

# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

## Chapter 251

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Sonia chewed on her lower lip as she pondered on the idea of burning the midnight oil.

Toby, on the other hand, was still in the main seat, and he grew sullen once more when he heard her request.

He had thought that she might ask him to clarify the points of discussion when she called him, but as it turned out, all she wanted was a copy of the security footage. She probably wants to replay the whole meeting in front of Carl or Charles!

Suppressing the frustration that boiled within him, Toby answered coldly, "The camera's broken."

"Broken?" Sonia froze, then became skeptical of this as she looked up at the security camera.

However, she was not at Paradigm Co., and she couldn't just demand that the camera be checked to ascertain if it was working fine or not.

Just as she was seized with helplessness again, Toby added abruptly, "Go into my office."

"What?" She gazed at him oddly. "Why do I have to go into your office?"

"You don't have to. Unless you have no plans on handing in the analytical report tomorrow," Toby said stonily, then grabbed his cane and walked out of the conference room.

It was only then that Sonia realized he had seen through her pretenses, and he was offering to explain to her in detail whatever had been discussed during the meeting. That being said, she was still surprised by his kind generosity.

She glanced at the notebook in her hand and was suddenly torn between going into his office and declining his offer.

She didn't want to be alone with him, but if she didn't take him up on his offer, she would only be left with the miserable notes she had tried to make and her barely-solid understanding of alternative energy technology.

After a moment of hesitation, she gritted her teeth and decided to march after Toby. He probably didn't want her to drag down the rest of the team now that they were working together on this project, which explained why he wanted to help her.

Such thoughts comforted her, and as she tried to catch up with Toby, the uneasiness she felt began to wane.

Upon hearing footsteps behind him, Toby turned his head slightly and saw that Sonia was following him.

The corners of his lips tipped up in the barest hint of a smile. His pace slowed, and he didn't pick it back up until he was sure that she had drawn closer.

Before long, both of them entered the presidential office.

Presently, as soon as the office door fell shut behind them, a woman stepped out from the secretarial office next door.

She gazed at the closed door to Toby's office and fished out her phone, thereafter making a call.

Tina was getting her hair done when she heard her phone ring in her purse. Taking it out, she glanced briefly at the screen and answered the call, then pressed the phone to her ear as she asked curtly, "What is it?"

"Miss Gray, something's happened!" the secretary cupped her free hand around her phone and whispered into the line.

The insouciant look on Tina's face was immediately replaced by a sinister one as she hissed, "Which shameless hussy is it that has dared to lay her hands on what's mine?"

Ever since Toby prohibited her from dropping by Fuller Group without an appointment, Tina had bribed one of the secretaries who worked for him to keep an eye on all the female employees in the company, and if she were to see anyone trying to get close to Toby, she was to report to Tina immediately.

She had not received any calls from the secretary before this, and for a while, she believed that the women in Fuller Group were rather proper working-class ladies. She certainly hadn't expected such a presumption to be overturned out of the blue.

"She's not one of ours," the secretary said hastily, with a shake of her head.

Tina was obviously riled up as she snapped unhappily, "Even so, she's still trying to steal Toby from me, isn't she? Tell me who she is right now!"

I don't care who she is. As long as she's trying to take what's mine, I'll make her sorry for it!

"I don't know who she is, but I did hear President Fuller address her as Miss Reed. He's kind and gentle to her as well, and he even stopped so that she could catch up with him. They went into his office together," the secretary reported fearfully.

It had been barely two months since the secretary started working at Fuller Group, and seeing as she was not an official employee just yet, she had no idea of Toby and Sonia's past marriage.

However, Tina knew instantly that the 'Miss Reed' in question was none other than Sonia. Growing incensed, she stood up from her seat abruptly, a rough gesture that caused a few strands of hair to be pulled out by the curling tongs in Tony Goldstein's hand. The sharp, sudden pain made Tina hiss in anger, and she turned to glare at Mr. Tony maliciously as she snapped, "How dare you pull out my hair?"

Mr. Tony was affronted by her accusation, and he resisted the urge to tell her that it was her fault for standing up so abruptly in the first place; surely he couldn't be faulted for accidentally pulling out a couple strands of her hair.

The customer is always right, and she's an important client to boot. Mr. Tony did not want to offend the woman, and he took the accusation in stride as he bowed apologetically. "I'm terribly sorry, Miss Gray. I didn't mean to, and I'm really sorry. I—"

However, he was cut off when Tina landed a harsh slap across his face, the crisp sound of which reverberated around the room. Even the secretary on the other line shuddered when she heard this, and one could only imagine how mortified Mr. Tony was.

As of now, he held his palm to his face as he stared at Tina incredulously, though fear shone in his eyes as he gasped, "How could you assault someone like that, Miss Gray?"

"Do you see how many strands of hair you pulled out of my scalp? You should be so lucky that you're still alive after that!" Tina barked coldly.

It was bad enough that Sonia was constantly getting on her nerves. And now, some nobody dares to offend me? He must be sick of living!

