

## Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1181

### Chapter 1181 Serves Him Right

Sonia intentionally emphasized the words 'childish yet direct' and looked toward the driver's seat.

Tom, who was behind the wheel, felt a chill down his spine and chuckled awkwardly. "I'm sorry, Miss Reed. I shouldn't have used those words. I wouldn't have said that if I had known that you were the mastermind behind Connor's beating."

Yikes, I didn't know that Miss Reed could be so vindictive. Yes, I did say that the method of sacking Connor and beating him up is childish yet flimsy, but I complimented her for doing a good job, didn't I? She did beat the cr\*p out of Connor.

To his bewilderment, Sonia selectively remembered his ridicule but not his praise. It was an intended retaliation, wasn't it?

After she had been in Toby's company for so long, she became as petty and vindictive as him now. Toby was truly one of the worst!

She covered her lips and giggled when she noticed Tom's bitter grimace. "I'm just kidding, Tom. I'm sorry. Don't mind me."

Tom rolled his eyes speechlessly. Miss Reed, do you know that your so-called joke can put me in a difficult situation?

Toby, who was sitting next to Sonia, noticed the changes in Tom's expressions too. However, he wasn't as forgiving as he snorted, "Don't apologize to him. It serves him right for spilling the beans, so he should be prepared for karma to hit him."

Tom shook his head slightly. Mr. Fuller, how can you say that? I insulted many people in the past, but you always enabled me. Yet, now that it is Miss Reed, you choose to take her side. What a hypocrite. Do you think I don't know that you are trying to flatter her?

Sonia hurriedly changed the subject when she observed Tom's depressed state in order to prevent him from getting more discouraged. "But Tom is right about one thing. Although I couldn't help you out with other things, this method could inflict direct pain on Connor, so it is a good way to avenge you."

At this moment, Tom's phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and said, "Mr. Fuller, Miss Reed, it's our men who I asked to keep an eye on Connor. I think they found out about Connor's injury."

“Answer it.” Toby raised his chin.

Sonia pricked up her ears, too, because she wanted to know how badly they had beaten Connor.

Tom answered the call, nodded and talked to the person on the other end of the line, and ended the call. The whole duration was less than a minute.

“They said that after Connor’s assistant found him, he rushed him to the nearest private hospital, and the diagnosis of his injury was out. He was seriously injured. Two teeth were knocked out, swollen left eye, one broken rib, sprained right ankle, and dislocated elbow. The doctor said that he would need to be hospitalized for a month,” Tom reported excitedly.

“What?” Sonia gasped in shock. “That’s quite serious.”

She only saw his bruised face from the photos and guessed that his body must be injured too, but the injuries might be superficial. She had underestimated her men’s strength.

“Yes, it’s quite serious, but for a scum like Connor, we need to at least paralyze him. He’s lucky to escape that fate.” Tom clicked his tongue.

Sonia looked at the expressionless Toby and nodded. “You’re right.”

She did not feel a trace of guilt about Connor’s condition at all.

Connor should have paid for what he had done with his life, so these injuries were nothing.

“I’m sorry, but this is all I can do to Connor for your sake.” Sonia held Toby’s hand regretfully.

Toby held her hand back and smiled. “This is more than enough. I’m pleased. Thank you.”

Sonia had always been a gentle and mild-mannered woman and would never do such a thing. Nonetheless, she went against her principles and ordered someone to beat Connor up just to help him out. This action alone was enough to make him touched, and he was genuinely glad.

Sonia smiled with relief at his gratitude.

At first, she wondered if she would upset Toby by doing so, but from the looks of it, she figured that her guess was off the mark.

If he were truly upset, she would know by now.

After all, she was doing this because of him. If he really thought that she was too impulsive by taking matters into her own hands, she would feel quite aggrieved as her efforts had gone to waste.

Thankfully, Toby didn't disappoint her.

"Who did you contact to beat Connor up?" Toby hugged Sonia and asked. "Tell me honestly. Tom will handle the matter properly because I don't want Connor to find out that you are the one behind this."

Tom nodded too. "Mr. Fuller is right, Miss Reed. While Connor is hospitalized and has not yet started his investigation, I will clean up the loose ends as soon as possible."

Sonia dismissed their worries with a wave of her hand. "No, you don't have to. I got Charles' friend to do it. I'm sure you've heard of his name. It's Lance Walters."

"Lance Walters?" Tom widened his eyes in awe. "Do you mean the Lance Walters?"

"Yup, that's him." Sonia nodded.

Toby was equally surprised, but he quickly regained his composure and asked, "Is he Charles' friend?"

"Charles was part of the mafia in high school, and Lance was his lackey. Technically speaking, the Lane Family supported Lance financially since he was a child, so Lance was very loyal to Charles. Later, Charles turned over a new leaf and became a nice person, so he handed over that small group to Lance. Even though Lance has gained a reputable status in the underworld, he still maintains a close friendship with Charles. So this time, Charles directly contacted him and requested to beat Connor up. Charles told me that because it was Lance's job, Connor couldn't do anything about it even if he found out the truth because the higher-ups would protect Lance. In other words, Connor was destined to suffer without being able to bite back. When he learns about Lance, he can't proceed with his investigation, so you don't have to worry that Connor will discover that I'm the mastermind and take his revenge."

Sonia briefly conveyed Charles' remarks to them.

Toby nodded slightly. "Charles is right. Connor can't do anything about it. The connection between Brutus and the higher-ups is so solid that Connor can't move against him. That's alright then."

Lance changed his name to Brutus Walters after he became the leader of his underworld group. It was because he felt the name Lance wasn't dominant and aggressive enough.

“Wow, I didn’t know that Mr. Lane is actually Brutus’ friend.” Tom was mindblown.

Toby was equally surprised, so he looked at Sonia and said, “Thankfully, you found Brutus. I would have been worried if you had hired others to do it.”

Sonia chuckled. “Well, I only wanted to teach Connor a lesson, and the consequence didn’t cross my mind. But then, I remembered that Charles used to join the underworld, and I wondered if he knew anyone that could help me with this, so I contacted him. It is a pleasant surprise that he and Lance are good friends, not to mention how well-off Lance is now. Perhaps, even the heavens were irritated by Connor’s nasty actions, so they gave me a perfect man to do the deed.”

## **Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1182**

Chapter 1182 Sorry for Putting You Through This

“Miss Reed, you’re right.” Tom nodded. “He sure got his retribution for what he had done, or I would doubt the existence of the heavens.” There was a hint of flattery in his words.

Sonia smiled. “Thank you for your words, Tom.” “You’re welcome, Miss Reed.” Tom waved his hands shyly. “I’m just stating the facts, am I not, Mr. Fuller?”

Toby remained silent. Sonia looked solemn again as she turned to Toby and asked, “By the way, do you know what Connor used to threaten you so that you could spare Anya?”

Toby shook his head. “I don’t know. I asked him, but instead of telling me what it was, he said that he would put the relic at auction if I didn’t comply with his request, and he emphasized that there would be many buyers interested. He even said that the person who bought it could—” He clenched his fist tightly, and his expression became gloomy. “—catch a glimpse of my mother.”

“Catch a glimpse of her?” Sonia frowned. “What else can someone catch a glimpse of your mother other than photos, portraits, videos, and so on? Did he mean any of those things?”

“I don’t know, but it’s highly likely.” Toby’s gaze darkened. “I’m most worried that it was a video—’that’ kind of video.”

Any adult would know what Toby meant by ‘that’ kind of video.

Back then, Connor and Jean, Toby’s mother, were a couple, and it was normal for them to have a sexual relationship.

Moreover, many couples loved to take photos or videos when they were making love. Even if one of them did not like it or was resistant to the idea, the other party might secretly take photos or videos without their partner's consent.

