

# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

## Chapter 226

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“Why would I ask Toby to come over to my place, then?” Sonia swung the feather duster around while she questioned Jean in a calm voice.

Jean stuck her hands on her waist. “Why else? You’re obviously still hung up on Toby.”

Her words thoroughly amused Sonia. “If that’s the case, and he comes over because I want him to, that just shows that he isn’t over me either, right?” Sonia asked.

“What a load of nonsense! Do you think he isn’t over you? Stop dreaming! He never loved you to begin with.” Jean held her head up arrogantly, her nostrils pointing toward Sonia’s face as she spoke.

Sonia shifted her gaze away annoyedly. “If that’s true, then do you think I could have convinced him to come over?”

“Well...” Jean cleared her throat as she fell silent. Soon enough, she stuck her chest out and replied in a firm voice once more. “You used some sneaky tricks to get Toby to come over, didn’t you?”

“Hah. You’re not even making sense.” Sonia narrowed her eyes to form a threatening glare. “Listen up, Jean. If you continue talking nonsense, I’ll actually shove my toilet plunger against your mouth.”

“H-How dare you!” Jean widened her eyes.

“You think I’d be afraid to do it?” Sonia scoffed. She swung her feather duster around, and Jean instinctively took a step backward. However, her movements had been too rushed, and her left heel accidentally stepped on her own right toes, so she lost her balance and fell on her bottom. Her facial features were

squeezed together in agony as she let out wails and cries on the ground.

“Mom!” Tyler, who had been silent earlier, rushed over to help his mother up. Jean massaged her own bottom as she got to her feet.

“You deserve it!” Sonia uttered bluntly.

“You—” Jean started.

“What? You came here just to accuse me of causing Toby’s car accident. I’m already being nice to you right now.” Sonia shot the other woman a cold glare. “I want you to leave now, or else I’ll cause even more trouble for you!”

“I’d like to see the sort of troubles you can cause me!” Sonia’s words didn’t threaten Jean at all—Jean even pushed Tyler aside to stand right in the middle of Sonia’s front door. “I won’t leave until you give me an explanation for Toby’s accident!”

“Mom...” Tyler pressed a palm against his forehead in embarrassment. “Stop this.”

“Don’t meddle with my business.” Jean stared at him in a displeased manner.

Sonia was annoyed, but she couldn’t do much except chuckle. “Fine. You don’t want to leave, right? Don’t regret your decision.” She turned around and walked into her house after that.

Tyler had a feeling that something was wrong, so he raised his voice to question the owner of the house. “What are you going to do, Sonia?”

Sonia ignored him and headed straight for the bathroom, where she filled up a bucket of water before bringing it back to the front door and splashing it all over Jean.

Jean hadn’t expected Sonia to do such a thing, and her expression darkened the moment she realized what was going on. She didn’t have the time to dodge the water, and her entire figure was soaking wet within a matter of seconds.

When she rubbed her hand over her face and saw the random color stains mixed with water, she knew that her makeup was totally ruined. “Ahhhh!” She let out a cry as she couldn’t stand it any longer.

Tyler had intended to show her some concern, but he got rid of that idea and held his head low instead. Gosh! How embarrassing. I never want to admit that this crazy-looking woman is actually my mother.

Meanwhile, Sonia tugged her lips into a satisfied smirk when she saw the pathetic-looking Jean before her eyes. “I told you that I’d only cause more trouble if you didn’t leave!”

Jean pulled her hand away from her face to reveal her hideous face covered in dark spots. “Just you wait! This isn’t over yet! I’m not going to let you go so easily!” she hissed as she glared at Sonia. Once she finished her sentence, she turned around and stormed toward the elevators.

Tyler gazed at his mother before looking at Sonia. He parted his lips as if he were about to say something, but Sonia couldn’t be bothered to talk to him anymore. She shut the door in his face. Tyler was disappointed—he had no choice but to swallow his words and chase after Jean. He figured that he could get back to his basketball team once he was done comforting Jean.

Once Sonia returned to her own living room, she placed the bucket of water on her coffee table before picking her phone up and giving Rose a call. Sonia didn’t care about Toby’s condition—Rose was the only person she was worried about. Between Toby and Tyler, Rose was more fond of Toby, so she would certainly be shocked to hear that Toby had an accident.

Soon enough, the call went through, and Rose’s weak voice sounded on the line. “Sonia. Do you miss me already?”

“Yeah. Of course.” Sonia’s facial muscles relaxed as she spoke to the old lady in a gentle tone. “Are you okay, Grandma?”

Rose knew what she meant, and a kind smile spread across her face after she heard Sonia’s question. “I’m fine.”

“But your voice... You sound really weak...” Sonia was still a little concerned.

Rose glanced at her grandson, who hadn't woken up since the accident. “Don't worry, Sonia. I just didn't get enough rest. It's no big deal.” How could she sleep when Toby got into such a huge accident? Rose had spent the entire night by his side—she didn't get a wink of sleep.