"You—" Mr. Tony's eyes grew red with anger when he heard Tina's harsh remark. "You have crossed the line here, Miss Gray! You were the one who—"

"Okay, okay, break it up." Just then, the shop owner came walking over and shot Mr. Tony a sharp look, signaling him to stop talking. Having done so, he turned and smiled at Tina, saying, "Miss Gray, he's new here and has no idea how to conduct himself just yet. I hope you won't hold it against him and brush this incident off. How about if I take over to style your hair instead?"

"No!" Tina refused to back down. She jabbed a finger in Mr. Tony's direction as a vicious look came into her eyes. "I want you to fire him and make sure he doesn't find work in any other salon ever again! You're the shop owner, so this is the least you could do."

The shop owner and Mr. Tony stiffened at such a bold and unreasonable demand. The latter, in particular, was quivering with anger as he thought, What a cruel and despicable woman!

The shop owner frowned. "That's a little harsh, isn't it, Miss Gray?"

Tina crossed her arms imperiously and scoffed. "I don't think it's harsh at all. He deserves what's coming for him after he's offended me. If you don't do as I ask, then don't blame me if I—"

"I understand, Miss Gray. I shall do as you ask," the shop owner cut her off and promised immediately.

Mr. Tony looked at him in dismay. "Sir?"

However, when he saw the shop owner tug on his sleeve imperceptibly, he understood and fell silent, then turned to look the other way.

Upon seeing that the owner had agreed to her demands, Tina broke into a satisfied grin and said, "That should be the way."

The owner forced out a smile. "Now, if you'll just take your seat, Miss Gray, I'm going to bring him over to the accounts room and sort out his paycheck."

"Go ahead," Tina quipped, tipping her chin up arrogantly.

The owner said nothing more and dragged Mr. Tony along with him to the back of the shop. When they were inside the lounge, the latter looked resentful as he asked, "Are you really going to fire me and have me kicked out of the industry, sir?"

"Of course not. I saw how everything happened, and you are clearly not at fault, so I'm not going to punish you. But you should lay low for a while, and once that woman out there has forgotten about this, I'll have you work in our branch. After all, we can't afford to have her blacklist us; she's the young lady of the Gray Family, not to mention the future wife to the president of Fuller Group." The shop owner concluded his explanation with a long sigh.

Mr. Tony managed a bitter smile. "I understand."

Outside, Tina sat down once more and pressed the phone against her ear as she picked up where she had left off in the conversation. "So what was Sonia doing at Fuller Group?"

The secretary knew that Sonia was the Miss Reed in question and quickly answered, "It looks like she was here for the meeting, but as far as I know, that meeting has already ended."

Tina's fingers clenched her phone tightly. She's still there even though the meeting is already over, and she even went into Toby's office with him! What in the world could they be doing in there?

Jealousy rose within her as her thoughts piled onto one another. She hung up the call with the secretary and dialed Tim's number. "Tim, it's been days. Have you or have you not come up with a way to get rid of Sonia?"

She could no longer wait. She wanted Sonia dead right this minute!

In the hospital, Tim was seated in the confines of his consultant suite, and he adjusted his glasses as he replied, "I've come up with a plan, and I'm going to carry it out tomorrow."

Tina's face lit up with excitement. "What are you going to do?"

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Tim's eyes were as cold as a viper's when he heard what Tina had said, but he kept his voice light as he countered gently, "There is no need to kill her; sometimes living can be far more torturous than death."

"What does that mean?" Tina frowned on the other line, obviously displeased to hear that he refused to kill Sonia.

The white light refracted off Tim's glasses as he explained with forced patience, "What I mean is that we could rustle up a couple of men to ruin her completely while recording the process. That way, the child she's carrying will be as good as gone, and she would be so agonized that she'd beg for death."

Tina lit up at this. "You're right. Killing her would be doing her a favor, so we might as well let her suffer in purgatory for the rest of her life. I must say the plan is a very appealing one indeed."

When all was over and done with, Toby wouldn't think about loving a tainted and ruined Sonia anymore, even if he were to discover that she was Maple.

Sonia's life, on the other hand, would be completely destroyed. She would never be able to keep her head high in society anymore, and she would live the rest of her days being ostracized by everyone. Even Paradigm Co. would become the laughingstock of the industry because of her disgrace.

Indeed, killing her would be too easy on her, especially when she deserves far worse punishments than death. Tina was practically trembling with twisted anticipation as the thought cemented in her mind.

On the other line, Tim mused with a dark and unreadable expression, "Am I right to presume you're on board with the idea?"

"Yes." Tina nodded decisively. She was much more than agreeable to the idea; she could hardly wait to see it come to fruition! Seized with newfound excitement, she urged, "When do you plan on striking?"

"Tomorrow. Would you like to come over and see the plan in action?" Tim asked slowly as he turned his scalpel this way and that.

Tina looked dazed for a moment, then deviously smiled as she quipped, "Of course. I want to see Sonia dragged into prison personally!"

