

# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

## Chapter 341

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Upon hearing that Sonia was looking for Carl, Charles lowered his gaze in despair, but he kept up a jaunty tone as he said, "I thought you were going to ask about something important when you called me, baby. I didn't think you'd be asking after Carl. I'm hurt."

"Stop it." Sonia pinched the space between her brows. "Do you think you could get ahold of Carl's agent, Charles? Maybe he'll know where Carl is and if he is at work or someplace else."

"Fine, I'll call them up and ask." Charles raked his fingers through his slightly-mussed hair.

Sonia hummed briefly in response. "Thanks for doing this, Charles."

"It's no problem at all." He shook his head, then asked, "By the way, are you going back to Paradigm Co. or will you be recuperating at home today?"

"Probably the former. I'm not doing too poorly anyway, so there's no point staying home when I can go back to the office." As she said this, she tried to soothe the dull ache that seemed to thrum beneath the skin of her lower abdomen.

Charles was hoping to persuade her to stay home, but knowing how stubborn she was, he decided against it and sighed as he said, "Fine. I'll go over and help out with some paperwork. I can only imagine the mountain of documents you'd have to go through after you skipped out on work yesterday."

Sonia knew that he was only trying to lighten her burden, and her heart warmed at his kind offer. She nodded with a grateful smile. "Okay."

When the call ended, she put her phone down and stretched lazily, then headed into the bathroom to wash up.

An hour later, she arrived at Paradigm Co. She had only just gotten to her office when she saw Daphne standing at the doorway, looking expectant. "President Reed!" Daphne greeted her with a courteous nod.

Sonia grinned at her. She opened the door to the office, asking, "Anything interesting happened while I was gone?"

Daphne trailed after her, and when they were in the confines of the office, she said, "No, but President Dafoe did say a couple of nasty things about you,

something about how you're skipping out on work even though you're the vice president and whatnot. He said you were unfit for the role."

An icy smirk tugged on Sonia's lips. "Guess they figured out that there's no way for them to steal my share of the authority in this company, not while it's the majority anyway. I suppose they can only resort to petty gossip just to give themselves some satisfaction."

She never did clarify the reason for her absence yesterday, since it had to do with her personal affairs. In retrospect, she felt lucky that she hadn't told anyone of the real reason; if Asher and the others could pick faults under such vague circumstances, then she could only imagine how merciless they would be if they found out she missed work because she had gone to terminate her pregnancy.

"That's true enough." Daphne agreed heartily with a firm nod.

Sonia pulled out her chair from behind her desk and turned on her computer. "Any work lined up for me today?"

Daphne swiftly opened up the folder in her arms when she heard this and recited Sonia's schedule efficiently.

When she was done, Sonia nodded. "Got it."

"I'll get back to my desk now, President Reed." Daphne closed the folder.

Sonia eyed her for a moment, then said, "Hold on. Could you help me book an appointment with a lawyer? Someone whose expertise is in financial law."

"Do you need to have something attested, President Reed?" Daphne asked curiously, pushing her glasses up her nose bridge.

Sonia nodded. "You could say that. I just found out that at least half of the shares I hold now are courtesy of Carl and Charles purchasing efforts. I can't just take all of that for nothing, so I think the best way to go is to have a lawyer notarize it; I'd pay Charles and Carl back in the future, with interest."

It was the only way she could thank the two men for what they had done for her.

"I see." A small smile curled on Daphne's lips as she looked at Sonia with newfound admiration. "I understand, President Reed. I'll get right on it and set an appointment with the finest lawyer there is."

Previously, she had only been respectful to Sonia because Charles had asked her to. Now, she truly did admire Sonia as a person.

After all, not just anybody would take extra care to return somebody's favor instead of taking it for granted, particularly when it involved a huge sum of money. On this point alone, Sonia had earned herself rightful respect on Daphne's part.

"Thank you," Sonia said presently, giving her secretary a warm smile.

