

The Mbahsb 641

[Chapter 641](#)

"What does my wife look like? How come I don't have any photos of her on my phone? Is our relationship bad?" Brandon skimmed through his phone and found that it was nearly empty, save for his contacts list.

After a short pause, Charis said, "You accidentally dropped your phone in the sea that day, so I got you a new one. As for your relationship with your wife, I don't know. You seldom talk to us about her."

Brandon put the phone down on the table and frowned slightly.

He was curious about his marriage, but unfortunately, he couldn't remember his wife at all.

Squeezing his eyes shut, Brandon asked in a low voice, "Who is she? How come I don't remember anything about her?"

Charis stiffened slightly. After a split-second, she took a deep breath and handed a bowl of soup to him. "Eat something first. I don't know the details, but you did mention that you married the adopted daughter of the Lind family because it was your mother's last wish. Later, after your identity as the CEO of the Larson Group was exposed, and Janet found out that her biological parents were the Whites from Barnes. Her new social rank was now equal to yours."

"Janet White? That's a nice name." A faint smile tugged at Brandon's lips, which made Charis unhappy.

"What's gotten you so interested in her all of a sudden? You seldom mentioned her in front of us before." Charis scooped up a spoonful of soup and held it in front of Brandon's lips.

Hearing her tone of voice, Brandon raised his eyebrows slightly. "Oh? Did I dislike her so much?"

Charis realized that she was a little emotional just now, so she forced a gentle smile. "I'm no mind reader. How would I know? Anyway, are you going to eat or not? My hands are getting sore."

"I can feed my own self, thank you." Brandon took the bowl from Charis, chugged down two mouthfuls of soup, and then put it on the table. "I'm fine now. You don't need to stay and take care of me. You can go back and get some rest."

Even though he had lost two years' worth of memory, Brandon was still so cold to her.

Charis felt a sense of loss. Her smile faded. "We've been friends for years, Brandon. You don't have to be so formal with me. It sounds too distant."

"Distant? I don't think so. Our relationship has always been like this, hasn't it?"

Then he lay down and closed his eyes again, ignoring Charis.

He couldn't help but wonder about his mysterious wife.

He could tell from the way Charis explained things that he didn't really like his wife.

Brandon didn't find this surprising. He was by no means a sentimental man, and he had never thought that he'd get married, let alone love his wife.

However, since his wife was missing, he had to find her.

After staying in the hospital for one more day, Brandon went back to the Larson Group.

He still had some doubts in his heart and couldn't fully believe that two years had passed. However, he was forced to believe it when he saw just how big the Larson Group had become.

From what he could remember, the Larson Group wasn't this developed. When he went to the company headquarters in Seacisco and checked the operational status of the company, he was shocked by how far they had developed in the past two years.

"So I can sit back and enjoy the fruits of my own work?" Brandon felt ridiculous. He shut the laptop and still couldn't wrap his mind around this change.

Charis had come to the office with him and briefed him on the situation of the company. Looking back at these achievements, she was also very proud. She looked at Brandon with admiration and said, "This is the fruit of your talent and effort."

With his chin resting on his hand, Brandon raised the corners of his mouth slightly and said, "About my wife, please keep looking for her."

Charis was a little unsatisfied to hear Brandon mention that woman again. She agreed casually and then quickly changed the subject back to business. "By the way, remember to get familiar with our business partners in Barnes today. It's very important."

Brandon nodded and lowered his head, focused on his work.

Compared with the wife he couldn't remember, he was more concerned about the Larson Group.

Seeing that Brandon finally wasn't paying much attention to Janet's search and rescue, Charis was relieved. She had even secretly called back many search and rescue personnel sent by the Larson Group.

The current so-called "search and rescue operation" was nothing but a facade.

[Chapter 642](#)

After Brandon finished getting up to speed with matters regarding the Larson Group, Charis took him back to the hospital.

Before they arrived at the door of his ward, Brandon insisted on going to the doctor's office first.

"Don't be in such a rush. Go to the ward and then I'll call a doctor for you," Charis said, clearly flustered.

"No, thanks. I can do it myself." Brandon walked straight to the doctor's office with a cold expression.

Charis had a bad feeling about this and hurried to follow him.

In the doctor's office, Brandon went straight to the point and asked his doctor to discharge him from the hospital.

He thought that there was no need for him to stay in the hospital anymore since he was fine.

The old doctor adjusted his glasses before he looked at Charis, who was standing behind Brandon, and said. "Mr. Larson, it's not that I'm not allowing you to leave the hospital. It's just that you've lost your memory from that high fever, which is very strange. I think it's for the better that you stay here for a few more days, so that we can keep you under observation."

