

Mogul 711

[Chapter 711 Charis's True Colors](#)

Brandon didn't understand.

How much did Charis hate Janet? And why did she hate her? Charis loathed Janet so much that she was willing to kill herself in the process of getting rid of the latter.

Frowning deeply, he tried to think about how the two had treated each other. To his memory, they rarely even talked to each other. Whatever happened to make Charis hate Janet so much?

Why was this happening?

Could he have just forgotten something important due to his memory loss?

"You didn't have a grudge against each other before. Why do you want to kill Janet all of a sudden?" he asked carefully.

With a sneer, Charis looked at Janet ferociously. "We've always hated each other, Brandon, but you've forgotten all about it. Well then, let me refresh your memory."

Charis then told him everything.

Previously, Brandon had grown obsessed with Janet, which made Charis extremely jealous. After all, she had met him first and she deserved him, not Janet. Later, she tried everything to separate the two, but kept failing.

In the end, she set the fire in the haunted house to kill Janet, but her plans backfired and she ended up disfiguring her own self.

The more he heard, the bigger Brandon's shock.

He racked his brains trying to recall the things Charis had said, but a throbbing pain in his head kept interrupting him.

Pressing his hands against his throbbing temples, he looked at Janet and asked helplessly, "Is she telling the truth? Why didn't you tell me all of this sooner?"

Lying on the ground awkwardly, Janet squeezed her eyes shut and explained, "It's true. I wanted to tell you, but I couldn't find any evidence to prove it. Charis managed to cover her tracks, even the arson. You didn't remember our past and then even trusted her with your life, so I couldn't dare to act rashly."

"Should I thank you for not telling Brandon?" Charis sneered sarcastically. "I fucking hate you, you bitch! Even after Brandon lost his memory, he still chose you. You must be so proud, aren't you?"

As she spoke, Charis yanked Janet's hair, forcing her to raise her head to look at her.

Janet looked into her eyes and shuddered. At this moment, Charis showed her true colors.

She shed her gentle disguise and became the monster she really was underneath her burnt skin.

"Let go of me, you lunatic!" Janet screamed in pain.

"What can I do to make you let her go?" Brandon asked coldly, locking eyes with Charis.

How could he have trusted such a vicious person?

He stole a glance at his phone, which was hidden behind the document. He could see that Garrett had answered the phone, but he hadn't made a sound. Perhaps Garrett had figured out what was going on and was racking his brains for a solution.

The only thing Brandon could do at the moment was to keep on buying as much time as possible.

"Wake up, Brandon! Do you see what's in front of you? I'm not going to let this bitch live to see another day! She's the reason why I ended up like this. I'm going to kill her!" Charis roared at the top of her lungs, her disfigured face contorting in anger.

Brandon gritted his teeth, clinging onto a thin sliver of hope.

Charis kept saying that she'd kill Janet, but she hadn't taken action yet. She could've been bluffing.

After all, the Charis he knew wouldn't give up her life so easily.

He took a deep breath and tried reasoning with her. "Charis, you have to calm down first. We can talk this through. You have your parents, and they love you very much. You're already luckier than most people, don't you know that?"

[Chapter 712 Let Go Of Me](#)

It was early December. The cold wind howled and the sky was gloomy. Countless snowflakes twinkled in the sky, forming piles of snow on the ground below.

Charis looked down from the broken French window and caught a glimpse of a white snowflake.

How ridiculous. At this time last year, she was surrounded by loving friends and family, celebrating the first snow of the year.

But at present, her face was disfigured, she was mentally ill, and she had no more friends. Life was cruel.

"Don't try to talk me out of this. I've been disfigured, and my life is ruined. I'll never get a chance to be with you now," Charis said in desperation, her voice growing hoarse. "My sole purpose in life now is to make sure you witness Janet's death."

After some slight hesitation, she nodded decisively. "I do feel sorry for my parents, but I have no desire to live in this cruel world anymore. If there's an afterlife, I'll pay them back."

