

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1041-1045**

### **Chapter 1041 It Isn't Them**

As everyone in Seafield knew, the Reed Family and the Lane Family were close as Sonia and Charles grew up together too.

If the photos were revealed without editing, a number of people would not buy the story since everyone knew it was Sonia and Charles.

Thus, the Squirrel Media edited the photos by blurring out Charles' face so that the public would be hidden from the fact that it was him. They would perceive the guy in the picture as a garishly-dressed and untrammelled man at first glance. It was because such a man would lend credibility to the content.

After all, such men were adept in winning women's hearts, so it was highly possible for Sonia to lose her patience and betray Toby because of the man's 'sweet nothings'.

Realizing the Squirrel Media's dirty play, Sonia felt her body trembling. She could not help the urge to rush into their outlet fully armed and annihilate the whole company.

"Daphne, had you not reminded me that Charles' face is blurred, I wouldn't have noticed it." Her hands formed a fist. It took her a while to barely quell the fury in her.

It was understandable since she was defamed by the Squirrel Media and angered by the comments. Hence, she did not pay too much attention to the photos that the oddity went unnoticed to her. In short, had Daphne not reminded her of it, she would not have realized it at the moment.

Daphne waved her hand. "It's nothing, President Reed, but have you sensed something wrong?"

"Tell me." Sonia looked at her.

Daphne's finger tapped on the screen at the comment section. "Look at these comments. They're either criticizing or adding fuel to the fire. In other words, neither of them are positive. I know that the netizens are quite harsh to public figures; a handful of them are so wicked that they wished the public figures had their career ended by having themselves canceled. Still, a part of the comments should be kind. It shouldn't be as negative as it is right now. There should at least be moderate ones no matter what—"

Pausing momentarily, she continued. "Plus, there's a lot of fans shipping you and President Fuller. Even if some trusted the news and no longer supports you, there should be a number of them that truly supports you and President Fuller. They will always trust and support you guys. So, they should be leaving comments to support you and clear your name, but there's none in the comment section. I can only see the negative ones. Something's odd no matter how I see it. I think it's the ghostwriters."

Then, she clicked into one of the accounts that left a negative comment. Looking at its main profile, she sniggered. "I knew it. Just click any of them and their main profile is empty. There's no information at all.

It's obvious that it's a newly registered account. What else but ghostwriters? Someone's setting you up on purpose, President Reed."

She looked at Sonia, who was surprisingly calm. Not a smidgen of shock was shown on her expression upon hearing the truth from Daphne.

Baffled, Daphne asked, "Have you seen this coming, President Reed?"

Sonia hummed. "Yeah, I got a hunch the moment I saw so many negative comments. There are bad guys and good guys in this world. Same goes for the comments. If there are bad ones, a part of them should be impartial and positive; it's the never changing rule in this world. But, I see zero positive comments. Even if we do, it'll be deleted a second later. Apparently, the moderator only leaves the bad ones and removes the good ones."

"I see. No wonder you're not surprised at all." Daphne understood and raised her chin, yet her brows knitted together soon after that. "Do you have an idea about who's behind this, President Reed?"

Sonia shook her head. "I don't."

It happened all too suddenly, so she did not have the time to figure out the mastermind.

"Could it be the one who snatched our components away?" Daphne guessed.

Sonia gazed at her. "What makes you think so?"

Daphne explained, "Because there's only a few enemies you have. Jessica is in prison, so she doesn't have the power to do so. I bet she doesn't have the guts to do it anymore. She's sent to prison after using and spreading rumors of you, right? Next will be the Gray Family, who is not likely to be the culprit. Recently, the authorities have announced that, in Seafield, the Department of Commerce will be investigating Triforce Enterprise. So, they're hectic as ever to clean the underhanded evidence in order to sustain the company. They don't have the time to plot a scheme against you. And after crossing them out of the list, the only person left is the person who snatched our components away. President Fuller retrieved it back for us yesterday and that person might hold a grudge on it, hence the scandal."

