

Crazy Love 291

Chapter 291

The man said in a respectful tone, "We are carrying out the task assigned by the king."

"Impossible," Yana immediately screamed, "How could my father order you to do such a thing!

"What do you mean by the king's orders, I think it's you who are rebelling," Jane said sharply.

Penny's eyelids twitched, and she suddenly had a bad feeling.

She was familiar with these people.

They were all members of her father's royal guard.

They only accepted orders from her father and no one else.

These people would not, and could not, betray her father overnight.

She thought, "So, is this really ordered by Dad?

Why would he give such an order?

There is only one possibility."

Suddenly, Penny realized, thinking, "Could it be that Dad found out through some means that Yana is an

impostor?

Could it be that Eason has regained his memory?

No, that isn't it.

If Eason had regained his memory, he would have come to question me first.

After all, the test report! It was in the car at the time!

What is going on?"

She remembered the incident early in the morning when Alexander, Judith, and Eason were all absent.

Penny couldn't help but feel uneasy.

She suspected that they had gone to see Susan.

Penny didn't dare to think further.

After all, this result was extremely unfavorable for her.

She held on to the last bit of hope and looked at the leader. "Do you know why my father would give such an order?"

The leader didn't hide anything, either, and said expressionlessly, "The king only said one thing. A sparrow can never be a phoenix."

Yana, who had been extremely arrogant, instantly looked terrified.

The meaning of this sentence was too obvious.

This was saying that she had taken Susan's place.

She thought, "A sparrow can never be a phoenix. Is this mocking me for overestimating myself?"

Alexander, how much does he know!"

Jane's body couldn't help but tremble. "There must be a misunderstanding, there must be a misunderstanding. Yana and I need to see the king."

They still didn't know what the king knew.

Jane felt that perhaps she could still argue her way out of it.

"Miss Nicholas, please help us. The king must have misunderstood." Jane looked at Penny with pleading eyes.

"Yes! I need to see my father! Penny, you have to help me."

Penny's expression slowly turned cold. She thought, "Asking me for help?"

How would they still hold onto hope after hearing such words."

Penny knew very clearly that without solid evidence, Alexander would not give such a heartless order.

Therefore, these two people were of no use to her.

Helping them would not only bring no benefits but also bring trouble upon herself.

So, without any hesitation, Penny said, "Since Dad has said so, you can go ahead and take action as soon as possible."

"Yes," the burly man replied and continued to throw things outside.

They didn't expect Penny to be so ruthless. Yana was if I am

stunned and said in a sharp voice, "Penny driven away! Do you think you can escape? What happened a few nights ago when you came to find

me..."

Penny gave her a dark look.

Yana had seen Penny's ability to change her attitude, and when she looked at Penny, she was shocked

and couldn't speak.

Penny coldly said, "Dad's words have made it very clear. You are not his daughter at all. You are just a fake! Yana, you are destined to be driven out, and if you keep messing around, I guarantee your fate will

be even worse than it is now!"

Yana trembled.

There was a strong threat in Penny's words.

Yana's mouth trembled a few times.

She wanted to say something, but she didn't dare.

She had nothing now.

If she was driven away and offended Penny again, it would be very easy for Penny to deal with her and Jane with Penny's scheming and methods.

Seeing Yana shut up, Penny a sigh of relief and turned to a maid. "Go, bring the child over."

The maid responded and soon brought the child over.

Normally, the maid would be very careful when holding the child, afraid of hurting him.

But this time, she just threw the child into Yana's arms with disdain.

The child cried out immediately.

"You..." Yana wanted to scold her, but she thought of her situation and held it in.

The things that needed to be thrown had been thrown.

The burly man directly drove Yana off the bed and threw away the bedding she had used.

He sneered, "The king said that he finds your used things dirty. You should take them with you."

Yana gritted her teeth and didn't dare a word.

The man then took all these things and threw them out in front of the embassy gate.

Then, in front of the onlookers, he also threw Yana and Jane out.

The embassy was in the bustling city, and now, such a big move attracted a crowd of curious people.

Everyone looked at the pile of things on the ground, then at the disheveled Yana and Jane, and felt puzzled.

After a while, someone recognized Yana and was surprised.

“Isn’t this Yana?”

“Yana?” Some people found the name unfamiliar.

But more people had already reacted.

The scene was full of whispers.

“Yana? Isn’t she the legendary princess of Tonic?”

“Yes, that’s her! Her photos are all over the internet!”

“She’s also Mrs. Landor’s sister! There are articles all over the internet criticizing Mrs. Landor, saying

Mrs. Landor only married well, and marrying well is not as good as having good parents.”

“Tsk tsk tsk. The princess of Tonic, why was she thrown out of the embassy?”

“It looks like she was thrown out.”

“Even the bedding was thrown out. What did she do!”

People kept talking. Yana’s face turned pale. She instinctively held the child tightly.

The baby felt uncomfortable and cried out.

Yana felt annoyed rather than sympathetic, and she said fiercely, “Shut up.”

The baby, whether understanding or scared, didn’t dare make a sound.

Yana’s situation was already miserable enough.

But the burly man was still concerned that she was too comfortable.

He said publicly, “Ms. Miller used fraudulent means to deceive our country’s king and queen, and attempted to impersonate a princess. Now, the king has seen through her tricks and ordered her to be thrown out of the embassy. The king is benevolent and has said he will not pursue legal responsibility, but in the future, Ms. Miller will be permanently banned from entering Tonic!”

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Having finished speaking, the man turned and walked directly into the embassy.

The embassy’s doors slowly closed.

The onlookers were still in shock.

They began to slowly digest the words that had been spoken.

Then, one by one, the crowd inwardly exclaimed in disbelief.

The plot was so unbelievable.

Just a few minutes ago, Yana was being praised on social media.

Everyone said she must have saved the world in her past life to have such parents.

Her speech about forever loving the country had earned her a lot of thumbs up.

Now, her identity turned out to be fake.

The onlookers suddenly wanted to see how the people online who had been praising Yana would react to this news.

Many had recorded the scene of Yana being driven out just now.

Some were in a hurry to open their social media accounts to upload the latest video.

But before they could, a new message popped up: [Breaking news! The Tónico princess is actually an imposter!]

The message was accompanied by a video.

The person thought, "Wow, everyone's really quick with their phones!"

But it didn't matter, as he still had new material to share.

He took out his phone and started filming Yana from various angles.

He planned to capture footage that no one else had, so that he could become famous!

However, many others had the same idea.

Soon, Yana was surrounded by a crowd, each person excitedly holding up their phones.

Yana was on the verge of losing it. "Get out of the way, all of you, get out of the way!"

"What you're doing is illegal." Jane tried to push the crowd aside.

A cold laugh rang out in the crowd.

"Illegal? You're the one who's impersonating a princess, and that's what's illegal."

With that, the crowd burst into laughter.

In the midst of the laughter, Yana's mind went blank..

She trembled, feeling a coldness she had never experienced before.

She had been proud when she was being praised.

Now, she felt desperate to be trampled upon.

It had only been half an hour.

She had fallen from heaven to hell!

Yana walked forward with a sullen face, expressionless, only knowing to keep moving forward.

In her arms, she held a baby.

Passersby didn't do anything too extreme. After taking some photos, they let Yana and Jane go, though they couldn't help but mock them.

