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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1261 - 1262

Zander probably hadn't expected someone who looked as meek as I did to fire back at him. As such, he frowned in surprise but didn't say anything else.

I didn't have the time to unpack his emotions, so I turned and dragged John out of the office with me. "John, let's go home! Maybe I should quit after all. I'm sure our family can support me, right?"

"Of course. This law firm isn't that great anyway. The office is even smaller than our bathroom. I'll set up a bigger law firm for you tomorrow, and you can be the boss!" John played along with me, catching on to my flippancy.

We sounded like a pair of petty upstarts.

As I got into John's car, I replayed our conversation in my mind. I put a hand over my chest worriedly. Offending a senior on my first day as an apprentice was something I would never have done in the past.

I noticed that after giving birth, I had become even more protective of my family.

Just then, my stomach suddenly grumbled in protest, pulling me back to reality.

"Let's get supper. I'm starving." I perked up as I turned to look at John, only to realize he had been staring at me smugly. "Why are you looking at me like that? Is there dirt on my face or something?"

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John twisted his body so that he was leaning on the steering wheel. He said lightly, "No, I was just thinking that you seem alive again."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I muttered awkwardly; I couldn't stand sappy situations. I made a show of rubbing my stomach as I changed the topic. "Come on, let's get something to eat. I haven't eaten since this afternoon and I feel like I'm about to faint from hunger."

"What do you want to eat?" John asked as he started the ignition.

"Anything's fine. Let's just look for a shop that's still open. I can't wait that long," I said.

John thought for a while before picking up his phone to dial someone. "Mrs. Dune? Can you whip up something simple for us to eat? I'll be home with Ms. Stovall in a bit."

I didn't want to disturb anyone at home at this hour, but I didn't protest since John had already called them. My taste buds were also pampered by all the delicious food that Mrs. Dune frequently prepared, so I wasn't particularly upset that we weren't eating out.

When we got home, Mrs. Dune had whipped up some pasta and a few snacks. As I was eating, I could hear the chicken soup bubbling away in the kitchen.

"Mrs. Dune, you don't need to rush around for me. I'm stuffed with all the food you prepared. Besides, it's late, and you should get some rest too."

"It's no trouble at all, Ms. Stovall. I'm at that age where I tend to sleep less anyway. Besides, Mr. Stovall and Mr. John are still awake in the study too. I believe they're not sleeping so early tonight as well. I've prepared some chicken soup for them so they won't starve later."

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I pondered her words and stayed silent. After I had filled my stomach, I went upstairs.

As I walked past the study, I was surprised that it was quiet. I paused my track and decided to knock on the door.

Knock! Knock!

“What are the two of you talking about?”

The only thing that could give both Louis and John a headache was Ezra’s syndicate. It was also a topic where I could contribute little to the discussion.

At my entrance, John got up and gave me his seat. “Uncle Louis is thinking of indicting some members of Ezra’s syndicate who are in the department. To send a message of warning.”

Louis nodded with a serious expression. “Ezra’s syndicate has remained powerful in K City over the years, thanks in part to the support from the Zieglers and the Trivetts. We need to think carefully before making our next move, or they might strike our weak point again.”

When Louis was taken away for interrogation for over a month, his group of trusted officials had suffered greatly in his absence. As Ezra took the opportunity to restructure several departments, now, the departments that had actual acting power were almost wholly under Ezra’s control. The officials who really wanted to help the citizens suddenly had no means to carry out their plans. Louis was furious at the change, which led to his impassioned speech when he finally returned home.

Their concern was warranted. They had to be more cunning if they wanted to defeat an enemy like Ezra and force him into a dead end.

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“Our biggest problem is the promotion next year that Ezra has in his sights. He’s going to be desperate, and I’m worried that the Fullers’ tragedy might repeat itself if he takes extreme measures to secure his position,” Louis sighed deeply.

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Years ago, Ashton’s parents had been framed as the scapegoats for Ezra and a few prominent families in K City. It eventually led to their deaths. That tragedy meant that Louis was naturally cautious about his actions when dealing with Ezra.

Like Ashton had said, though, excessive caution would only allow them to behave even more lawlessly. Facing them head-on is inevitable. The only thing we can do is to reduce the number of people caught in the crossfire. If we don’t act now, our future generations will suffer under them as well.

“Uncle Louis, can I say something?” I finally blurted after some hesitation.

“Of course. What’s on your mind?”

“Well, here’s what I think. If I remember correctly, the promotion process and the candidate details are supposed to be announced to the public. In that case, can’t we do the same for those corrupt members in the department? We can show the entire trial procedure online through the official channels. The public can be the judge.” Strength in numbers may even bend the law, and it might be a good strategy to catch them unawares.

Ezra may be powerful, but even he is no match for public outcry.

Louis’s expression changed as he mulled over my suggestion.

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Meanwhile, John looked at me as the joy he had displayed in the car returned to his demeanor. "I guess it's really different once you become a lawyer. Even the way you look at things is craftier."

I rolled my eyes. "Are you trying to say that I was dumb before? That doesn't really come across as praise, you know."

"You're just imagining things." John walked over and leaned on the desk. He teased, "You're my sister. I'm always proud of you, and I mean every word that I said."

"Letty, have you started your legal apprenticeship?" Louis changed the topic abruptly. "Which law firm did you go to?"

"Tinsel Group," I answered. After a moment's thought, I added, "But my first day at work was rather unpleasant. I was wondering if I should transfer to another law firm. I haven't signed any contracts, so it's not too late for me to change my mind."

"Why are you still thinking about that? Just buy yourself a brand new law firm and be the boss. Then you won't need to do overtime," John voiced.

John never blinked an eye at his spending, no matter how extravagant the sum. His nonchalance with his wealth was exceptionally obvious in this situation.

"Stop joking around. Legal apprentices can't go around opening their own law firms. You think I can just hire some bigshot lawyers and their apprentices or something?" I knew he had good intentions, but I needed to nip this impossibility in the bud.

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Louis hadn't uttered a single word until now. When I finally looked at him, I realized he had knitted his brows in contemplation.

John followed my gaze. He didn't hesitate before he opened his mouth. "Uncle Louis, what are you thinking about?"

Louis came to with a jerk. Sighing, he said tiredly, "That law firm has helped the Zieglers and the Trivetts with countless cases in the past. If we really go to court, I don't think any lawyer we have could win someone from Tinsel Group."

"No wonder Tinsel Group has been giving me so many special privileges to keep my apprenticeship. Turns out they had ulterior motives all this time." I was stunned at the revelation.

I should've thought of this sooner. Tinsel Group's the best law firm in the country, and they must've helped Ezra and his lobbyists to clean up a bunch of his dirty acts. They probably gave me such good benefits to entice me to stay, so that I would become entangled in their dirty acts. Then, they could use that to manipulate the Stovall family.

An image of Zander flashed through my mind. He had always looked like a young man on track to fulfilling his dreams of exacting justice. He may have seemed wooden, but that wouldn't have stopped him from becoming an impressive lawyer. What a pity he's dirty like the rest of them. Alas, he can only be a lackey to their wrongdoings.

"Then, you shouldn't report to work tomorrow, Letty. It may seem peaceful out there, but it's a bloody battlefield. It's much safer to stay at home," John cut in.

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