

Mogul 681

[Chapter 681 The Scorched Woman](#)

Charis closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She had always been a decisive person. She quickly made up her mind, chose the path with the least fire, and rushed out.

As soon as she ran towards the fire, she felt as though her skin was melting off her bones. Her lungs were filled with thick smoke, suffocating her.

Charis was still a long way from the nearest exit. She quickly made her way across the sea of fire, her skin blistering under the extreme heat. Soon, the smell of burning fabric filled her nose. Then there came an excruciating, burning pain.

Charis let out an ear piercing scream. Glancing over her shoulder, she found that her back was on fire.

But she didn't have the time to care. She could only keep running.

Gradually, she used up the last of her strength, and her consciousness began to blur from lack of oxygen. Pain consumed every part of her body, and it even hurt to breathe.

Fortunately, all the props and furniture in the haunted house had been burnt to ashes, so there weren't that many obstacles in her path. She was getting closer and closer to the exit.

Finally, she heard the noise of the crowd gathered outside. Charis felt that her heart was about to stop beating from the pain, but she continued to run in the direction of the noise through sheer willpower.

She didn't know how long she had run, but the sound of the crowd gradually became louder. Finally, it seemed as though she was surrounded by people.

Charis wanted to see what was going on, but she couldn't peel her eyes open. It was as though her eyelids had been glued shut.

Just then, Charis felt a burst of freezing cold liquid being splashed on her body. Unable to hold on any longer, she passed out on the spot.

Countless firefighters surrounded the haunted house, trying desperately to put out the fire.

Because it was the night of Halloween, many tourists had flocked to the amusement park and the fire attracted a wave of onlookers.

Everyone craned their necks to watch the fire devour the haunted house. Just then, a woman on fire rushed out the front door. She looked as though she was being burned alive, a sight too horrible to

behold.

"Oh, my God! Is she still alive?!"

The onlookers were all shocked and instinctively took a few steps back. Some even whipped out their phones to take photos, whereas the parents covered their children's eyes with their hands to prevent them from seeing such a horrific scene.

When the firefighters saw the flame-engulfed person rush out of the establishment, they immediately pointed the hose at her to extinguish the fire on her body.

Fortunately, the fire on Charis's body was put out, but she was already burned beyond recognition. She looked like a scorched object in the shape of a human. Right after being hosed down, she collapsed to the ground and passed out.

The helicopter took Janet to an area a safe distance from the haunted house.

As soon as Janet disembarked, she rushed toward the haunted house.

She rushed headlong into the crowd and made her way to the periphery of the haunted house. She looked around but didn't see any sign of Brandon.

Janet became anxious. She grabbed an onlooker's arm and asked urgently, "Did you see a tall man in a black windbreaker just now?"

The passer-by shook his head. "No, but there was a woman on fire who ran out of the haunted house just now."

Janet felt as though her soul had left her body. She took two steps back and looked blankly at the burning house in front of her.

She and Brandon were separated inside the haunted house just now. She had managed to escaped, but what about Brandon?

Was he still trapped inside?

[Chapter 682 He Is Still Inside](#)

Janet immediately brushed the thought away.

She knew that Charis would never hurt Brandon. Charis must have arranged for the staff to immediately take Brandon outside after they had been separated.

Janet also knew that given their circumstances, he would never come back for her even if he knew that she was trapped in that blazing fire.

Things were different now. Brandon was no longer someone who would do something stupid for her sake.

Even so, Janet couldn't shake the sense of foreboding looming over her. She took a deep breath and continued asking around. "Have you seen someone coming out of the haunted house just now? Please think about it carefully. Male, about a head taller than me, very handsome but aloof?"

"No, we didn't see anyone like that. Go ask someone else. We just happened to be passing by." The person looked impatient, so Janet didn't insist anymore.

She didn't give up, though. She shifted her attention to the other onlookers and asked them one by one.

Finally, she came across a young couple who seemed to have a clue about Brandon.

"I think I saw the man you're referring to! When the staff told us to evacuate because of a fire, he rushed back inside without a second thought. The staff didn't get to stop him, and my boyfriend even joked that he must be an idiot who couldn't even tell where the exit is." The woman glanced sideways at her beau before adding, "In my opinion, he ran back inside to get someone important. Maybe his wife, or a child— Hey! I'm not done talking!"

Janet was already sprinting back to the haunted house before the woman could finish her words.

How could Brandon risk his life in such a big fire?

Janet stopped at the entrance and tried calling him first.

She tried again and again, but he never answered. No one else emerged from the burning establishment, either.

