

Mogul 691

[Chapter 691 Visiting Charis](#)

Luke's calm facade gradually crumbled. Eyes seething with hatred, he hissed, "I've investigated, and it turned out that someone had set the fire on purpose. As soon I find out who's behind this, I'll make him regret the day he was born!"

Charis's heart leaped to her throat. She couldn't let anyone find out that it was her who plotted this arson, including her own father!

Charis suddenly raised her voice and looked at Luke pitifully. "Dad, what's the point? You can't turn back time and fix this..."

Luke didn't know how to reply. Seeing his daughter in so much pain, he decided against saying anything more.

Among all the people who had entered the haunted house that night, Charis was the unluckiest one.

Most of them were able to get out safely, whereas she suffered third degree burns and was disfigured as a result.

During the recuperation process, Charis was confined in the hospital in Barnes for a long time. Many reporters came to interview her, but they'd barely get a few questions in before Luke would drive them away impatiently.

In her second week at the hospital, Brandon and Janet came to visit her.

When Charis saw them enter the ward, her heart skipped a beat. A deep sense of inferiority overwhelmed her—suffocated her.

She felt lucky that she was still wrapped from head to toe in the gauze. At least Brandon wouldn't see her disgusting wounds.

"I heard from Mrs. Turner that you were seriously injured. I've asked Garrett to take over your responsibilities for the time being. Don't worry." Brandon comforted her in a formulaic way.

As he spoke, he placed the bouquet on the table and glanced at Charis, who wasn't even looking at him. Seeing this, he couldn't help but frown.

Charis's eyes were glued to Janet, who was standing behind Brandon.

It was a warm sunny day, but Charis was shivering. Her eyes were bloodshot with hatred. She wished she could pounce on Janet and strangle her on the spot, but she had no choice but to swallow her anger for the time being.

Janet clearly saw the ferocity in Charis's eyes.

The woman wrapped tightly in gauze probably hated her to her core.

But why? Charis was the one behind the fire at the haunted house. Why did she blame Janet for her plan going backfired?

"At least you made it out alive." Janet raised her head slightly, her eyes quickly sweeping across Charis's bandaged body.

She felt lucky that she was still wrapped from head to toe in the gauze. At least Brandon wouldn't see her disgusting wounds.

Most of Charis's body was wrapped in gauze, which meant she was likely disfigured from the burns.

There wasn't a trace of pity on Janet's face. On the contrary, she was delighted. Charis had hurt Janet so many times before, and now she was finally punished for her own actions. She deserved the karma.

Charis sneered, tearing her gaze away from Janet. She was afraid that if she took one more look at the bitch, she would really pounce on Janet.

"Why were you there anyway? From what I remember, you didn't even enter the haunted house with us." Brandon looked at Charis calmly, although there was a hint of intrigue in his eyes.

Charis averted her gaze and said nothing.

She really didn't want Brandon to see her in this state, but on second thought, this could be a good opportunity to make him feel sorry for her. So she put on a bitter smile and looked at him affectionately.

"After the haunted house caught fire, I heard that you rushed back inside. I was worried about you, so I rushed in to find you."

[Chapter 692 Lies Exposed](#)

Brandon lowered his head and mulled over what Charis said.

He had always known that Charis liked him, but he didn't expect her to risk her life for him. He was at a loss. He knew better than anyone else that he couldn't give her what she wanted.

Looking at the two people who had fallen quiet, Janet smiled slightly. "Miss Turner, how come you've suddenly become so reckless? That's not like you. After all, compared to Brandon, you're not as strong. What's the use in rushing into a burning building to save him? I thought you were smarter than that. Unless there's another, unspeakable reason as to why you did it?"

Janet's voice was soft and gentle, but her eyes were sharper than a knife, leaving Charis no place to hide.

Charis was always proud of her intelligence. What she couldn't stand was when others called her stupid. Not to mention how much she already hated Janet. At this moment, her boiling anger had reached its peak.

But Brandon was there. No matter how much resentment Charis had in her heart, she had to bury it for the time being.

She gritted her teeth so tightly that she felt a dull pain on her burned face.

After taking a few deep breaths, Charis asked stiffly, "What sort of unspeakable reason can I have? I've known Brandon since we were young. We've been friends for years. Of course I'd rush in and save him. Besides, I'm very familiar with the layout of that haunted house. I was sure I could help Brandon in such a critical moment."