As soon as she finished speaking, she jumped out the window—taking Janet with her.

Janet let out an ear-piercing scream.

Brandon acted quickly. He bolted to the window and quickly grabbed Janet's outstretched hand.

However, the combined weight of the two women and gravity dragged Brandon down.

Blue veins popped out on his sturdy arms and beads of sweat began to form on his forehead. He held onto what was left of the window frame with one hand and held Janet's hand tightly with the other.

Janet felt as though she was going to be torn into half, being pulled by two opposing forces. Brandon was pulling her up, whereas Charis was pulling her down.

No! She couldn't let Brandon fall with her!

Clenching her teeth, Janet looked down at Charis, who was clinging to her other arm, and tried to get rid of her.

Charis glared at her viciously and was about to let out a string of curses. But the next second, she lost her grip on Janet's hand and plummeted.

A desperate scream echoed in the air...

Startled, Janet looked down in shock. With a loud thud, Charis landed on the ground, motionless, a pool of blood quickly forming around her.

Janet immediately squeezed her eyes shut. She couldn't bear to see such a gruesome sight.

After all, she was still in danger. She didn't have the time to worry about Charis.

The harsh winter wind mixed with snow started to numb Brandon's arms. He knew he was about to lose feeling in his hand.

The edge of the window he grabbed onto was smooth, and it was difficult to find a good grip. He could feel his fingers sliding, little by little.

With her whole body hanging in the air, Janet could feel that herself inching downwards. It seemed Brandon was about to lose his grip on the window frame.

Life was strange. It seemed that at every critical moment of Janet's life, he was right there with her.

This realization made her feel exceptionally calm. She looked up at him with her clear eyes and said, "Brandon, let me go. You'll be able to climb up by yourself, but you can't bring the both of us."

Brandon ignored her and tightened his grip on her hand.

Janet was right. It was better if at least one of them could live. However, unbeknownst to her, there was a small voice inside Brandon's heart telling him that he couldn't let her go. If she was going to die, he was going to die with her.

Time seemed to have stood still. It was as though they were the last two people on earth.

Even Brandon didn't know why he was so determined to stay by this woman's side, in life or in death. He didn't remember their past, which meant that he had known only her for two months.

"Brandon Larson! Can't you hear me? I said, let go!" Frightened that they were both going to meet their end, Janet shouted desperately.

She was scared of death, yes, but she was more scared of killing Brandon.

Brandon pretended not to hear her. He just gritted his teeth and held onto her with all of his strength.

His hand holding the edge of the window kept on sliding ever so slowly...

In the blink of an eye, his strength ran out and he let go of the edge of the window. Screaming in fear and shock, the two of them fell down from the French window.

[Chapter 713 Timely Rescue](#)

Janet and Brandon plummeted towards the ground, the wind rushing past them. However, several nets suddenly stretched out from the window of the floor below them and caught them in time!

Janet and Brendan landed on the nets, bouncing slightly from the impact. They could see from the window that many rescue workers and employees had gathered.

"Come on, give me a hand! Quick!"

"Everyone, listen to me! We'll pull on the count of three. One, two, three—pull!"

The rescuers and many other employees of the Larson Group joined forces and pulled them in through the window.

Janet was still in a state of shock, even as she was safely lowered onto the floor. She kept trembling in Brandon's arms.

Brandon also gasped for air, and his heart was banging against his chest from the adrenaline.

It took Janet a long time to recover.

When she came to her senses, she raised her head and looked at Brandon angrily, tears welling up in her eyes. "Are you insane? Why didn't you let me go? If the rescuers didn't show up in time, we both would've died! Can you stop being so self-righteous for once? I don't need your help! You had the chance to live! You shouldn't have given it up for me!"

Janet had always believed that true love didn't need to be prove and living on after one's partner passed away didn't mean betrayal either. It was really stupid, what Brandon had done.

