

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 658

Truth be told, Toby might even prove to exact crueler vengeance upon Declan than Carl had.

Presently, Tom felt a chill run down his spine when he heard of what had happened to Declan. "I'll have the men return right away," he said, still a little stunned by this news. Looks like we severely underestimated how perverse Carl can be. He may look like a warm and affable young man, but his vengeance is bloody and ruthless.

Then again, Tom thought Declan deserved the punishment for having kidnapped Sonia and attempted to kill her in the first place. He knew how important Miss Reed was to Carl, but he went ahead and targeted her, anyway. Now he's bearing the brunt of his own stupidity; his days are numbered, and rightfully so.

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"By the way, how's the investigation on Connor going?" Toby asked a little.

Tom adjusted his glasses. "He's doing what he usually does—fishing, playing chess, and if he isn't doing either of these, he won't venture out of the villa at all. No odd behavior on his part has been reported thus far."

Toby narrowed his eyes in thought, saying nothing. From how he looked at it, the oddest behavior of all was to have no odd behavior whatsoever.

Connor had been Toby's mother's first love, and they were rather devoted to one another back in their youth. Toby had even learned of Connor's first and last visit to the Fuller Residence, whereupon he got into a dispute with Homer. While Toby never did uncover the cause of the dispute, he wagered that, judging by the way Connor had stormed off in a fit of rage, the man bore some intense grudges against Homer after the incident.

As such, Connor was the most likely suspect behind Homer's murder.

More importantly, Connor was the head of the Salzburg Family and the chairman of Salzburg Group. However, he never once returned to the company to take charge of things and instead stayed home tending to his garden and going on fishing trips. Toby found this incredibly hard to believe.

At the thought of this, Toby lightly drummed his fingers against his desk, letting the rhythmic thumping fill the silent office. At last, he ordered somberly, "Continue keeping an eye on him. I refuse to believe that he will stay idle for long."

If Connor really was the one behind Homer's murder and the one who instigated Toby's car accident, then surely the clues of his misdeeds would surface at some point.

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"Yes, sir!" Tom stood to attention as a show of obedience.

Meanwhile, over at Paradigm Co., Sonia called Daphne into her office after putting her phone away.

Coming to a stop in front of Sonia's desk, Daphne asked courteously, "Is there anything I can help you with, Chairman Reed?"

As of now, Daphne looked as if she had completely sorted through her feelings and returned to her usual self at work, which put some of Sonia's worries at ease. Smiling, Sonia asked genially, "Daphne, where did you get the yarn from the scarf you made Charles?"

Upon hearing this, Daphne blinked in surprise and asked, "Chairman Reed, are you perhaps planning on knitting a scarf as well?"

“Yes,” Sonia answered with a nod. “Toby saw one of his subordinates wearing a scarf his wife made for him, and now he wants me to hand-knit one for him, too. He said something about wanting to have whatever his subordinates have.”

Daphne couldn't help but sputter; amidst a small laugh, she pointed out, “How interesting of him to wish to compete with his subordinates, and on such strange matters as well.”

Sonia shook her head in good-natured exasperation. “Yeah, I didn't think a man who's thirty-one could be so childish, either. But since I can't dissuade him, I agreed to make him a scarf.”

“That's nice,” Daphne mused, eyeing Sonia enviously. President Fuller actually wants her to make a scarf for him, whereas President Lane just throws away whatever I give him.

The sheer difference in these two men's behavior was nearly insurmountable.

Upon catching the dejected look on Daphne's face, Sonia immediately knew what the girl was thinking about. The smile on her face slipped, replaced by an apologetic expression as she said quietly, “I'm sorry, Daphne. I shouldn't have brought this up.”

Charles had only just thrown away the scarf Daphne made for him recently, and here Sonia was being insensitive as she prattled on about knitting a scarf for Toby. I'm just adding salt to her wound at this point, Sonia thought in despair.

“It's alright, Chairman Reed.” Daphne flapped her hand dismissively, then smiled as she added, “I didn't really think much of it.” She knew plenty of couples who were present in her life, and if she were to get mad at everyone else's happiness, then she would have been thrown into the asylum by now for severe anger management issues.