Janet was beside herself with worry. She wanted to throw herself into the fire and look for him, just as he had done for her.

"Hey, young lady! Do you want to die?" The people around her cried out just as she was about to lunge forward. They reached out and pulled her back. "Don't you see the fire raging in front of you? You won't even get a few feet inside without getting burned!"

"No, you don't get it. Please let me in! My husband is still inside!" Janet struggled against their hold.

They didn't understand! The man she loved might be trapped in there, suffocating, burning... And it was all because of her.

Janet was shaking at this point. She was barely hanging on to her sanity.

"Calm down, miss. Leave this to the firefighters. Do you see? They're working hard to put out the fire and get everybody to safety. They will definitely save your husband. Don't worry." A kindhearted stranger stroked Janet's back in a gesture of comfort.

Another person chimed in. "That's right; it's too dangerous to get involved right now. Just be thankful that you are safe."

Janet slumped on the ground, numb to her surroundings. She held her phone tightly and stared at its screen.

"Get the helicopter to hover over the haunted house and search for Brandon," she instructed the people sent by the White family. "Call me as soon as you spot him!"

The helicopter ended up making two rounds in the area, still to no avail.

Brandon was trapped in the fire, and there was nothing she could do. Janet's fingers were trembling uncontrollably. She could barely see through the tears that had welled up in her eyes. She knew that she was on the verge of collapse, but she refused to give in before hearing news of Brandon.

Just then, she felt a tug at her shoulder as the woman beside her yelled, "Look, look! Another person just ran out!"

Janet's head shot up. She saw a tall figure dashing out through the back entrance of the haunted house.

The man discarded the thick coat he had been holding over his body. His face was smudged with soot, but he still looked as handsome as ever. He was coughing violently as he drew closer.

Janet's tears finally streamed down her cheeks. She could feel her blood rushing through her veins like little bolts of lightning. She scrambled to her feet and met Brandon halfway, holding him before he fell on his knees.

It wasn't until she felt the steady rhythm of his heartbeat under her palm that she allowed herself a sigh of relief. And then, she let loose and bawled like a baby.

Brandon tried to reach out to wipe her tears. "Don't cry. It's all right. I'm all right."

But Janet only cried even louder. It took her a while to calm down. "Brandon," she sniffed. "Why did you do that? Why did you come back inside?"

[Chapter 683 His Instinc](#)

For a brief moment, Brandon had thought he would die in there. He already saw his life flash before his eyes.

Fortunately, he was nowhere near the point of origin of the fire, so he had time to gather his bearings. After looking around, he found a back door and was able to escape.

He threw his arms around Janet and held her tightly, burying his face in her hair, taking in her scent.

When Brandon looked up at her again, his eyes were as bright as stars. "I don't know either. Anyway, what's important is you're okay."

Indeed, even Brandon himself couldn't answer this question.

Why did he rush back in? Towards the fire, no less.

The second Brandon learned that the fire started in the same area Janet was, he feared for her life.

At the time, he wasn't thinking.

It was as though his body had a mind of its own. Before he knew what was happening, he was already running in the direction where he and Janet separated.

He had no idea why his body reacted that way. It was as if sheer instinct dictated that he must protect Janet from any harm.

"Help me up." Taking a deep breath, Brandon put his arm around Janet's shoulder and braced himself to stand up.

Janet supported him carefully. Wiping away her tears, she asked, "Why didn't you answer the phone? I was so anxious that I almost rushed back into the fire to look for you."

Brandon took out a scorched phone from his trouser pocket. There was a big hole on its screen.

"My phone got burned in the fire, so I didn't even receive your call. I couldn't find you anywhere, and the fire kept spreading, so I had no choice but to retreat first."

Brandon raised his hand and pinched Janet's cheek lovingly. The latter couldn't help but stick out her lower lip like an annoyed child. Only then did he suddenly look her up and down. "Are you hurt anywhere?"

"No, no, I'm fine. I escaped as soon as I saw the fire." Still pouting, Janet couldn't help but turn her face away. This unexpected flirty behavior from Brandon made her blush.

"Smart." With a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth, Brandon let her go. Seeing that Janet was safe and sound, he finally let out a sigh of relief. "I thought you were near the point of origin? How'd you manage to escape?"

Janet averted her gaze guiltily. She couldn't tell Brandon that she had been prepared in case of any emergency. "The fire wasn't too severe at the time. I covered myself with my coat and ran out," she answered perfunctorily.