Janet's brow shot up and her eyes gleamed mischievously. "Oh? Why would you be so familiar with the layout of a haunted house in an amusement park? Miss Turner, given your status and personality, I doubt you'd go to a place like that for pleasure, am I right?"

Charis was stunned speechless.

She stole a glance at Brandon and found that he was also staring at her intently.

It was indeed a bit suspicious. After pausing for a moment, Charis came up with an excuse. "Didn't I tell you before that I planned to throw a Halloween party for my employees? Of course I learned all about the haunted house beforehand."

The more she spoke, the unconvinced she sounded. But she refused to cave.

Janet smiled and didn't make any more comments. The answer was obvious. Anyone with a discerning eye could tell that Charis was lying about something.

So Janet picked up her bag and said, "You guys take your time. I'm going to the bathroom."

Janet's brow shot up and her eyes gleamed mischievously. "Oh? Why would you be so familiar with the layout of a haunted house in an amusement park? Miss Turner, given your status and personality, I doubt you'd go to a place like that for pleasure, am I right?"

She decided to let Brandon draw his own conclusions.

Staring at Brandon, Charis felt her muscles tensed up, which triggered a wave of pain from her wounds. Wincing, she started to say, "Brandon, I..."

However, she stopped on second thought.

She knew her explanation was a bit far-fetched, but she couldn't come up with a better excuse.

Besides, a far-fetched explanation was better than saying nothing.

Brandon looked into her eyes searchingly. Finally, he said with intimidating authority, "You've been acting very strange lately."

Hearing the implication of his words, Charis gritted her teeth and fell into silence again.

Brandon continued, "Tell me. What happened? Why did you lie?"

The unexpected question sent Charis into a panic. She held her breath for a few seconds. Pretending to be calm, she asked, "What are you talking about, Brandon? I never lied to you."

"You told me that Janet was obsessed with me and I had no feelings for her. Isn't that a lie? It turns out I used to have a good relationship with Janet."

[Chapter 693 A Monster In The Shape Of A Human](#)

From the window, one could see the sky outside darkening as rain clouds gathered, covering the bright sun.

The woman in the ward looked as gloomy as the dark sky. She suffered from an inner storm.

"Don't you want to explain yourself?" Brandon's eyes, which were trained on her, were as sharp as an eagle's.

Charis swallowed uneasily.

Brandon's question was straightforward. Apparently, he had already talked to Janet before they came.

Charis wasn't sure what Janet had told Brandon, but she doubted Janet had any evidence of her past crimes. Therefore, it was likely that Janet didn't tell Brandon everything. Otherwise, Brandon wouldn't have been so gracious as to give her a chance to explain herself. In fact, he might not have visited her at all.

Since Charis had figured this out, she knew what to do next.

She pretended to be angry and asked pointedly, "Why don't you trust me? I've never lied to you! Brandon, I described your relationship with Janet only from the perspective of an outsider. Didn't I tell you before? You never talked to me about your relationship with her. If you didn't tell me anything, how could I have known whether or not you two had a good relationship? Now, I realize that I must've misunderstood your relationship. After all, what I saw was just the way you two got along in public. You

are always cold and indifferent with everyone. I thought you didn't like her either."

Charis's explanation was somewhat convincing.

It was true that Brandon didn't talk about his private affairs with others.

But Charis was an intelligent woman with a discerning eye. She should've seen the relationship between Brandon and Janet for what it really was.

Which meant that she wasn't telling the whole truth. Still, it was difficult for Brandon to tell which part of her words was true and which part was not.

They had known each other for years. Thus he still trusted in Charis somewhat.

As for Janet, Brandon could only feel that there was some sort of a special bond between them. But every time he tried to recall something related to her or their past together, he'd get a splitting headache that would debilitate his thinking.

"Indeed, I'm not good at expressing myself." Brandon fell silent for a moment. After a while, he stood up and said, "All right. Get some rest. I have go back to work. I'll visit you another time."

Although what he said wasn't out of character, his eyes were as cold as ice. No matter how hard she tried, Charis couldn't read him.

So she simply forced a smile in response.

She could see that although Brandon had stopped questioning her, he didn't trust her as much as before.

Not long after Brandon and Janet left, Charis's attending doctor entered the ward with several nurses.

The doctor glanced at Luke and then said to Charis, "Miss Turner, the gauze can be removed today."

