

## Chapter 1062 Charis' Order

It was raining nonstop in Barnes in the past few days.

While Vivian was driving to the Larson Group's building, the drizzle outside gradually turned into torrential rain. Suddenly, a familiar figure of a woman appeared on the road.

Like always, she was elegantly dressed and was holding an umbrella to shield herself from the rain. Vivian watched as the woman joined the crowd not far away.

When she saw the woman's face, her eyes widened in shock. "Miss Turner?" she mumbled to herself.

But the next second, Charis' figure disappeared into the crowd.

Without thinking, Vivian rushed out of the car and followed Charis. "Miss Turner, wait! Did you poison Mr. Larson? Tell me!"

Theories flooded Vivian's mind one after another. She wanted to find out the truth right then and

there, but Charis seemed to have vanished in thin air.

All of a sudden, Vivian felt a cold hand slap her back.

She instinctively looked back and saw Charis standing behind her.

In a blink of an eye, Charis appeared in front of Vivian, reached out her hands, and tried to strangle Vivian. "Why didn't you take revenge for me? Why?! You even betrayed me."

Charis' delicate face looked so ferocious right now. It was unlike the gentle and elegant woman Vivian remembered. She was terrifying.

Meanwhile, Vivian could not breathe. Just as she felt she was going to pass out, she jolted awake.

It was a dream!

Vivian touched her neck and took deep breaths. Her nightmare felt so real that her body broke into a cold sweat.

At this moment, she looked outside the window and saw it was still dark. In a daze, she went to the bathroom and splashed her face with ice cold water.

Before dawn, Vivian drove into a villa in the

suburbs. It was one of the Turner family's properties as well.

"Is he still fighting back?" Vivian asked one of her subordinates. She couldn't fall asleep after having that nightmare, so she decided to come here.

"I've tied him up, but he wouldn't shut up."

Vivian dismissed her subordinates and opened the iron door to the basement. As she did so, a stink wafted into her senses.

Upon hearing the door open, the blindfolded man shouted, "Why did you kidnap me? Mr. Larson, I didn't do anything! I swear to God I'm innocent!"

With a sneer tugging at the corners of Vivian's mouth, she dragged a chair for her to sit in front of the man. "If you didn't do anything, why did you leave your hometown and feign your death, leaving your 70-year-old mother alone? The salary of a rescue team isn't low as far as I know."

A long time ago, when Janet was in danger, Brandon personally participated in the search. But for some unknown reason, he fainted on the rescue ship.

After the investigation, Vivian realized that Arion Quinn, the man who had offered Brandon the drink

before he fainted and lost his memory, was suspicious.

What made it more baffling was that after the incident, Arion "died" in an accident. Just when Vivian thought she had reached a dead end, Arion reappeared in Barnes about a year later.

At this moment, Vivian yanked Arion's blindfold off.

When he saw that the person in front of him was not Brandon nor one of his subordinates, a perplexed look flashed across Arion's face. "Wait a minute. You're not Brandon's subordinate!" he exclaimed.

The truth was, it was Charis who had asked Arion to fake his death and flee the country. Of course, he obediently did as told. After all, this country was Brandon's territory. As long as Arion was here, Brandon would catch him in whichever city he fled to.

Arion lived a happy and prosperous life abroad with Chari' help. However, his mother died unexpectedly, so he had no choice but to go back to the country and arrange her funeral. Because of this, he was caught as soon as he got off the plane.

He was in a state of panic after he was caught. He had a feeling that Brandon was behind all of this. To his surprise, Brandon was not here but a strange woman.

"Who are you?" he asked with confusion written all over his face.

"It doesn't matter who I am." Vivian grabbed Arion's collar and queried, "What did Charis ask you to do back then? Did you lace Brandon's drink because you have something against him?"

Arion was shocked to hear such an accusation, but he immediately denied it. "What the hell are you talking about? I'm just a rescuer. How could you accuse me of doing such a thing?!"

"I know you don't want to admit what you've done because I'm not Brandon. But I can still use his means to make you talk. Let's see how long you can hold out," Vivian sneered.

Without waiting for Arion's response, she turned around and slammed the door shut. She then ordered the guards not to give him any food or water until he confessed. 2

Arion held on for two days before giving up.

"Fine. I'll tell you everything. Since Charis is dead,

nobody will come to make trouble for me even if I tell you everything." He took a deep breath and began recalling the story. "That day, Charis gave me a small vial and asked me to pour its contents into Brandon's drink. Before you ask, I did it for money. I thought she just wanted a night with him or something, and it was, you know, that kind of drug she gave me. But after quite some time, I heard from my fellow rescuer that Brandon had lost his memory."

Arion could no longer bear his thirst. He swallowed hard and stared at the bottle of water in Vivian's hand longingly. "Being rich is amazing. Rich people can get whatever they want, even things you don't know existed."

Vivian had heard enough. She expressionlessly threw the bottle to the ground, and Arion crawled over to pick it up.

"How could this be?" she mumbled while taking deep breaths.

How could Charis do such a cruel thing to Brandon? Could it be that Charis Turner, the woman Vivian had respected most the whole time, was actually scheming and evil? 9