Bored, Tim flicked his thumb against the edge of the blade of his scalpel and drawled, "Very well. I'll lure Sonia over to Bay Street tomorrow. There's hardly ever a crowd, and you can wait for me there."

Tina hung up the call, and she grew giddy with excitement as malice filled her eyes. "You're done for, Sonia!"

"Ah-choo!" In the presidential office at Fuller Group, Sonia had only just opened her notebook when she felt a sharp prickling sensation in her nose, and before she could stop herself, she let out a sneeze.

Toby placed a cup of tea in front of her and asked casually, "Feeling cold?"

"I'm fine," Sonia replied, sniffing as she drew her fitted blazer tighter around herself.

The thermostat in the office had been turned on. The temperature was fine, but there was a moment earlier when Sonia had felt a chill running down her spine and raising goosebumps along her skin.

Meanwhile, Toby pursed his lips in mild dismay when he saw Sonia's gesture and cranked up the heating by a fraction. "That should keep the room warm," he declared.

"Thank you, President Fuller." Sonia flashed him a courteous smile. She didn't think that he was doing this out of concern for her. Rather, it was a considerate gesture on his part to make sure his business partner didn't catch a cold. She would have done the same thing if she were in his shoes.

Presently, Toby hummed in response and made no other remark, then set the thermostat remote aside before taking up his seat next to her.

As he did so, Sonia could smell the faint scent of peppermint that lingered on him. She stiffened, and her thoughts drifted far away as she was transported back to the day she had first met him, which was well over ten years ago.

Images of a young girl standing underneath a large tree flashed in Sonia's mind. The girl was secretly taking photos of the boy she liked, and when the breeze picked up, it carried with it the boy's crisp peppermint scent. Pulled back into reality, Sonia realized how this exact moment in the office mirrored her memories, but she no longer felt the butterflies in her stomach as she once had.

The peppermint scent was still there, but the boy she liked was a whole different person now.

She drew in a sharp breath and steadied the emotions that stirred within her like a tempest, then gazed up at Toby with an unreadable look as she said, "You should think about switching up your cologne, President Fuller. The one you're wearing hardly suits you, and if I may be so bold, I think something more ocean-breeze would be perfect for your type."

Upon hearing this, Toby felt his heart twist.

He had been using the peppermint scent for over a decade, and he never stopped because it was Maple's favorite. This was the first time anyone had told him so forthrightly that the scent did not become him.

Also, what's with that look she gave me? If I saw correctly, it was almost like she was seeing some other person through me. I wonder who that person could be. Was it Charles or Carl?

When Sonia felt the air around them grow cold and heavy, her brows knitted together. Is he mad about what I just told him? At the thought of this, she managed an embarrassed smile and said flippantly, "I'm sorry, President Fuller. I spoke out of turn earlier. Just pretend as if I never said anything in the first place."

Toby's lips were pressed into a thin line. "Does the scent really not suit me at all?"

"Huh?" She blinked at him, bewildered that he was asking further on this matter instead of snapping at her. She took a sip of her tea and asked carefully, "Do you want the truth, or would you prefer a white lie?"

He looked at her, deadpan, as he replied, "What do you think?"

A small laugh escaped her as she said, "Well, then. Since you asked, I'm going to tell you outright that the scent doesn't suit you anymore."

"What do you mean 'anymore'?" He narrowed his eyes at her skeptically, feeling as if there was more to her words than they seemed.

However, she shook her head and refused to elaborate any further. She put down her cup and pushed the notebook toward him. "President Fuller, do you think you could tell me more about these points I've underlined?"

Toby regarded her darkly. At last, he set aside his questions and began to explain to her the details of the meeting.

After an hour or so, Sonia closed her notebook and rose from her seat, thereafter bowing at Toby as she said gratefully, "Thank you for taking the time to explain these to me, President Fuller. I think I understand the points better now."

Even she had to admit that he was a capable teacher. He had managed to put the concept of alternative energy into simple terms that even a newbie such as herself could comprehend; if there had been any points that confused her before, there were none now, and she could read up on the rest of her notes with just an extra bit of research this evening.

Following this session, she felt confident that she could come up with the analytical report by tomorrow.

"You're welcome." Toby reached out a hand to help Sonia up from her seat, but she got onto her feet first and dodged his hand.

He stared at his hand, which hovered in mid-air, and his face darkened imperceptibly. Then, pretending as if nothing happened, he withdrew his hand and said plainly, "This project calls for teamwork, and I don't want anyone to become deadweight, so feel free to come to me should you face any problems. There's no need for you to shoulder through everything on your own."

When Sonia heard this, she found herself thinking, So I was right after all—he only helped me because he didn't want me to drag down the rest of the team.

Now that her guess was proved correct, she broke into a smile. It was a good thing that he offered her help for the sake of the team's best interests. It eased her mind and kept her from second-guessing his intentions.

Relieved, she looked him in the eyes and said, "I understand. Thank you in advance, President Fuller."

He lowered his gaze. "You're welcome."