Charis had been in the hospital for a long time now. Because her burns were severe, the doctor never talked about removing the gauze until she had calmed down.

But Charis was an intelligent woman with a discerning eye. She should've seen the relationship between Brandon and Janet for what it really was.

After all, in his experience, many burn patients just broke down as soon as they saw their disfigured faces.

Charis was nervous. Her whole face and body had been covered in gauze since she woke up. She couldn't see how bad it really was and therefore hadn't really mentally prepared herself for the fact that

she was disfigured.

Standing beside the bed, Luke said in a fatherly tone, "Only after checking the wounds can the doctor decide the treatment plan for the next stage."

"Okay." Charis slowly squeezed her eyes shut and lay still.

She could feel the nurses slowly peel layer upon layer of gauze off her body. Then she heard someone gasping.

Charis slowly opened her eyes, only to find her mother crying in her father's arms.

The doctor and the nurses also looked at her in shock. There was even a trace of pity and fear in their eyes.

Charis slowly turned her head to look at the mirror in the ward.

The reflection staring back at her didn't look like human at all. She looked like a monster in the shape of a human. Not a single part of her skin was intact, and her face was beyond recognition. The large black scabbing all over her body looked like a pangolin's shell.

In the blink of an eye, Charis's self-esteem was shattered. She started scratching at the scabs on her face like a madwoman and screamed at the top of her lungs hysterically.

[Chapter 694 She Doesn't Deserve Him Anymore](#)

Charis was utterly horrified by what she saw. In a streak of madness, she started clawing at the skin on her face fiercely, as though she could tear the ugly skin off and throw it away.

Seeing that Charis was going crazy, the nurses and the doctor sprang into action and rushed to hold her down.

"Miss Turner, please calm down. This situation is very normal. You can still recover in time." The doctor gritted his teeth as he struggled to hold one of her arms down.

Anyone with a brain knew that he was just trying to console her.

There wasn't a hair left on Charis's disfigured head; they had all been burnt to a crisp. It was nothing more than a fantasy to think that she could ever recover from this and look the same as before.

No one knew where her explosive strength came from, but Charis somehow managed to shove all the nurses off of her and bolted to the door.

She couldn't stay here!

And she didn't want anyone to look at her as though she was a monster.

Just as Charis was about to reach the door, she bumped into Catherine, who had rushed over to block her way.

Seeing her daughter like this, Catherine's heart broke into a thousand pieces. She hurriedly threw her arms around Charis and held her tightly. "It's going to be okay, my baby. Once you've completely recovered, it won't be so bad. Then you can have surgery to remove the scars."

Maybe it was Catherine's gentle and patient voice that calmed Charis down.

She hugged her mother back tightly and burst into tears. In between sobs, she cried, "Mom, I'm a freak now. How can I face the world like this? Even if I have plastic surgery, things will never be the same."

She sobbed hysterically and went limp in Catherine's arms, unable to hold herself up.

Catherine was also grieving over her daughter's misfortune. She didn't have the strength to support her daughter on her own and the two of them collapsed to the ground. The mother-daughter duo held each other and wailed in anguish.

Catherine had always been a dignified and reserved woman who could keep her composure even if her husband's mistress showed up at her doorstep to stir up trouble. But now, she couldn't stop herself from crying hysterically in front of so many people.

"You'll still have Mom and Dad. No matter what happens, you're still our beautiful daughter." Tears streamed down Catherine's cheeks uncontrollably. She patted Charis on the back and comforted her softly, hiccupping in between breaths.

Charis's face was also covered in tears. Her burnt face contorted as she cried, making her look even more ugly. Desperate, she roared at the top of her lungs, "What's the point? Brandon won't love me anymore!"

In the past, Charis had always thought that she and Brandon were the perfect match.

But now, how could she stand beside him with such a disgusting face? She didn't even deserve to be in the same room as him!

Realizing this, her eyes took on a fiercely dangerous light.

This was all Janet's fault. That bitch deserved to die a horrible death!

Janet sneezed three times in a row. Rubbing the tip of her reddened nose, she looked at Brandon and

asked, "What did the doctor my father hired say?"

Recently, Janet had been accompanying Brandon in his treatments, but the situation was not optimistic.

"It's the same as what all the other doctors said. No one can pinpoint the specific reason as to why I lost my memory. The experts need more time to observe my condition." As he spoke, Brandon took out a handkerchief from the pocket of his brown windbreaker and handed it to Janet. He looked at her and asked with concern, "Have you caught a cold?"

