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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 250

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At the same time, the explosive crack of thunder sounded overhead just as a purplish-white streak of lightning split the night sky in half, ominously igniting the darkness that fell over the land.

Tucked away in Bayside Residence, Sonia bolted upright in bed and gasped. Her heart felt constricted with panic, but she had no idea why.

To switch on the bedside lamp, she had to bring her hand up. After that, she massaged her temples and reached for the glass of water on her nightstand, then took a sip as she tried to calm herself down.

She was done drinking and was just about to place the glass back on the nightstand when her eyes widened in horror; the curtains had not been drawn over the French windows at the foot of her bed, and on the rain-splattered glass appeared a terrifying figment of what looked like a skull.

Am I imagining things? Sonia shut her eyes tight and opened them again, then looked up at the French windows once more.

This time, she was met with darkness, which was weakly illuminated by the neon lights of the nightscape that refracted off the glass. There was no skull at all.

“Phew.” She let out a huge sigh of relief and patted her chest to soothe her wildly-beating heart.

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As it turned out, she had been imagining things after all. Of course I was. With the way modern society is progressing, I should be jaded enough to ignore all the nonsense about paranormal stuff. She shook her head and let out a self-effacing laugh at her own rich imagination.

When Sonia arrived at work the next day, Daphne—who had been waiting at the former’s office doorway—bowed and greeted, “Good morning, President Reed.”

“Good morning. Why are you here waiting for me? Has something happened?” Sonia asked as she took out her card key and swiped it across the sensor on the door, then made her way into the office.

Daphne fell in step behind her. “I just got a call from Fuller Group. They want you to go over for a meeting; it’s about alternative energy collaboration.”

Sonia was pulling up her chair when she heard this and paused. “Is the meeting at Fuller Group?”

Daphne nodded earnestly. “Yes.”

The divot between Sonia’s brows went as quickly as it came. “Very well, then. What time is the meeting?”

In all honesty, she was reluctant to go over to Fuller Group, but Toby was the person in charge of the collaboration, and he called the shots when it came to the time and place for any relevant meetings. No one would dare speak up against his decisions unless they were prepared to lose out on the project. Sonia had fought tooth and nail to procure the partnership, so abandoning the project halfway was not an option, which meant she was left with no choice but to attend the meeting.

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"It's scheduled for 2.00PM," Daphne answered dutifully.

Sonia took off her coat and sat down. "Got it. Is there anything else?"

"Yes—Mr. Lee has left you a ticket this morning." Daphne opened the folder she was carrying and produced a ticket, then handed it over to Sonia.

Taking it and reading the brief introduction on fashion inscribed upon it, Sonia couldn't help but laugh while musing, "I can't believe he actually gave me this."

"He wanted to wait to give it to you personally, but he got a phone call and had to leave urgently," Daphne explained.

Sonia kept the ticket in the drawer and said, "Maybe it was a work call. Speaking of which, you should get back to work now."

"Alright." Daphne nodded once and left the office.

Presently, Daphne opened up her laptop and set herself to work. When lunchtime rolled around, she got a call from the police station and was informed that the investigation into the restaurant incident had been completed.

The police concluded that the whole thing had been an accident, and having checked through all the security footage, they were sure that no one sabotaged the crystal chandelier. As to why the chandelier had fallen in the first place, the investigation showed that it was purely due to a worn-out supporting chain.

While Sonia found the explanation to be lazy and unreliable, in the absence of rust and sabotage, she could come up with no other reason as to how the incident could have occurred in the first place.

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Regardless of her dissatisfaction, she allowed the incident to come to an end and did not press further on the matter.

She hung up the phone and glanced at her bandaged arm, then heaved a sigh before carrying on eating her meal.

Afterward, she got into her car and drove over to Fuller Group all on her own.

Meanwhile, in the presidential office at Fuller Group, Toby's gaze flickered over to the time displayed on the bottom right corner of his laptop screen and asked, "Has everyone arrived?"

Tom, who was standing to the side, immediately understood what Toby was asking and nodded. "I saw three of the collaborators on my way here, so I assume the rest of them ought to have arrived by now."

Toby hummed curtly in response. "Let's go, then."

He took the cane that was resting against the edge of the table and hoisted himself to his feet, then proceeded toward the door. Tom, on the other hand, carried the documents as he followed suit.

