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"Okay, I understand. Later, I'll convey your words to the suspect and the suspect's family." Freddie nodded as he jotted down the details in his book.

Afterward, he looked up at the two of them and asked, "Do you two have any ideas regarding the suspect's subsequent conviction?"

Even though the court would still be the one that determined the final sentence, as victims, Sonia and Toby, could put forward their suggestions regarding Anya's sentence.

Of course, the judge would definitely take into consideration that many victims' ideas were more radical and far exceeded standard sentencing due to their personal stakes in the matter, so the judge generally wouldn't adopt their suggestions when they were making the final conviction. Still, it was necessary for Freddie to follow the procedure and ask Sonia and Toby even if the judge wouldn't use their ideas in the end.

"I don't have any suggestions. I'll just leave it to the court. I'm not someone who will disregard the law just for wanting to achieve my selfish desire," said Sonia. The smile on her face had faded at that query, and her expression became slightly serious when those words escaped her lips.

Meanwhile, Toby, who was sitting cross-legged next to her, added, "Although we won't interfere with the final sentencing by both your side and the court's side, I can still plot against the suspect if I wish to after she has entered the prison, can't I?" He looked up and stared at Freddie.

Freddie avoided his stare. Then, he let out a cough while covering his lips. "Well, President Fuller, we can pretend we know nothing as long as you don't go too far with your scheme."

As he spoke, he smiled at Toby. I have no choice. I'm powerless against a big taxpayer like President Fuller and the contributions his ancestors make to the country. Never mind us. Even our superiors will turn a blind eye and overlook President Fuller's small request. In that case, why should we even bother?

"Then, please pretend like you guys never see anything when the time comes," Toby smirked in satisfaction.

Freddie couldn't help that awkward cough bubbling up his throat as he replied lowly. "Yes, sir."

As she paid half a mind to the conversation between the two men, she certainly knew what they were talking about. It's nothing but wanting to give Anya a hard time in prison. I could stop Toby from cooking up such a scheme if Anya is just an ordinary person. After all, the crime that she committed wasn't as serious as murder or arson, so I'm okay with her having to serve a few years in prison. But—she is Connor's daughter. The animosity between Connor and the Fuller Family alone would make it impossible for me to curtail Toby's actions. But, even if I can, I still won't stop Toby. Because first of all, he and I are on the same side, and secondly, I have ways to go before becoming a part of the Fuller Family and am not qualified enough to intervene in Toby's actions to seek revenge on Connor. For that reason, I will pretend to know nothing about such matters.

Sonia flipped her hair over her shoulder as she looked at Freddie and asked out of curiosity, "By the way, based on Anya's situation, how many years will she be sentenced?"

Freddie pondered her query for a few seconds before giving her a detailed answer, "Since the two sets of dresses she had stolen are worth tens of millions, that alone is enough to let her be charged with robbery. Not to mention, she also deliberately ruined the dresses. So, that automatically makes her doubly guilty. The preliminary judgment shall be more than ten years for cases like these."

Nevertheless, in Freddie's mind, he speculated Anya would serve more than ten years in prison once convicted. She had stolen items worth tens of millions and even destroyed them out of malicious intent. In my opinion, ten years are considered less for her. After all, many who had been involved in stealing items that cost more than 100,000 will be sentenced to eight years—let alone her, who stole tens of millions.

"But of course, this is just my assumption. As for the specific details, we still have to wait for the court to make the final judgment," Freddie hurriedly added. "Since the two of you have chosen not to negotiate with the other party. We'll immediately arrange for the trial application to be submitted after we have notified the suspect and her family."

"I understand." Sonia nodded slightly and stopped asking further questions. Honestly, I'm satisfied that she'll be sentenced to more than ten years in prison. Anya is currently twenty-seven years old, and if she's sentenced to more than ten years in prison, she'll be thirty-seven or forty years old. By the time Anya is out of jail, society probably has developed in a way I can't imagine, and it'll be impossible for her to start out again. After all, by that time, Toby's vengeance would have come to fruition, and Connor would probably be long dead by then. Besides, without Connor's backing, Anya is merely a lone person wandering around society after her release from prison. So perhaps there's a high chance she can't get on with her life. Come to think of it; her future ending does sound pretty tragic, doesn't it?

"Do let me know the time of trial in advance, and I'll arrange for a lawyer to attend the trial." Toby's cold voice resounded in the room.

When Sonia heard his words, she turned to look at him. "Are you planning for us both not to be present for the trial when the day comes?"

Toby gave her his full attention while explaining the reason behind his arrangement, "We don't have to waste our time by attending trial sessions for matters with solid evidence such as this."

Suddenly, Sonia smiled, "You're right. There's indeed no need to waste our time on such a person like Anya. Just let the lawyer attend to it, then."

"I'll hire Alfred Flingburt in the legal industry to be our attorney this time," Toby said with a calculative glint flickering in his eyes, which made whoever caught sight of it feel a sense of terror deep in their hearts.

"Alfred Flingburt?" Sonia blinked in confusion. "Is he a lawyer from Fuller Group's legal department?"

Toby shook his head. "No, he's not. Our company's legal department dare not hire such a person."

As soon as these words escaped Toby's lips, Freddie, who stood from across him, inhaled sharply. "President Fuller, about the lawyer you'd mentioned, is there a chance if it's the same lawyer who had established a law firm by himself and oversaw the company's entire operations?"

Toby raised his chin slightly and made no further comments.

Finally, Freddie gasped once more and looked at Toby like he had seen a devil. As expected, this is the legendary Toby the Tyrant. Why did I think this man isn't as fearful as rumored just because of his strong sense of possessiveness toward Miss Reed? What a slip-up!

Meanwhile, as she observed Freddie's reaction, Sonia's expression became even more perplexed. Finally, unable to suppress her bafflement, she tugged on Toby's sleeves and asked, "Is Mr. Flingburt that amazing? Otherwise, why would Freddie react in such a manner? He looks like he's afraid of Mr. Flingburt."

Toby curled his thin lips into a mysterious smile at her curiosity. Then, he instructed Freddie, "Tell her."

Freddie gulped on his saliva and then nodded. "Yes, President Fuller."

On the other hand, Sonia rolled her eyes at Toby when she saw that he decided to remain mysterious but pushed the matter to Freddie instead. Therefore, she redirected her attention toward Freddie and urged, "Officer Chase, please continue."

"It's like this." Freddie held up his teacup, took a sip of the tea, and finally calmed down. Then, he organized his thoughts in his mind before starting to introduce the notorious lawyer. "Miss Reed, the lawyer, Alfred Flingburt, he's not as amazing as you had just assumed. On the contrary, he's a terrible lawyer."

"A crappy lawyer?" Sonia was slightly surprised. Crappy? Is he saying that the lawyer has a poor quality of work? So, does this mean that Mr. Flingburt is incompetent and is neither excellent nor outstanding in whatever he does? But why would Officer Chase describe a lawyer Toby intended to hire as crappy? If he's really so bad at his job, then why will Toby still want to hire him as our attorney?

"So, are you saying this lawyer doesn't have decent professional skill?" asked Sonia.

As Freddie heard her conclusion, he nodded. "Yes."

The moment he confirmed the doubts in her heart, Sonia frowned and glanced at Toby. "In that case, why hire such a lawyer to be our attorney?"

"Although he's a crappy lawyer, he's very lethal in court. So people in our social circle basically like to look for him regarding lawsuits," replied Toby.

"What? Why?" Sonia was even more astonished when she heard that piece of information.

Freddie swiftly placed his teacup down and added, "What President Fuller said was true. The rich like to look for him whenever they're involved in a lawsuit. Besides, lawyers have the unfortunate tendency to offend people due to their line of work. Therefore, in order to allow Mr. Flingburt's career to flourish in the legal industry, the rich will even protect him whenever they can."

"Why is that so?" Sonia asked as she leaned forward in anticipation. At this point, her attention has been completely captured by this interesting lawyer.

Freddie continued explaining the situation to her, "That's because the man possesses an unnatural skill. Miss Reed, let me shed some light on the matter: there was a case, which was a very common civil dispute, that took place a few months ago. Due to both parties involved being unwilling to resolve their grievances privately, they naturally brought this case to court in the end. Mr. Flingburt was the lawyer hired by Party A. Meanwhile, the lawyer hired by the other party was a well-known lawyer in the legal industry too, and not to mention that they were the ones with solid proof. It was a case whereby the other party would win no matter how one looked at it. Unexpectedly, in the end, it was Party A who won the case with the help of Mr. Flingburt. Additionally, Party B was even sentenced to a few months in prison."

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"What?! The party who should've won the case ended up losing the case and was even sentenced to prison?!" Sonia was in disbelief and felt a little dizzy at such a reversal of events.