As the onlookers uploaded the videos, social media exploded once again.

[Holy crap! Is this really Yana? It looks a bit like her in the photos.]

[Fake! It must be staged for attention.]

[Staged? Look at the location! This is the entrance of Tónico's embassy in Coraland! No one would risk going to the doorstep to stage a video like this!]

[Furthermore, I've uncovered the identity of the man who spoke last. He was the chief security officer in the King and Queen's carriage parade at the beginning of this year. I have evidence! Someone with that

kind of position wouldn't just make up stories.]

[Holy crap! So, this Yana is really an imposter!]

[Where are all those people who were praising her before? Come out and see that your princess has been exposed.]

Some of the people who had been praising Yana simply stayed silent.

Some came out to express their embarrassment.

Some simply changed their stance, fiercely criticizing Yana.

There were still a few stubborn people who were still stubbornly saying: [Yana is not a princess. So

what? It's a fact that Susan bullied her. I made Susan apologize to her. What's wrong with that.]

[Yeah, even if Yana is not a princess, Susan doesn't have to apologize? Hasn't Susan been bullying

people with her status as Mrs. Landor?].

These people were stubbornly refusing to admit that they were wrong, and the onlookers were

speechless.

One person couldn't help but say, [Honestly, Susan has been on the trending topics multiple times. But

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One person couldn't help but say, [Honestly, Susan has been on the trending topics multiple times. But

every time, the n

time, the public opinion always turns around in the end! I'm suddenly looking forward to what kind of reversal will happen this time.]

Immediately, a die-hard who refuses to admit his mistake retorted, [What kind of reversal can there be this time? Some people have been paid off by the Storm Group, and they don't even care about their reputation anymore.]

In front of the computer, a certain die-hard looked at his achievements in battling against the crowd, with a satisfied smile on his face.

He thought, "Hmph, I will never admit I'm wrong.

I am always right. The people attacking me on Twitter are all just foolish.

Indeed, I am the only sober one."

He sighed and then posted another Twitter: [Anyway, if Susan doesn't apologize, I will criticize her to the end.]

After posting, he waited for someone to come and argue with him.

Then he would argue back.

Then, his Twitter would get attention.

With attention, there would be money.

He thought this was just too satisfying.

He lit a cigarette and calmly waited for someone to come and fight with him.

But this time, no one argued with him.

The people who came to his page just quietly posted a link.

This man squinted his eyes, thinking, “Humph! Are these people afraid of me? What’s the use of posting a link? Can it make me shut up? They really underestimate me.”

This man disdainfully clicked on the link.

The link led to a person’s Twitter homepage.

This person had just verified his identity on Twitter.

The identity was King Alexander of Tonic!

On Alexander’s homepage, there was only one Twitter post.

The man quickly read it, and his eyelids twitched wildly.

It read: [Due to personal reasons, I have occupied the trending topics for so long, I am very sorry. Today, I will make two statements. First, Yana maliciously forged evidence and impersonated my daughter. This has caused great harm to me and my wife. We have decided to expel her from the embassy and ban her from entering Tonic for life. Second, I have found my biological daughter. Let me introduce her to everyone. Her name is Susan, currently the leader of the artificial intelligence department of the Storm Group, and of course, she is also Ben’s wife. I have seen many doubts about whether my daughter is worthy of Ben, I just want to say one thing. Have you studied artificial intelligence before?]

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Alexander’s statement ended here.

The die-hard was stunned.

He had anticipated some possible rebuttals from Susan.

For example, she would explain that she never bullied Yana, and so on.

At this point, he could continue to argue from his perspective.

But he didn't expect Susan to be the real princess.

The way this reversal happened was completely different from what he had imagined.

He trembled with both hands and clicked on the comment section.

Surprisingly, the top comment was just: [Holy crap.]

This comment had already received tens of thousands of likes. Probably because it perfectly summed up everyone's complex feelings.

Other than that, there were no other words that could express their feelings!

Chapter 293 I'm going crazy. So many twists and turns? it feels like I'm watching a TV drama!]

Wait, let me get this straight! So, Yana is a fake. She impersonated Susan's identity! No wonder! How could the king be fooled by Yana? It turns out Yana knows the real princess!]

So, if that's the case! Yana not only impersonated Susan's identity but also led public opinion online to attack her. This is beyond shameless!]

Did anyone notice the last sentence from the king? He started out with an official tone, and the last sentence is really an act of being proud of and defending her daughter!]

So... Susan first married a rich man and then found out her parents are the king and queen. In her previous life... I'm afraid she saved more than just one galaxy, right?]

As the die-hard troll read these comments, his hands trembled as he retreated.

When he was about to return to his homepage, he found his homepage was banned.

The troll couldn't help but let out a cry..

He thought, "This Susan is really too extraordinary! In the future, must not offend her again!" When Alexander posted this on Twitter, public opinion instantly reversed.

It was a reversal that couldn't be reversed anymore.

Countless people sighed, saying that in the future, other people's scandals might still be believable, but Susan's scandals, you really couldn't believe them.

No matter how convincing the scandal looked, how impossible it was to reverse it, Susan always had a variety of ways to slap those haters in the face.

Before Susan even knew about these online matters, they had already been turned around. 115

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Alexander even posted a second post, saying that Susan loved Coraland and they would respect her wishes to continue staying in Coraland. He also hoped that everyone would not disturb her because of

her identity.

This fatherly heart won the approval of thousands of netizens.

At the same time, Yana's situation wasn't as good.

She and Jane slunk back to the Miller residence.

As soon as they entered, dust hit them in the face.

Yana started coughing violently.

Jane couldn't help but curse, "What's going on. How did it get so dirty in just a few days? Where are the servants? Are they all dead?"

As Jane cursed, Yana, with a gloomy face, grabbed her. "Enough! Have you forgotten? All the servants have been dismissed."

Jane was stunned for a moment and couldn't help but show an embarrassed expression.

When they left here, they never thought they would come back one day. Naturally, all the servants had been dismissed. "Yana, you rest first, I'll go hire some servants," Jane said.

"Go ahead," Yana said with a grimace.

Jane was about to make a call when her phone rang first.

Jane looked at it and felt happy.

"Yana, it's Mr. White! He has always taken care of us. This time, he will definitely help us."

Yana's eyebrows twitched. She felt Jane was being too naive.

But Jane had already answered the phone eagerly.

"Mr. White." Jane's face lit up with a bright smile.

But not long after, her smile disappeared,

She exclaimed, "What? You want us to repay the money now? Didn't we agree on a ten-year deadline? You're going back on your word! You despicable person!"

"The Identity matter? We didn't do it on purpose! Who knew what the king was doing?"

After saying a few words, Jane suddenly gritted her teeth and said, "Alright, know what you want! I'll just marry you. That's it!" Jane had a reason to say so.

These days, this so-called Mr. White has been expressing his affection for her in a vague manner while they were in communication. However, Jane, thinking of Carl still in prison, did not respond to his

advances.

She thought that she was now willing to marry him, and he should be overjoyed.

However, just as Jane finished speaking, he abruptly gave her a three-day deadline and hung up the phone.

Jane was dumbfounded.