Brandon nodded and straightened out his shirt. Only then did he realize that he was covered in cold sweat.

Brandon felt it strange. He hadn't been with Janet that long, yet he had risked his own life and rushed into a burning establishment for her. Why was he so worried about this woman?

Janet looked at Brandon quietly. He lowered his head and didn't say anything. She didn't know what was on his mind.

But he had rushed into the fire to save her. Obviously, he cared about her.

Janet was secretly delighted. It was like a rainbow after a storm. Finally, her efforts paid off! But she still didn't know why Brandon treated her like a stranger in the first place.

Biting her lower lip, Janet cautiously started to say, "Brandon, there's something I've been meaning to ask you..."

Brandon looked at her expectantly, waiting for her to speak.

Just as Janet opened her mouth, a loud creaking sound came from above her head.

Janet looked up and saw that the flames had climbed onto the roof of the haunted house. The tip of a tower on the roof was leaning precariously to the side, about to fall.

She and Brandon were standing right next to the haunted house. With the horrific sound of a crack, the tip of the tower snapped and plummeted towards the ground they were standing on!

[Chapter 684 Protect Him With Her Life](#)

The falling tower looked like a meteor on fire. Janet screamed and subconsciously pushed Brandon away without hesitation.

Then she spread out her arms and stood in front of him to protect him from any falling debris.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. A blistering heat wave swept over as the tip of the tower smashed into pieces on the ground, sending burning debris flying in all directions. It was like a magnificent firework in bloom.

But it was the most deadly firework in the world.

While the tower didn't land on top of the two people, it did smash into the ground violently, sending burning shrapnel in all directions, many of which struck Janet's back.

But she was too focused on protecting Brandon to notice.

It wasn't until she was sure that Brandon was fine that she felt a burning sensation on her back.

She turned her head and to her horror, saw that the clothes on her back was on fire!

Terrified, Janet let out a blood-curdling scream.

"Don't move!" Brandon reacted quickly, wrapping his arms around Janet and forcing her to roll around on the grass with him. Soon, the flames were extinguished.

"Are you hurt?" Staring intently at the woman in his arms, Brandon didn't realize how anxious his voice sounded.

He raised a trembling hand and gingerly tried to lift the hem of Janet's burnt top, but Janet stopped him quickly.

"I'm fine." Janet didn't want Brandon to worry about her, but her voice was shaky and she clearly wasn't fine. The cold sweat on her forehead and paleness of her face betrayed her true situation. She wasn't okay at all.

The sudden "fireworks" caused the crowd to panic. The onlookers around screamed and dispersed hurriedly like mice.

The firefighters rushed over, put out the remaining fires on the ground, and began to evacuate everyone in the amusement park.

Brandon helped Janet up. He also took this as an opportunity to lift her shirt gently to check her injuries.

Fortunately, Brandon had reacted fast enough just now. The burns on Janet's back weren't too severe. But it was still red and swollen, covered in nasty blisters.

"Don't look... It's ugly." Janet almost cried out in pain when Brandon lifted her shirt, but she managed to grit her teeth and didn't make a sound. She didn't want to show the man any weakness.

But Brandon saw right through her. He couldn't understand why she was still pretending to be strong.

Indescribable, complex emotions surged in his heart. They had nearly died just now, but Janet risked her life to protect him, completely disregarding her own safety.

As a result, she got hurt, but she didn't want him to see her cry.

What a silly woman!

"Janet, you have to learn to protect yourself first."

Upon hearing what he said, Janet looked up at him and met his cold and distant eyes.

She suddenly felt as though her heart was wrenched. When she saw the reproachful look on his face, the tears that she had been holding back almost burst out on the spot.

How could he say that to her? She just saved his life!

Turning her face away silently, she didn't want to look at Brandon anymore.

Only then did Brandon realize that he could've come across as too cold just now, but he didn't know how to salvage the situation. He could only fall into silence as well.

After what felt like an eternity, the suffocating atmosphere between the two was broken by the sound of an ambulance's siren.

The paramedics carefully carried Janet to the ambulance, and Brandon followed them. Janet quietly looked at Brandon, who was sitting next to the doctor, shoulder to shoulder. His face was still cold.

At that moment, she missed the old Brandon more than ever.

The old Brandon would've held her in his arms, doing everything in his power to comfort her. However, everything she missed about the old Brandon was gone. Now, only indifference remained in this new Brandon's eyes.

How did things turn out like this?

[Chapter 685 The Truth Comes Ou](#)

Janet had a ton of questions, but she couldn't utter a single word. She could only turn her face away from Brandon, silently wiping the tears from her eyes.