Putting her hand on Brandon's shoulder, Charis added worriedly, "The doctor's right, Brandon. Just stay in the hospital for a few more days. I can take anything work-related documents to the hospital for you. It's not far from the office anyway. Besides, you can always go back to the office during the day if you'd like."

Charis had already bribed the doctor. The longer she could keep Brandon here, the more advantageous it would be for her.

Brandon was a little hesitant. He then pursed his lips and looked at Charis coldly. "It sounds like you don't want me to go back to the company. Why is that?"

For some inexplicable reason, he felt that something was off about her.

Charis put on a hurt expression and said seriously, "Brandon, I don't want you to go back because I'm worried about your health. I'm also concerned about your image. You can't expose your memory loss to the public. The more you stay in the office, the bigger the possibility that someone will find out about it. Have you ever thought about how dangerous it would be if your enemies found out about it? Although the Larson Group is very prosperous now, its competitors will leap at any opportunity to bring it down."

Staring at her for a while, Brandon's cold expression relaxed somewhat. "You're right. What more can I say?"

Then he stood up and left the doctor's office.

Charis ran after him anxiously. Brandon was acting too willful. He didn't listen to her at all, which made her feel a little helpless and anxious.

But on second thought, wasn't this exactly how he had acted two years ago? He devoted himself to his work and career without any human-like feelings, just like a robot...

Everything seemed to have returned to the way they were two years ago, including their relationship.

Garrett had been in Barnes and only learned about Brandon's accident recently.

He tried to call Brandon, but he couldn't get through, which was confusing.

Finally, he learned from one of Brandon's subordinates that he had suddenly fainted during the search and rescue operation and had been rushed to the hospital by Charis.

Garrett smiled in relief when he heard the news. He had no idea that Brandon and Charis had fallen out with each other, nor did he knew the horrible things she had done. He thought that although the two had some disagreements, their age-old friendship wouldn't fade away.

Charis followed Brandon back to the ward. She handed the file to him and said, "This contains all the project documents over the past two years. You can study them if you like."

"Thank you." Brandon took the file and was about to open it when he suddenly raised his head and asked, "Why hasn't Garrett come back from Barnes yet? I need to talk to him."

Ever since the establishment of the Larson Group, Garrett had been in charge of domestic businesses whereas Charis headed the oversea businesses. Naturally, Brandon needed Garrett to reorient him with the company's local projects.

After a short pause, Charis put on a smile and said, "If you need him, I can call him now."

Truth be told, Garrett was her biggest concern right now.

If he spent too much time with Brandon, he would definitely find out that Brandon had lost his memory.

Brandon nodded and proceeded to study the documents in his hands. However, from the corner of his eye, he noticed that Charis was still staring at him.

"What's wrong? Is there anything else?" Brandon paused and looked up at her irritably.

"Although you've lost your memory, there's still something else I have to tell you. A year ago, there was a business deal that went down between the Lester family and the Harding family. In a word, Garrett helped the Lester family. When you found out about it, you were furious and had a huge fight with him. After that, your relationship was severed somewhat. What I'm saying is you'd better be careful with him." Charis didn't say anything more. She just needed Brandon to be on guard against Garrett.

The Lester family was his worst enemy.

Hearing this, Brandon's expression darkened. He took what Charis had said seriously.

Both Charis and Garrett were his allies as well as friends when he founded the Larson Group. He had trusted them. But two years had passed and people could've changed.

All in all, he decided to take what she said with a grain of salt.

Instead of exposing how he really felt about this, he said in a low voice, "Call him. We haven't seen each other in a long time."

Toting several bags of tonics and healthy food, Garrett arrived at the hospital in high spirits.

As soon as he entered the room, he found Brandon lying in the bed with several documents strewn about him.

"I heard that you just caught a cold in the rain?" Garrett frowned. "But you've been staying in the hospital for so long. What's wrong? Is it not just a cold?"

Brandon put away the document in his hand and said, "Thank you for your concern. I'm fine. I just have a low fever, but the doctor said I should stay here for a few more days."

He didn't change his attitude towards Garrett, but because of what Charis had said, he remained vigilant and didn't tell Garrett that he had lost his memory.

[Chapter 643](#)

Johanna and Beal had been staying in Seacisco ever since they learned of Janet's accident. They devoted all the time and resources possible in search of their beloved daughter.

Johanna couldn't sleep or eat, knowing that her daughter was still out there missing.

In just three days, the radiant Johanna had grown haggard, aging her several years.

The rescue team still couldn't find Janet, so they simply put up tents on the shore and took turns resting. In the end, Johanna couldn't take it any longer and was about to get on a ship to search for Janet herself, but Beal stopped her.

"How can you go in that shape? I heard that even Brandon fainted on one of the search-and-rescue boats yesterday. He's still in the hospital."

