

Mr. Chairman's Devious Wife by Brey Mitchylle Chapter 84-85

Chapter 84

"To be honest, I expected her to have something up her sleeve," Miss Brianna Paine snorted as she smiled at Lawrence. Right after the meeting, Brianna chose to go to Lawrence's office.

"What were you expecting? She knows what's good for her. Without Eulanda or her mother, she would be useless. Besides..." Lawrence smiled. He still possessed a lot of things up his sleeve.

What Lawrence did not include in that meeting was the fact that Eulanda's boyfriend Simone was with her during the crash. However, unlike Eulanda, the poor man did not survive. Lawrence knew that Sofia was aware of this.

This news alone was enough to put Eulanda in a bad light.

"Don't forget what you promised me when you finally took over the company," Brianna smirked. She had known Eulanda for a few years now. Sadly, friendships don't exist in business. There are only profits.

"Of course," Lawrence said. "I don't need

to

you remind me of such things."

"Still, you need to be wary. Cornered rats usually fight back," Miss Paine said.

"She's more bark than bite, Brianna," Lawrence chuckled, leaning back in his chair. "Sofia's a talented woman; I'll give her that, but she lacks the ruthlessness this company demands. She's too sentimental, too attached to the past."

Brianna nodded a predatory glint in her eyes. "Agreed. But underestimating your opponent is never a wise move. Remember, she still has access to the company's resources, and she might just surprise us."

Lawrence scoffed. "Let her try. I've been planning for this moment for years. Eulanda's accident was simply the final push I needed. With her out of the

picture, and her precious granddaughter lacking the stomach for a fight, the company is practically mine for the taking.”

“Since it seems that you already have everything taken care of, then... I believe my worries are for nothing,” Brianna smiled. She then got up. “I will see you again... Chairman.” She then walked out of Lawrence’s office. The moment she left, the smile on Lawrence’s face vanished.

He was winning. Everyone watching the show would know that.

However, a part of him seemed to think that he still missed something crucial.

“Are you certain that the Beaumont Empire is not making a move?” he asked Min, who was standing behind him.

“No, sir. Mr. Beaumont is not doing anything at all.”

Lawrence frowned. By now, he expected Alexander Beaumont to put up a fight to support Sofia. He expected the man to secretly buy some shares too. However, it seems that his initial analysis of Sofia and Alexander’s relationship was wrong.

The Alexander that he knew from the business world would never do anything that would not give him profit. That man must have agreed to protect Sofia only because of the shares that she holds inside the Beaumont Empire,

It seems that Alexander was not planning to get involved.

While that is good, Lawrence finds it too unbelievable.

Alexander is a businessman like him. The Beaumont Empire had been known for its ruthless takeovers. So, it wouldn’t make sense for him not to take advantage of this opportunity and swallow the whole LH GROUP.

“Keep watching,” Lawrence said. He cannot exactly just focus on this man alone as he has so many things going on right now. He looked at the time. Tomorrow, the shipment that would change his life would arrive in the US. William Clarence already informed him that everything would go smoothly.

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is time, Lawrence was more confident as Eulanda- who had been secretly sabotaging him- did not have the means to

08:35 Wed, Mar 6

Chapter 84

informed him that everything would go smoothly.

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This time, Lawrence was more confident as Eulanda- who had been secretly sabotaging him- did not have the means to do it anymore.

Very well....

He smiled. Perhaps he was worrying out of nothing.

Everything is going his way, is there a need to think about useless things?

“Sir...” Min interrupted his stupor.

“What is it?” Lawrence asked.

“We received some news...”

“News?”

“It seems that Eulanda Lockhart... just passed away.”

Sofia looked at the list of things in the folder that Josef handed her. “You didn’t have to come here,” she said. “Alexander needed you.”

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“Mr. Beaumont wanted me to personally hand the details,” Josef said as the car smoothly made its way towards LH DESIGN. Her grandmother was still not awake, and the doctors were observing her state. Because of this, Sofia chose to go to ÈH DESIGN and keep her mind busy.

The reality was now sinking inside her.

This world is cruel and brute. One mistake and those shareholders would probably try to bite her too. Again, she focused her attention on the paper in front of her. On it, were lists of Lawrence’s illegal activities that started two years ago.

