

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 105**

When Tom heard Toby's command, he did not dawdle and immediately started the car.

The moment the car pulled away from the curb, his gaze flickered over to where Sonia and Charles were standing at the entrance of the building, and he sighed quietly.

I wonder what compelled President Fuller to divorce Miss Reed in order to be with Miss Gray. Now he's paying more attention to Miss Reed than ever, despite having separated. If he had known how unhappy he would be to see her getting close with another man, surely he would not have gotten a divorce in the first place.

Presently, Sonia and Charles did not notice the black sedan that drove away from the scene. She glanced down at his hand and asked, "You said there was something on my head. What was it?"

"It was a piece of lint, but I've thrown it away. It must have come off your shirt or something," he answered dismissively, waving his hand.

She did not doubt this and nodded. "Okay, then. I'm going in now. Be safe on the way home."

"I will," he said.

She turned to leave while he stood in the same spot, watching her retreating figure until it disappeared into the elevator. Still, he remained where he was and looked up at the window on one of the floors of the building. He smiled when it lit up, then lifted his foot to walk away, bracing through the pins and needles in his legs.

The next day, Sonia showed up for work at Paradigm Co., and she was about to settle down in her office when Daphne brisk-walked into the office. The latter was a bundle of nerves as she said, "Something bad has happened, President Reed."

"What is it?" Sonia asked as she slipped the strap of her handbag off her shoulder.

Daphne had no idea how to start her explanation and passed the tablet to Sonia instead. "See for yourself."

Sonia raised a brow as she took the tablet, then lowered her head to scan through the contents.

There was a video of a riot pulled up on the tablet, and judging from the way the clip shook every now and then, it was clear to see that someone had recorded it on their phone. Nonetheless, the quality was clear enough.

Sonia saw an old lady sitting on the ground alongside a middle-aged woman. The both of them were sobbing as they let out a torrent of abuse, which sounded harsh and unpleasant to the ears.

Surrounding them were a bunch of construction workers who were pointing at them while discussing among themselves.

The video was a short one, and it didn't take long for Sonia to get to the end of it. However, her face was grim as she asked, "This is our site, isn't it?"

"It is," Daphne confirmed.

"Why are they causing a scene at the site?" Sonia's brows furrowed as she pointed at the old lady and her middle-aged companion.

Daphne let out a quick sigh. "The head of the construction team sent the clip over, and he said that the excavator on site flung lumps of dried dirt that ended up killing the old lady's and the woman's husband and son, respectively."

"What?" Sonia faltered. "Their husband and son were killed?"

"That's what the women are saying. They claimed that their husband and son were walking by the construction site one night when they were hit by large lumps of dried dirt; they died on the spot," Daphne clarified.

Sonia was incredulous. “The incident happened at night? But no one was working on the site at night, so there is no way that the excavator could have been operating then! Besides, the entire site was barricaded, and the excavator was operating in the center of the compound. How in the world could their husband and son get into the site in the first place? Are they seriously saying that dried dirt could be flung over hundreds of meters?”

This is obviously a false allegation!

More to the point, the construction workers were dispatched by the government, which meant that any fatality on-site would be taken care of discreetly before the two women could even get the chance to riot.

Daphne, too, was equally incredulous. “And now the two women are causing trouble while insisting that we compensate for their losses.”

“How much are they asking for?” Sonia asked casually as she took a sip of her coffee. She was no longer worried now that she knew the incident was fake.

Daphne raised her hand and stretched her five fingers, then said, “Five million. They’re saying that they would obstruct our construction work by causing a stir on the internet if we don’t compensate them.”

“Five million. How bold of them to ask for such a ludicrous amount from the get-go.” Sonia scoffed coldly. “As far as I’m concerned, they aren’t really asking for money; they want to get in the way of the construction.”

It would be foolish for anyone to fork out five million to stifle people like them.

“No way.” Daphne’s eyes widened in disbelief. “Why would two women keep us from plant construction, anyway?”

“Because someone else is orchestrating this, and these two women are just puppets,” Sonia explained flatly as she narrowed her eyes.

Daphne's jaw dropped when she heard this. "President Reed, are you saying that someone paid for these two women to cause a scene at the site?"

