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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

## Chapter 232

Nodding, Rose answered, "Yeah. How you used to be was a different person than how you are now. You were much more friendly and gentle, even. But ever since what happened to you six years ago... you've become a changed person. If it wasn't for the birthmark on you, I would've thought that it was someone else in your place."

Toby's pupils shrunk. From Grandma's description, it seems like I have two completely different personalities before and after what happened six years ago. But I don't remember how I used to be at all. Is this normal? he asked himself, holding his palm against his forehead as his head started to throb again. Once more, the weird images popped up in his mind, flashing past in his head like a merry-go-round, and he was unable to make any sense out of it.

"What's wrong, Toby?" Rose asked in concern when she saw how distressed he seemed.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, he answered, "I'm fine, Grandma. Tell me more about how I used to be."

"Sure," she agreed gladly. "Your old self was more chatty and was polite to everyone. However, ever since you told me that you started dating Tina, your pen-pal, I realized that she's the only one in your eyes and heart, and you can no longer see anyone else. All you do is revolve around her like a puppet."

"No, that's impossible," he muttered, holding his fists tightly. How is it possible that I became a puppet? he refuted the idea instinctively. Despite that, when

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he recalled how he would spoil and protect Tina without any bottom line, he suddenly lost all words to say.

He was aware that she had made many mistakes, but he never thought of lecturing or punishing her. Instead, he would help clean up her mess, no questions asked. Because he saw her crying, he became softhearted and did what he shouldn't. What was he if not a puppet?

Even though this wasn't how he was supposed to be, the memories in his mind told him that he had already turned into such a person.

Seeing how he was now sinking into a deep sense of self-doubt, Rose sighed. "Alright, let's not talk about this. It's not helpful to you right now. Let's talk about something else. Why did you have an accident close to Sonia's place? Were you looking for her?" she asked, stroking his forehead.

Toby's eyes flickered, but he didn't answer.

Sulking, she said, "Forget it if you don't want to tell me. I'm going home now. Sonia had advised me to rest well even when I'm worried about you."

"She knows that I was in an accident?" he blurted out immediately, looking a little worked up.

"Yeah," she answered with a nod. "How could she possibly not know when the news of your accident made the headlines?"

Lowering his gaze to hide the emotions in his eyes, he uttered, "Then, did she..."

Ask about me or come to visit me at the hospital? he finished the sentence in his head.

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“What were you saying?” Rose asked, her eyes fixed on him.

Opening his mouth, Toby then decided against finishing his sentence and said instead, “Nothing.”

Sighing, Rose looked at him from the corner of her eye and said, “Forget it, I’m going now. Rest well.”

“Yeah,” he murmured with dismay in his eyes. It seems like Sonia didn’t ask about me, let alone visit me. Otherwise, Grandma would’ve told me about it. Sonia knew that I had an accident at Bayside Residence and must have figured out that I was there to look for her. Still, she didn’t even come and visit me. Is she really that heartless?

Crestfallen, Toby lay in bed, full of frustrations and discomfort in his heart.

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In Paradigm Co., Carl was having afternoon tea in Sonia’s office until he received a call from his manager asking him to attend a meeting in his agency. He was barely gone for a minute when Rebecca showed up.

Upon knowing that he had just left, she sighed in disappointment. “I’m a minute too late.”

“Why are you so concerned about Carl?” Sonia asked, gesturing for her to take a seat in a chair opposite her.

After plopping herself into the chair, Rebecca turned serious and began, “President Reed, I’ll be honest with you. I think he’s the person I’m looking for.”

“Huh?” Sonia blurted, puzzled.

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Taking a sip of tea, Rebecca then said, "You know that I've been looking for someone, don't you?"

Sonia nodded. "Yeah, I know that, and you asked for leave two times before because of this as well."

"Exactly." Rebecca sighed. "Actually, I'm from Westsashire, and a bodyguard for an influential family there. The reason I came to Seafield this time is to look for my master's youngest son."

"So you think that Carl is the person you're looking for?" Sonia asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes. Because Mr. Lee looks a lot like Master, and his age fits the description as well. So, I'm pretty sure that he's the young master I'm looking for," she explained.

Sonia chuckled. "What if you got it wrong? And Carl did have parents. Even though they had passed away for a long time, I've seen how much he resembles them in pictures."

"Of course I have proof for the things I said. First of all, it's the place where Mr. Lee grew up, Jordain County. We found out that the young master lived there before, too. In addition, he looked so much like Master that the coincidences are simply too uncanny. So, he has to be Young Master."

"That sounds true," Sonia answered, nodding.

Grabbing her hand, Rebecca pleaded, "Please do me a favor, President Reed. Please get me a few strands of Mr. Lee's hair. I would like to have a paternity test done on it."

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“Well... I’ll need to ask for his permission. There’s nothing I can do if he doesn’t agree to it,” she answered after giving it a thought.

Rebecca gave her hand a squeeze. “Thank you, President Reed. It’s good enough for me that you’re willing to help me out. I’ll think of other ways if he’s not agreeable to it. Alright, I’m going back to the finance department to finish my work.” Then, she released her hand and left while humming a tune.

“She’s really eager to find him, huh?” Sonia shook her head helplessly.

Suddenly, her cell phone rang, and she put down the pen in her hand. When she saw that it was Zane calling her, she picked up the call without hesitation. “Hello.”

“Aunt Sonia!”

A child’s voice came from the other end of the line instead of Zane’s. All at once, Sonia’s face lit up. “Douglas?”

“Yes, it’s me. I miss you!” Douglas said in his baby voice, clutching the cell phone with both hands.

With an affectionate expression, Sonia said, “Tell your uncle to bring you here to meet me if you miss me.”

“Okay, my uncle—”

Before he could finish, Sonia heard Zane’s voice cutting him off. “Give me the phone, kid.”

“No!” Douglas said and hid the phone behind his back.

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Zane watched him and snorted. "Kid, did you think I wouldn't be able to reach it if you hid it behind your back?" Bending over, he snatched the cell phone out of Douglas' grip and placed a palm over his head, keeping him out of reach no matter how much he struggled.

Realizing that his limbs were too short, Douglas pouted his lips and almost cried, but Zane burst into laughter and placed the cell phone to his ear with his other hand. "It's me, Sonia."

"You're bullying Douglas again?" she interrogated.

Zane rolled his eyes in guilt, but he replied earnestly, "No, I'm not. He's my nephew. How could I bring myself to bully him?"

"Really?" she asked, narrowing her eyes doubtfully.

Hurriedly, he nodded and said, "Of course it's true! I'll let Douglas tell it to you himself."

Holding the cell phone out to Douglas, Zane gestured at the pile of toys on the floor with his lips, threatening that he would keep them away if Douglas told Sonia the truth.

Immediately, Douglas understood what he meant and tears of anger welled up in his eyes, but he forced them back and succumbed to his mean uncle's threat, suffering the grievance in silence. Forcing out a smile, he said into the phone, "Aunt Sonia, it's true that Uncle Zane didn't bully me."

Only then was Sonia convinced, and Zane flashed Douglas a satisfied look. Then, he went upstairs with the cell phone and continued, "Sonia, I found a suitable candidate to be Rina Gray's double."

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