Hearing this, Johanna wrung her hands anxiously. "What a series of unfortunate events! How about I go to the hospital to check on Brandon now? I don't know if anyone's taking care of him now."

Beal forced a smile and wrapped his coat around Johanna. He too was exhausted after days of nonstop worrying. "No need. Just wait here for the rescuers' news. I'll send my assistant to check on him."

Beal's assistant headed straight to the hospital upon receiving the order from his boss.

When he was about to enter Brandon's ward, a beautiful woman blocked his way.

"And who are you?" Charis looked at the strange man coldly. She noticed that he had a gift basket with him.

"Oh, good day, ma'am. I'm Mr. Beal White's assistant. Both he and Mrs. White are worried about Mr. Larson, so they asked me to come and visit him," the assistant explained himself politely.

Standing firmly in front of the door of the ward, Charis smiled but didn't budge. "Brandon's fine. He's resting. You'd better not disturb him. I'll relay the message for you."

The assistant didn't expect that he wouldn't be allowed to see Brandon, but he had no choice but to hand the gift to this woman instead. "Oh, I see. Thank you."

After returning, the assistant reported what Charis had said to Beal and Johanna.

Johanna patted her chest and breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good. If something bad happens to Brandon, I don't know what I'll say to Janet when she comes back."

Yes, she firmly believed that her daughter would come back safe and sound.

The sky was clear and the sea was calm. They could see the boats and islands in the distance.

The boats sent by the Whites had been searching the waters nearby for a long time, but they still found nothing. Fortunately, they didn't find Janet's body either, which was a good sign. Beal and Johanna still had high hopes for their daughter.

However, the more time that passed, the slimmer the chances of finding Janet alive... Both Beal and Johanna knew this, so they could not rest.

It was almost dusk. The setting sun reflected on the sea, dying it orange and red.

Clenching her hands, Johanna stared at the sea, her eyes sweeping across the search-and-rescue ships. Suddenly, she found that something was wrong.

Today's boats were much fewer than the previous days. Johanna raised her hand and pushed Beal anxiously. "Why are there fewer boats out today? Are those the Larson Group's boats?"

Beal carefully counted the number of boats on the sea and murmured, "All of our boats are there. It should be the boats from the Larson Group whose number has decreased."

Johanna snorted in dissatisfaction. "What the hell is that supposed to mean? Has he given up searching for Janet? Has he lost hope already? I have to call Brandon and ask him!"

Before Beal could stop Johanna, she had taken out her phone and dialed Brandon's number.

However, despite her calling several times, no one came to the phone.

Johanna was even angrier. "He doesn't even dare to answer my calls!"

She really wanted to rush to the hospital to question Brandon, but considering the fact that Janet still wasn't found, she had no time to go see Brandon.

Seeing that she was so angry, Beal was afraid that it would take a toll on her health, so he tried to comfort her. "Just let it go for now. We have to focus on the search here. We have to find our daughter first. The most important thing right now is getting her back safe and sound."

[Chapter 644](#)

The sound of crashing waves drowned everything else. The woman curled up in the reef cave opened her eyes to the sight of ships out in the sea. She had no intention to call for help, though her eyes were bright and alert.

It had been six days since Janet was trapped in this place.

In all that time, several ships had passed by and gone.

There was even one instance when a ship had thrown anchor near the cave. The men had alighted and traversed the reef, shouting her name as they went.

"Is anybody here? We are the search and rescue team sent by the White family! If you can hear us, please respond or make some noise!" They bellowed the same words over and over.

But their voices only scared Janet, so much so that she squeezed deeper into the cave. She never made a sound.

After all, she couldn't be certain whether these so-called rescuers were friend or foe.

What she did know for sure was that someone wanted to kill her.

Janet didn't want to risk running into her enemies, so she thought it would be best to keep silent and hidden. If things turned out the same as last time, she may not be as lucky as to escape again.

The rescuers had stayed for a few minutes. When they got no answer, they decided to leave.

"Let's go. There is no one here. I heard that there is an island just up ahead. Let's go over there and take a look."

With a short blare of its horn, the ship lifted its anchor and sailed away.

Janet watched it all happen from her dark corner in the cave.

For days on end, the same scenario repeated itself, and she would press tight against the cave walls and observe whoever had come. She couldn't even begin to guess who all those men worked for. She was careful not to make a peep, afraid that the slightest sound might alert them to her presence.

In the end, the ships eventually stopped coming to this area.

Only then did Janet realize that she didn't know what to do.

The last time it rained was three days ago, and all the freshwater around her had already dried up under the glaring sun. Her throat was dry as a parchment.

She swallowed and tried to soothe it with what little saliva she had left. She was already showing symptoms of dehydration, and could barely stand up without feeling dizzy.

