

## Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2173

"Could you be hiding Ms. Jacobs after all, Mr. Landry?" That assumption shifted the atmosphere in the living room to a standstill.

Jim squinted at Quentin, his fists clenched tightly.

After a while, Joshua took a sip of tea and piped in, "Mr. Landry is right. We won't be here if we don't have the evidence."

He took a look at Quentin and added, "Do I need to show you the evidence where Charlotte was taken away by a car belonging to the Quentin family? I'm sure you're well aware of the consequences it would have once I give this evidence to the police and when the media starts to publish it."

Quentin narrowed his eyes, though there was a faint gleam of ferocity in his eyes after hearing what Joshua said. He had received much information about Joshua from Laura, but this was the first time that he dealt with him. Despite being arrogant and cold all the time, he did not expect Joshua to be well-organized and aggressive altogether when it came down to business.

He did not give the evidence straight away to the police but instead headed straight to the mansion, threatening Quentin to release Charlotte to them. Only when Quentin refused to give up Charlotte would Joshua hand over the evidence to the authorities.

This tactical skill, trying fair means before resorting to force, was brilliant. Even Granny Quinn could not find any excuse or flaw if the police were involved in the end.

Quentin squinted as he sized up Joshua meticulously, his gaze glinting with faint admiration. As expected from the family member of Lucy, Joshua was no doubt a capable and well organized young man.

Not only was he calm and steady, but he was also someone tedious to deal with.

"Mr. Simms, why are you not speaking?" Luna spoke up, breaking the silence with such a remote question. She felt rather unnerved when she noticed Quentin staring at Joshua with an unkind look. Finally, Quentin came to and fixed his gaze on Luna, Rosalyn's daughter. After being back in Merchant City for quite a while, he knew that Malcolm had disfigured Luna before. Although she looked nothing like Rosalyn at present, her clear eyes AUYcIGDY the determined look on her face to protect her loved ones were the exact same as Rosalyn's.

He looked at Luna and could not help but smile.

"Ms. Gibson, if I remember correctly, you're the daughter of Charles and Rosalyn, correct? You must know that the Landry family and the Lynch family have been enemies for many years now; it isn't a matter of one or two lives.

"Just within this year, Joshua had attacked the Lynch family and caused many of their small subsidiaries to fall into bankruptcy. Many people have lost their work and home because of it. Are you aware of that?"

"How can you still sit so comfortably next to Joshua and cling to his arm? Do your parents know what you're doing? Does your uncle, who has passed away, know?" Luna furrowed. It was obvious that Quentin said such things to disgust her. She knew it...but it rattled her nonetheless.

She subconsciously withdrew her hand from Joshua's arm. However, the moment she removed her hand, Joshua reeled her back so she could not move away. The warmth from his palm passed on to her arms, warming her heart in return. She pursed her lips and lowered her head without struggling, allowing him to hold her. "There's no need for you to drive a wedge between us." Joshua smiled. "We didn't come here today to listen to you analyzing the feud between the Landry family and the Lynch family. Besides...the Quinn family was the main reason behind the feud between both families."

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Hearing Joshua's words, Quentin chuckled. "Didn't the feud between the Landry family and the Lynch family happened all because the Landrys killed Lucy?" He rubbed his chin slowly as he added, "I remember how terrible Lucy looked when she was dead..."

A fake sympathetic expression overtook Quentin's face while he sighed. "What a beautiful, smart woman. Too bad...she met her untimely end just because Charles Landry didn't care about her and had neglected her. Tsk, tsk, tsk! I heard a dozen men-" "You shut up!" Jim snarled, shooting up from his seat before Quentin finished his sentence. With anger fueling him, Jim reprimanded him fiercely, "I won't allow you to say such a thing about my mother!" However, Jim's enraged expression merely made

Quentin chuckle. "Mr. Landry, why are you so angry? I remember that you were only a one-year-old when Lucy passed away. Rosalyn has taken care of you since then and treated you like her son. Aren't you afraid that you might break Rosalyn's heart for defending a mother that you've never met?". Quentin's every word struck Jim's most sore nerves. He squinted and clenched his fists tightly. "It's not up to you to comment on my relationship with both of my mothers!" The angrier Jim became, the happier Quentin was. He smiled faintly while taking a sip of his tea. "Two mothers... A normal person only has one mother and will only recognize one. If you have to choose, who will you choose? Lucy, your birth mother, or Rosalyn, who had raised you?"