Catherine had always been a dignified and reserved woman who could keep her composure even if her husband's mistress showed up at her doorstep to stir up trouble. But now, she couldn't stop herself from crying hysterically in front of so many people.

Janet gratefully accepted the handkerchief and wiped her nose. Shaking her head, she mused, "No. Maybe someone's talking about me behind my back."

Brandon smiled at her faintly, but his heart was heavy.

Only he knew that his condition was getting worse as time went on.

Every single time he tried to recall the past, he'd have a migraine, which would put him in a bad mood.

Janet had no idea. She thought that he was just upset that he had lost his memory. Now that she had accepted the fact, she could only try to comfort him. "Come on. Don't be so stressed about regaining your memory. Even if you can't remember our past, it'll be okay. We can just start over."

They still had their whole lives ahead of them to create more beautiful memories.

"No, it's not fair to you," Brandon said seriously, his voice low and hoarse.

Janet pursed her lips and turned her face away from him. However, the smile on her face betrayed her true feelings.

She was very happy. Although Brandon didn't remember anything now, slowly but surely, he had begun to care about her feelings.

Maybe he would return to the former Brandon sometime soon.

"Brandon, I know you're doing your best. Don't worry. I'll always be with you." Janet raised her head to look at Brandon firmly. She was willing to wait for him to recover his memory.

There were two other reasons that Janet was not worried about this matter. On the one hand, the two of them got along well with each other now. Brandon's lost memories had no effect on their current

relationship. On the other hand, she wanted to do something during this period of time. She would make Charis pay for everything she had done to them...

[Chapter 695 Hallucination](#)

Charis kept delaying the date of being discharged from the hospital. She just couldn't accept the fact that she was now disfigured and cried into her pillow all day long for days on end.

She was once a cool, confident woman, but now her ego was in a rut and she gradually became depressed and gloomy.

Sometimes it only took one pivotal moment to destroy a person's pride and joy. When Charis saw her reflection in the mirror, all the pride and confidence she had accumulated in the past twenty some years was destroyed.

On the day Charis went back to work in the Larson Group, Catherine was very anxious. She personally accompanied her daughter to the gate of the Larson Group's building, just like how she accompanied her to school on her first day.

"Don't force yourself, my dear. You don't have to work right now. I've been talking with your father, and we want to go on a trip with you. You can take some time off and relax for a while..."

"I'm fine, Mom. I have to face reality sooner or later, right?" Charis stood outside the gate of Larson Group, trembling slightly. It took her every ounce of courage she could muster to go back to the office.

Charis straightened her black long-sleeve shirt and trousers and wrapped her scarf around herself tightly. She had put on a mask to cover half of her face. When she was sure that she was completely covered, she took a deep breath and started walking towards the building with difficulty.

It was November now, but the weather wasn't too cold. Charis covered herself from head to toe, exposing only her eyes and nostrils. Naturally, her conspicuous look drew a lot of attention to herself.

As the employees of the Larson Group walked past her, they couldn't help but look at her strangely.

These curious gazes made Charis, who had become very sensitive lately, feel very uncomfortable. She felt as if those people could see her scarred skin from underneath the cloth.

Hugging herself tightly, Charis lowered her head and briskly walked to her office.

When Brandon learned that Charis was back, he went to see her during lunch break.

"Thank you for coming back to work so soon. But you were just discharged from the hospital. You should stay at home and take more rest." Brandon was a little surprised when he heard that Charis was coming back so soon.

His words also surprised her.

"Thank you. As long as you don't blame me for delaying the work of the company, I'm fine." Charis lowered her head and adjusted her mask subconsciously to cover her face more.

Seeing her little uncomfortable mannerisms, Brandon asked, "Doesn't it feel stuffy to wear a mask and a scarf indoors? There's no one else here. Don't worry."

His attitude toward Charis was as cold as before. He hadn't changed even though she was disfigured.

Charis smiled bitterly. She couldn't tell how she felt.

She knew clearly that it was because Brandon only viewed her as a business partner, nothing more. As long as her capacity to work hadn't changed, she was no different from her previous self in his eyes.

Charis's heart wrenched in bitterness. She turned away and shook her head. "It doesn't matter. If the others see the way I look now, it'll cause a stir. I don't want to disturb the other employees."

