

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 313

Carl's pupils shrank. "You—"

"It seems like my guess was right. You are the young master indeed," Rebecca said with a smile. Carl's face contorted, and all hints of courteousness were gone from his expression. "Were you trying to trick me?"

"Not entirely." Rebecca wagged a finger in his face. "I've always suspected that you're the master's son and that you know the truth yourself. Since I don't have any evidence, I had no choice but to talk in such a manner to see how you would respond to me. I can't believe my suspicions were spot on! Furthermore, when I mentioned the master's name, I saw the hatred seeping through your gaze. This tells me that you probably have memories of leaving the Hayes Family, am I right?" How else could he know that he's the master's son, and why else would he try so hard to avoid me? There can only be one answer—that he has all the memories of the past. He probably isn't willing to go back to that place, Rebecca thought.

Carl pressed his lips together without uttering a word.

"I'll assume you're admitting it since you're not saying anything," Rebecca continued with a sigh. "Regardless, I still need a strand of your hair. I need to send a DNA test back to Westsashire." Although Rebecca was certain that the man before her was the young master, she still had to get a DNA test done just to be sure.

With that thought, Rebecca reached her hand toward Carl's head. Hatred flashed in Carl's eyes as he abruptly sent his fist toward Rebecca's face. The look in her eyes changed as she hastily defended herself. Both of them began to fight along the passageway. Although Carl was a big-sized man trained in Taekwondo and grappling, he didn't stand a chance against Rebecca.

Rebecca had received strict training ever since she was young, and she was extremely familiar with all the deadliest techniques in martial arts. It only took her a few moves to lock Carl in her arms. She turned him around and shoved him up against the wall. Dissatisfaction and anger were written all over Carl's face as he tried to wrestle his way out of her grip without success. Rebecca slapped his face playfully. "You were still in school while I was out killing people, kiddo. You'll never beat me in a fight. I'll take some of your hair now."

She pushed Carl's face aside and reached up to pluck a few strands of hair from his head. Carl let out a hiss of pain before he shot Rebecca a deadly glare. She remained unfazed as she shoved him aside. "Alright. I finally got the hair that I need."

"I'm not going to let you go so easily." Carl clenched his fists as he spoke in an icy, heartless voice. Rebecca merely laughed in response. "Sure. I'll be waiting for you. If you return to the Hayes Family and get your revenge under the name of the young master, then I promise I won't do anything to resist your attempts. How does that sound?"

"I'll still be able to defeat you without Lucius Hayes's name." Carl straightened his clothes as he spoke. I might not be able to defeat her physically, but I'm sure I can outsmart her.

Just then, Rebecca's expression turned stern. "I'm not in the mood to fool around with you any longer. I'm telling you that you need to return to the Hayes Residence immediately. My father told me that Declan and his men arrived at Seafield yesterday—Declan probably knows your whereabouts. He's going to hunt you down soon, and both you and the people around you will get into trouble then." She paused for a moment as she stared directly into Carl's eyes. "If you have memories of the past, then I'm sure you remember the sort of person Declan is. He'll do anything to gain power over the Hayes Family, and the first step is to get rid of you, the official heir of the family. If he isn't able to defeat you, he'll probably target the people that you care about the most so that you'll suffer for the rest of your life. I can tell that you care for President Reed—would you want her to become Declan's target?"

Carl's face had never been darker. He didn't wish for such a thing, of course—he would never let anyone harm Sonia! Rebecca let out a pleasant chuckle as she seemed to have read Carl's mind. "I know you hate the master, but you should go back for the sake of President Reed and your mother. Your mother is the master's wife, and you are the official son of the Hayes Family—don't forget that. Why should the Hayes Family's illegitimate sons be the ones who get the inheritance? Think about it." After picking up the documents that she had dropped on the floor, Rebecca turned and strode toward the president's office.

Rebecca had been on the same floor earlier, but she had been discussing some work matters in Daphne's office. She was supposed to get Sonia's signature for some documents once she was done with her meeting with Daphne, but she hadn't expected to bump into Carl outside Sonia's office. President Reed is probably getting impatient since I spent so much time talking to Carl, Rebecca thought.

Carl curled his fists as he bore his eyes into Rebecca's back. All he could think about then was what she had said earlier. For the sake of President Reed and my mother... Is it really time for me to go back to the Hayes Family?

Sonia went to Fuller Group the next morning as she received a message to have a meeting there. The meeting was to discuss the upcoming tests for the alternative energy technology that the company had been working on. They were at the final stage of test runs, and the technology would be available for most of the major factories once the test runs were completed successfully. Therefore, it was an important meeting that required the attendance of all parties involved.

Once Sonia parked her car, she strolled toward the elevator in the parking lot. To her luck, the elevator was just one floor below her. The doors opened just moments after she pressed the button to head up. She stepped into the elevator, and she heard a rather anxious voice behind her right before the elevator doors shut. "Wait up!"