As soon as Janet was wheeled into the ward for treatment, Brandon informed Beal and Johanna.

Johanna couldn't remember how many times Janet had been hospitalized over the past six months.

She felt both sorry and worried for her daughter. Naturally, she wasn't planning to be nice with Brandon any longer.

The doctor was carefully treating Janet's back. Standing in the corner of the room, Brandon's eyes were

fixed on the numerous blisters on Janet's smooth skin. Finally, he couldn't help but ask, "Will it scar?"

Brandon bit his lower lip tightly. He'd never forgive himself if Janet's skin scarred as a result of her protecting him.

The doctor replied honestly, "There are two areas here with second degree burns. There'll be traces left, more or less."

After a long silence, Brandon looked at Janet again and murmured hoarsely, "Thanks for saving me."

It was the first time that Brandon had thanked Janet so sincerely.

But she didn't like it.

He treated her too distantly.

For a moment, Janet didn't know what to say. They were husband and wife. There was no need for him to be so formal with her.

She forced a smile, but there was a trace of sadness in her eyes. "You're welcome. When our apartment was on fire, you also protected me. You still have a burn scar on your back. Now we're even."

Hearing this, Brandon's expression immediately darkened and a trace of confusion flashed in his eyes. He seemed to want to say something, but stopped on second thought.

What apartment? What fire? When did that happen? He didn't remember anything about it.

When Janet saw the confusion in Brandon's eyes, the smile on her face stiffened.

Soon, the doctor finished bandaging up Janet's wounds. After he left, she took a deep breath and finally asked, "Strange. Why did you have such a weird expression just now? I can't help but get the feeling that you've forgotten everything about our past. Brandon, if you don't think you're getting anything out of this marriage, just say so. I won't hold you back. You don't have to do this to me."

Janet spoke in a seemingly casual tone, but the thought of breaking up with Brandon made her heart tighten.

Brandon averted his gaze hesitantly. After a while, he finally spoke up, albeit with difficulty. "Something happened to me..."

"Yeah, I'm not stupid. I can tell that you've changed. In fact, it's like you're a completely different person. Are you still not going to tell me what happened?" Resting her head on the pillow, Janet stared at him and said in a tired voice, "Brandon, I'm not a mind-reader. The longer you keep the truth from me, the crazier I get. It's only a matter of time before I crumble."

Brandon's expression softened. Janet had risked her life to save him. Wasn't she worthy of his trust?

Sitting next to the bed, Brandon looked into Janet's eyes, as though searching for answers. Finally, he said in a low voice, "You're not stupid. It's just... Whatever happened to me sounds crazy. Even I can't believe it myself. When you were lost at sea, they said I suddenly passed out in one of the search-and-rescue ships. It turned out I had a high fever and was incredibly ill. When I woke up again, I couldn't understand my surroundings. Charis told me what had happened. Then I realized that I had lost my memory of the past two years."

[Chapter 686 The Past Two Years](#)

Janet's eyes went as wide as saucers.

She had many guesses as to why Brandon had suddenly turned cold to her, but she never considered that he might've lost his memory.

It was like a scene straight out of a movie!

"Did the doctor say anything? Can you still recover your memory?" Janet asked anxiously, wringing her hands.

Her hair stood on end as all the seemingly unrelated pieces to the puzzle started coming together. First, she got into a car accident, plummeted into the sea, and ended up trapped on a desert island. Then, Brandon suddenly fell ill and passed out during the search and rescue operations. When he woke up, he had mysteriously lost his memory of the past two years.

And when Janet was stuck on the island, someone had sent hitmen to finish her. When she came back alive, she didn't have the time to think about everything that had happened because of the sudden change in Brandon. Only now did it dawn on her that something was terribly wrong.

Who sent those hitmen after her?

While everything seemed unrelated at first, when Janet thought about everything that happened carefully, a chill ran down her spine.

But she didn't speak her mind right away. Instead, she calmed down first and waited for Brandon to explain.

"The doctor wasn't very helpful. He said that there were many possible reasons behind my memory loss. Charis was the one who told me that I was on the ship with the search and rescue team when I passed out. The next time I woke up, I couldn't remember anything from the past two years. Actually, everything I know about the past two years was taught to me by Charis."

Brandon narrowed his eyes and pursed his lips tightly. "I was worried that my competitors would use my

memory loss to their advantage, so I didn't tell anyone about it—including you. I know nothing about our past."

After explaining everything, Brandon fell into a pensive silence.