Sonia didn't know if this was what happened when Jean and Connor were dating or if the relic that Connor mentioned was the video she and Toby assumed it was.

At this moment, the cabin was so silent that only the sound of heavy breathing echoed across the place, which was quite depressing.

After a while, Sonia squeezed Toby's hand as if she had made up her mind and looked at him. "Toby, how about agreeing to his condition?"

"What did you say?!" Toby and Tom stared at her in shock. Apart from being shocked, Toby's face quickly became unreadable.

Sonia took a deep breath and looked into Toby's eyes calmly. "We don't know what Connor has, and we can only hazard a guess, but that doesn't matter because we can't take the risk. She's your mother. No matter how you feel about her now, she will always be your mother. We can't let anyone exploit her like this and ruin her reputation even when she is dead. Toby, you should know the consequences if the worst-case scenario comes true and if someone buys it and publicizes it. Not only your mother but you, Rose, and your family will also suffer the backlash. Your company will be attacked because of it. No matter how strong your company is, it will collapse eventually if everyone gangs up on it."

Toby and Tom did not refute it because all her points were logical.

Sonia continued, "I don't want to see you suffer from ridicule and mockery because of your mother, nor do I want to see Rose being disturbed at her age because of her daughter-in-law. So I'd rather you agree to Connor's conditions, spare Anya, and get the relic back."

Toby moved his lips and wanted to say something, but the words did not come out of his mouth because Sonia was absolutely right. Her points made sense, and she knew his main concerns if Connor used the relic against him.

He didn't care about his reputation or others' mockery.

What he cared about was Rose. He couldn't let Rose be affected negatively because of his mother.

Rose had only two years to live now.

If the relic that Connor mentioned was the thing he assumed, someone might be interested and buy it, and they might publicize it.

He didn't mind if his family became the butt of everyone's jokes, but it was highly likely that Rose would have a heart attack in a fit of rage and pass away. He couldn't take such a risk.

Therefore, when he heard Sonia's explanation, he didn't immediately start another argument and even showed traces of willingness to compromise because he couldn't afford to pay the price.

"Won't you feel upset if I spare Anya?" Toby finally asked in a hoarse voice after a long moment of silence.

Sonia nodded, then shook her head. "A little. After all, Anya and I despise each other, and I really want her to be apprehended and punished, but it's not as important as you, the Fullers, and Rose. Also, with Anya's hatred for me, she will definitely attack me again, and I can deal with her later. The important thing to do now is to retrieve Jean's relic and protect her dignity. Toby, you're a smart man. You know which one is the right decision, don't you?"

Sonia looked at Toby nervously, fearing that he would refuse because he didn't want her to be upset. Thankfully, he didn't disappoint her as he hugged her tightly and mumbled against her neck, "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry for putting you through this."

He would make it up to her.

She graciously sacrificed herself for his sake, and he couldn't take her sacrifice for granted, so he would definitely make it up to her.

"No, you don't have to apologize to me." Sonia returned his embrace. "I already said that I have all the time in the world to deal with Anya."

"I know, but I can't help feeling sorry for you. Anya bullied you, but you had to give up punishing her because of my family. I'm so sorry, but don't worry. Your compromise will not be in vain." There was a horrifying glint of darkness in Toby's eyes which he concealed from Sonia.

Sonia pushed him away and looked at him deeply. "W-What are you planning?"

Toby stroked her hair. "You'll know soon."

Sonia knew that he would not say anything no matter how much she interrogated him, so she simply nodded. "Alright then. Hurry up to see Anya and get the relic back as soon as possible. We don't want him to give him a chance to go back on his words."

"I will." Toby lowered his eyes and hid the ruthlessness lurking within the depth of his eyes.

Sonia leaned on his chest. "Well, this is what I want to tell you. Although I didn't tell you immediately, it's not too late."

"Thank you." Toby ran his fingers through her hair gently.

"You're welcome." Sonia giggled. "You've done so much for me all this time, but I didn't do much for you. So, just consider this as me taking the chance to finally repay you, even if it isn't much."

"Miss Reed, you're such a nice person," Tom praised her sincerely.

"Thank you." Sonia smiled at him. Then, she poked Toby's back with her finger, signaling him to release her.

This time, he let her go without hesitation, unlike the previous times when he refused to do as she requested.

"It's getting late. We should go to the office now. Remember to meet up with Connor later," Sonia advised as she regarded Toby seriously.

"Yup, that's what I plan to do too." Toby nodded.

"Let's go then." Sonia made herself comfortable.

Toby glanced at Tom and ordered, "Drive."

Tom acquiesced immediately and started the car.

## **Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1183**

### **Chapter 1183 Tacky and Confusing**

Soon, they arrived at Paradigm Co. After Tom parked the car, he swiftly pressed a button and raised the partition between the front and back seats. He knew that Toby would part ways with Sonia today.

Although they would only be separated for a few hours and meet again tonight, Toby, who enjoyed Sonia's company very much, would still miss her terribly. Therefore, whenever they had to part ways, Toby would definitely take the chance to hug and kiss her.

In order not to disturb them and avoid placing Sonia in an embarrassing situation, he quickly raised the partition to give them some privacy without any prompting.

Well, Mr. Fuller should be delighted to see me so sensible, right? Not only that, but he will also give me a bonus, right? Tom rubbed his hands excitedly when he thought of this.

Tom had been working with Toby for more than a decade now, so he knew Toby like the back of his hand.

Sure enough, when Tom took the initiative to raise the partition, Toby was not dismayed at all. In fact, he was very satisfied. Good. I can give him a bonus.

Toby nodded as he glanced at the partition and then at Sonia, who was about to get out of the car. "I'll come and pick you up after work later."

"Come over when you're done with your work, but if you're busy, I can drive home. You don't have to put your work aside just to pick me up. After all, you will be busier than me because you manage such a big company. If you put your work aside just to pick me up, you will end up working through the night. So, you don't have to do that, okay?" Sonia looked at Toby and smiled.

"Don't worry." Toby nodded. "I know what I'm doing. You won't be the malevolent mistress placing me in thrall and turning me into an incapable emperor."

"Pfft!" Sonia burst out laughing. "Malevolent mistress? Haha, do you really think of yourself as the emperor? I can't believe you are capable of cracking such a joke. Have you watched those nonsense dramas lately? Wait a minute that can't be it. You only watch the news and never the dramas."

Toby shrugged. "I didn't watch the dramas before, but now, I occasionally watch them. I have a girlfriend now, so I need to learn how to be romantic and know what to say when I mess up. Tom told me that we need to learn from examples in order to maintain our relationship. Only by doing so can I always maintain the spark of our love, and our relationship can last for a long time. I felt it made sense, so I have been watching romance movies and reading novels."

It finally dawned upon Sonia. "No wonder you sometimes say and do something very tacky that is so utterly out of character for you. It never even crossed my mind that you actually picked them up from dramas! Sometimes your behavior confuses me so much that I've just chalked it up as men having some peculiar behaviors that women don't understand. Now I've finally cracked the case."

At this point, she chuckled in amusement as she covered her face in exasperation. "Oh my goodness! How can you listen to Tom's advice? He's single and teaching you how to maintain a relationship?! Has it never crossed your mind that he's simply bluffing?"

It was truly a shame that they were so good at their jobs. Otherwise, they could consider joining the comedy industry. They were just too hilarious!



Toby fell into deep thought after hearing Sonia's words. Then, he looked up at her and asked, "Is it bizarre to learn things from the movies and novels? Or is it that I shouldn't learn from those things?"