Brandon also couldn't understand it himself. He had always thought that he was a selfish and cold-blooded person who would make sacrifices for no one. He didn't expect that he would do such a thing for a woman he barely knew.

Smiling bitterly, he raised his hand and gently touched Janet's hair. "How could I let you go? I was more scared than you. I knew I would regret no matter what I chose to do, so I figured I might as well die alongside you. Dying with you is better than living alone..."

Janet was speechless and tears kept rolling down her cheeks.

She didn't agree with what he had done. Fortunately, they both survived.

Brandon kissed her on the forehead and patted her on the back gently. "Calm down, okay? We made it."

Then he stood up. As he was helping Janet up, he caught a glimpse of Garrett, who was in a black overcoat and standing in a corner behind the crowd.

With red eyes, Brandon walked up to him and punched him on the shoulder. "Fuck! I was beginning to think you wouldn't come to help."

Then, his voice suddenly became thick with emotion. "Thank you, Mr. Harding."

Garrett rubbed the shoulder Brandon had just punched and smiled. "I might not work here anymore, but I'm still your friend. I rushed over here the moment I got your call. But it was too windy on the phone, so I couldn't hear what you were talking about at first. It took me a while to understand what was happening. By the time I made it to the office above Charis's and looked down, she was pushing Janet out of the window! I called 911 right away. Luckily, the police and the rescue team came just in time to save you."

Otherwise, not one, but three people would've been killed today.

Garrett glanced out the window at Charis's corpse downstairs. He could not help but shudder at the gruesome sight. "God. Why would Charis...

Why would she do such a stupid thing?"

Brandon fell silent. He didn't know the answer to that question either.

After a long time, when Janet finally calmed down, a policeman asked her and Brandon to check the body.

They wanted them to identify Charis's corpse.

Together, they went downstairs.

[Chapter 714 Devastated Parents](#)

In the snow lay a woman covered in blood. The snow beneath her was stained red from the blood, blooming around her like a deadly red rose.

Charis's body lay lifeless on the ground floor of the Larson Group's building. All her bones had been shattered to pieces after falling from such a height.

Looking at the mangled body on the ground, Janet couldn't shake off the feeling that Charis was staring at her with her eyes wide open.

Such a sight made her hair stand on end. Unable to bear it, she looked away and buried her face in Brandon's arms.

"Have they contacted her parents?" she asked shakily.

"Garrett did. They should be here soon," Brandon answered expressionlessly as he stared at Charis's corpse. He took a deep breath, took off his scarf and wrapped it around Janet. Stroking her back comfortingly, he asked, "Do you want to wait for me inside?"

Janet shook her head like a little child who didn't want to be separated from her parents. Just then, she heard the siren of an ambulance. After mustering all the courage she had left in her, she raised her head and looked in the direction of Charis's body. Several EMTs were carrying her onto a stretcher.

"I almost feel kind of sorry for her," she muttered under her breath.

"She deserved it. There's no need to feel sorry for her." Despite saying so, Brandon had mixed feelings.

He truly pitied Charis.

He never had romantic feelings for her, but he admired and trusted her.

Ever since they were in school, she had always been a confident and excellent woman. She was the cream of the crop, a head above the rest.

Garrett once commented that she would always stand out in a crowd. She was just that extraordinary.

But no one would've expected that she would end up like this.

Hearing the tragic news about their daughter's death, Mr. and Mrs. Turner rushed over as soon as possible and threw themselves over Charis's lifeless body, crying hysterically.

Luke had always been a calm man who never showed any emotions. But seeing his daughter's bloodied body, he couldn't help but burst into tears, wailing like a lost soul.

Catherine was also losing her mind. She didn't give a damn that her expensive fur coat was dipped in bloodied snow. She buried her face in her hands, her makeup runny because of her tears. "We just had breakfast with her this morning... How could this be? How could this be?! Oh, Charis!"

Suddenly, she caught a glimpse of Janet through the crowd.