“I see,” Sonia muttered. She finally began to calm down once she decided that the old lady wasn't lying to her. “I understand that President Fuller got into an accident and you're worried about him, but you still need to get some rest. You're old; you need to take care of your health,” Sonia advised.

Rose chuckled before she replied, “Okay, okay. I got it. I'll get some rest once Toby wakes up; how does that sound?”

“He hasn't woken up yet?” Sonia raised an eyebrow. The accident had happened at about 11.00PM the night before, and he hadn't woken up even after nine hours. It seems like he's quite badly injured, Sonia thought.

Rose shook her head. “No. The doctor said that he hurt his internal organs and his brain, so he's not going to wake up so soon. By the way, would you like to pay Toby a visit, Sonia?”

“It's fine, Grandma.” Sonia lowered her gaze as she rejected Rose's suggestion with a smile. “We've gotten a divorce, so I don't think it's appropriate for me to go.”

“Okay, then,” Rose said with a dejected sigh.

After that, they chit-chatted on the phone for a while more before ending the call. By the time she got ready and left the house, it was nearly 9.00AM. As Sonia drove out of the parking lot and passed by the road where the accident occurred, she slowed the car down a little to glance out the window. The spot of the car crash had been cleaned up—it was almost as if nothing had happened there. Now that I think about it, I still don't know why Toby ended up getting into an accident here. Well, it's none of my business, is it? Sonia smiled as she put on her shades and continued driving.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Rose was sitting beside Toby's bed. She used a glass of water and some cotton swabs to dab water onto Toby's dry lips. All of a sudden, she heard someone knocking on the door. "Come in," she answered without looking up.

The door opened to reveal Tina with a bouquet of lilies. Tina looked shocked to see Rose in the room, and her tone grew timid as she spoke. "You're here too, Old Mrs. Fuller."

Rose knitted her brows in distaste. She couldn't stand Tina's weak and obedient demeanor—it made her seem like she was the victim who was bullied all the time. Someone like Tina was nothing in comparison to Sonia.

I don't even understand what Toby likes about Tina. Rose shot Toby a sideways glare before she replied to Tina, "Where else could I be when my grandson got into such a huge accident?"

"No, no. That's not what I meant. I'm just surprised that you would come here to care for Toby instead of getting some rest at home. You're getting old, after all." Tina suppressed the anger within her as she explained herself. I would've come a little later if I knew that she was here. She never treats me with respect at all! Once I become Toby's wife, I'm going to torture this old lady so much. She's going to regret treating me this way.

Rose lowered the glass of water onto the table. "Are those flowers for Toby?" she asked.

Tina nodded as she glanced at the flowers in her hand. "Yeah. I didn't know what flowers Toby likes, so I decided to buy lilies after giving it some thought."

"Hold on. Did you just say that you don't know what flowers Toby likes?" Rose narrowed her eyes abruptly.

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Tina felt her heart sinking—she had no idea why Rose would pose her such a question. “Y-Yeah...” She forced a smile.

A thoughtful smile surfaced on Rose’s lips. “That’s odd. Toby told me that the both of you used to be pen-pals and that the both of you knew each other’s preferences and interests. Yet, you’re telling me that you don’t know what Toby’s favorite flower is. Are you sure you’re his pen-pal?”

Tina’s pupils shrank as she immediately lowered her gaze to conceal the panic and uneasiness in her eyes. “Of course. However, the six-year period I spent being in a coma really affected many parts of my memory—Toby knows about this as well.” She tried her best to remain calm and firm as she spoke. In some ways, Tina had tied the situation back to Toby, as if to show Rose that Toby wasn’t bothered by her memory loss. In that case, Rose wouldn’t be able to hang on to this matter even if she still suspected Tina.

“Is that so?” Rose raised her head a little. It wasn’t clear if she trusted Tina’s words. At that moment, someone threw the door open with great force. Jean stormed in while cursing, and Rose’s expression darkened instantly. “What’s with all the fuss? Don’t you know this is a hospital?” Rose barked.

When Jean realized that Rose was in the room, all hints of hatred and anger disappeared from her face as she put on a smile. “I just forgot about it for a moment, Mom.”

“Hmph. You’ve been in the Fuller Family for tens of years now, yet you’re still as loud and rough as ever. You haven’t improved at all,” Rose uttered angrily. Although Jean wasn’t pleased to hear this, she didn’t have the guts to go against Rose.

“Madam White,” Tina greeted with a smile.

“Ah, you’re here too, Tina.” Jean looked more pleased when she saw Tina around.

“Yeah. Toby got into such a huge accident—of course I have to pay him a visit. I’m his fiancée, after all. My parents would’ve dropped by if they hadn’t been too occupied with work,” Tina said with a faint smile as she ran her fingers through her hair.