Janet knew she was slowly dying.

Her vision blurred, and a choked sob came out of her mouth. She thought she no longer had tears to shed, but two hot droplets fell from her eyes. Suddenly, the faces of the important people in her life appeared in her mind.

She missed Brandon and her parents.

It was said that one would recall their most treasured memories just before they died.

Janet's lips curled into a bitter smile. At that moment, she could only think of one thing—that she would really perish this time.

After the storm died down, a number of small fishing boats set out to the sea to get some catch off the waters. On the beach, people walked around to enjoy the breeze and pick some shells. And by the reef, a middle-aged woman in a floral shirt hopped off her boat with a basket on her back.

She often scavenged for shells near the reef, and when she grew tired, she would climb into the cave to rest in the shade.

Today was different, however. When she went into the cave, she saw that someone was inside.

The woman was wary at first, but as she approached, she realized that a young woman was lying unconscious among the rocks.

Scared out of her wits, she ran out of the cave screaming.

“Honey! Honey, hurry and come take a look! There’s a woman inside!” she called out to her husband in between gasps for air.

Her husband was a fisherman who was just about her age. He had been born and raised by the sea, and fished all year round. As such, he was actually no strangers to situations where a corpse was stumbled upon after a particularly heavy storm.

“She must have been swept away in the rain a few days ago. I’ll go and check on her.” The fisherman jumped out of his boat and made his way to the cave.

His wife was right at his heels.

The couple crouched over Janet, and the man held a finger under her nose. “She’s still breathing. Let’s take her back to the island first and see if she can be saved.” The woman nodded and threw her basket aside.

Together, they hoisted Janet on the fisherman’s back. As they did, the wife couldn’t help but sigh at Janet’s young and pretty face. “This girl looks like she’s just the same age as our daughter. I do hope she survives this.”

[Chapter 645](#)

Swimming in and out of consciousness, Janet vaguely heard a strange voice.

It sounded like a woman speaking in a local accent.

Janet tried her best to open her eyes, but she was too weak.

Soon, she passed out again. The next time she woke up, she found a middle-aged woman with tanned, leathery skin standing in front of her. Her cheeks were red from exposure to the sun all year round.

The woman’s eyes instantly lit up and she happily waved to the people around her. “She’s awake! Come quick! She’s awake!”

Soon, a stooping middle-aged man came over. His face was also tanned and red.

“Thank God! I’ll get the doctor.” The middle-aged man wiped his brow in relief and smiled. He looked very kind when he smiled.

Janet’s eyes darted between the two middle-aged people and was too dazed to say anything.

The window in the room was open, letting in the sea breeze. She could still smell the salt in the air.

"Hello... Er, where am I? And who are you?" Janet asked warily.

"You're in a hospital. We're fishermen. Three days ago, we stumbled upon you in a reef cave, and you were unconscious, so we took you straight to the hospital. You're one lucky girl. The doctor said that your chances of survival were actually slim, but you made it!" The middle-aged woman smiled at Janet. Her words were full of joy, as if she was very happy that Janet managed to survive.

"Oh, my God... Thank you... Thank you so much!" Tears welled up in Janet's eyes. She felt so lucky to have been saved.

The middle-aged woman poured a glass of water for her and asked with a curious smile, "Miss, where'd you come from? You didn't have an ID or phone when we found you, so we didn't know who to contact."

"I got into a car accident. The car fell into the water but I managed to swim to the reef. Speaking of which, ma'am, can I borrow your phone? I need to call my family." It suddenly occurred to Janet that she had been hospitalized here for three days. Besides, she had already been lost at sea for almost a week. Brandon and her parents must have been worried sick.

"Of course. You should call your parents to tell them that you are safe." The middle-aged woman handed her phone to Janet.

Janet dialed Brandon's number excitedly.

However, no one answered it.

She tried him several more times, but still, no one answered.

"Could you have dialed the wrong number, miss?" The middle-aged woman asked kindly when she noticed that no one had answered the phone.

Janet frowned and shook her head. "This is my husband's number. I couldn't have gotten it wrong."

Instantly, she felt that something was off. She had been gone for so long, so Brandon should've been turning the entire world upside down looking for her. He should've kept his line open at all times in case she called. Even though it was an unknown caller, he would have answered it.

"Wait a minute. I'll try calling my parents instead." After calming down, Janet dialed Beal's number.

"Dad! It's me, Janet!"

The moment the call connected, a lump formed in Janet's throat.

And the second Beal heard her familiar voice, he jumped for joy. Johanna, who was right next to him, also heard Janet's voice and immediately snatched the phone from him.

"Janet, where are you? How are you? Honey, we were so worried!" Johanna cried and laughed at the same time, her voice trembling with emotion. She finally felt a sense of relief!