Sonia shook her head as she giggled merrily. "I think it's so lovely that you're willing to learn how to love and maintain a relationship. The world nowadays is too restless and edgy. Most people choose to go with the flow and do not want to put effort into maintaining a long-term relationship. They think that there are so many people in the world. If they break up now, they can always find another partner soon, so they don't feel the need to go to great lengths to cherish their current partner. So, I think you're amazing because you're willing to put your heart and soul into maintaining our relationship, and I'm touched by it, but I'm also surprised that you will do something like this. It doesn't suit your temperament."

"It means that you don't know me that well." Toby held her hand gently in his. "I can do more and become better as long as it's for you, so you'd better spend more time getting to know me too."

Sonia nodded. "Okay, Mr. Fuller. In order not to let you down, I'll work hard to peel your layers until you no longer have secrets. What do you think?"

"I would be honored." Toby raised his chin in feigned arrogance.

Sonia chuckled in amusement. "But you should really stop watching the dramas that Tom suggested to you. The more you watch those things, you will be easily affected by the characters and become tacky and sleazy."

"Tacky? Sleazy?" Toby raised his eyebrows.

Sonia nodded. "Yup. Don't you feel that the behaviors of the protagonists in romance dramas and novels are very tacky and sleazy? Sometimes, they are quite corny, but it's okay because it is quite heartwarming. But, on the other hand, their cheesiness is so foolish and stupid. Don't you feel secondhand embarrassment when you watch dramas? Don't you ever wonder if those people are off their rockers?"

Toby was silent. When he first heard from Tom about learning how to maintain a relationship and be romantic, he researched romance dramas and novels which he had never watched or read.

He did feel those feelings that Sonia had stated when he first watched the dramas, but at that time, he assumed that it was because he wasn't used to watching dramas of such genre, and he figured that he would get used to it over time.

Alas, after so long, he was still not used to it, and he had the same feelings every time he watched them but to a different degree.

It was only after hearing Sonia's remarks that he realized that it was not because he was not used to them but because the dramas made people feel physically and mentally awkward.

"Are you saying that I feel that way because of the characters' strange behaviors?" Toby asked, his Adam's apple bobbing.

"Yup!" Sonia nodded. "That is because these characters are rather two-dimensional, and the plot is full of holes. It is supposed to be a romantic relationship, yet their interactions look stiff and unnatural. They want the audience to think that they are very much in love, but it doesn't invoke that feeling. On the contrary, when we watch them falling in love, it feels as if someone had forced them at gunpoint to fall in love, which is why they don't look as loving or sweet when they interact romantically. On the contrary, they look awkward, stiff, and corny. So, how can someone learn anything from this kind of drama? Don't get carried away and become like them."

"Oh, I see." Toby nodded.

No wonder he felt something was off when he watched those dramas. It clearly indicated that it was a romantic drama, but instead of feeling that the protagonists were in love, he felt as if someone had forced them to be together. He finally understood why he felt that way.

## **Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1184**

### Chapter 1184 A Reward for You

At the thought of this, Toby suddenly reflected on some of the things he had learned from the dramas and novels in the past.

He looked at Sonia beside him, his eyes flickering slightly, and his expression seemed a little strange.

Then, he coughed lightly and muttered, "Little Leaf, were some of my previous actions very tacky, sleazy, and silly?"

Sometimes, in the drama, the female protagonist would be very touched and happy when the male protagonist said or did something romantic, and she would feel that he was very handsome and charismatic.

He was clueless at that time as he wondered if the male protagonist was really as romantic and handsome as the female protagonist had said, but he didn't have an answer. Hence, he figured that it must be true because of the dramas.

Because of this, he took note of what the male protagonist did and said, modified them slightly, and applied the same method to her.

Previously, it had never crossed his mind that his words or actions would be tacky and sleazy, but after hearing Sonia's comments about these dramas and novels, he began to doubt himself. Now he couldn't help but wonder if he was as tacky as she had described.

If that were the case, it would be so awkward and embarrassing that he wished he could hide like an ostrich now.

Sonia could tell what Toby was thinking by observing his flickering eyes and embarrassed face. She chuckled before saying, "Not really. You're handsome and charming, to begin with, and your actions were not as exaggerated as the protagonists in the dramas, so they were not very sleazy, but maybe a little corny and puzzling."

He was relieved after hearing her comment, and his discomfort faded.

Although he had made a fool of himself, it was not as bad as he had thought.

He would rather be corny and puzzling than sleazy.

He knew what sleazy meant. To him, sleazy was used to describe a middle-aged man who was fat and bald but still thought of himself as God's gift to humanity. It might be a little different from what she meant, but it was not far off.

"Explain corny and puzzling," he mumbled reluctantly.

Although these two were better than sleazy, their definitions were only slightly better than sleazy.

She winked at him and smiled. "Don't worry. Yours is the cute kind of corny and puzzling."

"Cute?" He raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Yup. Sometimes, I was confused when you said those cheesy words or did those corny actions, but you made me wonder why you would say or do such a thing, that's all. I never felt that something was wrong with your—" Sonia pointed at her head.

Toby's expression darkened instantly. So, should I be happy that you aren't treating me like I'm a moron?

When she noticed his grumpy expression, she squeezed his hand lightly and reassured him, "Alright, don't overthink this. I said that you were cute, although you were a little cheesy and confusing, didn't I? But I have to admit that you swept me off my feet with

those words and actions. Also, as a man who is so cool and indifferent, you are more relatable when you do those things, so I didn't say anything wrong when I used the word 'cute' to describe you."

Yes, it was attributed to his excellent appearance and temperament. However, his actions and words would not be cute if he looked ordinary. It would genuinely be sleazy, corny, and disgusting.

Sonia didn't say this out loud, but her expression betrayed her.

Of course, the keen Toby could tell what she was thinking. He didn't feel happy at all, but rather more depressed because it was all thanks to his good looks that he received a positive comment from her.

He touched his face, wondering if he should feel happy or angry.

Well, he should be happy. At least it showed that she liked his face and would continue to love him because of how he looked.

At the thought of this, he shook his head and smiled. "I won't watch those dramas again."

"Good." Sonia nodded. "There's no benefit in watching those things. It will only challenge your intelligence."

Her greatest fear was that one day, he would be carried away and transform himself from an excellent gentleman to a sleazy and domineering man. It would be so devastating that even his stunning looks wouldn't be able to save him.

After she pondered the matter for a moment, she said, "Anyway, I like just the way you are. Just be yourself. You don't need to learn from others to maintain our relationship. Do it your way, and follow your heart. Others have their own ways of maintaining their relationship, and it doesn't feel natural if you apply the same method to ours. It feels like we're dating under someone else's guidance. What do you think?"

Toby looked at her and didn't say anything, although he felt what she said made sense.

Sonia wiggled to his side, wrapped her arms around his, and rested her head on his shoulder, "So, don't just listen and take others' advice about how to date someone, especially Tom's. How does he know since he doesn't even have a girlfriend? And you! How can you believe what he says?"

Toby glanced at the partition coldly as if he could see Tom through the partition.

"Got it. I won't take others' advice and learn from their methods. We will do it our way. Although I will stumble and fall when I try to find my way, I'll become more mature along

the way, and we will appreciate and cherish the relationship even more. Then, maybe, we will love each other more too.” He tilted his head slightly and looked at her in his embrace, his gaze ever so loving and tender.

She nodded firmly. “Good. Since you are working hard for the sake of our relationship, I have a reward for you.”

A reward?

His eyes lit up with delight. He swallowed nervously, and his voice became husky. “What reward? Will you not let me sleep on the couch tonight?”

“Hah, right!” Sonia let go of his arm, sat straight, and pouted at him. “Don’t even think about coming back to the room. That’s for another time.”

He instantly lowered his head in disappointment.

She felt amused when she looked at his beaten demeanor and shook her head with a helpless smile. Did he have to be so disappointed just because she didn’t let him sleep with her tonight?