"Your guess could be right, but I don't think that it's him this time." Sonia shook her head.

Daphne looked at her. "Why?"

"I haven't told you about this, but the person who took out components is an old man in his fifties."

"He's an old man?" Daphne was stunned, for she had expected it to be a youngster instead of an old man.

"Yeah. He's old." Sonia nodded before pointing at the news article on the monitor. "Besides, don't you know what they're really after?"

"Isn't it to defame you?" Staring at the screen, she blurted her assumption with uncertainty.

Sonia nodded and shook her head. "You're almost there. This article is released to defame me, but that's only one of the reasons. There's a lot of ways to defame someone. Why choose a scandal? The culprit wants me to break up with Toby."

"They want you to break up with President Fuller?" Daphne's face fell.

Sonia hummed. "That's right. Think about it. What can't men stand the most?"

As though she had understood something, Daphne replied unconsciously, "Betrayal."

A betrayal by his partner.

Sonia's eyes remained downcast. "Yeah. A man can never stand his partner's betrayal, especially a prideful and bossy person that has a high social status like Toby. If I betray him, he'll choose to leave me no matter how much he loves me. So, the mastermind stirs up a scandal to defame my name because it could raise suspicions in Toby to make him break up with me. However, if that person merely wants to slander me, he can go for something wicked that's more effective than a scandal, isn't it?"

"Now I see." Daphne stroked her chin. "That person doesn't use dirtier means to ruin your reputation because they know that President Fuller will never give up on you as long as he knows that it's not your fault. That's why the culprit chose to spread rumors about you on the Internet."

#### **Chapter 1042 The Female Mastermind**

"That's right." Sonia nodded. "It's as you said."

"Then, the one behind all this is a woman?" Daphne was wide-eyed.

Nodding subtly, Sonia answered, "Yes." She was a hundred percent sure that a woman was behind all this.

Naturally, there were men that loved her and wanted to see her and Toby break up, with some of them being Charles and Carl.

However, as much as they would like that to happen someday, they would not have resorted to this kind of despicable method.

After all, dirty tactics like this might allow them to achieve their aim, but their reputations would also be tarnished at the same time. As such, they could safely be excluded from the culprit list.

Even if they wanted to bring someone down, they would only do it one-sidedly to Toby.

Contradictorily, the internet now was awash with news of her 'cheating' while Toby remained innocent. This made it obvious that the person's target was Sonia whereas Toby got to maintain his image.

With that, the answer revealed itself—the mastermind was a woman that fancied Toby.

“Now you understand why I said the perpetrator wasn’t the person that stole our components, right?”  
Sonia looked at her secretary.

Nodding, Daphne responded, “I understand, but who were the people that stole our parts?”

“It was Connor from the Salzburg Family in Westsashire.” Now that they retrieved their parts back, Sonia did not hesitate to reveal the fact from her anymore, so she told her outright.

Shocked, Daphne replied, “Him?”

“That’s right.” Sonia’s gaze turned cold. “The reason why he took our parts was because I turned her daughter in to the police. He wanted to use that to threaten me into dropping the charges.”

“His daughter...” As Daphne pondered for a while, she seemed to remember something before looking at her. “President Reed, if my memory serves me right, the one you reported was the person that fancied President Fuller and dug up some dirt of yours before demanding you to post an apology online, isn’t that right? She also messed up your dress. Isn’t that woman called... Anya Steinfield? She’s Connor’s daughter?”

“Yup.” Sonia confirmed her theory.

Daphne had an eureka moment. “I didn’t think that they were father and daughter. President Reed, this might be the handiwork of Connor then. Since Anya fancied Toby and wanted to dig up dirt on you, Connor might have done it on behalf of his daughter. It’s only by separating you two does she have a shot.”