This person had been flirting with her just a few days ago. Now, he was turning his back on her. Yana understood and sneered, "Why do you think he was trying to please you before? Did you really

think he liked you? At your age, how can you still be so naive? At first, he saw you as the princess' mother and naturally wanted to pursue you. But now, we've all been kicked out. What use do you

have?"

"How... could this be!" Jane sat down, feeling powerless.

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have?"

"How... could this be!" Jane sat down, feeling powerless.

Facing his pursuit, she was actually somewhat pleased, feeling that she had the same charm as when she was young.

But now, what he valued was not her at all.

At this moment, Jane felt quite hopeless.

The level of desperation was even deeper than when she found out that Carl owed a huge debt.

Yana looked at Jane's helpless look, and a hint of disgust appeared on her face. "Forget it. Stop thinking about these things. There's still some cash at home. Go hire some servants first."

"Okay, I'll go." Jane stood up in a daze.

Yana looked at the dusty sofa and sneered, refusing to sit down..

She had been raised in luxury since childhood, so naturally, she wouldn't sit on such a dusty sofa as Yana was waiting for Jane to hire the servants.

A few minutes later, Jane came back in a panic.

"Where are the servants?" Yana asked without any politeness.

"Yana! Someone is blocking our door!" Jane said in a panic.

Yana's expression changed.

sofa.

"It's... Mr. White's people. They sprayed white paint on our door. They said... they won't leave until we pay back the money," Jane explained in panic.

Yana quickly went to the door and saw several burly men walking back and forth in front of the door. Yana's face turned grim as she came back.

She scolded Jane, "The company was ruined by your husband! This debt is yours and Carl's responsibility!"

Jane was at a loss.

Jane said in a daze, "Your dad, he has always loved you the most. He embezzled the money for you."

"Don't tell me this nonsense," Yana said impatiently. "You have to figure

out how

won't all. Also, go upstairs and clean the room for me, want to rest for a while!"

Saying that, Yana went upstairs.

Watching Jane standing still, Yana scolded, "Hurry up."

After a moment of hesitation, Jane wiped her tears and followed upstairs.

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Over the years, she had been living a life of luxury. She had never even touched a rag, let alone cleaning. Jane carefully cleaned while Yana kept scolding her.

She wiped away her tears while cleaning the room.

During the cleaning, she turned around to look at the ferocious Yana and felt extremely strange.

In just a few hours, Yana had completely changed.

"Hurry up," Yana roared.

Jane was startled and quickly continued cleaning.

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These past few days had been the most painful for Jane and Yana.

Every time Jane went out, those burly guys followed her.

Whenever Jane wanted to make a slightly higher expense, they approached her for debt repayment.

Jane didn't dare to hire a nanny. She couldn't even buy a piece of meat.

For the past few days, she had been eating plain food with a worried and distressed expression on her face.

At night, Yana looked at the food on the dining table and threw her fork aside, saying, "I'm still in my postpartum period, and you feed me with this kind of food every day?"

Jane cautiously said, "Yana, Mom, I have no other choice. Those people..."

"Don't talk to me about them, I don't want to hear it," Yana said coldly..

Jane was taken aback for a moment, then said, "Yana, I remember you should still have some money. The cash card left by Timothy, we haven't touched it. Maybe there are still a few million in there. Why don't you give me that money first, so we can pay off some of the debts, maybe..."

"Maybe what!" Yana's face changed. "You bankrupted Timothy's company, and now you want to take my money? Dream on!"

Yana slammed the table, turned around, and left.

Jane looked at her figure and had no other choice but to wipe away her tears with a distressed expression.

The next morning, she made oatmeal and went to call Yana.

However, no matter how much she called, there was no response.

She thought, "What's wrong? Could something have happened to Yana and the child?"

Jane panicked and pushed open the door.

Then, she saw an empty room.

She looked out of the window and saw a twisted sheet hanging there.

Yana must have found a way to escape from those men who had been watching them day and night and left overnight.

Realizing this, Jane helplessly sat down on the floor.

Her husband was imprisoned.

Her only biological daughter had run away.

Now, she was all alone.

Just at that moment, her phone rang.

Jane's hand trembled when she saw the name on the screen..

After hesitating for a while, she didn't dare not answer.

Trembling, she said, "Mr. White, I really have no money. Please, give me some more time."

On the other end, a low voice came. "Mrs. Miller, to me, lending you money is nothing at all. I don't necessarily need you to repay it. I only have one condition. As long as you can fulfill it, this debt will be cancelled."

"Your condition..." Jane's eyes lit up. "Is it that you want me to marry you? I agree!"

Before, she had ignored Harrison, but now she thought he was not a bad choice. At least he had money and could let her live the life she had before.

She thought, "As for Carl, I can only say sorry to him!

I'm so enchanting. It's not my fault!"

Jane was thinking this way.

The person on the other end suddenly coughed violently.

He quickly said, "Mrs. Miller, stop joking.

He was afraid that Jane would continue to say something ridiculous, so he frankly asked, "Yesterday night, Yana ran away, right?"

"How do you know?" Jane was surprised.

The person replied flatly, "If I didn't allow it, how could she have escaped? Mrs. Miller, your only daughter has also run away, and now you have nothing left."

"You... Are you calling me just to mock me?" Jane said weakly.

The person on the other end laughed. "I just wanted to tell you one thing. You have no attachments now, and those who have nothing to lose aren't afraid of anything."

Jane began to realize. "What do you want me to do?"

"What I want you to do is simple," Harrison said calmly, "Destroy Susan."

Jane was shocked, "She is now Mrs. Landor. I can't do it."

money in the first place? "Can't do it?" The person laughed, saying, "Do you know why I lent you t Yana's identity is one aspect, but more importantly, it was to target Susan! If you can't do it, with the huge debt you owe, you may as well go to jail to spend the rest of your life with your husband."

Jane couldn't help but feel afraid, and she trembled. "But I really can't do it. I can't even see her."

The warm voice said, "Don't be afraid. I'm not intentionally making things difficult for you. I have a complete plan here. As long as you follow it, regardless of success or failure, the debt you owe me will be canceled."

A debt cancellation!

It was truly a tempting offer.

Jane bit her lip and said, "Tell me the plan."

Half an hour later, she hung up the phone, feeling drained.

She thought, "Should I or shouldn't I do it?"

It isn't that she didn't want to deal with Susan.

Susan was living a good life now.

Not only did Susan—marry Ben, but she also found her birth parents.

Although Jane wasn't kind to her when they were young, she at least provided Susan with food.

Now that Jane was in a difficult situation, Susan didn't help at all.

It was Susan who should be sorry.

So, Jane had no psychological pressure to deal with Susan.

Jane hesitated.

There was also some danger for her in this matter.

Although Harrison explained it well, she was afraid that he deceived her.

Jane was afraid.

But she knew that with such a large debt, she had no other choice.

After a long time, Jane gritted her teeth.

Even if there was a risk, she decided to do this.

First, she could take some measures to protect herself in advance.

Second, she wanted to see Susan's misfortune.

She thought, "Susan, don't blame me. It's all your fault for not leaving any room for others. I've come this far because of you."

Jane took a deep breath and called Harrison back.

"I'll do it," Jane said through clenched teeth, "What about our debt?"

The other end chuckled softly, saying, "Consider it settled."