"All in a day's work." Daphne replied placidly.

Sonia clicked her mouse. "Oh, by the way, could you clear up the desk Charles used the last time? He said he's dropping by later to help me out with the documents."

Daphne's eyes sparkled at this, and she was so overwhelmed at that moment that she clenched her fists. Nonetheless, she maintained her composure and kept her excitement under wraps, though her voice was slightly higher as she replied, "Yes, President Reed."

"Go on, then." Sonia waved her off with yet another smile.

Daphne turned to clear up the desk Charles had used previously.

Charles didn't take long to arrive at the office, either. Daphne had only just finished straightening up the desk when he popped in. Seeing him, Sonia put her pen down and asked, "How did it go? Did you manage to get a hold of Carl's manager?"

"Please, as if failure is even a possibility for me," Charles said with a haughty chuckle, patting his own chest.

Sonia heaved a sigh of relief. *Charles got a hold of Carl's agent, and he doesn't look unsettled either, which means Carl has to be fine.*

"So, where is Carl now?" Sonia asked just as relief seeped through her.

Charles took a sip of the coffee Daphne had handed him earlier. "He went back to Jordain County to take care of something, and he's supposed to be back tomorrow."

"Oh, that's good to know." Sonia nodded to show that she understood, though she was still baffled as to why Carl would switch off his phone while he was in Jordain County. (This novel will be daily updated at )

Then again, all her questions would have to wait until Carl's return tomorrow.

Meanwhile, over at the hospital, Toby was finally waking up after having spent the last two nights unconscious. As though witnessing a miracle, Tyler broke out in tears of relief.

"Toby." When he saw that Toby was fully awake, he quickly pressed down on the call button above the bed.

Dimly, Toby registered all this and came to the instant realization that he was in a hospital. He moved his arm and

gripped onto the covers, trying to prop himself up in bed.

However, he had barely moved a muscle before he felt a sharp, searing pain shooting up his back. He immediately fell back onto the bed and let out a low grunt, his handsome features scrunched up in agony. At that moment, he looked paler than he ever did.

Upon seeing this, Tyler asked urgently, "Toby, are you okay?"

Toby braced through the hot pain that seemed to be burning his back and replied hoarsely, "I'm fine. I just strained my back."

"Don't move. The wounds on your back haven't even healed over yet. We wouldn't want you to tear them open, Tyler nagged.

Toby closed his eyes for a bit. "How long was I out?"

"About forty hours," Tyler answered after doing a quick count with his fingers.

Toby frowned deeply. *That's too long. Sonia would have been discharged yesterday.*

He grew sullen at this, and the air around him thickened with tension.

He had wanted to personally pick Sonia up from the hospital, but he had missed it after all, much to his own dismay.

As if sensing Toby's mood was souring, Tyler blinked and asked, "What's wrong, Toby?" (*This novel will be daily updaed at*)

Toby pursed his lips. "Go over to Room 805 and see if Sonia is still there!" He was aware that Sonia could have been discharged yesterday under hospital orders as well as on her own will, but he still clung to the slightest chance that it never happened. Growing restless at this possibility, he glared at

Tyler incredulously when he saw that the boy did not budge from his seat. The vein near Toby's temple throbbed dangerously as he barked, "Why are you still sitting here? Go!"

"I don't have to; Sonia left yesterday." Tyler replied, his lower lip jutting out peevishly.

The shock registered on Toby's expression seemed to freeze in place as the faint hope he had been holding onto dissipated, replaced by a hollow feeling that made his skin prickle.

*She really did leave!* He shouldn't be surprised by this; hope was a fickle thing after all, and it often bowed to the harshness of reality.

Tyler's heart went out to Toby when he noticed the latter's clenched fists and dismal expression. Treading carefully, he asked, "Toby, are you upset because you didn't get to pick Sonia up after she was discharged from the hospital yesterday despite knowing about it beforehand?"