At that moment, Sonia glanced at her watch as she announced, "Well, it's getting late, and I should be going. I'll see you tomorrow, President Fuller."

Toby's lips parted slightly like he was about to say something to make her stay, but in the end, words deserted him, and he watched mutely as she left his office.

When the door fell shut with a decisive click, he was all alone in the spacious office once more.

His gaze broke away from the door and fell onto the seat in which Sonia had been mere minutes ago, his thoughts far away.

Seconds later, he looked toward the coffee table where her cup of tea was resting. He saw that the rim of the cup clearly bore the red smudge of her lipstick stain.

He stared at the stain, and his eyes were dark pools as he reached for the cup, then brought it up. Then, he took a sip of the tea, pressing the stain against his own lips.

The tea had gone cold, and as the liquid trickled down his throat and into his stomach, he realized what he was doing. His expression shifted, and quickly, he put the cup down, then clenched his fists in frustration.

What the hell am I doing?

He glowered at his own hand as storm clouds gathered in his eyes. He could hardly believe that he drank Sonia's leftover tea. Is that strange mysterious force controlling me again?

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Suddenly, the door to the office flew open, and Tom came barging in without even knocking. "President Fuller!"

Toby frowned and demanded irritably, "What is it?"

Tom did not answer him immediately but looked around the office like he was searching for something. At the sight of this, Toby pursed his lips into a grim line and asked coldly, "Just what are you looking at?"

"President Fuller, where is Miss Reed?" Tom asked hastily.

Toby recalled what he had done earlier with Sonia's cup of leftover tea and subconsciously grazed his thumb over his lips, then said plainly, "She left."

Taken aback by this, Tom raised his voice by an octave as he repeated, "Left?"

Massaging his temples tiredly, Toby sauntered over to his desk. "Why are you looking for her?"

"Have you forgotten, President Fuller? I just got back from Marina City," Tom replied urgently as he followed the other man from behind.

Upon hearing this, Toby stopped in his tracks and turned to shoot his assistant a dark look. "What are you implying? Are you trying to say that whatever you found out about Maple has something to do with Sonia?"

He felt his heartbeat speed up at the possibility of this.

Tom nodded solemnly. "That's right. I went to Marina City and tracked down Maple's old postal address, and it turned out to be the Reeds' residence! That means—"

"Sonia and Maple are the same person!" Toby finished Tom's sentence. His eyes widened at the revelation, and he quivered slightly as his fists clenched at his sides.

Tom continued quickly, "Yes. Miss Reed is definitely Maple; there's no doubt about it. Maple said that she had a stepmother and a sister, not to mention a pet dog named Bucky. Now that her

address has turned out to be the Reeds' residence, Miss Reed is the only one who could possibly be Maple."

The words came rushing out in a flurry, and at the end of his elaboration, Tom found himself slightly out of breath. He inhaled deeply and calmed himself, then went on to say, "More importantly, Maple and Miss Reed have similar handwriting. While the former's lacks the refinement of the latter's, one could still tell that the penmanship is the same. And yet, neither of us have ever recognized this, even when Miss Reed shares the same backstory as Maple. A single thought is all it would have taken for us to connect the dots, but we never did! How could we not have figured out that Miss Reed is Maple all along?"

He paused and lowered his head in shame. "I'm starting to wonder if I'm an idiot."

Toby slammed his fist against the desk, and the veins on the back of his hand were throbbing as he seethed, "No, you aren't an idiot. Someone's been playing dirty tricks to stop us from ever connecting the dots."

Along with Tom, the rest of the Fuller Family knew about Toby's history with Maple, so it was strange that no one had ever noticed how similar Sonia was to Maple.

This could only mean that everyone had been under the influence of that strange mysterious force as well.

Clueless as to what Toby was thinking, Tom widened his eyes in shock as he asked hesitantly, "President Fuller, are you saying that somebody doesn't want us to know about Miss Reed's identity as Maple? Could it be Tina? But that doesn't make any sense..."

He trailed off pensively, then shook his head as he reconsidered. "It's only natural for Tina to keep that a secret from us, but there's no way she could stop us from putting the pieces together. So how could we have overlooked all the clues that pointed to the fact that Miss Reed and Maple are the same person? It's all so confusing, isn't it?"

Just then, Toby looked at Tom intently and asked, "Do you believe that there might be some mysterious force in this world that could control one's thoughts and emotions?"

Tom froze at first, but he chuckled dismissively as he quipped, "Well, of course, though I'm quite sure the force is called hypnotism."

As soon as he was done speaking, a sudden realization dawned upon him, and he slightly opened his mouth as he pressed, "Is this the reason why you asked to see a therapist the last time, President Fuller? I thought you were trying to find an emotional outlet or something but were you suspecting that you have been hypnotized?"

And from what President Fuller said earlier, he was implying that I have been hypnotized as well!

Toby's eyes were dark with thought, and when he remained silent, Tom took it as a confirmation.