Freddie nodded. "Yes. Mr. Flingburt could even make an ordinary civil dispute case end up receiving a sentence. Hence, one can imagine how lethal the man could be. Apart from this, there's another case. This case involved fraud. Party B turned to Party A and loaned 100,000 bucks, but they didn't repay the money within the stipulated time. For that reason, Party A brought Party B to court in the name of fraud and also hired Mr. Flingburt to act as their attorney."

"And then what? Did the party win the lawsuit?" Sonia guessed.

Unexpectedly, Freddie shook his head. In addition, Toby, who was beside her, even had a trace of a smile in his eyes.

Sonia saw it, so she couldn't help but urge, "Freddie, hurry up and tell me, please. I'm really curious."

"Okay." Freddie stopped placing her on a cliffhanger and continued. "In this lawsuit, the lawyer hired by Party B is just a trainee lawyer, plus they're the ones who avoid paying their debts. So logically speaking, Party B is definitely on the losing side. However, for some reason, Party A eventually angered Mr. Flingburt, making him turn his coat and extend his help toward Party B. So in the end, not only did Party B not have to repay the 200,000 that they owed, but Party A also had to bear the cost of the lawsuit."

Sonia was utterly speechless by such a dramatic turn of events.

She only regained her voice after a long while. "He could actually turn the table like this?"

"That's right." Freddie took another sip of tea. "In short, Mr. Flingburt has a splendid record not only in the legal industry but also in your business world. If you ask him for help in the lawsuit and do not offend him, the final result will definitely satisfy you. Even if the judge's verdict is in line with the laws and regulations, Mr. Flingburt can even request the judge to resentence as long as you feel the conviction is light. The punishment after the re-sentence will be a lot heavier than the original sentence. Moreover, there was indeed a similar case that had taken place before."

"How so?" asked Sonia.

Freddie glanced at Sonia as he replied, "For example, in the past two years, the crime committed by a criminal suspect wasn't particularly malicious, and the suspect was eventually sentenced to ten years in prison according to our country's laws and regulations. Nevertheless, the victim's family wasn't satisfied with the conviction and felt the punishment was too light. Thus, they hired Mr. Flingburt, and the final conviction was changed from ten years in prison to twenty years under his manipulation. What's more amazing was that the initial life sentence was commuted to a death penalty."

Sonia exclaimed in astonishment, "He's so amazing. It's no wonder that you all say that people in the social circle like to hire him when it comes to lawsuits. With his undefeated record and his ability to achieve the employer's wish and satisfy the employer fully, It's no wonder that people in the circle are all protecting him. After all, it's a loss to lack such a talent."

"That's right." But, this time, it wasn't Freddie who responded. Instead, it was Toby. "I thought about poaching him over to Fuller Group before, but he declined my offer."

"What? He actually rejected an offer from the dignified President Fuller? Wow. He's got quite a personality for doing what he wants to do without caring what others think." Sonia looked at Toby with a smile.

"Yeah, he's got quite a personality." Toby raised his chin, agreeing with Sonia's statement.

Sonia tilted her head as she inquired, "Were you not angry when he declined your offer?"

Toby laughed softly before replying, "What's there to be angry about? He's talented, but that doesn't mean I'm incompetent without such talent. That's why I didn't have the intention to force him to work for me when he rejected me in the first place. Besides, everyone has the right to choose. I can choose to hire him, so naturally, he can also choose to work for me. Therefore, if he's unwilling to work for me, it's only normal that he would refuse to accept my offer. So, likewise, I won't feel ashamed or annoyed by him about this matter."

"President Fuller, your magnanimity truly impresses me," Freddie praised him sincerely as he looked at Toby. After all, one must know that the rich are people who are arrogant and have great pride. They've been standing in high positions for too long and are used to being flattered as well as fawned by others. Therefore, the word rejection definitely doesn't exist in their dictionary. From their point of view, if they think highly of a certain someone and hire them to work for them, the other party should suck up to them and give their consent. In fact, they even expect the other party will gratefully accept their offers rather than refuse. Plus, if the other party refuses, they'll think that the other party is looking down on them and even feel that the other party is making a fool out of them. So they'll be enraged about it and may even attempt to destroy the other party's career. It seems like only in this way can they vent the anger deep within them. I'm not making

these slanders out of thin air, though. They're based on facts I'd often observed while working as a civil servant.

For that reason, he felt utterly shocked when he heard Toby say that everyone had the right to choose, and it was very normal for the other party to reject him, as well as it was unnecessary to get angry about this matter.

A sense of admiration came shortly after such a shock. It's no wonder President Fuller could outperform those bunch of old businessmen in the business world at a young age and bring Fuller Group to the pinnacle. His open-mindedness and magnanimity alone aren't something that those narrow-minded wealthy people in the circle can compare.

Truthfully, it wasn't just Freddie who showed his respect for Toby at this moment; Sonia, too, gave Toby a thumbs up after she heard what he had said.

As Toby looked at Sonia's fair and soft thumb, the gaze in his eyes darkened. Suddenly, he reached out, put Sonia's thumb on his lips, and kissed it. Well, she's the one who presents it straight to me. It'll be my loss if I don't kiss it.

Both Sonia and Freddie were struck dumb by Toby's abrupt action.

When Freddie returned to his senses shortly after, he immediately lowered his head, feeling too awkward to even look at the intimacy displayed by the couple sitting opposite him. Still, deep down, he was reprimanding them secretly. Oh, come on! What's up with these two? How can they publicly show their affections in front of me when we're discussing important matters now? Also, where do they think this place is? We're now at the police station, a place with such a solemn atmosphere. How can they actually... actually...

Although the expression on Freddie's face became livid and pale at the same time, he didn't dare to raise his voice at the two of them. I can't help it. These two, they're highly influential figures, and I can't afford to offend either of them. So, what choice do I have? Well, I can just choose not to look.

Meanwhile, on this side, Sonia also almost immediately snapped back to her senses as she quickly withdrew her hand from Toby's grip and instinctively looked at Freddie.

When Sonia saw Freddie lowering his head and playing with the teacup in his hand, pretending like he didn't know or see anything—a trace of embarrassment suddenly appeared on her face. It's as clear as day that Officer Chase has seen everything. That's why he's pretending as if he sees nothing at this moment. Darn it! This makes me feel even more embarrassed! It's all this dirty dog's fault! He is always taking advantage of me whenever and wherever he can. I have asked him not to behave in such a manner in public or in front of others countless times. Does he know how embarrassing this feels? Yet, he never seems to listen to me. He just keeps doing it

regardless of what I say. So now, I don't even want to waste my breath on him any longer.

After Sonia glared at Toby, she forcefully kept a smile on her face and looked at Freddie. "Uh... Officer Chase."

Freddie looked up when he heard his voice. Then, he let out a cough before saying, "Miss Reed, you two are done?"

As he spoke, he looked at Sonia and then at Toby.

The moment Sonia heard Freddie's question, her face flushed even more as her embarrassment reached its peak.

As for Toby, he shamelessly acted as if nothing had ever happened. He didn't even respond after he gave Freddie a dispassionate glance.

Sonia inhaled deeply as she resisted the urge of wanting to rub her heated cheeks and replied bashfully, "I'm so sorry, Officer Chase, for making a fool out of ourselves in front of you just now. We—"

"No, no, it's fine." Freddie hurriedly waved his hands. "I understand that it's normal for the two of you to have a good relationship."

"Then... thank you, Officer Chase, for your understanding." Sonia's lips twitched in awkwardness.

Freddie once again let out a dry cough against his fist. "Uhm... Let's continue our discussion from earlier, Miss Reed, shall we? Where were we?"

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"We've stopped discussing when my lover here mentioned his offer getting rejected by Mr. Flingburt," Sonia recalled as she tilted her head and glanced at Toby.

At once, Freddie slapped his thigh. "Oh, that's right! We've stopped until there."

"Speaking of which, Officer Chase, I have a question." Sonia retracted her gaze from Toby with slightly furrowed brows.

Freddie motioned for her to continue. "Do ask, Miss Reed."

“Actually, my question is pretty simple. Didn’t you guys say that Mr. Flingburt is a crappy lawyer? But from the stories you told me earlier, it looks like he had won every case he represented. And as for his failed case, that’s also because his employer had offended him that he purposely failed the case. If so, shouldn’t he be considered an outstanding lawyer with a high success rate? But why do you guys describe him as a crappy lawyer with little professional competency?”

This time Freddie didn’t answer her immediately. Instead, he looked at Toby for his permission.

