

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 341

Upon hearing that Sonia was looking for Carl, Charles lowered his gaze in despair, but he kept up a jaunty tone as he said, "I thought you were going to ask about something important when you called me, baby. I didn't think you'd be asking after Carl. I'm hurt."

"Stop it." Sonia pinched the space between her brows. "Do you think you could get ahold of Carl's agent, Charles? Maybe he'll know where Carl is and if he is at work or someplace else."

"Fine, I'll call them up and ask." Charles raked his fingers through his slightly-mussed hair.

Sonia hummed briefly in response. "Thanks for doing this, Charles."

"It's no problem at all." He shook his head, then asked, "By the way, are you going back to Paradigm Co. or will you be recuperating at home today?"

"Probably the former. I'm not doing too poorly anyway, so there's no point staying home when I can go back to the office." As she said this, she tried to soothe the dull ache that seemed to thrum beneath the skin of her lower abdomen.

Charles was hoping to persuade her to stay home, but knowing how stubborn she was, he decided against it and sighed as he said, "Fine. I'll go over and help out with some paperwork. I can only imagine the mountain of documents you'd have to go through after you skipped out on work yesterday."

Sonia knew that he was only trying to lighten her burden, and her heart warmed at his kind offer. She nodded with a grateful smile. "Okay."

When the call ended, she put her phone down and stretched lazily, then headed into the bathroom to wash up.

An hour later, she arrived at Paradigm Co. She had only just gotten to her office when she saw Daphne standing at the doorway, looking expectant. "President Reed!" Daphne greeted her with a courteous nod.

Sonia grinned at her. She opened the door to the office, asking, "Anything interesting happened while I was gone?"

Daphne trailed after her, and when they were in the confines of the office, she said, "No, but President Dafoe did say a couple of nasty things about you, something about how you're skipping out on work even though you're the vice president and whatnot. He said you were unfit for the role."

An icy smirk tugged on Sonia's lips. "Guess they figured out that there's no way for them to steal my share of the authority in this company, not while it's the majority anyway. I suppose they can only resort to petty gossip just to give themselves some satisfaction."

She never did clarify the reason for her absence yesterday, since it had to do with her personal affairs. In retrospect, she felt lucky that she hadn't told anyone of the real reason; if Asher and the others could pick faults under such vague circumstances, then she could only imagine how merciless they would be if they found out she missed work because she had gone to terminate her pregnancy.

"That's true enough." Daphne agreed heartily with a firm nod.

Sonia pulled out her chair from behind her desk and turned on her computer. "Any work lined up for me today?"

Daphne swiftly opened up the folder in her arms when she heard this and recited Sonia's schedule efficiently.

When she was done, Sonia nodded. "Got it."

"I'll get back to my desk now, President Reed." Daphne closed the folder.

Sonia eyed her for a moment, then said, "Hold on. Could you help me book an appointment with a lawyer? Someone whose expertise is in financial law."

"Do you need to have something attested, President Reed?" Daphne asked curiously, pushing her glasses up her nose bridge.

Sonia nodded. "You could say that. I just found out that at least half of the shares I hold now are courtesy of Carl and Charles' purchasing efforts. I can't just take all of that for nothing, so I think the best way to go is to have a lawyer notarize it; I'd pay Charles and Carl back in the future, with interest."

It was the only way she could thank the two men for what they had done for her.

"I see." A small smile curled on Daphne's lips as she looked at Sonia with newfound admiration. "I understand, President Reed. I'll get right on it and set an appointment with the finest lawyer there is."

Previously, she had only been respectful to Sonia because Charles had asked her to. Now, she truly did admire Sonia as a person.

After all, not just anybody would take extra care to return somebody's favor instead of taking it for granted, particularly when it involved a huge sum of money. On this point alone, Sonia had earned herself rightful respect on Daphne's part.

"Thank you," Sonia said presently, giving her secretary a warm smile.

"All in a day's work," Daphne replied placidly.

Sonia clicked her mouse. "Oh, by the way, could you clear up the desk Charles used the last time? He said he's dropping by later to help me out with the documents."

