

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 411 - 412

Chapter 411 A Battle of Conscience

The last time, Rina had plucked a few strands of Sonia's hair and used some of it as the DNA test sample. She kept the remaining ones in the event that she needed them in the future. More importantly, she had used a small barret to keep those strands of hair in place, carefully arranging it among her own hair so that she could use them whenever she needed—just like how she had done so earlier.

That was the reason why she rejected Toby's offer to help conceal her identity in the first place; she thought that her plans were all foolproof now that she had Sonia's hair at her own disposal.

What Rina never expected was Zane to thwart her plans when he brought Hal and Greta over. And now that Sonia had asked to conduct a DNA test to see if Rina was biologically related to the wretched couple, she was subsequently backed into a corner.

She was Hal's biological daughter after all and one DNA test was all it would take to expose her as a fraud. With that in mind, there was no way she would offer her own hair as a test sample now, much less allow her blood to be drawn for the same purpose.

That being said, Titus had the few strands of Sonia's hair that Rina passed off as her own previously. If she were to ask him to use some of those as the sample for the DNA test she was about to do with Hal and Greta, surely the test results would illustrate that she was not their biological daughter. However, it would only arouse everyone's confusion as to why she refused to pluck her own hair on the spot and possibly cause them to suspect that there was something wrong with the hair sample she had given earlier.

Therefore, Rina was caught between a rock and a hard place. What should I do?

She was still biting on her lip as she tried to come up with plausible ways to save herself when she sensed a pointed gaze on her. When she looked up and met Toby's dark obs, it felt like she was looking at her salvation in that instant, thereby her relief glimmering in her eyes.

He had said before that he could help her to conceal her identity and she prayed that his offer was still good.

Taking a leap of faith, she inhaled a deep breath and shot a desperate look of plea at him.

Toby's eyes shone as he realized what she was asking of him. The courage she had to run a DNA test alongside Titus came from Sonia's hair, but now she won't even pluck her own hair to see if it matches Hal and Greta's DNA. And now, she's asking me for help instead. Comprehension dawned upon him as he nodded, agreeing to grant her this favor.

Rina let out a sigh of relief before the fear that threatened to suffocate her began to wane. A smile broke out on her face as she quipped, "Got it, Dad. I'll pluck a few strands now."

With that, she tugged on her hair with force and plucked a few strands from her scalp before readily handing them over to Titus. "Here you go, Dad."

He took them without saying anything; then, he asked his assistant for a couple of zip-lock bags to store the samples. When that was done, Titus glanced over at Zane and Sonia smugly, "See? Rina has willingly given up strands of her hair as samples and now, it's your turn to do so."

"Zane," Sonia called out.

Zane did not protest and he immediately asked Hal and Greta to pluck a few strands of their own hair, thereafter placing their samples into the zip-lock bags Titus had provided.

"I'll personally deliver these to a few other facilities and have them run the DNA tests," he declared before labeling the samples accordingly before placing them in a large envelope.

Titus scoffed. "And I'll come with you to keep an eye on the whole process. Who knows if you lot will pull some despicable trick and have the samples mixed up for your own purposes?"

"In that case, let him tag along, Zane," Sonia decided as she chewed on her lip. She needed to do all that it took to prove that Taylor wasn't Titus' biological daughter and refused to entertain the idea that Taylor could successfully bribe other facilities as well.

Zane and Titus left shortly after, leaving the rest of them in the tense silence of the room. Toby glanced at his watch and dipped his head close to Sonia's ear to say, "There's no point waiting around here. I'll have someone set up a lounge for us and we'll wait there instead."

Sonia did not object to this and nodded. "Fine."

She didn't want to sit here either. The longer she did so, the more likely the Gray Family would discover her loss of vision.

It wasn't long before Toby managed to summon an employee and requested them to open a lounge for them, thereafter wheeling Sonia in. As for the others anxiously waiting for the test results, they didn't require the use of a lounge and were perfectly happy without it.

Now that they were both in the lounge, Toby poured out a glass of water for Sonia and gently said, "Here, have a drink. Your lips are looking a little parched."

"Thanks." She reached out to feel for the glass in front of her, but because of her blindness, she had no idea where it was. Her fingers quivered as they continuously met thin air and she remained wary as she tried to find the glass of water.

Upon seeing this, he chuckled lightly and took her hand.

She stiffened and tried to pull away while demanding, "What are you doing?"

However, Toby's grip was tight, and tried as she might to pull away, Sonia frowned when she realized all her efforts were wasted.

"Don't move!" he warned in a low voice. "If you do, the glass of water in my hand will shake and spill on you."

"Then, let go of me," she snapped, her lips pressing into an irritable line.

He placed the glass into her hand and didn't release his grip until he was sure she had a firm hold. "Okay, don't drop it or let it spill."

When she felt him releasing her hand, she snorted indignantly and pointed out, "As if. I'm not a kid, you know."

Toby smirked in amusement. "Right, you're not a kid." However, even as he said this, he thought about how she would always remain as that kid who penned everything in her letters to him.

"Drink slowly. I'll be outside making a phone call," he added as he rose to his full feet and took his phone out.

