

## The Mbahsb 231

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Janet was in the middle of a pleasant lunch with her colleagues.

“Lind, your phone’s been ringing for a while now. Someone is probably trying to reach you.” Gerda spoke through a mouthful of beef noodles. She was exceptionally observant by nature, so she was able to hear Janet’s phone even with all the chatter around them.

It was a good thing, too, since Janet herself hadn’t been paying attention to the device.

She picked it up now, and hurriedly opened her screen to a message from Bernie. He was asking her out, saying that he wanted to apologize to her in person.

Janet paused, hesitating.

Bernie had never treated her badly. If anything, he had always tried to do the best for her. He used to speak up for Janet whenever Jocelyn would bully her. He certainly wasn’t as vicious as Fiona or Jocelyn.

Moreover, Bernie had a gentle, easygoing demeanor. It wasn’t even much of a surprise that he had reached out to her after they had fallen out.

After a moment’s consideration, Janet typed a reply. She agreed to meet with Bernie at a cafe of his choosing.

She headed straight over once office hours were over.

Janet sat there for a good while, but Bernie seemed to be running late. It was already well past the appointed time.

She ordered a cup of coffee just as the sun was starting to set outside.

She finally decided to give Bernie a call, but it went unanswered.

Janet told herself to wait for ten more minutes, and if he still didn’t show up, she would just leave. It was the rush hour, so Bernie could have gotten stuck in traffic.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of the waiter, who set her coffee on the table. The intoxicating aroma was irresistible. Janet was just about to take a sip when someone stopped her.

It was Kent.

She had no idea when he had come, but he just slid into the chair across her table as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

“I strongly advise you not to drink that,” Kent warned before grabbing the cup from her hands. He put it back down on the table with a loud clink.

“What do you mean?” Janet asked, frowning. “What kind of trick are you playing this time?”

Her temples began to throb. She always had a headache every time she came across this man. She had really thought she wouldn’t have to deal with Kent again, what with the collaboration between their

companies being over and all. To be precise, she wasn't expecting this playboy's interest in her to last this long.

Janet made to get up, intending to leave the cafe altogether. But Kent stopped her again. He braced his hands on either side of her, trapping her in. His large frame loomed over her dangerously. The overpowering scent of his cologne washed over Janet. It was nothing like Ethan used, neither cool nor refreshing.

"What do you think you're doing? Back off, or I'll scream!" Janet raised her chin defiantly and tried to stand up again, only to sit back for fear of touching Kent.

He could tell she was only pretending to be brave. He saw the panic in her eyes. Kent chuckled softly. "I was just worried about you, you know. The waiter who served you just now is a wanted rapist with an impressive criminal record. Oh, did you want him to have his way with you, by any chance? If so, then please, be my guest."

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"Why should I believe you?" Janet scoffed.

She didn't have a good impression of Kent.

"Fine. If you don't believe me, go ahead and drink it. I don't care," Kent snapped back. He hated the way Janet treated him.

Kent himself knew he wasn't a reliable guy. But Janet's hostility somehow seemed to upset him.

"Look. I've hung out with notorious people before, and I've seen the world. That man is a rapist. I heard he just got released from jail last month. Logically speaking, no one would hire him, not in such a cafe at least. Something is fishy. Maybe he has sneaked in. He brought you a cup of coffee, but did you see he wait on any other customers? No. It looks like you're his only target. I asked you not to drink it because I have an inkling he might have drugged it. Have you offended anyone lately?"

Kent had never looked this serious before. Janet seemed confused and didn't know what to say. "Do you mean someone has set a trap for me?"

"It's just a guess. But judging from the situation, he seems well prepared. People like him don't make a random move. Are you here to meet someone? Or did you just walk in on a whim?" Kent pushed the coffee cup aside and studied her face.

"I'm waiting for my adoptive father here." A shiver ran down Janet's spine. "I don't think he wants to hurt me."