Then, she leaned forward slightly and kissed him on the cheek. “Here, this is the reward. Alright, I’m going to be late for work. You should hurry and get your mom’s relic back too. Don’t take too long, or Connor will auction the item because he assumes you don’t want it. It will be a big problem then. Hurry and go. I’ll see you tonight.”

With that, she hastily got out of the car while Toby was in a daze. That was because she knew she wouldn’t be able to leave the vehicle if he came to his senses before she made her escape.

## **Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1185**

### **Chapter 1185 Put the Blame on Others**

Sonia knew Toby like the back of her hand. So, she knew that he loved to shower her with affection and then push his chances for something more.

Now that she had kissed him, if she stayed put until he regained his composure, he would definitely kiss her back and directly aim for her lips. Moreover, he would not let her go until he had enough. Therefore, she had to seize the chance and make her escape to freedom.

Thus, she quickly opened the door, got out of the car, and closed the door. It took her less than a minute to do it, and the whole process was smooth and swift. She had

always maintained the mantra 'slow and steady wins the race'. Hence, judging from her speedy actions, it just indicated how 'frightened' she was about how he showed his affection.

Still, after Sonia got out of the car, she looked through the window and waved with a smile. The window was tinted, and she couldn't see him clearly, but it didn't stop her from waving her goodbyes before walking around the back of the car and toward Paradigm Co.

Toby, who was inside the vehicle, finally snapped back to his senses. He touched his cheek and looked at the empty seat beside him. Then, he abruptly turned to look out the window and saw Sonia's figure rounding the rear of the car.

He knew that she was walking to the office, so he quickly wound down his window.

She happened to hear the sound of the window lowering, so she instinctively halted her movements and turned to look. Toby's handsome face greeted her as their eyes met.

"You escaped after you kissed me, huh?" Toby opened his lips and teased in a low and pleasant voice.

"Of course!" Sonia grinned. "If I waited any longer, you might kiss me back and not let me leave, am I right?"

A trace of guilt flashed across his eyes because she was correct in her assumption. He coughed lightly and blurted, "No, I wouldn't do that."

"Yeah, right! Do you think I don't know what you're thinking?" Sonia crossed her arms and huffed. Then, she smiled brightly. "Hurry up and go. Goodbye! See you tonight." She waved at him again.

Toby knew that it was impossible to ask her to come back and kiss her other cheek, let alone kiss her more passionately. He sighed under his breath, and the disappointment on his face was apparent. "Bye. See you tonight."

She knew precisely why he was disappointed as she noticed the forlorn expression on his face. She rolled her eyes in exasperation and continued to saunter toward Paradigm Co.

Toby did not roll up the window and ordered Tom to drive away. Instead, he kept looking at her as she strode forward. It wasn't until she entered the Paradigm Co. building that he rolled up the window and knocked on the partition.

Tom, who was behind the wheel, heard the knock and knew that it was Toby's silent order for him to drive. He immediately started the car and lowered the partition with a

grin. "Mr. Fuller, it took Miss Reed quite some time to get out of the car. I bet you guys spent a long time saying your goodbyes, huh?"

Well, what he meant by 'saying goodbyes' was the physical intimacy between a couple, such as kissing, hugging, and whatnot.

However, Toby was not in the mood to respond to Tom's teasing. Instead, he glared at him with a cold expression and hissed, "Your bonus for this month is deducted by half."

"What?!" Tom gasped in utter bewilderment, and his expression changed radically. "Why?"

Wait a minute! Why does Mr. Fuller want to deduct my bonus?! He should give him an increment, shouldn't he?

After I parked the car, I raised the partition to give them privacy so they could spend lovey-dovey time together! I was so thoughtful and considerate, but instead of giving me a bonus, Mr. Fuller wants to deduct my bonus in half!

Why?! This is so unfair!

In his mind, Tom grumbled in great dismay.

"Why?" Toby gave a derisive snort. "You suggested I watch those romantic dramas and novels, saying that I could learn a thing or two about how to be romantic and become a charismatic and irresistible man. Oh, yeah, I learned all of that, alright, but did you know what Little Leaf said?! She said that the characters in those dramas are sleazy, tacky, and not the slightest bit charming! She even said that if it hadn't been for my good looks, she would have thought that I was a sleazy and tacky man too by doing all those weird things to her! I almost ended up being a tacky man because of your stupid suggestion! I'm already being merciful by not firing you! Yet you have the cheek to complain about the bonus!"

"Uh..." Tom's mouth was agape in shock.

He didn't know what he had done wrong earlier, but this reason was not what he had expected at all.

"That's not right." Tom retorted doubtfully while driving, "Why does Miss Reed think those characters are tacky? All the female netizens are those actors' fanatic fans, cheering them on. They never say that those characters are tacky, but they say that they are so handsome and charming. That's why I figured that Miss Reed would like them too, so I recommended you watch the dramas. I never expected that she wouldn't like them."

At this moment, Tom apparently did not realize that those fanatic fans who adored the actors in the dramas and novels were young girls in their teens or late teens. They were not emotionally mature, and their life experience was limited, so they took a fancy to these characters and did not find anything wrong with them. But, alas, Sonia was a twenty-seven-year-old mature woman with different perspectives and preferences about men, which was why she found those characters lacking.

Therefore, Tom had accidentally treated Sonia as a young girl and assumed that all the girls loved those characters and wondered why Sonia didn't like those men. Clearly, not every woman had the same taste in men.

Toby didn't know what Tom was thinking about, and he was indifferent as he listened to Tom's explanation and thought of them as excuses.

"What do you know? You don't even have a girlfriend! I don't know how you have the cheek to teach me about relationships." Toby side-eyed him, and the disdain in his eyes was apparent.

His glare made Tom feel like countless daggers had stabbed his heart. The heartache was so intense that he almost suffocated. His hands, which were gripping the steering wheel, were trembling slightly.

Argh, it hurts so much! Mr. Fuller, you're so cruel! Yes, I don't have a girlfriend. I'm single, so what?! Don't I have a right to say anything? Can't I teach another man about relationships?

I may not have a girlfriend, but I have a lot of theoretical knowledge, so why can't I teach you?

Speaking of which, when I gave you my suggestion, you didn't say that my idea was lousy. You listened to me seriously and even did as I told you. Now that the results were not satisfactory, you blamed everything on me! You're being ridiculous!

I didn't force you to take me seriously! You wanted to listen to my advice. Now that the plan failed, you are blaming everything on me instead of blaming yourself! It makes no sense!

Of course, Tom only dared to curse Toby in his mind but did not dare to voice his complaints aloud. He didn't even dare to show the slightest dissatisfaction toward Toby, for he was confident that Toby would send him to Ibirá immediately.

Therefore, not only did he have to take the blame despite his dismay, but he also had to apologize to Toby.

Well, this was the sorrow of a desk jockey.



Tom lamented his fate, but at least his pay was above average. He may be a single pringle, but he wasn't a broke single pringle!

## **Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1186**

Chapter 1186 Lancaster Hospital

Tom donned an apologetic smile on his face and apologized as sincerely as he could, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Fuller. I didn't mean to ruin the plan, nor did I expect things to turn out this way."

It didn't matter whether or not he was at fault, and he still had to apologize and claim it was. This was the only way to ease Toby's anger. Otherwise, there was no telling how Toby would bite his head off if he didn't soothe the angered dragon.

Indeed, Tom knew Toby very well at this stage because things progressed just as he thought after he apologized.

Toby was in a better mood when he heard Tom's apology. "Don't give me any lousy ideas again, or I'll kick you to Ibirá!"

"Yes, Mr. Fuller. I won't suggest anything else," Tom said with a flattering smile, but he was cursing Toby in his mind.