Hearing this, Brandon didn't say anything more.

Charis tried to work the same way her old self would've worked. That way, she could at least maintain her relationship with Brandon.

These curious gazes made Charis, who had become very sensitive lately, feel very uncomfortable. She felt as if those people could see her scarred skin from underneath the cloth.

But she soon realized that her working capacity wasn't as good as before.

She had been on leave for about a month. There was a lot of work that piled up in her absence. Truth be told, this wasn't the problem for her. The real problem now was her inner demons.

Charis used to be a calm and rational woman, but now that her confidence was destroyed along with her beautiful face, she couldn't keep calm.

The senior executives of the Larson Group held four or five meetings every week. Every time she attended a meeting, she felt that the people around her were staring at her. Whenever they whispered to each other, she felt as if they were laughing at her.

One day, in a routine meeting, Charis couldn't control herself anymore and exploded on the spot. She lost her temper at the executives who were talking offstage. She even overturned a table and yelled at them.

Later, she found out that the senior executives were just discussing the business plan she proposed at the time. No one ever laughed at her.

She was just imagining things.

After that day, the same thing happened more frequently. Charis had changed into a completely different person.

She always felt that she looked so horrible now, so she was too ashamed to attend meetings with other business partners. And she refused invitations to banquets and parties again and again. Given her disfigurement, how could she wear a gown and socialize gracefully?

Gradually, the invitations stopped coming. Then Charis began to think that those people deliberately stopped inviting her because they felt her ugliness revolting.

[Chapter 696 The Perfect Opportunity](#)

Because of her fragile mental state, Charis made many mistakes at work.

In the beginning, Brandon thought it was only normal. After all, she had just suffered such a traumatizing blow.

As the employees complained about her sloppiness, he could only try to appease them by saying, "Miss Turner just came out of a serious accident. We need to be patient and give her some time to get back on her feet."

Since Brandon himself had given the order, the employees couldn't say anything anymore. They had no choice but to put up with Charis.

Every day, the Larson Group's employees would be treated to afternoon tea. One afternoon, a group of employees huddled together over tea and desserts.

"When I went to the bathroom earlier today, I accidentally caught Miss Turner taking off her mask," one of them whispered in a hushed tone. "She was looking at herself in the mirror, talking to herself and then screaming madly."

"Really? I've never seen her without a mask since she came back to work." Another female colleague was surprised.

"Well, I saw it with my own eyes... She looked... Let's just say I was shocked when I saw her face... Anyone who saw her face would've been scared to death. She looked like a living corpse! The rotten kind, of course." the first employee said with a heavy sigh, shaking her head.

Just then, a cup of hot tea was poured all over her face.

She screamed and covered her reddened face, rolling on the ground in pain.

Charis threw away the empty cup in her hand and spat at the woman on the ground. "Spreading rumors about me? I'll rip your mouth off!"

Without warning, she pounced on the female colleague and wrapped her fingers around the latter's neck, slapping her in the face several times.

The people around were frightened. Some were bold enough to leap into action and tried to stop Charis.

However, by the time Charis was finally dragged away, the poor woman was so mangled that she had to be rushed to the hospital.

This matter caused such a sensation that the employees couldn't help but complain to management about Charis's disgusting behavior.

But Charis didn't stop there. Later in the day, she fumbled in a meeting and got into a big fight with a business partner of the Larson Group.

That was the last straw. Finally, Brandon summoned her to his office for a talk.

As soon as Charis sat down in front of him, Brandon slid a business card across the table and went straight to the point. "You can't go on like this. I know a psychologist who's really good at what he does. You should go see him."

Tears started to roll down Charis's cheeks. She put her trembling hands on the desk, her breath shuddering.

She knew that the day Brandon drove her away would come sooner or later. And this was it!

"Do you think I'm crazy?" she asked in a trembling voice.

Brandon shook his head and explained his reasoning patiently. "I don't think you're crazy, but I do think that your mental state is delicate at the moment. Of course, I can understand where you're coming from. I don't mean to blame you. I just strongly suggest you seek professional help, or it will affect your future work and life."

Without warning, she pounced on the female colleague and wrapped her fingers around the latter's neck, slapping her in the face several times.

Charis clenched her fists tightly. In her eyes, Brandon was just making excuses.

She knew that he must've been disgusted with her. After all, her face was disfigured now, and she

couldn't even work as capably as before. How on earth was she supposed to make him fall in love with her?