That seemed unlikely. She knew Bernie, and the man wouldn't do such a horrible thing.

"How are you so sure? After all, you are just an adoptive daughter." Kent was a wealthy man who had seen people from various walks of life. He was more experienced than Janet and understood how vicious people could be better than she did.

“He just sent me a message, asking if he could meet me here. He didn’t call me. I’m not quite sure if the text was from my adoptive dad or if someone has texted me from his phone.” Bile rose in Janet’s throat as two people came to her mind.

She suspected Fiona or Jocelyn had texted her using Bernie’s phone.

Kent trailed his finger across the rim of the glass, smiling. “Do you have any clue?”

“Well, I think I know who is behind this. Thank you for helping me.” Janet stood up in a huff with her bag. Moments later, she sat down.

“What happened? Do you want to spend more time with me?” Kent asked, taken aback by her sudden change in plan.

Janet didn’t even bother talking to him.

She wanted to leave. However, the two had crossed the line. Janet could no longer put up with this issue.

Fiona and Jocelyn had been relentlessly trying to hurt her. Janet couldn’t quell her anger. It was time to fight back.

She slyly glanced around.

The coffee shop was very quiet, and the surrounding streets looked nothing out of the ordinary.

Janet wondered if Fiona and Jocelyn were watching her from a secret hiding place. If Janet didn’t drink this cup of coffee, they would probably show up in person soon, thinking she would leave because Bernie hadn’t shown up as expected.

“Hey, what’s going on? Didn’t I tell you that someone might be after you? It’s dangerous. What are you still doing here?” Kent could never make out what Janet was thinking. That was why he was obsessed with her.

“Mr. Perkins, I appreciate your kindness. But I have something else to do. You can leave now.” Janet cast an impatient glance at Kent, nervously tapping her feet. She took out her phone and texted Ethan.

Ethan was a strong man. Janet believed he could protect her. His presence would make her feel safe and secure.

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Kent was a bit miffed by the way Janet was looking at him. How could she act so differently in just a blink of an eye? She was still thanking him in earnest just a few moments ago.

“Is there anything more important than your own safety? If you really want to spend some time with me, then let’s go get a room. We can talk all night.” He grabbed her by the wrist, fully intending to drag her away with him.

“I have nothing to talk to you. I have to stay here; it’s important. Don’t worry about me.” Janet’s reply was blunt and firm, and her eyes flashed with determination. “I want to deal with the person who

orchestrated this trap. I am grateful for what you did just now, Mr. Perkins. But we should part ways here."

"Are you sure you can handle it by yourself?" Kent asked, frowning. Janet was so small and frail; he doubted she could even go against a woman her own size.

"It's none of your business anyway," she retorted wryly, not appreciating his condescension.

Janet had already made up her mind. Even though she had clearly severed her ties with the Lind family, Fiona and Jocelyn still persisted in making trouble for her again and again. She needed to settle this matter once and for all, and let them know that she was no pushover.

Kent rubbed his nose in frustration. He wasn't a meddlesome person on principle, yet he had somehow broken his own rule several times in less than an hour. "How can you expect me to just leave you alone? We have no way of knowing what might happen if you pursue this."

Janet narrowed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Stop messing with me. Don't you have the exact same intentions towards me?"

Kent let out a helpless sigh. He wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry. "You think the worst of me, don't you? I am interested in you, yes, but I still have my standards. I would never resort to drugging people. If I truly had evil plans for you, I wouldn't have warned you in the first place. I would have just let you drink that coffee, then intercept you once you were out cold."

Janet blinked and considered his words. They did make a lot of sense. She still thought that Kent was a piece of scum to a degree, but he wasn't the type to play dirty tricks on other people.

In any case, his reasoning made her calm down a little. "Thank you for your concern, but I'll be fine. I've already asked my husband to come and get me. I suggest you get going now. It won't be good if my husband sees you. He misunderstood what happened last time."