Jean walked over and sat down next to Tina before she patted the younger woman's hand gently. "You're a good girl. Toby's lucky to have you around," Jean uttered. She was thoroughly satisfied with Tina.

"Madam White..." Tina's cheeks were flushed as she lowered her head bashfully.

Rose sniggered when she saw this. "Luck? I don't think so. I just pray that she doesn't ruin the whole Fuller Family with her presence."

Upon hearing this comment, Tina's expression stiffened. She could no longer put on a bashful look—her gaze was filled with hatred instead. This old hag just loves to pick on me, huh. Even Jean seemed rather displeased. "Tina's the fiancée Toby chose for himself, Mom. I don't think it's nice of you to say that."

"What's wrong with what I said? It's the truth, isn't it? Everyone knows about what happened at the Southfield Family's party last night; everyone knows that your son's fiancée is more than a simple woman. She's going to deal with you once she officially turns into Toby's wife," Rose uttered in a sharp and mocking tone.

"You're too much, Mom. How could Tina possibly do that to me? Am I right, Tina?" Jean sounded rather uncertain as she turned to look at the younger woman beside her.

Tina nodded hastily. "Don't worry, Madam White. You're Toby's mother and someone I respect; I would never do such a thing to you."

"Did you hear that?" Any uncertainty that Jean had felt earlier was thrown to the back of her mind as she shot Rose a gloating smirk.

What a dumb b\*tch, Rose thought in her head. Rose couldn't be bothered to interact with the both of them anymore.

"By the way, Madam White, what's up with your clothes? Why are they so damp and wrinkled?" Tina ran her fingers across Jean's sleeve as she spoke.

Jean's face turned sour immediately. "It's all because of Sonia, that b\*tch. She splashed water all over me! I swear, if—"

"You went to see Sonia?" Rose smacked her hand on the bedside table as she interrupted Jean's words.

Jean's eyes roamed the room to avoid Rose's gaze. "I..."

"Stop mumbling. Tell me—did you go to Sonia's place or not?" Rose asked with a grim expression.

Jean had no choice but to open up about it. "That's right. I went to look for her! It's all her fault that Toby got into an accident, after all!" she uttered with her muscles tensed.

Tina clenched her fists upon hearing Jean's words. What? Sonia's the one who caused Toby's accident?

"Who told you that his accident is Sonia's fault?" Rose was fuming as she glared in Jean's direction.

Jean scoffed. "Toby got into an accident outside Bayside Residence, which is where Sonia lives. I'm certain that Sonia isn't over Toby—she must have called him over at night because she wants to get married to him again. That was why he ended up in an accident. Whose fault is it if not Sonia's?"

Half of Tina's face was covered by her shadow as she hung her head low to conceal the hatred written all over her face. When she woke up that morning, her father told her that Toby had gotten into an accident at about 11.00PM the night before, so Tina had rushed over to the hospital after getting the news. She hadn't bothered to ask where the accident had happened. I can't believe his accident was just outside Bayside Residence. That explains why he refused to come and visit me—he was going to meet Sonia. Tina's body trembled at the thought of it.

"What is it, Tina?" Jean was quick to notice Tina's actions. When Tina lifted her head, her eyes were red and watery. "I'm fine... I just..." she croaked.

"You're just unhappy after hearing that Toby went to Sonia's, huh?" Rose smirked. Tina went speechless for a moment.

Jean smacked her own thigh out of anger. “That nasty b\*tch!”

“I think Sonia went easy on you if all she did was splash water on you.” Rose shot Jean a cold glare.

Jean wasn’t pleased by this. “Why are you always siding with an outsider, Mom?”

“Why is Sonia an outsider? Even though she’s no longer my granddaughter-in-law, she feels like a granddaughter to me. I’m much closer to her than I am to you guys,” Rose uttered scornfully.

Tina got to her feet then. “I’ll leave now, Madam White. I don’t think Old Mrs. Fuller welcomes my presence in this room.”

Rose let out a snigger, but she didn’t bother to say anything else. Jean got to her feet as well. “Aren’t you going to wait for Toby to wake up, Tina?” Jean asked.

“I’ll just come over when Toby’s awake. I’ll need you to let me know when that happens, Madam White.” Tina sent a longing gaze in the direction of the man on the bed before she grabbed her bag and left. She was afraid that she would accidentally strangle the old woman to death if she didn’t leave soon.

Once she left the ward, Tina took a deep breath. All signs of sadness evaporated from her face—all that was left was a bone-chilling, hateful look in her eyes. She pulled her phone out and tapped on it a few times before placing it against her ear. “Hello, Tim. I need to see you!”

In a dim basement somewhere, Tim’s glasses reflected the light in the room as he smirked and responded to Tina’s words. “Okay. I’ll meet you at the same place we last met.”

After ending the call, Tim held the phone in front of his face and made another call.

