

## Chapter 401 Blood Is Thicker Than Water

The bodyguard motioned for the man to speak.

The man spoke up in panic. "The person you asked me to follow entered the community."

"Mila..." Rowena called out. She had come out to play with Joe and happened to see Camila on the other side of the road.

The person on the other end of the phone seemed to hear the commotion and ended the call.

Camila grabbed the man's phone and dialed the last caller, but nobody answered.

They scared them.

"Do you have a rendezvous?" the bodyguard asked.

The man nodded in response. "Yes."

"If we go there right now, maybe we can still catch him," the bodyguard suggested to Camila.

"Okay," Camila replied while nodding in agreement.

With a firm grip, the bodyguard seized the man and swiftly ushered him into the car.

Rowena walked over to them. And when she saw the bodyguard and the man, she could not help but ask, "Who are they?"

Camila flashed her a reassuring smile and answered, "These are bodyguards Isaac had arranged."

"Are there any bad guys?"

"No," Camila lied, not wanting to worry Rowena.

In all honesty, she had no idea who had sent that man, why he followed her, or what his purpose was.

At this moment, Camila went to cradle Joe in her arms.

To her surprise, the little boy reached out his hand toward her.

As the saying goes, "Blood is thicker than water."

Beaming with happiness, Camila walked into the community, Joe cradled in her arms.

"The puppy has been brought home, but it seems that Joe doesn't like it," Rowena remarked.

"Is it because it looks ugly?" Camila asked with a frown.

"I don't think so. Honestly, I'm not sure why he doesn't like it. I think it might be because it's not his preferred type. He likes big dogs, and this one is too small."

Camila saw the puppy when she was home.

With its brown, curly hair and wide, round eyes, the adorable creature lay there obediently.

It was tiny and perfect as a pet.

Keeping large-sized dogs as pets in their current living environment was impractical and ill-suited.

It would be nice if they had a yard.

Well, their house was spacious enough. It was just that it did not have a separate yard. Besides, the dog had been brought home and could not just be left on the streets.

"Just leave it at home," Camila said.

Maybe Joe would grow to like it.

At night, a knock sounded at the door.

Glenda approached the door and reached out to turn the handle.

Upon opening the door, two bodyguards, who had come to report to Camila, stood before Glenda.

With that, she hurriedly went upstairs and woke Camila up.

Glenda reported that the bodyguards had returned. "Let them in," Camila

Without further ado, she got up and put on a coat.

Upon reaching the first floor, she saw the bodyguards in the living room.

"Did you find the person?" she asked without beating around the bush.

"I'm afraid not. When we arrived, he had escaped," one of the bodyguards answered.

Camila was disappointed but not surprised.

The phone call must have alerted the mastermind.

"It's getting late. Go home now."

The bodyguard did not ask whether to continue the investigation or not.

Their task was to ensure Camila's safety. Tracking and investigating a person were not their strong points.

When the bodyguards had left, Camila remained seated on the sofa and did not go back to her room right away.

She no longer felt sleepy, so she proceeded to tidy up her clothes.

"Madam, go to bed," Glenda advised.

Without another word, Camila stood up.

When she returned to her room, she noticed that her phone flickered for a second.

She walked over and picked it up. It turned out that Isaac had messaged him. "Are you already asleep?"

"I'm still awake. By the way, do you have any leads on that doctor?"

Isaac did not send her any messages, nor did he call her for fear she would ask about this matter and, in turn, make her anxious.

The private detective had already taken on this case.

Sadly, there was no news yet.

It was only then that Camila realized how anxious she was.

For a moment, she tried her best to regain her composure.

"Is everything alright?" she asked once she calmed down.

"Yes. I'll be back in a couple of days."

The matter regarding the Joviek family would most likely be settled tomorrow.

Ramsey would become the new leader of the family.

Camila typed a response. "Okay."

She stared at her screen. Dissatisfied, she then typed a few more words. "Be safe."

"I will," Isaac replied shortly.

The two of them stared at their phone screens, contemplating whether or not to send another message.

After a long while, Isaac decided to send another one. "Go to sleep."

Perched on the edge of the bed, Camila set her phone aside and gazed out of the window, lost in her thoughts.

Meanwhile, Forrest seemed to have matured overnight. He did not defy his mother nor did he demand a divorce.

Instead, he realized that no matter how much he insisted, it would not make a difference if he did not have absolute control over the situation.

His marriage remained unbreakable, and he was still clueless about the truth of Laura's murder.

At this moment, Forrest was face to face with Divya's father.

"Are you trying to persuade me to agree to your divorce with my daughter?" Pearson asked, his face dark and gloomy.

Forrest rose from his seat and poured a drink for both of them. "I acknowledge my mistake of bringing up the divorce. Actually, that's what I came here for. I'd like to sincerely apologize for what I said that day."

"Didn't you say Divya had an affair?" Pearson scoffed.

"I'm sorry. I got all confused."

"How could you do her wrong like that?! Is it because you don't think Divya deserves to marry you?"



Forrest lowered his head, making it difficult to see his expression. "It's not that. It's all my fault."

Seeing that Forrest was hanging his head, Pearson surmised that he had recognized his own wrongdoing and was remorseful for it.

Well, since his daughter liked Forrest, Pearson would not make things difficult for him.

After all, Forrest had apologized.

"I don't want this to happen again," Pearson warned.

"It won't. I promise," Forrest assured him.

Pearson downed the wine Forrest had poured, a gesture that could be interpreted as a sign of forgiveness.

Aware of Pearson's affinity for wine, Forrest graciously took hold of the bottle and proceeded to pour another glass for him. "I know you're fond of this particular wine brand, so I made sure to have it ready for our gathering."

Pearson gazed at Forrest, his eyes filled with a mix of surprise and curiosity. "This brand costs at least a hundred thousand per bottle. Are you truly willing to let me indulge in it?"

"Don't be a stranger. It's my duty to show respect toward you." Forrest also poured himself a glass and picked it up. "I'm truly grateful for your forgiveness and for giving me a chance."

Pearson raised his glass and gently clinked it against Forrest's. "You know, it's not about us choosing you. It's about Divya's choice, and we must honor that. Divya is our only daughter, that's why she holds a special place in our hearts. In due time, everything within the Guzman family will become yours. I don't have any additional requests. All I ask is that you treat her with genuine kindness and love."

"Rest assured."

With that, they drank up the glasses all at once.

Forrest continued to pour wine for him. "Thank you for entrusting me with your angel."

Pearson chuckled. "Well, at least you have the balls to say that. Divya is the apple of the eye."

He was in high spirits and did not once refuse the wine Forrest poured.

Forrest proceeded to open another bottle. "I've never shared a good drink with you. Today, I will accompany you."

"Sure. With such fine wine, I must drink to my heart's content."

Although Pearson liked drinking, he could not actually hold his alcohol.

And this wine had high alcohol content.

Little did Pearson know that Forrest had deliberately added something to the wine to get him intoxicated fast.

And now, there was a look of stupor on Pearson's face.

Forrest discreetly switched his phone to recording mode and set it aside, making sure to capture the upcoming conversation. ⓘ

Meanwhile, he continued to pour wine for Pearson.

"By any chance, do you know that my mother killed Laura?" Forrest inquired in a casual tone.



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