

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 174

Tina's heart sank. She knew her overreaction was making Toby suspicious, so she clenched her fists and composed herself. "I'm not scared. Just worried." She shook her head.

"About what?" Toby was still gazing at her.

Tina put on a worried look. "He might lock me up in an asylum. I've seen it on TV. The doctors lock all the patients with dissociative identity disorder up in an asylum. He might do the same to me too, Toby." She held Toby's sleeve tightly.

Toby patted her head, calming her down by telling her, "He won't. What you saw on TV was just for dramatic effect. The psychologist will only guide you. Nothing else."

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"Really?" Tina stared at him, still looking worried.

Toby nodded. "Yes, so relax."

"If you say so, Toby. I need to use the restroom now." She let him go and pretended to heave a sigh of relief.

Toby nodded. "Sure."

Tina turned around and went straight to the restroom, but the moment she closed the door, her face darkened. Right after she sat on the toilet seat, she made a call.

It went through in a second. Tim just went through a surgery, so his voice was weak. "What is it, Tina?"

Tina gripped her phone tightly, whispering, "I need your help, Tim."

Something flashed across his eyes. "What is it? Sonia's pregnancy?"

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"No. We can put that aside. Toby just got a psychologist for me. Said he's going to get me to consult him. But I'm not even mentally ill. What if the psychologist exposes me?" Panic and worry were showing up on Tina's face. If Toby had told her that he was finding her a psychologist, she would have had time to get the psychologist on her side. But with how sudden it was, Tina had no time to build any connection, much to her chagrin.

Instantly, Tim realized what Tina wanted him to do. "So you want me to come up with an idea to deal with the psychologist, and you want him to diagnose you with dissociative identity disorder." He adjusted his glasses.

Tina nodded. "Yes, that's right. Can you come up with something, Tim?"

"Easy." Tim sat down on his chair. "The psychologist will try to pull your 'alter ego' out during the session so he can see if you really have dissociative identity disorder. What you need to do then is to put on an act."

"An act?" A frown creased Tina's forehead.

"Yes, an act. Your 'alter ego' is someone who despises Sonia with all her soul. You'll need to act the part then."

“Will that work?” Tina bit her lip. She had her own misgivings about the plan. “I can trick Toby, but I’m facing a professional this time. You studied psychology, so you know an act is just an act in the end. A professional would see through it easily.”

That was why investigating units had psychologists as their consultants, since they could easily see through someone’s act easily.

Tim’s eyes glinted. “Just do your part and leave the rest to me. Don’t worry.”

At that point, Tina had no choice but to put her trust in Tim. She had no better plan otherwise. “Alright, I understand.” She forced a smile.

Tim asked again, “Do you know who Toby hired?”

“I don’t.” Tina frowned.

“Mmh. I see. It’s fine. Tell me after you ask him.”

“Sure.” Tina nodded.

After the call ended, she heaved a sigh and flushed the toilet bowl, pretending she was using the restroom. Then, she went out. “Toby.”

Toby was at his desk, staring seriously at his PC, so he didn’t even respond when Tina called out to him.

That made Tina pout unhappily, so she wanted to see what made him so engrossed. “What are you doing, Toby?” She went over to him.

Toby’s face darkened, then he closed the window. “Nothing.”

“Okay.” Tina smiled, seemingly believing what Toby told her. She didn’t ask further, but when she stared down, her eyes were filled with darkness. Nothing? I saw you stalking Sonia. “Oh, right, Toby.” Remembering what Tim wanted her to ask, Tina held Toby’s hand and fiddled with his fingers. “You said my psychologist is on the way. He’s not a local, is he?”

“Yes.” Toby took the cup of iced coffee on his table and had a sip.

Tina’s eyes glinted, and she kept asking, “Really? Sounds like a pro. You must have spent a lot of money to hire him. Who is he?”

Toby didn’t think much about the question. Since he thought she was curious, he answered after putting his coffee down, “Dr. Steve.”

Tina never heard of him, but she made a mental note of that so she could ask Tim later.

It was then that someone knocked on the door. “Come in.” Toby pulled his hand away.

After getting Toby’s permission, Tom came in. “Mr. Fuller, you have a dinner appointment with Mr. Coleman at Universal Hotel today. It’s nearly time. Shall we get going now?”

“Get the car.” Toby stood up and straightened himself out.

After Tom was gone, Toby turned to Tina.

Hastily, Tina put her phone down and smiled at him. “Are you going out, Toby?”

“Yes. I have an appointment. I’ll take you back home,” he said.

Tina nodded. A short while later, Toby sent her back home, and after that, Tom turned the car around and headed to Universal Hotel.

When he went past Triforce on the way, he saw a lot of young ladies surrounding the entrance; there was even a guard registering them there.

“What’s going on?” Toby asked curiously.

Tom took a look through the rear view mirror, and he knew what was going on. “Triforce released a new post on their official website in the morning. Said they’re looking for a girl with a special necklace. Those ladies there are trying out their luck.”

“They’re looking for a girl with a special necklace?” Toby squinted, and the first person he thought of was Sonia. Sonia has Rina’s necklace. Triforce is looking for a girl with a special necklace. Are they talking about the one Sonia is holding?

Toby took his phone out and checked out Triforce’s official website for more details. It didn’t take long for him to see that post. There was a picture attached with it, and it was a necklace similar to the one Sonia had.

I knew it. They’re talking about Sonia’s necklace. This one in the post probably belonged to Julia’s mother. Odd though. Sonia’s necklace should have gone missing along with Rina’s death twenty years ago. They don’t know Henry kept it, so why are they looking for it now?