly what she wanted. I have to figure out what on earth is going on first. Since Brandon doesn't want to tell me the truth, I'll have to find it out myself." As she spoke, Janet's voice was soft but firm.

"I'm only worried that you'll get hurt, Janet. Brandon's attitude toward you is very clear now. He just wants you to be his wife on paper." Johanna sighed heavily.

Janet lowered her head, trying to hide the sadness in her eyes.

"Mom, I know where you're coming from. It's true. Brandon doesn't love me anymore. And I don't know why. But given the circumstances, no matter how hard I try to get close to him, it just doesn't work. I have to be cold and negotiate with him directly, showing him the advantages and disadvantages of being with me. Maybe that way, Brandon will pay more attention to our relationship. As long as I can spend more time with him, I am confident that I can bring the previous Brandon back."

Johanna knew she wouldn't be able to change her daughter's mind.

Since Janet was her precious daughter, she could only support whatever Janet wanted to do.

Finally, she snorted and said seriously, "If Brandon makes you cry again, I won't let him or the Larson Group go."

"Thanks, Mom. I know you're the best!" Tears welled up in Janet's eyes again. She couldn't help but throw herself into her mother's arms, acting like a spoiled child.

Johanna held her tightly and said helplessly, "You were always a smooth talker when you need something from your mother."

Beal burst into laughter. "Well, you can't blame her. You know what? Janet's temper is just like yours when you were young. She got her stubbornness from you!"

That night, Janet didn't go back to the hotel with Johanna and Beal. Instead, she moved back to the villa

she and Brandon had lived in before.

This villa was quite close to the Larson Group headquarters. Not long after she stepped foot inside the house, she heard the sound of engine coming from the gate of the villa.

When Janet turned around, she saw a handsome but indifferent man standing at the door.

Janet immediately stiffened. Brandon was still as good-looking as before, but his cold attitude toward her was extremely off-putting.

He was now the most familiar stranger to Janet.

She closed her eyes for a few seconds to gather her bearings and then looked around the almost empty living room. Her voice was a little sad. "Brandon, I got into an accident only two weeks ago, but it seems you've been in such a hurry to clear out all my stuff. Any trace of my life in this villa has disappeared, and even our photos are gone..."

Brandon looked around the house and found that it was indeed bare.

"I haven't been back to Seacisco for a long time. Charis was the one who sent people to clean the place up." He seemed to be explaining himself.

Janet walked to the sofa and sat down. Stroking the spotless sofa, she sneered in disdain, "Don't you think that Charis has interfered too much? Isn't she just an employee of your company? Why is she responsible for your private affairs now?"

Truth be told, even Brandon felt that Charis had crossed the line.

A matter like arranging people to clean Brandon's house was supposed to be his personal assistant's job. With Charis's status, she shouldn't have been in charge of such trivial things.

After a long silence, Brandon replied perfunctorily, "I didn't take it too seriously. I just recovered from a serious illness. I thought she did it because she was worried about me."

He knew that Charis had feelings for him. It seemed reasonable for her to help him with these trifles.

Janet felt a little stuffy in her chest, but she knew that she couldn't lose her temper now. She took a deep breath and suppressed her anger.

Brandon went upstairs as soon as he finished talking, followed by a sulky Janet.

This was just the beginning. She couldn't admit defeat so easily!

Instead of entering the master bedroom, Brandon had planned to stay in the guest room.

As he walked, he asked casually though, "What're our sleeping arrangements? Shall I take the guest room?"

Janet couldn't help but snigger. When she looked at Brandon, a sly smile tugged at the corners of her lips. "We are a couple. Of course we sleep in the same bed."

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Brandon's whole body tensed up instantly.

Seeing this, the smile on Janet's face became even brighter. She tilted her head to look at him in a somewhat innocent-like manner, to which Brandon tightened his jaw and pursed his thin lips.

"What's the matter? You look flustered. Brandon, you were never like this in bed before." Janet continued to banter with him.

Brandon himself once admitted that he was wild in bed. So why was he so shy now? Janet found it oddly amusing.

Upon hearing her, Brandon's steps became unsteady subconsciously. Was she telling him the truth?

In his memory, he had never slept with a woman. Moreover, Janet was nothing but a stranger to him now. How on earth could she know what he was like in bed?

Seeing the hesitant and uncertain look on Brandon's face, Janet suddenly wanted to keep on teasing him. She pulled his suit jacket and led him into the master bedroom. "Why don't you come inside and look around? After all, we used to sleep here together."

Brandon clung to the doorknob subconsciously. Having no reason to refuse her, he walked into the room slowly, as if he was about to face a formidable enemy.

Looking at how cautious he looked, Janet was amused. She covered her mouth and said gently, "Well, get settled. I'll take a shower first."

The sound of running water from the bathroom brought Brandon back to his senses.

For some reason, he felt nervous. However, he shook his head and chastised himself. Janet was just a woman. What could she do to him?

After stepping out of the shower, Janet saw that Brandon hadn't left.

He was sitting quietly on the sofa, reading a magazine. He had taken off his suit jacket and carefully laid

it on the sofa. The top two buttons of his white shirt were unbuttoned, exposing his sharp collarbone and pectoral muscles. He looked extremely sexy.

Wiping her wet hair, Janet sat on the edge of the bed and asked, "Aren't you going to take a shower before going to bed?"

"Well, I was waiting for you to finish." Brandon looked up at the woman in front of him. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down, and his voice was a little hoarse for reasons he couldn't explain. He had flipped through the magazine in his hand twice or thrice now, but nothing seemed to register in his mind. He couldn't seem to concentrate at all.

Brandon braced himself, stood up, and then walked to the bathroom.

He was at a complete loss as to what to do, which was a rare feeling for him. Just now, Janet was standing in front of him half-naked, as though she was deliberately trying to seduce him. And it worked. His mind went blank and he stayed in the bathroom for a long time before coming out.

He walked out wrapped in a bathrobe. The bedroom was now dimly lit, with only a bedside table lamp illuminating the room in a warm orange glow.

The quilt bulged slightly in the middle. Janet slept on her stomach, taking up most of the bed. Brandon walked over, lifted a corner of the quilt, and quietly lay down, careful not to wake the woman up.

He turned his back to Janet, took a deep breath, and then closed his eyes.

Janet quietly peeled her eyes open. Seeing how stiff and tense Brandon's back was, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

In the past, Brandon had always been demanding sexually, but now, he was like a nervous husband on his wedding night. She really couldn't figure out what made him like this.

"Brandon..."

Thinking of the past, Janet stretched out her hand subconsciously. However, just as her fingertips brushed against his bathrobe, Brandon sat up from the bed abruptly.

Narrowing his eyes at her, Brandon asked warily, "What are you doing?"

He had retreated to the edge of the bed. It seemed that he would fall down at any time.

In a daze, Janet's eyes landed on his reddened earlobes.