

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 65

After listening to the voice message, Toby frowned. It was the first time he felt repulsed by Titus' actions. It was somewhat despicable to use such a method to quash her just because he was unable to purchase the land.

All of a sudden, his phone vibrated. Pulling his thoughts back to the present, he lowered his head to look at the screen only to discover that it was another text message from Sonia. 'What do you think I should do?'

There was even the emoji of a little person sighing with their face cushioned against their palm at the end of the message. It was very cute. As he looked at the emoji, his mind inexplicably replaced it with the image of her face. Perhaps she was doing the very same thing at this moment.

Nonetheless, he quickly realized he was forming thoughts he shouldn't have and rearranged his expression back into a cold one. Whatever she looks like at the moment has nothing to do with me! How can I think about such things?

And so, he answered, 'I don't know.'

When she saw the reply, she felt somewhat lost.

Previously, it was his idea that helped her acquire Continental Co. For some reason, she was subconsciously treating him as a sounding board and hoped to get some help from him again. Only now did she realize it was the wrong mentality to have.

"I swear you're regressing, Sonia!" she muttered at herself, slapping her forehead before picking up her phone and typing, 'Sorry, I was just asking casually. Don't take it to heart. My friend and I will come up with our own ideas.'

Friend?

He narrowed his eyes. 'Boyfriend?'

Glancing at the balcony, she answered, 'Yes.'

Since Z-H was Zane's friend, she didn't find it a big deal for him to know that she had a boyfriend. However, what they didn't know was that Charles was her fake boyfriend.

At her admittance, he felt inexplicably vexed. After tugging at his tie, he typed, 'It's not that hard to build a factory. I have a solution!'

"Huh?" Astonished, she stood up. What's up with him? I thought he said he didn't know what to do. But now... Throwing aside those questions, she quickly asked in a voice message, "What's your solution?"

After hearing the trust and urgency in her voice, he loosened his tightly furrowed brows and the irritability in his heart lessened tremendously. With that, he typed, 'The government has plans to build a cultural museum in Seafield to exhibit world-famous heritage treasures, but they haven't been able to find a suitable plot of land. You don't need such a large piece of land for a factory. You could give half of it to them.'

The mention tingled her senses. All of a sudden, she realized where he was going with this and started laughing. "You're right! If I give them half of the land rent-free for a few years, I would gain their favor and be able to apply for an engineering team from them. Then, I'd be able to build my factory!"

This meant the country was helping her build her factory and that Titus wouldn't be able to mess with her plans so easily. At the same time, she could ask for a recommendation for a machinery plant from them. She could kill two birds with one stone!

As the smile on her face grew, she chirruped happily, "Thank you! You've helped me once again!"

'You're welcome,' he replied.

After a moment of thought, she added, "By the way, we've chatted so many times, and yet I don't know your name or how to repay you."

Unfortunately, even after she sent the voice message, he did not reply. She figured he would no longer reply, and so she sighed and exited the chat interface.

Just then, Charles finished making his calls and came in from the balcony looking incensed. “You were right, baby. Titus is a sly old fox. He really went around and told all the engineering teams and machinery plants in Seafield not to do business with us. It didn’t matter what I said; nothing worked. I’m so angry!”

Realizing that his voice was hoarse from making all those phone calls, she went and poured him a glass of honeyed water. “It’s alright. I have a plan now.”

“What’s the plan?” he asked eagerly, taking the glass but being too impatient to drink.

And so, she detailed the plan to him. Instantly, he slapped his thigh. “What a great idea! How did you come up with it, baby?”

She shook her head. “I’m actually not the one who came up with it. It was a friend.”

“A friend?” He looked at her suspiciously. “Was it the friend who gave you the idea to acquire Continental Co.?”

“That’s right.” She nodded.

Putting down his glass, he confronted her. “Tell me honestly—who is that person? What’s your relationship with him? Why does he keep helping you?”

In the face of her good friend’s interrogation, she lowered her eyes, not knowing how to answer. After all, even if what happened that night was an accident, she could not tell him. “Alright, stop asking so many questions. Drink your water, and when you’re done, we can go to the government department,” she said, changing the topic.

Since she didn’t want to tell him, he didn’t push her and only played along. “Alright, alright. Stop nagging.”

After squabbling for a while, they finally left Paradigm Co.

Meanwhile, in a room at the club. As Zane finished singing, he noticed Toby sitting alone in a dark corner in the distance. Thus, he fetched two glasses of red wine over to the table.

“What’s up with you? You’ve been on your phone ever since you set foot into the club. I invited you out to relax, not to work,” he said as he handed one of the glasses of wine to Toby.

After receiving the wine and taking a sip, Toby answered, “I’m not working.”

“What are you doing, then?” As Zane sat down and peered at Toby’s phone, his jaws dropped in shock. “Isn’t that your ex-wife? Are you chatting with your ex-wife?” He looked incredulously at Toby.

Mildly, Toby answered with an unchanging expression, “She doesn’t know it’s me.”

“So, you’re hiding your identity to get close to her?” Zane’s expression grew stranger.

Tilting his head, Toby swept Zane a cold glance. “Of course not!”

“Then what—”

“Just drop it!” Toby interrupted impatiently, rubbing his temples. “You have an uncle working with the government, don’t you?”

“Yes, why?”

After taking a sip of wine, Toby said, “Sonia might apply for an engineering team from them. Have your uncle pave the way for her.”

Zane gave him an odd look. "So, you helped her with Rentoor, and now you're helping her again. What are you up to? Don't tell me you're still hung up on her."

Frowning, Toby answered coldly, "You're overthinking it. I'm only doing this because Tina hurt her and I'm making reparations on Tina's behalf."

"Really?" Zane studied him inquisitively.

Unhappily, he pursed his lips. "Really. Why else would I be doing what I'm doing?"

"Thought you still had feelings for her," Zane mumbled. After all, he had overheard Toby's phone call from Titus and knew not only how Tina injured Sonia but the enormous compensation Toby had to make as a result.

Since compensations had been made, there was no need for Toby to make any more reparations to Sonia, and the fact that he was insisting on helping her meant she still held some kind of place in his heart. With Tina in the mix, Zane could foresee things getting worse in the future. Thinking of that, he laughed gleefully and put down his wine glass. "Alright. I'll call my uncle."

Toby hummed his acknowledgment before grabbing his coat and standing up from the couch. "I'm leaving."

"But it's still early!" Zane protested to his back.

Without stopping in his stride, Toby told Zane, "I'm taking Tina out to dinner."

After hearing that, Zane no longer attempted to stop Toby and instead lifted his cell phone to his ear. "Hey, Uncle..."