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Meanwhile, Sonia and Carl were having a chat at Paradigm Co. Sonia poured him a cup of coffee. “Don’t you have work today?”

Aren't you worried that your manager would be looking for you after you come here?"

"I just completed two months of filming at the glaciers, so the company specially arranged for me to get one week off from work. They want me to get some rest and readjust myself to the time zone here," Carl explained in a gentle voice after he took a sip of coffee.

"I see." Sonia nodded.

"I hope I'm not bothering you. You aren't trying to shoo me away, are you?" He gazed at Sonia with puppy eyes.

She chuckled. "Of course not. You're like a younger brother to me—I would never see you as an inconvenience to me."

A joyful look returned to Carl's face for a while, but his smile didn't seem to reach his eyes. A younger brother? But I'm all grown up now.

"By the way, did you see the news today?" Carl asked abruptly.

Sonia had been glancing through her documents, and she tilted her head puzzledly when she heard Carl's words. "Are you referring to the accident that Toby was involved in?"

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"No, it's someone else. For some reason, there have been a lot of controversial news articles popping up online today," Carl replied.

Sonia was rather taken aback by this. "What sort of controversies?"

"Mr. Colehart of Hart Beauty Group was found to have a secret lover and child outside of his marriage, Mr. Ellen of Nexus Technologies was revealed to have evaded his taxes, Mr. Reinard of Commute Company was caught being a perpetrator of violence to his wife and children... The list goes on. There were about

thirty different CEOs from different companies who had their dirty secrets leaked online, and the whole internet is a mess right now." Carl's coffee cup was already by the edge of his lips as he spoke.

Sonia widened her eyes in surprise. "Could they have offended some big shot? Is that why someone is making a fool out of them? But I don't think it's possible for so many different CEOs to have offended the same person."

"Who knows? Perhaps someone just did it because they were annoyed with all the CEOs' bad behaviors." Carl chuckled.

Sonia nodded. "You're right. Fortunately, Asher isn't involved in any controversies; we'd see his name online otherwise. I don't care if he loses his reputation, but I don't want it to impact Paradigm Co.'s name."

"Don't worry. That will never happen to Paradigm Co.," Carl uttered as he toyed with his coffee cup. She chuckled at his words. "We can never be too sure about such matters, even if—" Her phone rang before she could finish her sentence. She flashed Carl an apologetic smile before she glanced at her phone. It was a local number that she hadn't saved in her contacts.

"Hello, who's this?" Sonia swiped the green 'answer' slider on the screen before placing the phone by her ear.

The person on the other line was silent for two seconds before he responded. "Didn't you save my number?"

Sonia blinked a few times. "Is that you, Tim?"

"It is!" Tim replied.

"Who is it, Sonia?" Carl tried to look at her phone, but Sonia gave him a look, telling him that they would talk later. She then shifted her focus back to the person on the call. "What is it?" she asked.

"Tina just contacted me. I'm sure it has something to do with you." Tim gripped onto his phone by pressing his shoulder toward his

ear while he used both his hands to deal with the animal carcasses on his surgical table.

“Why would you say that?” Sonia narrowed her eyes.

“Because she would never look for me unless she wants me to do something bad to you,” he replied flatly.

She pressed her red lips together. “Are you saying that you’ve done something bad to me in the past?”

The scalpel in Tim’s hand froze for a moment as he strung his words into a sentence. “Yeah, I’m sorry. I was the person on the motorbike who snatched your bag.”

“That was you?!” Sonia’s expression darkened as she stood up angrily. Carl got to his feet immediately. “What is it, Sonia?”

“It’s nothing.” Sonia massaged the space between her brows as she continued to speak to the person on the phone. “Where’s my bag now?”

“I threw it into a sewer tank,” Tim replied in a sorry tone. Back then, he hadn’t known that she was his angel. Therefore, he went according to Tina’s request to deal with the phone after snatching her bag. The phone consisted of footage of Tina pushing Sonia downstairs, after all.

“I won’t forget this, Tim!” Sonia could feel her lungs burning as a result of her anger, and she had to take a few deep breaths before she managed to calm down the burning fire within her. “Tell me; why did you call me today?”

“I just told you—Tina’s looking for me again, and I’m sure she wants to do something to you. I thought I’d ask you over to hear more about it.” Tim was nearly done with his surgery, and he lowered his scalpel and removed his gloves to wash his hands at the sink.

Sonia vigilantly clutched onto her phone. “How would I know that you’re not intentionally calling me over so that Tina could attack me? I know that you and Tina are close, so why should I trust you?”

"I was close with Tina because I thought you were her. However, I will no longer be nice to her now that I know her better. Furthermore, I hate how she always lies to me. If you don't trust me, you can bring some people along with you," Tim replied while he rubbed soap into his hands.

Sonia went silent for a moment before she came to a decision a few seconds later. "Okay. Send me the address." Since Tim had offered for her to bring more people over, she would bring a safe number of people so that she could escape even if there were a trap.

