

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 453

“Yes,” Tom confirmed with a nod. “Using the scraps of fabric and footprints you and Miss Reed left behind, I led the rescue team on a search. We happened to run into a villager who had a doctor in tow and I went up to them, asking whether they’d seen you and Miss Reed after showing them your photos. Surprisingly, the villager informed me that the both of you were put up in her home and she was bringing the doctor to attend to your injuries.”

Only the heavens knew how overwhelmed with relief Tom was when he saw the lake at the bottom of the mountain.

He knew that the trajectory of the fall from the cliff would be a straight line, based on the person’s weight, unless there was a landslide or a strong gust of wind that manipulated physics.

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As such, when he came across the lake, he knew for sure that Toby and Sonia were still alive. Following that, he asked the rescue team to search the surrounding area for any trails or clues that Toby and Sonia could have left behind.

Sure enough, the team eventually found the fabric from her cloth. At that point, Tom was sure that she had intentionally left behind the fabric. From there, he traced their path to the cave where he came upon Sonia and Toby’s clothes, but they were gone.

It was then that he realized he was too late; Sonia and Toby had already left, so he urged the rest of the team to search the area surrounding the cave. At last, they managed to uncover footprints that led them to the missing duo.

After having heard the explanation, Toby slowly nodded in comprehension. “I see.”

Tom went on to add, "When we found you, you were running a high fever. If the villager hadn't asked a doctor to attend to you in time, the fever might have..."

The fever might have caused some serious damage. Tom had left this unsaid, but Toby more or less picked up on it.

He gave Tom a withering look and drawled icily, "The villager might have found me a doctor, but Sonia was the one who saved my life. She carried me down the mountain in time before you and your team arrived; heaven knows how long that would have taken."

Upon hearing this, Tom opened his mouth and closed it again, suddenly at a loss for words. He knew Toby had a point. If Sonia hadn't found the villager in time, Tom and the rescue team would have arrived to find Toby delirious from the fever.

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He distinctly remembered the villager telling him that Sonia was carrying Toby on her back when she asked for help. Toby had already passed out by then and she was so drained from carrying him that she collapsed in exhaustion.

At that moment, Tom finally understood why they had only found a single set of footprints on the mountain trails.

"I'm sorry for having spoken out of turn, President Fuller," Tom admitted sheepishly and apologetically bowed his head.

Toby waved his hand to brush this incident off. "Have you thanked the villager who helped us?"

"I have," Tom answered.

After humming in response, Toby added, "There was a driver who helped us as well and I'd like to thank him for it." With that, he recited the license plate number to Tom.

The moment that Tom took down the number, he asked, "President Fuller, how exactly did this driver help you?"

"He gave us a lead on how Sonia had been taken up the mountains and he bravely stopped Declan and his henchmen," Toby explained with a small smile.

"I see," Tom acknowledged with a nod. "I'll have someone look for him after this."

"Speaking of which, did Declan and his men get caught?" Toby pressed, his eyes narrowing into dangerous slits.

A rueful Tom shook his head and reported, "I'm sorry, President Fuller, but he escaped. The chopper that he boarded apparently had aviation clearance to fly out of Seafield, but ours took off from the helipad atop the company building at the very last minute, so we couldn't make the arrangements to fly out of Seafield. All we could do was watch Declan abscond in a plane out of the city."

One could easily drive around the country as long as it did not involve international border-crossing, but the same couldn't be said for flying. There had to be an aviation clearance for all flights into and out of a specific city or a district. If the aircraft wasn't authorized to fly out of Seafield, then the military could be deputized to shoot down the said plane.

It was something that Toby was naturally well aware of, so he did not blame Tom for failing to go after Declan. He merely pressed his lips into a grim line and asked darkly, "Does that mean we've lost track of Declan?"

"Yes," Tom replied stiffly. "I've been trying to look into his whereabouts for the past few days, though; I have dispatched our men to Westsashire and even contacted the military there, but it seems that Declan's aircraft didn't enter the Westsashire airspace. My guess is that he flew out of Seafield and headed somewhere else, but the location is still unknown for now."

“Didn’t you get the Westsashire military to contact the air force from other districts and cities? Any foreign aircrafts that enter their airspace would be automatically under the military’s radar,” Toby pointed out, his brows knitted together.

“Of course I did,” Tom countered, pushing his glasses. “Old Master Fuller was the reason why my request for the Westsashire military to contact other air force bases was approved in the first place. However, the answer that the Westmanshire military received from all the other bases was the same: Declan’s aircraft was not detected within their respective airspace, which means that he is basically missing.”

“Missing?” Toby scoffed. A shadow passed over his face as he snapped, “It’s not as if paranormal forces are at work here. How does a chopper just go missing like that? I think it’s highly possible that Declan parachuted off the chopper the moment he flew out of Seafield, which explains why his aircraft was not detected at all.”

“If that were to be true, then the manhunt for Declan would only become all the more challenging.” Tom looked grave as he said, “Assuming that he parachuted off the chopper, he might have switched to other modes of transportation and sneaked his way abroad.”

The chances of Declan staying in the country were slim. He had pushed Sonia off a cliff, the same one in which Toby jumped from to save her. Regardless of whether Toby was dead or alive at this rate, Declan knew that the Fullers would hunt him down and make him pay for his actions. The idea of becoming the Fuller Family’s subject of torture was more than enough to dissuade him from remaining in the country; he would be as good as dead if he didn’t leave.

“Contact every airline and look into all the inbound as well as outbound flights for all international countries,” Toby ordered coldly.

Tom straightened up. “Yes, sir. I’ll get on it right away!”

With that, he turned and walked toward the door, but he had only just opened it when his gaze met Sonia’s. Her hand was in mid-air, as if she was ready to knock.

Sonia hadn’t expected the door to open before she could knock. She hurriedly lowered her hand and respectfully nodded at him while greeting, “Mr. Brown.”

He kept his eyes on her as he asked plainly, "Are you here to see President Fuller, Miss Reed?"

"Yes," she replied stoically with a nod. She had noted the less than friendly tone in Tom's voice and didn't think it wise to dish out more pleasantries.

While stepping aside to let her pass through the doorway, Tom noted, "Come on in. President Fuller is already awake."

"He is?" She gasped, her eyes widening in surprise.

"That's right." He nodded.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" Sonia clasped her hands together as she exclaimed in delight.

Tom observed her expression before his lips curled in dissatisfaction. If I didn't know better, I would think she was really in love with President Fuller. However, he did know better and as such, he brushed past her with an impassive look on his face.

She waited until he was further down the hallway before she slipped into Toby's room. While closing the door behind her, she called out gently at the man leaning against the headboard with his eyes closed, "President Fuller."

When he heard her voice, Toby's eyes fluttered open. For a moment, joy flickered over his features, but it was quickly replaced by his usual indifference as he watched the approaching woman, though his voice was soft as he greeted, "You're here."

"Yes, I'm here to see you," Sonia quipped, coming to a stop next to his bed.

He pointed at the chair across the room and said, "Please sit."

“Thank you.” She turned to glance at the chair and pulled it over to the bedside. It was only after she sat down that she began to appraise him.

He still looked a little pale, but not quite as ghastly as when she first saw him after she regained consciousness. She would like to think that he was recovering well. At the thought of this, she asked tentatively, “So, how are you feeling now?”