"Good." Jane breathed a sigh of relief. "Let your people bring the things over. Also, please instruct them to take me to the hospital in a timely manner!"

"Don't worry," Harrison said with a smile as he hung up the phone.

Jane went downstairs and opened the door.

Before long, Harrison's man walked in.

In his hands, he held a whole bottle of sleeping pills.

He said to Jane, "Take them."

This was Harrison's plan. He wanted Jane to commit suicide. Of course, his people would promptly take her to the hospital. Then, they would pin the blame for Jane's suicide on Susan, completely ruining

Susan's reputation.

Although she had made up her mind, Jane was still afraid at this moment. She trembled and said, "How about I call an ambulance first? After the ambulance arrives, I'll take the pills."

The man became impatient. "Do you think the hospital won't find out when you took the pills? If you do that, who will believe that you really committed suicide?"

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Our mist, ang ill think about it!"

The man asked, "How much longer do you need to think?"

"I..." Jane just lowered her head.

Suddenly, the man approached her.

"What... what do you want to do?" Jane looked at him in fear.

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SEND GIFT

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The man smirked and forcefully stuffed an entire bottle of sleeping pills into Jane's mouth.

This wasn't what they had agreed upon.

Jane's pupils contracted as she desperately tried to spit out the pills.

But the man held her mouth, lifted her chin, and forced her to swallow all the pills!

"Alright." After feeding her the pills, the man nonchalantly released his grip.

"Ahem ahem..." Jane coughed violently.

She even considered putting her hand down her throat to try and extract the pills.

The man casually said, "Think about your debt. With so much debt, being alive isn't much better than being dead."

Jane's actions stopped.

She looked at the man pleadingly. "I've followed your instructions, pretended to commit suicide. Now, I beg you, please take me to the hospital."

Even if living would be painful, it still beat being dead.

"Don't worry, I'll make a phone call right now."

The man said as he indeed dialed a number. "Yes, I found someone attempting suicide. Please send an ambulance immediately."

Seeing him make the call, Jane breathed a sigh of relief.

"Alright, now write a suicide note. Just copy this one." The man took out a suicide note and instructed

Jane to transcribe it.

Jane had no choice but to comply.

After finishing the note, Jane lay down on the bed, waiting helplessly.

Ten minutes passed, then half an hour.

Her consciousness started to blur.

But there was still no sign of an ambulance.

Jane struggled to say, "Let's not wait for the ambulance. Can you please take me to the hospital?

Please."

The man looked at her indifferently. "Just wait a little longer. The ambulance will be here soon."

His expression was too indifferent.

Suddenly, Jane realized something as she looked at his expression.

She said in fear, "You didn't even call the hospital just now."

A smile appeared on the man's face. "You're only realizing this now?"

Jane was dumbfounded.

In the blink of an eye, she suddenly understood.

These people never intended for her to live.

They wanted her dead so they could use her death to attack Susan!

She foolishly cooperated with them.

Regardless of her cooperation, Harrison had already made a deranged decision.

Even if she didn't want it, he would eventually take action.

Although he had informed her in advance, it was just a sick pleasure of those in power.

"You fraud, you fraud." Jane struggled to climb up and tried to grab her phone.

The man approached and casually kicked her phone away.

"You..." Jane looked at him angrily.

She wanted to get out of bed and fight him.

But now she had no strength left.

She couldn't do anything except stare at him with furious eyes.

"Mrs. Miller, have a safe journey." The man yawned and sat down on a chair, playing mobile games.

He was certain that she had no way out..

Despair appeared on Jane's face.

It seemed that she truly had nowhere to go.

At this moment, regret filled Jane's heart.

She thought, "Perhaps I shouldn't have harbored such evil thoughts over twenty years ago.

Our family of three could have been living well.

Is this my retribution?"

Jane felt her thoughts becoming more and more chaotic.

Until finally, she sank into darkness completely.

After an unknown amount of time, the man got up and checked Jane's body, which had turned ice-cold, and she was dead already.

3/7

D

Then, he placed something in Jane's palm, cleaned up the scene, ensuring that everything was foolproof, and then quietly left.

A few days later, someone called the police.

This person claimed to be a debt collector.

He said that he had been stationed outside this villa to collect debts, and usually, the people inside would come out when he came to collect.

But this time, nobody came out for a long time. He thought that the woman inside was mocking them,

so he angrily tried to push open the door.

To his surprise, the door was unlocked.

Then, there was a foul smell.

He went upstairs and saw the body of Jane.

He immediately called the police.

The police arrived at the scene quickly.

They found an empty sleeping pill bottle and a suicide note.

All the evidence pointed to Jane's suicide.

However, during the autopsy, they discovered something else.

Jane was clutching a necklace in her hand, and the necklace had the word "Sus" engraved on it.

After a brief investigation into Jane's background, the police easily thought of Susan.

They suspected that this was a murder instead of a suicide, and it has something to do with Susan.

Further investigation was needed, so the police called Susan and asked her to come to the police

station.

Upon receiving the call, Susan felt dazed.

She almost doubted whether she had misheard.

The police said Jane was gone.

The woman who had abused and mistreated her since childhood was gone.

Susan couldn't describe her current emotions, but she certainly couldn't say she was happy.

She had thought that her emotions would no longer fluctuate because of the people from the Miller family.

But upon hearing this news, she felt bewildered again.

After a long time, Susan took a deep breath.

She grabbed her bag and headed out.

When she reached downstairs, Ben had just returned.

He calmly said, "I already know about the situation. I'll take you there."

"Okay." Susan nodded absentmindedly.

On the way, the weather was sunny.

Susan stared blankly out the window, saying nothing.

Humans were really strange creatures.

You had resented and hated some people and eventually became calm.

But when this person truly disappeared from this world, you couldn't help but feel a shiver in your heart.

You even started to forget their faults, occasionally recalling a few tender moments.

At the police station, the police met Ben and Susan.

Although they already knew, the police still asked as a routine, "What kind of relationship did you have with Mrs. Miller?"

Susan pressed her lips and replied, "She is my mother."

"According to our investigation, she secretly took you away from the hospital many years ago, years, she has treated you far from lovingly?"

Susan didn't answer but asked, "Did she really... commit suicide?"

and these

“We cannot confirm whether it was suicide or murder yet. The time of death was three days ago. If it weren’t for the debt collector realizing something was wrong and barging in, no one would have discovered it yet.”

Susan’s emotions became more complicated. “What about Yana? What about the child?”

“Their whereabouts are unknown. According to the investigation, they probably fled to escape a large debt.”

Susan was silent for a while and then said, “My relationship with Jane wasn’t great. Are you.... suspecting me?”

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The police did not say a word but simply placed a letter and a necklace in front of Susan.

Susan pressed her lips and unfolded the letter to read it.

The letter was very short.

The handwriting was indeed Jane’s, but it became increasingly blurry towards the end. Evidently, by that time, Jane had already taken sleeping pills.

The letter read: [I’m about to die. I’ve lost my husband and my daughter, and I have a huge debt waiting for me Living has become meaningless. Farewell, world.]

Ben also read the letter and furrowed his brow. “There doesn’t seem to be anything suspicious about

the suicide note.”

The police officer agreed, saying, “Yes, based on the letter alone, it does seem like a clear case of suicide. But the strange thing is, she was clutching this necklace in her hand.”