Kent instantly perked up at the idea that Janet had fought with her husband.

He was a very patient man. If he couldn't get Janet through his bold advances, then he would just wait her out from the sidelines. Judging by today's encounter, he was confident that she was already mellowing out towards him. He shouldn't ruin his chances by being too hasty.

"All right." Kent stood up and buttoned his suit jacket.

He gave Janet a friendly smile. "Please call me if you feel like you might be in danger, Miss Lind. I'd gladly be your bodyguard any time you are need of such services."

Then, he took out a business card from his jacket's inner pocket and handed it to her before walking away.

Kent mentally patted himself on the back. He had made considerable progress today. At the very least, Janet was no longer disgusted with him. She will learn to see his good side soon enough. He could wait.

As for Janet, she barely glanced at the business card and just left it on the table, not caring if she lost it altogether. Kent had asked for her contact number before, under the pretext of their business partnership, but she had dodged his request even then.

The music inside the cafe shifted to a melancholic melody, one that was best suited for a gloomy, rainy day.

Janet decided to order the same coffee for Bernie.

This time, it was a waitress who attended to her. She breathed a small sigh of relief. There shouldn't be any problem now.

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The night fell. Several towering buildings dotted the streets. Between two buildings stood a woman in a black windbreaker and red high heels. The enormous sunglasses seemed to conceal her face.

Jocelyn tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, her cautious gaze still fixed on the cafe across the street.

Janet was sitting at a table beside the French window in the cafe. Jocelyn had a clear view of her from where she was standing.

The man had stopped Janet just as she was about to take a sip of the coffee.

'Who the hell is he?' Jocelyn grew anxious. She wanted to run over there and pour the coffee down Janet's throat.

Fortunately, the man left after a while. Janet ordered another cup of coffee and seemed to wait impatiently without drinking it.

Jocelyn angrily stomped her foot. She saw Janet take out her phone and called someone, probably Bernie. Before leaving the house, Jocelyn had secretly taken Bernie's phone with her, fearing that he might find out her plan.

Since her calls went unanswered, Janet sighed and stood up to leave.

However, if she left now, Jocelyn's plans would fail. She didn't want to miss a great opportunity. Jocelyn rushed to the cafe to stop her. She wanted to make sure Janet drank the coffee.

The moment Janet stood up, she saw Jocelyn walking into the cafe.

A knowing smile emerged on Janet's face. She was right about Jocelyn planning all this and watching her in the dark. Now that she pretended to take her bag and leave, as expected, Jocelyn grew anxious and showed up.

"What a coincidence! What are you doing here?" Janet asked, pretending to look both surprised and confused.

Jocelyn grabbed her wrist, feigning reluctance. "Dad asked me to meet you. He has been busy with work, so he couldn't come today. He asked me to meet you on behalf of him."

She gripped Janet's shoulders and forced her to sit down.

"He said he wanted to apologize to me in person. He said he despises you and your mom for the things you have done to me. Are you going to apologize to me on your own?" Janet stirred the coffee as she glanced coldly at Jocelyn.

“Well, Dad has taught me a lesson. I’m a changed woman now.” Jocelyn dropped her gaze to the floor, pretending to look guilty.

“Wait. Are you really apologizing to me, Jocelyn Lind?” Janet sneered. ‘Wow, is it the end of the world?’

Some people were born vicious, and Janet believed Jocelyn was one of them.

Janet’s piercing gaze sent a shiver down Jocelyn’s spine. She bit her lip and sat opposite Janet. “Although I didn’t like you, I never thought Mom would do something like that. I want to apologize on behalf of her as well.”

However, Janet remained unconcerned. She felt Jocelyn was a terrible actress.

“Okay, apologize now.” She smirked, crossing her arms over her chest.

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Jocelyn hadn’t expected things to turn out like this.