Jim squeezed his brows together. "You!" No one had ever dared to question his birth contemptibly, and no one ever dared to ask at all! He stalked toward Quentin, his entire being rattled with rage. "Jim!"

Just before Jim got close to Quentin, Bonnie furrowed her brows and stood up to stop Jim, grabbing him by the arm. "Don't be reckless." She placed her body close to his arm and whispered, "We're here to find Charlotte and June. Don't get agitated because of his trick. We won't be able to accomplish our mission if things don't go as planned." Jim's eyes narrowed fiercely after what Bonnie said, but his rage suddenly disappeared after she whispered in his ear. He took a deep breath AXVhJFaU grabbed Bonnie's hand before turning around to walk back to his seat. His hand felt warm and dry, which emitted a sense of security. Bonnie wanted to struggle, but his hold on her hand was too tight. Moreover, it would just give Quentin another excuse to divert the topic if he saw her struggling. Thus, she relented and allowed Jim to pull her to sit beside him.

Irrked, Quentin looked at Bonnie. He had finally agitated Jim, but this woman managed to settle him down with just a few words. "Mr. Simms, why don't you cut the crap and stop looking for topics to incite us," Luke reminded him coldly with a faint smile. "Now that we're here, we won't leave until you give us Charlotte."

The living room returned to its silence for a few seconds.

At that moment, Jim finally settled down entirely after Quentin agitated him with his remarks about both his mothers. He looked at Quentin with a frown and felt there was indescribable gloominess from him.

Quentin seemed to know his weakness and controlled his emotions with just a few simple words to incite him.

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It was like Quentin knew everything about him...but this was the first time Jim had met him. Jim's expression satisfied Quentin. With his lips curled into a small smile at Jim, he then turned to look at Luke. "What makes you so sure that this woman, Charlotte, is here, Mr. Jones?"

Switching to a more comfortable position on the couch and glancing at everyone, Quentin's small smirk surfaced to his face once more. "Let me emphasize once more: we don't have such a luxurious dungeon here, and we can't possibly have such a big bed and recreational facilities. Moreover, the Quinn family has always obeyed the law and didn't shelter that fugitive, Charlotte." He took out a cigar and lit it up elegantly. After one puff, however, he suddenly remembered something and looked at Bonnie. "Ms. Craig, do you mind that I smoke? If you do, I'll put it out."

This startled Bonnie.

She looked at Quentin, whose lips had curled upward, his eyes staring at her stomach meaningfully. "Do you mind? Do you not?" Bonnie knew from his gaze that Quentin must have known about the child in her womb, and it ...unsettled her greatly. At the instance, she felt like all the joints on her body had gone stiff. After a while, she regained her senses and smiled embarrassingly. She turned around, not daring to have eye contact with Quentin. "It...would be nice if you can put it out. I'm not used to the smell of cigarettes."

Quentin smiled but did not put out the cigar. "Are you not used to the cigarette smell, or is there another reason that you don't like me to smoke?" Bonnie's expression faltered into a more dire-looking one after that question.

She was afraid, and very much so. If Quentin exposed the fact that she bore an infant in front of Jim, the consequences would be unthinkable!

"Mr. Simms, are you close with Bonnie?" Luna asked suddenly. "We're not here today so we could listen to you quarrel with one person and then chat with another. Whether or not Bonnie likes or dislikes your smoking isn't something worth going on about." Only then did Quentin narrow his eyes slightly DVTOMFgU shifted his gaze away from Bonnie. Nonetheless, he was not that considerate to let Bonnie off the hook so easily. As he retracted

his sight, he glanced at Jim. "Mr. Landry, what happened if someone lied to you? What would you do?"

At that moment, Jim did not fully understand what Quentin meant. All he thought of was that Quentin was referring to Charlotte since she had disguised herself as Number-9 and had lied to him for many years.