Janet wanted to tell Brandon everything, especially all the bad things Charis had done to them.

But she couldn't.

Brandon had lost the memory of the past two years. Which meant that he didn't have feelings for her now, let alone trust. Besides, she didn't have any evidence to prove what Charis had done, and Brandon trusted Charis the most right now. After all, she worked as the second in command of Larson Group.

"I see..." Janet swallowed everything she wanted to say.

Now that Brandon's mind was practically a blank slate, it was likely that Charis had spoken ill of Janet in front of him.

Thinking of this, Janet shifted in bed uncomfortably.

The mere thought that her husband trusted the woman who had hurt her more than once upset her very much.

Worse yet, the two years missing from Brandon's memory were the two years that they had grown to understand and love each other.

No wonder he had alienated her these days. Everything finally made sense.

With tears in her eyes and a lump in her throat, Janet asked softly, "Do you want to know about our relationship over the past two years? If you have time, I can tell you all about it..."

Usually, Brandon wouldn't have wasted his precious time listening to this woman's stories.

He was a very busy man and devoted all his life to work, not boring things like this.

But after hearing what Janet said, without hesitation, he subconsciously answered, "Go ahead."

Janet pursed her lips unhappily. She could tell that Brandon didn't really that interested in what had happened between them in the past two years and that he was only forced to oblige her.

Nonetheless, Janet wanted to tell him, so she cleared her throat and begin talking. In brief words, she described what happened between them over the past two years. She told him about how he pretended to be a poor young man when they got married. It was only later when his true identity revealed that the two obtained each other's trust and love.

She didn't exactly describe how she felt, and she simply explained everything to him as though she was telling someone else's story.

"That's why I couldn't accept the fact that you were so indifferent to me all of a sudden," she added in the end.

Brandon kept silent and listened to her carefully and patiently. There was tenderness in his eyes when Janet finished the story.

He smiled and asked, "Did we love each other very much back then?"

[Chapter 687 Did He Really Love Jane](#)

Brandon thought that if the relationship between him and Janet was as good as how she described it to be, then he must've been quite fond of her.

But at the same time, there was a nagging question in Brandon's mind.

According to what Charis had told him, Janet had a one-sided obsession with him, whereas he had no feelings for his wife at all.

It was a completely different story from what Janet told him just now.

What was more puzzling was that Janet didn't seem to be lying.

Brandon buried this question in the back of his head, intending to ask Charis about it later.

Just then, the Whites burst into the ward.

When Johanna received the phone call from Brandon, she was worried sick. However, after finding out that Janet was injured because she had tried to save Brandon, her worry turned into fury.

As soon as she stepped foot inside the ward, she went straight to Brandon and pointed a finger at him angrily. "Brandon Larson! How could you do this to my daughter? You've been treating her so badly yet she still risked her life to save you! Her father and I should've stopped you two from being together at all costs from the very beginning!"

Her nostrils flared as she spoke. She regretted having accepted Brandon as her son-in-law.

It wasn't because Brandon was a bad man, but because he couldn't seem to protect Janet.

Johanna wanted peace and happiness for her beloved daughter, not for her to be hospitalized every now and then, not to mention Brandon's involvement with other women.

Janet could tell that her mother was really angry this time.

She buried her face in her hands and bit her lip, trying hard to hold back her tears. Then she stretched out one hand and tugged at the corner of Johanna's clothes. "Mom, don't say that. It's not Brandon's fault. He... He has lost his memory."

Johanna was a little stunned, wondering if she had misheard.

She swatted Janet's hand away and glared at her angrily. "I can't believe you've made up such a ridiculous lie in order to defend this shameless man! How could he lose his memory out of the blue? Don't be silly, Janet. Brandon doesn't deserve a good girl like you!"

Naturally, in parents' eyes, nobody was good enough for their children.

Janet smiled bitterly and said, "But it's true, Mom."

She too found it unbelievable at first. How could someone suddenly lose their memory?

But it really happened to Brandon.

Seeing the sincerity in Janet's eyes, Johanna reasoned that her daughter couldn't be lying. She gradually calmed down and straightened her scarf. She was so angry just now that she forgot all about her manners.

She pursed her red lips and demanded, "What exactly happened?"

Janet lowered her head and didn't say anything for a long time.

Beal immediately understood that his daughter wanted to talk to her mother in private, so he looked at Brandon and said firmly, "Come with me. Let's give them some space. I have some questions for you."

Brandon nodded and promptly followed Beal out.