Hah, do you think I like to give you my ideas?! It wasn't my idea to recommend those dramas and novels in the first place! I told you when you asked me how to be romantic around women.

In short, I never volunteered to be your guidance and adviser to deepen Miss Reed's feelings toward you, yet you seemed to blame me for taking the initiative to teach you! What the heck?! You're literally pushing the blame on me!

Hmph, just wait and see! When you fight with Miss Reed again, I will not tell you how to cheer her up and coax her. Instead, I'll let you fumble as you think of a way yourself! This is the price you have to pay for placing the blame on me. Argh, I'm so pissed!

Tom furiously cursed Toby in his mind while driving with a grumpy face.

Toby had no time to ponder just what his subordinate was thinking, nor was he interested. He propped his head up and looked out the window with a deep gaze as several plans were brewing in his mind.

Tom saw his posture from the rearview mirror and guessed that Toby must be thinking about something serious, so he cleared his thoughts and regained his composure. He

concentrated on driving and made sure that he drove as smoothly as possible so that Toby could focus more on his ideas.

Soon, they arrived at their destination. It was a private hospital where Connor was staying.

After Tom parked the car, he unbuckled his seat belt, turned to look at Toby, who was still immersed in his thoughts, and reminded, “Mr. Fuller, we’ve arrived.”

Toby’s eyes blinked several times as he took account of his whereabouts. Then, he placed his hand down, spruced himself up, and glanced out the car window. The words ‘Lancaster Hospital’ reflected in his eyes.

He raised his eyebrows in surprise. “Oh, it’s the Lancasters’ hospital.”

Tom nodded. “Yes. Connor didn’t want the news of him being beaten up to spread, so naturally, he would choose a private hospital to treat him in secret. Also, the Lancaster Family owns the hospital. Although their power and wealth are not greater than the Logan Family, their reputation and status in Seafield are still immense, so their hospital has a better credential than the other families’ private hospitals.”

Tim’s parents owned Lancaster Hospital.

The members of the Lancaster Family were doctors, not businessmen, so they had a wide gap in terms of wealth as compared to other families that ventured into the business world. Despite that, the Lancasters owned many private hospitals throughout the metropolitan cities in the country.

Tim’s parents were currently the president and director of Lancaster Hospital in Seafield, while Tim was the hospital’s young proprietor, but his parents had never acknowledged this.

It would be an understatement to say that he and his parents did not get along. His parents even regarded him as a monster instead of their son. Despite having a prestigious reputation and status in the medical field today, so much so that his status was higher than his parents, his parents could not accept him as their son and even regarded him as a disgrace. He was the imperfect existence in their perfect life. They had also clearly stated that Tim would not be named the heir of their family.

Fortunately, he didn’t feel as ordinary people do, so he did not feel sad or disappointed when his parents refused to regard him as their son.

This was also why he chose to work at First World Hospital—a government hospital—rather than at Lancaster Hospital. He did not care for the Lancaster Family or their properties.

Moreover, he had long since become the next heir to First World Hospital, which meant that their service and treatment would be even more top-notch and professional than the private hospitals. After all, Tim's presence meant they would have a higher chance of survival if they went to First World Hospital for treatment.

Frankly, Tom could not understand what was going through Tim's parents' minds when they refused to accept such an outstanding person as their son.

Even if they couldn't accept that Tim was diagnosed with difficulties processing emotions, he was their son, and they should take responsibility after giving birth to him. They should try to accept him and care about him. Maybe, with time, Tim would have been able to understand emotions.

So what if they couldn't cure him? They could at least pretend to be affectionate in public.

After all, everyone was envious of them for having such an excellent son. So what if he had such a disorder? His ability and talent had shown that he was better than his disorder.

Unfortunately, the idiots who were Tim's parents didn't share the same thought. No matter how excellent he was, they refused to accept him. At this point, people were mocking them for being lunatics and refusing to acknowledge Tim, who was talented and intelligent.

Although, in some ways, Tim's parents were quite admirable. Even when the people were looking down on them for being out of their minds, they adhered to their convictions and were unmoved by public opinion.

Not everyone could have such persistence, which was why they were admirable.

Despite his admiration for them, Tom didn't approve of their behavior.

If I have a son like Tim, I will be so proud that I will show off to others. So what if he has a disorder? A son like him would make me a proud father! But of course, I'm still young and do not have a son yet.

Toby regarded the daydreaming Tom, who was pouting and shaking his head. From time to time, Tom would even look at the building disdainfully and sigh in regret. So, he couldn't help wondering whether Tom had lost his mind.

"What are you thinking about? You seem like someone has cast a spell on you, and you can't move." He pursed his lips and stared at Tom impatiently.

Tom abruptly returned to his senses and rubbed his nose with an awkward smile when he met with Toby's contemptuous glare. "Nothing. Let's go, Mr. Fuller." He gestured and led the way.

Toby was not really interested to know why Tom was in a daze and had no intention of asking since he didn't seem like he wanted to talk about it. So, Toby looked ahead and sauntered toward the entrance of the hospital.

After he left, Tom heaved a sigh, quickly wore his office persona, and followed after Toby.

As soon as they entered the hospital, a man in black came to greet them.

"Mr. Fuller. Mr. Brown." The man stopped before Toby and greeted him with a respectful nod.

Toby nodded slightly in response and asked, "Where is Connor?"

"In Ward No. 5 on the VIP floor of the Inpatient Department," replied the man.

"Lead the way." Toby pursed his lips.

"Okay." The man nodded and guided them to the ward.

He was the man that Toby had Tom sent over to keep an eye on Connor at all times.

When the man was informed that Toby was coming, he had been waiting in the hospital lobby to lead the way.

## **Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1187**

### **Chapter 1187 Crooked Logic**

Toby and Tom followed the man to the VIP floor of Lancaster Hospital's patient building.

After they exited the elevator, the man stopped. "President Fuller, I won't be accompanying you for the rest of the way. That person is inside that ward. You have to go there on your own."

"You may leave." While waving his hand, Toby told the man he could excuse himself.

He also knew why that man did not want to bring him—the boss—over to the ward.

Since Connor would be staying in Seafield for a while, Toby would still want someone to keep an eye on Connor. If that man led Toby and Tom into Connor's ward, Connor would see that man.

Therefore, that man would not be able to stalk Connor anymore. That was why that man said he could not lead them to the ward.

"Yes, President Fuller. I'll be taking my leave now." The man bowed, turned around, and got back into the elevator to leave.

Now that they knew which ward Connor was in, Tom self-consciously walked in front to lead Toby toward the ward.

When they came to the entrance, Tom stopped. "President Fuller, we're here."

Meanwhile, Toby remained silent; instead, he stood before the door with narrowed eyes while staring at the tightly shut door.

On the other side of the door was his biggest enemy of this lifetime.

"Knock on the door." Toby parted his thin lips and ordered.

Nodding, Tom did so with several loud bangs.

His actions were hard and rough, which made loud thudding noises when knocking. It was better to describe his actions as trying to bring the door down rather than knocking.

Such actions were naturally impolite.

However, in Toby and Tom's eyes, the person inside the room did not deserve their respect, and such a method of knocking was already considered respectful.

Otherwise, they would have knocked down the door and barged in. After all, it was not like they could not compensate for it, nor were they afraid of the Lancasters.

Inside the ward, Connor's assistant was helping him reapply his bandages. As soon as they were done, they heard a loud banging on their door.

The loud sound shocked Connor so much that he trembled in fear and accidentally pulled on his injuries, which caused him to hiss in pain. His already pale face lost more of its remaining color while there were even beads of cold sweat.

When Xander noticed his boss' condition, he asked, "Mr. Salzburg, are you alright?"

