

Chapter 626

The manager of the mall nodded and bowed in front of Franklin. "Master Franklin, why did you come to Urgford? You didn't even notify me."
Franklin lazily glanced at him. "So why didn't you stop that kind of customer just now?"

The manager was a little embarrassed and leaned over to whisper a few words in Franklin's ear before stepping back. "Master Franklin, we're really in a difficult situation!"
"Heh," Franklin sneered. "So what?"

The manager looked at him worriedly, wanting to say something else when he heard Franklin wrap his arm around the waist of the woman beside him. "How is she doing?"
Sylvia was currently looking down at the old lady next to her when she heard this question from Franklin. "She probably needs to be sent to the hospital."
"Let's go." Franklin nodded, and they left with the old lady directly from the mall towards the hospital. Urgford Hospital. They arranged for the old lady to be admitted directly into hospital but she clearly resisted it. "I don't want to stay in hospital... I don't want..."
"Your physical condition is very poor right now," Sylvia held onto her hand as if comforting her, "If you don't stay in hospital for treatment and only rely on that quick-acting heart pill, it won't work alone." She continued explaining further, "You not only have heart problems but also other issues which can lead to complications. This matter is very serious."
The old lady shook her head fearfully, saying, "I don't want... I don't want to stay in hospital..." Sylvia felt helpless with her; she wasn't good at coaxing elderly people but for some reason seeing this elderly woman made Sylvia feel somewhat familiar.
Perhaps it reminded her of her grandma who had been so kind and loving towards her, even though her grandma changed later on.
But it didn't hinder Sylvia's love for vulnerable groups.

Sylvia smiled gently with a tone as if soothing a child, "Ma'ma, please rest assured that doctors won't do anything bad to you. They will just examine your body and provide treatment."
The old lady gradually calmed down under Sylvia's company and comfort. She let out a long sigh, saying, "Okay then." Sylvia saw that she had finally stabilized emotionally, so she continued, "I need your contact information so I can inform your family members."
As soon as she mentioned family members' two words again, the expression on the old lady's face became melancholic. "I... have no family members..."
She let out a heavy sigh and pulled the thin blanket on the hospital bed tightly around herself, even covering her head. Sylvia couldn't help but laugh at her childish behavior and reached over to pull the blanket down.
She looked at the old lady's gloomy face and said, "Ma'ma, you can't do that. You'll suffocate." As soon as she finished speaking, a middle-aged man in a suit rushed into the ward.
When he saw his mother lying on the hospital bed, he immediately frowned and scolded her with a stern face, "Mom, can you stop causing trouble for me? Why did you sneak out? Do you know how worried I was when I couldn't find you? How many times have you run away from home?"
Sylvia was taken aback and turned to look at the middle-aged man. She froze when she saw his face.

Not only her but Franklin also furrowed his brows as they both looked at this man who usually only appeared on TV.

"Hmph! You're always busy every day with work and never pay attention to me. When can you get married and have a child of your own?" The old lady's eyes turned red as she spoke like a child while glaring at him.
"Mom, I'm busy every day; I can't make time to get married." The middle-aged man sighed helplessly. "Please don't run away from home again in the future, okay? I really don't have time to play this kind of game with you."
Sylvia and Franklin exchanged glances.

When that old lady said her son was the president before, everyone thought she was just talking nonsense. But now it seemed like it might actually be true...
This man seemed like he was indeed a president.

"I don't care; you better get married soon." The old lady pointed at Sylvia, saying, "I think she's great-looking with good character! She treats me well! So how about you marry her?"
Sylvia didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Suddenly, Franklin reached out and anxiously pulled her into his arms before saying nervously, "Ma'ma, she's my wife, so please don't try setting her up with anyone else!"
It wasn't until then that the President noticed there were still two young people in the ward. He looked over towards them, surprise flashing across his eyes.
What an attractive couple!

The woman was stunningly beautiful while the man had extraordinary looks too. The news he received was that a couple had taken their mother to the hospital...

