

Chapter 411 Crocodile Tears

Stetson wore an innocent expression, claiming, "I swear I'm not prying into your life. This was given to me by someone."

He pretended to be innocent.

Yet, Pearson wasn't a fool to be easily deceived.

He found it hard to fathom how such classified and remote details could have surfaced.

Everyone who knew these matters was no longer alive.

"How, how did these materials land in your hands?" Pearson had already figured out that Stetson was after more than just money. This was something more complicated.

Stetson stuck to his innocent act. "I truly have no clue who delivered this to me."

Infuriated, Pearson slammed his fist on the table and said, "What is it that you want? Lay it out straight. If this is about vengeance on me unmasking your illicit affair, I have handed over the project and compensated you. Why do you continue to blackmail me and further harm me?"

Stetson feigned surprise and responded, "I harmed you?"

He promptly waved off the accusation. "No, I didn't. You have zero proof. You can't just hurl baseless accusations at me. Otherwise, I'll be compelled to involve the authorities."

His words were clearly a blatant threat.

The mention of the police made Pearson jittery.

He was so livid that he could feel his chest convulsing.

He clutched at it forcefully.

Stetson couldn't help but be intrigued. Why was Pearson gasping for air?

Was he so furious that he might drop dead right here?

"If you're planning to die, not here, please. It'll bring bad luck!" Stetson called his secretary. "Do you need assistance to call an ambulance?"

Pearson began to stutter, completely thrown off balance.

His face turned a ghostly pale!

He was on the brink of losing consciousness.

Stetson urged the secretary to dial for an ambulance.

Just as the secretary was placing the call, Pearson collapsed.

In a fit of rage, he passed out!

Stetson scoffed, "Heh, just like that, he's out cold?"

Despite his disdain, he wouldn't let anyone lay a finger on him.

If Pearson really died, explaining the situation would be tricky.

"Your father-in-law has fainted, aren't you going to check on him?"

Stetson ambled over to the sofa and settled down.

A nearby door creaked open, and Forrest walked out.

Wearing an impassive face, he shot Pearson a cursory glance before striding over to the sofa.

"Despite being your father-in-law, you didn't cut him any slack. People once said you were a doctor with a heart full of compassion. How did you grow so heartless?" Stetson's interest was piqued.

Leaning back leisurely, Forrest replied, "It's plain and simple. Just like Stetson, I want to seize control of the Yework Group. Nothing more, nothing less."

Stetson knew that it was not that simple.

The recording had mentioned Laura, who likely held the key.

But he hadn't divulged this yet.

After all, partnering with Forrest had been quite lucrative!

Why not?!

Moreover, knowing more might not necessarily be beneficial.

Pouring a cup of coffee for Forrest, Stetson inquired, "I'm really intrigued. How did you uncover such a clandestine history?"

"Keep in mind, his daughter lives in my home," Forrest retorted coldly.

He didn't refer to Divya as his wife.

But someone who lived under his roof.

He used some illicit drugs on Divya that induce hallucinations, which, as a doctor, he could easily obtain.

This way, he managed to extract some secrets from Divya.

"Honestly, I didn't anticipate his readiness to resort to any means to rise to the top." Stetson shook his head in disbelief.

It seemed as though he disapproved of Pearson's deeds.

"He resorted to unauthorized, high-risk equipment which led to the factory's fire accident. He should've amped up safety measures, but in a bid to cut costs, he disregarded even basic firefighting equipment. Consequently, the workshop claimed the lives of half a dozen people, with over twenty casualties. Yet, it was branded an unfortunate accident. If this is unearthed, it's likely to ensnare more than a handful."

Forrest chimed in, "He must've bribed someone. He appears terrified of this incident being exposed, or else he wouldn't have been panic-stricken to the point of fainting."

Stetson bobbed his head in agreement. He regarded Forrest, questioning, "What if your father-in-law chooses to buy the evidence?"

