

## Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2181

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However, Quentin was not swayed at all. "I'm in the middle of a conversation with Ms. Craig, Mr. Landry, and I don't think it's your place to intrude." Then, he fixed his gaze on Bonnie and added, "I was talking to you, Ms. Craig." Bonnie was a little uneasy about Jim's actions. This man had claimed that he did not care about her, but his actions said otherwise. Despite calling her manipulative and deceitful, he insisted on marrying her against her will, and at this moment, he even suddenly appeared to be concerned about the 30% of Craig Group's shares that were on the line. Even though she despised Quentin more, he at least did not try to hide his intentions. She and Jim were not even together anymore!

Bonnie paused for a moment, circled past Jim, and strode over to Luna's side. "Mr. Simms, I am a woman of my word, but my people aren't finished searching the house yet. "You'd have to let us conduct a thorough search before calling it a day, right? If you force me to sign the contract without even allowing me to exhaust all my options, I'll never sign it." Quentin could not help chuckling when he heard this. He leaned against the wicker chair in the gazebo and stared at them contemptuously. "Well, I hadn't wanted you to sign the contract right here and right now. If you want to continue searching, be my guest." Then, he lowered his head to glance at the expensive watch on his wrist and added, "However, it's already two in the afternoon now, and we have to start preparing for dinner at five later this evening. Surely three hours will be enough time for your men to search Quinn Mansion?" He lifted his head to glance at Bonnie, a disdainful smirk on his lips. "Why don't we meet at 5 in the evening to sign the contract, then?" Bonnie froze.

A split second later, she lifted her head to meet Quentin's gaze head-on, not seeming at all unsettled by the dangerous look in his eyes. "Alright. We'll do as you say. "If we can't find June and Charlotte by five, I'll sign the contract with you!" After all, from the moment he initiated this, she had already made up her mind to put her family fortune on the line in this bet with Quentin, the only difference at the moment was that he added a time restraint.

Three hours was more than enough! Quentin burst into laughter when he heard this. "It's not your hard-earned money after all, so no wonder you're so generous about giving it away. "Well, in that case, I'll leave you to your devices for now." He shifted into a more comfortable position in his chair, closed his eyes, and started rocking. "I'll wait here for the next three hours. After I sign the contract obtaining Craig Group's shares in three hours, I'll treat you all to some good wine."

Luna narrowed her eyes upon hearing this, and she could not help reaching out to hold Bonnie's hand in reassurance.

However, as soon as she moved, the paper she held in her hand fell onto the ground.

Luna had not noticed this at all when she was in the dungeon, but since the crumpled paper had fallen onto the ground, she suddenly realized that it was stained with blood.

Luna froze for a moment, then suddenly recalled the state they had found Laura in and the spine-tingling scratch wounds all over her hands...

She quickly knelt to pick up the crumpled paper and spread it open. A row of words, written in bright-red blood, appeared before her eyes.

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Luna's entire body froze when she registered the bright red words on the paper. Bonnie quickly got closer to her side when she saw Luna's shocked look and glanced at the message written in blood.

[There is a secret door hidden in Granny Quinn's bedroom.] All of a sudden, Bonnie could feel the blood rushing to her head.

There was a hidden door in Granny Quinn's bedroom! Granny Quinn's room was the only place in Quinn Mansion that was off-limits to everyone. She was almost 80 years old and had only two sons-one had died, whereas the other had devoted his life to priesthood. Her only two grandsons did not fare well either. Hunter Quinn was in prison, and Malcolm was on the run, a fugitive that was cast out of the Quinn family.

As a result of these emotional repercussions, she had fallen gravely ill and was now not even capable of getting out of bed anymore.

Despite this, she was well-respected by everyone she met. Not only were Joshua and Luke's men careful not to disturb her rest, but not even members of the Quinn family dared to enter her room without permission. Therefore, if the secret door that led to wherever Charlotte was hidden were concealed within Granny Quinn's bedroom...it would make sense why Joshua and Luke's men could not find it!

However, Bonnie did not care about this anymore.

She wanted to find Charlotte.

She also had to preserve the 30% of Craig Group's shares she had put on the line! As soon as she thought of this, Bonnie stepped forward and turned to glance at Joshua and Luke's subordinates. "Come with me! I know where they're hiding!"

However, no one moved even an inch.

Joshua's men were staring at him, awaiting his commands. Luke's subordinates, on the other hand, were also quiet. Both Joshua and Luke broke out into smiles. "Go on. If Bonnie has a new clue, you guys should follow her."

Quentin, who was still resting in his rocking chair, chuckled when he heard this. "That's right. Quinn Mansion is only this big, and you've already searched all the places you can think of."

"If Ms. Craig has a new clue as to where the prisoners are hidden, you'd better go with her, but if not...you shouldn't waste anyone's time, Ms. Craig. After all, you have less than three hours left."

Bonnie narrowed her eyes when she saw how confidently arrogant Quentin was. She curled her lips into a smirk and replied, "Mr. Simms, do you think...the secret door in Granny Quinn's bedroom is a new clue?"

