

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 451

“And exactly what are we proceeding with here?” Asher raked his fingers through his hair, frustration bubbling up in him as he snapped, “Spread the memo and have everyone place this on hold for now. The last thing we need is for her to find out about this.”

“Yes, sir,” the assistant responded with a nod before he respectfully retreated out of the room.

Now that he was alone in the office once again, Asher shoved everything off his desk in a fit of rage, his face and neck turning crimson as his blood boiled.

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He had initially planned on using Charles as a scapegoat by luring Charles into making a critical mistake in Paradigm Co. during Sonia’s absence. That way, he would finally have an excuse to force Sonia into surrendering her authority over the company.

After all, Charles’ supervisory role in Paradigm Co. was only good on paper; it would be more accurate to say that he was an outsourced assistant.

For her to delegate control over the company to an outsourced assistant like him would definitely get on the nerves of the board of directors, who were constantly wary of his presence and so-called management.

With the existing animosity toward Charles, it would only take a slight mistake on his part for the company to turn against Sonia for her apparent lack of judgment. If that came to pass, Asher could easily demand to have her share of control over the company.

However, just as Asher was about to set the plan into motion, Sonia’s abrupt return stymied it.

Now that she was back, Charles would no longer have a reason to stay in Paradigm Co. as her substitute, thereby rendering Asher's plan completely redundant!

As things were, Asher would have to wait for the next suitable moment to come around before he could plan on taking down Sonia.

Meanwhile, Sonia was back in her office, completely unaware of his antics and how her return had hampered his schemes. She yanked her swivel chair out and took a seat before she placed her purse on the desk.

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Daphne, on the other hand, was standing across the room with a folder in her arms as she greeted pleasantly, "Welcome back, President Reed."

"Thank you," Sonia replied with a quick smile as she opened her laptop.

"Oh, by the way, President Reed, Miss Harper from the finance department has tendered her resignation this morning," Daphne informed dutifully while she produced the letter from her folder and handed it over to Sonia.

Sonia took it and said, "I already know about Rebecca's resignation; she called me this morning, as a matter of fact. For the time being, I'd like you to step in to manage the finance department until further notice."

"Yes, President Reed," Daphne answered while closing the folder.

As she penned Rebecca's resignation letter with her signature as a sign of acceptance and returned it to Daphne, Sonia added, "Also, I need you to drop by human resources later and have them see whether

there's anyone in the industry who is suited for the role of head of finance. If there is, ask human resources to forward the candidate's details to me."

The head of the finance department was an important position that came with heavy responsibilities. Sonia did not want to risk hiring someone inexperienced, but she couldn't promote anyone within the company either, at least not while Asher's supporters were still roaming around in the departments. She couldn't guarantee that whoever she chose to assume the duties of head of finance wouldn't be on Asher's side.

With that in mind, Sonia knew that she could only hunt among those in the industry to take over Rebecca's place. She hoped to poach someone qualified, but in the event it was impossible, she would rather cultivate one suited for the role, even if it was time-consuming to do so.

Regardless of how things could turn out, she was determined not to allow any one of Asher's supporters to become the next head of finance. As long as it concerned a position as crucial as this, it was a risky gamble.

"Very well, President Reed," Daphne agreed with a polite nod.

Sonia took one of the folders from her desk and began to sift through it. "Well, that's all for now, I suppose. You can get back to work."

"Yes, ma'am." After having said that, Daphne turned to leave the office.

Then, Sonia began to peruse the documents that had piled up on her desk. She wrapped up work earlier than usual that afternoon and asked the driver to drop her off at First Hospital.

Coincidentally, in the VIP ward of First Hospital, Toby let out a dry cough as his eyes finally fluttered open.

He felt like ages ago when he last saw light and now, the blinding lights aggressively greeted him as soon as he opened his eyes. It wasn't until after a while that he finally adjusted and became accustomed to it.

Tom was smoking outside the hospital room, but when he heard sounds from the other side of the door, he froze. Then, he snubbed out the remaining half of his cigarette and tossed it away before hurrying into the room.

“President Fuller!” He called out in surprise when he saw that the man lying on the bed was awake.