"Okay, I hear you." She sneered coldly.

As soon as she left Brandon's office, she broke down and ran out crying.

She didn't take the card from Brandon. Obviously, she didn't want to see a psychologist.

Rubbing his aching temples, Brandon watched her leave and sighed.

In her current fragile state, Charis couldn't do anything right. But considering the fact that they were friends, he couldn't just kick her out of the Larson Group. He could only hope that she could figure things out herself.

At first, Janet didn't know how bad Charis had gotten. It wasn't until Brandon told her that she realized the gravity of the situation.

She also realized that this was the perfect opportunity for her to strike.

Charis used to be a composed and scheming woman who was extremely hard to pin down. But now, she was at her most fragile state. Finally, it was time for Janet to bring her down!

[Chapter 697 Ugly Beas](#)

Ever since Brandon's talk with Charis, she seldom went out of her office or talked to anyone.

She didn't want to face the stares of the intrigued employees, nor did she want to quarrel with anyone and give Brandon all the more reason to drive her away.

Given her fragile mental state now, it was hard for her to control her temper now. She knew better than anyone else that she could barely keep herself together these days. The harder she tried, the worse things got.

Just then, she heard the door of her office being pushed open. Thinking it was just her assistant who came to deliver some documents, she didn't bother to look up from her desk. "Just leave the documents on the table." "Miss Turner, I am not your assistant." A familiar voice sounded.

Charis raised her head and met Janet's smiling eyes.

"Mrs. Larson, do you have an appointment? If not, please leave my office," Charis said with unconcealed hatred. This bitch must've come just to laugh at her.

Ignoring her refusal, Janet strode into the office and looked at Charis up and down calmly.

It had been less than a month since they last saw each other, yet Charis seemed to have transformed into a completely different woman. Although Janet couldn't see her face with the mask and scarf, she could tell that the woman was close to losing her temper.

"We need to talk, Miss Turner." Janet kept her smile. They were in the Larson Group headquarters, and she was certain Charis wouldn't dare to drive her away.

Charis gnashed her teeth angrily. Just looking at Janet made her want to skin the bitch alive. But since Janet was the wife of the CEO, she had to be polite with her.

"Then please have a seat, Mrs. Larson," she said stiffly. Charis subconsciously wrapped her coat around herself more tightly, feeling uncomfortable and even a little timid under Janet's intense gaze.

Janet sat on the sofa and elegantly crossed her legs. "You set the haunted house on fire to kill me, didn't you?"

Charis's whole body stiffened, as though she had been struck by lightning.

After a long time, she stuttered, "I... I don't know what you're talking about."

"Do you need a mirror to see what you look like now?" Janet's smile widened and her eyes flashed dangerously. "You got what you deserve, Charis. You failed to kill me in that fire and even managed to turn yourself into a beast. How does it feel, Charis?"

Charis bit down on her lower lip hard, forcing herself to calm down. She wasn't a fool. She could tell that Janet was deliberately trying to get her to confess the truth. She was probably even recording their conversation right now.

"I said, I don't know what you're talking about. Why would I want to kill you? You're Mrs. Larson, and I respect that. For the sake of my friendship with Brandon, I'll forget what you said just now. I have work to do. You can leave when you're done with that cup of tea." Charis refused to have this conversation with Janet. She was afraid that she'd lose control of her emotions and fight her.

Charis gnashed her teeth angrily. Just looking at Janet made her want to skin the bitch alive. But since Janet was the wife of the CEO, she had to be polite with her.

"It doesn't matter if you don't admit it. I just enjoy seeing you like this," Janet said with a chuckle. "I mean, you bundle up to cover your whole body now, right? Which makes you stink. I know that my husband is so disgusted whenever he sees you like that."

Charis's nostrils flared, but she still tried her best calm down.

However, every word that left Janet's mouth hurt her deeply. The bitch even had the audacity to mention Brandon!

How could Charis bear such a blow!

"Get out of my sight right now!" Charis suddenly stood up and roared at the top of her lungs.

Seeing that she had gotten what she wanted, Janet picked up her bag and sneered proudly, "I was about to leave anyway. I feel sick just looking at you like this. Now that you're an ugly monster, you should give up your dream of being with Brandon. You don't deserve him!"

Her last words finally made Charis snap. She flew into a rage and completely lost her mind. She picked up the kettle of hot water on the table and splashed it at Janet.