Her purpose of coming here was to make Janet suffer. But her plan seemed to come back and bite her in the ass. Worse still, she had to apologize to Janet in public.

This was a famous cafe. There were a lot of customers even though it was a weekday. Some of them had already stolen glances at them.

“I’m sorry,” Jocelyn murmured with her head lowered.

As an extremely proud woman, she found it hard to apologize to Janet.

But she had to do so because she wanted to keep Janet here.

“Did someone say something? Oh! It was you. Are you talking to me or yourself?” Janet raised her eyebrows and stared at her to indicate that she didn’t hear her. She obviously wasn’t going to let things slide easily.

“Don’t push it, Janet!” Jocelyn flared up. She badly wished she could tear the arrogant woman in front of her into pieces. To restrain herself, she clenched her fists until her fingers sunk into her palm.

Janet shrugged and opened her hands to feign indifference. She uttered, “Anyway, it’s up to you. You don’t have to force yourself to apologize if you don’t want to. Since you think I am pushing you, I had better leave now.”

She grabbed her handbag and stood up, as if she really wanted to leave.

“Wait a minute, Janet. What’s the rush? You said you didn’t hear me, so I would repeat my apology.” Jocelyn had to compromise. When she saw that her adoptive sister got even more arrogant, she clenched her fists tighter. Her knuckles turned red.

Taking her seat once again, Janet graciously gestured for her to continue.

“Ahem... Janet, I have come to realize that we were wrong for hurting you. We shouldn’t have done all those things. I’m sorry. Can you forgive me and my mom? Remember that we are family no matter what.”

With a displeased sniff, Janet abruptly turned to look out of the window and said, "Your words are so empty. I don't feel your sincerity at all. Tell me, do you seriously think that those empty words of yours would make up for the years of physical and emotional torture that I suffered at the hands of you and your parents?"

"What's your deal, Janet? I just said that I'm sorry. What else do you want?" Jocelyn spat angrily.

"I want a sincere apology, not a perfunctory one!" Janet responded coldly and her eyes were full of contempt.

Jocelyn knew that her apology didn't come from her heart. Now that Janet had seen through her, she bit her lower lip and forced herself to apologize again. "I'm sorry, sister. No amount of apology would make up for what we did to you. But I will continue to apologize because I have realized my mistakes..."

The apology went on for a long time. It wasn't until Jocelyn's lips were about to go numb that Janet finally nodded in satisfaction.

She folded her arms and uttered with a smile, "It's a good thing that you have realized your mistakes and turned a new leaf. Honestly, I'm happy to see that you are a changed woman."

'Stupid bitch! Of course, you are happy. Just wait and see. You will grovel at my feet soon!' Jocelyn cursed Janet a thousand times in her mind. Plastering a fake smile, she looked at the cup of coffee on

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A clinking sound rang out as the cups collided.

"Okay. Cheers to reconciliation." Janet was sneering on the inside, but she clinked cups with her. She smiled at Jocelyn with clear eyes, as if she was oblivious to everything.

Jocelyn fixed her eyes on her adoptive sister and took a few sips of her coffee. Several ideas on what she would do next swirled in her conniving mind.

"Oh, you are almost done drinking your coffee." When she saw that Janet had almost finished up her cup of coffee without suspecting anything, her smile became brighter.

"Well, I can't help it. I like the coffee here. No other cafe makes such a perfect cup of coffee." She supported her jaw with one hand, and circled her index finger on the brim of the cup while looking into the night through the window.

At this moment, a tall and familiar figure wearing a windbreaker quietly passed by the window and blended into the dim street. This figure had a black cap on. Although his face was covered, his tall figure was eye-catching under the streetlights.

Janet was relieved to see him. That tall figure was Ethan.

Ethan took glances at the two women who were sitting beside one of the windows of the cafe. He stood beside the newsstand across the street. Afterward, he took out today's newspaper and leafed through it.