Susan looked at the necklace, her expression slightly dazed.

The police officer said, “Take a look at this necklace.”

Susan didn’t move. She closed her eyes and slowly opened them again. “No need to look. The necklace is engraved with the word ‘Sus.’ This necklace was a birthday gift from Jane to me in 2013. At that time, I had been giving blood continuously for five years, and I didn’t want to be a blood bag

anymore. I packed my luggage and planned to leave quietly. I had planned for several days to leave on my birthday, taking advantage of everyone’s attention being on Yana. But on my birthday, Jane did something unprecedented and gave me a gift. It was this necklace. My name was also engraved on it. I thought perhaps my parents still loved me. From then on, I never thought about escaping again.”

Later on, she married Ben and didn’t bring anything related to the Miller family with her.

This necklace remained there.

The police officer said, “So, this necklace was a birthday gift from Jane. The message behind this necklace seems quite obvious. Jane held onto it before her death, perhaps trying to convey

something?”

Susan lowered her gaze. “I don’t know why she did this. But her death has nothing to do with me.”

“But if Jane was murdered, you do have a strong motive.”

Susan pressed her lips. "I'll cooperate with any investigation."

Susan's attitude was good, and the police felt relieved. As someone with her background, if she caused trouble, it wouldn't be easy for them.

This case was destined to be investigated secretly.

After all, the King and Queen of Tonico were still in the country. If they accused their daughter of being a murderer, it would be embarrassing for them.

Everyone hoped the investigation would not link back to Susan..

Otherwise, it would be troublesome.

The questioning ended.

Ben and Susan returned home.

Susan's expression seemed even more distant.

Ben held her hand. "What's false cannot become true. Jane's death originally had nothing to do with us."

Susan gave a bitter smile, saying, "I'm not worried about that. If I didn't do it, they can't fabricate evidence out of thin air. I'm just feeling a bit sentimental for a moment."

Carl was imprisoned.

Jane's death remained unclear.

Yana and the child's whereabouts were unknown.

They were once considered her closest family.

Now, they had fallen into such a situation, making Susan's emotions understandably complicated.

Carl's imprisonment didn't stir her emotions too much..

After all, Carl had tried to kill her first, and his imprisonment was the consequence of the law.

Susan believed that she had no regrets.

But Jane died just like that.

Susan couldn't remain calm anymore.

If Jane's death was a suicide, then she had a connection to it as well since she played a role in Jane's downfall.

But if it was a murder, then she had a feeling that the killer might have been after her as well.

While Jane was disliked, in the eyes of the law, her crime did not warrant death.

Yet she had died.

Suddenly, Susan couldn't find the words to speak, feeling guilty and fretful.

Seeing Susan like this, Ben couldn't help but comfort her while running his fingers through her hair, "Don't think about it, don't think about it."

The next day, there was a new development.

Ben and Susan went to the police station again.

"Mr. Landor, we're here to inquire about you today." The chief cut to the chase and placed a photo in front of Ben. "Do you recognize this person?"

Ben looked at the photo and furrowed his brows slightly. "I don't know him."

"Although you may not know him, according to our investigation, he was a security guard under the Storm Group."

Ben raised his head and realized something.

"And based on the footage from the villa's surveillance cameras, he entered the villa before Jane died. Two hours later, he left. Since then, Jane never left the villa. If Jane was murdered, then he is our primary suspect. We immediately started investigating him, but when we found him... he had already committed suicide."

Ben didn't know what to say.

Everything was pieced together.

Jane couldn't have committed suicide.

She must have been murdered. Her death was planned from the start. It was a setup.

The setup was for the purpose of targeting him and Susan.

"Mr. Landor, under the current situation, you and Susan have had conflicts and motives against Jane. Not to mention, you both have the ability to carry out such an act. Furthermore, that person didn't know Jane, so why did he need to enter the villa and kill Jane? And why did he commit suicide when we

found him?"

The chief sighed, saying, "Mr. Landor, I have to say, your and Ms. Miller's suspicion is growing. We have reason to suspect that you hired someone to kill Jane and make it look like a suicide in an attempt to

cover up your tracks."

The police also didn't want to make such accusations, but the existing evidence only pointed to Ben

and Susan, so they had to speculate.

Ben remained calm. "In reality, if I wanted to take her down, I had the means to make her wish she was

dead. There was no need to resort to such crude methods."

The chief forced out a bitter chuckle, saying, "I understand that. But all evidence points in that direction. We will have to consider you and Susan as suspects. Mr. Landor, I apologize, but for the next few days, we may have to keep you both under surveillance. Please stay at home and wait for further investigation."

The police were just doing their job.

Ben and Susan didn't give him a hard time and cooperated, nodding in agreement.

As he watched Ben and Susan leave, the chief let out another sigh.

He also believed that Ben and Susan had nothing to do with the case..

After all, Ben had many ways to deal with Jane without resorting to murder.

But the evidence was pointing in their direction.

If the police couldn't find conclusive evidence to prove their innocence, then this case would become

troublesome.

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The sheriff sighed and tucked the file away.

The sheriff found the case to be somewhat tricky.

In this case, if Ben and Susan are really involved, the fallout would be massive.

Ben held the reins of Coraland's information sector. If anything happened to him, the local economy might take a step backward.

Besides Susan's own abilities, she now had the added advantage of her parents being the king and

queen of Tonic.

The couple, finally back together with their long-lost daughter, stood firm against relentless pressure to return home, choosing to remain in Coraland instead.

What would happen if they were told Susan had to be arrested?

What would the couple's reaction be?

Could the relationship between Coraland and Tonico remain as harmonious?

See, the case was not considered such a big deal.

Yet, since it involved Ben and Susan, it also bore implications for the very fate of Coraland as a nation.

Now, this case must be investigated.

Not only must it be investigated, but it must be clear and understandable.

But the entire investigation process must be covert. It absolutely couldn't be leaked to the public.

The sheriff thought this way, carefully securing the file in the safe.

What a mess!

The sheriff was busy for a long while, only returning home in the middle of the night.

He had just dozed off when a phone call startled him awake.

He hurriedly picked up the phone.

He suddenly looked pale after a brief exchange, "What? It's out there? The info hit the Internet! Seriously? I thought we had a deal that it was top secret!"

"Fine, wait at the station. I'll be right there."

The sheriff threw on his coat and rushed out the door.

By the side of the safe, several police officers were already on standby.

The sheriff glanced at the empty safe and his face soured instantly.

At this moment, his cell phone rang again.

He answered the call and his face instantly turned a shade paler.

Then he hung up the phone and set it down.

His voice took on a grave tone, "The archivist took his own life. At his place, they found the missing files along with a suicide note. He wrote that he took the documents to shine a light on the wrongdoing of

Ben and Susan, all in the name of justice."

After the sheriff spoke, a hush fell over the room.

Whether the archivist spoke the truth or not, he had taken his own life.

And with that, what was false seemed to become true.

This case, which they had always wanted to handle discreetly, was now exposed to the public.

The possible media frenzy and its unforeseeable repercussions were anyone's guess.

The sheriff inhaled deeply and said, "Now, the press is probably having a field day. At this point, we need to..."

"Wait a minute," one of the officers said. "Sheriff, it's not that bad."

The sheriff was puzzled.