When the two women were left alone in the ward, Janet grasped Johanna's hand and whispered, "I have a feeling Charis is behind everything, but I don't have any evidence yet. I don't know how she managed to make Brandon lose exactly two years of his memory. He happened to go back to a time just before he met me. It can't be a coincidence."

Johanna looked at her daughter gravely. "It won't be easy to deal with Charis. Brandon seems to trust her with his life right now. You'll have to find solid evidence and expose her true face to him as soon as possible. Otherwise, who knows what she'll do next?"

Janet nodded. Her mother was right.

But the situation was not optimistic. Charis was a cautious and cunning woman. She must've wiped her tracks clean. Janet really had no clue where to start.

After a while, Beal came back with Brandon.

He had a general understanding of what was going on with Brandon now.

He said to Janet, "Don't worry. We'll do whatever we can to retrieve Brandon's memory. I know several authoritative brain specialists abroad. I'll ask them to fly in tomorrow. The medical field has developed exponentially in the past few years. I doubt there's a problem they can't fix."

Janet smiled at him feebly. "Thanks, Dad."

However, she sighed internally. She was nowhere near as optimistic as her father. She had a bad feeling that Brandon's memory loss wasn't as simple as it seemed.

Brandon didn't refuse Beal's offer. After all, he wasn't about to say no to the possibility of regaining his memory.

He nodded and said, "I'll also go to see a doctor and find a way to regain my memory."

Previously, he felt that with Charis's help, losing his memories of the past two years was not that big a deal.

But Janet and Charis told him two vastly different stories. He wanted to know who was lying.

At the same time, he also had a question in his heart that needed answers. Did he really fall in love with Janet?

[Chapter 688 Take Care Of Her](#)

Janet spent the next few days recuperating in the hospital. Every day, nurses would come and go to change the dressing on her wounds.

Janet was often absent-minded these days, wondering how to deal with Charis.

A cunning woman like Charis was much more dangerous than those fierce villains in the movies. Because she did these evil things in secret, not to mention the fact that she came from a prominent family, it was extremely tricky to deal with her.

"What's on your mind? Have breakfast first."

Brandon's voice pulled Janet back to reality and she loosened her clenched teeth.

Brandon was holding up a takeout bag of breakfast food in front of her.

Now that they had made things clear, they were able to manage to get along with each other.

The relationship between the two actually seemed harmonious. However, Janet felt that there was an insurmountable gap between them that hadn't been there before.

After all, Brandon had lost all his memories of her. She didn't know how to face him now.

"Oh, I see. Thanks." Not knowing what to say, Janet accepted the food and began to dig in.

The awkward silence was deafening.

After what felt like an eternity, Brandon attempted to break the ice. "Does your back still hurt? I heard you whimpering last night."

Janet dabbed her lips carefully to hide her embarrassment. When she turned over in bed last night, she accidentally hit the wounds on her back. It was so painful that her face contorted, but she didn't know that she had groaned aloud.

"It's much better, thanks for asking. Aren't you going to work today? Usually, you'd be on your second meeting of the day by now." Janet really wanted some time away from Brandon.

She could only imagine how messy she looked right now. It had been days since she last washed her face, and she even needed help when going to the bathroom. She didn't want Brandon to see how embarrassed she was.

Brandon already didn't have a good impression of her previously. Now, she was afraid that Brandon would be even less interested in her.

After all, women always cared about what they looked like in front of their crushes.

"Don't worry. I've already asked for a leave. Taking care of you is more important," Brandon explained casually while he cleared the table.

Maybe it was because he knew that he used to be affectionate with Janet, or perhaps it was because he appreciated this woman for risking her life to save him. Brandon didn't think too much of it and actually wanted to take care of her.

Janet chuckled. She wrapped herself in the quilt and leaned against the headboard leisurely. "Dad told me he found you a good doctor. Is the treatment working?"

Brandon paused for a few seconds. Then he tossed the rubbish into the trash can and took two pieces of tissue to wipe the table.

He then replied lightly, "I've received psychotherapy twice. It's not so bad."

Truth be told, his situation wasn't looking too good.

Whenever the doctor asked Brandon to try to recall the past, he'd immediately have a splitting headache. It was almost as though an invisible hand was yanking at the nerves in his brain.

Janet squinted at Brandon and noticed the dark circles under his eyes. He looked a lot more haggard than the day before. Worried, she pursed her lips and asked, "Does the therapy involve some sort of drug? You look kind of listless."

"I'm fine. I was up late last night dealing with some work." Brandon didn't want Janet to worry about him, so he concealed the fact that he had a severe headache whenever he tried to recall the past.