"What did you see, Janet? Why are you smiling from ear to ear all of a sudden?" Jocelyn tapped the table with her fingers to call Janet's attention. She was waiting for the drug to begin to take effect on her.

The tap on the table made Janet come to her senses at once. She pursed her lips to hide her joy and decided to change the topic. Waving her hand, she said, "It's nothing. I've accepted your apology and was done with the coffee. Do you have anything else to say to me?"

'You want to leave now? Not so fast, bitch. I finally got you to drink the coffee. How can I let you leave just like that? You have to pass out in my presence. And then, I will take my revenge!' Jocelyn thought devilishly.

"Oh, Janet. I haven't seen you for a long time. I want to catch up with you. We can talk just like all sisters do." Jocelyn called her name dearly as if they were really close. She even brushed the back of Janet's hand.

The drug was supposed to take effect in a few minutes. Now, she was only stalling time.

The fake smile on Janet's face vanished at this time. Instead of replying, she folded her arms over her chest and stared straight at her foster sister.

'Gosh! Where did her smile go? Why is she staring at me like that?' Jocelyn felt uncomfortable under Janet's stare. She swallowed hard and averted her gaze without moving an inch.

Both women were still silent when Jocelyn began to feel dizzy a few minutes later. She caught herself dozing off and rubbed her eyes incessantly. It was at this moment she finally realized that something was wrong. She looked at the quiet woman in front of her.

Noticing the faint smirk at the corners of Janet's lips, her face turned pale. It dawned on her that she had been tricked. Janet had made her fall into her own trap.

"Janet! How dare you..."

Jocelyn wanted to stand up and curse her out. But she was so weak that she passed out on the table before she could finish speaking.

Without wasting time, Janet moved her seat next to her and exchanged their coats and bags. She then put on Jocelyn's hat and sunglasses.

When Ethan saw that Jocelyn had passed out, he pushed the glass door open and walked in briskly. Janet signaled him to act with her.

A waiter noticed that Jocelyn was lying on the table and seemed unconscious. He quickly walked over to check on her.

"Are you okay, Miss?"

"There's no cause for alarm. My friend just complained of a stomach ache. We are about to take her to the hospital." Janet accompanied this explanation with a natural smile. She then held one of Jocelyn's arms and asked Ethan to help her with the other.



The waiter swallowed her explanation hook, line, and sinker. He nodded understandably and didn't ask any more questions. He made way for them.

As they walked out of the cafe, Janet began to rack her brain on what to do next, but she couldn't come up with anything. All of a sudden, a black minibus came towards them at high speed from down the road.

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It was late at night, and only a few people were on the street.

Janet stood outside the cafe and stared at the minibus driving toward her. She broke into a cold sweat as the vehicle approached her.

The headlights of the minibus pierced into the dark alley. The car trundled into the street and halted in front of Janet. Just then, the door flew open. As Janet dropped her palm that was blocking the light, she saw several men storming out of the car. They were all dressed in black, wearing baseball caps and masks.

Janet looked up, and her gaze met one of the men's fierce eyes. It was the same man who had brought the spiked coffee for her in the cafe. He was the rapist Kent had mentioned earlier.

"Is this her?" The man in the lead walked forward and asked in a hushed voice.

Jocelyn had called them on short notice. They would do anything for money. Besides, they didn't know Jocelyn. The woman in front of him was wearing the same clothes and sunglasses as the one who had contacted them before. They thought she must be Jocelyn.

Hearing what they said, Janet breathed a sigh of relief. It looked like they didn't sense anything wrong. Janet had changed into Jocelyn's clothes, and it was late at night. That was probably why they didn't realize she was the wrong woman.

"Where are you taking her?" Janet subconsciously gripped Jocelyn's hand.

The men exchanged glances and burst out laughing.

"Just leave it to us. Give us the money and consider the job done. We know what to do," the man in the lead replied briefly and walked over to take Jocelyn.