Sonia instinctively reached her hand out to stop the elevator doors from closing. As the doors reopened, Tom's face appeared. "Thank you, Miss Reed," he uttered with a smile. Sonia was rather surprised to see him, but she quickly calmed herself down. It made

sense for her to bump into Toby's assistant—she was in Toby's territory, after all.

"No worries." Sonia nodded in response. However, Tom continued to press down on the elevator's open button while glancing outside, as if he were expecting someone. Sonia bit onto her lower lip as she could already guess who the person was. Only one person in the entire Fuller Group could keep Tom waiting—his boss, Toby.

Indeed, Toby's figure appeared just a few seconds later. His eyes seemed to light up a little when he noticed Sonia in the elevator. "Good morning!" he greeted while parting his long legs to step into the elevator.

"Morning." Sonia took two steps to the side to keep her distance from him.

Toby couldn't help but frown when he noticed how much she was trying to avoid him. "Don't you think this is such a coincidence?"

"What?" Sonia turned to look at the man. Toby, however, fixed his gaze on the elevator doors even as he spoke. "We seem to bump into each other every time we're involved in a meeting related to alternative energy technology."

Sonia widened her eyes. He's right! Tom was the only one in the elevator who had to fight the urge to roll his eyes. A coincidence? What nonsense! The past few times might have been a coincidence, but President Fuller planned it all out this time. He waited in the car simply because he knew that Miss Reed would be here for the meeting. He only staged the coincidence by walking to the elevator after Miss Reed got out of her car. Hah! It's all staged!

"Today's the day that Tina is going to court, right?" Toby asked out of nowhere. He turned to gaze at Sonia as she nodded. "Yeah." She wasn't surprised to learn that Toby had found out about the court's dates since it was posted all over the Internet.

"Congratulations. You've finally managed to get her arrested and do justice to yourself." Toby stuck his hands into his pockets as he spoke. Sonia rolled her eyes at him. "I would've had her arrested a long time ago if you hadn't protected her for so long," she hissed.

Toby froze for a moment. "I'm sorry," he muttered as he lowered his head. He hadn't intended to cause any troubles to Sonia in the past, but he was indeed responsible for it.

"Forget it. It's all in the past, and you helped me quite a bit as well. I'm not about to hold the past against you, so you don't have to apologize for anything." The elevator let out a loud ding as Sonia finished her words. They had arrived at the floor of the meeting room, but Sonia stood still and waited for Toby to step out first. He was the host of the meeting, after all.

Toby quickly understood her intentions. He stepped out of the elevator, and Sonia followed behind him. Once she walked out of the elevator, she realized that Toby had stopped to wait for her. "Regardless, I hope that you'll believe me when I say that whatever I did for Tina wasn't out of my own free will." Complicated emotions filled Toby's eyes as he gazed at Sonia.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 314

Sonia froze when she first heard what he said. It took her a while to process it, then felt the urge to laugh right after that. He didn't do it willingly, huh? Was someone controlling his actions? She didn't take his words seriously, and she simply assumed that he was trying to claim innocence. She pointed at her watch as she changed the topic. "It's about time to start the meeting, President Fuller."

Once Toby heard what she said, he knew that she didn't believe him. "Let's go," he uttered with a sigh. Both of them walked toward the meeting room without speaking to each other anymore. Tom tagged along behind them and shook his head as he glanced at their backs. Tina's the real reason the two of them are in this state right now!

The meeting officially began as Toby took the floor and explained the use and abuse of the alternative energy technology. He fully captured everyone's attention. All along, Sonia had been proactive in learning about energy technology—she even sneaked into university classes every now and then. Because of her efforts,

she no longer found herself lost and confused as she had been during the first meeting.

Two hours later, the meeting came to an end. Toby got to his feet. "I need Sonia to stay for a while. The rest of you can leave." Sonia had been packing her stuff when she heard his words, and her actions came to a halt as she looked up at Toby. She didn't understand why he wanted her to stay back. Everyone was just as curious, but no one had the guts to question him. They merely gazed at the duo thoughtfully before they walked out of the meeting room.

Sonia could hear some of the people mumbling to each other as they walked out of the room. "Why do you think President Fuller got President Reed to stay back? They're not committing adultery, are they?"

The corner of Sonia's lips twitched a little. Adultery? These guys must have holes in their brains. I can't believe they can come up with such ideas! She massaged her temples as she watched Toby walking toward her. "Why did you get me to stay back, President Fuller?"

"It's nothing much." Toby stopped in front of her before he glanced down at her notebook on the table. "Did you understand everything I said?"

Sonia followed his gaze and quickly understood what he meant. She pulled her hand away from her notebook. "I understood some parts of it, I guess. I still need to do my research on the other parts." Otherwise, I wouldn't even be able to understand the operations of the alternative energy technology when we have actual field trips to the factories! All the other presidents would laugh at me then.

"Which parts did you not understand? I'll explain it to you now," Toby offered.

"What?" Sonia blinked puzzledly.