After Toby nodded, he finally explained, “Well, since President Fuller had asked me to continue, I’ll discuss this frankly. Actually, Miss Reed, this matter isn’t as convoluted as it seems. Although Mr. Flingburt has a law degree, it didn’t change the fact that he barely passed his bar examination and obtained his Certificate in Legal Practice. In other words, Mr. Flingburt’s professional knowledge in the legal field is far less than that of prominent lawyers. Nevertheless, he won all his cases based on his eloquence and quick responses under pressure in court.”

“Oh?” Sonia raised her eyebrow in disbelief.

Freddie smiled at her incredulity. “When Mr. Flingburt went to trial, he didn’t like to use the methods commonly used by other lawyers, and he rarely used lawyers’ expertise. Rather, he prefers to use his high emotional intelligence and eloquence to lure the other party into saying something that shouldn’t be said or doing something that shouldn’t be done so as to achieve the goal of making the other party fail. His style of defending his clients in court is like making top sales in the business world.”

“I understand now.” Sonia clapped her hands as a sudden realization hit her. “It’s like even though he’s a lawyer, he doesn’t apply methods that a lawyer should use. Instead, he relies on tactics a professional marketer uses to defend his clients by capturing the jury’s hearts and winning them in one fell swoop.”

“Indeed.” Freddie nodded in agreement.

Sonia tapped her chin thoughtfully as she added, “In this case, he really doesn’t need much strong expertise in law and excellent test scores in legal practice to make a name for himself in the legal industry. He is using sales methods to win against lawsuits. That does make him different from other lawyers, indeed. He’s a true genius for being able to think and utilize such a tactic in court. Although he’s a crappy lawyer in terms of expertise, he’s a constant winner in terms of winning lawsuits. It’s no wonder many would seek him to be their defense attorney.”

“Yes, and seeing that President Fuller intends to hire him as your attorney, I speculate that he wants Anya to be sentenced to two more years. Am I right, President Fuller?” Freddie looked at Toby.

Sonia also turned to look at Toby.

When Toby heard what Freddie had said, his lips quirked into a slight smirk, but he didn't admit to anything. Even so, they could clearly see that he was approving of such a suggestion at a glance. Freddie was correct with his guess because that was exactly what Toby had in mind.

Freddie closed his notebook to signal that the interview had ended before he suddenly asked, "By the way, Miss Reed, do you want to take a look at Anya?"

Before Sonia replied, she looked at Toby and inquired, "Do you want to see her?"

A frowning Toby looked at Sonia like he was looking at a fool. "Are you asking me to see other women? Are you sure about this?"

Sonia was momentarily rendered speechless by the words that escaped his lips, rolled her eyes, and replied, "I'm asking you to check on a prisoner. Not telling you to see your old lover."

"Then, I'm not going either," Toby snorted. Then, he turned his head to the side and added, "I'm not interested in other women except you."

Although what Toby said moved her, it also highly amused her.

"Alright, then. Just wait for me here. I'll go check on her." As she spoke, she rose to her feet.

Nonetheless, Toby turned his head, grabbed her wrist, and said with a frown, "What's there to check? You should be careful. What if she hurts you?"

Freddie couldn't help but cough lightly as he stood up and narrowed his gaze at Toby with apparent displeasure in his eyes. "President Fuller, she's locked up. I can assure you that she can't escape and hurt others. So don't worry, Miss Reed won't be harmed." Seriously? Why does he have to make it sound like we're not vigilant enough?

Sure enough, Toby knew that Sonia wouldn't be hurt. He just wanted to prevent Sonia from seeing Anya. After all, in his opinion, there was no point in visiting an evil woman like Anya.

"Officer Chase is right. I won't be hurt, so don't worry. I'll be back soon." Sonia patted Toby's shoulder and motioned for him to release her.

Toby finally let go when he saw that he couldn't persuade her. "Return soon."

"Okay." Sonia looked back and smiled.

Finally, she followed Freddie, and soon, they arrived at the detention room.

Yet, as soon as they reached the door, they heard a woman screaming in pain.

Sonia immediately stopped in her tracks. "What's going on?" It's obviously Anya, the one who is shrieking in pain. Forget about the pain, and I can even hear the trembling and whimpering tone in her wails. This is clearly a situation that can only happen when someone is in severe pain. Could it be that the officers in the police station had done something to Anya?

As she thought of this, Sonia looked at Freddie beside her.

When Freddie noticed Sonia's gaze, he knew what she meant. Therefore, he quickly explained to her by saying, "Miss Reed, please don't misunderstand. It's not what you think. Miss Anna Salzburg has been like this these few days."

"She has been like this these few days?" Sonia blinked, thinking she had misheard things. "Why is she acting this way?"

"According to the doctor, she's in pain because she has problems with her skeletal structure."

"Skeletal structure? There's something wrong with her bones?"

"Yes." Freddie nodded. "It all happened a few days ago, the day after you and President Fuller left the police station, and we had just temporarily placed her in the detention center. Suddenly, she started screaming in pain. At first, we thought she was pretending to escape legal punishment. Despite that, we later saw that her face was pale, and she didn't seem to be pretending, so we hurriedly sent her to the hospital. The doctor said she was in such a state because of the aftermath of the limb-lengthening surgery that she did."

"Aftermath of the surgery," Sonia whispered to herself.

Freddie pressed the brim of his cap as he continued. "The detailed information given by the doctor was that Anya has implanted an artificial bone made of new material into her femur so as to achieve the purpose of limb-lengthening. Unfortunately, since the material used for this artificial bone isn't widely used in the medical market yet, hence it's easy for Anya to show rejection of the artificial bone implanted in her body. She's in so much pain because of this and the fact that she hasn't taken her medicine to cope with the pain for a period of time."

After she listened to his explanation, she nodded in realization. "So, that's what it is. But, doesn't Anya need to be hospitalized, judging from her painful state?"

"Dr. Lancaster said it's fine," Freddie replied.

“Dr. Lancaster?” Sonia raised her brows, and an odd feeling instantly surged in her heart.

“Officer Chase, is Dr. Lancaster that you’re talking about going by the name Tim Lancaster? The one who wears glasses and looks very handsome yet a little cold?” Sonia described while gesturing to emphasize her point.

Freddie repeatedly nodded at her description of the doctor. “That’s right. It’s him. He does look a little cold and not to mention quite unfriendly. But in addition to being cold, I also feel that there’s something wrong with him.”

“How so?”

“Well, I can’t pinpoint much either. But based on my judgment from being a criminal police officer in the past, I can tell that this doctor doesn’t have the feelings that a human being should have,” Freddie said with a frown.

At once, Sonia felt a thud in her heart as she was shocked by Freddie’s statement. No way! Is it possible? Does Officer Chase truly have such a sharp observation that he actually sees through Tim’s true nature?

Regardless, Sonia thought that she should help cover Tim up when she remembered that Tim was on her side.

Therefore, with that in mind, Sonia smiled and said, “Perhaps the coldness displayed in his eyes was because, as a doctor, he has witnessed too many incidents such as births, old age, sickness, and death. I don’t think he’s heartless.”

“I guess you’re right, Miss Reed.” Freddie nodded, thinking Sonia’s explanation sounded logical. After all, why would a heartless person become a doctor?

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Maybe after being exposed to so many life and death situations, Dr. Lancaster could seem very indifferent, just the same as being a criminal police officer. After they had witnessed all sorts of murder cases and all kinds of terrifying corpses, their heart would gradually turn numb from the repetition and exposure of these gory scenes.

“Dr. Lancaster is so great,” Freddie said with a sigh as he thought about it.

Sonia smiled without continuing the conversation, but she heaved a huge sigh of relief inside. She couldn’t judge whether Tim was a great doctor or not because that was just

how his personality was, and the reason he became a doctor wasn't to save lives and help the injured.

According to himself, he became a doctor because he liked the feeling of performing surgery, as it gave him a great sense of pleasure and satisfaction.

Although this was a very sick reason, it was undeniable that he had saved a lot of people. So, he could be considered excellent, in a way.

However, the most important thing for her now was that the colossal stone weighing on her heart had been lifted. Fortunately, she could pull the wool over Freddie's eyes so that he didn't continue to assume that Tim was really a cold-blooded devil. If he did, he might start investigations on Tim.

Even though she wasn't sure if Tim had done anything malicious in the dark, she didn't hear about them, at least. So, she could play on plausible deniability.

Therefore, as his friend, she couldn't stand idly by when others were suspicious of him.

Even if she was wrong in covering up for Tim, she was still a person with her own biases, not a totally impartial one.

Since she had selfish desires, why shouldn't she just act according to her heart's desires then?

Sonia locked those thoughts away as she glanced at Freddie and asked, "Officer Chase, was Dr. Lancaster the one who attended to Anya after you sent her to the hospital?"