Something flashed in Toby's eyes, though the man himself said nothing.

When Tyler saw how flustered Toby seemed, he knew he had made the right guess. Therefore, he couldn't help the

gratification that followed. *Well, what do you know? I actually got it right at the first shot without even meaning to! Joke's on those who call me stupid all the time! (This novel will be daily updated at )*

Feeling incredibly pleased with himself, he was about to tip his chin up when he caught himself and regained composure. His arrogance would be unconscionable at a time like this, when Toby was barely recovering from his injuries.

"Cheer up, Toby. How about I tell you some good news instead?" The gears in Tyler's head turned as he tried to assume a brighter tone. "Sonia actually came by to see you yesterday."

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Toby's eyes clearly lit up after he heard the news, and his head lifted slightly in anticipation. "Really?"

"Of course."

Tyler looked at his feet, and in his tone of voice was a trace of guilt. It was true that Sonia had visited Toby yesterday, but she showed up before Tyler forced her.

In essence, she didn't want to go. Still, Tyler had no plans to let Toby know of the truth to avoid disappointing him.

Thankfully, Toby was still immersed in the joy from the knowledge of Sonia's visitation, so he was not paying close attention to his brother.

If Toby had taken a closer look, he would have seen through Tyler's bad acting. Toby's lips curled up when he thought of Sonia visiting him, and all of a sudden, the wound on his back didn't seem painful anymore.

*She came to visit me. Can I assume that she is expressing concern for me?*

While musing, he heard footsteps from the outside. When he turned around, he could see the visitors through the transparent glass wall. (This novel will be daily updated at )

"Toby, Dr. Lancaster and Grandma are here," Tyler reminded. Hiding the excitement in him, Toby looked across to the visitors.

Rose was the first to enter with a grim face. "Toby, do you hate me for beating you up?"

Although he could not sit up, that didn't mean that his brain wasn't functioning.

Shaking his head, he replied in a low and hoarse voice, "No, I don't. I was at fault, and I deserved the punishment."

After all, it was his fault for divorcing Sonia before discovering his feelings for her. Not only that, he slept with her when he had another fiancée—he had crossed a line.

In other words, he had indeed sinned!

After hearing his reply, she felt less tense, evidenced in her expression that had relaxed. "That's good. Tim, show him what you've got."

"Sure, Old Mrs. Fuller" Tim pushed his glasses up his nose bridge and took a step forward.

Ten minutes later, Tim removed the blood-stained rubber gloves and stared at Toby, who was sweating profusely with a pale face.

With a smile, he reported, "Old Mrs. Fuller, I have run a check. President Fuller has a clear sense of pain. It shows that the nerves and muscle tissues on his back are working fine. After this, he just needs to focus on recuperating. The wounds on his back will leave scars, though."

"Scars are not a big deal for a grown man. They're not even on the face," Rose stole a look at Toby's back and replied calmly.

Tim smiled softly. "You're right. Alright, I won't take up your family time any longer. I'll get going."

Then, sticking his hands into his coat pockets, he strolled out of the room.

After he left, there were only Tyler, Rose, and Toby in the ICU. Rose took a seat where Tyler had sat. "Sonia came yesterday."

"I know," Toby replied with tenderness on his face. (This novel will be daily updated at )

Seeing how his expression had softened, she sighed. "I chatted with her for a while. Toby, I could tell that she really has no feelings for you anymore."

Before this, Rose had asked Sonia about her feelings for Toby and the possibility of mending the relationship.

At that time, Sonia's reply was that she had no feelings for Toby, and it was impossible for them to get back together.

Rose once thought that Sonia might have given those answers out of contempt when she secretly still had feelings for Toby. After all, Sonia had loved Toby for years. How could one's feelings change overnight?

However, yesterday's encounter showed Rose that Sonia had never acted out of contempt-Sonia was serious.

Rose's confession took away the joy from Sonia's visitation and plunged Toby into an icy hell.