She stood up in a hurry and stormed towards her, yelling, "You! This is all your fault! You're the reason why my daughter went crazy. She said that she would start over again, but look at what happened!"

The scolding made Janet frown tightly.

She didn't do anything wrong. It was Charis who had been hunting her down.

Catherine raised her hand to slap Janet in the face. However, before she could do so, she was suddenly pushed away by Brandon.

Brandon wrapped his arms around Janet protectively and looked at Catherine coldly. "Mrs. Turner, mind yourself. We are the victims of your daughter's crime, not the other way around. She got what was coming to her."

Luke rushed over and helped Catherine up. Eyes burning with hatred, he pointed at Brandon and said shakily, "The police will investigate. Brandon Larson, I won't rest until you're behind bars!"

Since someone had died, Janet and Brandon were taken back to the police station for questioning.

Fortunately, the Larson Group's building was well-equipped with CCTV cameras.

The police investigated the whole thing carefully, watching the surveillance videos and asking witnesses to get a clear understanding of what exactly happened.

Indeed, it was Charis who had tampered with the window of her office beforehand. It was clear that she planned to jump off the building with Janet, who ended up being saved by Brandon, while Charis ended up dead. Both Janet and Brandon were declared innocent and were not held accountable for what had happened to Charis.

Since the case was clear cut, it was settled soon.

Catherine and Luke had known how crazy Charis was over Brandon, but they never knew the extent of her insanity.

Because the case was uncontestable, they had no choice but to accept the harsh reality.

At the end of the day, the two looked as though they aged ten years as they took Charis's mangled corpse back home in despair.

[Chapter 715 The Girl Who Came Back](#)

The weather was unusually pleasant on the day of Charis's funeral. It was rare for the sun to come out in the middle of December, but today, it shone brightly.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner held a simple funeral for their deceased daughter. It was mostly because they knew that Charis was a quiet girl who kept to herself. However, it was also partially due to the fact that she didn't have many friends towards the end of her life. Most of the guests who came to her funeral were her relatives.

After the service, Catherine squatted in front of the tombstone and burst into sobs.

[Chapter 716 Avenge Charis](#)

Vivian was certain that Janet was responsible for Charis's untimely death.

What surprised her was that Charis's parents had done nothing to avenge their daughter's death. Instead, they let Janet go scot-free!

Vivian was a Ph.D. student in the middle of an important project. However, when she heard the gruesome news, she decided to return home without hesitation. She went straight to the lab and asked her supervisor, Jeremy Button, for a leave.

At the time, Jeremy was conducting some experiments with the other students.

[Chapter 718 Encountering Elizabeth](#)

Brandon had always wanted a child.

Deep in his heart, he had always yearned for a complete family with his wife and children. Now that he had Janet, he could feel that his dreams were slowly becoming a reality.

After hesitating for a long time, he licked his lower lip and said in a hoarse voice, "Okay."

He agreed!

Janet was ecstatic. She knew that Brandon wouldn't refuse her. After all, he too wanted to be happy with her.

The following day, Janet went to the clinic with Brandon.

[Chapter 719 The Little Thief](#)

Brandon's body visibly stiffened.

Hearing the psychologist's pointed question, he panicked.

How he regretted not being cautious enough!

He forgot to ask Frank to deal with his medical records and ended up giving the psychologist genuine information. And of course, he saw that Brandon had been prescribed a lot of painkillers.

Now he had no choice but to come clean.

[Chapter 720 Make Up](#)

At a loss, eyes wide as saucers, Janet said nothing.

Damn it! She was caught in the act!

Without changing her expression, she carefully put the plate of meatballs back into the fridge, licked the sauce off of her fingers, and then patted Brandon on the shoulder. "Not bad, but you can do better."

Then she walked right past him, intending to go upstairs as if nothing happened.

"Where do you think you're going, little thief?" Brandon grabbed the collar of her pajamas and pulled her back to him in one swift motion.

He lowered his head and locked eyes with her.