He mused, "The archivist taking his own life to reveal these documents, especially with the high-profile names involved, is bound to cause a media frenzy."

Sensing the sheriff's point, the officer gave a wry smile and said, "Generally speaking, public opinion would indeed go against us. But this time..."

"Never mind. Sheriff, have a look at this."

The officer handed over his cell phone.

The sheriff glanced at the first hot comment under the exposed post and fell silent.

The hot comment went like this.

"I totally bought into your nonsense! A year ago, when Susan got into Storm Group, you all claimed she slept her way to the top. I fell for it and badmouthed her. Turns out, it was just envy talking; she's actually got the chops. A few months on, you said Susan was two-timing. I bought into that too, and gleefully spread the word. And who was this so-called lover? Ben himself? Fast forward a few months, and you're accusing Susan's 'Starry Romance' of being a rip-off. I was so gullible to believe that, only to

be proven wrong again! Just recently, there were rumors that Susan is bossy and picks on her sister, and there I was, still stinging from the last rumor, backing you up. And now? Before I can even recover from the last debacle, you're pinning a murder on Susan? If I fall for that, I'm the biggest fool around."

This hot comment was liked over fifty thousand times.

And underneath, there's a crowd of people showing their support.

"Mrs. Landor has been the target of slander a lot this past year, but every time there's been a new twist.

Now, even with this latest scandal breaking, it looks like folks online are hesitant to drag her name through the mud again," the officer said.

The sheriff was suddenly embarrassed.

How should this be put?

Is it that Susan has bad luck, being slandered so many times?

Or is it good luck that she's been cleared after being slandered so many times?

After all these instances, whistle-blowers, no matter how earnest, can no longer persuade anyone to believe the negative rumors about Susan.

The sheriff cleared his throat and said, "Seeing as the public is being reasonable, let's start with a tweet on Twitter to clarify things, and then take the investigation public. That should speed up getting some

truth."

"Alright."

Everyone chimed in together.

At the Landor residence.

Ben glanced at the tweet that had been leaked, his eyes narrowing slightly.

“How interesting!” Ben thought to himself.

All this just to set him and Susan up in a trap that might not even succeed.

In this short time, three lives have already been lost.

Jane, the security guard, and the archivist.

To frame them completely, who knew how many more lives would get tangled up in this mess later?

Ben was clueless.

All he was certain of was that average folks couldn't pull off such wicked deeds, nor could they set such a sophisticated trap.

years

Ben looked into it; the security guard who took his own life had been with Storm Group for five and had made it to team leader. The archivist had put in eight years with the police force, which is how he got his hands on that kind of sensitive info.

Yet, both of these individuals committed suicide without hesitation.

The sheriff said they passed away peacefully, smiles still on their faces.

What kind of person, what sort of force, could make them face death with such composure?

Ben had a creeping suspicion that there was a huge force at play behind the scenes.

This was definitely not the handiwork of just one person or a small group.

It's very likely a vast organization.

This organization had been quietly operating in Coraland for years, and now, for some reason, they set their sights on him!

So, Jane, the security guard, and the archivist, all became pawns.

Just pawns in a high-stakes game of human chess!

How cruel! How vile!

Ben's brows furrowed slightly.

Though the archivist's revelation cost him his life, thankfully, because of earlier incidents, no one has yet dragged his or Susan's names through the mud.

But if the truth doesn't come to light soon, there will inevitably be continuous trouble.

The current situation was not in their favor.

If this matter were to follow legal procedures, it would certainly not result in a conviction for them, as they have not done such things and naturally no substantial evidence would be found.

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The problem was that all the people involved had been dead.

It was not easy to find out who the real culprit was.

Without identifying the real culprit, he and Susan couldn't shake off the suspicion.

Who could be the person behind the curtain?

Ben's eyes narrowed slightly.

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"I'm okay. Yeah, I'm fine."

"Okay. I will stay calm. Don't cry for now."

On the other end, Susan clutched her phone, trying her best to console Judith, who was in tears and couldn't seem to stop.

"You can't come over yet. Yeah, Ben and I have been restricted in personal freedom and can't meet with others for now."

"It's okay. Everything here is fine, and there are servants taking care of us."

"Please, don't bust in! I'm really all right!"

Susan talked herself hoarse trying to soothe Judith's frayed nerves.

"Is it the queen?" Ben quirked an eyebrow.

Susan nodded.

"Hand me the phone. I need to have a word with the king," Ben said.

"Okay," Susan informed Judith and then handed the phone to Ben.

Ben took the phone and walked to the balcony.

The call was now connected to Alexander.

Alexander's voice was steady as he asked, "Is Susan feeling well?"

"Don't worry, I'm here," Ben said.

Ben's voice was steady, which inexplicably reassured Alexander somewhat. Alexander said, "If there's anything you need help with, just tell me. I am duty-bound."

Ben nodded, "There is indeed something here that I need your help with."

Ben spoke slowly, enunciating his words carefully.

Alexander's eyes narrowed, and he said coolly, "Got it. I'm heading back to Tonic right away! I want to find out who's stirring the pot this time."

“The tactics those folks use are pretty harsh. Please stay vigilant, Your Majesty,” Ben warned.

“If it is as you say, no matter how brutal they are, I will have to confront them sooner or later. Since that’s the case, it’s better to take the initiative and gain the upper hand,” Alexander said.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be careful.”

‘t worry

The matter Ben spoke of was indeed significant. Alexander didn’t say much and hung up the phone, immediately preparing to return to his country.

“What did you say to the king?” Susan looked at Ben with some curiosity.

Ben tousled her hair and said, “Not much. I told him to stop fussing over us. Things are heating up in Tonic, and he needs to get back on the throne and handle it.”

Susan nodded in agreement.

Indeed, considering Alexander’s high status, his decision to stay in Coraland just for her did put Susant

under a lot of pressure.

Time passed day by day.

Susan lived a comfortable life as a homebody; it wasn’t too hard to handle.

Yet, the police investigation reached a standstill.

Jane was dead, suspected of being the victim of foul play.

The assailant, however, later took his own life. The only available information indicates that he was employed as a security guard by Storm Group. Additionally, before his death, a significant sum of one

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million dollars was transferred to his wife's account.

And all these clues pointed directly to Ben!

But to convict Ben, there was no definitive evidence.

The case was at a standstill.

The most infuriating aspect for the police was that the case had been made public, drawing significant public attention. With the true perpetrator still on the loose, people's perspectives started to tilt toward skepticism.

What utterly stunned the public was when the security guard's wife posted a heart-rending tweet.

She accused Ben, the president of Storm Group, of buying lives with his wealth, which she believed resulted in her husband's death, leaving her without a husband and her children without their father.

This tweet, written with sheer emotion, left readers utterly devastated and at a loss for words.

Even those who were resolute before started having doubts after reading this tweet.

Could it really be Ben?

After all, with Ben's capabilities, such a feat would be effortless.

The digital landscape was getting more and more complicated.

In secret, however, another game was being played.

Ben had been pretty tied up recently.

He spent the entire day locked in his study, working on code or overseeing things through video conferences.

Susan glanced at the field a few times and realized she couldn't make heads or tails of it. So, she left with a gleam in her eyes.

Her abilities, though impressive, are still very much of this world.

