

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 632

Everyone was absolutely gobsmacked.

The two receptionists were startled as well. That was the Ring Avenue in Bayside City; one wouldn't be able to buy even a square meter of property there without spending at least 40,000 or 50,000 on it. Right now, Stanley was planning to give the apartments to them to... quease their fears?!

The next day, everyone showed up to work at an abnormally punctual time; the incident last night hadn't scared any of the employees away. As they worked, they kept an eye out for news about last night's 'compensation' for the receptionists' fear.

When noon came, they could see that the two receptionists had posted stories of themselves signing the contracts for those apartments.

Everyone was stunned at this. Why was their boss so rich? Why weren't they the ones who got paint splashed on them last night?

Sophia came to work at noon. It was only then did she find out that Stanley had kept his employees' loyalty by gifting them apartments. Although they had lost a few million, they still managed to keep their employees. Although the landlord had been arrested, the man stubbornly refused to speak. He wouldn't admit who sent him to sabotage the company, getting his lawyer to do everything instead. Sophia knew who was the mastermind behind all of this, but she couldn't scrape up any proof.

When she returned to her office, her lawyer—Mr. Fields—was already waiting for her. The two of them talked about last night's incident for a while before Sophia sent him off. She then returned to her office, but then a thought suddenly struck her. She proceeded to make a phone call.

"It looks like Harper is being really active. I see that he's got a lot of savings on hand!" Her voice was abnormally chilly and filled with contempt when she spoke.

Xyla was in the middle of a manicure when Sophia called. She gave a cold chuckle and said, "Didn't you want to use me in order to take Richard on, Sophia? I told you—there's no chance!"

Xyla was now a winner in life, for she was already in control of the Harper Group's board of directors. She had kicked all the Harpers out from the board. That was why Richard had recently invested into other professions, such as the online gaming industry. In addition to that, he had also received a large investment with no clear origins.

Xyla knew why this happened, and she also knew about the crisis that Sophia was currently facing. She couldn't stop herself from mocking the latter as she said, "Hehe! I'm sure you didn't expect this, did you? You tried to use me as a weapon against Richard, only to have me turn back and bite you. Just sit back and watch your company go bankrupt! I will definitely not help you." She seemed to be very smug as she added one last bit. "By the way, don't even think about getting your stocks back," she said.

Sophia already knew that things would end up like this, but everything was still within her control. "It's okay. My company's woes are not something for you to worry yourself over. I just wanted to remind you—don't forget where dear old Harper's money is coming from." With that, she hung up the call and silently cursed her.

*Dumb b*tch.*

Xyla was now in charge of the Harper Group after having gained control of the board of directors. She had elected her own supporters into key positions, but she never seemed to have thought about the little things. The Harper Group was a sprawling corporation; would some hack with no experience like her be able to manage it? She wasn't cut out for it at all. With the Harper Group in her hands, it would become a crumbling titan sooner or later.

Xyla also knew that Richard had received an overly large investment. Seeing how Richard was about to use that money to stop Sophia's rise, she decided that she absolutely couldn't allow that!

Xyla finished her manicure and delicately blew on her nails before phoning Richard. She immediately cut straight to business the moment the call went through. "I heard that you've received a sizable amount of investment money. Is that so?"

Richard's heart leaped into his throat as he denied this. "No, where did you hear this from?"

Xyla seized on this and said, "Let's split it 50-50. I want to see you transfer half of it to my account tomorrow. Or else—well, you know."

"You b*tch, don't you dare!"

Richard hung up the phone viciously. Xyla scoffed on the inside and waited for Richard to transfer the money. This was what the Harpers and Richard owed her! If Richard decided that he wouldn't split that money with her, she would spread the news about the Harper Family. They would see who would get the last laugh then!

Meanwhile, Richard flung his phone away.

"Damn b*tch! Damn!"

He stomped on his phone like mad and tried to break it, looking as though he was stomping on Xyla herself.

The former scion and favored son of the Harper Family had already become a normal man with an easily triggered temper. This explosive temper of his made the woman lying next to him jump in fright. Richard had now left all restraint behind; Xyla had taken control of the Harper Residence, and his parents were so angry that they moved out. He truly didn't want that house anymore, nor did he want to set eyes upon that repulsive woman ever again. He'd rather treat clubs as his new home, bouncing between different ones every night.

After stomping on the phone for a while, he calmed down at last. He couldn't stay like this forever; he must rise up again. As the saying 'the enemy of my enemy is my friend' went, he had to work with Natasha right now. She was the only one who could trip Sophia up.

Natasha was attempting to topple Sophia with any means she could. He was very much willing to act as Natasha's weapon, borrowing her might to kick Sophia down. As long as Sophia fell, Xyla wouldn't be able to exert her power for a few days. By then, Richard could rise up again.

He had taken Natasha's money to cripple Sophia's company. If his attempt succeeded, not only would he be able to receive more funds from Natasha, he would be able to rebuild himself through the online gaming industry and build his own business. Everything would be perfect!

His opportunity would come soon. Sophia's company would not be able to weather anything for more than a few days. Perhaps, he would even hear news about her company folding the next day. Soul of Sniper would only be forever remembered as a story of the ages, but his game—Medal of Sniper—would be an eternal classic!

He had pulled out everything in his arsenal from his amassed glory and Harper Family connections, garnering the funds to intentionally drag Soul of Sniper's name down. Once Soul of Sniper's name was ruined, it wouldn't be as easy for them to rebuild it.

He was looking forward to seeing Sophia's company fold and watch their game being taken down. Attacking her company was just the first step for Natasha; she still had many tricks up her sleeve waiting for Sophia! Of all the people that she could have ticked off, Sophia had to step on Natasha's toes. She really did have it coming!

Unfortunately, he still hadn't heard any news of Sophia's company closing down even after a few days had passed. Not only were they still up and running, they were going strong.

The paint on the floor still hadn't dried even after a few days since the landlord had gone on his rampage at the company, but Sophia couldn't be bothered to get someone to clean it up. After doing a cursory cleanup job, she continued her work. They were going to move once they had this matter settled anyway; she couldn't be bothered to cough up the money for the cleaning fees. *Let the landlord figure it out himself!*

For the next few days, everyone kept talking about the two apartments. Sophia was still as busy as ever, rushing between departments and scurrying around to meet with reporters, police, and lawyers. She was in a tizzy from how busy she was. But at long last, the tampered game data was restored. The rest was up to the PR crisis team.

Everyone could finally relax a little. They began tidying up their things to prepare for their move to the new workplace. The company had expanded quickly in half a year, having grown their team by several dozen members. The moving company transported their belongings, and everyone soon arrived at the new office.

This new office was even more posh than their previous workplace. It was in a better location with a nicer vicinity; transportation was even more convenient here. This time, they weren't renting this place—the company had bought the office instead. They had acquired a whole floor that spanned over 2000 square meters.

Everyone picked their work cubicles and arranged their items. As they tidied up their new space, the employees gossiped.

“I told you that Miss Edwards is married! Not only that, her husband is the famous celebrity named Taylor!”

“No way! Miss Edwards still looks very young to me! She’s still a student! How can she be married?”