Janet subconsciously flinched back. The men's maniacal laughter and their hungry eyes disgusted Janet. She couldn't help but rethink her decision.

These men would undoubtedly ruin Jocelyn. She couldn't even bring herself to imagine what they might do to her.

Ethan cast a sidelong glance at Janet and saw the hesitation in her eyes. He grabbed Jocelyn's arm and handed her to the men. "Just take her away and do as agreed," he said, waving his hand.

The men's laughter grew louder and reverberated across the silent street. They carried Jocelyn into the car and slammed the door shut. Soon, the engine started, and plumes of smoke rose from the engine. Before they knew it, the minibus disappeared into the dark night.

Janet didn't move until the minibus disappeared from her sight.

Ethan examined her face and wrapped his arm around her shoulder. "What happened? Are you still thinking about her? You didn't make any mistake. If it weren't for luck and your wisdom, you would have ended up in that car instead of her."

He paused and sneered. "Jocelyn isn't as merciful as you are. If those men had taken you away, she would be celebrating it."

The more Janet thought about what could have happened to her, the more frightened she became. After a while, she turned to look at Ethan, suppressing her pity and concern for Jocelyn. "Let's go home. I've been busy all night and haven't had dinner yet."

Ethan was right. Jocelyn had started everything. The woman deserved it for coming up with a vindictive plan. She couldn't show any sympathy toward a cruel woman like Jocelyn.

Read The Mysterious Billionaire and His Substitute Bride

### [Chapter 238](#)

At the suburb of the city

The bright moonlight enveloped the grass and trees.

A man and woman were lying on the lawn, their naked bodies intertwined against each other. Several naked men surrounded them. The woman's face flushed and contorted with agony. She was groaning in pain.

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Jocelyn was awakened by the pain. Her eyes fluttered open. The dazzling sunlight blinded her vision. She squeezed her eyes shut and opened them again. The open sky and the incessant chirping of birds frightened her.

She struggled to sit up and found herself somewhere in the wild.

Her breath caught in her throat as she realized she was completely naked. There were bruises and whip marks all over her body. She felt a searing pain in her groin and couldn't move an inch.

Her mind was blank. Jocelyn took deep breaths and finally remembered how she ended up here, in this state.

"Janet! I will fucking kill you!"

Jocelyn croaked, her throat dry with anger as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Jocelyn wasn't a conservative woman. She had slept with several men in the past since high school.

However, being gang-raped by the men would be scarring for any woman. She felt dirty, disgusted, and more than anything else, angry.

It took her a long time to put on her ripped clothes and tidy up her body. This was the worst day of her life, and she could never forgive Janet for ruining her life. Every inch of her body hurt. She could tell the men had brutally ravaged her last night.

These men had just come out of jail. Jocelyn had spent a lot of money to find them. She had specifically opted for a notorious criminal to fulfill her task.

She wanted to take a video of these perverts raping Janet. That way, she would have something to blackmail Janet.

Unexpectedly, Jocelyn's plans had turned against herself. She had become the victim, instead.

The events of the previous night flashed in her mind. Those criminals had scarred her face with their foul teeth. Jocelyn could feel their saliva lingering on her skin.

'Those perverts! How dare they do this to me?'

Jocelyn screamed hysterically, clutching her hair, her face contorting with rage.

Her screams frightened the birds in the forest. They flew away in all directions.

After a long while, Jocelyn staggered to her feet and limped out of the woods.

She trudged to the other side of the road and waved her tired hand, asking for a lift. Finally, one of them offered her a ride home.

Meanwhile, Fiona was busy estimating the remaining assets of the Lind family. Just then, the doorbell rang.

She irritably stood up and walked toward the door. "Who is it?" Jocelyn should be at Luke's place now, and she wasn't expecting visitors.

Fiona's eyes widened in horror as she opened the door. "Jocelyn!" She clamped her mouth with her palm at the miserable sight of her daughter. "What happened to you?"