Quentin's entire body froze mid-rock. The color drained from his face, and he immediately sat up, staring daggers at Bonnie. "What the hell are you talking about? How can there even be a secret door hidden in my godmother's room?" "We'll find out soon enough." Jim strode over, angling his body between Bonnie and Quentin, and stared at him impassively. "Didn't you just say we can search anywhere we want in this house within these three hours, Mr. Simms?"

"If we go now and manage to find the secret door, we might be able to find what we want, but if we don't...you'll still be getting your hands on that money in three hours, won't you?"

Then, he reached out to grasp Bonnie's hand and strode toward Granny Quinn's bedroom. Bonnie was dragged along behind him, and the only thing she could see was the outline of his strong, muscular shoulders and handsome face. For a split second, she suddenly felt as though the old Jim, the man who constantly put her needs above anything else, had returned. "Don't you dare!" Quentin leaped out of his chair. "My godmother isn't doing so well, and if you so much as touch a single strand of hair on her head, I'll make you pay for this!" Jim froze in his steps but did not even turn back.

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"Are you worried about us harming her, or are you worried about us discovering the hidden door in her room? Don't worry, Mr. Simms, we'll sort this out after we search the room." Then, he grabbed Bonnie's hand once more and walked away. A group of men dressed in black promptly followed them.

As the warmth of Jim's palm spread into her own, Bonnie stared at the strands of his hair picked up by the wind and suddenly felt as though she had been transported to a year ago when she first saw him.

At that time, she and Jim were both standing next to the ruins of Blue Bay Villa, which had been destroyed in a fire of Aura's doing. His tall, slender frame was perched alongside Harvey next to the ruins.

The wind had picked up a few strands of his hair, blowing it gently about his face and framing it in a delicate way that contrasted his sharp, arrogant-looking features. He had turned to look at her, a hint of surprise in his gaze, and she would never forget that first glance.

She had fallen in love at that first sight. Bonnie had already fallen for him even before the night they slept together. However, after what she had been through with Jason in the past, she no longer dared to express her true feelings to anyone, which was why it took her so long to get to him. Who would have thought...that she and Jim would end up like this a year later?

"Penny for your thoughts?" All of a sudden, a low voice rang out next to her, pulling her back to reality.

Bonnie lifted her head and suddenly realized they had arrived at Granny Quinn's bedroom door.

At this moment, Jim's head was tilted toward her, staring at her with a puzzled look on his face.

She knew she could not resist him at all, and so she turned her head away, refusing to meet his gaze. "Well, since we're here...let's go in." Jim nodded and knocked on the door. A long time passed before the door creaked open. Inside the room, Granny Quinn sat up in her bed with tremendous difficulty, having to be propped up by her servants. When she saw that it was Jim who had knocked, she frowned and snapped, "What on earth are you doing, Mr. Landry? Your men already searched my room a while ago, so what are you doing here again? Are you not satisfied yet? Do you think an old lady like me is capable of hiding a live human in my room?" Jim chuckled. When faced with Granny Quinn's sharp questioning, he curled his lips into a smirk and replied, "Well, I think that if there were only one place in this house that could double as a hiding spot without being

noticed, it'd be your room, Granny Quinn. "After all, you're the respectable head of the family, and no one would dare to enter your room without permission, am I right?"

Granny Quinn sneered. "That's nonsense! How can a woman like me, who can't even stand up on her own, be respected in this family? If you insist on searching my room, go ahead! After all, I'm not hiding anything anyway!" Jim narrowed his eyes but did not reply. Bonnie furrowed her brows and raised her hand, gesturing to the men behind her to search the room. However, before they could cross the threshold, Jim stopped them. "There's no point doing this all over again. We should trust Joshua and Luke's men; if there had been any clues, they would've found it already." He shifted his gaze onto Granny Quinn, who was lying on her bed. "Granny, do you mind getting up? I want to take a look at your bed." The color drained from Granny Quinn's face. She lifted her head to glare at Jim. "How dare you!"

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Granny Quinn's attitude had indirectly confirmed Jim's suspicions, and he narrowed his eyes." All I want is to look at your bed, Granny Quinn. Why are you so hostile?" He chuckled and inched closer to Granny Quinn. His voice became more stern as he added, "What are you hiding underneath your bed?" Granny Quinn's expression darkened when she heard this. She let out a slight cough, then smiled awkwardly. "Pardon me-I may have overreacted just now." She continued to cough into her fist, feigning frailness, and said, "I was just surprised, that's all... This is the first time you and your little girlfriend ever came to my room, Mr. Landry, and you even demanded to look at my bed! "To be honest, I'm an old lady now, and naturally... I was a little shocked by this request. "After all, what is there to look at on a frail old lady's dirty, messy bed?"

Then, she shot Jim a somewhat pleading look and added, "Please don't do this to me, Mr. Landry. My health has been declining day by day, so much so that even getting out of bed wears me out tremendously. Please don't make this difficult for me..."

Not only had Granny Quinn's reaction aroused Jim's suspicion, but even Bonnie began to frown.

