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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 453 - 454

Chapter 453 Declan's Whereabouts

"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.

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..."

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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.

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."

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“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 Westsanshire and even contacted the military there, but it seems that Declan’s aircraft didn’t enter the Westsanshire 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 Westsanshire 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 Westsanshire 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

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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.

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“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?”

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Chapter 454 A Call From Leonard

Toby gazed at her steadily as he answered, “I’m feeling okay.”

Even though he meant to reassure her, Sonia was regardlessly worried. “Are you sure? Do you feel lightheaded? And your arm—”

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"I'm fine, really. Stop worrying," he interrupted as he insisted that he was alright.

She parted her lips, but she wasn't sure what else to say.

At that moment, he asked, "How about you? Tom told me that you collapsed after you carried me down the mountain. Were you hurt?"

"I'm alright now." She shook her head.

As she had only sprained her back, she would recover soon enough, but the same couldn't be said for him. The injuries to his head and back aside, his arm would take at least half a year to be fully recovered. All in all, he was in far worse shape than her.

"That's a relief," he noted after he was sure that she was telling the truth. With a nod, he went on to say, "Thank you for carrying me out of the cave and down the mountain. If you hadn't, then I might have turned delirious from the fever."

Sonia met his gaze solemnly and pointed out, "I should be the one thanking you instead. If you hadn't stepped in, Carl and I might not even be alive right now. I owe you one for this, not the other way round." Then, she abruptly changed the subject by asking, "By the way, what are you craving for?"

"Craving?" Toby raised a brow.

"That's right. You only landed in this sorry state because of me, so it's only right for me to stay and take care of you until you're back in good health. You can let me know everything that you're craving for and I'll whip them up in the kitchen for you as a token of my gratitude," she declared.

However, he shook his head in rejection. "No, you don't have to take care of me. I have a caretaker."

"This is different." Sonia stood up and looked at him gravely. "I can't just sit by and do nothing after you risked your life to save mine, or I'll end up feeling guilty. Let me stay and take care of you, President Fuller. Think of it as easing my conscience." After having said this, she bowed at him out of respect.

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Upon seeing this, Toby frowned and reached out so he could prompt her to straighten up. His left arm was the closest to her, but unfortunately it was the same arm that he had injured. He could use his right arm, which was the only one at his disposal for the time being, but it required him to flip to his side just to reach her.

As things were, his body could barely move, let alone allow him to flip on his side. More importantly, he had seen the stubborn glint in her eyes and he knew that with her will of steel, she would not budge unless he agreed to her terms.

Ah, whatever, I'll let her have her way, he told himself. As he pinched his brows in frustration, he asked glumly, "You really want to take care of me?"

"Yes." Sonia straightened up to look at him. "You're my responsibility now and if I just leave you on your own, that would make me a heartless monster, wouldn't it?"

Upon hearing this, Toby broke into a low chuckle. Then, resuming his somber self once more, he said patiently, "Listen to me, Sonia. Taking care of me means having to spend an insane amount of time next to me for an indefinite period and last I checked, you hate my guts. Are you really serious about this? You can back out of it now; I'm giving you the privilege because I don't want you renegeing on this decision of yours."

"I won't regret it, much less renege on it," she promised without any hesitation as she shook her head slightly to deny the possibility of her going back on her word. "Besides, I don't hate your guts, at least not anymore."

The hatred she felt toward him dissipated the moment he jumped off the cliff after her. His arm had already been badly injured, but he held onto her as tightly as he could and refused to let her go. That was enough to make her change her mind about him—respect him, even.

"I'm glad to hear this from you. The pain is worth it if it meant you've stopped hating me," Toby said half-jokingly as he gazed at her. A comfortable silence was about to set in when he suddenly said, "Sonia."

Sonia met his obsidian orbs. "What is it?"

"Can we start afresh as friends?" he asked slowly.

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She frowned at this. Friends? He wants to be friends with his ex-wife? That makes for a rather awkward relationship, doesn't it? As far as she was concerned, it was impossible for a formerly married couple to remain friends after their divorce. However, looking at Toby and his wounds now, she could not bring herself to turn him down. A couple of beats later, she finally relented and nodded in agreement. "Okay."