She knew Luke was a sexual deviant. But he was old. He wouldn't have the energy to ravage her daughter like this.

"Mom, Janet set me up! I am going to kill that bitch!" Jocelyn burst into tears; she could no longer control her anger.

She narrated the unfortunate event of the previous night, hitching with sobs.

"That bitch! How dare she hurt you like this? I don't care what happens to me. I won't let her get away with this!" Fiona hissed through her teeth, her voice dripping with venom. She was a picture of pure rage.

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Jocelyn suffered from serious injuries and was admitted to the hospital the next day.

Charis heard the news from her father.

When Charis went downstairs, she saw her father in the dining room, having dinner alone. The man seldom came home, and she was surprised to see him. "What happened, Dad? Why didn't you go on a date with your girlfriend today?"

"Jocelyn is in the hospital," Luke answered nonchalantly.

"What happened to her? And what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be at the hospital with her?" Charis asked curiously.

"Well, I asked her what happened, but she is reluctant to tell me. If you have the time, why don't you go and visit her?" Luke wiped his mouth and stood up from the table. He didn't have time to worry about such trivial issues. Jocelyn was a mere plaything to him. Yes, he hadn't lost interest in her yet; but that didn't mean he cared about the woman.

Charis smiled but didn't say anything. The members of the Turner family all shared one characteristic: they never cared about the feelings of insignificant people.

Charis called Jocelyn and finally learned what had happened.

She couldn't help but curse the woman's stupidity. Jocelyn had come up with a foolish plan that ended up ruining her life.

Meanwhile, Charis was also a little surprised. She didn't expect that Jocelyn hated Janet so much that she had even hired people to rape her.

Charis despised people who inflicted harm upon others. Even so, she needed a vindictive person like Jocelyn to execute her plans.

Charis didn't think she made any mistake. She had merely stirred troubles to separate Janet from Brandon. Jocelyn was the true culprit. Besides, Janet should blame herself for offending Jocelyn.

Charis was depressed and discontented for losing a valuable piece like Jocelyn in her game in such a short time. Charis would have been less resentful if Jocelyn at least got a pyrrhic victory. However, Jocelyn's plans had only backfired and ruined her own life. Besides, Janet was still living a happy life without any worries.

"Gosh, could she be more stupid? I can't believe my father likes such a foolish woman!" After a lot of thinking, she concluded that Jocelyn and her mother would still be of some use to her. After all, it was easy to fool Jocelyn. The mother and daughter despised Janet as much as she did. Therefore, joining hands with them would enable her to fulfill her goals easily.

A true businessman would make full use of every opportunity, and Charis was no exception.

Charis quickly changed her clothes, bought a get-well gift basket, and went to the hospital to see Jocelyn.

"Dad is also worried about you. He asked me to check on you." She placed the basket on the table and secretly examined Jocelyn's face. She looked weak and haggard. Her legs and arms were wrapped in gauze. There were faint, purple hickeys on her neck.

Charis grabbed Jocelyn's hand and sighed. "How could Janet be so cruel to let them torture you this way?"

Fresh tears streamed down Jocelyn's cheeks. "Does Mr. Turner know about what happened to me?"

"No. How can I tell my father about it? It will ruin your reputation." Charis sat on the bed beside her with a pitiful look on her face.

"You don't know how cruel and merciless Janet is. I want to fucking kill that bitch!" Jocelyn's eyes turned bloodshot with rage.

She spoke as if this was never her plan.

"The first time I saw her, I didn't think she was a simple woman either. You're too kind and sympathetic. You have to think of a perfect way to deal with such a vindictive woman." Charis added fuel to the fire.

"What do I do, Charis? Tell me what to do!" Jocelyn was desperate to take revenge. She threw herself into Charis's arms and began sobbing uncontrollably.

Charis's eyes glinted with disgust. Still, she patted Jocelyn's back and said, "Don't worry. You should take care of yourself first."

