

Chapter 403 Demand An Exorbitant Price

Forrest's face fell into a shadow as he hummed under his breath.

Back at the Guzman family's residence.

Divya's mother was startled by Forrest's altered demeanor.

"What's gotten into Forrest?"

What else could account for his drastic change in attitude?

"Yes, he's different. I can't quite put a finger on him anymore," Divya admitted.

"When could you ever fully understand him?"

Taking hold of Divya's hand, her mother remarked, "If you truly understood him, you'd have already captured his heart."

Divya found herself pondering over her mother's statement.

Did she not know Forrest?

She believed she understood him well.

Pearson walked out and said to his wife and daughter, "I'm going out."

"Dad, what did Forrest say to you yesterday?" Divya rushed over and grabbed his arm.

Pearson glanced at his daughter and exhaled heavily.

"He apologized sincerely and admitted that he was wrong to bring up divorce. I believe he genuinely regrets his words. Don't argue with him over this anymore. If you want to keep your husband, it's important not to constantly quarrel. Learn to make him happy and show your love..."

"He apologized?" Divya was genuinely surprised.

As for charming him...

She had been trying this all along.

Yet, she just hadn't been able to warm his heart.

"Dad, I understand."

"Good. I have some business to attend to." With that, he left quickly.

Pearson headed directly to Stetson Craig, a previous business rival.

Stetson was not surprised one bit by Pearson's appearance.

He had his secretary usher Pearson into the reception room.

He rose to his feet, adjusted his collar, and leisurely walked towards Pearson.

He nudged the door open.

Without mincing his words, Pearson began, "Was it you who sent the recording to me?"

Pearson slammed his phone on the table.

Stetson, sitting opposite him, was the epitome of calm.

His legs were crossed casually.

"Indeed, it was me."

"What do you want?"

A shadow crossed Pearson's face. "Aren't your actions a bit too unethical?"

"Unethical?"

Stetson seemed amused by the word.

"Are you really lecturing me about ethics?" Stetson sneered, "Have you forgotten your own unethical deeds? How do you think you build that office building? Others may be clueless, but I'm fully aware. Someone lost their life in the process, didn't they?"

Pearson's eyes narrowed, "I've made amends for that."

"Made amends? You shattered a family to acquire the land. Could the word compensation absolve you of all guilt?"

"What exactly are you driving at?" Pearson's temper seemed to flare.

Stetson smirked. "There's no need to rush."

He continued at a leisurely pace, "You manipulated my family crisis to win the project, telling my ex-wife I was unfaithful. The subsequent divorce distracted me, giving you the upper hand..."

"Did I say anything wrong?" Pearson retorted without an ounce of guilt. "You were unfaithful. I merely enlightened your wife out of goodwill, so she wouldn't be left in the dark."

"So, should I be grateful to you?" Stetson had always believed that business disputes should remain within the world of business.

Invoking family matters was overstepping boundaries.

Pearson had no limits or boundaries when it came to his actions.

He would do anything to achieve his goal.

He despised this very much.

"I've gathered some evidence, including the recording, which I'm about to hand over to the police. I assume you've got no objections?"

Stetson's smile remained intact.

Pearson's face, in contrast, paled significantly.

"Why are you going after me? We have no personal vendetta."

"Did we have personal issues when you sabotaged my life? You're the reason my ex-wife divorced me, and why I'm not allowed to see my children anymore. Am I just supposed to take this insult lying down?" Stetson's face gradually turned cold.

His divorce wasn't the only repercussion.

It had also led to substantial disruption of numerous company projects.

His ex-wife had taken a considerable amount of money from him.

Not that he was overly concerned about the money.

But the drain on his liquidity affected his ventures, causing many to be discontinued or put on hold.

He had incurred substantial losses.

Pearson was right about him having an affair; it was a mistake he regretted, one that his mistress used to her advantage.

He never intended to divorce his ex-wife.

And he had resolved the mistress issue.

But it was exposed by Pearson.

His family broke up.

"What are you aiming for?" Pearson was aware of his actions but didn't want to escalate the situation.

Before Stetson could respond, Pearson proposed, "I'll hand over that project to you."

A peal of laughter erupted from Stetson.

It was as if he'd heard a hilarious joke.

"What? Are you not satisfied?" Pearson asked, his tone icy.

"Certainly not. Do you really think you can appease me with such a minor concession?" Stetson retorted casually, "If you want me to keep my mouth shut, cough up a billion to cover my losses."

"Why don't you go rob?" Pearson's anger flared.

"If you're not interested in negotiating, I'm not one to insist." Stetson rose to his feet and added, "I've got other matters to attend to, so I won't escort you out. Take care."

With that, he made his exit.

It wasn't that Pearson was unwilling to give the money.

Stetson, however, demanded an exorbitant sum.

Perhaps he could turn to Forrest for assistance.

After all, it was Forrest's mother who had done that to Laura.

Shouldn't the Walters family pay for it?

With a plan in mind, Pearson headed straight to meet Forrest.

"What brings you here?" Forrest asked politely.

Though he fully expected Pearson's visit, he still pretended to be surprised.

Pearson got straight to the point. "The recording reveals your mother's involvement in a murder. If you want to protect her from going to jail, you must pay one billion to resolve this."

Forrest, eyes cast down, asked, "Who's making this demand? Isn't the figure astronomical?"

"I think so too, but we're left with no choice. A life was lost, after all." Pearson was determined to coax Forrest into covering the expense.

"Dad, I think the cost should be shared between our families. If I alone bear the burden, it's simply beyond my means."

"Forrest, what are you suggesting?"

Forrest found himself in a predicament. "It's not that I'm unwilling to pay, but I don't have access to such a large sum of money. Besides, the recording implicates you, not me. Why should I be burdened with such an unfair demand?"

Pearson stared at him for a long time, but he couldn't say a word.

Because he had nothing to refute.

"So, how much are you willing to contribute?" Pearson finally asked.

"A maximum of a hundred million," Forrest responded.

"That's far too little!" Pearson could barely keep his frustration in check.

"I suspect the person who recorded it intended to extort us. It's only a recording, it can be managed," Forrest regarded Pearson, adding, "A billion is an overreaction."

Pearson fell silent, reluctant to say anything further.

Because in the blackmailer's possession was more than just a recording.

And the multiple crimes he had committed over the years.

The fear of being exposed haunted him.

However, he couldn't disclose this to Forrest.

He maintained his guard against Forrest.

"Why don't you reveal who's behind this? I could approach him."

"No need." Pearson dismissed the idea, relenting, "Alright, a hundred million will do!"

With that, Pearson announced, "I must take my leave." He had to find a way to solve this matter as soon as possible.

Forrest personally saw Pearson off.

His expression grew grim as he watched the car drive off.

A cold smile appeared on his face.

Camila was giving Joe a drawing lesson.

Suddenly, a bodyguard ushered in a man.

"Mrs. Johnston, this man was found lurking outside the door. I suspect that he was sent by that man last time. We caught him."

"Escort Joe to his room," Camila instructed Glenda.

She then rose to her feet and approached the man.

She stripped off the man's mask.

She was stunned by what she saw!



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