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Chapter 627

The President looked at the young couple in front of him, raising his eyebrows. Not everyone could remain calm and collected under his intimidating gaze. This made him take a closer look at the couple before him, especially since he appeared on television almost every day and they must have known who he was, yet they remained unfazed.

He had thought that the person who saved his mother's life would take advantage of their relationship to ask for something in return or demand something from him...

Sylvia silently watched him as a strong aura emanated from the President.

"Mr. President, it seems like your mother is feeling lonely. The elderly need companionship, and you're busy with your work. Don't neglect her mental health."

Was she giving advice now? The President couldn't help but laugh. "You know I'm the President, yet you dare to speak to me like this?"

Sylvia spoke calmly while looking straight into his. "We haven't broken any laws by speaking to you this way." "Young people these days are courageous," The President nodded approvingly. "So tell me, how can I thank you?" Half an hour later, Sylvia and Franklin left the hospital room together as she let out a long sigh.
"Let's go home, honey," Franklin hugged her waist.

Just then Sylvia's phone rang; she pulled it out of her pocket and saw Jenna's name on the screen before answering immediately, "Jenna."

"Miss Andrews..." Jenna hesitated for a moment before continuing, "Brayden and I arrived in Urgford; we heard that you were here with Master Franklin too. Do you want to visit Cody with us?"

"That sounds good. Where are you guys? We'll come find you." Sylvia softened her voice whenever she talked to Jenna. After getting an address from Jenna, the phone call ended abruptly.
Sylvia turned directly towards Franklin, saying, "Let's go! Brayden and Jenna have arrived."

Franklin nodded while adding, "Prepare some things for Cody too. Living inside won't be easy..."

Meanwhile at the President's office, the tired-looking president walked into his office only to find old Mr. Bennett waiting there for quite some time already.

The President sat down in his office chair, looking at the pale and haggard face of the old Mr. Bennett. He wondered what this elderly man, who was already well past his prime, could possibly want from him.

He had just received the old Mr. Bennett and hadn't even asked about his purpose when he received a call from one of his security guards, saying that they had found his mother in the hospital.

After he arrived at the hospital, he received another call, saying that the old Mr. Bennett would wait in his office until he came back.

He comforted the old lady for a while before rushing back to his office.

His mother, and the old Mr. Bennett were both old enough, but they were like stubborn kids so much!

"What important matter do you have to discuss with me?" The President rubbed his forehead as he spoke respectfully to the old Mr. Bennett.

"Well..." the old Mr. Bennett began speaking but immediately broke into a violent coughing fit, "... it's about Larro."
"Larro?" The President raised an eyebrow, "Are you also here because of Cody?"
He asked in surprise, "Mr. President, what do you mean 'also'?" The old Mr. Bennett looked puzzled,

"Go home now." sighed the President.

Upon hearing these words, the old Mr. Bennett became anxious; he hadn't yet made any plea, so why would the President send him away?

"I'm not going anywhere! Cody is a good person! He's been..."

"I know," said the President with some helplessness in his eyes, "This matter needs to be reinvestigated; although Cody has been imprisoned without conviction, there is still irrefutable evidence against him, so I don't think there will be much chance of overturning it."

"Mr. President, what did you say?" asked the old Mr. Bennett, looking confused once again. Before he could plead the President, the latter had planned on reinvestigating Cody's case.
"I said this matter needed to be reinvestigated," smiled the President seeing how bewildered the old Mr. Bennett looked, "I'm not such an unfeeling person. Managing our country can be tiring, and I also hope there are more honest officials like Cody out there."

"Thank you... Mr. President." The old Mr. Bennett finally felt relieved, "I hope we get good results." His mind conjured up Sylvia's beautiful face. She should be happy now, right?
"Mr. President, may I ask why you have decided to thoroughly investigate this matter?" He couldn't help but ask curiously. After all, he had heard that the President's attitude was very firm and would not change.

"It's nothing, just... I accepted a young sister. It feels pretty good," the President smiled mysteriously. "Alright, I'll have someone send you back."

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Chapter 628

"Young sister?" the old Mr. Bennett was taken aback. The girl who could be admitted by the Present as his young sister must be very awesome!