"No." He shook his head. "After we sent her there, the one who attended to her first was a general doctor. We have no idea what happened afterward, but that general doctor left halfway, saying he was busy. So, in the end, it was Dr. Lancaster who took over, and after he had given her a checkup, he prescribed her some immunosuppressant drugs and told us to take her back, saying that this was a normal situation. She'll be in pain for a few days, but after taking some medication, she will be fine and doesn't need to be hospitalized."

"I see." The edges of her lips twitched as she tried to suppress the amusement in her heart.

What does he mean by a normal situation, only oral medication is needed and no hospitalization? I think he's clearly doing this on purpose, she reckoned.

At least from what she had heard, once rejection happened after surgery, they had to be hospitalized for observation and treatment, and she had never heard of just taking the medication to suppress it.

Furthermore, Tim was a surgeon, not an orthopedist. He wasn't even in the correct department for such an ailment, so his credibility was naturally much lower.

Despite this, she knew very well why he did what he had done—to stand up for her.

Tim was aware that Anya and Sonia had a dispute before, and when he happened to find out that the police had sent Anya to the hospital, he asked the general doctor to leave so he could take over. Then, he simply prescribed some medication to close the case.

The reason he did that wasn't to treat Anya but to prolong her suffering so he could vent out the frustrations on Sonia's behalf. But, of course, Sonia wouldn't say this out loud as this would cause trouble for him.

After all, he did this for her, and it would be ungrateful on her part if she sold him out. So even if what he did was wrong, she wouldn't snitch on him.

"Please take me to visit Anya, Officer Chase," Sonia requested.

No matter what, she was already here, and it wouldn't be a bad idea to see how pathetic Anya was doing now. Otherwise, this would have been a wasted trip.

"Sure, she's right here," Officer Chase answered, pointing at the detention center.

Sonia nodded and followed him through the main doors of the detention center. Regardless, she abruptly stopped in her tracks and didn't want to enter any further.

Freddie noticed her behavior as he stopped and stood beside her while she lifted her head and looked in the cell.

The space inside was divided into two—half had a table and chair while the other half had iron railings. Inside, there was a simple single bed with sheets.

Right now, Anya was wearing an orange vest that the suspects were wearing and laying on the single bed, wailing and rolling in pain.

As the pain was too much for her to bear, her eyes were squeezed shut, and she gripped the sheets tightly. Her face twisted into an agonizing expression; she looked pale and was covered in so much cold sweat that her hair was drenched.

Beside her, there were also two female police officers taking care of her—one pressed her down and wanted to stuff a towel into her mouth lest she accidentally bit her own tongue, and another was bent over, dispensing the medication to her.

Sonia felt her heart wrench when she saw Anya in such a state. Her face involuntarily cringed as she clasped her hands tightly in front of her chest.

She didn't pity Anya, of course; she purely felt as though she could experience the pain Anya was feeling at such a sight.

Sonia closed her eyes as she quickly turned around and walked away. After a few steps outside the detention center, she stopped and opened her eyes again, letting out a long breath.

Now, she rather regretted the decision to visit her earlier because she could feel her own legs hurting just from recalling the imagery from before.

While she was rubbing her temples, she heard Freddie's voice from behind, asking, "Miss Reed, aren't you going to greet Anya?"

She spun around and smiled. "I don't think so. I think it will only be more painful for her if I go in. After all, I'm the one who placed her there, and she's in so much pain because she stopped her immunosuppressants. She must be hating me right now, so I'll be a little kind and not go in to provoke her."

Freddie's facial muscles twitched at her excuse, and after a few seconds, he finally replied, "You're so kind, Miss Reed."

As though he couldn't tell that she was secretly mocking Anya.

Yet, Freddie had to agree that Anya would flare up upon seeing Sonia and become even more violent. Once that happened, the ones to suffer would be the police officers, so it was better if she didn't enter.

"I'll take you to President Fuller then, Miss Reed," Freddie said.

She nodded. "Thank you."

Halfway when they were walking toward the offices, she saw three people in the direction of the interrogation rooms. Just like Anya, one of them was wearing the orange vest that suspects wear, and his hands were cuffed as two officers held him.

Clearly, this was another criminal who had broken the law and was just finished with interrogation.

After she glanced at him, she looked away and didn't pay the man any mind as she continued to saunter towards the police chief's office.

Unexpectedly, the person being held away was stunned when he saw Sonia. Then, his beady eyes widened in surprise, and his slumped, stocky body suddenly straightened as he became incredibly agitated.

The next second, he found a surge of strength and shoved to the left and right, shaking off the shackles from the two officers behind himself and dashed toward Sonia.

This sudden change stunned everyone at the scene, and a female officer who passed by even yelped in shock.

Immediately, Freddie stepped forward and placed Sonia behind himself. Then, he whisked out his baton and aimed it at the man lurching at her. With a severe expression, he shouted, "Hold it! I'm ordering you to stop right now. If you take another step, I will use my weapon on you."

Behind him, Sonia realized this criminal was coming for her, and she was startled. Luckily Freddie had yanked her to the back, where she could breathe a huge sigh of relief and calm down from the scare.

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1095

She had no idea why this criminal was coming at her. Maybe he was caught after he broke the law and felt unjustified, so he wanted to take it out on society and harm others as a form of catharsis?

After all, there were countless people like this. Sometimes, she would read news on the Internet where she saw innocent victims and felt so sorry for them.

Now, she had joined the club as one of the innocent victims, but fortunately, it was the police station here, and she had Freddie by his side. Or else, she would probably be in danger already.

On the other side, the plump middle-aged man to whom Freddie pointed the baton didn't dare to take another step forward as his expression changed completely. Instead, he hurriedly came to a stop and raised his cuffed hands in the air to surrender.

It didn't occur to him that he would be threatened with a weapon when he just wanted to plead for mercy. What bad timing!

The police officers quickly caught the fat man from behind, and one of them kicked him in the back of his knee.

Caught off guard, he fell to his knees with a loud thud, and the officers pinned him to the ground, pressing his face against the floor and holding him firmly as though they were afraid that he would escape as he did earlier.

"Stay still and don't move!" the officers on top of him warned fiercely.

The man couldn't help the bitter smile on his face as he thought, Move? Can I even move when I'm in this state?

Opposite him, Freddie relaxed and kept his baton away when he saw that the officers had apprehended the criminal. Finally, he turned to the two officers and reprimanded stoically, "What were you two doing earlier? Can't you even hold one person?"

The officers hung their heads and didn't answer, knowing they were in the wrong. What could they possibly say? It was their responsibility if a person slipped away while they were holding him.

"This time, I'll just give you a warning as punishment. If something like this happens again, don't blame me for transferring you to the traffic department!" Freddie chided, pointing a finger at them.

The officers repeatedly nodded, indicating they wouldn't make this mistake again. This wasn't a perfunctory reply but a sincere one.

As policemen, it was a slap in their faces and a humiliation that a criminal was able to escape from their hands. At the end of the day, they would be a laughingstock if they couldn't even hold a criminal down.

In order to clean up their act, they would be more alert and wouldn't make the same mistake the second time.

"You better not. Keep this in mind." Then, after he scolded them with a grim expression, he spun around and relaxed his expression as he observed Sonia, asking in concern, "Are you alright, Miss Reed?"

"I'm fine." She released her clasped hands that were held nervously against her chest as she smiled and shook her head. "Luckily, you pulled me aside in time and avoided a tragedy from happening, Officer Chase. Thank you so much for earlier."

"You're welcome, Miss Reed. This is the police station, so we must protect you when our criminal almost injures an innocent person. Even if it's not the police station, as public officials, we have to protect the public anywhere we are," he said with a salute.

Sonia smiled again and was about to say something when the middle-aged man on the floor suddenly started shouting, "Miss Reed! Please forgive me and ask Mr. Fuller to let me off, Miss Reed! I'm really sorry!"

Alarmed by those yells, she looked down at the man in surprise. "Do you know me?" She was relatively sure that she had never seen this person before.

The middle-aged man bobbed his head. “Yes, Miss Reed. I’m—”

Before he could finish, something popped up in Freddie’s mind, and he slapped his hands together. Thus, he gestured at the man as he reminded her, “This person is somehow connected to you, Miss Reed. The police have also heard about the rumors on the Internet today, and this person is the chief editor of Squirrel Media who was sent here by President Fuller’s men.”

Sonia immediately understood who he was as she stared at the middle-aged man on the floor, and her eyes were no longer confused but cold. “So, you’re Mitch Adams, chief editor of Squirrel Media?”