When they found out what hospital Janet was in, they immediately rushed to see her.

Beal couldn't stop thanking the couple who had saved Janet and gave them a generous amount of money as a reward.

Johanna ran into the ward first. Seeing that Janet was safe and sound, she went straight to the bed and threw her arms around her daughter, sobbing profusely.

"What on earth happened? You've lost so much weight!" After calming down somewhat, Johanna felt heartbroken to see how sunken Janet's cheeks were.

Janet explained everything to them. "Don't worry, Mom, Dad. I'm fine now."

Johanna let out a long breath and nodded, hiccupping from her sobs. "Well, as long as you're safe... As long as you are safe."

Janet finally asked what she had been meaning to ask. "Mom, where's Brandon? Why can't I get in touch with him?"

[Chapter 646](#)

"Well..."

Johanna and Beal exchanged glances. Finally, Johanna spoke up, albeit hesitantly. "You see, Brandon fainted during the search and rescue, and now he is in the hospital."

Janet's eyes widened and she clutched Johanna's hand worriedly. "How is he now?"

Brandon's always been healthy. How could he suddenly pass out?"

The more she thought about it, the more anxious Janet became. She lifted the blanket and was about to get out of bed. "We have to go back to Seacisco now."

Beal hurried up to stop his daughter. He shook his head firmly and said, "You'd better stay in the hospital for a few more days just to be safe. Anyway, I had already asked my assistant to check on Brandon. He's fine."

But Janet couldn't calm down. "Dad, why didn't you visit him yourself? Is he seriously ill?"

"Calm down, Janet. We were so busy looking for you that we didn't spare time to visit him in the hospital. But I heard that Brandon is fine now." Johanna comforted Janet in a gentle voice.

Janet lowered her head, feeling guilty.

This was all happening because of her.

"Before I called you, I tried calling him first. But I couldn't get through to his number. What do you think is going on?" At first, Janet didn't think too much of it. But now, the sense of uneasiness in her heart was getting stronger and stronger.

Johanna scratched her head and averted her gaze, feeling a little embarrassed. "The assistant said he was fine. So that means he should've woken up by now."

Truth be told, she didn't know what was going on with Brandon either.

When she heard what Janet said, she also instinctively felt that something was wrong with Brandon.

Ever since Brandon was hospitalized, he seemed to stop caring about Janet's disappearance. He even withdrew his search and rescue ships, which had pissed Johanna off to no end.

Beal knew what was on his wife's mind, but Janet's well-being was their top priority now, so he also tried to comfort their daughter. "Your mother's right. Maybe Brandon just missed the call. He'll call you back as soon as he sees it."

But Janet couldn't rest easy. "I have to go see Brandon. If he's fine, I'll come back and stay in the hospital."

Johanna held her hand tightly. "You're still so weak. Stay in the hospital and recuperate! I'll ask Brandon to come here instead."

Seeing that Johanna sounded a little angry, Janet hesitated and then reluctantly lay back down on the bed.

"Mom, wake me up if Brandon comes, okay?"

Seeing the anxious look in her daughter's eyes, Johanna sighed. "Of course, honey. Get some sleep first."

Then Johanna pulled Beal out of the ward.

"Honey, you have to find a way to get in touch with Brandon. I think something's wrong." Johanna looked gloomy. She felt that something was off, but she couldn't tell exactly what that was.

"Alright. Don't worry too much. Brandon's fine. I'll call someone to find out how to get in touch with him." Beal rubbed Johanna's back comfortingly and then went out to make some calls.

After a while, he got his hands on the phone number that Brandon was using now.

Without hesitation, Johanna called Brandon.

"Hello, who's this?" The man's voice sounded a little cold.

"Brandon, this is Mrs. White. We've found Janet. Would you like to come and see her?" Johanna went straight to the point and asked Brandon to come over.

She thought that Brandon would be as ecstatic as they were to find out that Janet was alive and well.

Unexpectedly, Brandon's tone was indifferent. "It's good that you've found her. There's something I have to deal with in the company. I'm not available to see her for the time being."

[Chapter 647](#)

Johanna pursed her lips in utter dissatisfaction. "What's the matter with you, Brandon? Your wife is back! Aren't you happy to hear that?"

Brandon paused for a few seconds and then said calmly, "Of course I'm happy."

Johanna couldn't feel any semblance of joy in his tone. He was totally indifferent!

His tone made Johanna fly into a fit of rage.

However, Beal tugged on Johanna's wrist and said in a low voice, "Something's not right. Brandon isn't like this usually. Could something have happened to him?"

Johanna suppressed her anger and tried to calm down to think straight.

Brandon's reaction was indeed suspicious. He didn't seem to give a damn about his own wife now.