While Dr. Anderson had reassured Toby that he was not hypnotized, he was still certain that the opposite was true, only that the doctor had not been able to diagnose him as such. Perhaps the person who had carried out the hypnotism was far more skilled at it than Dr. Anderson and the other therapists.

Dazed, Tom patted his cheek and muttered, "How did this even happen?"

Toby looked down, the wheels in his mind turning. "From now onward, go and contact the world's most renowned hypnotists—the more, the better!"

"Yes, sir!" Tom promised immediately, his expression stiffening.

It was only sensible that only the most renowned hypnotists could break them out of this state of mind-control that they were in. Just as Tom was about to leave to carry out his new orders, he thought of something and asked, "By the way, President Fuller, would you like to reconcile with Miss Reed?"

Reconcile... Toby made no reply as he dipped his head and pondered on the idea of it.

He had always wanted to meet up with Maple before he found out that she was Sonia.

But now that he knew the person behind Maple's pen name, the idea of reconciling with Sonia terrified him, for there was far too much that had happened between them.

As though sensing how conflicted Toby was, Tom sighed and pointed out bluntly, "Look, President Fuller, I know you said you loved Tina, but that was because you thought she was Maple. However, all this while, everyone can tell that you never loved her at all."

When Toby heard this, his lips twitched. "When did you realize I was never in love with Tina?"

"From the very beginning," Tom answered easily. "I believe it was six years ago when you first met Tina. You might have said you loved her, but I could tell from your eyes that you did not. You were only kind to her because you thought she was Maple, and it was only when Maple was brought up that love would gleam in your eyes. In other words, you have always treated Tina and Maple as two separate entities."

Toby fell silent at this.

Having heard what Tom said, he concluded that he indeed had never loved Tina. Tom had gathered as much six years ago, while he only became aware of this after the car accident.

Could all this really have happened because of that mysterious force?

"There's something else I'd like to tell you, President Fuller—the person you love is actually Miss Reed," Tom added as a matter-of-fact while adjusting his glasses.

A look of surprise flashed in Toby's eyes. "I'm sorry. Did you just say that I'm in love with Sonia?"

"Yes, and you've been in love with her for quite some time now, though you never realized it. I—along with Old Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Coleman—could tell all along, but we didn't tell you. I wanted you to realize it on your own because there's a chance that you might

not believe me if I were to tell you outright.” Tom lifted his hands with the palm facing upward, sounding as if he didn’t have much of a choice in the matter.

Meanwhile, Toby’s throat felt dry, and he could not utter a single sound, but at the same time, he felt as though there was a tempest within him.

How could I possibly be in love with Sonia?

And yet, try as he might rebuke such a notion, he ultimately could not.

Toby loved Maple, and now that she turned out to be Sonia, it would naturally mean he was in love with the latter. The equation was logical, but that was clearly not what Tom had meant; he was trying to tell Toby that at some point, he had begun to fall for Sonia, even before the whole truth was revealed.

“So why are you telling me this now?” Toby demanded hoarsely.

Tom rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. “Well, it’s only because we’re sure Miss Reed is Maple now, but from the moment I realized you were in love with Miss Reed, I knew you no longer had any affection for Maple.” He paused in thought. “You were only attached to the idea of her, and that made you think you were in love with her, but now that both these women are one and the same, I figured I’d have nothing to hide anymore.”

There was a steely glint in Toby’s eyes, and he grew reticent as Tom’s words sunk in.

I get it now. I thought I was in love with Maple all this time, but that hasn’t been true for a while now, and I’m actually in love with Sonia instead!

Even if Maple was Sonia, the love he had for the latter was entirely different, because it was one that happened before he even knew the truth.

Perhaps that was the reason why he felt he had lost something precious when he first divorced Sonia. In fact, this explained why he was always so jealous and angry whenever he saw her getting close to other men.

At that moment, everything fell into place. He could finally understand why he was always so affected by Sonia and why he had sipped her leftover tea and became lost in thought at the sight of her lipstick stain. It was because he loved her, and there was no mysterious force at play; he was truly in love with her.

Tom saw the expression on Toby's face and knew instantly that the man was processing all this. He beamed and prompted encouragingly, "Go and reconcile with Miss Reed, President Fuller. I'm sure she would forgive you once you tell her that the both of you were pen pals."

Would she honestly forgive me? Toby's lips pressed into a thin line.

He wasn't sure if Sonia would forgive him, but he really did want to know why Tina had turned up in her place after they had agreed to meet up all those years ago.

More importantly, he wanted to find out how Tina even knew they were pen pals in the first place!

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With that in mind, Toby fished out his phone and called Sonia's number only to hear a cold automated voice answer in her stead, monotonously informing him that her phone had been switched off.

Tom heard it as well and cleared his throat. "Well, that shouldn't stop you, President Fuller. Why don't you look for her and explain things to her in person?"

Toby's eyes glimmered at this, and for a brief second, he almost took Tom's advice.

But the next moment, he shook his head and said, "No. I want to go over to the Gray Residence and personally expose Tina for putting on an act all these years."