[Chapter 698 Her Plan Succeeded](#)

Despite her calm and relaxed facade, Janet had secretly been on high alert since she came in here.

So when Charis tried splashing the boiling hot water on her, she was able to dodge in time.

The hot water splashed on the ground, and a few drops managed to splash on Janet's skin, leaving red marks.

Perfect! Now was her chance to get rid of Charis once and for all!

"Help! Someone, call security! Charis is out of her mind!" Janet screamed at the top of her lungs and fled Charis's office in horror.

Charis used to like keeping a close eye on the employees, so her office was located on the floor where most of the ordinary employees worked.

As soon as Janet burst out of Charis's office, it caused a sensation. Her words were like a fuse, lighting up all the employees' grudge against Charis.

The employees all swarmed towards Janet and asked anxiously, "Mrs. Larson, what happened? Are you okay?"

When Janet spoke, her lips were trembling in fear mixed with adrenaline. She pointed in the direction of Charis's office and said shakily, "Charis suddenly splashed hot water on me and said that she felt disgusted when she saw my face."

"Oh, my God! She's getting more and more ridiculous!" one of the employees said in horror.

Everyone started grumbling about Charis, airing out their grievances.

"Miss Turner must have gone crazy because of the fire! She hasn't been the same since she came back!"

"She has messed up a lot at work and has caused the company countless losses! Not to mention the fact that she has beaten up a lot of people here! And now, she even tried to hurt Mrs. Larson! She's definitely doomed now!"

"I can't stand her anymore. Her face is so terrifying! I can't keep working at the Larson Group like this with her around!"

"All right! Calm down, everyone." Seeing that everyone was growing restless, Janet spoke up loudly. "We need to focus on the matter at hand. I'm sure Mr. Larson will serve you justice!"

After speaking, Janet sent someone to call the security guards over while she called Brandon.

The floor in Charis's office was still wet.

"Oh, my God! She's getting more and more ridiculous!" one of the employees said in horror.

Curled on a ball on the sofa, Charis covered her face and cried bitterly. She was wearing a mask and scarf, so no one could tell whether she was really crying or not. They could only hear muffled sounds coming from her, which was a little scary.

As he surveyed the scene in front of him, Brandon's expression darkened. "Explain this, Charis."

Charis stopped crying at once. "It was Janet. She kept insulting me! That's why I lost my mind and poured hot water on her!"

Panic seized Charis and she couldn't think straight. She had never been so reckless in her life, and what she had just done frightened even herself.

At the time, she only felt pure, raw rage. She wanted to disfigure Janet's face so that she too would know what it'd be like to be an ugly monster. The consequences of doing so never even occurred to her.

Brandon glanced at Janet, who was standing at the door of Charis's office, and said nothing.

Janet looked at him with an innocent look and asked, "Do you think I would do something like that?"

[Chapter 699 Kicked Out A Second Time](#)

"You know what you did! You provoked me on purpose so that I'd make a fool out of myself!" Charis shouted, pointing a trembling finger at Janet.

Since things had come to this, she felt desperate.

However, Janet didn't say anything. The angrier Charis was, the calmer her opponent became.

"Why would Janet want to do that? You have no enmity with her." Brandon pointed at the water stains on the carpet and added coldly, "Unless you can give me a reasonable explanation for this."

Charis was rendered speechless. Brandon had lost two years of his memory, which meant that he had completely forgotten about the feud between her and Janet.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Brandon frowned unhappily.

Charis looked into his eyes and saw clearly his unmasked disappointment.

"You already know the answer, don't you?" A single teardrop rolled out of the corner of her eye and into her mask.

Brandon didn't know why she kept crying so sadly. She seldom cried before.

How come he chose to believe in Janet instead of Charis, his friend and trusted confidante?

Because he had gotten to know Janet over the past weeks. After spending time with her, he understood what kind of woman Janet was. She was kind, caring, and considerate. She wouldn't hurt anyone for no reason.

Charis, on the other hand, had been extremely sensitive and irritable recently. She was always paranoid, feeling that someone was talking behind her back and laughing at her. It wasn't the first time she had lost her temper with someone at the company.

Many employees had approached him recently, complaining about her horrendous behavior.

And every single time an employee made a complaint, Brandon didn't do anything about it because he felt sorry for Charis.

This time, however, she crossed the line. He had to do something now.