Johanna's eyes flashed in confusion. She whispered to Beal, "I don't know what's wrong with him, but perhaps his illness had an effect on his personality?"

"Hello? If there's anything else you want to say, please say it now."

After waiting for a while, Brandon grew a little impatient—and it showed.

He had no feelings for his wife, nor did he have any respect for the Whites. He had only talked to them in the first place out of politeness.

How did he get along with them before? What response were his in-laws expecting from him?

After mulling over it for a while, he asked, "Where is she now?"

Johanna coughed and said gruffly, "Janet is in the hospital of a fishing village near Seacisco. If you want to come over now, I can send you the location."

"Okay. Send me the location. I'll visit her when I have time. I have a meeting to attend. I'd better go now."

Then, without even waiting for a response from Johanna, he hung up the phone abruptly.

Johanna and Beal looked at each other in shock.

Johanna was furious. "What the hell is wrong with Brandon? He didn't even say whether he's coming or not!"

How on earth was she supposed to explain this to Janet?

Beal pondered over their conversation just now. "The Brandon we know would've dropped everything and rushed here as soon as he heard the news that Janet was found. But just now, he said that he'd only come if he had time."

Beal had heard Brandon's words clearly.

Johanna lowered her eyes and fell silent for a few seconds. Then she looked at Beal again and said grimly, "There has to be something wrong with Brandon. But Janet needs to focus on recovering for now. We'd better not tell her about it for the time being."

Beal nodded in agreement.

Seeing her parents come in, Janet sat up in bed excitedly. Worried about Brandon's health, she couldn't fall asleep.

“Didn’t I tell you to get some rest first? Why are you still awake?” Johanna asked helplessly, tucking Janet under the blanket.

Janet looked straight into her mother’s eyes and asked, “Mom, what did Brandon say?”

The smile on Johanna’s face instantly became a little weird. “Brandon said he’d come soon. In the meantime, he has asked us to take good care of you.”

Janet frowned slightly. “Then let me call him. I want to talk to him. I’m still very worried about his health. And why did he change his phone number all of a sudden?”

Johanna hurriedly joked, “My, my, I’ve never met anyone who misses her husband as much as you! Brandon just told us that there’s something wrong with the company in Barnes and he was in between meetings when we called. As for the change of number, his phone fell into the sea when he was searching for you. Anyway, he’s very busy right now. Let’s stop pestering him for now, okay?”

Johanna tried to distract Janet.

Hearing her mother’s explanation, Janet gradually calmed down. Maybe it was because she missed Brandon so much after her near-death experience that she couldn’t help making blind and disorderly conjectures. They had only been apart for a week. What could’ve possibly gone wrong?

[Chapter 648](#)

After hanging up the phone, Brandon stood up and was about to leave for the meeting.

“Brandon, your wife has been found, right?” Charis asked in a seemingly casual tone. She had been standing next to Brandon when the Whites called and had clearly overheard what they said.

Brandon had gone straight to work at the Larson Group headquarters as soon as he was discharged from the hospital.

He wanted to get his work back on track as soon as possible, but he didn’t want other people to know that he had lost his memory. Therefore, Brandon had asked Charis to brief him on the Larson Group’s affairs over the past two years. So over the past few days, Charis had been by Brandon’s side nearly 24/7.

Naturally, she had grown to become the person that Brandon relied on the most.

No one else in the Larson Group knew why she had left the company before, so now that she was back, nobody questioned it either. After all, Charis was a senior executive of the company, and she was one of the partners who had founded Larson Group alongside Brandon. Everyone respected her very much.

“Yes. Just now, the White couple called and said they found her.” Brandon picked up a document from the table and spoke so calmly, it was as though the news was irrelevant to him.

“That’s wonderful news!” A smile appeared on Charis’ face. It looked like she was very happy for Janet.

However, the second Brandon lowered his head to skim through other documents on the table, the smile on her face faded away. Her expression darkened and her eyes took on a dangerous light.

What a lucky bitch! Janet managed to survive yet again!

Charis was both shocked and angry.

It had rained heavily for two days and two nights after Janet's car accident. Given such dangerous circumstances, Janet shouldn't have survived alone at sea.

Now that Janet was back safe and sound, she'd definitely screw up all of Charis' plans. Charis knew that she was in deep trouble now.

She had to do something to stop Janet and Brandon from getting back together.

However, she soon managed to calm down. Judging from Brandon's attitude when he answered the phone just now, it was obvious that he didn't care much about Janet now that he had lost all his memories of her.

The man who stood before Charis now was the Brandon from two years ago.

This was the Brandon who was devoted to his career and couldn't give a damn about romance. The only thing that tied him to Janet was their nominal marriage. As long as Charis seized any and every opportunity to put obstacles in their path, she knew she could separate them forever.