After seeing off the old Mr. Bennett, the President hurriedly rushed to the hospital. These days were really busy... The weather was gloomy and somewhat oppressive, with dark clouds hanging low and the north wind howling. Fine snowflakes drifted through the sky.

At this moment, in the Southern Urgford Prison.

Dozens of men, all in prison uniforms were hoeing.

But it was freezing cold, and the ground was frozen so tightly that it couldn't even be hoed. Especially when they are wearing thin clothes, their hands turned red from the cold in no time. A cold wind blew in, making it difficult for several thin and weak figures to hold onto their hoes.
"Do your job! What are you waiting for? If you don't plant vegetables now, what are you gonna eat?" A rough-faced prison guard whipped one of the men hard on the back

The man gritted his teeth in pain, almost letting out a scream.

Upon seeing that, the other men immediately began to work harder and continued to hoe the field. Cody only felt a burning pain on his back, but he gritted his teeth and endured it.
Here, prisoners have no status at all and are often subjected to physical abuse and verbal insults by the prison guards. This was because most of the inmates here were corrupt officials who abused their power.
The guards believed that these prisoners had been taking advantage of their social status and committing acts that harmed both the people and the country.

So nobody cared if they were tortured hard. These prison guards even felt that they had made contributions to the people and the country by doing that.

"No matter how high your previous positions were, I tell you, now that you are on my turf, all of you are just parasites of the country!"

"Especially you!" said the guard, giving Cody another sharp whipping. "Trash! You don't deserve to live in this world! Cody's face immediately turned pale, and he almost cried out in pain.
It hurt so much!

When did he ever suffer such torment?

The whip fell mercilessly hard on his back.

He could no longer hold on and fell to the ground.

Sweat crawled all over Cody's forehead as he clutched his stomach in pain, his eyes staring intensely at the prison guard. "I didn't commit any crime. I didn't take any bribes!"

"You still dare to argue back. How dare you!" said the guard, lifting his whip and striking it hard at Cody. The sound of whips rang out.
Those several prisoners did not dare to go forward. They could only watch helplessly as Cody was whipped... The prison guard didn't stop until he got tired, by which time Cody's back had been ripped open.
The whip was covered with blood.

He curled up on the ground, looking up at the gray sky above his head, surrounded by high walls.

He slowly closed his eyes, but his mouth continued to move silently, "I didn't... commit a crime... I am innocent..." The prisoners finished their work and lined up one by one to leave here.
Only Cody was left.

The snow in the sky was getting bigger and denser.

He lay there, snowflakes falling on his body, on his head, on his clothes... An hour had passed...
Two hours had passed...

A prison guard couldn't bear to watch any longer and said to the previous guard with a heavy heart, "Boss, we can't get him to be frozen to death, or we won't be able to escape responsibility."

After all, Cody had not been sentenced yet and was only temporarily detained here. If he lost his life, neither of the prison guards could get away with it.

"Well, just drag him back," the prison guard who had been holding the whip replied. Immediately, two guards ran out and dragged Cody, who was covered in snow, back to his cell.
At this point, Cody was already freezing cold and had shallow breaths with more exhales than inhales. "Oh my god! He has a fever!"
The prison guard who dragged Cody exclaimed, "Boss, let's get the prison doctor to take a look!" "What a hassle! Get a doctor over here!"
"Okay, okay."

At this time, Cody has passed out, and his whole body was hot like a furnace. The doctor quickly came over and gave him a diagnosis and treatment.
He also applied ointment to his wound, fed him antipyretic medicine, left some medicine behind, and then left. At the same time, a car slowly pulled up to the entrance of the prison.
Several outstanding-looking young men and women got off the car and stepped inside.

The prison guard who whipped Cody hd stepped out of the jail and was standing in a corner in the snow, making a phone call. "Um... can you get my daughter that spot at the film academy this year?"
"Thank you, Mrs. Ritter. Thank you."

He saw a group of young men and women walking towards him and immediately hung up the phone. Glaring at them with displeasure, he asked, "Who are you guys?"