Sofia scanned the documents, a cold rage simmering beneath the surface. Each page revealed a new web of deceit spun by Lawrence. Every transaction, every shipment, every shady contact meticulously documented, painting a damning picture of his duplicity.

Josef watched her, his expression grim. “Mr. Beaumont suspects Lawrence has been skimming profits for years,” he said, his voice barely a whisper. “These documents seem to confirm his suspicions.”

Sofia’s jaw clenched. “He’s been using the company for his own dirty business?” The reason why Sofia was not able to find out anything about this man, the reason why he seemed so clean was that she never thought that he would involve himself in illegal dealings.

She thought Lawrence would probably siphon money out of the company. So, she asked some financial experts to study the numbers.

Sadly, she found nothing wrong with it.

In fact, the growth of LH GROUP has been very steady since Lawrence started working in that place.

Josef nodded. “It appears so. Mr. Beaumont believes these activities are somehow connected to Dr. Mulach.”

Sofia clenched her jaw. Dr. Mulach is an expert on herbs and poison. “What is this?” she asked.

“Mr. Beaumont believed that Dr. Mulach might be involved in the Triad. The reason why he was able to escape Vietnam in the past was that he sought their help.

2/3

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Chapter 84

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Sofia frowned. She recalled Alexander telling her that his stepmother Teresa Beaumont might be involved in the Triad too. This was the only connection that he could find between Teresa and the poison that killed his mother. Dr. Mulach.

For some reason, Sofia felt like they were now getting closer and closer to the truth.

Slowly, she closed the folder, exhaustion apparent in her eyes.

“Tonight, some new shipments will arrive in the US. We have already prepared everything,” Josef said.

She nodded. Luckily, the address that Mrs. Phelps left her pointed to those shipments. Moreover, William Clarence already decided to work with them. While Sofia could not actually trust the old man, she was somewhat confident about this operation because they already informed the FBI and the authorities. She’s very hopeful that this would be the thing that could bring Lawrence down.

The vibration of her phone interrupted her stupor. She immediately answered it and almost immediately, her face paled.

“What did you what did you just say?” she asked. “Grandmother Did you just say that my grandmother is dead?”

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Chapter 85

For years, Sofia wondered how it would feel to have a good relationship with her grandmother. Just as she finally had the chance for that to happen, her grandmother left.

She glanced at the flowers surrounding the urn. The scent of lilies hung heavily in the air, a stark contrast to the vibrant woman they were honoring. Sofia traced the smooth surface of the urn, the polished wood cool against her fingertips. It felt so final, a cruel punctuation mark on a life well-lived.

Around her, murmurs of condolence swirled, distant like underwater echoes. Sofia wanted to cry too, but the tears wouldn’t come. Was it strange? Probably. All she felt was a hollow ache in her chest, a suffocating numbness.

Earlier, at the hospital, the doctor’s words echoed in her ears: “peaceful passing,” they had said. But there was nothing peaceful about this. It felt more like a theft, a cruel joke that snatched away the one person who had truly understood her in this whole mess.

Alexander stood a few paces back, his face etched with stoic grief. “My condolences...” a voice suddenly caught her attention. Sofia’s eyes landed on the old man in a wheelchair. This was none other than William Clarence. “Your grandmother was... a very respectable woman.”

“Thank you,” Sofia said. She offered William Clarence a tight smile, silently acknowledging his kind words. It had been a whirlwind since her grandmother’s passing. News had spread quickly, and the outpouring of support had been overwhelming yet comforting.

Eulanda, ever the planner, had left specific instructions for her own goodbye. She didn’t want a grand affair filled with distant acquaintances.

Instead, she desired a small, intimate gathering – just two hours for close friends and family to share memories and celebrate her life. The scent of lilies, Eulanda’s favorite flower, filled the room, a gentle fragrance that mingled with the soft murmurs of shared stories and laughter.

She looked around and noticed a few members of the Lockhart Family, faces she had not seen in the past. Sadly, she was not that close to this side of the family as her mother-Eunice, and Lawrence cut off contact with most of them when they refused to accept Lawrence and Charlotte into the family.

Most, if not all, members of the Lockhart Family were quite close to Eulanda. And just like Eulanda, they initially declined Lawrence’s request to take on the Lockhart last name. The fact that Lawrence married her mother didn’t automatically mean that he, along with his daughter, was welcome at any event.