Brandon didn't say anything more. Gathering the documents needed for the meeting, he seemed to be deep in thought. After a while, he broke the silence. "After this meeting, you can get off work first. I'm going to the hospital to see Janet."

He thought it was only right that he pay his own wife a visit. After all, the White family held a high position in Barnes. If he acted too indifferent, it would probably piss them off, which could be a detriment to the future development of the Larson Group in Barnes.

Smiling gently, Charis said sweetly, "Okay. Please send my regards to Janet. You don't need to worry about the company. I'll inform you if anything happens."

After a busy afternoon, the meeting finally ended.

Brandon was waiting in his office for the driver to arrive.

All of a sudden, Charis burst into the room and cried, "Brandon, don't leave just yet."

"What's wrong?" Brandon frowned.

"The company's security system has been hacked, and all confidential information is at the risk of being disclosed. You'd better come and see for yourself." Charis had ran all the way up, so she was panting and out of breath.

Brandon's expression changed.

Hacked? How could such a thing happen all of a sudden?

[Chapter 649](#)

The Brandon from two years ago was completely and utterly devoted to the Larson Group.

Nothing seemed to be able to affect his focus on work. He had zero interest in women and thought that romance was just a distraction from success. In a word, nothing was more important than the company he had started.

Even though Janet was his wife, the Larson Group was still much more important than her.

Without the slightest hesitation, he immediately decided to stay.

Brandon loosened his tie and looked at Charis with his dark eyes. "Call the staff of the network center here."

He put down his coat again and sat back in the chair.

Just then, Sean knocked on the door and poked his head in. "Mr. Larson, the driver's downstairs. Shall we go to the hospital now?"

With his eyes fixed on the screen of the computer, Brandon didn't even bother to look up. "Go see Janet on my behalf. If you run into her parents, just tell them that there was an emergency in the company and I couldn't leave."

"Oh," Sean replied falteringly. He felt that Brandon had been acting a little strange these days. It was almost as though his boss had changed into a completely different person.

Sean scratched his head hesitantly. He seemed to want to say something but stopped on second thought. Finally, he had no choice but to follow Brandon's orders and left.

Charis also walked out of Brandon's office with a complacent smile on her face.

Earlier that day, she had hired a hacker to attack the network security system of the Larson Group. This attack wouldn't cause any substantial loss to the company, but it could stall Brandon.

At the very least, Janet wouldn't be able to see her husband today.

Ever since Janet awoke, she had been restless, staring at the door of the ward expectantly.

Johanna tried to ease the atmosphere and joked around with her, but her voice fell on deaf ears.

Janet was too consumed with waiting for Brandon.

"Mom, when's Brandon coming?" Over the past few hours, Janet had asked this question many times. She had felt much better after the rest. "If Brandon's too busy to come here, I can go back to see him."

Johanna didn't know how to explain the situation. She and Beal had called Brandon already, but the latter said that he'd come only if he had spare time.

There was nothing she could do but try to comfort her anxious daughter. "Be patient. Brandon's on his way here as we speak."

Just then, there was a knock on the door and it slowly swung open.

It was Sean who came in.

Janet's eyes lit up with joy. "Sean! Where's Brandon?"

Sean smiled awkwardly and put the flowers and the get-better gift basket he bought on the table. "Mrs. Larson, Mr. Larson said he had emergency to deal with in the company, so he couldn't come here himself."

The expression on Janet's face froze and her eyes darkened. She asked Sean in confusion, "What's wrong? Brandon wasn't like this before. Sean, tell me, is there something wrong? What happened to him?"

Janet simply couldn't believe it. She almost died at sea, yet Brandon didn't seem to give a damn that she was back now. Even if something important had happened in the company, how come he didn't even spare the time to call her?

Sean scratched his head falteringly. "Well, I don't know for sure, but... Anyway, Mrs. Larson, are you feeling better?"

Johanna, on the other hand, was absolutely furious. What the hell was Brandon thinking?

Janet had been waiting for him. Why didn't he come to see his wife, who was in the hospital, in person? He had crossed the line!

She then snapped at Sean, "Make it clear right this instant! What's wrong with Brandon? Why hasn't he come himself?"

Sean felt a little aggrieved. Why did he always have to face the brunt of these situations?

He grumbled in a low voice, "It's not just you. I also get the feeling that there's something wrong with Mr. Larson lately. After Mr. Larson fainted on the rescue ship, Charis sent him to the hospital. And ever since he came back to the company, he seems to have changed into a completely different person. I even feel that... It seems that he has become the Mr. Larson from two or three years ago. He's more devoted to his work than ever and is cold to everyone."

