

Chapter 653 I Have Been Kidnapped

Holy sh*t! He's selling me a Rapture pill at two thousand, and it's a discounted price at that?

Jamie started suspecting that Lazarus was deliberately playing him for a fool.

In the past, the ecstasy pills sold in the market only cost less than a hundred bucks per pill. What gives that this Rapture is selling at two thousand instead?

“Mr. Saunders, I heard from others that this Rapture is incredibly good, so I came here this time with the money to collaborate with you. But you can't play me for a fool just because of that. What's so great about your Rapture that you're selling it at two thousand per pill? Even if I were to buy it at such a high price now, I wouldn't be able to sell it in the market.”

Those who patronize bars and karaoke lounges are all young people. Other than wealthy heirs, the young generation nowadays doesn't have much spending power, nor would they be willing to fork out over two thousand to buy Rapture.

As though having known that the man would have such a concern, Lazarus took out a small plastic bag from his pocket.

It contained a blue crystal within, looking just like a piece of ice.

“Since you have doubts, Mr. Webber, why don't you try it for yourself?”

Jamie's expression turned dark.

“Those who deal in such a substance never touch it themselves. That's the rule.”

Shrugging, Lazarus drawled, “You're afraid you'll get addicted? If so, what's the point of negotiating further? Our goods are superb. Anyone who takes it once will want to buy it a second time. Most importantly, it's not illegal now. If anyone dares to sell it, he'll definitely make a quick profit before Yorksland enacts legislation against it. On the whole, it won't be a huge loss either, right?”

His words struck a chord with Jamie.

At present, Jamie lacked nothing but some quick cash.

Just when he had decided to buy twenty million worth of Rapture first, his phone rang.

“I'm discussing a very important deal right now, Yoel. We'll talk later.”

When he was about to hang up the phone, Yoel hastily shouted from the other end, “Dad, don't hang up first! I... I've been kidnapped.”

“Kidnapped?”

Before Jamie could register the meaning of that, a crisp slap sounded from the other end of the phone.

In the background, Donald warned, “Who kidnapped you? Don't simply accuse me. At most, I'm merely extorting money from you. Get that straight.”

Yoel was wholly aggrieved.

At the end of the day, he's going to kill me if he doesn't get the money. What's the difference between extortion and kidnapping, then?

By then, Jamie had also realized that it was no joke. His blood pressure shot through the roof.

He questioned Yoel grimly, “What exactly is going on here? What does the kidnapper want before he's willing to let you go?”

In truth, it didn't matter what Donald wanted. The most important thing to the man right then was to ensure Yoel's safety.

Despite his perpetual complaints that Yoel liked to visit bars and karaoke lounges, the latter was his only son.

If anything were to happen to Yoel, the Webber family would be left without an heir.

“He wants fifty million, Dad. It's to be transferred to his account in half an hour, or he's going to kill me.”

“How much did you say? Fifty million?”

Jamie abruptly shot to his feet.

“Is the man who kidnapped you out of his mind? How am I to transfer him fifty million in half an hour? Hand the phone to him and let me talk with him.”

He wanted to negotiate with Donald, but unfortunately, the latter wasn't the kind of person who would agree to compromise.

Yoel's cry of pain rang out from the other end of the phone once more, making it evident that he must have suffered some torment again.

As Jamie heard that, his heart clenched. A moment later, Yoel urged in a trembling voice, “Hurry up and transfer him the money he demanded, Dad. Otherwise, I'm really going to die.”