Amused by her deduction, Sonia replied, “If it were another person, you might have gotten it correct. But, for these two people, it’s impossible. After all, Connor and Toby are sworn enemies. So, why would he allow his daughter to get married to Toby? Isn’t that just sending her to her demise? By letting her marry him, he’s giving Toby the chance to use his daughter for him to get his revenge; only the insane would do that.”

Dumbfounded, Daphne commented, “I didn’t know that Connor and President Fuller had such a deep hatred for each other. If so, then Connor wouldn’t do it for his daughter. Also, she wouldn’t be able to do this herself too, seeing how she’s still locked up. It can only be another woman then. President Reed, is there a chance that a woman who likes President Fuller is jealous of you, so she wants you two to break up and have him all to herself?”

Rubbing her temples, Sonia replied somewhat tiringly, “How will I know? The queue of the women that like Toby and want to replace me can run circles around the city. After all, his capabilities and looks are so outstanding. This is why there are so many potential suspects to begin with. It’d be like finding a needle in a haystack if we want to capture the culprit.”

“That’s true.” Daphne nodded. “But in spite of that, didn’t you mention that he had declared a long time ago so that no women dares to approach him in fear of offending him and causing trouble for their families? Clearly, the mastermind has the guts to do this still. This means that the woman must have quite an influential family, which can at least rival the Fullers. That’s why she isn’t afraid of offending

President Fuller. Even if she did do so, she wouldn't have to worry about the consequences for herself or her family. They might even be capable of protecting Squirrel Media. Maybe that is the reason they were so bold. President Reed, I think we can start our investigation from this point."

Sitting up straight, Sonia replied, "That reminded me of something. The families that are capable of doing this are countable on two hands."

"Worst case scenario, I can call Squirrel Media and force it out of them using President Fuller's name," Daphne suggested.

Sonia laughed. "You mean to fake it till we make it?"

"Sometimes, we have to use certain methods to get what we want. Besides, since President Fuller's name is so powerful, why not do it?" Daphne smiled.

Since Sonia saw that she became a lot more joyful after knowing about the pregnancy, she was relieved as she nodded. "Okay. I'll try asking them."

"I'll find their contact for you." Daphne bent over and used Sonia's computer.

Not stopping her, Sonia watched on.

The moment Daphne found the number, Sonia picked her phone up and dialed it.

Meanwhile, someone knocked on the door.

Daphne signaled to Sonia, whose call was not answered yet, and went over to the door before opening it.

There was an assistant standing outside.

"Is there anything?" Daphne looked at the person.

Not replying immediately, the assistant looked over Daphne's shoulders and saw Sonia sitting behind the desk before she said, "Miss Daphne, there are a lot of reporters downstairs that want to interview President Reed."

"What?" Daphne frowned.

Sonia, who heard it too, was not surprised.

This was because the paparazzis were like flies attracted to dung anytime anything happened.

Even she had lost count of the number of times these paparazzis had tried to get a word out of her.

"President Reed, how are we dealing with this?"

Aware that Sonia heard what the person was saying, Daphne did not bother to convey the words as she asked for her thoughts instead.

Still looking at the dialing screen, Sonia nonchalantly said, "Don't give them any attention and just chase them away."

"Chase them away?" Daphne hesitated at her actions. "Don't you want to send someone to clear this up and say that the news online is fake, stating that everything isn't what Squirrel Media makes it out to be? There are a lot of controversies about you online, so it might affect your reputation if this drags on. Shouldn't we make our statement clear with the media now?"

"It's useless." Sonia shook her head. "With someone behind the scenes, even if we tried to clear our names, I think the released content would differ from what we said. So, there's no need to waste our time."

"But, if we don't send someone to deal with them, the journalists will assume that Squirrel Media have reported the truth and that you declined the interview out of guilt," Daphne persuaded.