Connor was in so much pain that he could not say anything. He gritted his teeth, closed his eyes, and forced himself to endure the pain until it subsided.

Seeing that he could not be of much help, Xander kept silent and stood at the side, afraid that he might anger his boss and be punished as a result.

A while later, Connor felt the pain in his body gradually subsiding. Although there was still some pain, it was much better than when he first pulled his injuries.

At least the throbbing pain in his temples had died down and his furrowed eyebrows could finally relax.

He opened his eyes and carefully leaned back onto the propped-up pillow at the head of the bed. Then, he looked grimly at the door while speaking viciously, "Go. Open the door. I wanna see who this disrespectful person who dared to bang on my door is. I'm gonna break their f\*cking hand."

"Yes, sir," Xander replied and immediately walked toward the door.

He was just thinking of teaching that person a lesson when he opened the door.

Yet, before he could voice his threats, he saw the people outside the door and was stunned. W-Why are they here?

Looking at the emotionless Toby and the snickering Tom, Xander's face fell and he even began to turn pale. The hand holding the door knob also subconsciously tightened.

"You guys—" Xander finally found his voice and was about to say something when he was cut off by Tom, who deliberately waved at him. "Hello."

His attitude was so nice that he seemed more like a friend than an enemy.

However, only Xander knew that under Tom's smile was indifference and excitement for a good show.

At the thought of that, Xander felt humiliation arising inside him as he remembered how he was previously beaten to the ground by these two at the hotel.

He was able to become Connor's assistant at such a young age, so there was barely anyone who would not show him any respect when seeing him.

No one ever dared to look down on him, humiliate him, or even beat him up.

Yet, ever since he came to Seafield, things that he had never experienced in the past had all happened to both him and his boss.

The worst thing was, he had not even gotten the chance for revenge. This is so frustrating!

Meanwhile, Tom seemed to have missed Xander's angered expression because he continued to wear a friendly smile on his face; even his voice sounded polite and kind. "Mr. Little, where is Mr. Salzburg?"

"Mr. Salzburg is tired, so he's resting at the moment and isn't free to meet you. Please leave." Xander's eyes that were behind his glasses looked down as he inhaled a deep breath to force down his resentment and fear for Toby. Then, he gestured for them to leave.

There was no other choice; they were not people he could mess with, so he could not do anything to them. Moreover, he had to stop these two from meeting his boss at any cost.

With Connor's condition, he might not want to meet these two either, especially Toby, who was his enemy.

Once Toby saw Connor, he would definitely mock him, and if Connor got angry, the people around him would be doomed.

As such, his days would definitely be worse than death.

Therefore, Xander had to get these two out of there and not let them inside the ward no matter what.

He could care less if they came here because they knew what had happened to Connor. Even if they did, they did not see it with their own eyes, so the situation had not turned for the worse. He did not need to worry that they would mock Connor, nor did he have to worry about Connor venting his anger on him because he could not exact his revenge on these two.

"Mr. Little, we came here to pay a visit to Mr. Salzburg because we heard he got beaten up by someone and President Fuller came all the way to see him. Don't you think it's a little inappropriate for you to chase us away before we even see him?" Although Tom was smiling, his smile did not reach his eyes and his voice also had an unconcealable authority in it. "Or, is this how you Salzburgs treat your guests? By deliberately not welcoming us, refusing to let us inside, and using an insincere excuse to drive us away? If so, then we wouldn't be happy. If that's the case, we might think of doing something else and Mr. Salzburg's injuries might worsen. By then, don't blame me for not warning you because you're the one who refused to let us in."

With eyes that were wide like saucers, Xander stammered, "A-Are you trying to threaten me? Are you saying that if I don't let you in, you'd barge in regardless and beat up Mr. Salzburg?"

Smiling, Tom protested, "I didn't say that, but it's fine if you want to interpret it that way. After all, there is no person President Fuller couldn't meet, and no one dares to chase

him out. Up till this moment, you Salzburgs are the first to do that. Since you're so brave to do so, we naturally have to do something about it, right? Otherwise, how would we be able to repay you for what happened? Am I right, Mr. Little?"

Hearing Tom's crooked logic, Xander turned green as he pointed at Tom while trembling. "Y-You two..."

"Alright. Cut the crap and push him away." Toby was getting impatient from all that waiting and gave out the order while furrowing his brows.

## **Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1188**

### Chapter 1188 Distorting the Facts

Tom knew Toby was impatient to continue with this, so he stopped messing with Xander. His face fell and he put on an emotionless visage that looked identical to Toby's.

Following that, he walked forward and used his height to his advantage before bumping into Xander's shoulder. As Xander was thin, weak, and shorter than Tom by half a head, he naturally could not stand up to Tom's push.

Therefore, Xander staggered from Tom's push and took a step back. Then, he hit the wall behind him, which cleared a path for Toby and Tom.

When the man who was on the bed inside the ward saw Connor crash into the wall, his face paled as he boomed, "What's happening?"

He ordered Xander to open the door to see who was banging on the door.

Yet, it had been a long while without any report from him. Instead, what Connor saw was his little assistant retreating to the wall with a disbelieving expression while holding onto his shoulder.

Only then did Connor understand that his assistant did not retreat but was shoved to the wall.

As for who did it, Connor could not see anything yet, so he did not know who it was.

However, there was one thing he was sure about. The intruders didn't come in peace!

Connor was seriously injured and could not move; even the slightest movement could pull one of his injuries and he would sweat bullets in pain.



Therefore, he could not budge an inch nor dare to get out of bed to see who it was.

He could only sit in bed with his hands clenched while glaring in the direction of the door with a vicious gaze, waiting for the intruder to come in.

Since the intruder dared to bang on the door and push his assistant, that meant his assistant had tried to stop the intruder from entering, which was why the intruder pushed Xander.

That also meant that the intruder would certainly come in and he would soon know who it was.

Of course, before he knew who it was, he had to keep his guard. That was because he guessed that the person coming in might be in the same group as the people that beat him up.

Still, he did not know who beat him up. Although Xander had been investigating this matter, Seafield was not their turf and he did not bring many men with him, so it was nearly impossible to find out who beat him up in a short amount of time. In other words, it would take at least two to three days.

So, it would not be too bad of a situation if the intruder was one of the people who beat him up back then and came here to finish the job.

At least that way, he would be able to know who had beat him to a pulp! If they came out of this situation alive, he would get his revenge!

As he thought of that, he heard two sets of clear footsteps. It was the sound of leather shoes tapping against the ground. It was also those sounds that interrupted the resentful thoughts in Connor's mind and made him raise his head to look in the direction of the footsteps.

When he saw who was walking over, he was first stunned. Then, he felt terrified and began to tremble. "Why are you here?"

Never would he have expected that the intruders were Toby and his assistant, and not the people who beat him up.

Wait.

Why can't his men be the ones who beat me up?

Since his arrival at Seafield, he had almost never stepped a foot out of the hotel. Even if he did, it was all for personal matters and he did not contact anyone.

Hence, he only had one enemy in the entire Seafield—Toby Fuller. If so, why could it not be Toby who ordered someone to beat him up?

Thinking of that, Connor thought that there was a high possibility that his guess was right. Therefore, the gaze he was shooting at Toby became grimmer.

“Toby Fuller! It was you!” With his good hand left pointed at Toby’s face, Connor accused him.

Toby stopped beside the hospital bed and narrowed his eyes. “What are you talking about?”

“Stop pretending.” While putting down his hand, Connor screamed with a vicious expression, “Did you do this to me?!”

Connor, at this moment, resembled a devil. His face was terrifying, and gone was the usual gentleness and elegance he had despite being elderly.

It was clear how good he was at pretending.