He flashed an appreciative smile. "That's good enough for me. I won't ask more of you and I'd like it if you could stay with me as a friend for the rest of my life."

I would probably never be able to find a compatible heart for a transplant, which means I'll only have three short years to live. Someone like me can't possibly give Sonia the happiness she deserves even if I succeed in romantically pursuing her; I'd only become a burden to her in the end. With that in mind, Toby decided that a platonic relationship with Sonia was the best option he had.

When Sonia heard this, her eyes widened. What does he mean when he said he wouldn't ask more of me? Is he giving up on the idea of us being together because he's losing hope?

She lowered her gaze as she pondered on this. For some reason, she was beginning to feel unsettled, but she subconsciously brushed it off. She hardly even noticed the twinge of sadness that suddenly crept up on her because it faded the next second as she poured a glass of water for him. "A little early to be so sentimental about life, don't you think? You're only thirty and there's still plenty of life in you."

If she were to overlook the first half of his statement, the second half bore a cryptic undertone that made it sound like he was saying his last words.

Something glistened in her eyes as he took the glass of water from her. "Okay, let's just leave the conversation at that. I need to use the restroom now. Mind giving me a hand?"

"Of course." She nodded and readily helped him down from the bed.

As Toby didn't sustain any injuries to his legs, he could walk to the bathroom without any hassle, although Sonia had to help him hold up the bottle of IV fluid. As such, she stood patiently outside the door while he used the restroom and when he was done, she walked with him back to the bed whereupon she proceeded to hang the bottle on the IV stand.

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She had only just dusted her hands off when her phone rang. "I have to take this," she told Toby as she pulled out the ringing device and glanced at the phone screen, only to be pleasantly surprised to see Leonard's number flashing on it.

Toby, however, frowned when he saw her visibly brighten up over the phone call. He wondered who could be calling her and why she looked so happy about it.

Not wanting to keep Leonard waiting on the other line, Sonia answered the call immediately. "Grandpa?"

Upon hearing the way she addressed the person on the other line, Toby instantly felt the mild jealousy in him go out. Oh, it's just someone older. All is well, then.

"Sonia," Leonard greeted affably over the phone.

Almost immediately, tears sprang to her eyes as she whined childishly, "Have you finally thought of me, Grandpa? I haven't received any calls from you in the past four months and you know I have no way of reaching you if you don't ring me up on your own accord."

She knew that couldn't be helped. He was an archaeologist and that landed him in the oddest corners of the world most of the time. He was almost always exploring some abandoned site in the mountains or a historical tomb, places where cellular signal was practically unheard of. It was impossible for her to call him on a whim.

As if sensing her disgruntlement, Leonard chuckled ruefully and placated, "I'm sorry, Sonia, but you know how I'm tied up with this job of mine."

"I know. I'm not angry with you or anything. By the way, Grandpa, I have excellent news: Paradigm Co. is finally back on track!"

Leonard could not hide his surprise. "Oh? Back on track? That's a really quick comeback!"

He was no businessman, but even he understood how dire the situation in Paradigm Co. had been and he thought it was impossible for the company to recover from the setback within four months.

Sonia nodded earnestly. "It is a little quick, but I guess we had a stroke of luck."

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As she said this, she shot Toby a meaningful look. Indeed, he was the stroke of luck that Paradigm Co. needed.

If it wasn't for his collaboration with Paradigm Co. or his generous act of paying off the billions in company debt, the company would still be in turmoil.

When he sensed that she was referring to him by the words 'stroke of luck', Toby raised his brow in mild surprise and he was a little taken aback.

Me? Stroke of luck? Did she actually just say I'm the stroke of luck her company needed? He thought that she would bring up Carl, Charles or even Zane, but from the expression on her face, he was clearly the one she had been referring to. As a result, he couldn't keep from smiling and instantly perked up.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the phone, Leonard chuckled in relief at the good news and commented, "I see, but you must give yourself some credit, Sonia. A stroke of luck will do little to help if you weren't capable to begin with; you wouldn't have been able to steer Paradigm Co. back on track within four months otherwise. From the looks of it, handing the company over to you was the best decision on my part. With you holding the reins, I have nothing to worry about."

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