He curled up his fists. "Grandma, what is it that you want to say to me?"

Rose looked into his eyes. "I wanted to tell you that, perhaps, you are not destined to be with Sonia. Toby, you should give up."

Toby's face fell. "Grandma, are you asking me to let go of her?"

*What! Let go of her?!* Tyler was shocked as well. "Grandma, what are you talking about? Why are you telling him to let go of Sonia? I thought you were the most supportive of their relationship. Why would you?"

"Of course I supported their relationship. But what's good with being supportive when no one else was doing anything for the relationship?" Rose cut him off. "Had you and Jean treated her better as someone who's a part of the family, she would not have brought up divorce out of disappointment! Maybe Toby would have distanced himself from that vixen Tina out of respect for you and Jean. Had that happened, Sonia would not have divorced him, and they could have lived happily as a couple."

"1." Tyler's face was red in embarrassment, and he struggled to utter a word due to guilt.

He felt sorry for Toby and Sonia, knowing that he was partly the reason for their divorce.

He acknowledged his fault and hung his head in shame. Seeing that, Rose did not go after him, for he was only a naive young man.

She merely shook her head and directed her gaze back to Toby. "Yes, that is what I meant-give her up. You tortured her so much in the past. If you refuse to let her

go now, you'll only be torturing yourself. What's the point? Give her up and spare yourself from the pain."

"Give her up?" Toby clutched the bedsheet with so much strength that the veins on the back of his hand bulged. His hands were trembling slightly. (This novel will be daily updated at )

He clenched his teeth and hissed, "But Grandma, I have loved her for decades. I fell for her way before I learned about her identity. Tell me, how am I ever going to give her up? It's impossible for me to do so!"

*Twice! For twice, I've fallen for Sonia. How can I ever love another when she is the love of my life? No, I can't. It must be her. It must be Sonia!*

As he imagined the scenario, he sat up with much difficulty while enduring the excruciating pain in his back. Panting, he stared squarely at Rose. "Grandma, I will never let go of her. If she doesn't have any feelings for me now, that's fine. I will make her fall for me once again. If I could fall for her twice, she could do the same as well. No matter what, I am not going to let go of her! I cannot see her with another man, and I will not allow that to happen-over my dead body!"

Looking at the madness in his eldest grandson, Rose felt her lips twitching in shock. She wanted to say something but ultimately kept it to herself.

She had wanted to talk him into giving up, but she did not expect him to be so determined.

All her advice would probably be useless in the face of his stubbornness.

A long pause later, she rose up from the seat with a weary sigh. "Toby, I will ask you for the last time: are you not going to give up?"

"No!" He stared at her with the same earnest look from before.

He had made it clear that Sonia could only be with another man over his dead body, and that was because a dead man couldn't stop a living person.

Rose tightened her grip on the walking stick and said, "Oh well, I'm too old to talk you out of it. I'll watch from the side until you learn from your failure. I'm warning you: I will not help you this time."

She had helped him countless times. Now, she was too ashamed to put in a good word for him in front of Sonia.

"I know. Thank you, Grandma." He looked on as his grandmother turned around to leave. Pausing in her steps, she appeared to be hesitant, but in the end, she left without looking back.



After that, Tyler closed the door and turned to him. "Toby, if Grandma doesn't want to help, I will! I'm one of the reasons for your divorce, so I should at least do something for you." (This novel will be daily updated at )

"It's fine." Toby lay down once more and refused Tyler's offer.

Still, Tyler appeared determined. "I should! If I don't, I'd feel bad. Anyway, just let me do my thing."

Worried that Toby might refuse his help again, he quickly changed the topic of conversation. "Okay, since you're awake, I will call Mom and tell her to bring you some bone chicken broth. Now that your back not well, you should get some nutritional food."

Then, Tyler went out to the balcony to make a call, while Toby could only watch this brother of his as his lips twitched a little.