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Chapter 629

"This is the proof of formalities required for prison visits." Brayden directly showed the proofs and documents he had prepared before and held them up in front of the prison guards.

After seeing the word Cody, the prison guard couldn't help frowning. Cody was still in a coma... if someone found it out...
He sneered, "I'm sorry, unconvicted prisoners are not allowed to be visited. Except for his lawyer, no one is allowed to meet him." "Really?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows, looking at the prison guard's smug face with a stern look.
This prison guard did not look like a righteous person but a villain. Franklin noticed the title badge on the prison guard's chest: Sheriff. This kind of trash was actually the sheriff of the prison guards?
His intuition told him that this guy was bad.

His cold gaze fell on the sheriff's face, and then, he took out a lawyer's certificate from out of nowhere and held it up to the sheriff, "I am Franklin, Cody's lawyer. These are my assistants. Can I take them in for a visit now?"

Franklin was a lawyer?

Sylvia glanced at Brayden, who didn't look very surprised. It seemed that she was the only one kept in the dark?
When did Franklin become a lawyer?

She suddenly remembered she had heard there was a well-known lawyer named Maskelyne in Urgford and someone had to pay a lot to hire him.

As her mind drifted, she realized that there was no legal counsel in the Maskelyne Group. Since when did this man have an identity as a famous barrister?
The sheriff stared at Franklin's lawyer's certificate for a while, and then said with displeasure, "Go in!" The security in the prison was very strict.
There was a special prison guard leading the way in front.

After taking them to a room, the prison guard said blankly, "Please wait a moment."

"Are you a lawyer? Or is this certificate fake?" Sylvia raised her eyebrows and looked at the man in front of her. The outline of the man's handsome face was smooth, and his dark eyes were shining with stars.
"Honey, your tone sounds like mine when I know your new identities."

Sylvia curled her lips, and glanced at him awkwardly, "Well, you also hid your other identity from me. We're even now!"

"When Franklin was in college, he not only studied finance but also law. Geniuses are always similar and destined to meet," Brayden said with an undertone. "So don't blame Franklin for not telling you."

Franklin was very low-key about being a lawyer. Except for a few people in the upper-class circles, most people didn't know about it.

He became famous in the legal circle because of a real estate case years ago, but since then he rarely took on cases. After getting married several years ago, he had no intention of taking on cases or helping people fight lawsuits anymore. This... was only because his relationship with the Wright Family was so good that he voluntarily became Cody's lawyer. Brayden couldn't help but feel moved deep down inside.
He was lucky to have such a good buddy.

In a prison cell somewhere, a middle-aged man shivered and curled up in bed in one corner of the room despite being covered by a blanket. Even though he felt very cold, his cheeks continued to turn red.

The man sleeping next to him sat up and touched his forehead before whispering, "Cody, you got a fever." He tried forcefully pulling Cody out of bed but had worked all day and now had no strength left.
Almost everyone imprisoned here were officials who were caught because of committing crime of corruption; they knew each other from before, so there weren't any extremely dangerous criminals locked up here.

When they heard that Cody was sick, other men who were previously drowsy immediately gathered around him.
"Cody! Wake up!"
"How are you feeling?"

Perhaps disturbed by all the chatter around him, Cody slowly opened his eyes and saw several concerned faces.

His mind went blank for an instant before gradually coming back to reality; He forced himself upright, saying, "I probably stayed out too long in the snow."

Someone handed him water, "Drink some water quickly."
Cody took the cup but accidentally pulled his back where there were whip marks causing him to let out an involuntary gasp. "If I go out, the first thing I'll do is take care of that fucking prison guard," a man couldn't help but curse, "He was too damn ruthless. I used to be the governor. Does he really think we're all criminals?"

"Dominick, let it go..." Cody weakly said, "Aren't we prisoners now? Our past glories are all in the past tense." He took a sip of water and shakily reached for a pack of pills from his bedside table before swallowing them. "The doctor gave me some medicine. Hopefully I'll feel better tomorrow."

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Chapter 630

He sighed and looked around, "I never thought I would end up in this situation."