“Really?” Sonia pressed fretfully.

Daphne nodded in affirmation. “Really.”

Sonia eyed her for a moment longer, and she wasn't convinced that Daphne was unaffected until she saw how serious the latter looked. With a small sigh of relief, she said, "Well, I'm glad to know that."

"So, you wanted to know where I got the yarn for my knitting, right, Chairman Reed?" Daphne asked, changing the topic.

Sonia hummed in response. "Yes, that's right. I can't remember the last time I knitted something, so I don't really know where to get supplies. I could get them online, but the turnaround for the delivery would take days at the very least, and I don't want to wait that long."

"Oh, I see." Daphne adjusted her black-framed glasses. "I bought the yarn at a shop not too far away from our company building. I happen to have a delivery to make later, so I could get the yarn for you if you'd like, Chairman Reed."

"That would be really helpful of you, Daphne. Thank you," Sonia agreed with a bright smile.

"It's nothing." Daphne waved her hand, then asked, "By the way, Chairman Reed, have you decided on the color of the yarn you'd like to get?"

"Black," Sonia replied.

"Got it. I'll be leaving now, then, Chairman Reed." Daphne gestured toward the door.

"Go ahead." Sonia allowed her to leave after a small hum.

Daphne turned to leave, and before work ended that afternoon, Daphne returned with the ball of yarn for Sonia.

Sonia took out the yarn and examined it. It was pure sheep's yarn, soft and delicate to the touch. It would make for a rather comfortable scarf material.

Pleased, Sonia made a bank transfer to pay Daphne back for the yarn, then slung her purse over her shoulder and made her way home.

It was 6.30P.M by the time she arrived at Bayside Residence. She sauntered over to the kitchen and got started on a light dinner, after which she sat down on the couch and began to sort out the yarn for knitting.

It had been years since she last got into knitting, which explained why she was a little rusty now. It was an agonizingly slow process just for her to wind pieces of yarn over the needles.

Thankfully, she started to gain momentum after a while of handling the needles, and only then did the knitting process speed up.

Knitting wasn't actually difficult, and it didn't take up much time, either. If Sonia were to go on knitting like this, she might actually be done with the scarf by dawn.

There were even some who made quick work out of knitting, and they could be done within five or six hours.

And indeed, Sonia did stay up the entire night to finish knitting the scarf, and when daylight broke hazily over the city, she was done with a rather well-made piece of men's scarf.

She opened up the scarf and inspected it carefully. When she was sure that it was as flawless as it could be, she put it into a paper bag to keep until Toby's birthday.

She was just storing the scarf away when the sky darkened, and a torrential downpour, accompanied by a relentless breeze, quickly followed. The chilling breeze snaked through the open French windows, and Sonia shuddered as the air in the room grew cold.

She hurried over to close the windows, then let out a small sigh of relief. Just then, her phone rang.

Walking up to the couch, she bent over to take her phone from the coffee table. However, her expression stiffened when she saw the caller ID, and she didn't waste time answering the call.

Rose was on the other line, and as soon as the call went through, she pressed urgently, "Sonia, is Toby with you at the moment?"

"No," Sonia answered dutifully, shaking her head.

Rose grew frantic as she urged, "Then do you have any idea where he might be right now? I asked Jean, and she told me he didn't return to the Fuller Residence last night. I can't get through to him or his assistant, so I was hoping you would know."

Sonia started to panic when she heard how anxious Rose sounded, but she took a deep breath and tried to remain calm, then answered reassuringly, "Don't worry, Grandma. I have a feeling I know where he is. He's likely at Skylark Tower."

Having heard this, Rose broke into a relieved smile, and her worries dissipated as she patted her chest, prompting, "Well, you're probably right. That's good to know. In that case, could you go over right now and check on him, Sonia? You have to save him if he's harmed himself, but if he hasn't yet, you must stop him at all costs. He wouldn't let any one of us get close to him, but maybe he would let you. Please, Sonia, you're the only one I can trust right now."