Smiling, Sonia stated, "Fine by me. Since we have to solve this anyway, I'll let them run their mouths for now. Sooner or later, they will get slapped in the face by reality. Besides, who knows if the reporters aren't arranged by the mastermind? If they are, won't I be in danger if I were to head down?"

Daphne, who was shocked, seemed to think that she made sense.

Hence, she stopped persuading her. "Okay. I'll call security and chase them away."

She was about to leave when Sonia called out to her, "Wait."

Stopping in her tracks, Daphne turned around. "Do you have any other orders, President Reed?"

### **Chapter 1043 Tailed**

"You don't need to go. Just have your assistant chase them away. You'll be going to the hotel I went to with Charles yesterday and get the whole surveillance footage when we were there." Sonia peered at her.

Hesitantly, Daphne replied, "President Reed, I doubt we can get the footage. The mastermind might have already destroyed the evidence to save you from using that."

"I thought of what you've said, but no matter what, we have to try." Sonia rubbed her temples.

Daphne, who agreed with her, nodded. "Okay. I'll go there very soon. Still, shouldn't we tell President Fuller about this?"

Smiling, Sonia stated, "Now that this has gotten so out of proportion, he will know it eventually through his men even without my notice. As for why he hasn't contacted me, it should be because he's still busy. So, the people by his side haven't had the chance to inform him yet. Don't worry, when he knows, he'll call me."

“That’s a relief.” Daphne puffed her chest. “It’s only by President Fuller knowing about this that things can be dealt with much easier.”

“You’re right. After all, this incident concerns him as well. We still need him if we want to catch the culprit.” Sonia opened her arms up. “Go on, then. Remember to inform me ASAP about the situation even if you don’t get the footage.”

“Understood, President Reed.” Daphne went down with the assistant.

With that, Sonia was the only one left in the office.

Looking at the monitor in front of her, she became angrier as she scrolled through the comments. She then closed the webpage, seeing how she did not have any solution to it.

Next, she picked up her phone and called Squirrel Media again.

Earlier when she dialed the number, it said that the line was busy.

She guessed that a lot of people must have called Squirrel Media to validate the truth of this story, causing the busy line.

So, she hoped that the call would go through this time.

Perhaps it was the heavens that heard her prayer, the call connected this time with a man’s voice coming from the speaker. “Who’s this?”

“Sonia Reed,” she replied with a cold tone.

The person on the other side fell silent. After a while, she could hear heavy and rushed breathing coming from the other end.

Obviously, the person panicked upon hearing her name.

This made Sonia sneer.

They really are a bunch of guilty squirrels.

Otherwise, why would this man be so afraid to hear that it’s me?

Meanwhile, the person who answered the call was regretting and wanted to beat himself up.

Seriously, why did I have to enter the office at this time? If I didn’t, I wouldn’t have picked the call up.

How unlucky!

After shouting out miserably inside, the man took a deep breath and pretended nothing happened while replying to Sonia, "I'm sorry, Miss. We don't know who you are. If there's nothing else, I'll be hanging up now. I wish you a good day. Goodbye."

He was about to hang up after saying that.

Yet, Sonia suddenly sneered loudly. "Hang up the call and I'll tell Toby to shut your company down right now! Every single one of you can pack your bags home by the end of the day. Try me," she warned in a very dominating manner.

With the coldness and arrogance in her tone, nobody dared to doubt if she was joking. At the very least, the man on the phone knew that Sonia would do as she said.

Feeling like he would be better off dead, the man had a very somber expression as he begged, "I'm so sorry, Miss Reed. I'm just some random secretary, so..."

"Enough." Sonia frowned and interrupted him. "Seeing how you called me 'Miss Reed', you obviously recognize who I am, so you should know why I'm calling, right?"

The silence of the man was taken as a 'yes'.

Gripping her phone tightly, she continued, "Since you do, why don't you give me an explanation now?"

"But, Miss Reed, I'm just a secretary..." The man repeated his words in the hope that this would suffice.