A hint of amusement surfaced in Toby's gaze. "What? Take a seat."

Sonia finally understood the reason Toby got her to stay behind. He wants to teach me the parts that I didn't understand. She bit her lip. "You don't have to do that. I can go home and—"

"The field trip to the factory is tomorrow. Do you think you'll have enough time if you go home to do your research today? Furthermore, a lot of the data that you have isn't updated, and it wouldn't match with the research done in my lab. There's no point for you to read those reports!" Toby uttered as he looked at her.

Sonia parted her lips to say something, but no words came out of her mouth. He's right. The field of alternative energy technology is still in its infancy stage, and new information appears every day. The past data can't keep up with the development of this field, so I'm sure the data I have is different from the recent advancements. I don't think it'd work if I went home to do research on my own. I guess I'll have to ask him for a favor.

"I understand now. Thank you so much, President Fuller!" Sonia bowed. Toby was about to get her to stand up when he saw her bosom under her low-cut collar. His gaze darkened as he gulped and shifted his focus away. "It's fine. It's for the sake of our partnership, so you don't have to thank me. Also, you shouldn't bow when you're dressed in this type of shirt—men, especially. You shouldn't bow to men," he uttered in a hoarse voice.

"What?" Sonia straightened herself puzzledly before she lowered her head to look at her own shirt. She understood what Toby meant immediately.

She had worn a rather loose-fitting, V-necked knitted sweater to match her trench coat. The knitted sweater was pretty, but its collar would hang loosely whenever she leaned forward. Furthermore, anyone who was taller than her would be able to see the view under her shirt if they lowered their heads. Sonia hastily pressed her hand against her neckline when she realized that Toby had seen what was under it. Her face turned so red—even the tips of her ears were the color of tomatoes. She felt rather angry at that moment, but she knew that she was in no position to criticize Toby for anything.

She was the one who had chosen to wear this sweater, and she was the one who had decided to bow. He hadn't meant to peep on her. Furthermore, he had reminded her not to bow to others if she

wore this sweater in the future, which was kind of him. Her body might have been exposed to other, more perverted people otherwise.

The air around them turned cold and awkward as the both of them were silent for a while. Eventually, Toby cleared his throat and began to speak. "Let's start now so that we can get this done. You need to go to court, don't you?"

He was clearly trying to ease the tense atmosphere, and Sonia naturally played along with him. "Yes, of course," she uttered with a nod. She buttoned the top of her trench coat as she sat down and opened her notebook once more. Toby pulled a chair over and rested an arm on the back of her chair. They were seated close to each other, and it looked almost as if Toby had his arm around her shoulder.

Sonia didn't have the time or the mental capacity to realize the man's subtle intentions—she was too focused on the contents of her notebook. Toby was glad that she hadn't noticed anything. Otherwise, I might never get the chance to be so close to her. He lowered his gaze to conceal the faint sadness that had formed in his eyes upon that thought.

All of a sudden, Sonia's phone began to ring, interrupting Toby's explanation. He frowned as he was a little displeased. Who's the idiot that chose to call at such a time? He looked toward Sonia's phone to see the word 'Charles' on her screen.

She swiped the green button across the screen to pick the call up. "Hi, Charles."

"Are you going to Norfolk this weekend, baby?" Charles asked once she picked the call up.

"Yeah," Sonia uttered with a nod. Toby, who was sitting right beside her, naturally heard the contents of her phone call. He knitted his brows. Why is she going to Norfolk? Right then, Charles asked the same question.

Sonia didn't bother to hide anything. "It's for Carl's fashion show. He invited me to watch it. But how did you know that I'm going to Norfolk? I'm sure I haven't told you anything about it."

"Daphne was the one who told me. I went to Paradigm Co. to collect some documents, and I bumped into Daphne while she was making reservations for your hotel in Norfolk," Charles explained.

Sonia raised her chin a little as she gained clarity over the situation. "I see."

"When will you be heading over, baby?" Charles asked again.

"This Friday," she replied.

Friday... Toby's gaze flickered as he seemed to recall something. On the other end of the line, Charles narrowed his eyes for a moment. "Okay, I'll free up some time to go there with you, then! I need to keep an eye on Carl. What if he secretly kidnaps you?!" He wasn't kidding when he said those words. In fact, he was certain that Carl was capable of doing such a thing.

Sonia shook her head and chuckled as she had no idea what was going on in Charles's mind. "What are you talking about? I'm not a kid. How could he kidnap me? Alright, I'll talk to you later. I'm in a meeting now. Bye."

"Wait!" Charles called anxiously.

Sonia put the phone against her ear once more. "What is it?"

"Let's have dinner tonight. Tina's going to court today, and I think this is worth celebrating!" Charles uttered in a cheerful tone. Sonia nodded in agreement. "Okay. You can decide where to eat. We can ask Carl to come along."

"It's a plan!" Charles cheered.

After her call ended, Sonia lowered her phone and turned to the man beside her before giving him a bashful smile. "I'm sorry for wasting your time."