

### **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 213**

Sonia fell into silence after hearing the hoarse male voice from the other end of the phone.

I never expected Z-H's voice to be this terrible!

Not only that, judging from his voice, he seemed to be older than her, possibly a man in his forties. Generally, men this age either had a beer belly or suffered from hair loss.

The thought that she had potentially slept with a forty-year-old bald male with a beer belly made her feel nauseous. Toby was immediately concerned after hearing her dry heave. "W-What's wrong?"

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In a panic, he almost spoke to her in his real voice. Thankfully, he managed to get a hold of himself and switched back to the 'forty-year-old' voice.

Due to the nauseousness, she missed the change in his voice. She shook her head weakly. "I'm fine. Thank you for your concern, Mr. Johann."

When she called him Mr. Johann, he immediately understood her purpose of calling.

"Are you calling me about the bank loans?" He lowered his gaze.

Sonia took a deep breath and put on a somber expression. "Yes. I want to understand the reason behind you doing that for me."

“Didn’t I tell you before? Since you’re the mother of my child, I will take responsibility,” Toby replied, still trying hard to maintain his altered croaky voice.

She pursed her lips stubbornly. “But I told you before that I don’t need your help.”

“That’s your problem. I choose to take responsibility at my end,” he said to counter her statement.

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She had nothing to reply to his argument. Of course, she could ask him not to take any responsibility, but she could not stop him from doing so.

“Whatever. If you want to, suit yourself. Anyway, don’t you think it’s a bit too much of a responsibility for you to repay my loans? It’s like, a few billion.” She grimaced at the mention of it.

Not many could offer a few billion to settle the loans of others. To her surprise, he chuckled. “It’s just a few billion. It’s not even worthy of mention to me.”

“I-It’s not worthy of mention?” Sonia almost choked.

He grunted coolly. “Yeah, it’s not much.”

The market valuation of Fuller Group was in the hundreds of billions, and his personal wealth was around 80 billion, half of it from Fuller Group, and the other half derived from his other assets. Therefore, it was right to say that he was filthy rich.

Sonia admitted that she was rather envious after hearing him dismiss the few billions as 'not much'. Indeed, one should never seek to compare with the others, for that was a source of unhappiness.

Ah, if only Paradigm Co. was in the position to offer another firm a few billion without batting an eye, she would have been so elated.

"Mr. Johann, even if you think it's nothing, a few billions is too much for me. Even if you see it as a way to so call take responsibility, that amount has crossed a line. So, sir, please get someone to cancel this transaction. If you really want to take responsibility for me, maybe it's better to only give me an apartment or a car." She rubbed the middle of her forehead worriedly.

Anyhow, she could not possibly benefit from his few billions worth of giveaway.

Both of them were to be blamed for the one-night-stand, so she could not accept his goodwill without feeling burdened.

"I'm sorry. The money has been transferred, and the banks have erased the records of your loans. I guess I can't take my money back," he informed her calmly of the reality.

She bit her lip. "How could that happen..."

"Since this is a done deal, you don't have to feel uneasy about it. I willingly paid it off for you. It's not like you asked for it, so don't feel burdened. Alright now. I have an ongoing meeting. Talk later."

As if he was afraid that she'd insist, he quickly ended the call.

On the other end, Sonia let out a sigh when the call screen vanished.

It seems that I can't return his money anymore.

Even so, she would not accept the money. With that in mind, she composed a message.

‘I’ll see that as your personal loan. Once Paradigm Co. becomes profitable, I’ll pay you back.’

Toby had just walked up to the meeting room door and was about to open the door when his phone buzzed in his hand.

He paused and checked his phone to find a message from Sonia.

When he clicked into it, what awaited him was a message that made him frown again. Indeed, no matter how hard he tried to persuade her, she would not accept his help.

Oh well, if she wants to pay me back, let her do it. It would take years from launching Paradigm Co. to turning it profitable until she could afford to pay a few billion.

At that time, it would be a miracle if she could even locate Z-H.

He flashed a faint smile and tucked his phone away to rejoin the meeting.

At Paradigm Co., Sonia called Daphne in and told her, “Get the heads of departments ready for a meeting.”

Since she had figured out the identity of her benefactor, knowing that it was not a trap, it was time to announce it to everyone.

Plus, she believed that she could weaponize this knowledge against Asher Dafoe. After all, she was the one who managed to settle the loans of the company, while he did nothing. She could get everyone in the company to side with her.

“Yes.” Daphne nodded and left to make the arrangements. Soon, Sonia stood up and moved to the meeting room.

A few days after the turn of events, it was the auction day.

At night, Sonia was dressed up in an evening gown and put on full makeup. She departed for the event venue with Charles.

When she arrived at the hotel entrance, she saw Zane running toward her just as she got out of the car. "Sonia, you're really pretty tonight!"

He scanned her from head to toe with astonishment in his eyes.

She tucked away a curl of hair near her ears and smiled. "Thank you. Oh, right, why are you here? Are you not going in?"

"I'm here waiting for you guys," he replied.

Charles, who had just got out of the car, rolled his eyes at the answer and huffed. "No one asked you to wait."

Zane fired back aggressively, mocking, "Yeah, no one asked; I willingly waited here. But I did not wait for you—I waited for Sonia. You just happen to be with her."

"You—"

Sensing a fight coming, Sonia immediately stopped the two. "Alright, alright. Stop it. Look, people are coming and going. Don't you feel embarrassed? Okay, let's go in now."

Once Sonia intervened, the two men quickly dropped the confrontation. Charles was adjusting his tie when his phone buzzed.

He checked his phone and lifted a brow. "Baby, it's a call from Carl. It's a little noisy here with all the cars, so I'll go elsewhere to pick up the call. Wait for me here."

"Sure, go ahead." She nodded.

Before moving aside, Charles did not forget to give Zane a glare, to which the latter replied with a smirk. "When did I step on his toes? He's really weird sometimes."

Sonia snorted. "Well, sorry, Zane. Charles is a bit..."

"It's alright! I'm not mad about it." Zane waved and suddenly thought of something. His face turned serious. "Oh, I heard that Paradigm Co.'s loans are all settled. What happened? Where did you get the money for that? Could you have negotiated some fishy deals?"

She was speechless at his odd guesses. "How is that possible? It's that guy. He settled the debts for me, saying that he wanted to take responsibility for me and our child."

A realization dawned on Zane. "Ah, so it was him! Everything makes sense now. That dude is rich. His personal assets alone are worth tens of billions. A few billion is nothing to him."

"He's that rich?" Her jaw almost dropped to the floor.

Although Mr. Johann once told her that he was rich, she never had expected him to own that many assets on top of his company's net worth.

She inhaled sharply, and she could not bring herself to imagine the extent of his wealth. Regardless, she finally learned that Mr. Johann was as rich as Toby Fuller.

"Yeah, he's the wealthiest among us all. Have I not told you before?" Zane stared at her, but she responded with a sneer.

"Yeah, you never told me that he's a forty-year-old man."

"Pfft!" Zane almost burst out in laughter. "How are you sure that he's in his forties?"

“I could tell from his voice! Two days ago, I made a WhatsApp call to him. His voice sounded hoarse and croaky; it was terrible. I’ve only heard such voices from creepy middle-aged men. That’s why I suspect that he is one.” As she explained, a look of disgust filled her face.