He sighed tiredly and changed the topic, "Did you know? No one was killed in the fire."

Janet nodded and turned on the TV with the remote control idly. "I heard that Charis got badly burnt though. Is that true? The firemen said that she ran all the way out of the big blazing fire. Fortunately, she's safe now."

Even Janet couldn't help but admire Charis.

That woman had guts.

Brandon was visibly confused. "Charis didn't go into the haunted house with us. How could she have gotten burnt?"

Truth be told, Janet already knew the answer.

The only possible reason why Charis had rushed into the haunted house was that Brandon had gone back in to save Janet. She then ran inside to save Brandon. But she never ran into Brandon. Instead, she ran into Janet. Thinking she could trap Janet in the burning establishment, she tried locking Janet in a room. Little did she know that her little ploy would end up in a near death experience of her own.

Janet didn't have any evidence to prove that that was what happened, nor was it the right time to tell Brandon what she made of the situation. So she simply shook her head wordlessly.

Brandon also dropped the subject.

At noon, Brandon went out to buy lunch, Janet took this as an opportunity to call the men of the White family.

"How's it going?" she asked.

The man reported, "We caught the man who started the fire."

Smiling coldly, Janet ordered, "Get the truth out of him."

[Chapter 689 Fruitless Investigation](#)

The interrogation ended soon enough.

Unfortunately, the Whites weren't able to get any useful information from the man.

What they did know was that the arsonist had only been in contact with his employer over the phone, and that the latter had used a voice changing device.

He had never seen the main mastermind at all.

They had to admit that this person was meticulous in covering their tracks. They had used a burner phone, and the money transfer was done through a third party.

All of these weren't enough proof for Janet to pin the blame on Charis.

Indeed, if Charis hadn't showed up and tried to lock her up in that tiny room, Janet wouldn't have had anything on her. However, she couldn't just tell Brandon that, because at the end of the day, she still had no evidence to back her accusation against Charis.

Now, her only chance of incriminating Charis lay on the surveillance footage at the scene. That was, of course, assuming that they hadn't been destroyed in the fire.

Hanging on to that glimmer of hope, Janet sent someone to retrieve the surveillance tapes from the haunted house.

It didn't take long for her to get an update on the matter, though it was far from what she wanted to hear. Apparently, the whole surveillance system had collapsed in the fire, and most of the cameras themselves were burned to ashes. There was no way they could get any footage of sorts.

Janet had no choice but to give up this option; it was a dead end. Her mood, which she had been trying so hard to uplift, instantly plummeted at the news.

She was still in low spirits when Brandon returned with her lunch.

"Here, I bought this from a three Michelin star restaurant." He set the food in front of her before adding, "What happened?"

Brandon had sharp eyes and a keen sense of his surroundings. He could tell something was bothering her.

Janet opened the takeout box and began to eat. "Nothing," she said, avoiding his eyes as she chewed. "This is delicious."

She couldn't tell Brandon that Charis was the one behind the fire without any conclusive evidence. She would have to wait patiently for now.

After two weeks, Janet was more than ready to get discharged. Her condition had significantly improved during her stay at the hospital. But Johanna was still worried. She refused to let her daughter out of the hospital until she was fully healed.

Brandon stayed for a week to take care of her, but he had to fly back to Seacisco the following week.

He had much work to take care of, but there were two particular matters that needed his immediate attention.

First, an alarming volume of the company's internal documents had been leaked.

Second, and perhaps most importantly, his memory loss wasn't getting any better. On the contrary, it was getting worse. Every time he tried to recall anything from two years ago, he suffered an unbearable headache.

In the end, he decided to go to Frank's hospital, hoping that the man might be able to help him.

As a materialist and a genius doctor, Frank believed there must be a clinical reason for Brandon's sudden memory loss. However, even he found Brandon's case to be strange after he examined his friend. He had taken a CT scan and a bunch of other examinations, but the results all showed that there was no problem with his brain.

By all accounts, it seemed that Brandon simply lost his memory after an especially high fever. It baffled Frank.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything." Frank peered at the test results and shook his head. "As for your headaches, I've looked into previous cases of amnesia but didn't find a patient who experienced the same symptoms. Your case is very special, indeed. I'm going abroad for a medical research seminar next week. I'll see if I can enlist the help of other experts."

"Thank you." Brandon nodded and then fixed his eyes on the X-ray result, his gaze deep and unfathomable.

