

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 630

When the call went through, Sophia spoke before Michael could. “Huh? Have you finished filming already?” Her voice was as gentle as ever, and there was no hint of frustration in it at all. It seemed that she was still rather composed.

Michael wanted to speak, but he didn’t know what to say when he tried to open his mouth. Despite having such a huge dilemma hit her company, she never bothered him once. Her resolution made his heart ache.

“Is the company doing okay?”

Sophia was unfazed. “Yeah, it’s just a small problem; we’ll overcome it. Also, I noticed earlier that your equipment is gone. All the data will probably be restored by the day after tomorrow.”

From the way she spoke, it was like she was describing some easily-dismissed matter. However, Michael knew that their company was going through their biggest challenge since inception. If they couldn’t weather through this, they would fall uncontrollably. It was anxiety-inducing to see so much pressure weighing upon their young shoulders.

“I heard that the landlord destroyed the rent agreement and asked you to move. Have you guys found a new place to relocate?” Michael continued.

With the landlord suddenly demanding that they move out during such a critical period, there definitely had to be some mastermind pulling some strings in the

background. A large company like this would need some time to move; during this period, many things could happen in just a day or two.

“It’s fine, it’s no skin off my back. That old coot of a landlord’s just taking advantage of us while we’re down after he accepted payment from someone else. He even ripped up that agreement himself. We never agreed to move, so he’s got no other choice here. Finding a legal team or forcing us out by suing the company will take time; it’ll be enough for us to solve all the problems here. If he dares to get us out by force, then he’ll be violating the law!” Sophia replied as she walked. “Once we’re done with everything here, we’ll move immediately. We’ve already gotten a new office. It’s currently being remodeled, and it’s actually that new building we bought. Screw that old coot—once we get out of here, I’m going to make sure that one will ever rent this place!”

Her tone was jovial yet steady. Michael truly couldn’t pick up that she was currently undergoing a huge crisis. He continued to ask, “I’ve already seen the dissenters online, as well as the matter about the new gaming fiasco. Do you want me to pull some strings...”

Things were very busy on Sophia’s side as people kept calling for her.

“Miss Edwards, Mr. Goodman requested you to head to the police station at 3.00PM tomorrow so that he can get your statement.”

“Miss Edwards, Mr. Field has already sent the documents over. They’re in your office.”

“Miss Edwards, the time for your appointment with Mr. Barton tomorrow has been decided.”

“Mom, it’s almost time for your interview with Mr. Watts! Nicholas is already here to remind you of that!”

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As he heard all those people calling for Sophia, Michael suddenly realized that his little chica had already grown up without him noticing. Her wings had slowly spread, but in his eyes, she was forever that scared, jumpy, and skinny little girl who had just arrived at his house.

Sophia seemed to have just gulped down some water. “Forget about those people online and let those bullets fly. The bigger the fuss they kick up, the better. I have my own PR crisis team ready to launch their counterattack. I met with the police and the gaming association yesterday. Since our game is a rare local gem, the higher-ups have given priority to our case. We’ve already sent all relevant information over, and they’ve just caught the insider rat. He escaped to northern Europe, but he was captured by our underworld friends there the moment he stepped off the plane. If things go smoothly, he’ll arrive at Bayside’s police station this coming dawn. I’m going over tomorrow for my statement.”

The onslaught of words sent Michael reeling. This was when he fully realized that his little chica had well and truly grown up. She had her own career, honed her abilities, and built her own network up. She was hardened now, and had blossomed into a phoenix who could go wherever she wanted.

Sophia was already speaking before Michael could make his thoughts known. “I’ve even invited some reporters over. Oh, it’s nearly 10.00PM. They’re already waiting in the office. I’m gonna hang up now. Muah—”

After the call ended, Michael felt gratified yet a little lost. He felt as if his daughter had grown up and flown the coop. He switched on his computer and took a gander at the knockoff game. It was called Medal of Sniper, and it played very much like Stanley’s Soul of Sniper. It was practically cut from the same cloth, and Michael almost thought that the game had been developed by them personally. Since it was a rip-off of Soul of Sniper’s latest version, there were many traces of the original game in it.

The company behind the game was an old-timer in the gaming industry. Their level of production was higher than Stanley’s, and they had more experience

than he did. This company had ripped off many internationally renowned games, and people lambasted them for that. However, the company still stood strong due to a myriad of reasons, even if they were clearly infringing on intellectual property.

While combat was very similar and it had heavily plagiarized Stanley's game, Medal of Sniper was made by an experienced team. Hence, their combat and fluidity was even better than the original. In addition to that, the company had incredible marketing strategies. Several days after they launched its beta testing, they already garnered a huge number of fans. It felt like Soul of Sniper was being replaced.

Michael thought that things couldn't be as simple as they seemed, so he looked into that company—just as he thought, Harper Group had invested in this company at the start of the year.

Sophia began to throw herself into working overtime after she cut the call. It was already 10.00PM, but the lights in the company were still on. Even though the building they occupied had multiple floors, their floor was the only one still lit. No one left early. Everyone knew that while this was a crisis for the company, it was also an opportunity.

Sophia had invited a renowned reporter to the company for an interview. She had asked her to write a positive article in conjunction with the PR crisis team to quell the voices of negativity online.

All of a sudden, there was a shriek from the young receptionists in the lobby. Sophia went out to check and saw that the landlord was here once again. He wasn't the only one here, as he had brought along a gang of people dressed in gaudy clothes. The moment they stepped through the glass doors, they began splashing paint everywhere and smashed the furniture, scaring the receptionists into screaming. They even scared the other workers who were working overtime, causing a halt in their work. Fear began to spread through the employees.

Ever since the fiasco started, Sophia had received quite a few resignation letters; some of the key employees had suddenly resigned as well. She had no idea

whether it was because they were spooked, or if they had been poached by others with the offer of a higher salary. A few days ago, some of their employees got beaten up when they left their workplace, and the landlord kept showing up to add more to the fuss.

This was a huge blow on company morale; no one was willing to live in fear while going to work or going home after work. If the employees were running from terror, the company would be thoroughly done for. Soul of Sniper couldn't possibly make its comeback. Their enemy had probably anticipated this and kept coming over to stir up chaos, causing many employees to resign out of fright.

Seeing how the landlord was here and up to his shenanigans again, Sophia knew that the bribe he received had to be substantial. She got her assistant to keep the reporter in her office before putting down the papers in her hands and rushed out of the door.

Gary and Hale were guarding the door. Some of the more heavy-set male employees charged out as well, but the moment they did, their foes immediately splashed paint their way.

"Retreat for now!" Sophia immediately yelled. *Damn this old coot. If I don't give him a taste of his medicine, he won't know what it's like to be on the receiving end of his bullsh*t!*