A real gentle and elegant person would become even more so as they aged. Their demeanor would become more subtle and their attitude would become better as well, which was the opposite of how Connor was. In reality, Connor would take off his amiable mask whenever something bad happened and reveal his true self, who was an aggressive and vicious man.

I wonder if this old fellow ever felt tired of pretending for so many years. Tom stood behind Toby and wondered with pursed lips.

Meanwhile, Toby did not answer Connor’s question and merely waved behind him.

Nodding in acknowledgment, Tom looked around, found an empty chair, and went over to get it.

Xander noticed Tom’s intentions and his glasses reflected the light while a trace of wickedness flashed across his eyes. Then, he went over and sat on the chair to stop Tom from taking it.

Perhaps Xander was too confident in his plan because he did not even try to hide his hostility.

Seeming to have sensed Xander’s plan, Tom sneered and slowly extended one of his legs.

As Xander only had eyes on the chair, he did not notice Tom’s actions and where his feet were going.

Therefore, his feet got caught by Tom's legs and he fell flat on the floor, hitting his head and letting out a painful howl.

"What's the matter?" Connor could not be bothered with Toby and quickly went to check on his assistant.

What he saw was Xander rolling on the ground while having his hands around his head. His haggard appearance made Connor feel angry.

Pathetic!

How can he act like that? Is he trying to humiliate me before Toby Fuller?

Connor looked at his assistant without a trace of worry on his face; instead, he felt disgusted.

Although he did not see how Xander fell, he knew that his assistant had made a fool of himself before his enemy. If that was it, was that not letting Toby have a chance to mock and humiliate him?

The more Connor thought about it, the colder he gazed at Xander. His eyes were so icy that they seemed frozen, which was terrifying.

Meanwhile, Toby watched Connor's reaction from the side and looked at Xander, who was rolling on the ground in pain without noticing the disdainful gaze Connor was casting at him. An unnoticeable scheming glint appeared in his eyes, but it disappeared quickly.

"Oh, my. Mr. Little, are you alright? How did you fall on your own? Looking at your forehead, I think it was quite a serious fall. Why else would you still be on the ground? Come, I'm a good samaritan, so let me help you to your feet." With a smile, Tom looked at Xander and held out his hand to help Xander up.

Hearing the lies coming from Tom's mouth, Xander was so pissed that he almost passed out.

What did he mean by falling on my own?

It was he who stretched out his leg to trip me!!!

Now that I fell to the ground, that Brown fellow twisted the truth and said I fell on my own.

How could a person be that shameless?

Slap!

Xander slapped Tom's hand away while roaring, "Scram! Who wants your help? It was clearly you—"

"That's enough!" Connor could not stand watching Xander's dumb behaviour anymore. He stared at Xander with his vicious eyes and spoke in a voice that was as cold as ice, "You. Get out. Now!"

He was afraid that if Xander stayed, he would do more embarrassing things and humiliate him with no limits!

## **Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1189**

### Chapter 1189 Agreeing to Your Conditions

Seeing that his boss was furious, Xander wanted to complain that he was tripped by Tom. Yet, just as he saw the grim look on Connor's face, the words were stuck to his throat and he could not say anything.

It seems like Mr. Salzburg is mad. But why?

Xander could not figure it out, but he did not dare to ask his angry boss either. Therefore, he kept silent and only glared at Tom before dashing out with his tail between his legs while cupping his sore head.

It was still that same principle—he did not dare to go against his angry boss.

After Xander left, Tom revealed a victorious smile before retrieving the chair to Toby and setting it down beside him. "President Fuller, please have a seat."

With his chin slightly raised, Toby sat down slowly and crossed his legs. His actions looked so beautiful, which showed his nobility and elegance.

"Mr. Salzburg, you were just asking me whether I did this to you. I'll tell you now, it wasn't me." Toby looked at Connor, who was still staring at the door with a grim expression, and finally answered his question.

Connor turned to look at Toby. "It wasn't you? Do you honestly think I'd believe that?"

After sneering, he continued, "Toby Fuller, I only have one enemy in Seafield, and that's you. If it wasn't you, then tell me who it could be."

"I don't know who did it, but I can assure you that it is definitely not me. I'm right here; if I wanted to beat you up, I would do it out in the open and most probably by my own

hands. Also, even if I did it, you wouldn't be able to do anything about it either. So, why would I go through all that trouble and trick you?"

Crossing his hands in front of his stomach, Toby looked at Connor as if he was looking at a clown, who was silent for a moment as he could not say anything. More accurately, he could not find any words to refute Toby.

Indeed, if Toby wanted to deal with him, he would not have to hide in the dark and do such dirty tricks. Even if Toby did it transparently and openly, Connor would not be able to do anything about it either.

At least in Seafield, he did not have the means to.

Thus, Toby did not need to go through all that trouble to deal with Connor.

With that said, could Toby really have nothing to do with this matter?

If it wasn't him, then who could it be?

As a result, Connor fell into deep thought as different faces appeared in his mind, all except Sonia.

That was because to him, there was no way Sonia did that.

Firstly, she was a woman. Secondly, what could she have accomplished, giving her identity? Even if she had Toby backing her, she still might not be able to do anything to him.

To put it bluntly, Connor had never suspected Sonia purely because he always looked down on women. He thought that women could never succeed in anything, so he never took Sonia seriously. Therefore, he naturally skipped her in his list of suspects.

Although Toby was not aware of Connor's sexist view, he was not worried that he would suspect Sonia either.

After all, she was only responsible for secret hiring and did not directly contact Brutus Walters; in fact, it was Charles who contacted her.

Even if Connor got to the bottom of this, he would only find out about Brutus and halt the investigation, so Connor would not even be able to find out about Charles, let alone Sonia.

"Mr. Salzburg, I didn't come here to discuss who did this to you. It's your business if you want to find out who did this to you. You can think about it and investigate it later, but I don't want to waste my time here," Toby stated coldly while raising his eyes.

Connor could only stop thinking about it and look at Toby coldly. "Since you didn't come here to laugh at me because I got beaten up, then let me guess why you're here. It must be because of the things your mother left behind, right? Does this mean you've made a decision and are willing to accept my conditions?"

Pursing his lips, Toby negotiated, "I can promise to let Anya go, but you have to return all my mother's belongings. You can't leave anything behind, or else, I'll do everything in my power to kill you. I think my grandfather wouldn't mind if I used his merits to exchange for me and the Fuller Family's exemption for crimes. What do you think?"

When Connor heard that, his pupils dilated and he was at a loss for words.

What a lunatic!

The reason why he so boldly threatened Toby and was not afraid that he might kill him in the first place was because he knew that Toby was unwilling to use his grandfather's merits in exchange for his safety.

However, he forgot that willingness and likeliness were two different factors.

Even if Toby said he was unwilling to do that, who could be sure whether he would change his mind later?

At this moment, Connor finally realized that he could never truly have Toby in the palm of his hands. Although he was reluctant to admit that, it was still the cold, hard truth.

Following that, he did not behave arrogantly anymore and became more modest.

He even put his amiable mask back on and smiled at Toby. "Oh, Toby. Don't worry. I might not be a good person, but I do keep my promises. Whatever I said counts, so as long as you give me a Letter of Understanding, I'll return all your mother's belongings. You don't have to worry about that either because the thing your mother left behind is one whole item that can't be broken apart. Therefore, you can rest assured that there won't be a situation where I give you a part of it and hold some back. Once I give it to you, you will have everything."

"Really?" Toby narrowed his eyes.

If what he said was true, then they were not pictures or footage like what he and Little Leaf had guessed.

After all, it was easy to keep copies of such things, but Connor said the item could not be broken apart, so it meant that it was impossible to make a copy of it. Thus, it would not be the items which he and Little Leaf had thought about.