Charis was in no hurry to drive a wedge between Jocelyn and Janet. After all, Jocelyn was a fool who acted recklessly without thinking. She thought it was cardinal to train her first.

Just then, the door of the ward flew open.

"I brought you some soup, Jocelyn." Fiona walked in with a pot of chicken soup.

Seeing Jocelyn resting on Charis's arms, she recognized who she was at a glance.

"Hello. You must be Miss Turner, right?" She smiled warmly.

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Hearing the voice, Charis turned back and saw Fiona walking into the ward.

She had already learned a lot about Fiona before coming to the hospital. Now, seeing her in person made Charis realize the woman wasn't as gentle as she seemed in the photo. She looked cunning. Strands of hair around her temples had turned grey and the wrinkles around her eyes seemed more prominent, revealing her age.

"Hello, Mrs. Lind." Charis withdrew her arms from Jocelyn, stood up, and nodded politely.

"You're finally here, Miss Turner. That cruel bitch has ruined Jocelyn's life. Do you see what lengths she had gone to take her revenge?" Fiona grabbed Charis's hands and lamented.

However, Charis felt disgusted. She had never seen such an unreasonable person in her life. It was Jocelyn who had started all this. She was the one who had hired men to assault Janet, but her plan had backfired.

However, Charis hid her disgust and frustration and forced a smile. "Don't worry. People cannot do bad deeds and get away with it. They'll be punished for all their wrongdoings. Janet, too, will pay the price for her mistakes. She will face a terrible, miserable end."

Fiona looked at her grimly. For a moment, she thought Charis was mocking her. Sometimes, she would wake up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night because the past continued to haunt her even now.

Fiona studied Charis's face and realized the latter wasn't mocking her. She seemed cheerful and easygoing. Considering her parents had pampered her and spoiled her, Fiona concluded that Charis was just another sweet innocent girl and there was no hidden meaning behind her words. She thought she could win Charis over by playing the victim.

Fiona sat down and told Charis about how cruel and ungrateful Janet had been to the Lind family.

Charis patiently listened to her. She was aware of the things Fiona had done in the past. The woman seemed smarter than Jocelyn because she had managed to manipulate Bernie, an honest man, to do whatever she wanted. She had done a lot of bad deeds without the Lind family's knowledge.

She had resorted to despicable means to put Janet into trouble. If Ethan hadn't helped Janet, Fiona would have succeeded.

Fiona was undoubtedly smarter than Jocelyn and would be able to help Charis. However, there was one downside: Charis wouldn't be able to easily deceive her.

"Miss Turner, have you been busy of late? Every family has its own problems. I've heard about the new predicament in your family. Mrs. Turner and the male star made the headlines again yesterday." Fiona patted Charis's hand and sighed concernedly. "By the way, you and Jocelyn seem very close. What do you think of her?"

Bile rose in Charis's throat. She could understand what Fiona meant.

She wanted Jocelyn to marry into the Turner family. Fiona and her daughter both had thought Charis was a fool who only knew to spend money.

"As you know, there will always be rumors about influential families. My family runs several entertainment companies. Reporters tend to blow things out of proportion. My mom only has a professional relationship with those stars. Don't believe those baseless rumors," Charis patiently explained.

'What a bunch of fools!'

It was stupid of Jocelyn to think she could replace Charis's mother. Her confidence both irked and surprised Charis.

Although Luke had affairs with several women, his marriage had always been stable.

Charis's mother belonged to one of the wealthiest families in the city, and she owned two top entertainment companies in the country. She was a strong, independent woman capable of supporting the Turner family all by herself.

Luke and his wife got married for mutual benefits. They led different lives and had partners outside wedlock. However, they had a good understanding and got along well when they returned home.

Over the years, no matter how many mistresses Luke had, they would never be a threat to his wife and take over her position, because he wouldn't let it.