“Yes, sir. I’ll bring the car around immediately,” Tom said with renewed fervor as he adjusted his glasses and left to get the car ready.

Meanwhile, Toby clicked into his phone gallery and found the two pictures of Sonia that the boutique assistant had taken previously. His eyes were dark with a gentle longing as he muttered to himself, “Six years we were married. Why didn’t you ever tell me that you were my pen pal?”

If she had only given him some kind of clue that would make him realize she was Maple, then he never would have treated her the way he had!

He was pulled from his thoughts when his phone vibrated with a new message.

He glanced at his screen and saw that Tom had sent him a text, which read, ‘President Fuller, I’ve brought the car around for you. I’ll be waiting at the main entrance of the company.’

Toby locked his phone without replying and shoved it into his pocket, then marched out of the office.

On the way to the Gray Residence, the sky seemed to break with a sudden torrential downpour, which was swiftly followed by fog that blurred the road ahead.

Tom was carefully maneuvering the car as he mumbled, “President Fuller, have you noticed how odd the weather has been for the past few days? The forecast said that it would be sunny, but the rain has proved relentless nowadays, not to mention the thunderstorm last night. Apparently, floods and earthquakes have been happening in certain regions as well.”

“I don’t see what’s odd about that. Those things happen every year,” Toby remarked plainly as he stared at Sonia’s photo, his thumb caressing her face over the phone screen.

Tom chuckled dryly. “I was only making an observation, but you’re right to say that there isn’t anything odd about it at all.”

Hearing this, Toby ignored him, and he was about to drown in his own thoughts when he saw a figure standing on the road ahead.

The figure was dressed entirely in white, and he was holding up a black umbrella as he stood in the middle of the road, making no effort to dodge Toby's car whatsoever.

Tom saw this, too, and though he honked several times to signal the person to move away, it was to no avail.

"What's wrong with him?" Tom frowned and grumbled sullenly, "Does he have a death wish or something? Why the hell is he standing in the middle of the road instead of dodging oncoming cars?"

"Stop the car!" Toby barked in a low voice. Judging from the way he refuses to budge, chances are he's waiting for us.

The car screeched to an abrupt halt. Tom and Toby leaned forward due to the inertia, thereafter falling backward into their seats once more.

Tom turned to glance at Toby and asked hastily, "Are you alright, President Fuller?"

"I'm perfectly fine!" Toby glowered at the unmoving figure ahead and snapped irritably. Then, pinching the space between his brows, he ordered imperiously, "Unlock the door."

Incredulous, Tom demanded with wide eyes, "Are you getting out of the car?"

Presently, they were on one of the quieter streets of Eastbourne. There were hardly any cars that passed by the area, and as of now, the entire stretch of road was completely empty save for their car and the mysterious figure ahead.

Where the hell did that person come from? More to the point, why is he blocking our way? There's no telling if he's good or bad, so it's too dangerous for President Fuller to get out of the car now! With that in mind, Tom turned to cast Toby a concerned look before advising solemnly, "President Fuller, I don't think you should be getting out of the car. We don't even know the guy.

What if he turns out to be some wicked psychopath or something?"

"Grab the pistol and wait for me in the car. You can fire shots the moment something goes awry," Toby instructed ominously with narrowed eyes. He was going to get down from this car no matter what.

I'm going to see for myself what this man is up to!

Tom knew that there was no dissuading Toby when he had already made up his mind. Sighing, he opened up the storage compartment in the car and carefully drew out a pistol, then assembled its parts while nodding as he said, "Roger that, sir. I'll keep an eye on him."

Toby hummed curtly in response and opened the car door, then took out an umbrella from the side before walking toward the middle of the road. He stopped in front of the man, who slowly lifted the edge of the black umbrella to reveal an extraordinarily handsome face.

However, the impact of beholding such a beautifully-chiseled face was lost on Toby, who remained expressionless. As far as he was concerned, the man before him did not boast incredible good looks, and he demanded icily, "Who are you, and what the hell do you want?"

"You should go back the way you came," the mysterious man said with an equally cold and distant voice.

Toby narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "What are you talking about?"

The man sighed like he was already growing tired of their exchange. "Do you really have to go and expose Tina for pretending to be Maple? Can't you just keep going on like this? It's not too bad, right?"

Upon hearing this, Toby widened his eyes and clenched his fists, turning more hostile by the second. "How do you know what I'm about to do?"

The man sighed again. "Just turn the car around and pretend you never found out about Tina's lies."

"Why the hell should I?" Toby was boiling with rage, and the fire in his eyes leaped wildly as he went on to say, "She lied to me for six whole years, and now you want me to just play along with her deception? You're so protective of her. Could you be the one behind that mysterious force that has been manipulating me all this while?"

"I'm not trying to protect her; I'm just keeping a promise to someone really important to me. That person is irrevocably in love with Tina, which leaves me no choice but to manipulate your thoughts," the man explained with a somewhat tired shake of his head.

