

Chapter 416 Difficult To Protect Myself

Forrest parted his thin lips and spoke. "You arrived just in time."

Divya clung to her last glimmer of hope.

With measured steps, she approached him with a forced smile. "Forrest, everything Stetson said is baseless slander, right?"

"What he said is true," Forrest interrupted coldly.

"Sign this document."

Divya lowered her head.

Then her eyes fell upon the divorce agreement laid out on the table!

Uncontrollable tremors shook her body as she stared at him in disbelief. "You want a divorce?"

While she spoke, she turned to seek solace in Hana's eyes.

Hana had always been her pillar of support.

But now, in this moment of need, Hana averted her gaze.

Without a word, she stood up and left.

Hana understood that Forrest was no longer the obedient son he once was.

"Mom," Divya pleaded, clutching onto a sliver of hope. "Forrest wants to divorce me. Doesn't it bother you?"

Hana sighed. "I can't even protect myself anymore."

Forrest had made it clear that he wouldn't hold her responsible for Laura's death.



The implicit warning was that if she continued meddling in his affairs, he would show no mercy.

Even if she was his biological mother.

There was even a chance he'd have her thrown in jail.

Hana couldn't risk crossing Forrest.

Though he was her son, it was evident that he was no longer bound by familial affection.

He had grown up.

Hana couldn't help but feel a sense of pride.

She hoped her son would be strong enough!

If he could become ruthless and take control of the entire Walters family, she would willingly sacrifice her life.

She couldn't involve herself in Divya's family matter.

So she retreated to her room without further ado.

Downstairs, Divya stepped back in disbelief.

Forrest's voice was devoid of emotion as he told her, "If you sign the agreement now, I might consider giving you a little living expenses. If you refuse, don't blame me for taking drastic measures."

He mentioned giving her a little. And he truly meant it.

As she gazed at his face, Divya felt like she no longer recognized him.

He became a stranger.

So heartless!

"You've changed," Divya murmured.

Forrest smiled. "Thanks to you."

After calming herself, Divya asked, "Do you still mind my betrayal? But

wasn't that a setup by you?"

"I wouldn't stoop so low to handle you that way," Forrest's eyes turned icy. "You manipulated your parents and used my mother to kill Laura. Your fate was sealed!"

"Laura?"

Divya couldn't fathom being defeated by a dead woman.

"Laura, Laura, you're fixated on Laura. But she's dead! Dead!" Divya cried out in hysteria. "No matter how you seek revenge, she won't come back. I'm the one to blame. If you have the guts, come after me. Don't involve my parents."

Fixated on her frenzied state, Forrest abruptly stood up and slowly approached her. "Your ruthlessness was inherited from your father. You both are no good. He'll spend the rest of his life behind bars."

The reason the police issued the notice so swiftly was due to their ongoing investigation into a corruption case, which led them to uncover the involvement of the official who had assisted Pearson.

Even though Forrest hadn't exposed Pearson, he would have been under investigation.

Regarding the internet news, it undeniably provided substantial evidence to the police—both witness testimonies and material proof.

Divya refused to give up. "Don't you have even the slightest bit of affection for me?"

Forrest found the idea ridiculous.

"How could I ever fall in love with you?" Forrest enunciated each word with disdain. "I only despise you!"

Divya experienced a moment of panic.

Then, she abruptly lifted her head and burst into laughter.

She had descended into madness and resentment. "You want me to divorce you, to set you free. No! Even if I die, I won't grant you a divorce!"



She laughed maniacally. "Divorce me? Do you wish to join that dead woman? Well, go to hell and meet her there!"

Forrest paid no attention to her outburst. "You are in no position to negotiate with me now."

Divya had always been arrogant and willful, never truly facing defeat. Even now, she failed to grasp the reality and believed that her parents' family business would shield her.

"I may not have the right to negotiate, but I can bind you and prevent you from being with that bitch even after you die. I will forever be your wife!"

After uttering those words, Divya turned and ran out!

Tears streamed down her face as she ran.

She ran until she lost track of time.

Exhausted from both her tears and her sprint, she settled on a decorative flower bed beside the road. There, she sat, sobbing and wiping away her tears. She refused to surrender. She couldn't understand how everything had unraveled like this.

Night fell, and darkness shrouded her surroundings.

Only then did she remember her mother. She hailed a taxi and returned home.

The house was locked, while her mother huddled by the roadside like a homeless beggar.

She no longer resembled the noble lady she once was!

"Mom," Divya called out worriedly.

Irene clung to her daughter as if she had found a lifeline. She asked, "Are you alright?"

She feared that Forrest's actions might have pushed Divya over the edge.

After a moment, Divya replied, "Mom, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. If it weren't for me, Forrest wouldn't have treated us so cruelly..."



Irene's hope dwindled as her daughter's words confirmed Forrest's involvement.

"So he was really involved. Why is he so cruel to our family? Your father got caught, and we lost everything we had."

Irene's eyes welled up with tears.

Divya's gaze held a mix of coldness and determination. "I won't let him off the hook easily. Even if it costs me my life, I'll haunt him!"

Irene looked at her daughter and asked, "Is it worth it?"

Wouldn't it just make Forrest hate them even more?

"He's been ruthless to us. Doesn't he want to be free? I won't let him succeed!" Divya spat.

She wiped her face and helped her mother up. "Let's find a place to stay first. I still have some money left."

With a heavy sigh, she grasped her daughter's hand and asked, "I had nothing when they drove me out. How much money do you have?"

They had to consider their future.

After a brief silence, Divya responded, "Don't worry, Mom."

She didn't have much.

But she did have some valuable jewelry and possessions that could be sold for cash.

She had been accustomed to living lavishly. She booked a hotel that cost thousands of dollars per night for her mother.

But she kept in mind that money was now crucial.

So, once she settled her mother, she planned to return to the Walters family's house to retrieve her belongings.

Yet, upon her arrival, the servants blocked her path.

"I'm the Walters family's daughter-in-law. How dare you stop me?"

Divya narrowed her eyes. She had just been through a tough time. How dare these servants bully her?

How dare they!

She raised her hand to strike a servant, but someone grabbed her wrist!



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