Because of this, Sofia grew up without attending Lockhart Family events as her mother refused to come without Lawrence and Charlotte. Young Sofia never asked questions, and when she grew up, she too developed a sense of protectiveness over

Charlotte.

At one point, she hated the members of the Lockhart Family for not accepting Lawrence and Charlotte. William, along with his grandson, found their own seat just as Sofia continued talking to a few other people.

“Wherever she is... I am certain she was satisfied with the life that she lived.” A woman suddenly interrupted Sofia’s stupor. Sofia looked at the woman who

stood by her side. In response, the woman stared back at her. Green eyes-just like hers. "I have not seen you since you were a child..." the woman added. "You do remember me... right?"

"Annabelle Lockhart..." Sofia mumbled.

"I am your Aunt. You should call me that."

Sofia pursed her lips. Anna is a well-known member of the Lockhart Family. However, she could no longer remember meeting the woman once. Anna is actually her mother's second cousin and has been living in Europe all this time. She would only come back to the US to attend family events.

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09:28 Fri, Mar 8

Chapter 85

However, before Sofia could answer, Anna already walked away, her back straight. A bittersweet ache settled in Sofia's chest as she watched her unfamiliar, aunt disappear into the crowd.

The two hours of the wake Eulanda had planned were drawing to a close. The air, thick with the scent of lilies and the murmur of shared memories, felt heavy with both grief and love.

“Are you alright?” she heard Alexander’s voice behind her.

“I should ask you the same thing...” she turned around and smiled at him. “You have been with me since yesterday.” She couldn’t understand why he would suddenly cancel all of his plans just to come here. This was no longer part of their deal. Strangely enough, his presence gave her a little bit of confidence

“You wanted me to leave my wife at a time like this?” he arched an eyebrow. A blush heated Sofia’s cheeks. “It wasn’t my intention to cause trouble,” she mumbled, her gaze flickering back to the urn. It was a weak defense, and they both knew it.

Alexander stepped closer, his voice a low murmur that sent shivers down her spine. “No trouble at all,” he said. She didn’t know if this was intentional, but somehow Sofia felt a little warmer. It was as if he moved to protect her from the cold.

Sofia cleared her throat, the sudden awareness of his nearness throwing her off balance. “We should probably head out soon,” she said, her voice barely a whisper.

“Hmmm...” Sofia could feel his warmth starting to spread around her. Being with him was indeed very comforting.

“He’s here...” Karina’s voice interrupted her stupor. “Lawrence Lockhart just arrived with the shareholders of LH GROUP.”

Sofia’s lips thinned. Her expression turned cold as her eyes moved towards the entrance. Almost immediately, she found what she was looking for. Lawrence Lockhart.

The man walked in wearing an all-black crisp suit, his expression morose. What fakery!

“Is it time?” she met Karina’s eyes.

“Yes,” Karina said. “Everything is ready.”

“Good.” Sofia turned towards Lawrence. “You came...” she said.

“How could I not?” Lawrence said. “My condolences...” Lawrence said.
“Eulanda has been... she was not just the pillar of support for LH GROUP.
She is LH GROUP herself”

What a load of nonsense.

Sofia wanted to curse. Instead, she turned her attention towards the other shareholders. “Thank you for coming.”

A ripple of commotion spread through the room as Lawrence, clad in a mourning suit that seemed a touch too perfect, took a seat with the other shareholders.

Sofia watched him, her blood turning to ice despite the warmth radiating from Alexander beside her. His condolences, dripping with false sincerity, were a bitter pill to swallow.

Just as she was about to address the assembled group, the heavy pak doors at the back of the room swung open

with a bang. Two sharply dressed familiar people walked in. Almost immediately, Sofia’s gaze landed on Lawrence, who was strangely staring at her as well.

For a moment, their gazes met. She could sense the confidence in the man’s eyes, perhaps even arrogance.

Not for long, Sofia thought inwardly as her gaze landed on the two people who walked in. They were none other than Special Agent Emily Parker along with Special Agent Marcus Reynolds.

Tomorrow’s Affairs

Chapter 85

“Miss Lockhart...” Emily Parker greeted her. “I apologize for barging in here unannounced. But we are looking for Mr. Lawrence Lockhart?” Emily scanned the crowd and immediately found who she was looking for.