Even though Granny Quinn was trying desperately to prevent them from checking her bed, it only made it more tempting to do so. The more she tried to deny that she was hiding something, the more suspicious it seemed. Jim curled his lips into a smile. "Do you think I'm trying to make your life difficult by asking you to get out of bed? If so, don't you think I'm the lesser devil compared to your godson Quentin?"

Then, he gestured at the men standing behind him and ordered, "Lift Granny Quinn off the bed, and remember to be gentle!"

The subordinates had already been given orders by Joshua and Luke to do as Jim said, thus they surged forward without hesitation.

There were more than ten of them, and immediately, they surrounded the bed and lifted the sheets, removing her from the bed and placing her down in a small cot next to it, which was meant for the nurses to sleep in.

As soon as she was put down, Granny Quinn kept trying to climb out of bed. "Master LKry, listen to me! There's nothing underneath my bed, you..."

Bonnie narrowed her eyes, feeling a little annoyed by the sound of Granny Quinn's hoarse voice, and snapped, "We'll know the answer after we check it ourselves!"

"If we find nothing, we'll leave you alone, but even if we do find something, we're inclined to believe that you did not have much involvement in this."

Then, she turned around and peered underneath the bed frame. At this moment, Jim had squatted and was also checking the bed frame.

Bonnie felt her heart skip a beat when she glanced at Jim's handsome face etched with concentration.

She turned her head away, not daring to look at his charming features anymore, and instead focused her attention on his hands, which were trying to pry the bed frame apart. They were right.

The base of the bed frame, on which the mattress laid, was mobile.

"Lift the base up!" Jim ordered. The men did as he said and removed the base. There was a stairway hidden underneath. Jim furrowed his brows and immediately ordered a few of the smarter-looking guards to follow him down the stairwell. "I want to go, too," Bonnie said, frowning, as she grabbed Jim's arm. "I'll go with you." Jim furrowed his brows when he felt her warm, soft hand on his arm. "You should wait up here."

The stairway was dark, and he could not tell how big the space was, much less if there was anyone down there waiting for them. If it turned out that there were plenty of guards hiding underneath, waiting to attack, then this would be a dangerous mission.

Therefore, he could not possibly allow Bonnie to take this risk with him.

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However..

Bonnie had the same idea as Jim, too.

This unknown darkness that was before them could be the most dangerous thing they would ever face, so how could she possibly allow Jim to face it himself?

She still remembered...

When they met at the orphanage, Jim had told her before that he was secretly afraid of the dark.

During the past year they had been together, Bonnie would sometimes tease him for being afraid of the dark.

Even though her feelings toward Jim were more governed by disgust rather than love at this moment, it did not change the fact that the past Jim and the current Jim were the same people,

so they shared the same fears.

As soon as she thought of this, she grew even more determined to go with him. "If you don't bring me along, I won't let you go in there."

A surge of warmth spread through Jim's heart at the sound of this.

He turned to stare at Bonnie, whose eyes were etched with determination and worry.

He knew she was not throwing a tantrum or deliberately trying to challenge him, but she was truly concerned about his safety and wanted to face this danger with him.

As he gazed at Bonnie's face, the image of Bonnie sitting in his lap with her arms around her neck, telling him that there was nothing to be afraid of in the dark, appeared in his mind.

In this scenario, Bonnie was wearing a red nightgown, and her hair spilled on her shoulders, making her look gentle and kind. She was staring at him with the same determined, concerned look and pressed a small kiss on his throat. "Don't worry. I'll be here with you. If you're ever afraid of the dark in the future, you can come to me."

Jim's heart leaped into his throat as a strange feeling surged into his heart. This was not a figment of his imagination but a real memory. It felt more real to him than anything he had ever experienced! Did this mean that...

Was he and Bonnie...truly in love in the past?

He could not believe that, at one point, Bonnie had sat on his lap and talked to him so tenderly. This was something that he would never have imagined having happened, much less having experienced. "Mr. LEQSEL>Niry?" The subordinates whom Jim had ordered to go with him down the stairwell turned back when they saw that he did not follow.

Jim immediately came to. He paused for a moment, then turned to shoot Bonnie a meaningful glance. "You... Are you sure you want to come with me?"

Bonnie nodded earnestly as she held his gaze, then clutched his arm even tighter. "I'm sure. I want to go down there with you." Even though Jim did not remember a thing, she wanted to fulfill her promise to him. Well, this one promise, at least. Jim sighed, then clasped her tiny hand in his and held it tightly. "Alright, you can come, but stay close to me." Then, he turned and walked down the stairwell. Bonnie followed behind him, and as she stared at his tall, slender figure, a strange feeling spread through her heart. The stairwell was very long, and even after walking for a long time, they did not see anyone else.

The man leading the group was beginning to feel a little scared, so he could not help asking, "Mr. Landry, should we continue?" Jim furrowed his brows. "Yes." As soon as he finished his sentence, the blood-curdling cries of a young girl rang out from the end of the hallway. "Help me!"