“Yes, yes. That’s me.” Mitch nodded in agitation when he saw that Sonia knew of him. “Miss Reed, I’m begging you. I realized my mistake in the matter this time. So please let me off, and I won’t ever do it again in the future. I can give you anything you want, but I really, really don’t want to go to jail,” he said as he started to wriggle again in an attempt to break free once more and run toward Sonia.

Unfortunately, the two police officers were on high alert now and wouldn’t allow him the chance to break free from their grasp. So, the moment Mitch struggled, they pressed down hard on him.

The crisp sound of bones cracking echoed, and Mitch’s face wrinkled into a pained look as they pinned him harder onto the ground, and he couldn’t help but howl out in pain.

A shocked Sonia inquired, “Is he alright?”

“Don’t worry, Miss Reed,” Freddie assured. “Our men know their limits and won’t really break his limbs. At the most, he will just have a dislocated arm.

“I see.” Sonia nodded and didn’t ask anymore, but she turned to Mitch and looked at him sternly. “You want us to let you off, so you don’t have to go to jail?”

The moment Mitch heard her, he couldn’t be bothered about his arm and raised half of his face with great difficulty, sweating profusely as he nodded. “Yes, that’s right, Miss Reed. But, please, I’m begging you. I don’t want to spend the rest of my life in jail. I’m almost fifty and have my mother and children to care for. They can’t do without me, Miss Reed...”

At the mention of this, he actually started sobbing with snot and tears, looking very pathetic.

Regrettably, Sonia was not the least soft-hearted to see him like this. But, in contrast, she was sick and disgusted as it made her sick to see a grown man crying so pathetically.

She suppressed her urge to throw up, turned her head the other way, and refused to look at Mitch lest she really retched.

“Since you know that you’ll be spending the rest of your life in jail, it shows that you’re well aware of the severity of your actions,” she said without a single trace of emotion on her face. “I’m sorry, but I’m a good citizen who abides by the law. It’s the simplest of my duties to fight injustice and eliminate evil. Regardless, when it comes to a criminal like you, I’m already showing mercy by not adding a few more years to your sentence, so how can I possibly forgive you and let you off?”

After she said that, Mitch was dumbfounded, and his cries paused for a few seconds as his body became rigid on the floor.

A good while later, he became agitated again and started begging as he did before. “Miss Reed, I know I’ve done unforgivable things to you, but I have no other choice, too. Someone forced me into it, Miss Reed. For the sake that I did it against my own will, please show some mercy, and I won’t do it again in the future. I promise I won’t!”

“Forced?” A sneer tinged the edge of her pink lips. “You know it very well whether you were forced or it was just greed. Don’t forget that we’re now living in a time where the police can thoroughly investigate every transaction. Do you expect anyone to believe you now that you’re telling me that you were forced? Furthermore, are you a person who could be forced so easily? Even if Miss Lore has a slight influence, she was in no position to order you around. After all, she’s not Toby Fuller, and if you’re not even afraid of the Young Master of the Harper Family, will you be afraid of Miss Lore?”

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Boss Your Wife’s Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1096

The Harper Family was definitely one of Seafield’s wealthiest families and had a reputation in the area because of its links to the transportation industry.

At least, they were more influential than the Lore Family.

Also, the Young Master of the Harper Family was also the second grandson who constantly made headlines for his ignorance and incompetence.

Some of his actions were even against the law.

Whenever there was anything that involved the young master’s breach of the law, the Harper Family would intervene and have a word with the media outlets to prevent them from releasing such news.

Due to the influence of the Harper Family, most media outlets naturally agreed to their request and would instead actively suppress the news.

Squirrel Media, on the other hand, was different; it would proceed to report the news with no consequences whatsoever.

For that reason, if Squirrel was unafraid of the Harper Family, would they be frightened of the Lore Family, which shared a similar standing?

Not to mention, the person in question was the family's young lady with no influence of her own.

Who would believe such news?

Mitch was on the ground in tears, but he was once again stunned after hearing Sonia's words.

He never expected that Sonia was aware of his situation to a tee.

As a result, his earlier words had no credibility and merely sounded ridiculous.

However, it did not mean that Nicholas would throw in the towel.

Now that Toby had a firm hold on him, he knew that it was impossible to make a comeback and intended to admit defeat.

Yet, who would have expected that he would run into Sonia at such a place?

Women would always be more soft-hearted than their male counterparts. As long as I have a chat with Sonia, maybe I might have a way out.

So, no matter what, he did not want to lose this opportunity.

As he thought about it, Mitch cheered for himself before he spoke, "Miss Reed, I know that you'd find it difficult to understand how I was convinced by the young lady of the Lore Family to do what I did. I had no choice, though. The Lore Family and President Fuller have an extremely close relationship, which was why I didn't dare to ignore Miss Lore's words. If you don't believe me, Miss Reed, you can ask President Fuller about his relationship with the Lore Family."

He couldn't care less; he had to give it his all.

Sonia raised her hand. "I don't have to ask. I'm aware that Toby and the Lore Family have a relationship akin to a master and pupil. Miss Lore's young enough to even be considered Toby's niece."

“Yes, that’s right. Miss Lore can be considered as Toby’s niece, which was why she threatened me. If I didn’t dare to do it and offended President Fuller. As a result, I—”

“But don’t you forget!” Sonia squatted and lowered her head to look at Mitch with a cold gaze. Then, as she cut him off mercilessly, she continued, “Lynette Lore may be Toby’s niece, but I’m Toby’s lover. So if you dare not go against Lynette for fear of offending Toby, yet you’re brave enough to help her attack his girlfriend? Don’t tell me you’re not worried about offending Toby?”

Mitch’s expression changed as he broke out in cold sweat.

Officer Chase and two policemen, who were all present at the scene, looked at him with contempt.

“I-I... I never thought that f-far...” It took Mitch ages before he could stammer a reply with trembling lips.

He was telling the truth; he had indeed never thought far.

Back when Lynette gave him a call and used her grandfather’s connection to Toby to plead with Mitch to help her with something, she even said that Mitch did not need to fear offending Toby. Her grandfather was Toby’s master, so she definitely could protect Mitch from the consequences. As long as Mitch agreed, she would then pay him five million.

The idea of receiving five million greatly tempted Mitch, and since he had someone to back him up, it was a done deal.

After that, he ignored the fact that Sonia was Toby’s girlfriend. He utterly forgot that messing with her was akin to offending Toby.

As Sonia observed Mitch’s astonishment, she rose to her feet. “Did you forget that I’m someone important in Toby’s heart? My position is about the same as his master’s. That must be the reason why you did what you did. Still, it’s such a pity that you had the wrong idea. Compared to Mr. Lore, Toby cares more for me. You see, Toby had personally delivered you here, but no one from the Lore Family, especially Lynette, came to save you from this mess. She didn’t even call you at all, which shows that she has completely given up on you. Do you know why? It’s because Toby is about to go against the Lore Family. So, the Lore Family can’t afford to save you.”

Mitch’s eyes widened. “President Fuller wants to go against the Lore Family?”

“That’s right. I believe you’ll see the news reports that Toby has taken action on the Lore Family in due course.” There was a smile on Sonia’s face as she said those words gently.

When he saw her smiling like that, he felt that he was seeing the devil. Her words that Toby wanted to go against the Lore Family kept ringing in his head.

If Toby wanted to attack the Lore Family, it meant that they had stepped on his bottom line and angered the man himself.

That was why he refused to let even his master's family off the hook.

In short, forget about Mitch; the entire Lore Family was in a precarious situation now.

At this moment, Mitch panicked and was completely terrified. His cries became even louder as he pleaded, "Miss Reed?"

He continued shrilly, "I know I'm in the wrong, Miss Reed. As I have explained, it's because that woman, Lynette, fancies President Fuller and is jealous of you. So she asked me to secretly arrange for a reporter to be hot on your trail and take pictures that she could use to threaten you. We wanted to use it to create rumors and force you and President Fuller to break up. By doing so, Lynette would have a shot at being with him."

He hiccuped as he kept coming up with excuses for himself, "She even said that her grandfather is President Fuller's master and someone he deeply respects. If there's any problem, everything can be settled once her grandfather speaks to President Fuller. The five million that she gave me was my reward. Miss Reed, I know that I have screwed up and only cared for money. Since I have explained everything to you, including Lynette's calls, I can surrender the audio recording to you. Just let me go, I plead with you, Miss Reed. I—"

"Since she is the one who approached you, you should beg for mercy from her." A deep male voice answered even before Sonia could say anything. That voice came from someone from the crowd.

Then, everyone turned to look at the source of the voice.

Toby placed one hand in his slash pocket while gently swaying the other hand as he walked toward Sonia and Mitch without expression.

The heels of his leather shoes made a clear sound, with each step leaving a soothing aftersound.