Sonia, who did not believe him, smirked. "Stop telling me that you're just some secretary. I called the number of your chief editor, so you have to be at least someone to be able to pick up the call. I don't care if you're the secretary or the personal assistant of the chief editor, I know you have all the tea, so spill it!"

The man was on the verge of tears.

Why is Miss Reed so smart?

She was not giving him any chances.

With a scrunched up expression, the man explained, "Miss Reed, I..."

"Enough. Just spit it out now!" Sonia bellowed. "If you don't, then don't blame me when I realize all the promises I've mentioned earlier. Not only can I make you all jobless, I can leave a special remark on your resumes. Good luck on getting a new job by then. Like I said, try me all you want."

Shuddering, the man was frightened as he profusely nodded. "I'll spill it out. I tell you whatever you want to know, Miss Reed."

As he was no fool, he knew that he could not go head-to-head with a threat looming over him.

This was because they all knew the news online was fake, as Sonia never did cheat on Toby in the first place.

Since this was all fabricated, this meant the couple still enjoyed a solid relationship.

Naturally, they would be enraged to see such a media company spreading audacious rumors of Sonia cheating on Toby.

So, Toby would target their company sooner or later.

Even though the person did tell their chief editor that their company would be safe, they did not guarantee the employees of the company would stay employed.

Although he was only a secretary, he was still a worker there. If Toby were to go to war with the person, there would be sacrifices no matter what.

This was because no matter how influential the person was, they were still not a match for Toby. The person might be able to ensure the job of the chief editor and the company's safety, but they would not be able to keep these employees; eventually, they would only be the collateral whether they liked it or not.

If that happened, it would not be a better fate than what Sonia described as they might even find themselves in a more dire situation.

Hence, if he could save himself, why not just tell the truth?

If this caused him to be fired and sued by the company, at least his resume would be clean, meaning he could just seek another job out.

On the other hand, if he kept his lips zipped now, his future would be as good as gone.

Since there is a silver lining, I'll just grab onto it for now.

Thinking of this, the man looked around before confirming that he was the only one in the office. Not hesitating anymore, he covered his mouth with his other hand and said in a lowered voice, "Okay, Miss Reed. I'll tell you everything that you want to know."

Sonia knew that her threat worked upon hearing the person become docile.

As expected, Toby's name really is useful.

Smiling, she maintained a cold tone. "Tell me, who ordered your company to tail me and take those photos?"

This was because she did not tell anyone about her meeting up with Brian at the hotel.

Therefore, no outsiders would have known about her whereabouts.

Yet, the person had accurately captured the moment she and Charles entered the hotel. This proved that someone was constantly following her. Otherwise, they would have never gotten that shot so precisely.

I actually didn't realize that I was followed for so long!

Pursing her lips, Sonia had a face full of disdain for the mastermind.

### **Chapter 1044 I Await Your Good News**

Using this chance, the mastermind must have understood her every move and sent someone to tail her from a long time ago.

There might even be spies in my company.

On the other end of the call, the man, who did not know what Sonia was thinking, shrank his neck upon hearing her question and replied softly, "Miss Reed, I'm really only a secretary, so I don't know much. What I do know is a woman had our paparazzi tail you in secret in order to take any scandalous photos of you."

As expected.

Sonia peered through her eyes coldly.

I am right. The person behind all this is a woman.

By the look of things, this woman had planned everything for a long time.

"When did your people start to tail me?" asked Sonia.

Scratching his head, the secretary answered, "I'm not sure about the specific date, since it was the chief editor that personally contacted our paparazzi team and not through the secretaries. If I had to say, maybe a week ago."

"A week ago, eh?" She snorted. "That's longer than I thought."

Gulping, the secretary continued, "This was because the chief editor was afraid that they wouldn't be able to come up with an incriminating photo in a short timeframe, so he had them tail you from a week ago to capture all the photos they could."