Toby turned to glance at him in acknowledgement. “Tom.”

“Yes, I’m right here, President Fuller.” Tom rushed over to the bed. There was undeniable relief and happiness in his voice as he continued, “This is wonderful, President Fuller! You’re finally awake after blacking out for three, four days!”

“Three, four days?” Toby repeated with a frown, clearly bewildered that he was unconscious for so long. All he remembered was that he ran a temperature after spending the night in the cave. He felt his body temperature rising at midnight and it seemed to have worsened before he finally passed out. However, he hadn’t expected that he would remain unconscious for three or four days.

When did I become so weak? He gravely pursed his lips, obviously upset by how feeble he was. While gripping the sheets beneath him, he started to prop himself up.

At the sight of this, Tom panicked and quickly stopped the man from rising up. “Don’t move, President Fuller, or the wounds on your back will tear open. More importantly, you need to be on bed rest until your internal organs heal.”

“My internal organs?” Toby narrowed his eyes. “What’s wrong with my internal organs?”

Before Tom could answer, Tim’s voice interrupted from the doorway, “Maybe I should be the one explaining it since I’m a doctor and my words carry professional weight on this point.”

Toby and Tom looked over at him simultaneously.

Tim had shown up in such a quiet manner that neither Toby nor Tom noticed him. At the current moment, Tim was currently toying with his scalpel as he leaned against the doorframe.

As he met their curious gaze, Tim adjusted his glasses and straightened his posture. He kept his scalpel in his pocket as he walked into the room and when his gaze fell on the left side of Toby's chest, he explained, "There were signs of blunt force trauma to your body. You sustained wounds on your back, but that's the least of your worries, I'm afraid. We found a slight tear in your liver and spleen, but the worst of all these is your heart."

"My heart?" Toby's eyes widened at this and he almost instinctively placed his hand on top of his chest. "What's wrong with my heart?"

"Your heart—"

Tim was about to answer when Tom suddenly clenched his fists and interrupted hastily, "Don't say any further, Dr. Lancaster."

"Why not?" Toby demanded, his face grim as he shot Tom an unhappy look.

Tom avoided his gaze and said ruefully, "I'm sorry, President Fuller, but you're better off not knowing the details. I don't think you can take it."

"You think I can't take it?" Toby's eyes became dangerous slits as he barked icily, "What do you take me for? Am I some weakling who can't handle the truth? Besides, this is my heart we're talking about, so I'm well within my rights to know what has happened!"

"I didn't mean anything by that, President Fuller. I just—"

"That's enough! Keep quiet, Tom!" Toby ordered in a thunderous voice. After having done so, he turned his attention to Tim. "Come on, tell me what's wrong with my heart."

"Just remember that you're the one who wanted an answer," Tim pointed out with a shrug. A somber look passed over his features as he added, "Your heart is weaker than the average person, what with the heart transplant you did and all, but the blunt force trauma I mentioned earlier has caused a tear in your valve, which significantly shortens the lifespan of the heart."

When he was done speaking, he looked at Toby and awaited some form of response.

It was astonishing that Toby remained as impassive as ever. He seemed unaffected and unsurprised by the fact that the lifespan of his heart was significantly shorter than it had started out with.

Even Tim was a little taken aback by Toby's indifference. He's so calm that he's making me feel uneasy. How can he be so unfazed by this?

In truth, Toby wasn't so much unfazed as he was mentally ready for this. As it turned out, his guess had been correct.

From the very moment Tom had interrupted Tim so brusquely when the subject of Toby's heart was brought up, Toby suspected that there was bad news about his heart.

Following that, Toby didn't think Tim's explanation was all that surprising.

In fact, whatever Tim said only seemed to solidify what Toby had expected all along. His words merely made it feel like the dust had finally settled.

Toby lowered his gaze, which made his emotions indecipherable. Upon seeing this, Tom thought that the man was in shock. "President Fuller..." he called out in worry. "Are you okay?"

Something flashed in Toby's eyes as he looked up and answered, "I'm fine." Then, he turned to address Tim as he gestured to his own chest while asking, "How long do I have before this heart gives out?"