Unfortunately, to Mitch, it was not melodious because such a sound meant that Hades was slowly but surely approaching him. Toby's footsteps pounded on Mitch's heart and left the man with an uneasy feeling.

"P-President F-Fuller..." Mitch raised his head and looked at Toby, approaching with wide eyes. He was even quivering and couldn't form a proper sentence.

Officer Chase even made way by offering his spot to Toby.

Finally, Toby stopped next to Sonia, who then asked him, "Why are you here?"

"I noticed that you haven't returned after so long and decided to see what's up. But, of course, I never expected to hear those words just now," he replied. Then, he lowered his eyes to look at Mitch, who resembled a defenseless ant, and continued, "I heard what you and my girlfriend said just now, though."

Toby hugged Sonia's waist and explained, "What my lover said is correct. She has a higher position than my master in my heart. It's because she'll be the one with me for the rest of my life, whereas my master won't. Yes, I respect my master, but if my master has gone overboard and is not as virtuous as I remembered, then I can just be as disrespectful to him. Since I can throw my master to the lion's den, what makes you think my master's granddaughter would be worthy enough for me to spare?"

Mitch gaped at him and couldn't speak. It was because Toby's words were the final words announcing a tragic ending for him. That's true, though. If he can choose to sacrifice his master, why would he care about his master's granddaughter?

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Mitch was about to have a mental breakdown due to such a result as he was filled with deep remorse.

He should not have been greedy back then. Instead, he should have thought more about the importance of Sonia's position in Toby's heart.

If he had done so, maybe he wouldn't be in such a situation today.

"President Fuller, I'm pleading with you to let me go. I know I'm in the wrong. Sobs..." Mitch's tears were extremely pitiful.

It was so pitiful that people could cry along with him.

Unfortunately, the person who suffered injustice was Sonia, so Toby couldn't be softhearted.

Sonia opened her red lips and coldly responded, "It's only now that you realize your mistakes. Then, when you helped Lynette to mess with me, have you ever thought about my ending if Toby didn't know that I'll never cheat on him? Oh, I've said it wrongly. It's obvious you never thought about it because you were greedy and only

cared for money. That was why you couldn't care about the lives of others. Since that's the case, then why should we care about you? It's your own fault that you're in such a situation. There's no use in pleading with anyone, although you can beg the culprit who did this."

"L-Lynette Lore?" A name slipped out from Mitch's hoarse throat.

Toby was noncommittal as he added, "Didn't she say that she can protect you? Since you're in such a situation, you should look for her. Come, let's go." Once he said those words, he looked at the woman in his embrace.

Sonia hummed in agreement.

Both of them didn't spare Mitch another glance as they turned to leave.

On the other hand, Mitch did not continue to plead with them for mercy or forgiveness. Deep in his heart, he was aware that no matter how he begged them, they would never let him off the hook.

Since that was the case, it was better to follow their suggestion and search for Lynette instead.

Lynette, that b*tch, was the one who caused his downfall, so he couldn't wait to lay his hands on her. She even swore that nothing would go wrong and that I would be alright. Since something has indeed happened, she could still bail me out with her grandfather's connections to President Fuller.

As such, she should keep to her promise.

Moreover, even if Toby attacked the Lore Family, they would still be more affluent than the average family. Will I have such an ability? Just you wait. When I'm released, I'll definitely look for a way to get even with you, Lynette Lore!

As he thought about this, Mitch had a twisted expression as viciousness swam in his eyes. "I want to make a phone call," he requested as he lifted his jiggly neck to look at Officer Chase.

Since Mitch was not an accused awaiting trial, he still had the right to communicate with the outside world.

That was why Officer Chase accepted Mitch's request and made the necessary arrangements.

Soon enough, Mitch was brought to the telephone at the precinct since he couldn't use his own cell phone to contact anyone. He only had access to the phone in the police station.

Therefore, the police helped him to search for Lynette's phone number on his cell phone, after which he made the call.

Although the phone call was connected, it took a while for a drowsy female voice to answer. "Hello?"

There was still a trace of dissatisfaction and arrogance in her tone.

Evidently, the woman grew up in a pampered environment, which led to her spoiled behavior.

When Mitch heard Lynette's voice, his face twisted into a nasty snarl consumed by hate since he was held on remand and ran the risk of imprisonment.

Yet, this woman was still enjoying her beauty sleep.

The extreme imbalance of their situation caused his breathing to become heavier while his bloody eyes, the size of beans, shot open. It was enough to frighten those around him.

Despite that, Mitch was from the media industry, so his ability to be crafty was on full display via this phone call.

Even if he had a distorted expression and held deep loathing for the woman, his voice didn't reflect his feelings. "Miss Lore, it's me."

Officer Chase couldn't help but salute the man for his talents when he heard Mitch's tone.

"You? Who?"

On the other end of the phone line was someone abroad.

At the moment, the sky was rather gloomy somewhere abroad, even though it was around 5.00AM to 6.00AM.

The woman dressed in her pajamas held her phone with one hand and raised the other hand to stretch herself. Then, she leaned on the headboard with a sigh and asked in dissatisfaction.

She did not have a charming, mature look; instead, she had an adorable aura—a round, chubby face, a pair of big eyes, a small nose bridge, and thin lips on top of a petite figure that even her sleepwear couldn't hide.

It was a typical description of a Lolita.

Even though she looked petite, she resembled an underaged high school student.

In actual fact, this woman was already past 25.

She was the granddaughter of Harry—Lynette Lore.

Regrettably, that didn't charm Mitch because when he noticed Lynette couldn't even recognize his voice, he gritted his teeth before adopting a colder tone. "Me, as in the editor of Squirrel Media."

When she heard that it was Mitch, the yawning Lynette finally remembered who he was. She was momentarily stunned before she became impatient. "It's you? Why are you calling me? Don't forget, and it's not even sunrise here. Aren't you worried that I'll be angry at you for disturbing my sleep?"

As she spoke, she was a living example of what it means to be prideful and self-centered.

If it were in the past, Mitch would suppress his hatred for such arrogance and coax her instead.

Back then, she was Harry's granddaughter, and Harry hadn't broken ties with Toby.

It was a different situation now, though.

Toby wanted to attack the Lore Family, which was indicative of his intention to sever ties with them.

As for Mitch, he also did not need to bow down to this woman's arrogance. After he thought about their current situation, he dropped the farce and roared, "Lynette, you bloody b*tch. I don't give a f*ck whether you are pleased or not. You better listen up. I'm not done with you!"

Lynette was shocked when she was faced with Mitch's harsh scoldings and only regained her composure a while later. Then, her adorable face flushed with fury while her eyes were moist with tears. Finally, she crossed her hips and retorted in a shrill voice, "H-How you dare to yell at me?!"

A bloody b*tch!

Throughout her whole life, she had never been insulted with such words by anyone, as everyone treated her like a jewel.

Yet, this person dared to lecture her!

S-She would not let this obese person off the hook!

Lynette bit her lip and was close to exploding with fury as her chest heaved in rage.

She might have had a bad temper and was arrogant, but she had received the education of the rich and famous since she was a child born with a silver spoon.

So, it was unfortunate that she lacked the ability to win a verbal fight!

Even if she wanted to yell at her past self and Mitch, she just couldn't swear as she only knew the word, b*stard.

Therefore, Lynette could only use that term to scream at Mitch.

He snorted disdainfully because he had always known that these young ladies were too proud of themselves and thought it beneath them to learn slurs.

When he heard her using such low-level slang to curse at him, he was scornful.

Lynette naturally realized that Mitch looked down on her, making her even more furious. But, since she didn't know how to curse, she could only shriek at him as she slammed the phone on the quilt. "Adams, you had the guts to offend me, huh? Do you believe I'll have a word with my grandpa and Toby and ask them to throw you out of Seaview City?"

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1098

Mitch burst into a scornful guffaw as though he had just heard a cosmic joke. "You want to drive me out of Seafield?"

Lynette was irritated when she heard him laughing like this. At the same time, however, her heart did a complete somersault. A bad feeling arose within her; she couldn't help feeling that something was amiss. "W-What are you laughing at?" Her lovely baby face contorted for a while as she slapped her blanket with her free hand in exasperation. She warned loudly, "Stop laughing, Mitch! Did you hear me? I'm telling you to stop laughing!"

Mitch was still laughing without restraint on the other end of the line while ignoring her. After laughing for a while, he finally managed to stop with his eyes full of derision. "Lynette, had you said something like this before today, I'd probably still believe that you could indeed drive me out of Seafield. After all, your grandfather was President Fuller's mentor. If you wanted to sort me out, your grandfather, who always covered up for you, would definitely side with you, and even if President Fuller learned about this, he wouldn't care about a small fry like me. However, from today onward, people will laugh their heads off if you say something like that."