"Why are you speaking so formally to me, anyway?" Frank asked. "We were friends, you know. Make sure you get some proper rest. Avoid thinking too much of the past. You can end up overexerting your

brain and hurting yourself by doing so."

"Okay." Brandon's expression somewhat softened after hearing that.

Aside from Frank, he also met with other doctors recommended by the White family.

The doctor that Beal had introduced previously couldn't help much, but he never gave up. He made up for his failure by tapping other renowned doctors around the world.

Even so, nobody could do anything to cure Brandon's memory loss.

If anything, they only grew curious about his condition. What, exactly, made him lose his memories? And why was the time period so specific? It was almost as if a sinister force were working behind the scenes.

[Chapter 690 Disfigured](#)

Sunlight streamed into the ward from the window. The finger of the woman in bed twitched slightly, and the heart rate curve on the monitor next to her fluctuated.

Charis struggled to peel her eyes open. It felt as though her whole body was enveloped in plaster, and she couldn't move anything except her fingers.

She made a feeble, guttural sound from her throat, "Hello? Is anyone there?"

Catherine, who had fallen asleep on the table, suddenly awoke when she heard her daughter's voice.

"Luke, she's awake! Charis is awake! Come quick!" Catherine called at the door anxiously.

Then she rushed to the bedside and held Charis's hand tightly.

Now that her daughter had finally woken up, tears of joy rolled down Catherine's cheeks.

Charis felt as though her whole body was on fire. She had to pause a few times before she could finish one sentence. "Mom... Why... Why are you... Here?"

Catherine wiped her tears with the back of her hand and explained shakily, "You got into an accident after you entered the haunted house. Someone from the Larson Group took you to the hospital and called me and your father."

Just then, Luke rushed into the ward. He sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Charis worriedly. "How are you feeling now? Does it still hurt? Do you want me to call a doctor?"

Catherine shot Luke a warning glance, scolding him for having spilled the beans.

Only then did Charis realize that something was terribly wrong. She struggled to turn her head in the direction of the window and saw her reflection in the glass.

Realizing that she was wrapped in white gauze from head to toe, it all came back to her. She recalled rushing into the burning haunted house to save Brandon only to be trapped inside, choking on thick smoke and being burned alive by the hot flames.

Charis remembered that her body literally caught fire at the time. She clearly remembered the excruciating, searing pain.

Seeing herself like this, Charis's heart tightened.

Her reflection seemed to be staring back at her in horror, tears streaming down her face. Such a pain was beyond words.

Her life was ruined, and she knew it.

Charis cried bitterly. She was no longer as reserved and elegant as she used to be. Seeing her daughter like this, Catherine stood up and hurried to draw the curtains so that Charis couldn't see her reflection anymore. Then, she took a piece of tissue and gently wiped away Charis's tears. Her eyes were full of distress, but she tried her best to keep it together. However, it didn't take long before she covered her mouth, choked with sobs.

Charis asked in a trembling voice, "Mom, what did the doctor say about my condition? Can I recover?"

Catherine sniffed. She seemed to want to say something, but stopped on second thought. After hesitating for a while, she said lightly, "Your burns aren't that severe. Don't worry. You won't be permanently disabled or anything like that."

Realizing that she was wrapped in white gauze from head to toe, it all came back to her. She recalled rushing into the burning haunted house to save Brandon only to be trapped inside, choking on thick smoke and being burned alive by the hot flames.

Charis's tone of voice suddenly became sharp. "Are you saying it'll scar?"

"Like I said, don't worry. The doctor said that you can always undergo plastic surgery." Catherine's eyes were red but she managed to force a smile. "Medicine is so advanced these days, and we have the money. Your skin will be as good as new!"

Upon hearing what Catherine said, Charis turned her head away from her mother, bit her lower lip, and squeezed her eyes shut. Her lips trembled from the sobs and tears fell silently from the corners of her eyes. She had never felt so much pain and desperation before.

Charis understood what her mother really meant.

She was likely disfigured—burnt beyond recognition.

Charis took after her mother and had always been proud of her appearance. Catherine was quite the beauty when she was young, so Charis had always been praised since childhood since she was a natural beauty.

Now, everything was ruined.

Charis gritted her teeth and clenched her fists, crying silently.

If it weren't for the fact that Janet had trapped her in the burning haunted house, she wouldn't have ended up like this.

Not only did she fail to kill Janet again, but she also suffered a big loss. Worse yet was the fact that she couldn't air out her grievances because she couldn't tell anyone why she was there inside a burning establishment without revealing her attempted murder plan.