Sonia dipped her head to take a sip of water; then, she hummed in response to his words.

With his phone in hand, he sauntered out of the lounge and closed the door behind him. A dark look passed over his face as he dialed Tom's number.

"President Fuller," Tom greeted on the other line.

Toby leaned against the wall. "Track Zane down and see which DNA testing facilities he's going to. I want the contacts of all those in charge of the facilities as soon as possible."

"Yes, sir," Tom answered with a firm nod.

Then, Toby hung up and fished a pack of cigarettes out from his pocket. He slid one out gracefully and lit it, thereafter taking an indulgent drag while letting the roll-up dangle between his slender fingers.

As the smoke unfurled over his face, it blurred his expression as well. He had no idea whether he was doing the right thing or making a horrible mistake, but he only knew that he was determined to save Sonia from the unnecessary agony of learning the truth of her birth.

He didn't want her to suffer anymore, which was why he held onto the hope that he was doing right by her for once.

With a sigh, he flicked the ashes away from the butt of his cigarette and he was about to take another drag when Tom delivered the fruits of his investigation to him.

After having gone through the information, Toby called up all the testing facilities and reached an agreement with them. Then, he kept his phone away before returning to the lounge.

When he saw that Wanda was the only one in the lounge and Sonia was nowhere to be found, he froze. "Where's Sonia?" he demanded urgently.

"She's in the restroom," Wanda answered dutifully, gesturing toward the adjoining restroom.

He glanced over at the tightly-closed restroom door and let out a quiet breath of relief. For a minute there, he thought Sonia had left the lounge without him noticing. He would have kicked himself if that were to happen, seeing as he was near the lounge when he made the call to those facilities. Had she wheeled herself out of the lounge at that moment, she surely would have caught onto the conversation and learned of the deals he made with the facilities.

Things would only spiral from there onward, and as he thought about the havoc that fortunately didn't happen, the restroom door swung open. Sonia was pressing her palms against the wall as she felt her way out of the restroom while carefully treading back into the lounge.

Wanda was about to go over and lend Sonia a supporting hand when Toby beat her to it, taking two long strides toward the restroom door and instantly taking Sonia by the arm.

Sonia registered the faint smell of peppermint on him and stopped in her tracks. "It's you? What are you doing?"

"Yes, it's me and I'm obviously helping you," Toby answered in a deadpan manner.

Her brows furrowed. "You're not my nanny, so you aren't obligated to help me whatsoever." She pulled away from him and called out, "Wanda? Wanda!"

Toby winked at Wanda, who flashed a smile as she stayed in the same spot. She neither moved to take over helping Sonia nor made a reply.

It was only then that he retracted his gaze in satisfaction and lied while addressing Sonia, "Wanda's away for now. She said she had something going on."

"Away?" Sonia pursed her lips unhappily. "When did she leave? Why didn't she tell me beforehand?" It seemed a little unprofessional, and downright rude, for a caretaker to leave without first notifying their employer.

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Chapter 412 Bon Appétit

As though he sensed Sonia's displeasure, Toby cleared his throat and lowered his gaze before lying through his teeth, "She mentioned something about an emergency at her company, and she's probably outside taking their call now."

"Oh." Sonia lifted her chin in a half-hearted nod. "I see." Fine then, I guess I shouldn't be too hard on her if it really is about an emergency.

Now that he had successfully convinced her, he looked up and asked, "So, can I walk you over to the couch now?"

She pursed her lips and did not answer—it was her way of acceding.

He took her by the arm once more and helped her over to the sofa, whereupon he sat down and added, "By the way, it's nearly noon and I've ordered lunch. Perhaps you'd like to join me for a meal?"

As proud as she was, she was about to refuse his offer when her stomach grumbled before she could even get her words out. Her hand fluttered over her stomach as blood rushed to her face. She stuttered in embarrassment, "I-I..."

Sonia couldn't believe how her stomach had betrayed her by exposing her hunger. If I say no to him, he'll take it personally. A tired sigh escaped her as she thought about this and lowered her pride. Then, she tucked her hair behind her ear as she replied lamely, "I guess I'll take you up on your offer, President Fuller. Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me; it's only a meal," Toby countered with mild amusement, the corner of his lips curling into a triumphant smirk.

He'd like to think that she was accepting of him in the absence of an outward rejection and this thought cheered him up to no end.

To one side, Wanda was secretly cheering him on as well, but her enthusiasm was quickly replaced by disappointment when she saw that Sonia's sullen expression did not mirror Toby's excitement. She could tell that Sonia's previous feelings of affection for the man were still kept under lock and key. Don't despair, Young Master Toby! She'll turn around in no time if you keep this up!

Soon, someone knocked on the door to the lounge, but as Wanda made to open it, he shot her a look that stopped her in her tracks.

She withdrew the step that she had taken and remembered that she was supposed to be 'taking a call outside'. It meant she couldn't possibly open the door.

Presently, Toby stood up and headed for the door. "I'll get it. I think lunch is here."

True enough, it took him mere moments before he returned to the sofa with carrier bags loaded with containers of takeout, which he set up on the coffee table in front of Sonia.

