

# Mission To Remarry

Chapter 1946

## Chapter 1946 Get Everything Back

After seeing Shawn drive away, Jonas simply chatted with Coralie for a few moments before doing the same.

He had an appointment with a very important guest that day.

When he arrived at the restaurant, his guest was already there. Judging from his attire, Jonas was sure that he was someone who could be easily bribed.

The uneasiness in Grant's gaze was palpable. After all, he was in a high-end restaurant and did not even have the next month's rent in his pocket.

He had no idea who the person who made an appointment with him was, but since the person mentioned he would help him, he figured it was worth a shot.

After all, the creditors had begun pressing him repeatedly after learning that he could not attend his daughter's wedding and that he had not formed an in-law relationship with the Farwell family.

Some economic crime police officers even came to him and urged him to find a way to pay off his debt. Otherwise, he would have to go to prison again.

Grant froze when he saw Jonas before he hurriedly stood up with a big smile on his face. "Hello, hello. I'm Grant Jarvis, and you are..."

"Hello, Mr. Jarvis. My name is Jonas Crawford, and I am someone who can help you. Have a seat." Jonas was all smiles, feeling more confident when he saw the other man's awkwardness.

Having already thoroughly investigated Grant's situation, he knew that as a father who was not recognized by his daughter and an indigent man covered in debts, the latter would undoubtedly cooperate with him if given the slightest benefit.

Hence, as soon as he sat down, he took out a check and a pen and quickly wrote an amount on it.

Grant stuck his head out and wished he could extend his neck a few more centimeters to see how much money was written on it.

After the five were a line of zeros.

Jonas slowly pushed the check to Grant. "Here's five million, Mr. Jarvis. It's a token of my sincerity for our coming cooperation. I hope you can accept it. I can absolutely help you make a comeback in the future!"

Grant was dumbfounded.

The muscles on his cheek twitched, and his eyes instantly shone with sheer delight. His whole body was tingling with excitement.

Five million. I can't believe he offered me five million. Even if I offer my life in exchange, it still won't be of this value. I can put off the pressure from numerous creditors with the help of this money, and if we work together in the future on a long-term basis, I'll undoubtedly receive a sizable payment. Mr. Crawford here is truly a living saint!

His outstretched hand stopped in mid-air as he was still a little unsure. "Do you mean what you said, Mr. Crawford? Do you truly intend to give me this money? It's not just a blank check to make fun of me, right?" he asked timidly.

"Do you think I would go to such lengths just to make you happy? I might as well be direct. Roxanne is your daughter, right? That in itself is completely enough!"

Jonas revealed the key point directly—it was Grant's identity that he was interested in.

In the future, there were naturally many things that this identity could help him achieve.

However, without solving Grant's problems, many of those subsequent plans would be impossible.

This five million is indeed only the first payment. There will be more in the future. However, no matter how much the payout, it's better than the company run by Shawn, which somehow lost more than two billion.

"That's right. Roxanne is my daughter, but our relationship now is rather strained. Are you aware of that, Mr. Crawford?" Grant asked.

He was still fantasizing about becoming a billionaire a few days ago. However, as the wedding went by and no one in the Farwell family welcomed him, he realized that getting anything from his daughter would be extremely difficult.

"I'm aware of that, and it's fine! Aren't I here to help you get everything back? In any case, Mr. Jarvis, you only have to remember that I'll arrange everything from now on!" A faint smile spread out from the corner of Jonas' mouth, full of confidence, as if everything was about to go according to his plan.