

Chapter 402 Forrest's Plan Started

"Absolutely, I was the brain behind it!" Pearson declared boastfully.

He came up with the idea, and it was Forrest's mother who executed the plan.

He was the hidden mastermind. Even if anyone looked into it, they wouldn't find him.

On hearing this, Forrest was livid. He nearly crushed the bottle he held in his grasp.

Yet, he managed to suppress his anger.

"Really? What exactly did you do?" Forrest tried his best to control his temper and his angry tone, trying to calm himself down.

"We did some digging on Laura. Turns out she has no significant connections. Her mother's passed away from illness. Her father remarried and is completely indifferent to her. No family around either. I suggested to your mother that if someone like her vanished, it wouldn't raise any attention. So, why not make her disappear for good?"

As Pearson's eyes glazed over further, his excitement heightened. He added, "I suggested to your mother to dump Laura into the sea, assuring her no one would ever find Laura again. Your mother took my advice and set up a meeting with Laura. Laura, thinking it was about a dispute related to her friend's company being ruined by your mother and me, agreed to meet. Little did she know your mother had intentions to kill her. As soon as she arrived, your mother's men captured her. They bound her, bagged her, and tossed her into the sea."

Forrest was shaking uncontrollably.

He was overcome by feelings of frustration, rage, and guilt.

He was unaware of the details Pearson spilled, like Laura's father remarrying and neglecting her.

He was completely clueless.

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"Why would you want her to vanish?" Forrest's voice was so gloomy that it couldn't be covered.

Pearson waved his hand helplessly and didn't notice Forrest's difference at all. He was drunk. He said complacently, "Ah, I did this for Divya. She expressed that Laura was an obstacle. As long as Laura lived, your relationship with Divya wouldn't be harmonious. Divya wanted me to coax your mother into eliminating Laura. Your mother, being the accommodating person she is, was easily swayed by my advice..."

Forrest's face was icy, as if blanketed by frost.

He stood up, reached for his phone, and hit pause to stop the recording.

He stared at Pearson fiercely for a long time.

He was filled with an urge to end Pearson's life.

But he kept his cool.

After all he had been through, he knew acting on impulse served no purpose.

Isaac was correct. If someone stopped him, he would deal with the person wisely.

He was now poised to seize control of the Guzman family.

No matter how much he despised Pearson, he had to tolerate him and ensure Pearson returned to the Guzman household unharmed.

Once he had seen Pearson home, Forrest headed back to his own.

It seemed that Divya's mother had reached out to Divya.

So, when he arrived home, he found Divya waiting for him.

"Why were you with my father?" Divya probed, her gaze fixed on him.

Forrest looked at the seemingly innocent Divya.

A wave of disdain washed over him internally.

He was ridiculing himself.

He had always thought of Divya as an innocent, kind-hearted girl.

But the reality...

She was manipulative, deploying every cunning strategy she knew.

Turns out, she was far more deceitful than he imagined.

He detested his own naivety.

He wished he had recognized Divya's true nature sooner.

He resisted his urge to lash out at her. Adjusting his collar, he muttered, "I'm exhausted. If you're curious about what happened, ask your father."

With that, he headed straight for the bedroom.

Divya watched him, puzzling over his words.

She sensed a change in Forrest today.

Yet, she couldn't pinpoint what exactly was amiss.

She followed him into the bedroom, affirming, "Forrest, I won't divorce you."

Ignoring her, Forrest undressed and headed for a shower. He then settled into bed, closing his eyes to sleep.

Baffled, Divya remained silent.

She was finding it increasingly hard to understand Forrest.

Had he surrendered yet again?

Cautiously, Divya slid into bed beside him.

"Forrest."

"I am sleepy." After saying this, Forrest turned his back to her.

If he kept looking at her, he might be tempted to end her life.

Divya gingerly moved closer to him, and unlike previous times, Forrest didn't push her away.

"Forrest," she murmured.

But Forrest remained silent, the rhythm of his steady breathing was the only sound in the room.

She draped her arm across Forrest's waist.

Forrest didn't move.

Divya's heart fluttered with a hint of joy.

She nestled against Forrest's back, relishing the closeness.

In the morning, Divya woke up.

She saw Forrest standing in front of the window.

Typically, Forrest would avoid sharing a room with her, often staying out just to avoid her presence.

She found it hard to comprehend his current behavior. Had her father influenced him?

Did he change his mind?

Divya rose from the bed and approached Forrest, intending to embrace

him from behind.

Just then, Forrest swiftly spun around, sliding his phone back into his pocket.

He had just sent a message.

"Breakfast's ready."

Then he strode out of the room.

Diya hurriedly freshened up, changed her clothes, and headed downstairs. ①

Forrest hadn't left yet.

She took a seat at the table.

She asked carefully, "Do you have a busy day ahead?"

Truthfully, there wasn't much left for them to talk about.

She just needed to strike up a conversation.

Forrest responded in an understated tone, "I will be..."

When he spoke, he looked at her and said meaningfully, "I will be very busy."

"Will you be home earlier tonight?"

She started fishing for clues.

"Yes," Forrest replied.

Suddenly, Forrest's phone resting on the table vibrated.

He picked it up slowly.

An anxious voice filtered through from the other side, "Forrest, what happened last night?"

"Is this concerning the recording?" Forrest asked.

"Did you do it?" Pearson inquired.

"I got it this morning," Forrest responded with nonchalance.

The voice on the other side paused momentarily before instructing, "Get

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over here immediately."

+120 Points at most

"Understood," Forrest answered quickly.

"Let's go!" He rose from his seat as he declared this.

"Where are we headed? What's this about a recording? What were you discussing just now?"

"You'll find out once we get to your parents' place," Forrest responded lightly.

His face remained impassive.

Somehow, Divya got flustered.

Forrest and Divya drove together to the Guzman family's house.

Divya's parents awaited Forrest's arrival with grave expressions.

As they stepped into the room, Pearson promptly instructed, "Forrest, join me."

Forrest followed.

He followed Pearson into his office.

Pearson looked at Forrest intently and asked, "Did you set up a scheme against me last night?"

"Dad, what are you talking about? How could it be possible?" Then, he placed the phone before Pearson and clarified, "This arrived this morning."

Pearson glanced at it and noticed that both had received the recorded files simultaneously from the same phone number.

"Who might be responsible?" Pearson regarded Forrest with suspicion.

He still suspected Forrest to be behind the ploy.

However, Forrest had also received the message.

Was he the culprit or not?

"Forrest, I was drunk and spewing nonsense. You wouldn't believe those words, would you?"

Forrest responded with a grin, "I wouldn't take them to heart. Was this recording dispatched by a business rival? Did they deliberately set a trap

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+120 Points at most

to lead me into misunderstanding you?"

Things like this had indeed happened before. Not long ago, he had dug up dirt on his opponent just because his company was competing with it for a project.

"Dad, if you trust me, you could delegate this issue to me," Forrest proposed.

Observing him, Pearson unexpectedly patted him on the shoulder.

"I will personally look into it."

He still harbored doubts about Forrest.

"Alright," Forrest agreed.

"You may leave now. I need to think this over."

Then Forrest walked out of the room.

He told Divya, "You can stay and keep your parents company. I have to head to the office."

Then he took his leave.

Upon settling into the car, his phone buzzed.

He picked it up.

Someone said on the phone, "Everything is ready."

Commented [Ma1]:

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