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Fabian's eyes flashed with murderous intent at the thought. The next moment, he picked up the phone and gave his trusted aide a call.

"I want to know everything about William Greis," Fabian instructed.

"William Gries? Who's William Gries?"

Puzzled, the aide couldn't help but ask.

Fabian was infuriated by his response. No wonder people are threatening my life. My own subordinate's brain has gone rusty. How can you not know about something as important as this? You even have the cheek to ask who it is!

"The vice president of Galaxy Corp, William Greis! Do you understand? The vice president of our subsidiary, Galaxy Corp!" Fabian scowled.

"Alright, alright, I hear you. I'll find out every single detail about his recent activities," the aide quickly replied when he realized Fabian was losing his temper.

Fabian slammed the phone to end the call. No wonder I have a niggling sense of dread. It appears that someone wants me dead. But, they don't realize how daunting their task is. If it was that easy, I would have been killed more than ten times over.

After giving it further thought, Fabian picked up the phone again and called the Baykeep police chief. "Hello, Captain Duncan, it's Fabian."

Over on the other line, an obsequious voice was heard. "Oh, Mr. Norton, I'm surprised that you called. How can I be of service?"

The police chief and Fabian enjoyed a very good relationship. When he was a deputy chief, Fabian had provided him with resources and information to bust a major case, resulting in his promotion. Therefore, he had always felt indebted to Fabian.

"To be honest, I'm calling you because I'm faced with some trouble. I need you to send out an arrest warrant and to monitor all of Baykeep's transportation routes, especially those of airlines."

Captain Duncan couldn't help but feel shocked. Arrest warrant? That sounds serious. Given the gravity of the situation, someone like him knew what was appropriate to ask and what wasn't. Even though he might be on good terms with Fabian, he still had to be sensitive with his questions.

"Alright, send me his details, and I'll give the order," Captain Duncan readily agreed.

"Okay, I'll do it at once," Fabian ended the call.

Fabian's reason for doing so was that he was worried William would flee while he still had the chance. With William gone, he wouldn't be able to get to the bottom of the matter.

After all, Fabian was cognizant that there was more to the matter than met the eye. The mysterious enemy who wanted him dead wasn't going to do it via a simple assassination. Everyone knew that he was protected from the shadows by more than ten bodyguards. Trying to assassinate him was just suicide.

Holding that thought, Fabian massaged his temples as there really was a lot going on recently.

"That idiot!" Lyna screamed in rage.

She was leaning against her chair when she heard her trusted aide's report.

"I asked him to check with William for updates but didn't expect him to call William's office instead. Furthermore, he was overheard by someone else. How idiotic can he be? Hmph! If he ends up spoiling my plans, I will definitely make him pay!" Lyna calmed down quickly after her rant.

She was aware that their plot had been uncovered. Luckily, William informed her early enough. Or else, the trivial mistake would end up causing their whole scheme to fail.

"The priority now is to send William out of Chanaea. Or else, if Fabian manages to get his hand on him, more people will be exposed."

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After weighing her options, Lyna called her trusted aide. She immediately ordered him to escort William to the airport and get him on the earliest flight out to Pontotium.

"Listen up. If the police are having a search at the airport, you will have to dispose of William right away. He cannot be arrested alive. Do you understand?" Lyna instructed.

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"Yes, I understand. Don't worry, if I can't get rid of him, I know what to do," her aide replied at once.

Lyna nodded in satisfaction before ending the call.

Every time Lyna met these leaders in secret, the general manager of Phoenix Group would always be present. Wayne's attendance was a big influence on them, which was the effect Lyna intended him to have.

Just as expected, when everyone saw that the general manager had agreed, they too agreed without any hesitation.

However, this became one of her plan's flaws. As long as someone was compromised, everyone else would be exposed. The reason was that Wayne had created a chain reaction that tied everyone together.

As of now, Lyna wasn't the only one who was worried. Many of the leaders under Fabian were also pacing anxiously in their offices, thinking of the same issue. They were all considering whether to admit their wrongdoing or continue with the scheme.

Despite receiving Lyna's reassurances that she would resolve the issue, the slightest mistake would allow Fabian to discover their deed. After all. they were considered to be in "rebellion." No matter how forgiving he was, there was no way he could tolerate their actions.

After much consideration, they decided to continue with the plot and see where it would lead them.

After all, they weren't left with much choice. Instead of owning up to Fabian, they might as well wait and see. Perhaps, they would have an opportunity to turn things around. As they were all rich but cowardly, their priority was just to survive another day.

Meanwhile, Captain Duncan called Fabian. "Mr. Norton, don't worry, I have already given the orders. Every single district police station has deployed its men and is already on the lookout. Once your man appears, they will apprehend him at once."

"Alright. In that case, I would like to thank you in advance. In the future, let me know if you encounter any problems. As long as it's within my power, I'll definitely help you with them," Fabian plainly promised.

Now that the police have mobilized their forces, William would definitely be unable to escape.

Having ended his call, Fabian got up and headed downstairs.

He had decided to go and see Xavier. He felt it was a good time, given that he wasn't overwhelmed by work yet. Besides, he figured that if he didn't go, Xavier would definitely assume that he was afraid and would start spreading unfounded rumors.

Although he never cared about them personally, he still represented the company as its president. By extension, his image would also affect the company's reputation at the same time. If a company's leader doesn't defend himself when being ridiculed by the public, doesn't it also mean that the company is equally incompetent?

"Hello?" Fabian answered the aide's call from inside his luxury car.

"Mr. Norton, we have found out every single detail about what William did over the last few days, including the color of this underwear."

His aide continued, "He is wearing red today. Yesterday was black. The day before... wait, let me check..."

"Stop your nonsense!"

Fabian was speechless. Why the hell would I want to know the color of his underwear? If this gets out, everyone will think that I'm a freakin' sicko!

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"Just tell me who he met recently and who he is closest to!" Fabian yelled angrily.

"Oh, let me check. Over the past two days, he had spent most of his time with this one person for about ten hours a day."

Fabian's aide quickly answered when he realized Fabian losing his patience.

Ten hours? They must be discussing how to destroy me. But what are they really discussing? I mean that's ten whole hours a day!

"What is the person's name? What is her or his relationship with William?" Fabian plainly asked.

"Oh, her name is Shirley York... and, um... she's his wife."