"Should I praise your company for being so far-sighted, then?" Sonia remarked sarcastically.

The secretary smiled. "You jest, Miss Reed. This was the chief editor's instructions. It has nothing to do with me. Besides, our people couldn't find an opportunity to take the picture either, so our chief editor was unable to report to that woman. Due to this, the person even called the editor yesterday and ranted about how she wanted him to hurry up. If they couldn't get the photos, then fabricate some, she said. Yet, before the chief editor could do that, the paparazzi called and said they got a photo of you entering a hotel with a man. You know the rest, Miss Reed."

Sonia did not reply to him.

After all, the motive was as clear as the sky. All the editor had to do was get a controversial photograph of Sonia and fulfill his duty to satisfy the mastermind. Then, the woman would order them to edit the photo before making up a fake article and publishing it.

She did this all so to defame and slander me in order to make Toby break up with me.

Too bad she didn't calculate that Toby already knew about me and Charles meeting at the hotel beforehand!

You want Toby to break up with me just like this? Dream on!

With a cold gaze, Sonia asked, "Who is that woman?"

The secretary shook his head. "Miss Reed, I am really just a random secretary that doesn't know much. I told you all I knew just now. If I didn't tell you the woman's identity, that means that I really don't know who she is. The reason is because from the start to the end, only our head editor has been dealing with that woman. I asked him out of curiosity, but he seemed to be very fearful of her and wouldn't tell me. He only told me that she hails from a prominent family and that they seemed to have a bit of a relation with the Fullers."

Even though this did not reveal who the mastermind was, she still managed to glean some information from this.

Biting her lips, she mumbled, "Someone who is related to the Fullers..."

She had deduced earlier with Daphne that since the person was not afraid of Toby, that meant that she should have a substantial backing.

However, she never thought that they would be related to the Fuller Family.

What is their relation though? Are they relatives? Or is it something else?

"Yes. That's what our chief editor said." The secretary nodded. "I even asked him before, saying that this would attract President Fuller's ire by creating a fake scandal of you. Yet, he confidently told me that the woman would ensure the survival of our company. This is why our chief editor's not afraid of President Fuller and published the scandal."

"So I see. I understand now," Sonia commented half-heartedly.

This was because she had somewhat predicted all this. All the secretary did was confirm her speculations.

Laughing awkwardly, the secretary stated, “Miss Reed, I told you everything I know. If you want to take revenge, could you please let me off and just look for the chief editor? I’m just an employee after all. Besides, I didn’t take part in this. I only heard about it. Our chief editor is the perpetrator. I—”

“I understand what you’re getting at.” Sonia pursed her lips and replied coldly, “I will look into this. If it’s true that you really didn’t have a hand in this and only knew about the proceedings, I will not do anything to you. However, if you lied, I apologize for what I have to do.”

“Yes, yes, yes. Please, Miss Reed. Go ahead and investigate it. If you need help, you can contact me anytime.” The secretary patted himself on the chest happily.

Even through the phone, Sonia could hear him breathing a sigh of relief.

For now, it looks like this secretary is innocent.

Hence, Sonia decided to be nicer. “I will. Send me your contact later. Also, feel out your chief editor and see if you can figure out the woman’s identity. Don’t worry, if you do as I say, even if Squirrel Media goes under, I can arrange another job for you. How does working at the Fuller Group sound?”

Her voice had a hint of enticement in it.

After hearing that he might be able to work at Fuller Group, the secretary’s eyes brightened as he quickly nodded. “Rest assured, Miss Reed. You can leave this to me. I will make sure to help you figure out the person’s identity! It’s as good as done!”

“I’m entrusting it to you, then.” Sonia smiled while saying this and ended the call.

Leaning against the chair, she started to brainstorm.

She was thinking which family was related to the Fullers, who was also an influential family in their own right.

Yet, after some careful pondering, she could not relate any family to the Fullers.

