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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 313

Carl's pupils shrank. "You—"

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

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

Carl pressed his lips together without uttering a word.

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

With that thought, Rebecca reached her hand toward Carl's head. Hatred flashed in Carl's eyes as he abruptly sent his fist toward Rebecca's face. The

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look in her eyes changed as she hastily defended herself. Both of them began to fight along the passageway. Although Carl was a big-sized man trained in Taekwondo and grappling, he didn't stand a chance against Rebecca.

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

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

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

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

Just then, Rebecca's expression turned stern. "I'm not in the mood to fool around with you any longer. I'm telling you that you need to return to the Hayes Residence immediately. My father told me that Declan and his men arrived at Seafield yesterday—Declan probably knows your whereabouts. He's going to hunt you down soon, and both you and the people around you will get into trouble then." She paused for a moment as she stared directly into Carl's eyes.

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“If you have memories of the past, then I’m sure you remember the sort of person Declan is. He’ll do anything to gain power over the Hayes Family, and the first step is to get rid of you, the official heir of the family. If he isn’t able to defeat you, he’ll probably target the people that you care about the most so that you’ll suffer for the rest of your life. I can tell that you care for President Reed—would you want her to become Declan’s target?”

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

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

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

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

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Therefore, it was an important meeting that required the attendance of all parties involved.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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