"So it is you!" Toby had only been guessing, but now that the truth had revealed itself, he was seized with insurmountable rage. He carelessly threw the umbrella aside and reached out to grab the man by his shirt collar.

Meanwhile, the moment Tom saw how things had escalated, he understood immediately that the man in white was no friendly entity.

He quickly poked his head out of the open car door and aimed the gun at the man's head, ready to fire a deadly shot as soon as the man made to hurt Toby.

Outside, Toby no longer looked like his usual put-together self after the rain soaked him to the bone.

However, he couldn't care less about his appearance and merely stared at the man with red-rimmed eyes as he hissed insidiously, "You've been controlling my every thought because of this special person of yours." He spat out a bitter, humorless chuckle. "How dare you? How dare you manipulate me to achieve your own purposes? You took away my rights to pour my heart out to my one true love and let me become Tina's puppet! I didn't get to have a say over my own thoughts and feelings!"

The man paid no mind to the hand that was grabbing his shirt collar, and he appeared unfazed by Toby's harsh gesture and

pointed accusation. He looked as cold as he had been earlier—almost robotic.

“I did it because Tina loves you, and the person most important to me is in love with her. He wants her to be happy,” the man explained monotonously.

Toby scoffed. “And just because of that, you decided to help him out?”

The man nodded once in affirmation. “That’s right.”

The next second, Toby’s fist hurled forward in a brutal attack as he shouted angrily, “So all because someone important to you is in love with Tina, you decided to manipulate me—a person that has absolutely nothing to do with you—into loving Tina? What kind of bullsh\*t reason is that?”

The man frowned slightly and stepped to the side, easily dodging the oncoming punch. Judging from the way he avoided Toby’s punches without losing his breath, it wasn’t hard to tell that he dabbled extensively in martial arts.

“I admit that what we did was wrong, but everyone has their dark sides, and I don’t mind caving into mine by manipulating and sacrificing everyone if it could make him happy.” The man’s pale gray orbs were fixed on Toby as he added steadily, “Besides, what’s so bad about loving Tina? Love is but a chemical reaction, after all. Who you love doesn’t matter at all.”

“It doesn’t matter?” Toby was disgusted by this, and his lips curled into a spiteful smirk as he countered, “So, do you think it’s a chemical reaction that you care so deeply about that special person of yours? If that’s the case, he shouldn’t matter to you at all, am I right?”

The question stumped the man, whose eyes widened in surprise.

Toby, on the other hand, had no interest in what the man might be thinking as he ordered in a thunderous voice, “I want you to stop controlling me right now!”

# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

## Chapter 255

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"I can't. I made a promise to him." The man kept himself together and calmed himself down, defying Toby while shaking his head.

Toby felt his anger surging through him once again as he clenched his fist and growled, "You can't? This has always been a matter between you and Tina, which has absolutely nothing to do with me at all. Since the person who matters the most to you loves Tina so much, why don't you hypnotize her and make them love each other? Why must I be the one who gets sacrificed?"

A sad look flashed across the man's emotionless eyes. "It's too late..."

"What do you mean?"

The man didn't answer Toby's question. Instead, he stepped forward and raised his hand in the air, snapping his fingers in front of Toby and Tom as they warily watched. As soon as they both heard the snap, Toby's mind went blank, his eyes turning soulless and lifeless. At the same time, Tom, who was sitting in the car behind him, was also put in a mindless trance at the sight of that.

By the time they came back to their senses, the man was long gone, and they had no idea when he left. "President Fuller!" Tom grabbed an umbrella and ran toward Toby. "What happened? Who's that man?"

Nevertheless, Toby didn't answer his assistant's question, only walking back to the car with an ambiguous look on his face. Meanwhile, Tom grabbed a towel from his storage box and gave it to Toby. "Please wipe yourself, President Fuller."

Toby received the towel and put it on his head, replying with a hoarse voice, "That man was the one who hypnotized us."

"What?!" Tom bumped his head into the ceiling of the car, whereupon he moaned in pain. Nevertheless, he couldn't care less

about that while holding the steering tightly. "Did you just say we got hypnotized, President Fuller?"

"Yes." Toby placed the towel on his face, covering his dissatisfied look.

In the meantime, Tom only felt a strong cold chill running down his spine. "B-But when did we get hypnotized?"

Toby's eyes squinted underneath the towel as he wanted to find out the answer to that question as well. After all, he was hypnotized by a stranger whom he had never seen before, which he found to be rather scary.

"But why did he want to hypnotize us, President Fuller?" Tom desperately asked while nervously trying to regulate his breath.

Toby took the towel away from his face and said, "Enough with the question. I want to know everything about this man and everyone who is associated with him." I need to know who that man is, and that guy who is in love with Tina!

"Sure." Tom nodded in a stern manner. In fact, he would initiate an investigation on that mysterious hypnotizer himself even if Toby didn't give him the order to do so. This man hypnotized me and President Fuller! That's unacceptable!

