

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 631

Everyone hastily rescued the receptionists and shut the door to the office area. The office was separated from the reception area with a glass wall, so everyone could currently see the landlord furiously trashing everything and splashing paint outside. The receptionists' sobs kept echoing in everyone's heads.

The two receptionists were very upset and scared as they wept, having been splashed with paint. Everyone grew even more frightened as they watched what unfurled in the office. Sophia would probably have yet another stack of resignation letters on her desk tomorrow; who would want to work in a place where their safety couldn't be guaranteed?

Soon, the landlord began to smash the glass wall ferociously; everyone could see every bit of dementedness in his face. They huddled in a group as their fear reached a fever peak, afraid that the landlord would smash the glass door at any moment and charge in to kill them.

Sophia had a cold gaze as she glanced at the terrifying landlord and his bunch of goons. A cold smile revealed itself on her face.

The landlord had only been smashing away for a few minutes when a huge group of people in black suddenly charged into the space. They were all dressed in black suits and sunglasses as they came surging in like a flood, forming line after line by the door. Dozens of blank faces stared at the landlord and men as they smashed their surroundings.

The landlord and his goons were dumbstruck by this. They had no idea where all these men in black popped up from, but they could tell with a glance that they weren't any ordinary people.

The sudden arrival of protection made everyone's eyes lit up. They wiped their tears and looked at these cold men in black.

The landlord and the goons he brought certainly didn't dare to continue their destruction with this many imposing people around. The landlord forced himself to pretend to be calm and recalled the words that the person had said to him; if he was going to smash things up, he should go all in. In fact, he shouldn't be afraid if he brought others to help. Sophia and her employees wouldn't dare to lay a finger on him. If they did, someone would naturally sue them on his behalf and bankrupt Stanley's company.

Remembering that he had a strong backer, the landlord puffed himself up and questioned the people in black. "Who are you?" he yelled in a shrill voice.

The leader of those men took a step forward and brandished the pistol by his hip. "We're part of the underworld," he said coldly.

As this went on, the landlord looked out the window and saw many cars parked at the foot of the building. He hastily pulled out his phone to call the police. "Hello, police? Save me! I'm being surrounded by some underworld guys. They have guns! Please hurry over, and here's the address... Please come soon!"

After putting down the phone, the landlord was ecstatic as he pointed at Sophia before pointing at the group of men in black. "Hahaha, you lot are finished! Hiring some mafia guys? You're done for! That's certain!"

This was good news to him; even if Sophia did suffer a lot, there was no escaping the fact that she was guilty of hiring men from the underworld!

Now, her company was simply awaiting its closure.

When everyone heard the two words 'underworld' and 'done for', they felt their vision go dark. The company was definitely finished this time!

While some of her employees wept quietly, Sophia's face was blank as she observed the situation on the other side of the glass wall. Everyone here had been working hard for so long, but their work had been stolen just as they were about to see the fruits of their labor. To top it off, their company was in danger of closing. How could they not be upset?

The landlord stood there basking in his jubilation. As long as he destroyed this company, he would be able to receive a sizable reward!

The three parties were at a standstill; the employees peered out through the glass wall, while the men from the underworld blocked off the door. Meanwhile, the landlord and his goons stood there in a puddle of paint. The entire lobby was in disarray, and everything that could be broken was already smashed on the ground. The landlord waited for the men in black to run with their tails between their legs, and he would be able to continue shattering everything by then. To his surprise, the men remained there, unmoving and silent. They continued to block the door, not allowing anyone to escape.

The landlord was a little terrified with those dozens of eyes on him. His heart kept racing in his chest, and he instinctively tightened his grip on his stick. Those without bats or sticks of their own tightened their holds on their paint buckets so that they could be used as weapons in a pinch. Everyone shrank back into a corner, creating some distance between them and the men in black.

The police came quickly when they heard that there were mobsters around, and they soon squeezed their way past the horde of men to enter the premises. "Who called us just now?"

The landlord hurriedly said, “I’m the one who made that report, officer! This company hired some mobsters! They’re all involved with the underworld! Those guys have guns too!”

The police took in the paint splattered on the ground before glancing at the landlord and his goons, who all had sticks or paint buckets in hand. They immediately frowned at this.

“Officer!” The door to the office area finally swung open after being shut tight for a while. Sophia stepped out and approached the police calmly. “This man here brought some underlings to vandalize our company, and he has constantly terrorized our employees. Every time we made a report, he would flee. I had no choice but to hire a group of actors to pretend to be mobsters and try to scare them off. They’re not part of the mob—they’re just a bunch of TV actors. I hired them for 200 bucks a day each.”

The leader of the ‘mob’ took out his gun and pulled the trigger. A jet of water blasted out of it, hitting the landlord square in the face.

The landlord was stunned, but he soon leaped back onto his feet. “Officer, they were the ones who hit me! They beat me up badly too! They’re all mobsters, the lot of them!”

The landlord’s goons played along.

The police looked at the goons with their sticks and paint buckets before looking at the mess on the ground. They frowned again as they took in all the debris.

Sophia maintained her outward look of composure as she continued, “Officer, my husband is an actor. These are background actors that I’ve hired through his connections, and they still have to return to their set for filming later; the production team can prove this. This man brought these people over and defaced our company for no reason. He even beat some of the employees up. We’ll hand over the CCTV footage of the lobby to you later. Please, you must punish them severely.”

The first thing the landlord did when he entered the premises was to break the camera. He was utterly fearless as he insisted that he had been beaten up as well. No one would be able to say otherwise, but much to his surprise, the CCTV footage was immediately replayed before everyone's eyes. In the video, the landlord was clearly going to town as he smashed everything and splashed paint everywhere, his expression twisted while he screamed absurdities.

Meanwhile, the group of terrifying 'mobsters' never once lifted a finger ever since they entered. They simply blocked off the door and stayed there until the police arrived. The footage showed it all clearly.

The landlord was spluttering all sorts of excuses as the police led him away in handcuffs. The police, of course, still had to look into the group of 'mobsters', only to realize that there really was a filming team nearby. They had sealed off a road during night for the filming, and the show was indeed about mobsters. These people were actually called over from the film set. After exchanging some words with the production team, the police left.

Sophia let her employees off work before she got ready to head to the police station, asking the reporter to come along as well. The reporter naturally wanted a huge scoop, so she followed Sophia hastily with her eyes lit up; she could tell at one glance that this incident would make a stir. Just the sneakily recorded footage of the landlord breaking company property would be enough for her to craft an article that would have readers on the edge of their seats!

Meanwhile, Stanley consoled everyone. The employees were already gathering their things in fright, wondering whether they should come in to work tomorrow in case they ended up dying for no reason. However, they saw Stanley patting the two terrified receptionists on the shoulder. "It's okay, don't cry. I'll let you two have the day off tomorrow. I've got two three-bedroom apartments at Ring Avenue, and you can come take a look at them tomorrow. If you like them, I can give them to you and try to make up for all the fright you went through."

Did he just say that... he will hand over two apartments... to make up for the ordeal they just experienced?!