This made her somewhat suspicious if the chief editor had lied to his secretary.

It’s either that or the woman has lied to the chief editor.

Regardless, I will find that woman!

On the other side, the secretary placed the phone down and wiped his sweat while breathing out. Finally, he could somewhat relax.

My word. I thought that Miss Reed was someone that had a gentle and a bit of a weak personality.

I never thought that she would be so intense.

The call had left him out of breath.

Although Sonia spoke in a calm and collected manner throughout the conversation, it was still very pressuring for him.

This proves just how capable President Fuller's woman is.

"Noah." Just as the secretary was deep in thought, the door to the office opened as a short but rotund middle aged man walked in.

About five feet two in height, not only did he sport a big belly, he also had a big head with ears. The fat on his face had squished his eyes into a line while he only had a few hairs on his head that was still holding on for dear life.

Even when he looked like that, the person still wore a relatively expensive suit. It really was a sight to behold, in a negative way, of course.

This person was the chief editor of Squirrel Media. His name was Mitch Adams.

The person he was calling out to was the secretary that had just got off the phone with Sonia. Turning around in a hurry, he threw his thoughts aside and bowed down respectfully. "Hello, Mr Adams."

"Hm. Brew me a cup of coffee, yeah?" Slapping his beer belly, Mitch sat down behind his desk and looked at Noah. "I told you to get a document. What were you doing, spending an eternity in my office?"

### **Chapter 1045 A Frightened Mitch**

After brewing the cup of coffee, Noah handed it over with both hands before stepping back and replying, "A call came in just now, Mr. Adams. The caller was Miss Reed of Paradigm Co."

As soon as he said it, Mitch's hand suddenly trembled, causing the coffee to spill out onto his hands and scalded him. He then quickly jumped from his chair and toss the cup away.

Crack! A loud commotion ensued.

The porcelain cup was smashed into pieces.

Not only was the coffee spilled everywhere, the black stains of the coffee contrasting the white tiles made the scene look very dirty.

However, all of this was not important. What was important was that Mitch was burnt.

As the coffee was freshly brewed, it scalded his hand to the point where it reddened immediately. Feeling the pain of his flesh, Mitch started to tremble as his chubby face started to shake as well.

Noah never thought that a sentence from him could scare a person to this point. After a moment of shock, he finally came around and quickly rushed over with an ice pack. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Adams. I forgot to remind you that the coffee was hot. Here's an ice pack. Quick, apply that."

Seeing the ice pack, Mitch snatched it over and placed it on his hand.

With the help of the ice, he felt that his pain lessened a whole lot more with the layered muscles on his face slowly unclenched.

His beady eyes, though, were still kept on Noah.

If not for more important matters, he would have scolded him. He can't even do such a simple thing. How stupid.

Noah, who knew that this fatso had to be cursing him inside, pouted. Curse me all you want. I'm going to quit anyway. I don't care if the woman will be able to keep the company afloat, I won't be staying here any longer.

Of course, since he had not quit yet, he did not voice this out. Otherwise, this fatso might tamper with my resignation application and not let me go.

"Mr. Adams, I'll get some tools to clean the floor." Noah bowed subtly and turned around.

Mitch stopped him. "Wait a minute; that can wait. Did you just say that Sonia Reed of Paradigm Co. just called?"

Sitting down, Mitch became quite solemn.

Now, he did look somewhat like a chief editor.

"Yes." Noah straightened himself.

Clenching the ice pack on his hand, Mitch asked, "She must have called for the scandal that was published. Maybe she's already onto us. What did she say?"

Noah looked up at him. "She asked us why we published this baseless scandal."

"That's it?" Mitch was in disbelief.

Shaking his head, Noah continued, "Of course not. Miss Reed also asked who made us do it."

This scared Mitch again as the fat on his face jiggled. "What? Did she really ask us that?"

"I swear by it." Noah nodded.