If this were true, it would be a good thing.

Toby's eyes dimmed, but they quickly returned to their usual state, which was unreadably dark.

"How do I know if what you're saying is true?" He looked directly into Connor's eyes.

Smiling, Connor taunted, "Don't try and test me because you won't be able to find out anything. What I said is the truth, and I can't do anything if you don't believe me. After all, you can take away my life at any moment, so I don't have to be impulsive and trick you. I wouldn't put my life in jeopardy."

Toby pursed his lips and stayed silent.

Truth be told, there was no need for Connor to lie at such a crucial moment because he knew he would not end well if he was exposed for lying.

If Toby found out, he would do everything in his power to kill him at any moment.

In other words, Connor's life was actually in the palm of Toby's hand. If Toby wanted Connor dead, he could take Connor's life at any moment and avenge his father.

Yet, the reason he did not do that was because he did not want to waste his grandfather's merit. However, if he was unable to dig up any evidence of Connor's crimes, then using this method might not be the worst idea.

Thus, it could be said that Toby now controlled Connor's fate and Connor knew that very well.

If he wanted to retrieve his freedom from Toby, he had to stay alive to find a chance.

As such, he could not let himself die too early nor could he lie to Toby at such a crucial moment.

Thinking of that, Toby felt relieved and uncrossed his legs to get up. He walked toward Connor's bed and looked down at him as if he was looking at an ant. "Good. I'll believe you for now, but if you trick me and let me find out about it, I'll twist your neck off myself. Try it if you dare."

While he spoke, his eyes landed on Connor's neck.

## **Read Novel This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1190**

Chapter 1190 The Enemy's Enemy Is My Friend

Toby's gaze was filled with so much viciousness that it made Connor realize Toby was not simply threatening with words. He was serious. If he lied to Toby and was found out, Toby would not hesitate to immediately twist his head off.

Connor thought that if he had been younger, he would not have been so scared of death. However, as he grew older, experienced more things, and watched the people dear to him pass away, his courage gradually diminished and he became even more fearful of death.

The older he grew, the more afraid he was of death; especially with his identity, he was even more afraid of death.

Once he died, he would not have anything left—his position as the head of the Salzburg Family, his authority, and his money. In other words, he would not be able to enjoy any of that anymore because it would all fall into the hands of his relatives.

He was not willing to see that happen. He wanted to keep being the head of the Salzburg Family until he was a hundred years old while still keeping control over the lives of many.

Therefore, I cannot die early. Never!

Lowering his eyelids, Connor avoided Toby's murderous gaze as that was the only way he could feel less terrified.

"Don't worry, Toby. I've promised that I didn't lie to you, therefore, I wouldn't. If you can give me a LoU, I will give you your mother's belongings when I receive it," Connor said.

Pursing his lips into a thin line, Toby was silent for a moment before responding, "Before 5.00PM, I'll get someone to bring Anya over here. You'd better keep her in check because if she provokes my woman again, her outcome wouldn't be that pretty."

"Don't worry. I will." Connor raised his head and squeezed out a smile.

Seeing that he had achieved what he came here to do, Toby did not want to stay here anymore, so he placed his hands in his pocket and left while Tom followed behind him.

The two had just taken a few steps forward when Connor's voice sounded from behind them.

"Toby, I didn't tell anyone about my situation, so the outside world is still unaware of what I've experienced. Since you're able to find out about this so quickly, it means you have someone on your side watching me," Connor stated while looking at their backs.

Toby stopped walking and so did Tom.



“So, what? Do you still want to cause trouble for me?” A mocking smile appeared on Toby’s face, but he did turn around and only spoke at the door.

Spite filled Connor’s eyes, but it instantly disappeared. “Of course not. You must be joking. Who in Seafield would dare to find trouble with you? Isn’t that the same as seeking death? I only wanted to ask you something. Since you have men watching me, they should have seen the people who attacked me, right?”

“Oh?” With his eyebrows raised, Toby turned around and mocked, “So, you’re thinking of using my men to find out who attacked you?”

Connor set down the blanket and clenched his fist. “That’s right.”

“You have the wrong person.” Toby sneered, “What relationship do we have? How dare you think of finding clues from me! Do you think that’s possible? I’m telling you, it’s impossible. I won’t help you. Instead, I’d even help them cover their tracks. After all, an enemy’s enemy is my friend. You’re so naive to think that you can get something from me.”

After saying that, he turned back around and left the ward without stopping.

At the sight of the leaving figure, Connor’s face was red yet pale and his chest was heaving as if he could pass out at any minute.

Villains always lived till the end of the story and he currently looked weak as if he would die at any minute. However, in reality, it was these weak and sick people who lived for a long time that had the time to cause trouble for others.

“Mr. Salzburg.” At that moment, Xander ran in with a swollen forehead.

After he called out to Connor, he closed the door, walked toward the hospital bed, and stopped before him.

Tightly shutting his eyes, Connor used a long while to suppress the anger inside him before regaining his composure. “Have you heard from the people you sent out to investigate this matter?”

Xander lowered his head in embarrassment. “I’m sorry, Mr. Salzburg, but they haven’t found anything. You were attacked in an old alley with no surveillance cameras. Also, I wasn’t with you back then, so I didn’t get a good look at your attackers. It’s quite difficult to catch whoever did it.”

Although Connor knew what Xander said was true, he was unwilling to accept the truth. At this point, he had no choice but to move on with it.

Taking a deep breath, he tried not to lose his temper and waved his hand. "Continue on with the investigation."

"Yes, sir." Xander secretly breathed a sigh of relief when Connor remained calm.

As long as Mr. Salzburg doesn't throw a fit, I wouldn't have to worry about getting implicated.

"Later, head to the police station and negotiate with them. Tell them that Toby has agreed to let go of this matter. Then, pay the bail in advance. Once Toby's LoU has arrived, immediately bring it to the police station," Connor ordered.

Xander bowed. "Yes. I'll get on it immediately."

After acknowledging Xander's reply, Connor stopped talking and rested his eyes as though he fell asleep.

Noticing the situation, Xander did not dare to disturb him, so he quietly left the room.

Meanwhile, Toby and Tom ascended the car.

Once inside, Toby massaged his temples and asked the same question, "What have you found about Anya and Connor's relationship?"

After starting the car, Tom replied, "Since Connor rarely left the hotel, we couldn't get inside his room, so no DNA to examine his relationship with Anya. When he was attacked and hospitalized today, the doctors had shaved a portion of his hair to tend to his wound. Our men picked up some of the bloody hair from the trash and sent it for analysis. I'm sure it won't be long before we can get the results."

Now that he had heard some good news after a long while, Toby's expression eased a little as he nodded. "Let's go back to the company."

"Yes, sir." Tom nodded.

Back at Paradigm Co., Sonia had just settled an expedited document and was leaning against the back of her chair while stretching to relieve her sore back and waist.

Once she was done, she curled up in her chair and refused to move. She wanted to rest for a bit before starting on the other documents.

"Chairman Reed." At that moment, the door to her office was knocked twice and a clear female voice sounded.

Sonia looked over and saw that it was her secretary, Rita, standing outside.

Rita was standing in for Daphne while she was recuperating from her operation.

“Come in.” With a smile, Sonia replied and quickly adjusted her posture.

What else could she have done? Her subordinate was here and it would be embarrassing if she was still curled up in her chair.

What if her subordinate thought that she did not seem like the chairman of the company?

“Alright.” After responding, Rita withdrew her hand from the door, entered the office, and came toward Sonia’s desk. “Chairman Reed, you asked me to come over and get some documents...”

“Over there.” Sonia pointed at the stack of documents on her table. “Send them over to their respective departments. I don’t wanna keep them waiting.”