

BYWafADA Chapter 545

Chapter 545 Faultless

At the thought that Charles might get into trouble, Daphne felt her stomach twist, and without another word, she rushed out of the conference room to chase after him.

When she had left, Sonia resumed her seat and patted her cheeks tiredly, then took out her phone to text Toby. 'Do you think I'm the one at fault here?'

Meanwhile, Toby had been busy going through documents when he heard his phone buzz with a new message. He put down his pen and grabbed his phone to take a look.

A gentle smile broke out over his impassive face when he saw that it was a message from Sonia. He clicked into it, only to be a little confused when he saw that there was no context to her message. At last, he decided to call her instead of making guesses.

Sonia, on the other hand, was waiting for Toby's reply, and she jumped when her phone rang instead. She scrambled to hold onto her phone, almost dropping it in the process. Having recomposed herself, she answered the incoming call and pressed the phone to her ear, greeting, "Hello?"

Toby sounded concerned as he asked, "Hey, did something happen?"

She bit her lip and said slowly, "Not exactly. It's just Charles." She told Toby about the conversation she had had with Charles earlier, then asked with a hollow look in her eyes, "So, do you think I'm the one at fault here?"

Amusement flashed across Toby's features when he heard the whole story, and his warm smile was like springtime after all the ice melted. "You did the right thing. If you can't reciprocate his feelings, then putting a stop to this now would be better than letting him fall deeper. He'd only end up getting hurt in the end."

"That's what I thought," Sonia said, relieved to hear that he agreed with her. It was as if his words had led her out of her daze.

"I'm really happy," Toby said.

She tipped her head to one side and asked, "What are you happy about?"

"I'm really happy that you came to me to clear your doubts," he pointed out, chuckling lightly.

A flustered look flashed in her eyes as she retorted, "Hey, I only came to you because I don't know who else to talk to. You're just a substitute at best."

"Still, I'm really happy about it," he countered easily. Besides, I can tell whether or not you see me as a substitute.

"Okay, let's just talk about something else. How's your ankle?" Sonia asked out of concern, straightening up in her seat.

Toby glanced down at his injured ankle and answered, "It's not as painful as it was yesterday, but I still can't walk."

“Don’t worry. You’ll be back up on your feet in a couple more days,” she placated, sighing quietly in relief after hearing that his pain had subsided.

He let out a good-humored laugh. “Yeah. I’m going to the hospital to get the dressings changed.”

“What time? I’ll go over, too,” she offered hurriedly.

“Seriously?”

Sonia nodded and hummed in response. “You only got hurt because of me, so it would be almost immoral of me to leave you alone while the doctor tends to your injuries. I’ll go with you.”

Toby was so moved by this that his eyes glistened with overwhelming sentiments. “Okay. I’ll pick you up in the afternoon.”

“That’s fine. I can—”

“So it’s settled then. I’ll call you when I reach your building. Right, I have to go; I have a couple of things to attend to. See you later.” With that, he ended the call and set his phone aside before looking at Tom, who had just come into the office with documents in hand.

Tom placed the documents on the desk in front of Toby and reported grimly, “President Fuller, we’ve looked into it and found that neither the Gray nor the Stone Family helped Tina get away, which means someone else helped her escape.”

“Someone else?” Toby took up the documents, the frown on his face so deep that it seemed imprinted. “Did you find out who it was?”

Tom shook his head. “No, but one thing we’re sure of is that her accomplices aren’t from Seafield. I looked into it, and there’s been no activity in Seafield that might be connected to Tina and her escape.”

“Does that mean there are forces from other cities and countries that are helping her?” Toby guessed with a grimace.

Adjusting his glasses, Tom answered gravely, “Yes, but if that were to be the case, then we’d have a hard time finding the persons who helped her.”

After all, theirs was only one of the many cities in the country, and with all the other countries in the world, there was no telling which forces had allied themselves with Tina. If the territory had been within Seafield perimeters, investigations would be a lot easier going forward.

Presently, Toby narrowed his eyes and ordered, “Send someone over to Miles’ location.”

“President Fuller, do you think Miles helped Tina escape?”

“He was the one who helped Tina keep me under mind control, so I wouldn’t put it past him to help her now.”

Tom nodded. “That makes sense. Very well, then. I’ll send a team over after this.”

With a somber hum, Toby said, “By the way, have you looked into Quentin’s death?”

Tom sighed tiredly as he replied, "We haven't made much progress, seeing how it's been years since the accident. Moreover, there were no cameras at the location of the car crash, so it's nearly impossible to track down the reckless driver who killed him."

Toby's lips were pressed into a grim line. "I see. Continue the investigation."

Toby had to do all that he could to find out the truth behind Quentin's death. He hoped that the man really did die from an accident, but if he hadn't, then Toby naturally took it upon himself to uncover the details of his death. He wanted to avenge Quentin, or he would have died and given up his heart to Toby in vain.

"Yes, President Fuller." Tom acknowledged his superior's demand but suddenly thought of something and added, "Also, we ran into problems trying to pinpoint Declan's exact whereabouts."

"What do you mean?" Toby demanded, frowning.

Looking uneasy, Tom elaborated, "Initially, we kept a close eye on Carl and his activity and successfully confirmed that Declan smuggled abroad, so we sent men over to the location before Carl could beat us to catching Declan. However, Carl seemed to have caught on to our plans and intervened to cover up Declan's tracks, so now we lost him."

"He doesn't want us to find Declan?" Toby asked, growing sullen.

Carl had a score to settle with Declan, so it was unlikely that he would help the latter cover his tracks. I bet this means the only reasonable explanation for his intervention is that he's trying to stop me!

Tom nodded. "Most likely so. Carl may have his own plans for Declan, and he doesn't want us to intervene."

A cold smirk played on Toby's lips as he drawled, "Well, what a coincidence. I have my own plans for Declan as well. Go and hire one of the top hackers in the world; I refuse to believe that Carl is the best hacker there is."

"Yes, sir," Tom said with a firm nod, then turned to leave the office.

Toby placed his right hand on his desk and tapped his fingers lightly against the surface, his eyes gleaming ominously.

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That afternoon, Sonia wrapped up her work and summoned her assistant. "Here, hand out these documents accordingly."

The assistant nodded. "Yes, President Reed." She marched forward and carried the documents in her arms, then made to leave.

Just then, Sonia stopped her. "Wait a minute."

Halting in her tracks, the assistant asked politely, "Is there anything else I can help you with, President Reed?"

Sonia flicked her wrist to loosen the strain she had put on it from hours of work. “Is Daphne not back yet?”

With a shake of her head, the assistant replied, “No.”

Sonia’s brows furrowed. It’s been hours. She should be back by now. I can’t even get through her phone... Snapping out of her thoughts, she flashed the assistant a quick smile and dismissed her, saying, “Alright, then. You may go back to your desk.”

The assistant excused herself out of courtesy and began to make her way out the door.

At that moment, Sonia’s phone screen lit up with a new message. She glanced down to see that it was a text from Toby, which read, ‘I’m outside your company.’

Outside? She blinked at this. He actually came? She rose from her seat and hurried to the balcony, then looked down at the scene below the building.

True enough, as she looked down from the height of her balcony, she could pick out Toby’s gleaming, luxurious Maybach from among the cars idling by the curb. He was currently parked across the street from the company building entrance.

For some reason, at the sight of his car, Sonia suddenly felt as if she was a wife whose husband was waiting to pick her up after work.

Blushing furiously at this, she hurriedly shook off such nonsensical thoughts and texted Toby, ‘I’m coming down now!’