"How can that be?" He threw the ice pack aside and stood up to pace around the office table with a slightly hilarious expression; it displayed signs of worry, anxiety, and fear all at once.

While pacing around, he mumbled, "How did she know that we had someone instructing us?"

Noah, who saw that he was not looking at him, blatantly rolled his eyes at him. "Mr. Adams, Miss Reed is no fool. The news is fake and there aren't any cracks in their relationship. Us publishing this news when their relationship is so solid is just blatantly insulting them. And, what kind of small scale company like us would dare to offend President Fuller? Who knew, that was exactly what we did. This was no different than announcing to everybody that someone is backing us."

Mitch stopped walking, for his face turned pale. "I didn't think of this. What should we do now?"

Looking at Noah, he wore a panicked expression. "If we're only creating baseless rumors, that would still be fine; now that they know we did it for money, it would only get worse for us. If President Fuller really wants to target us, we won't even have the slightest chance of resisting. We're in deep trouble now!"

Noah was smirking inside. Now, you're afraid? Then, why did you do what you did?

Even though he was thinking of it, Noah did not dare to say it as he comforted Mitch, "What do you have to be afraid of, Mr. Adams? Didn't you say that you did it because the woman was a capable one? She said that she would be able to keep the company and you safe even when President Fuller is targeting us, didn't she? So, what do you have to be worried about?"

"Yeah, she did say that." Initially shocked, Mitch then laughed. "Oh my, I was frightened by your words earlier. This had completely slipped my mind. Yes, she did say that, so we don't have to worry about anything."

After that, Mitch sat back and let Noah pour him another cup of coffee.

Doing that, Noah set the cup in front of him as his eyes glimmered before he asked, "Mr. Adams, now that we don't have to worry about President Fuller, what about Miss Reed?"

Mitch sipped on the coffee before sneering, "We're not even worrying about the big guy, so why should we concern ourselves with the little wife? She's just some princess from a fallen family. She's nothing without President Fuller. Besides, she'll be even less of a threat when President Fuller breaks up with her."

Smiling, Noah kissed up to him. "You're right, Mr. Adams, but how are you so sure that they will break up?"

Mitch wiggled his plump finger while looking high and mighty. "This is something you don't know. You haven't been in a relationship, right? Men care about their reputation. Even though the scandal is fake, Sonia did enter the hotel with that random Charles. Now that the surveillance has been wiped, they can't prove their innocence entirely. Also, with how trending this news is right now and the help of our people spreading the rumors online, almost everybody believes that Sonia cheated on President Fuller. So, even if he believes that Sonia did not do that, doubts would start to form in his mind. When a man has these kinds of doubts, he will not be able to erase them as these thoughts will only encroach upon his mind. Even if they won't break up now, they will still do it sooner or later. Just sit back and watch."

"So, I see. You're really something else, Mr. Adams. You know so much." Noah gave him a thumbs up.

In a good mood, Mitch laughed heartily. "That's nothing. Since I've lived twenty years more than you, it's only natural that I know more than you. You'll know more of these wisdoms when you get to my age."

"I understand. I look up to you, Mr. Adams. You're my role model," Noah said proudly.

Mitch, who was slowly liking his words, started to admire him as well.

Seeing this, Noah knew that the time was opportune, so he asked, "Mr. Adams, I'm still curious about something. Who is this woman? How does she actually have the ability to save our company from President Fuller's attack? I've never heard of any lady from a prominent family that has such an influence."

Thanks to his non-stop praises earlier, Mitch's impression of Noah had improved a lot, so he did not bother to hide the truth from him this time.

Taking another sip of his coffee, he said, "If you really wanna know, I don't mind letting you in on that little secret."

"Okay." With bright eyes, Noah stuck his hands into his suit pants.

Ignoring his actions, Mitch placed his cup down and continued, "The reason why she can save our company from President Fuller is not because she has a prominent family backing her..."