More importantly, if what he said was true, then Sonia would be able to predict what Tina's next move was. Soon enough, Sonia got a text message with Tim's location. 'I'll be there ASAP,' she replied.

Once Tim saw the text, he pushed his glasses up and stuck his phone back into his pocket. Then, he took a bottle of medication out of his glass cabinet before he walked out of the room—a creepy basement filled with all sorts of animal carcasses and a few human anatomical models.

"Are you heading somewhere, Sonia?" Carl hastily questioned Sonia when he saw her packing up. She nodded before telling him about the conversation she just had with Tim. He immediately insisted on following after he heard what she said.

Initially, Sonia intended to reject his offer since it was a grudge between Tina and her—she didn't want anyone else to get involved. However, she finally gave in when she saw the hopeful gaze in his eyes. Both of them headed toward the exit together.

They had just left the office when Rebecca walked toward them with some documents. "Where are you going, President Reed?"

"I have some matters to handle outside. What is it?" Sonia looked at Rebecca.

Rebecca waved the documents in her hands. "These are last month's financial statements. You need to go through them and sign them."

"You can leave them in the office; I'll take a look at them later," Sonia replied.

"Okay." Rebecca nodded. Her expression turned stern when she saw Carl standing beside Sonia. "President Reed, is this..." Rebecca's gaze was still fixed on Carl as she spoke. If Sonia hadn't realized the careful look in Rebecca's eyes as she stared at Carl, she might have guessed that Rebecca was in love with him.

"This is my brother, Carl Lee." Sonia turned to Carl once she finished introducing him. "Carl, this is the head of the finance department and also a good friend of mine, Rebecca."

"Hello." Carl pretended as if he hadn't noticed the weird and judgmental look in Rebecca's eyes as he grinned and reached his hand out for a handshake.

"Hello." Something flickered across Rebecca's gaze as she held her hand out to shake his. Carl was the first to pull away from the handshake two seconds later. Rebecca turned to glance at Sonia after that. "Aren't you an only child, President Reed? Since when did you get a brother?"

"He's not my biological brother," Sonia explained.

Rebecca raised her chin thoughtfully before she shifted her gaze back to Carl. "Mr. Lee, is your surname actually Lee? Could you possibly be related to another family, like the Colemans... or the Hayes!"

"What do you mean by that?" The warmth was fading in Carl's face as he spoke. Sonia looked puzzled as well. "Yeah, Rebecca. Why would you ask such a question?"

Rebecca beamed. "Please don't misunderstand me. I just thought that he looks a lot like another person."

"Do you think I'm related to someone you know?" Carl glared at Rebecca.

Rebecca met his eyes without any hesitation. "Yes."

"Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but my surname isn't Hayes or Coleman—it's Lee. I'm not related to the person you're talking

about.” After fixing his sleeves, Carl grabbed onto Sonia’s arm. “Okay, let’s not waste any time. Shall we?”

“We’ll make a move now, Rebecca. We’ll talk once I’m back,” Sonia uttered as she looked at Rebecca.

Rebecca nodded. “Okay.” She then watched as Sonia and Carl stepped into the elevator before she looked away and made a phone call. “Hey, old man, I found a teenager who looks a lot like the master. I suspect that he might be the person we’re looking for. His name is Carl Lee. Can you find any information on him?”

Meanwhile, Carl was talking as he drove the car. “Rebecca is no simple woman, Sonia. She’s responsible for someone’s life! You should stay away from her.”

Sonia was shocked to hear this. “Rebecca killed someone? Stop scaring me, Carl. How could that be possible?!”

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“I’m being serious. I have two bodyguards who’re retired mercenaries, and they both took the lives of others. The aura I sensed from Rebecca felt the same as those two men’s aura. More importantly, I felt some calluses on her purlicue while I was shaking her hand—only people who spend a lot of time holding guns would have such calluses,” Carl explained in a stern tone.

“Gosh, I guess Rebecca isn’t as simple of a woman as I thought she was!” Sonia gasped.

“That’s why you should stay away from her, Sonia.” Carl repeatedly gave her the same reminder. However, Sonia shook her head in response to his words. “No, I shouldn’t stay away from Rebecca when she helped me in the past—that would make me an ungrateful person. Furthermore, I trust that she’d never hurt me.” Not everyone who has killed someone is a bad person, anyway. All the noble soldiers who protect our land have blood on their hands, but we consider them good people anyway.

Carl gave up when he saw how stubborn Sonia was. “Okay. But I hope you’re a little more alert with Rebecca, Sonia. You shouldn’t put all your trust in her,” he muttered with a sigh. Sonia smiled and nodded as she understood that Carl was doing it for her own good. “Okay. I got it.”