"Take me to the Gray Residence." Toby gave an instruction to his assistant, who responded with an affirmative hum and drove toward the destination.

Soon, both men arrived at the Gray Residence, whereupon Toby stood outside the door and pressed the doorbell. When the maid came to answer the door, she was greeted by the sight of Toby, who was drenched from head to toe. Stunned, she exclaimed, "Mr. Fuller! What just happened to you?"

Nevertheless, Toby ignored her words and circled around before entering the house, leaving trails of water behind him. As he made his way to the living room, Julia, who was absorbed in arranging flowers, heard footsteps coming and looked up in surprise. "Toby, what brings you here? And what..."

“Where is Tina?” Toby cut her speech short and asked.

Sensing his unusual attitude, Julia knew he was angry. So, she probingly asked, “Tina is in her room. Did you both quarrel again?”

“Tell her to see me!” Toby coldly commanded.

Julia knitted her eyebrows in response, but when Toby realized she didn’t do as she said, he placed one foot on the table and made his intention known once again with an intimidating voice. “I said, tell her to see me!”

Frightened, Julia immediately stood up from the couch with a pale face and nodded. “Okay. Okay, I’ll send for her right now. Rosie, please tell Miss Gray to come down.”

“Right away.” Rosie, who was the maid that answered the door, quickly headed upstairs to send for Tina.

Then, Julia timidly looked at Toby and asked, “What’s wrong with you, Toby? Why are you so worked up? Did Tina do something wrong that pissed you off? Anyway, please talk to her nicely, or you’ll scare her.”

“Oh, come on. Do you really think she’ll get scared?” Toby fixed his piercing gaze on Julia. “She is a gutsy one, so what makes you think she’ll get scared so easily?” She didn’t just pose as Sonia but even tried to kill her as well. I wonder what other terrible things she is capable of.

“What do you mean by that, Toby? What’s wrong with Tina? You didn’t have to mock her, did you?” Julia sounded unhappy, pulling a long face, but deep down, she knew Tina must have done something wrong that pissed him off. After all, she was certain that he wouldn’t have said those mean things about Tina otherwise. Nonetheless, Toby didn’t respond to Julia because Tina was already on her way down the stairs.

“Here you are, Toby.” Tina showed up, greeting Toby with a smiling face, but when she saw his drenched look, her eyes widened out of shock. “Oh my gosh, Toby! How did you get so wet? Madam Rosie, please get me some new clothes...”

**“No need for that!” Toby didn’t see the need for him to get changed when there was a more pressing matter at hand.**

**Tina then felt a chill running all over her skin and noticed something was wrong when she met her eyes and spotted Toby’s cold facial expression changes. Upon meeting his eyes, she felt as if he was going to tear her apart, so she subconsciously backed away to distance herself from Toby.**

**After that, she curled her lips upward and forced a brittle smile. “Why are you looking at me like that, Toby? What have I done wrong this time?” She soon started to run through the mind about the things she had done in the past to see which one of them was discovered.**

**It’s impossible for him to discover anything. I’ve not left any trails so far...**

**Nevertheless, Toby’s words shattered her hope into pieces the next second.**

**“Tina, why did you pose as Sonia?” Toby asked with a menacing voice.**

**Tina was thunderstruck by the man’s question, her body stiffening as her limbs turned cold. It was only a few moments later that she said, “What are you talking about, Toby? Me? Posing as Sonia?! I don’t understand what you’re trying to say here.”**

**He’s already found that out. He really has!**

**“That’s right, Toby. What’re you talking about?” Julia was confused as well.**

**However, Toby didn’t bother to reply to Julia, only staring at Tina with his glacial eyes, as if his gaze had just become a sharp blade.**

**“I’m surprised that you still won’t admit it. You should know that I won’t be standing here if I don’t have any evidence. Six years ago, you posed as Sonia to see me and told me you were my pen pal. After that, I’ve been in love with you ever since, and it was exactly because of you that I gave Sonia the cold shoulder. I put her through so much pain and suffering all because of you, Tina! You**

must have been really happy when you saw me do that to Sonia, right?”

Toby spoke with a calm voice, perfectly masking his rage and anger with his indifference. There was no way she wasn't happy. After all, she managed to take Sonia's place and witness her humiliation as if she was the real one. So, there was no way she wasn't happy at the sight of that.

In the meantime, Tina's eyes dilated in horror while her face turned pale. A few seconds later, she began to cry and shake her head wildly. “No, Toby. It's not like what you think it is. I didn't pose as Sonia. I'm indeed Maple.”

Nevertheless, Toby only watched her fake acting in cold silence, his eyes filled with irony. I told her I had evidence to prove that she had been posing as Maple, yet she's still trying to talk her way out. It looks like she is tougher than I thought, but it does make me wonder whether she'll suffer from schizophrenia sooner or later.

“Well, since you insist that you're Maple, have you ever lived in Marina City? Have you ever kept a pet dog? Do you have a stepmother and sister?” Toby approached Tina closer and closer, pressing on with his question with each step he took.