

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 75

Sonia pondered for a few seconds. “For now, go negotiate with the presidents of these banks and see if they’re willing to change their minds. Also, use that as an opportunity to get a grasp on whether Titus is the one pulling the strings.”

“Okay,” Daphne answered. Seemingly having thought of something, she asked, “Should I report this to President Lane?”

“No.” Sonia shook her head. “Charles will be busy running his own company. I don’t want to bother him.”

“Alright.”

After Daphne left, Rebecca from the finance department came. “President Reed, what’s going on? I got a few calls from multiple banks. They’re urging us to repay our loans immediately. Haven’t we just gotten them? Why are they telling us to pay when it’s not even time yet?” Rebecca questioned as she walked up to Sonia’s desk.

Sonia pinched the bridge of her nose. “Can’t you see that we’re being targeted?”

“By who?” Rebecca slammed her palm on the desk.

A chilly glint fleeted across Sonia’s gaze. “I suspect Titus is behind this, but I have no evidence yet.”

“That will have to wait. We need to prioritize solving the crisis regarding our capital. The main funds that are supporting the operation of Paradigm Co. consist of the loans from those banks. The company will fall into bankruptcy the moment we return the money to the banks.” Rebecca sounded irritated.

Sonia pulled her lips into a thin line. Of course I’m aware of the graveness of the situation.

“President Reed.” A knock came from the door again.

When Sonia glanced in its direction, she saw Daphne standing there while shaking her head regretfully. "I already tried negotiating with the banks. Those that have yet to offer a loan refused to do that no matter how I tried to convince them, whereas those that already loaned us money were adamant about us repaying our loans. What should we do, President Reed?"

Sonia clenched her fist before raising yet another question. "Did they tell you if Titus is behind this?"

"Nope. I did ask, but none of them gave a clear response. It was as if they were fearing something," Daphne replied.

"These are national banks. As the presidents of these banks, they have no reason to fear the owner of a private company." Rebecca furrowed her brows.

Sonia narrowed her eyes. "Unless it's not Titus, but a government official who ordered them to do so."

"President Reed, have you somehow offended any government officials?" Rebecca questioned solemnly.

At a loss, Sonia shook her head. "I have no idea." She had to deal with an official from a relevant department because of the plot of land. However, she didn't recall ever offending that official.

"Forget about it. We'll think about that later. President Reed, we need to solve the crisis regarding our funding right now," Rebecca reminded.

Sonia shut her eyes in exhaustion. "Daphne, contact the presidents of the banks that already lent us the loans. Tell them I will buy them a meal at Universal Hotel." I'll have to give up on the banks that have yet to offer us a loan. However, I need to convince those that already offered us their loans to change their minds, or else Paradigm Co. will be done for.

"Sure." Daphne nodded.

Then, Sonia glanced at Rebecca. "Arrange the documents for the loans and come with me."

“Okay,” Rebecca answered.

An hour later, they arrived at Universal Hotel. Belonging to Fuller Group, it was the only seven-star hotel in Seafield. The simplest meal there could easily cost a normal family a year’s worth of their income, not to mention that Sonia had booked a private room to treat the presidents to a lavish meal that consisted of exquisite culinaries.

Since Sonia had shown her sincerity by providing the presidents with such deluxe treatment, they knew they had to at least disclose something to her. Therefore, they finally told her that the person who was targeting her was a Stryder.

“President Reed, from what I gather, there’s only one prestigious family with that surname, and it’s the Stryder Family in Norfolk,” Rebecca whispered into Sonia’s ear while leaning close to her.

Sonia tightened her grip on her wine glass with a morose look on her pretty face. “It’s Melody Stryder.” Although she didn’t have a feud with the Stryders, she did have a minor disagreement with Melody before.

“I knew it. But why is she doing this? Could it be because of what happened when you were playing cards last time?” Rebecca surmised.

Sonia took a sip out of her wine, her face devoid of expression. “Perhaps.”

“Isn’t she being a little too petty if that is the case?” Rebecca smirked. “Besides, Melody is poking her nose where she is unwelcomed. How dare she, the daughter of a prestigious family in Norfolk, interfere with affairs in Seafield? President Reed, I’ll go make a call.”

“Yeah.” Sonia agreed to it with a nod.

After getting up and leaving the room, Rebecca found a quiet spot to make a call.

“Say whatever you need to say!” A gruff voice came through the line.

Rebecca rolled her eyes. "Old man, I heard that the higher-ups intend to have the Hayes Family crack down on the Stryders because of how cocky they have been as of late. However, they never got to take action because they haven't gotten a suitable excuse to do so. Is this true?"

"Why do you ask?" The man seemed impatient.

"So I guess the rumors are true." Rebecca lit a cigarette that she retrieved from her pocket to puff on it. "I called to bring you some good news, of course. Matthew Stryder's granddaughter, Melody Stryder, is currently in Seafield, and had used her family's influence to interfere with the operations of the banks in Seafield in an attempt to give my boss a hard time. What about you crack down on the Stryders using this as an excuse?"

The man's eyes lit up. "This is good news indeed. Not even Matthew was allowed to interfere with the politics in other regions back when he was still the head of the family. His granddaughter sure has some guts to break the taboo."

"She sure does. She's also stupid enough to give us something that could be used as leverage against her family," Rebecca mocked after puffing out some smoke.

The last time when they were playing cards, Melody had offended her once, so she used the info she had of the Stryders to give them some trouble. This time around, Melody basically dug her own grave by getting her entire family into trouble. Rebecca couldn't help but chuckle at the thought of it.

Meanwhile, the man frowned. "What are you laughing at, you damned brat? How's progress with the search for the young master?"

The smile on Rebecca's face faded as she roared, "How dare you even mention that? You told me that the young master had spent some time in Jordain County, but I found nothing when I got there! How am I supposed to make any progress?"

The man choked on his words. "Alright, stop yelling at me. Just make sure to find the young master as soon as possible. The old master doesn't have much time left."

“I get it,” Rebecca replied reluctantly. After ending the call, she snubbed the cigarette and headed back to the private room.

While nearing the entrance, she saw the presidents of the banks coming out from within the room. Sonia saw them off from behind with a smile on her face. However, Rebecca noticed that her smile seemed forced, and there was a hint of melancholy to it.

“President Reed.” Rebecca spoke after the others left. “How did the negotiations go?”

Sonia wheeled around to sit down on the chair in the room. “I failed. They refuse to continue with the loan. However, I did get a three-day concession, during which Paradigm Co. is supposed to repay all of its loans.”

“Three days...” Rebecca smiled. “That works!”

“What do you mean?” Sonia gazed at her in confusion.

Rebecca answered merrily, “Don’t you worry, President Reed. I can guarantee that the banks will stop collecting debt from you after three days, and those that have yet to offer the company a loan will approve of it, because the Stryders will soon be in big trouble.”

Upon noticing the cheerful look on Rebecca’s face, Sonia had a realization. “You pulled some strings, didn’t you?”

Rebecca merely smiled without saying anything.

Still, Sonia was certain that she had to be someone prominent. The phone call she went out to make earlier must be the key to everything. Upon reaching that conclusion, Sonia stood to bow at Rebecca.

Taken aback by Sonia’s sudden gesture, Rebecca got up. “What are you doing, President Reed?”