They arrived at their destination a while after they ended their conversation. Carl parked the car and got out with Sonia. The workers then led the two of them to the private cubicle—Tim was waiting for them there. He was standing in front of the window, toying with a tiny scalpel in his hand. He slowly turned around when he heard a noise coming from behind him.

“Did you only bring one guy?” Tim took one glance at Carl before he shifted all of his focus toward Sonia.

“Of course not. The rest of the men are hiding around near the area,” she replied calmly. While they were on the way over, she had contacted a security company and spent 10,000 just to hire ten security guards. All ten of the men should’ve arrived at the hotel—Sonia could sense that she was being watched the moment she arrived at the building.

“Didn’t you ask me over to tell me how Tina’s going to attack me next? Where’s Tina now?” Sonia glanced left and right as she questioned Tim.

He pulled a chair out and gestured for her to sit down. “Tina isn’t here yet, and she will not enter this room. This room is where you’ll wait around to listen to her—I’ll have the conversation with her in the room next door. I’ve already installed hidden mics in the room next door.” He pointed a finger toward the electronic devices that were set up on the table.

“Is that so?” Sonia muttered as she placed her bag down and sat on the chair. Carl hastily sat down beside her.

All of a sudden, Tim’s phone began to ring. He took a glance at the screen, and the light reflected against his glasses for a moment before he stuck the phone into his pocket. “She’s here. I’ll go over right now.”

Sonia nodded, and Tim tidied his outfit before he strode out of their room. Soon enough, Sonia could hear the sounds of people talking through the audio monitor that was placed on the table. The voices belonged to none other than Tina and Tim.

“Where did you go? The room was empty just now.” Tina began to complain the moment she saw Tim walking in. She wore a look of disdain on her face. Tim would always arrive earlier whenever she asked to meet him, and he would sit in the room while waiting for her arrival. That was the first time she had walked into an empty room, and it made her displeased as she felt as if Tim wasn’t taking her seriously.

“I went to the washroom. I’m so sorry,” Tim uttered as he pulled a chair out to sit down.

Tina’s voice was firm and clear as she dropped the bomb immediately. “I’m asking to meet you for none other than the same reason—Sonia. This time, I want you to kill her immediately!”

Tim narrowed his eyes a little. Meanwhile, Sonia felt chills running down her entire spine. I can’t believe Tina is actually asking Tim to kill me! Is she trying to get someone else to do the job since she failed to do it on her own?

“Sonia...” Carl tightened his fists. His usual, kind expression was replaced by a stern, icy look. “That woman is just too evil!”

Sonia pressed her red lips together. “I know. I knew it all along.” Sonia had a feeling that Tina was a malicious, unkind woman ever since they were in university. However, it was only after Tina woke up from her coma that Sonia had thoroughly understood something. Tina doesn’t even have a conscience—she is pure evil.

“Did she trigger you in any way? What got you furious to a point where you’re asking me to murder her?” Tim lowered his gaze to conceal the hatred in his eyes as he poured a cup of tea for Tina.

She pushed the teacup aside. “You know about Toby’s accident, right?”

Tim eyed the teacup for a moment before his gaze dimmed a little. "Of course. However, I'm on break today, so I didn't visit him at the hospital."

"Toby got into an accident near Bayside Residence, and it happened at about 11.00PM last night. My father called him and told him to come over to my house then, but he rejected my father and drove to meet Sonia instead. How am I supposed to keep my cool in this situation?! How can I not hate Sonia?!" Tina's facial features were scrunched, and her body was trembling as she spoke.

"Alright, alright. I'll agree to your request, then. Why don't you have some tea to calm yourself down first? You only woke up a few months ago, and your body hasn't fully recovered yet. It's not good for you to get so worked up." Tim placed the teacup in front of her once more before coaxing her to drink the tea in a gentle tone. Tina loved the feeling of being flattered and cared for—she held her head up and took a glance at Tim before she agreed to his words. "Fine. Since you're being so thoughtful, I guess I'll take one sip of it."

Tim smiled without saying anything more. She raised the cup and sipped on the tea. "Why does it taste a little sweet?"

"I added some sugar since you mentioned that the tea was a little too bitter the last time." Tim pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. Tina didn't suspect anything as she continued to sip on the tea. Before she realized it, she had finished the entire cup of tea.

A barely visible smirk formed on Tim's lips as he looked at the empty teacup before his eyes. At that very moment, Tina's phone began to ring. She grinned in surprise when she saw that it was a call from Jean. "Madam White, is Toby awake?" she uttered the moment she picked up the call.

"Yeah. He just woke up," the voice replied.

"I'll come over immediately." Tina got to her feet. Once she kept her phone away, she turned back to look at Tim. "I don't know how long more I'd have to wait if I were to wait for Sonia to abort her child. I think we should give up on the plan to kill her during the surgery."

“What do you want me to do, then?” Tim got to his feet as well.