"Wait. Did you just say that Charis is back?" At the mention of Charis's name, Janet nearly jumped out of bed in shock.

She knew perfectly well just how much Brandon hated Charis. She highly doubted that the relationship between the two would ever be repaired.

"Yes. Mr. Larson only trusts her now. He's on guard against anyone else." Sean looked at Janet helplessly.

When Janet heard this, she was even more shocked.

Charis was in love with Brandon. It wasn't too out of the ordinary that she rushed him to the hospital when he fainted. However, Brandon had already cut all ties with Charis. And the last time they saw Charis, Brandon was clearly disgusted with her and was vigilant against her approach. Why did he change his attitude toward her all of a sudden?

"Sean, do you know why Brandon suddenly trusts only Charis?" Janet clenched the blanket in her hand.

Something must have happened!

[Chapter 650](#)

Sean was just Brandon's assistant who arranged matters that weren't work-related. How could he possibly know what was going on in the company?

"I really have no idea, Mrs. Larson. I wasn't there with them. Besides, I'm just his assistant. I don't dare to ask Mr. Larson any questions regarding that." Flustered, Sean scratched the back of his head.

Unable to sit still any longer, Janet lifted the blanket and got out of bed. "Since you don't know, I'll ask him myself."

Johanna hurried to stand in front of Janet. "The doctor didn't say that you can leave the hospital yet. Don't worry. Why don't you try calling Brandon first?"

Janet bit her lip anxiously and practically snatched the phone from Johanna's hands. She dialed Brandon's number and held her breath.

Seconds passed.

The phone kept ringing for what felt like an eternity, but no one answered it.

"He didn't even pick up."

Tears welled up in Janet's eyes. She was growing restless. Now, she was sure that something terrible had happened to Brandon. Otherwise, he would never have treated her like this!

Holding back her tears, Janet gritted her teeth and said firmly, "I'm going back to Seacisco now. Dad, Mom, please understand. I have to find out what happened to my husband."

Seeing the fierce determination in her eyes, the Whites didn't have the heart to stop her anymore.

After packing up her things, Beal draped a coat over Janet's shoulders and said resolutely, "We're coming with you. Brandon didn't visit you in the hospital. He didn't even answer our calls. We deserve an explanation!"

Brandon's behavior was indeed too strange. They couldn't let things go on like this.

Together, the family of three headed to Seacisco.

The Larson Group's building stood in the center of the business district, standing so tall it nearly pierced the sky. It was the dream of countless young people to have the privilege of working in such a prestigious company.

Janet and her parents walked straight into the Larson Group building. Just as they were about to enter the elevator, a security guard stopped them.

The security guard held an electric baton in his hand and asked warily, "Excuse me, miss, but are you an employee of Larson Group? You can't just come in like that."

Janet looked at the security guard and said matter-of-factly, "I'm Brandon Larson's wife."

This whole encounter felt strange, so she couldn't help but ask, "Are you new here? I don't remember seeing you before?"

Janet used to work in the Larson Group. She clearly remembered every one of the security guards and the cleaners.

The security guard squinted at Janet suspiciously. "Yes, I'm new..."

He had never seen their CEO's wife, but he couldn't just take this woman's words at face value. In his eyes, if the boss's wife came to the company, there should've been someone high up to receive her.

The security guard stopped Janet and said firmly, "Mr. Larson is in an important meeting. No one is allowed to disturb him."

Janet pursed her lips helplessly. "I said, I'm his wife. You can ask the employees here about it. They all know me."

The security guard insisted on his way. "Then wait in the reception room. After the meeting is finished, I'll go and ask Mr. Larson if he wants to see you."

As he spoke, the security guard ushered the three of them into the reception room.

Occasionally, some employees would pass by the glass walls of the reception room. It wasn't until then that Janet noticed that many junior employees had been replaced, including the cleaners.

This realization made Janet feel more and more uneasy.

Brandon wasn't someone who would make such random decisions. Why would so many grassroots employees be replaced for no reason? Did it indicate that there was a change of power in Larson Group?

Johanna and Beal were highly respected in Barnes, and no one dared to ignore them. But now, they were forced to wait in a reception room for Brandon for over two hours.

The amiable smile on Beal's face gradually faded away as they waited. However, he didn't want to cause a stir, which might make his daughter even unhappier, so he just pulled a long face and kept silent.

Johanna, on the other hand, cleared her throat and tried to ease the atmosphere. "Brandon must be terribly busy. He doesn't even have the time to see us!"

Janet pursed her lips and lowered her head, her heart racing in her chest.

She was a little angry. In the past, no matter how busy Brandon was, he wouldn't have done something so rude.

Another ten minutes passed.

Finally, footsteps came from outside the reception room. The door swung open and Brandon strode in.