For someone like Ben, that's truly extraordinary.

Susan wasn't sure what had Ben so preoccupied, and she didn't ask any questions either.

She figured, "If Ben finds it important, he'll tell me. If he keeps it to himself, it must not be a big deal."

Susan's mindset was quite good.

And so, another week passed.

The case was still unresolved. Online public opinion finally erupted.

[Even though I'm scared of being proven wrong again, considering the circumstances, shouldn't Ben and Susan be coming forward to make a statement?]

[I saw the live stream of the security guard's funeral that his wife posted. Seeing those two kids next to the casket just broke me. If Ben really was trading lives for cash, I swear I'd boycott Storm Group for life.]

[Me, too.]

[The cops have made it clear. There's not enough evidence. Honestly, I don't want to give the police a hard time because there really isn't enough to convict. So, despite all the leads and hints, even though we all know Ben's the one, even though Ben knows that we know he did it, what good does it do? As long as he doesn't confess, he can dodge the charges.]

[What a sad world we live in!]

Below, there was a group of people who were escalating the issue, starting to attack their own country, saying things like they only wished not to be born as citizens of Coraland in the next life.

In a certain room, Mr. White saw public opinion swing his way at last, and a slight smile crept across his face.

Because of this incident, people's trust in Ben greatly decreased.

These past few days, the stock price of Storm Group also fell quite a bit because of this.

If this kept up, convicted or not, Ben was going to be seriously diminished.

Mr. White looked over at the man next to him and said with a smirk, "See? That's what happens with just

a little nudge from our group. Are you ready to come on board now?"

A man was sitting beside him.

If Susan were here, she would be utterly astonished.

Because this man was none other than Timothy.

Timothy, who should have died in a fall off a cliff, was actually alive and kicking! And to top it off, he'd gotten mixed up with someone like Mr. White!

Timothy said calmly, "Don't be too pleased just yet, the outcome is still undecided. Based on my understanding of Ben, he's not the type to just sit and wait for his doom."

Mr. White scoffed, "You're just spooked because you've been beaten by him before! No matter how tough Ben is, he's only one man. How can he stand against the might of our entire outfit? I've thrown in both a B-tier and an A-tier player for this play; Ben ought to feel flattered by that."

"Let's wait and see," Timothy remained noncommittal.

"Then just wait and see," Mr. White said with a smile, "This time, Ben has no chance of turning the

tables."

As soon as he finished speaking, suddenly, someone burst into the room in a panic.

"Mr. White, something terrible has happened!"

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Mr. White scowled and barked, "What the hell? I'm in a meeting with Mr. Leen. Butt out and leave!" The man hesitated somewhat, "But..."

"No buts! Moron!" Mr. White waved his hand dismissively, "Now, right this second, out you go." Timothy chuckled, "Why the rush, Mr. White? Why not listen to him and see what's happening?" Seeing Timothy speaking up, Mr. White reluctantly said, "Three minutes for you, go ahead."

"Mr. White, it won't take three minutes," the man said cautiously, "Just a few words will do." "Speak!" Mr. White commanded with an authoritative demeanor.

The man took a deep breath and said, "Storm Group just dropped a new chip aimed at the security market. It outperforms our top chip across the board. But here's the kicker. They're claiming to have found a backdoor in our chips. They're suggesting we've been using it to gather info for years."

After saying everything in one breath, the man exhaled, "That's all!*

Mr. White's expression was initially very calm.

But the more he heard, the grimmer his expression became.

By the end, his face had gone green.

Timothy glanced at Mr. White's complexion and could quite understand his current mood. Mr. White's real name was Harrison White.

He was a core member of a certain organization.

Even more so, he was the president of a multinational conglomerate, Stellar Group. 1/6

Stellar Group was a leading global financial powerhouse, specializing in security chips. In this arena, they were unmatched, leaving their competitors in the dust.

Due to their chips' tight algorithms and superior secrecy, many collectives or individuals requiring high confidentiality used Stellar Group's chips.

This was also the biggest asset for the Stellar Group's stable position among the global top ten. But now...

Storm Group had actually developed a better security chip.

This was not yet a catastrophe.

After all, Storm Group's chip might have been developed, but it hadn't been put through its paces in the market yet. Its future performance was still anybody's guess..

What was truly fatal was the discovery of the covert backdoor Stellar Group had installed in their chips. If a security chip wasn't secure anymore, then who's going to buy it? The lifeline of Stellar Group was severed.

"How could the backdoor we set up be so easily discovered," Harrison thundered furiously, "Moreover, in just these few short days!"

The man gave a bitter laugh, "Mr. White, who can compete when they've got a King on their side? Rumor has it that he's the brain behind the development too."

"King!" Harrison's face twisted in anger, "It's that person again."

In recent years, no one knew just how many projects the King had in the works. Time and again, he's at the cutting edge of global technology.

He'd heard his fair share of gripes about this guy from his colleagues, but since King had never dipped his toes into the security game, he hadn't really given it much thought.

But what about now?

When King made a move, it was always such a big one! “Just get out of here,” Harrison said irritably, waving his hand. The man hurriedly left.

Timothy smiled and said lightly, “This is what was talking about, Ben’s counterattack.” Harrison paused, “Isn’t this developed by King?”

Timothy quirked an eyebrow, “King’s got a 60% grip on Storm Group’s core tech. If King jumps ship, Storm Group would fall apart overnight.”

Harrison nodded, “That’s why everyone has been searching for King over the years.” “But have you ever thought that Ben might be King?” Timothy said in the most nonchalant tone, a statement that was explosive.

Harrison was stunned for a long time before he instinctively denied it, “That’s impossible. I’ve never” heard anyone say that Ben is also proficient in computers.”

Timothy shrugged, “Then why is the timing of King’s development of security software so precise? He was targeting you from the beginning.”

Harrison narrowed his eyes.

Harrison had set this trap, always believing that if Ben wanted to break it, he would have to try hard to find evidence to prove his innocence.

But the evidence had been cleanly destroyed by him, Ben couldn't possibly break the situation.

Thus, he would have to live with the stigma of being a murderer for life.

But Ben had taken a different path.

Ben must have discovered that he had previously lent money to Jane and then got someone to chase up the debt. The police had also found this out and even questioned him about it.

But Harrison believed he had covered his tracks well, and no one could trace it back to him.

Sure enough, after investigating him for a few days, the police found nothing and had to give up reluctantly. Only Ben, for some reason, directly suspected him.

If it was just suspicion, Harrison wasn't afraid.

After all, Ben couldn't produce any evidence.

But Ben's decision was to pull the rug out from under them, attacking Stellar Group and its pillar industries.

Stellar Group had stood for decades and wasn't so easy to take down.

If Ben was King, it meant he had eclipsed their group's decades of tech research in just a matter of days. Wasn't he going too far?

Timothy let out a sigh, "Mr. White, now, the tables have turned,

huh."

Harrison was gritting his teeth, about to say something when his phone started ringing.

Harrison quickly picked up the phone, "Hello, Mr. Scott. What's that? Ar

you thinkin of eandeliny yourorder? Okay) j ear me out, please. Everything you're reading online, it's all just slander, we..."

The call was abruptly hung up.

Before Harrison could even get angry, his phone rang one after another. Without i (ns 'calls were demanding order cancellations.

