Maxwell sighed and turned around. He was walking back to the mansion when he bumped into another person. This time, it was his son, Lucas.

"Aren't you going to work today?" Maxwell asked with concern, though it seemed to have not landed well with Lucas.

Lucas glanced at his father coldly. "I'm going right now," he said neutrally.

Maxwell was used to being treated so coldly by Lucas, so he thought nothing of it and walked back to the mansion.

The atmosphere inside the mansion was very gloomy. Phoebe and Anya were still hugging each other, crying.

Maxwell simply glanced at them and walked upstairs to wash his hand in his attached bathroom without asking anything. It was as if nothing happened at all.

Cedric, who was in the living room, was beyond irked at their incessant crying. "For god's sake, will you two just stop crying?! Especially you, Anya. You should be ashamed of what you did," he said angrily.

Anya's eyes were grossly swollen by then. "Grandpa…" she whimpered.

Phoebe wiped away her tears. "Dad, Anya was just trying—"

"Shut up, Phoebe!" boomed Cedric before she could finish her sentence. "Is this how you raised your daughter? Anya must've learned all those dirty tricks from you! After all, you're the type that's willing to do anything to get their hands on something that's not theirs!"

Phoebe's expression hardened, but she broke out in sobs again. "Dad, Mom, you'd rather believe the words of an outsider instead of mine and Anya's?! Yes, it's true Anya was the mastermind behind the online scandal, but hasn't it ever crossed your mind that she's doing it to bring justice to all the people who Corinne had hurt?"

Cedric frowned, but before he could say anything, Beatrice—who was massaging her temples—butted in impatiently, "We'll find out in three days whether Corinne stole Josephine's university spot from her. Let's just drop this topic until then. Also, can you please stop crying? It's giving me a headache!"

Cedric looked at Beatrice worriedly when she said she was getting a headache from all the crying. He then turned back to Phoebe and Anya. "Stop crying now, and go do what you're supposed to do. I swear you two are going to be the death of us one day!" he reprimanded sternly.

Phoebe did not dare to say anything after that. She quickly pulled Anya up, and the two of them went back to their rooms resentfully.

"Are you alright, old dear?" asked Cedric worriedly. "Shall I ask for the doctor to come?"

Beatrice waved her hand. "No, that won't be necessary. I'm fine. I just need a little quiet time."

Cedric visibly relaxed after he heard that.

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Phoebe led the still-crying Anya back to her room. After closing the door, she said, "There, there. Stop crying. We need to come up with a plan to make Corinne fail her test!"

Anya was close to despair. "It's impossible. The test will be broadcasted live, so we'll definitely be caught if we decide to tamper with the test. Plus, during my previous research, I learned Corinne was indeed a straight-A student ever since she was young. The test should be a piece of cake for her!"

Phoebe scowled at her daughter. "Are you really going to give up just like that? Anya, have you forgotten all the things I've taught you? Nothing is set in stone. There's always a chance to turn things around!"

It was, of course, Anya's biggest hope to turn things around. She looked at her mother despairingly. "And how will we do that? I really can't think of anything we can do."