

Chapter 1381 Three-Million-Dollar Extortion

As Sean observed Brandon's face suddenly grow darker, a wave of uneasiness washed over him. He anxiously inquired, "Mr. Larson, is there anything suspicious about Suzanne or the people backing her? Should I instruct our people to prepare for any unforeseen circumstances?"

Taking a glance at Sean, Brandon rubbed between his eyebrows wearily with one hand and waved to Sean with the other. "It's nothing. You can go now."

This was the first time Sean had seen his boss look so frustrated and annoyed.

His sense of uneasiness escalated further, as he suspected that something big was about to happen. Unwilling to leave Brandon in his current state, Sean insisted, "Mr. Larson, please don't bear the burden all by yourself. If there's any trouble, please don't hesitate to share it with me. As your loyal subordinate, I'm here to support you through any challenges or difficulties."

Brandon looked at Sean as though he were looking at a complete idiot. "I already told you to leave, so just go. Stop spewing nonsense."

Sean shook his head frantically. "No! Mr. Larson, I..."

"Get lost!" Brandon's voice turned icy as he firmly ordered Sean to leave, leaving no room for negotiation or further discussion.

"Understood," Sean promptly replied and exited the office.

Suzanne had just finished with her meeting with the Larson Group's project manager. She stomped her high heels in anger as she made her way towards her car to leave. Just as she was about to get inside, someone suddenly blocked her path.

The person who stood in her way was none other than the photographer who had been caught by Brandon not long ago.

Suzanne cast a disdainful glance at him and asked in an arrogant tone, "Are you done taking the photos?"

"Stop mentioning it!" The photographer glared at Suzanne, his face showing deep indignation. He

looked very disheveled, with torn clothes and a bruised face. "Brandon caught me red-handed while I was taking the photos. They confiscated my camera and now they want to blacklist me in the industry!"

Suzanne's arrogant expression suddenly froze, replaced by a nervous one. In an anxious tone, she asked, "Did you spill the beans?"

The photographer sneered and retorted, "What do you think?"

"You actually did?!" Suzanne erupted up in anger. Unable to maintain her elegant image any longer, she pointed a finger at the photographer's nose and cursed loudly, "I've given you so much money over the years. Haven't you made enough profit from me? How dare you betray me? Don't you believe that I can make it impossible for you to live in Barnes?"

The photographer forced a smile, pushing away Suzanne's hand, and replied in a sarcastic tone, "Yeah, yeah, yeah. Thanks for taking care of me all these years. How could a lowly worm like me achieve what I have today without your help! However..."

He paused before sneering at Suzanne, "If I remember correctly, we only had a business relationship. I took photos, and you paid me for them. Where exactly does betrayal fit into that?"

"You!" Suzanne's face contorted with anger, rendering her momentarily speechless.

After a moment, she regained her composure and spoke coldly. "Now that Brandon knows everything, what do you expect to achieve by coming to me? Get out of here."

The photographer smirked and held out his hand.

"The reason I came to see you was definitely to ask for compensation. Miss Duncan, I ended up getting blacklisted for offending a big shot, all because of you. You definitely owe me something, don't you think?"

Suzanne became even more enraged, and now wanted nothing more than to smack the brazen photographer. "Have you have no shame left?" she yelled. "It was your own incompetence that got me exposed, yet you have the audacity to demand compensation from me? I was being generous by not seeking retribution for your mistake!"

"So, Miss Duncan, are you telling me you won't give me any money?" The photographer's expression suddenly transformed into a cold and sinister one. He spoke with venom, saying, "Well then, don't blame me for posting the evidence that you hired me to take ambiguous photos and create scandals. Let's both face the consequences!"

As Suzanne faced this threat, her eyes revealed a profound sense of hostility. The photographer, however, had nothing left to lose and stood unfazed. His main focus now was money, so he didn't care about any potential retaliation from Suzanne.

After a tense moment of locked gazes, Suzanne finally gave in and asked, "How much do you want?"

Despite the strong urge she felt to kill the arrogant photographer, she knew that if she pushed him too far, he'd take her down with him. She had no other choice but to compromise and give in to his demands.

A smirk appeared on the photographer's face as he stretched out three fingers, indicating his price. "Three million."

Despite successfully securing the Larson Group's outsourcing project, Suzanne found herself facing a series of setbacks. Not only did her attempt to seduce Brandon prove unsuccessful, but she had also been blackmailed for a staggering sum of three million. This turn of events left her in a sour mood, and she took out all her frustration on Janet, unleashing her anger upon her.


She relentlessly sent daily messages urging Janet to quicken the progress of her work. In addition to that, she became excessively picky, scrutinizing every little detail and pointing out flaws at every opportunity.

Despite Suzanne's deliberate attempts to provoke her, Janet remained remarkably calm and composed.

She was an agile and skilled designer, and harbored no fear of Suzanne. She showcased her capabilities with swiftness and mastery on multiple occasions, leaving Suzanne at a loss for words every time.

Furthermore, in an effort to uncover Suzanne's true intentions, she deliberately posted intimate pictures of herself and Brandon on her social

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media account. She intended to provoke Suzanne and push her to her breaking point, forcing her to take action earlier than originally planned.

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