"Cody, you're definitely innocent. You'll be released soon... but unfortunately, the rest of us..." Dominick trailed off with a defeated look. "We really did break the law."
"Let's not talk about that now. Everyone should get some rest," Cody spoke again, feeling tired from taking his medication and lacking energy to chat with them.
"Okay, let's call it a night."

"Get some rest as soon as possible."

Suddenly, a guard's voice came from outside the door, "Cody! Someone is here to visit you!" Cody was just about to lie down when he suddenly froze. Was it Brayden coming to see him?
But he knew that he hadn't been sentenced yet and visits weren't allowed... so who could it be? He struggled out of bed and put on his shoes.
As he walked towards the door unsteadily, the guard opened his cell impatiently and gave him an icy glare. "Hurry up! What are you waiting for?"
Cody wanted to move faster but any sudden movement caused pain in his back where he had been injured earlier. It was excruciatingly painful especially since he had developed a high fever.
His head felt dizzy and heavy; his whole body felt uncomfortable.

The guard grabbed him impatiently by the arm and pushed him forward roughly.

He stumbled forward, almost falling down if not for grabbing onto the wall for support. It triggered another round of his violent coughing.
"Damned unlucky!" the guard couldn't help cursing under his breath. "You know what should be said and what should not." Cody remained expressionless as they continued walking. Every step was torture for him at this point.
But despite everything else going on inside of him right now, all Cody could think about was seeing whoever came to visit today...

After several minutes of dragging himself along with great effort through sheer willpower alone, they finally arrived at visiting room where Cody sat across from several young people behind glass walls...
His face betrayed shock when saw who they were: Brayden, his son; Jenna, his goddaughter; Franklin and Sylvia...
"How did they come here? How is that possible?"
He slowly sat down on the chair and picked up the phone.

When Brayden saw his haggard appearance, his nose suddenly tingled, and he quickly sat down and picked up the phone. "Dad, Dad..."
"Brayden." Cody spoke slowly. "It's snowing heavily outside. It's so cold here. How did you guys come? Are you cold?"
As soon as he spoke, it was like before - a natural concern for others.
Hearing this made Brayden feel uncomfortable again. "Dad, I brought some daily necessities for you. Don't worry. We'll definitely get you out of there."
"Silly child." Cody sighed deeply. "I'm fine here; no one is bullying me. Those who are locked up with me are my former colleagues. Don't worry about me."
Sylvia had been standing next to Franklin all along; she looked at Cody's pale face with a strange flush and couldn't help but frown slightly.
If she wasn't mistaken, Cody was sick! He had a fever!

She snatched the phone from Brayden's hand in a hurry; Brayden was somewhat unhappy about it because he hadn't even had time to speak yet when Sylvia sounded anxious, "Cody, are you sick? Don't just tell us good news without bad news; if you're sick, we can bail you out for treatment."
After hearing her words, Brayden was shocked, "Dad! How did you get sick?" He didn't doubt what Sylvia said at all. Franklin also felt very uncomfortable seeing how haggard and disheveled Cody looked now compared to how confident he used to be as mayor.
"Cody," Franklin said as his lawyer now, "if you're really sick, we can find ways to help treat your illness first. Your health comes first above everything else right now. I'm your lawyer now, so please wait for our message."
"It's just an ordinary cold," replied Cody, coughing and speaking, "The weather here is different from Larro, so don't make such a fuss over nothing. Who doesn't have headaches or fever sometimes?"
Jenna bit her lip tightly, "Godfather, you must take care of yourself well. Master Franklin is an excellent lawyer..."

She had always been emotionally fragile, and seeing someone she usually lived with become like that made her heart ache, and her eyes gradually welled up with tears.
Cody loved Jenna like his own daughter, but now she felt so powerless.

"Time's up!" Just then, the jailer who had been monitoring Cody at the door shouted loudly, "Get up quickly!"

Cody held onto the phone with reluctance. "Brayden, you guys have to take care of yourselves!" He struggled to get up

and in that moment, he felt a sudden wave of dizziness.