Tina balled her fists as she pulled her lips into a cold grin. “A car accident, a kidnapping, poisoning—anything that can kill her and her little baby in the quickest way possible. You can do whatever you wish to—I just don’t want to hear you fail again. I’ll forgive you for that last time, but if you fail this time, I won’t talk to you for the rest of my life!”

Tim looked as if he was shocked by her words. His naturally fair complexion made his face seem paler than usual at that moment. “Don’t worry. I won’t fail you.” His eyes were filled with determination as he stared at Tina.

Tina let out a contented scoff before she turned to leave. Tim is just a dog that comes whenever I tell him to. I know him well—the one thing he’s the most afraid of is to be ignored by his angel. That’s why I’ve been using his weakness as a threat so that I can get him to do all sorts of things for me.

Once he saw Tina’s figure walking out and disappearing from his sight, Tim removed his glasses and began to clean it without any expression on his face. He no longer looked shocked by her words. Did she threaten to ignore me for the rest of her life? Does she think she’s going to live for long?

Right then, the sound of the door came from behind him. Tim put on his glasses and turned around to meet Sonia’s icy glare. “Don’t worry. I won’t actually do anything to you. I just pretended to agree to her.”

“Don’t trust him, Sonia.” Carl eyed Tim suspiciously. If this man can agree to kill someone so easily, if he could utter such words without any hesitation, it just shows that he must have had some history of harming others. Furthermore, this person’s actual intentions seem to be very well-guarded—I can’t read him at all. Sonia will probably lose her life if she were to interact with such people.

“I know.” Sonia nodded. She knew that she couldn’t trust Tim, even though he had saved her in the past.

“What did it mean when Tina said that you failed to go through with the plan the last time?” Sonia dug her nails into her palms as she looked up and glared at Tim.

## This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 230

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Could this person have done more than just snatching my bag? Could he have attempted to murder me while I wasn't aware of it? Sonia wondered.

Tim had a degree in psychology, and he was naturally able to guess what was going on in Sonia's mind through observing her expression and her eyes. He had intended to keep some matters a secret, but she was too smart—she got it right before he told her anything.

“Tina got me to kill you in surgery when you last came to the hospital for an abortion. She wanted me to make it seem like an accident had occurred during surgery. However, I didn't do anything after I saw the red mole on your wrist.” Tim appeared rather reluctant to look Sonia in the eye as he spoke.

“You b\*stard!” Carl's eyes were bloodshot as he reached forward to grab Tim by the collar of his shirt. Tim didn't try to defend himself as Carl moved closer to strike him—he was willing to do anything to ensure that Sonia wouldn't get angry at him. He couldn't have his angel hate him.

“Carl!” Sonia held onto Carl's arm. “Let go of him.”

“He wanted to kill you, Sonia!” Carl didn't listen to her orders.

“I said, let go of him,” she repeated in a firmer voice. Carl took one look at her eyes and knew that she wouldn't change her mind. After a few seconds of silence, Carl finally let go of Tim.

Sonia turned to glance at Tim, who was frowning as he tried to straighten his collar. “Would you have let me die in surgery if you hadn't seen the red mole on my wrist?” She knew that her

question was pointless, but she wanted to hear his answer anyway.

Tim's lips twitched a little, and he couldn't meet her eyes when he finally spat out a one-worded answer. "...Yeah!"

"Hah..." Sonia let out a sneer before she walked past Tim and headed toward the elevator. Although she hadn't taken a particular liking to Tim, she had saved him in the past. She felt horrible when she found out that a life that she had saved actually paid her back by attempting to murder her. Sure, he didn't know that I was the one who saved him back then, but I'm still hurt by this incident.

"Wait for me, Sonia." Carl shot Tim a cold glare before he went chasing after Sonia. Tim didn't attempt to stop Sonia from leaving. Being a Doctor of Psychology, he understood that she had just experienced a significant shock and would need time to digest it.

It's all Tina's fault. If Tina hadn't taken my angel's place, I would've never made my angel sad. Just you wait, Tina! I'm going to torture you properly, and I'm going to turn you into the perfect model in my basement! Tim's eyes twinkled with greediness as he thought about it.

Meanwhile, Carl finally caught up with Sonia's footsteps once he got out of the hospital. "Are you okay, Sonia?" Carl gazed at her worriedly.

She lowered her head to stare at the red mole on her wrist. She didn't answer his question. How could she possibly be okay? She just found out about how close she had been to dying. After Sonia remained silent for a while more, Carl leaned in to give her a big hug. He rested his chin against her shoulder as he spoke in a tender and loving voice. "Don't worry, Sonia. I'm here with you, and I'll always protect you."

A warm, fuzzy sensation filled Sonia's heart. His words seemed to have rid of the sinister, cold feeling she had felt earlier. She patted his back gently. "Alright, I trust you. Why don't you let go of me now? I'm losing my breath because of how tight you're hugging me."

