

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 108

Tyler almost slammed his face into Toby's closed door, but thankfully, he stopped in time. After that, he sighed and left with a disappointed look.

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The next day, when Sonia and Charles were pouring over the files in her office, Daphne rushed in worriedly and exclaimed, "President Reed, this is bad! Titus Gray is released!"

"What?" Sonia's face fell at the unbelievable news. "He's released?"

"When was that?" Charles questioned.

Daphne's eyes quickly swept past him, after which she replied in a respectful tone, "It happened this morning. He even posted a status update on the official website of Triforce Enterprise, announcing that he was not arrested for breaking the law; he was only at the police department to cooperate with an investigation. Now, the stock price of Triforce Enterprise has also stabilized."

"How could that happen?" The frown entrenched on Charles's forehead was so deep that it could instantly crush a passing mosquito.

Sonia bit her lip and mused. "Something must have happened behind this. It's impossible for Titus Gray to be released!"

"I'll send some men to look into this." As Charles spoke, he took his phone and went to the balcony to make calls. Left alone in the office, Sonia cast her glance on the floor with a troubled expression on her face. She was completely in a bad mood.

At first, she believed that Titus Gray could never escape prison time. With him gone, she could easily bring down Triforce Enterprise. After all, a Triforce Enterprise without its shrewd leader at helm was nothing more than a defanged tiger, powerless and defenseless. Therefore, she was aghast to learn that Titus Gray was released in no time, which had messed up her plans.

At the thought of it, she rubbed her temples in aggrivement. Right then, someone knocked on the office door, so she drew her hand and announced, "Come in."

The visitor entered, and it turned out to be the secretary of Asher Dafoe of Paradigm Co.

Why is his secretary here?

"Is there anything?" she calmly asked with her eyes fixed on him. He smiled at her and replied, "Vice President Reed, President Dafoe has invited you to join a meeting at the meeting room."

Her pupils shrank after she heard the news. Asher Dafoe is back! When did that happen?

She immediately looked over at Daphne, who had been standing quietly at the side, but the latter shook her head in shock, indicating that she had no idea about President Dafoe's return as well.

Sonia tightened her lips with a heavy heart, but she maintained a faint smile on her face. "Got it. Tell President Dafoe that I'll be there soon."

"Sure," the secretary answered and left her office.

At that time, Charles happened to reenter the room and immediately sensed the change in the atmosphere. Seeing the look on Sonia's face, he could not help but ask Daphne, "What's wrong with my baby?"

Although Daphne was used to hearing him calling Sonia his 'baby', she still felt a little bitter every time she heard the affectionate nickname. Looking down at her feet, she carefully hid the sorrow in her eyes and tried her best to sound natural. "President Dafoe is back."

"What? When did he come back? Why did we hear nothing before this?" He narrowed his eyes doubtfully while Sonia pursed her lips tighter. "Looks like he purposely hid the news of his return from us because he was worried that we'd stop him."

In the whole of Paradigm Co., the person who disliked her the most must be Asher Dafoe. He was one of the earliest followers of her dad. After the death of her dad, the company fell right into Asher's hands.

Last month, had it not been Asher's business trip, she could not have even received the right to manage Paradigm Co. despite being the biggest shareholder. Perhaps he was worried that she would stop him from returning because she wanted to manage the company, which was why he chose to return without a sound.

"Is he delusional?" Charles rolled his eyes.

Sonia let out a suppressed sigh and stood up. "Alright. Let's get to the meeting room for now."

Without a word, he nodded and followed her to the venue. However, just when they were about to reach the meeting room, she received a sudden call from Toby.

She was initially taken aback by the unexpected caller, but she soon rejected the call, for she had no intention of talking to him at all. Before this, she had made it clear that she did not want to get involved with him in any way. Therefore, she had no good reason to take his call.

"Who's that?" Charles questioned.

Her eyes flickered for a bit, but she hurriedly shook her head. She was about to tell him that it was a stranger, but her phone chimed uncooperatively at that moment.

It was a text from Toby. 'Grandma is sick. She wants to see you.'

After reading his text, her eyes were filled with a look of concern. She immediately abandoned her plan to draw a line between herself and Toby and called him back. "What sickness is it?"

Toby could tell the worry in her voice and gave her a stern reply, "Last night, she fell down when she was using the toilet."

“What?” Her voice was instantly raised by a few octaves as her heart leaped into her throat. Clutching tightly onto her phone, she inquired anxiously, “How’s Grandma’s injury? Is it serious?”

Even a young person could get seriously injured from falling down in the bathroom, not to mention the impact on the elderly.

“Don’t worry. She’s pretty lucky to only suffer from a fractured leg. Other than that, she’s fine,” Toby replied while pinching the bridge of his nose.

Sonia let out a sigh of relief. “That’s good to hear. Is she in the hospital now?”

Toby gave a light nod and grunted.

“Got it. I will visit her in the afternoon,” she promised.

“I will pick you up.”

“No, it’s fine.” Her face was expressionless when she rejected him with a cold voice. “Just share the location with me.”

Without giving him a chance to speak, she immediately hung up.

Staring at his home screen, he pursed his lips with an amused look. In the past, he was always the one to hang up on her. After the divorce, the tables had turned.

This is how terrible it feels to be coldly hung up on.

“Was that a call from Toby?” Charles stole a glance at her phone, sounding obviously jealous.

She was puzzled by his reaction but nodded truthfully. “Grandma fell down and injured herself. I will visit her at the hospital in the afternoon.”

“She’s Toby’s Grandma, and you have divorced him. Why would you visit her?” he sneered.

She tucked her phone away and explained, “Don’t put it that way. Grandma has always been good to me. Now that she’s hospitalized, how can I not visit? Alright, let’s go. We’d better not keep President Dafoe waiting.”

Charles merely shrugged at her proper response.

The two pushed the door open to find that the meeting room was packed with people. Countless pairs of eyes were staring at the latecomers, and they were all the shareholders or senior management of Paradigm Co.

After scanning the room, she turned her attention to the most important seat at the end of the long table.

Before today, she had always been sitting there. Right now, the seat was occupied by someone else—Asher Dafoe, the current president of Paradigm Co.

“President Dafoe, welcome back,” she squeezed a smile and greeted him.

The man fiddled with the fountain pen between his fingers. “Ah, I thought you purposely arrived late because you were unhappy about my return.”

Even though her eyes darkened, she still held the smile on her face. “Why would I be? I was slightly delayed by some matters. President Dafoe, you’re an understanding man. I hope you won’t hold this minor issue against me.”

He narrowed his eyes and started to scrutinize her cautiously.

At first, he had wanted to teach her a lesson by giving her a hard time for her tardiness. By doing so, he wanted to hint that he was the one with de facto power in the company, even though she was the largest shareholder.

To his surprise, the quick-witted young lady responded with a bright comment, reminding him of the unimportance of this insignificant issue. If he were to press on, he would be painted as a petty man who liked to bully others. That's some fast reflex. Looks like I have underestimated her.

Smiling robotically, he cooed, "Of course not. I'm not the petty type. Why would I get angry over an understandable matter?"

"Thank you, President Dafoe." She still had a smile on her face when she replied.

Charles gave her a thumbs-up underneath the table and whispered, "Baby, you're awesome."

"Stop joking around." She reacted to the compliment by rolling her eyes at him.

The subtle interactions between the two were all observed by the sharp-eyed Asher, whose wrinkled face showed a somber look. "Okay. Since everyone's here, the meeting shall commence."