The Brandon from two years ago would've dealt with things in an even more cold-blooded fashion.

He looked at Charis, his eyes devoid of warmth, and said, "You've gone too far this time. Even if Janet did laugh at you, you shouldn't have tried to hurt her like this. Do you know how badly she would've been hurt if the hot water did splash on her?"

Because he had gotten to know Janet over the past weeks. After spending time with her, he understood what kind of woman Janet was. She was kind, caring, and considerate. She wouldn't hurt anyone for no reason.

Charis snorted indignantly.

Again, he picked Janet's side.

"Your mental state is incredibly fragile now. If you continue to work here, I'd be putting my other employees at risk. You should seek therapy first and come back to work after being treated." Brandon's words were cruel. "Otherwise, I will have to resort to firing you."

Charis felt as though her soul was sucked out of her body. Her feet seemed to have been nailed to the ground, rendering her unable to move.

She turned her head with difficulty and looked at Brandon, too hurt to say a word.

He had kicked her out of the Larson Group for Janet once before, but she never expected that she'd be kicked out again. And this time, he did it in front of so many people.

Charis felt like she was going crazy. Her eyes swept across the crowd, and all the employees were looking back at her with disgust.

Finally, her gaze landed on Brandon. His face was cold, and he looked at her indifferently, as though he was looking at a complete stranger.

[Chapter 700 Enemies](#)

All of a sudden, Charis threw her head back and burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

Everyone present was startled by her sudden hysteria and subconsciously stepped back.

Then, just as abruptly as she started laughing, she stopped. Her eyes swept across the crowd, her expression unusually calm and unnerving.

"Well, get back to work, everyone." To Brandon, she said flippantly, "I'll go and see a psychologist."

Then she picked up her bag and walked out calmly.

Brandon frowned. He watched Charis leave, deep in thought.

It was obvious that something was wrong with her, but he couldn't tell what.

He was grateful, however, that she had finally agreed to seek professional help. The two of them had been friends for many years after all. He didn't enjoy seeing her like this.

Janet also fixed her eyes on Charis as she left, wondering what she was up to.

Still, she was relieved to have finally driven away this dangerous woman.

With Charis gone, the Larson Group had become much quieter. The gossipy employees would talk about her from time to time, treating her like a funny joke.

Over the next few weeks, Janet didn't hear any news about Charis.

Time passed quickly. By the time she heard Charis's name again, autumn had long come to an end.

Brandon and Janet were having lunch at a restaurant when Brandon suddenly brought it up. "The psychologist I introduced to Charis told me that she has been receiving treatment regularly and she's getting better and better."

Janet's eyebrow shot up in surprise. "That's good. If she can pull herself together and go back to her normal self even after what happened, then she is one tough cookie."

Brandon nodded indifferently. Then he served some food on Janet's plate, saying, "It's her life. She's getting better for her own sake."

Janet took a bite out of her food and chewed thoughtfully. She was indeed a bit hungry now.

If nothing had happened between her and Charis, she would've admired her.

It was a pity that Charis made herself an eternal enemy of Janet's.

The snow was getting heavier and heavier outside. A man in a grey overcoat and a black knitted-hat walked into the restaurant.

The man took off his hat, patted the snowflakes off it, and blew into his cold hands. Then he turned around and walked towards a private room.

Time passed quickly. By the time she heard Charis's name again, autumn had long come to an end.

Seeing him arrive, Brandon smiled. "You're late, so you have to pay the bill."

Garrett chuckled.

Maybe it was because of his new haircut, but Garrett somehow looked more mature now.

"It's only been a few months, Mr. Harding. Why do you look so much older?" Janet teased playfully.

Previously, because of what Charis had said to Brandon about Garrett, Brandon had been on guard against him. Later, Janet told him that those were all lies and he stopped believing Charis's stories. Janet had even promised him that Garrett was one of his closest, most steadfast friends. Since then, Brandon

had gradually regained his trust in Garrett.

Garrett smiled wryly and picked up a glass of wine. "Yeah, yeah, I know I'm late. Sorry."

After downing the whole glass of wine in one gulp, he blushed slightly.

Janet and Brandon exchanged worried looks.

Obviously, there was something on Garrett's mind that was bothering him.

Brandon turned to look deep into his friend's eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Same old, same old. I want to get married, but my family doesn't agree." Garrett rubbed his forehead and sank into a chair, looking tired.