Thus, Jim sneered, "Well, whoever lies to me won't have a happy ending. I'll take back ten times more of what they had gained from me after lying to me." After that, he squinted and asked, "So, where is Charlotte?" Quentin smiled lightly. "I told you: she's not here." He shifted his position once more. "If you don't believe me, you're free to search the mansion. If you find her, you can bring her away. If you don't..."

A cold smile appeared on his face as he fished out a contract. "I want ten percent each from Landry Group and Lynch Group's shares as compensation for emotional damage." He then glanced at Joshua and Jim. "Do you dare gamble with me?"

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Joshua took a glimpse at the document Quentin passed to him, and his eyes gradually sunk. Meanwhile, Jim's brows were squeezed together. It was at this moment that they truly debated silently if Charlotte truly was kept in the Quinns' mansion, seeing the confident look on Quentin's face. Nonetheless, Joshua and Luke's men had already surrounded and taken control of the mansion, with every movement monitored and investigated within these two days. Their men even did detail checking on the thrash thrown out from the mansion. They had confirmed that Charlotte was still in the mansion and had not been transferred.

Even with all this, however, Joshua and Jim grew wary of the situation with how Quentin was behaving

Was it an attempt to cover up, or had Charlotte been secretly transferred to another place?

"What do you think? Dare to gamble your luck?" Quentin smiled as he smoked his cigar. With a mellow gaze and pleasant-sounding voice, he spoke, "If you're not in, then I'll have to ask everyone to leave. Butler, escort our guests out of the mansion." The butler quickly came forward. "Ladies, gentlemen, this way please."

Jim squinted at Quentin with deep discerning eyes. True enough, he did not have the guts to gamble with such stakes. Although he believed in the investigation result from Joshua and Luke...gambling 10-percent of shares from Landry Group and Lynch Group each was just too risky. That percentage was worth a lot of money, and the Quinn family might just have the upper hand with that money over the Landry family and the Lynch family. It could also cause them catastrophic consequences! This specifically applied to the Landry family, since their family had been suffering due to the aftermath of Heather and Malcolm's actions. They had just regained their footing, so if Jim lost the bet and had to give the Quinn family 10 percent of Landry Group's shares, their family would teeter on the verge of bankruptcy again! Most importantly...despite being an evil person, Charlotte's life did not worth that much money from LAVTfJGhSry Group and Lynch Group. Once they gave the 10-percent worth of shares, many people would lose their jobs-jobs that could put food on their table, no less! As presidents of their respective groups, Jim and Joshua had to think about their employees future.

Having that thought in mind, Jim took a look at Joshua and then at Quentin, who was smirking. "You can't hide her in the dungeon forever. One day, she'll be exposed. Until then, I hope that you won't forget your behavior today."

He stood up to leave while pulling Bonnie with him. TOSHUA, on the other hand, frowned and made no move to stand up while Luke grabbed Gwen's hand, not wanting to cave in so easily. When the atmosphere came to a standstill, Bonnie came forward. "Since Mr. Landry and Mr. Lynch aren't willing to risk their company shares for the bet...let me do it." She let go of Jim's arm and looked into Quentin's eyes with a smile. Her eyes were sharp and determined. "While Craig Group is neither as good as Landry Group and Lynch Group, since Mr. Landry and Mr. Lynch aren't willing to gamble with you, why don't you accept my offer instead?" Her lips curled up into an elegant smile while standing between Jim and Quentin. "I'm willing to use thirty percent of Craig Group's share to bet with you," she declared, though with an indifferent air to her. "If we find Charlotte in this mansion, then I want nothing in return other than you handing her over to us...and also return June, whom Laura brought here, to me. If Charlotte is nowhere to be found, then I'll transfer the thirty-percent shares to you. What do you say?" The atmosphere in the living room plunged into silence once more due to Bonnie's action. She dared to bet 30-percent of Craig Group's shares! Should they fail and Quentin obtained the 30-percent shares, it meant that not only would Quentin receive money from Craig Group, but he would also become Craig Group's largest shareholder! Then, it would be just a matter of time for him to acquire Craig Group with whatever tricks he could conjure!

The thought of it made Luna sick, her brows furrowing in worry.

“Bonnie, calm down.” “I am calm.” Bonnie smiled and walked in front of Jim, seemingly shielding him in the process.

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