Upon their arrival at the conference room, Toby and Tom made their way through the door, and those who were already waiting inside immediately stopped chattering as they stood up and greeted, "President Fuller."

Naturally, Sonia maintained a courteous and formal front along with the rest of her peers.

Toby's gaze swept across those who gathered at the conference table before it lingered briefly on Sonia, and only then did he look away. "Please take your seats."

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Sonia and the others did as they were told, and Tom began to hand out the information related to the meeting agenda. However, a look of astonishment flashed in his eyes when he noticed Sonia's bandaged arm as she reached for the document, but he quickly recomposed himself.

It was only after he had returned to his usual spot behind Toby that he pointed out in a low voice, "President Fuller, it seems as if Miss Reed has been injured."

"I know," came Toby's stoic reply, though there was a meaningful gleam in his eyes.

Tom raised a brow. Okay, so I've unnecessarily voiced out my observation. I thought he had no idea about her injury.

The meeting officially began, and the agenda for the day was with regards to the essential uses for which the alternative energy technology might be used after business discussions were concluded, as well as the pros and cons of such uses.

Sonia might have read up as much as she could on the subject of alternative energy, and she might have sat through several college classes for the same, but her knowledge on the matter was superficial at best.

Seeing as she had never done an extensive study on alternative energy, she couldn't very well grasp whatever content and opinions Toby presented throughout the meeting. She felt like she was listening to gibberish.

Left helpless, she resorted to writing down every single point of discussion, planning to review and read up on them once she got home that evening. Alas, Toby spoke much too quickly for her to jot down anything coherent, and her hand grew tired before her brain could register his words.

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Frowning, she shook her wrist to relieve the onset of a cramp.

Meanwhile, from the main seat, Toby's gaze darkened when he noticed her gesture out of the corners of his eyes and decidedly slowed down in his speech.

Now, Sonia could finally catch up with whatever he was saying, and her notes were starting to look more put-together than they had moments ago. However, she couldn't resist peering at him once or twice. She did wonder why he had slowed down in his speech all of a sudden, but she was not narcissistic enough to think it had anything to do with her.

Nearly two hours later, Toby raised his mug of coffee to his lips and took a sip. "That's all for the meeting today. Do any of you need clarification on anything we've discussed today?"

He might sound as if he was offering everyone the chance to seek further explanation, but his stony gaze was fixed on Sonia alone.

Sonia, on the other hand, stared at her notebook uneasily and bit down on her lip.

She wanted to say she had plenty of things she needed clarification on, but when she saw that no one else was asking questions, she figured she would be made the laughingstock of the industry if she were to say she was clueless about pretty much everything on the agenda.

Of course, she wouldn't mind if she was made the laughingstock, but she couldn't live down the possibility of Paradigm Co. becoming the butt of the joke, too. She refused to even weigh the risk of it. I'm better off going through these notes when I get back to the office so that I can try to understand them better.

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With that in mind, she lowered her head and remained silent.

At the sight of this, Toby pursed his lips, displeased by her stubborn silence. Does she take her pride so seriously that she'd rather feign comprehension than ask questions?

He supposed that the few men in her life must have put in their fair share of work in order to keep her afloat in the business world.

A shadow passed over his handsome face when he thought about Charles, Carl, and the other men in Sonia's life, and the air around him suddenly grew cold. He slammed his coffee mug against the table and said darkly, "Seeing as all of you have a firm grasp of the subject matter, I want each of you to go back and write out an analytical report on the uses of alternative energy. I want the report emailed to me by tomorrow. Dismissed!"

An analytical report? Sonia looked up anxiously when she heard this. How am I supposed to write a report when I can't even make sense of the meeting today? More importantly, how am I going to finish the report in less than a day?

She looked around and noted how everyone was unfazed, unlike herself. Before she could hold herself back, she stood up and began slowly, "President Fuller..."

Toby turned to look at her, and his expression softened slightly as he said, "Go on."

She dug her nails into her palms and asked, "May I have a copy of the security footage for the conference room?"

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She knew that the security camera would have recorded the audio along with the progress of the meeting, and if she could get her hands on the footage, then she could easily fill in the gaps in her notes.

So I'll lose out on sleep tonight, but surely I could finish writing up the report if I were to burn the midnight oil, right?

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