Quite a few even directly stated they intended to sue Harrison.

After a barrage of calls, Harrison was left with a pounding headache, feeling frustrated and helpless.

Seeing his phone ringing again, Harrison didn't even want to answer, he just hung up and angrily threw the phone to the side.

Timothy let out another sigh, "Mr.

White, call Ben. Oe wh adesot fourdat On of Stellar

Gréup will be destroyed."

Harrison was very clear about what it meant to call Ben.

It meant to go and beg Ben for mercy.

Harrison remembered how just an hour ago, he was looking down on Ben with disdain.

And an hour later, he was about to beg him for mercy.

Such a reversal made his face painfully twitch.

Harrison's face was ashen, and he couldn't make up his mind for a long time.

"Mr. White, things have gotten even worse." The person from before rushed in again, panic—stricken. Harrison really wanted to tell him to get lost.

But he held back, grinding his teeth he asked, "What could possibly be worse now?"

Chapter 300

"Storm Group has announced the release of all algorithms for their security chips," the person said.

Harrison was completely dumbfounded.

Initially, with Storm Group rolling out superior chips, Stellar Group only took a hit in the high—end market. They still had a solid grip on the mid and low—end segments.

But what was this madman Ben doing, releasing the algorithm?

This meant that any company with even a modest amount of resources could now develop this chip on its own.

Their company was toast.

"Aren't you going to make a call?" Timothy once again sighed.

Harrison's complexion went through a few shades.

Finally, after some struggle, he managed to unlock his phone and call Storm Group's Secretary's Office. Following a few redirects, he was p

“Mr. White,” Ben’s voice was very calm.

through directly to Ben.

Hearing that calm voice and thinking about his struggling company, Harrison felt a pang in his heart as though it was being cut with a knife.

He managed to get out, “Mr. Landor, I can’t figure out what I’ve done to deserve this kind of treatment from you.”

Ben gave a wry chuckle, “Your chips have always had a backdoor. We’re just leveling the playing field in the name of justice.”

In the name of justice, those were the exact words from the archivist’s suicide note.

Harrison’s face turned even more sour.

He now was certain that Ben was indeed targeting him because of that case.

“Mr. Landor, could there be some kind of misunderstanding here?” Harrison said, biting back his anger.

Ben said calmly, “I want Jane’s case wrapped up in a day.”

Harrison clenched his teeth and asked, “How am I supposed to do that?”

“If you can’t pull it off, I’m setting my sights on the new energy sector next,” Ben said with a cool edge.

Harrison was so shocked that he was left speechless.

His Stellar Group's headquarters were based in Coraland, with a primary focus on the security chip industry.

But secretly, he also owned another company in Tonico, which mainly operated in the new energy industry.

The company kept a low profile; the average person had no clue about his ties to it. Ben could only pull this off with the help of his father-in-law, the King of Tonico.

A hint of annoyance flashed through Harrison's eyes.

Before, when he hit a rough patch with his business in Tonico, he came across some information that made him believe Yana was actually Tonico's princess. So he bent over backward to get on Jane and Yana's good side. In doing so, he let slip some details, like his eye on Tonico's high-tech enterprise support slots and his interest in attending key conferences in Tonico. Ben must've picked up on these

company tidbits and zeroed in on the new energy sector. That's how he could've traced it all back to his

If Ben were just a guy from Coraland, he likely wouldn't have been able to do whatever he pleased in Tonico.

But now...

Didn't he suddenly find himself with a father-in-law who's the King of Tonico

If Alexander and Ben join forces, they're unstoppable!

Harrison was starting to panic inside, but he still refused to admit defeat.

He mustered up the courage to say, "Ben, quit being an alarmist. You might want to break into the new energy game, but you lack the chops. What makes you think you can take me on in this field?"

Ben chuckled lightly and said, "It seems we can't come to an agreement then. Mr. White, let's wait and see."

Ben was about to hang up the phone.

At that, Harrison completely panicked, he hurriedly said, "Wait, wait a minute."

Ben stated coolly, "My offer stands. In three days, I want this case wrapped up and the truth laid bare.

All the existing clues in this case had been cut off.

Who was the only one that could reveal the truth?

Of course, it was the mastermind behind the whole thing.

He had no evidence to make any accusations against Harrison.

But Ben didn't need any evidence in the first place.

He just needed to cause Harrison a huge loss, one that far exceeded his gains from this matter.

Then, naturally, he would find a way to wrap things up.

Harrison clenched his teeth and said, “Give me one day. But you’ve got to call off your dogs on Stellar Group.”

Ben raised an eyebrow, “Of course.”

He had already pulled the rug out from under the Stellar Group.

Even if he called it quits now, Stellar Group would be relegated to playing in the mid to low–end market from here on out. And given the major hit to their reputation, it’s questionable if they could even make headway there.

Harrison was just trying to salvage a little bit of his losses.

The phone call ended.

Harrison had a look of utter despair.

He had thought he held the winning hand.

But in the blink of an eye, the situation reversed, and he became the one who lost everything.

Seeing Harrison like this, Timothy sighed.

A few months back, he took a tumble off a cliff but Harrison’s folks rescued him. After that brush with death, Timothy felt like he had gotten a second lease on life.

He didn’t choose to go home, but instead, he chose to stay by Harrison’s side.

After Harrison learned of his true identity, he valued his business talent and always wanted to pull him into the fold.

Yet, the organization Harrison belonged to, called “the Phoenix Collective,” was nothing short of a nightmare. It wasn’t a household name worldwide, but once Timothy got a glimpse behind the curtain, he was floored.

This organization had gathered countless fanatic followers, each of whom would not hesitate to die at a single command from the organization.

Such an organization was too dangerous and too frightening.

If he were to join such an organization, it would fundamentally be a move against all that’s decent.

Therefore, Timothy had never agreed with Harrison.

The whole affair began with a message from the top brass. Word had it that Tónico’s king had finally found his long-lost daughter, and she was none other than Yana.

The Tónico’s princess had a high value for exploitation.

Upon receiving the order, Harrison came to Coraland, trying every means to get close to Yana.

Knowing that Timothy and Yana were once husband and wife, Harrison called Timothy to join.

During this process, Timothy did not show up; he only told Harrison about some of the personality traits of Jane and Yana.

Harrison took this as a starting point and easily got closer to the two.

Originally, the plan—would have been successful just by getting this far.

But who would have thought that there was a sudden major twist?

Yana was using a phony identity.

It was Susan who was the real princess.

This made all of Harrison's previous efforts futile.

Seething with anger, Harrison was tasked by the organization with a new mission: to find a way to

smear Ben's reputation.

Harrison already resented the couple, Ben and Susan, for messing things up, and now that he had received such a mission, he was ready to settle both old and new scores. It took him several days to set

up this trap.

From the beginning, Timothy had told Harrison that Ben was not so easy to deal with, and this trap was unlikely to be effective.

But Harrison chuckled at him, saying he was just trying to lift everyone else's spirits because Ben had gotten the better of him.

Timothy just quit giving advice.

Now, in just a few days, Ben's counterattack arrived.

And Harrison was directly hit by this counterattack, dazed and completely unable to fight back.

"You're right. That was careless of me." Harrison slumped to the ground, feeling defeated.

This plan had failed again, and it was a complete defeat.