“Oh.” Carl obediently let her go before looking down at her belly. An ambiguous look surfaced in his gaze. “What was the talk about you being pregnant, Sonia?” He had intended to ask the same question while they were in the room, but he hadn’t wanted to interrupt Sonia while she was listening to Tim and Tina’s conversation earlier.

Sonia rubbed a hand against her belly. “It was a night of rash decisions. That’s all.”

“And the child’s father...” Carl muttered.

“I don’t know who he is,” Sonia replied as she massaged her temples.

Carl’s gaze seemed to light up a little. “While we were in the room earlier, Tina mentioned something about wanting to get rid of the baby in your stomach, and she said it twice. Could the child in your belly belong to Toby?”

She was stunned for a moment, but she quickly chuckled and shook her head. “That’s impossible. Wouldn’t I know if the child belonged to him? Tina probably assumed that the child was a result of Toby impregnating me before our divorce. She’s probably afraid that I’ll use the child as my way back into the Fuller Family—that’s why she’s trying so hard to get me to lose the child.” No one else knew that she and Toby hadn’t engaged in any sexual relationships throughout their marriage, and she was certain that Toby wouldn’t bring up such a matter during his relationship with Tina.

Furthermore, Sonia wasn’t surprised that Tina found out about her pregnancy. Tina could’ve overheard something while Zane was talking to Toby, or Toby could’ve told her about it on his own. I’m guessing that was how she found out about me.

“Are you planning to keep the child, Sonia?” Carl tightened his fists as he posed this question.

Sonia shook her head. “Of course not. I’ll get the abortion done outside the country once I’m done with my work here.” She was too afraid to get it done locally—she had no choice but to do it in another country. She was certain that Tina wouldn’t have any influence in a different country!

Carl relaxed his tight fists after he heard that Sonia didn't want to keep the baby, and he put on a smile on his face.

...

At the same time, Toby was dressed in a hospital gown as he rested his back against the inclined hospital bed. Tom was standing beside his bed while reporting all of the occurrences that followed the accident that had happened the night before. "Are you saying that the accident was all planned out?" Toby's face was pale, and he coughed a few times after speaking. His handsome features looked especially eerie as he wore a grim expression on his face.

Tom gave him a solemn nod. "Yeah. According to the surveillance tapes we got from the traffic control department, the same car had followed you ever since you left the party. It trailed you until you got close to Bayside Residence before it sped up and surpassed your car. Then, the car made a U-turn and came from the other direction to hit you from the front. However, that car isn't as sturdy as yours, so its entire front area was destroyed. The driver died on the spot," Tom explained.

"The driver is dead?" Toby froze for a second.

Tom nodded once more. "Yeah. The doctor's autopsy determined the driver's cause of death to be a sudden cardiac arrest. Even though the driver suffered severe injuries from the accident, the doctor also found high concentrations of stimulants in the driver's stomach. The driver probably had a cardiac arrest because his heart couldn't handle the excitement. I'm guessing that the driver had taken extra amounts of stimulants to boost his courage."

"Is that so?" Toby tugged his lips into a smirk. "Did you check for any reasons the driver might have to attack me?"

"I did. The driver is a regular guy who doesn't have anything against you, so I'm guessing that the driver is just a chess piece. Someone must have hired him to hit you, and there must be another murderer hiding somewhere. Unfortunately, we couldn't get any information from the driver since he's already dead." Tom let out a long sigh.

Toby didn't seem too surprised by Tom's answer, and he gave out orders with the same blank expression on his face. "Continue searching, then. I want you to find the person responsible for this."

"Got it!" Tom nodded.

Toby massaged the space between his brows. "Did anything happen to the company while I was out?"

"There were some issues with the company stocks at first, but I managed to get that under control. Later that day, controversies of some random celeb surfaced on the internet, and the netizens and traders were distracted by it, so the company's stocks are back up at their usual value now."

"That's good." Toby shut his eyes and winced as he hit his palm against his own head. Tom grew worried as he saw this. "Are you okay, President Fuller? Are you not feeling well? Let me get the doctor."

Tom was about to press the bell when Toby opened his eyes to stop him. "There's no need for that. I'm fine. My head just hurts because some odd visions popped up in my head."

"Odd visions?" Tom was puzzled.

Toby pursed his lips. "It might be a side effect of getting hit in the head. It's no big deal." Tom let go of the matter when he saw that Toby seemed genuinely fine.

They were both surprised when they heard a knock on the door, and Tom went over to open it. When he saw Tina behind the door, he was about to greet her, but she pushed him aside and charged into the room. She didn't seem to care if Toby's injuries could handle it—she simply flung her arms over him as she began to tear up. "You're awake, Toby! That's great. You're finally awake."

The injuries on Toby's body were immediately torn open as a result of Tina's rough actions toward him. He let out a painful groan as cold sweat began to form on his forehead. His brows were squeezed together as he frowned in agony.