Daphne's eyes sparkled at this, and she was so overwhelmed at that moment that she clenched her fists. Nonetheless, she maintained her composure and kept her excitement under wraps, though her voice was slightly higher as she replied, "Yes, President Reed."

"Go on, then." Sonia waved her off with yet another smile.

Daphne turned to clear up the desk Charles had used previously.

Charles didn't take long to arrive at the office, either. Daphne had only just finished straightening up the desk when he popped in. Seeing him, Sonia put her pen down and asked, "How did it go? Did you manage to get a hold of Carl's manager?"

"Please, as if failure is even a possibility for me," Charles said with a haughty chuckle, patting his own chest.

Sonia heaved a sigh of relief. Charles got a hold of Carl's agent, and he doesn't look unsettled either, which means Carl has to be fine.

"So, where is Carl now?" Sonia asked just as relief seeped through her.

Charles took a sip of the coffee Daphne had handed him earlier. "He went back to Jordain County to take care of something, and he's supposed to be back tomorrow."

"Oh, that's good to know." Sonia nodded to show that she understood, though she was still baffled as to why Carl would switch off his phone while he was in Jordain County.

Then again, all her questions would have to wait until Carl's return tomorrow.

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Meanwhile, over at the hospital, Toby was finally waking up after having spent the last two nights unconscious. As though witnessing a miracle, Tyler broke out in tears of relief.

"Toby." When he saw that Toby was fully awake, he quickly pressed down on the call button above the bed.

Dimly, Toby registered all this and came to the instant realization that he was in a hospital. He moved his arm and gripped onto the covers, trying to prop himself up in bed.

However, he had barely moved a muscle before he felt a sharp, searing pain shooting up his back. He immediately fell back onto the bed and let out a low grunt, his handsome features scrunched up in agony. At that moment, he looked paler than he ever did.

Upon seeing this, Tyler asked urgently, "Toby, are you okay?"

Toby braced through the hot pain that seemed to be burning his back and replied hoarsely, "I'm fine. I just strained my back."

"Don't move. The wounds on your back haven't even healed over yet. We wouldn't want you to tear them open," Tyler nagged.

Toby closed his eyes for a bit. "How long was I out?"

"About forty hours," Tyler answered after doing a quick count with his fingers.

Toby frowned deeply. That's too long. Sonia would have been discharged yesterday.

He grew sullen at this, and the air around him thickened with tension.

He had wanted to personally pick Sonia up from the hospital, but he had missed it after all, much to his own dismay.

As if sensing Toby's mood was souring, Tyler blinked and asked, "What's wrong, Toby?"

Toby pursed his lips. "Go over to Room 805 and see if Sonia is still there!" He was aware that Sonia could have been discharged yesterday under hospital orders as well as on her own will, but he still clung to the slightest chance that it never happened. Growing restless at this possibility, he glared at Tyler incredulously when he saw that the boy did not budge from his seat. The vein near Toby's temple throbbed dangerously as he barked, "Why are you still sitting here? Go!"

“I don’t have to; Sonia left yesterday,” Tyler replied, his lower lip jutting out peevishly.

The shock registered on Toby’s expression seemed to freeze in place as the faint hope he had been holding onto dissipated, replaced by a hollow feeling that made his skin prickle.

She really did leave! He shouldn’t be surprised by this; hope was a fickle thing after all, and it often bowed to the harshness of reality.

Tyler’s heart went out to Toby when he noticed the latter’s clenched fists and dismal expression. Treading carefully, he asked, “Toby, are you upset because you didn’t get to pick Sonia up after she was discharged from the hospital yesterday despite knowing about it beforehand?”

Something flashed in Toby’s eyes, though the man himself said nothing.

When Tyler saw how flustered Toby seemed, he knew he had made the right guess. Therefore, he couldn’t help the gratification that followed. Well, what do you know? I actually got it right at the first shot without even meaning to! Joke’s on those who call me stupid all the time!

Feeling incredibly pleased with himself, he was about to tip his chin up when he caught himself and regained composure. His arrogance would be unconscionable at a time like this, when Toby was barely recovering from his injuries.

“Cheer up, Toby. How about I tell you some good news instead?” The gears in Tyler’s head turned as he tried to assume a brighter tone. “Sonia actually came by to see you yesterday.”