Lynette instantly tightened her grip on the phone as the unease within her grew. "What do you mean?"

Mitch's lips curled into a sinister and wicked smile. "What do I mean? I mean your family is finished! Haha!" he said before bursting out laughing again in schadenfreude. He was so pleased deep down that his face was flushed crimson with excitement. His eyes bulged as if they'd fall out of their sockets the next second, making him look very scary.

When Lynette heard his words on the other end of the line, she felt as though a clap of thunder had just exploded over her head. Stunned, she felt like her head was going to explode. Did he just say my family is finished? How is that possible? My family is fine, and Grandpa is still alive. Even if the members of my family aren't capable of anything, Toby will always have my family under his wing as long as Grandpa is still alive and their master-apprentice relationship still stands. My family will always be ranked among the ten most distinguished families of Seafield, so how could my family be finished?

Pulling herself together, she seethed with rage, thinking that it was sickening of Mitch to say such things on purpose to fool her. Clutching the phone tightly with both hands, she uttered between clenched teeth, "Mitch, how dare you curse my family? Just you wait; my family and I will never let you off for this!"

"I don't have to wait for that." Mitch sneered. "I'm not lying to you, Lynette. It's true that your family's gonna be finished. You still don't know about it, do you? Well, that's understandable. It's night over there, so you must have no idea what's going on in the country."

Lynette bit her lower lip while almost being overwhelmed by the unease within her. "What the hell are you trying to say?"

Mitch's chubby face cracked into a smile full of malice. "I just want to tell you that your cover is blown. It's come to light that you bribed me with 5 million to have Sonia followed by paparazzi and to spread gossip to cause her breakup with Toby. Sonia and Toby both know that you were behind it! Haha!"

Lynette blanched instantly as the phone dropped out of her hand and fell onto the blanket. Even if she didn't put the phone on speaker, Mitch's hearty laughter still sounded very clearly through the phone and reached her ears at this very moment, making her head buzz. What did this fatso just say? My cover's blown? My plan to cause Toby to break up with that Sonia lady has come to light? How is that possible?! That can't be possible!

Her eyes flickered before she quickly came to her senses. Grabbing the phone on the blanket, she held it back to her ear and barked loudly, "Stop lying to me, Mitch! Do you think I'll believe what you said? I wasn't born yesterday!"

"I'm lying to you?" Mitch rolled his eyes. "Lynette, why would I lie to you? Has it ever crossed your mind why my attitude toward you would change so much? I was still respectful to you before today, but now I only wish you to die. Didn't you ever think about the reason behind this? This is because President Fuller and Miss Reed have found out what we did behind the scenes! President Fuller caught me first since I'm in the country. Lynette, I believe you don't need me to remind you to know what would happen to me after I fell into President Fuller's hands. So, how could I not hate you for putting me up to this and bringing me to such an end, Miss Lore?!" he said, almost growling toward the end of his speech.

Upon being growled at, Lynette shuddered involuntarily, and her face turned even paler. At this moment, she finally noticed what she hadn't realized just now thanks to Mitch's words. That's right; this fatso has been so respectful to me before. He obsequiously called me Miss Lore because I'm the daughter of the Lore Family and my grandfather was Toby's mentor. It's because of this that I have the top standing among the rich young ladies. Who else would this fatso butter up if not me?

And now, not only is this fatso calling me by my first name, but he even curses my family, saying that he only wishes for me to die. He wouldn't have dared to do this in the past, but he dares to do this now. In other words, what he says is true: Toby has really learned that it was my doing.

For a moment, she began to panic. What should I do? Toby has learned about it! Will he be angry with me? Will he hate me or even want to sort me out? No, no way! Grandpa was Toby's mentor, so Toby won't do anything to me for Grandpa's sake. Yes, this must be the case. Toby and I have known each other for so many years. I don't believe that I don't matter to him more than a woman who got married to him by dirty means and then used dirty means to force him into getting back together with her after she was chased out of the Fuller Family.

At the thought of this, Lynette regained her composure, ignoring Mitch's previous remark about the Lore Family's impending doom. She curled her lips and replied scornfully, "So what if our cover is blown? There's no need to panic. My grandpa was Toby's mentor. Even if Toby is angry with me, he won't really do anything to me. As for you, I said that I'd keep you safe. You—"

"That's b*llshit!" Mitch roared loudly, interrupting her before she could finish her sentence. His chubby face looked sullen and ferocious as he continued, "Lynette, I've seen people who are stupid, but I've never seen a woman as stupid as you are. I've said clearly that your family is finished because President Fuller has learned that you were the one behind it. Turns out that after a long time, you still haven't realized why your family is finished. Well, in that case, let me tell you the reason for mercy's sake. You're the one who brought the Lore Family to its end. You angered President Fuller by plotting against his girlfriend in a vain attempt to make him break up with her, so he's going to lay a hand on your family, you idiot!"

Lynette's pupils instantly shrank to the size of needle tips; she felt like her head was going to explode again. "That's not possible!" she growled in a shrill voice. "Even if Toby gets angry after knowing that I did such a thing behind his back, he'll never do anything to my family! My grandpa was his mentor!"

"So what if your grandpa was his mentor?" Mitch gave a snort of disdain. "Does his mentor matter to him more than his girlfriend does? President Fuller has said himself that his girlfriend is the one who'd keep him company for life. In other words, your grandpa is much less important to him than Miss Reed!"

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"No, no way!" Lynette yelled loudly with a look of disbelief while shaking her head vigorously. Grandpa isn't as important to Toby as that Sonia woman is? No, this can't be true. This isn't true!

It didn't surprise Mitch that Lynette was unwilling to accept this. After all, this lady had always believed that her grandfather was very important to Toby. This was why she dared to act so high and mighty, saying that even if they'd make Toby angry by plotting against Sonia, she'd be able to protect him despite Toby's revenge. Isn't that a kind of baseless self-confidence? Well, what's ridiculous is that I really believed this woman's baloney in the past. "If you don't believe it, I can't do anything about it," he said with ridicule. "But it's true that your grandpa isn't as important to Toby as Sonia is. Moreover, you're only your grandpa's granddaughter. So, do you think Toby will let you off for what you did? Do you think your grandpa will still be able to save you?"

Lynette's expression was glazed as she couldn't say a word. If Grandpa isn't indispensable to Toby, Toby won't let me off. Naturally, Grandpa won't be able to save me. At the thought of this, she only felt as though the sky were falling down on her. Her breathing became rapid. Inwardly, she had started to become afraid, but she stubbornly insisted, "No way! This can't be true. Toby won't do anything to my family. He won't!"

Hearing how she insisted on deluding herself, Mitch started to get impatient. "We'll see whether he'll do it or not. You'll know the answer very soon. By then, however, your family will probably have ceased to exist, and you're to blame for all of this. Say, if the Lore Family really ceases to exist in the end, are your dad and grandpa still going to spoil you as they are now? I don't think so."

Lynette couldn't restrain herself anymore. Standing up from the bed right away, she held the phone before her and clutched it tightly with both hands. Then, with a ferocious look in her eyes, she yelled at the phone, "That's nonsense, Mitch! You're talking nonsense!"

Mitch snorted coldly. "Since you insist that I'm talking nonsense, just think whatever you want. Your willingness to bury yourself in a world of make-believe without stepping out of it to face reality is your own business. However, you promised back then that if Toby and his people were to find out about this and wanted to deal with you, you'd be able to save me. So, Lynette, now's the time for you to fulfill your promise. I don't care how you do it as long as you get me out of police custody! Do you hear that? I'm telling you, if you don't do it, then don't blame me for disclosing all the filthy stuff you've done. Try it if you don't believe me."

Lynette's countenance changed again. "How dare you..." Just when she was about to say something, she saw that the call interface on her phone's screen had been replaced by the home screen.

Mitch had hung up on her.

Lynette was so furious that she wanted to throw the phone away. The next instant, however, she recalled something and suppressed the urge to do so. Her face contorted as she mumbled through clenched teeth, "How dare you threaten me, Mitch? We'll wait and see!" I grew up being spoiled rotten and fawned upon. Since Mitch is the first one who dares to threaten me, I'll never let him off! Did he say just now that he was at the police station and wanted me to bail him out? Ha! As if! Not only will I not get him out of police custody, but I'll make him spend the rest of his life in jail! We'll see about that!

However, this matter could be put off until later. At the moment, the first priority was to find out whether what Mitch had said was true or false. Did the matter really come to light? Was her grandfather really not that important to Toby? Was Toby really going to deal with the Lore Family? These were the questions to which she wanted to know the answers the most. As long as she didn't know the answers to these questions, she'd feel uneasy.