"There's an 80% chance that that is true, otherwise it would take a lot more than two women to gang up and defraud us of five million. Someone's backing them up and giving them instructions, and whoever it is knows that we won't fork out five million, nor could we afford to. The mastermind's intention is as clear as day," Sonia elaborated icily.

Her analysis of the situation took Daphne by surprise. "If that's the case, then whoever is orchestrating this is an odious person indeed! Did we rub anyone the wrong way?"

Sonia pursed her red lips. "Have you forgotten the person who has been eyeing my land?"

"Titus! You're talking about President Gray, aren't you?" Daphne answered hurriedly.

Sonia nodded. "That's right. It has to be him. He practically warned me that he would come after that piece of land when he failed to buy it from me, not to mention his attempt at barring all the engineering teams in Seafield from working on our plant construction. Now that Titus knows the construction is underway, he'll do anything he can to stop it."

"How shameless could he be?" Daphne hissed angrily.

The corners of Sonia's lips curled up in an ominous smirk. "How shameless, indeed. But I have to admit that he's made a clever move this time. According to the law, any fatality on-site would warrant the construction to halt for three months, but we'd still have to go on paying the wages for all the workers as well as other necessary expenses."

"Not to mention the penalty that we'd have to pay if we don't complete the construction on time," Daphne added.

Sonia nodded. "Precisely. Once the project comes to an abrupt halt, we won't be able to complete the construction within the stipulated time. The penalty and all the other payments would be enough to crush us. Titus is planning to kill two birds with one stone."

Even if Titus did not succeed in stopping the construction works, he might very well bankrupt her company.

He might even ruin her reputation in the process, considering somebody died on her construction site due to alleged negligence. It would be hard for her to make a comeback from such an incident, and though this was a low blow on his part, she had to admit it was a ruthless and clever move on his part.

“So what should we do, President Reed?” Daphne asked worriedly.

Regardless of the situation, Sonia was nonchalant as a bubble of mirth escaped her parted lips. “Oh, there’s nothing to worry about. We’ll just let him wreak havoc however he wants.”

“What do you mean?” Daphne was bewildered.

Sonia did not answer but returned the question with a question instead. “How’s the government’s museum project going?”

“They’ve laid down the foundation for it.”

A glimmer flashed in Sonia’s eyes as she perked up and said, “Well then, you could try to get the word out to Titus and tell him that the museum construction is part of our plant project as well.”

At that moment, comprehension dawned upon Daphne, whose eyes lit up as she gave Sonia a thumbs-up. “Talk about a brilliant strategy, President Reed!”

Sonia smiled. “Remember—he can’t find out that we’re the ones who leaked the word.”

“Got it.”

“Go back to your desk now. There’s nothing more we can do about this. We’ll just have to let someone else teach Titus a lesson.” With that, Sonia waved her hand to dismiss her secretary.

“Yes, ma’am.” Daphne turned on her heels and left.

Meanwhile, it wasn’t long before Titus heard the news, and his face darkened as he brought his fist down on the desk. “What? She’s taken upon construction for two plants?”

“Yes, because it would be a waste to build just one plant on that large piece of land, so she decided to build two instead,” his assistant answered respectfully.

Titus grew thunderous at this, and his wizened features twisted into a menacing grimace.

The land was in a prime location with excellent topography, and its commercial value was impressive. It would be a waste to use it for plants, regardless of how many Sonia planned on building.

At the thought of how Sonia was going to sully the priceless land that was supposed to be his, Titus felt as if someone had stabbed him in the heart with a knife.

“President Gray, should we carry on with the false riot?” the assistant asked cautiously when he noticed the shift in the atmosphere.

Titus was sullen as he snapped, “What do you think? Get someone over and deface that plant of hers immediately!”

“Yes, sir.” The assistant nodded and immediately left to carry out this latest set of instructions.

Just then, Toby and Tom walked into the office.

“Titus, did I just hear you say you want to deface Sonia’s plant?” Toby frowned as he asked, but there was no telling if he was angry about this.

Titus waved his assistant away before looking over at Toby. “So, you heard everything?”

“Pretty much.” Toby shrugged slightly.

Titus narrowed his eyes dangerously. “You don’t happen to be asking so you could stop my plans and help your ex-wife, do you?”