She could pick out the various aromas and immediately knew what kind of dishes he ordered for lunch, though she had to admit she was a little bewildered by it, considering how these dishes were her favorites.

"Did you—" She spun to where Toby was next to her, and while her lips twitched, no words came out.

He was putting food on a disposable plate for her when he heard her speak. As he looked at her, he clarified, "Did you say something?"

"These dishes—"

"Are all your favorites," he finished his sentence for her like he had read her mind. Then, he thought of something else and added, "Just to reassure you, I never ordered any of these for Tina."

A skeptical Sonia raised a brow. "Funnily enough, I don't believe you."

"I know, but it's the truth. Tina was really careful with her diet after she woke up from her coma, so I never ordered these for her. That said, I did get her the mango and all other mango dishes that they had on the menu. Sorry about that," he elaborated in a gravelly tone.

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly. "What are you apologizing for? It's not like I'm the only one who loves mangos; surely many around the world are fans of the tropical fruit. Besides, I don't have the exclusive privilege to enjoy mangos either, so you can order them for whoever you want."

"I get what you mean, but as far as I'm concerned, you have the exclusive privilege and that has never changed. It's just that I used to view Tina as you, which was why I ordered the mangos for her only to discover that she was allergic to them." He took the utensils and placed them in Sonia's hands.

Sonia held the utensils for a while before she slowly asked, "I've been wondering for a while now—how did you even confuse Tina for me? I mean, I know that there are people who mistake others for someone whom they know, and it's not uncommon, but to go six years without even realizing that you've made a mistake? That's—"

She let out a mocking laugh and did not continue, although Toby knew what she would have said. He looked down with a self-effacing smile. "If I told you I was hypnotized, which was why I couldn't tell Tina was putting on an act all along, would you believe me?"

"Are you telling me someone had the audacity to hypnotize a man as powerful as you, President Fuller?" She countered sarcastically. Hypnotized? This guy's getting more and more creative!

Toby could see the cynical look on her face and he suppressed a bitter laugh. Of course she wouldn't believe me. "Okay, let's just leave it at that. We should probably dig in, seeing as you're hungry." He carefully passed her the plate of food. "I took a bit of everything. Bon appétit."

In truth, he wanted to spoon-feed her, but he knew that she would rather starve than to allow that to happen, so he forcefully dismissed the idea. He still harbored hope for their relationship and when things weren't quite so frosty between them, perhaps he would obtain the green light to spoon-feed her.

Since she was oblivious to his thoughts, Sonia quietly dug into her meal.

On the other hand, he had his elbow propped on his knee while resting his chin on his hand as he slightly leaned forward to watch her eat. Seeing her enjoy her meal—one which he had painstakingly prepared for her—gave him a sense of satisfaction.

Across from them was Wanda watching the scene with a gratified smile, and she could feel hot tears pricking her eyes. It made her feel as if she was being transported to the memories of six years ago when he was kind and had a gentle smile at all times. Could it be that Young Master Toby is slowly shedding his icy demeanor and returning to his old self?

The possibility of this made her lift her arm and use her sleeve to dab at the tears, which threatened to roll down from the corners of her eyes.

Sonia was halfway through her meal when she realized that she had yet to hear a single rustle from Toby's end. She put down her utensils and asked, "Aren't you going to eat?"

Toby straightened his arms and looked away from her. "I will now."

He took his own plate of food and began to eat. If she could tell I wasn't eating even while she was bulldozing through her food, that means she cares about me, right? His question had no answer, but it offered him warm solace all the same and his heart melted at the unconfirmed sentiment.

At this moment, her phone rang. She put her utensils down again and reached slowly for her phone. Toby caught a glimpse of the name flashing on the screen and a cold look flashed in his eyes as he said, "It's Zane."

Upon hearing this, Sonia grew somber and relied on muscle memory to answer the call. "Zane, do you have the results?"

There was no answer on the other line, only the sound of heavy breathing.

The silence only made Sonia more anxious as she clutched her phone tightly. "Zane, are you there?"

"I'm here," Zane replied hoarsely.

She bit on her lip. "Why didn't you say anything just now?"

On the other end of the phone, he was staring at the test results in his hand with a lump in his throat. He tightened his grip on it, nearly crumpling the papers as he took a deep breath and answered calmly, "Sonia... The results are out, but they aren't what we hoped for."

"What do you mean?" Her eyes widened and her mouth parted in surprise as horror seized her. "Are you saying that Taylor—"

"She's not Hal and Greta's daughter, but Titus and Julia's. All the facilities showed the same results," he interrupted with a frustrated sneer.

"That's not possible!" Sonia was so shocked that she rose to her feet in a rush. "She has to be Hal and Greta's daughter!"

Next to her, Toby registered her reaction and his knuckles turned white as he tightened his grip on his utensils. He lowered his gaze to shield the guilt in his eyes.

Zane was still on the other line as he heaved a long sigh of resignation. "I also thought so, seeing how she and Hal share such a strong resemblance. There's no way they aren't biologically related and Hal even said that he saw with his own eyes that his wife delivered Taylor. And yet, the test results say differently. What kind of sorcery is this?"