After taking a deep breath, she decided to go online first to check on the present situation in her home country. Before going to sleep last night, she had noticed that things had developed the way she desired on the internet, which was why she dared to go to sleep with ease of mind. However, little did she think that the situation would take a sudden and unfavorable turn in only a few hours. Therefore, she had to find out what was going on. Was her cover really blown, or did Mitch lie to her on purpose?

After exhaling softly, she calmed down for the time being and got ready to go online.

Just then, however, she suddenly saw her phone's notifications showing a number of missed calls. She quickly opened the notifications, only for her heart to skip a beat when she saw the missed call notifications. There were actually so many missed calls from her father and her mother. Everyone had called her at least three times.

As her phone was in silent mode, she had answered none of these phone calls. Instead, she had only answered Mitch's phone call because she had gotten out of bed, gone to

the toilet, and come back; she had just lain down in bed when she saw her phone's screen flashing before she could close her eyes completely. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to answer his phone call.

However, there had been so many missed calls in one night, and everyone had called her several times. Such a situation was clearly abnormal. It was obvious that something serious had happened, causing her parents to call her so many times. Otherwise, they wouldn't have contacted her at the same time.

Despite her best efforts to calm down, Lynette started to feel uneasy again when she saw these missed calls. Taking a deep breath, she suppressed the urge to go online and check the situation on the internet. Then, she called her father.

Perhaps because the person on the other end of the line had been waiting for her phone call, the phone call was answered as soon as she called. "Hello? What were you doing, Lynette? Why didn't you answer the phone until now?" A middle-aged man's displeased voice sounded on the other end of the line, calling her to account in a somewhat agitated tone.

Feeling displeased at once, Lynette pouted her lips. At the same time, she felt a bit aggrieved. Like her grandfather, her father doted on her very much and had always spoken to her in a soft voice. He had never spoken to her in such a brusque tone as he did right now, let alone called her to account. This made her very unhappy, for she felt that her father was no longer how he used to be. "What else could I have been doing? I was sleeping! I'm not in our home country. I'm abroad, and it's night over here," she said impatiently to the middle-aged man on the other end of the line while stamping her feet.

On the other hand, the middle-aged man wasn't angry when he heard the way Lynette spoke to him. After all, this wasn't the first time his daughter had spoken to him in such a tone of voice. He even had to appease her whenever she spoke like this, and this time was no exception. "Sorry, Lynette. I was too anxious, so I forgot that it's night over there. Don't be mad at me, okay?" he coaxed.

Lynette let out a snort. After forgiving the middle-aged man reluctantly, she finally asked, "What's the matter, Dad? Why did you and Mom call me so many times and even forget that it's night over here? Did something happen?"

Hearing her question, the middle-aged man let out a sigh. "Lynette, you've gotten into trouble this time."

Lynette's heart clenched as she panicked at last. I've gotten into trouble? Could what that fatso said be... "D-Dad, how am I getting into trouble?" she asked in panic, holding the phone in one hand while clutching the clothes on her chest with the other.

The middle-aged man gave another sigh. "Lynette, your grandpa and I know that you like Toby, and we both support you two being together so that our family can keep on flourishing and prospering. But you shouldn't have made a move by such means in such a hurry."

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"Why didn't you talk to your grandfather and me before making any decisions?" The middle-aged man, known as Grayson Lore, kneaded his forehead in frustration. "Now, look at what you've done. Your plan failed and they've found out that it's you! Everyone knows what you did! The whole internet is criticizing us!"

What?

Lynette's head exploded as color drained from her face. "B-But how? I already stayed as low-profile as possible. How did they know that it was me?"

Grayson lowered his hand from his forehead. "Low-profile? You contacted Squirrel's main editor with your own phone number—is this what you call low-profile? You've literally dug your own grave! Do you think that you can do whatever you want as the young mistress of the Lore Family? It's not like they're afraid of you."

She parted her lips, but words failed her because that was exactly what she had thought.

Since she had her grandfather, who had Toby's backing, she assumed that she could order Mitch to do anything she fancied even if her identity was exposed. With such a strong backing, she thought Mitch would not have the guts to expose her!

However...

As fathers knew their daughters the best, Grayson knew what was going on in her mind, judging from her silence.

He sighed again. "You thought too highly of yourself, Lynette. The small fries are actually the scariest people because they have no one to back them up. They will do whatever they can to have a bargaining chip in their hands in order to save themselves. That way, they can turn the tables whenever they're caught. That main editor is the same. You've contacted him with your contact number, so he will definitely leave some evidence of it after knowing who you are. When things go south, he can expose you immediately to extenuate his offenses."

“So, you’re saying that Toby found out about me because that fatso sold me out?” Lynette’s eyes reddened as she gritted her teeth.

He nodded. “That should be it. Since you and that main editor planned it, and you’ve only contacted him, no one else knows that you’re behind it. Thus, there’s no other way to explain why you’re exposed aside from his betrayal.”

“That stupid fatso!” she yelped like a madwoman.

The squeaky scream jarred into Grayson’s ear, so he placed the phone farther from his ear. “If only you were extra careful. You could’ve used another phone to call him and tweaked your voice so that he wouldn’t know that it was you. And even if he was caught, he couldn’t have done anything. Then, Toby wouldn’t have known that it was you nor gone against our family. Lynette, you were being reckless this time. If you talked to me and your grandfather about it, we could’ve helped you and the main editor wouldn’t do anything to you either.”

“I just couldn’t wait any longer!” Lynette pursed her lips. “You guys kept saying that Toby and Sonia reconciled because she forced him! I thought that they would break up sooner or later since it’s a loveless relationship. That’s why I’ve been patient until I finished my studies without returning to the country. Now that I’ve finally graduated and I’m in the last stage of the travel procedures, there are a lot of articles reporting how close their relationship is. How am I supposed to tolerate that? So, I—”

It pained Grayson to hear his daughter’s grief. “Lynette, I understand how you feel, but you’ve put up with it for so long, so why couldn’t you behave for a few days? Look at the trouble you’ve caused. Your reputation is ruined and everyone is criticizing you. Even the Lore Family is involved in the whole turmoil. Our company’s stock price is falling too. The shareholders are super livid, and they’re requesting us to apologize to Toby and Sonia. However, we can’t contact Toby at all.”

His last sentence made her tense. “Dad, is Toby genuinely angry at us?”

Distress was clearly displayed on his visage. “Yeah. Otherwise, why won’t he pick up the call? I contacted his acquaintances, but they won’t help me. It’s obvious that they’re behaving this way as per his request. Think about it. Have we ever failed to contact him prior to this? It’s the first time this kind of situation has happened. He’s clearly mad at us!”

Darkness loomed Lynette’s vision as she recalled Mitch’s words when they talked over the phone, that her grandfather was not as important as Sonia to Toby and Toby would also not go easy on the Lore Family for Sonia’s sake.

Previously, Mitch’s words did raise doubts and surprised Lynette, but she did not believe in that all the while. However, it seemed like she had no choice but to face the truth right now.

"Lynette?" Grayson worriedly called out her name a few times due to the silence.

Then, she came to her senses and cleared her throat. "Dad, I heard that Toby is going to do something about us. Is that true?"

"Who told you that?" His face fell.

She was stunned. "You didn't know?"

"I haven't heard of it." His expression turned serious. "Lynette, who told you that?"

"Mr. Adams," she answered honestly.

He frowned. "It's him?"

"Yeah. It's him."

"It might be a false alarm."

How can a mere chief of editor know what Toby's thinking? It could be only his wild guess.

As an afterthought, Grayson became slightly relieved and he tossed it to the back of his mind. "Regardless, it's your fault, Lynette. It's reasonable for Toby to be exasperated."

"My fault?" A pouting Lynette was very displeased by her father's statement.

He nodded. "Yeah, it's your fault for being too careless and self-conceited. If you've hidden your identity while doing it, the whole family wouldn't have ended up in this tough position. You didn't speak to us before taking action. It's not only that—you didn't consider the possibility of someone fixing the malfunctioning surveillance cameras! If only you've completely destroyed the cameras, no one will trust anyone that attested Sonia's innocence without evidence. Even though Toby believes in that for his pride, the seeds of suspicion would've grown in him and their relationship would not have lasted long. It's your miscalculations, Lynette."

She hung her head low. "I know, Dad. I was careless, but I promise you that there won't be a next time. I will make sure to speak with you and Grandpa before making any decisions."

Grayson was right about her impatience and excessive vanity; she acted rashly without considering the possible outcomes. Hence, the Lore Family had fallen into Toby's bad books.

But I won't repeat the same mistake. I must succeed next time without letting anyone know that I'm behind it.

A determined glint flickered in her eyes.