Forrest fired back, "Can he still afford the bill?"

Stetson chuckled and said, "Fair point. We've already bled him dry."

Forrest also articulated his position. "This issue will inevitably be brought into the open."

It wasn't solely for the deceased victims but also for Laura.

Regardless of Pearson's concessions, he would unmask all of Pearson's despicable deeds that led to the loss of innocent lives!

Stetson voiced, "I'm onboard and can lend a hand. However, when it comes to divvying up the Guzman family's assets, I've got my eyes on his office building."

That was really a good place.

No wonder Pearson went to such lengths to seize that piece of land.

"Deal." Forrest agreed readily.

He needed Stetson's assistance.

If they sought to thoroughly probe an old case, the initial step would be to stir public sentiment online to put pressure on the authorities.

Stetson was well-equipped with such resources.

Before partnering with Stetson, Forrest had done extensive digging on him.

"Here's to our success." Stetson lifted his coffee cup and said, "Let's substitute coffee for the traditional toast."

Extracting money from the tight-fisted Pearson was a victory in itself.

Forrest raised his cup and clinked it against Stetson's.

The secretary entered and announced, "The ambulance is here."

Stetson said, "Ask them to take him away."

Forrest watched, impassive, as the medics in pristine white uniforms hoisted Pearson onto a stretcher and whisked him away.

On the other side, Camila arrived at his new residence.

A hilltop villa, cushioned by a mountain at the back and bordered by water at the front.

There was a single pathway leading up.

Nestled within a cluster of bamboo trees.

Around the villa, three layers of security were in place.

There were individuals assigned to continuously monitor the surroundings of the villa, working in shifts 24 hours a day.

Even if the people monitoring were negligent, once someone trespassed into the radar surveillance range, an alarm would be triggered.

It was a place so secure that not even a bird could easily fly in.

Besides, the villa was well-appointed with all the necessities of life.

All Camila needed to do was move in to enjoy a comfortable stay.

The place was roomy, with a setting and air quality superior to Roseland!

Eyes widened, Glenda asked, "When did you purchase this place? The location is fantastic!"

Suddenly, she realized that her current living conditions surpassed their previous ones.

Holding Joe, Camila responded, "It was arranged by Isaac."

Glenda remarked, "Isaac still cares about you."

"He's merely shedding crocodile tears." Rowena had been suppressing her emotions, and now they burst forth. "Isaac is going too far! Joe requires constant care in his state, and you've recently given birth, yet he has the audacity to..."

Rowena aimlessly hurled a vase off the table in her anger.

With a loud bang, the vase shattered into countless pieces.

Fragments scattered in all directions!

Camila shielded Joe in her arms.

"I really misjudged him!" Rowena was seething with rage.

"Indeed, all men are up to no good. They are superficial beings obsessed with physical beauty!"

Rowena attributed Isaac's altered affections to Camila's disfigurement.

"He's just like that, he just found a Wynter."

Rowena cast a glance at her daughter and declared, "Tomorrow, we're changing Joe's last name. He shouldn't be named Leonel Johnston anymore. He should carry your surname!"

Camila gave Rowena a silent gaze, offering no explanation.

It was natural for her to be this livid.

If Wynter noticed her calmness despite knowing the truth, it might raise suspicion.

Wynter was perceptive. Having worked for Isaac for a long time, her capabilities should not be underestimated.

She could not be underestimated.

"Mom, please calm down."

"How can I stay calm? I'm almost pissed off. How could he change his mind? You gave birth to two children for him, but he betrayed you. How dare he!" Rowena's heart ached for Camila.

How could she tolerate her daughter's suffering? If Isaac were here, she would have stabbed him with a knife!

Glenda quietly cleaned up the scattered vase fragments.

She had been taking care of Isaac.

Once fond of defending Isaac, now she dared not utter a word in his favor.

Suddenly, the door swung open.

They looked at the door at the same time!

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