

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 242

Toby gave it some thought, apparently interested in the idea.

Kurtis added, "And also, since you're affected by her, that means you can look into your case through your fiancée. Maybe she knows something. She is the only one who gains something from it."

"Good point. Thanks for coming over, doctor." Toby extended his hand

Kurtis shook it. "No problem. Call if you need anything, Mr. Fuller."

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"Sure." Toby nodded, then he called Tom to come in. "Send the doctor off."

"Yes sir," Tom answered before inviting Kurtis to go with him. After he sent the psychologist to the elevator, Tom went back to the office. "Are you alright, sir?" he asked with concern.

Toby nodded. "I'm fine. Call a few more psychologists for me."

The request shocked Tom. "What's wrong, sir?" He wants more? One isn't enough? Is he that sick already?

Toby looked at him impatiently. "Just do it. I'm not asking for your opinion."

"I'm just worried." Tom pouted.

Toby massaged his temples. "Alright, shut it. And look into Tina. I want to know if she has seen any psychologists over the last six years. Especially ones who specialize in hypnosis."

He suspected that Tina hired someone to hypnotize him, since she stood to gain a lot from this. Even if she wasn't the mastermind, she was definitely involved. At this thought, Toby added, "And look into the Grays."

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"Sir, about the first request... Dr. Lancaster has mastered the art of hypnosis, and he's Miss Gray's friend. If she needs a psychologist, he'd be her first choice," Tom said.

Toby squinted, his eyes glinting coldly. "Then look into Tim Lancaster."

"What about the Grays then?" Tom asked.

Toby looked at him, annoyed. "Do I even have to tell you what to do?"

Tom stood up straight. "I understand. I'll look into it."

It was only then Toby retracted his gaze. Of course he would look into them. If Tina and the Grays were behind this, they wouldn't ask Tim to help out. Everyone knew Tim was their friend, so asking him to help out risked exposing them. The Grays weren't stupid, so they would definitely hire another psychologist. However, Toby couldn't be too sure, so he wanted to look into both of them.

Over the next couple of days, Toby consulted a lot of famous psychologists, but the results were the same. They said he wasn't hypnotized, much to his disappointment. At the same time, he started doubting himself. If a single psychologist said he wasn't hypnotized, then that guy might have

misdiagnosed him, but if a group of them said the same thing, then that meant he really wasn't hypnotized.

Does that mean I'm just hallucinating? No. It's true. But maybe it's because of something else and not hypnosis.

"I've looked into it, sir. Aside from Dr. Lancaster, Miss Gray and her parents haven't seen any other psychologists. Moreover, Dr. Lancaster knew nothing about psychology six years ago. He only studied it after going overseas. He came back three months ago, after Miss Gray regained consciousness. There's no contact between you two over the years. You have met him a few times over the last few months, but he did nothing to you." Tom handed his report over.

Toby skimmed through it, but he said nothing. He stared at his desk, immersed in his thoughts.

"Oh, right, sir." Tom continued, "Miss Gray called me, since she's worried you might not take her call. She wants me to tell you that she'll be waiting for you at a restaurant tonight, and that she wants to talk. I think she wants to patch things up with you."

She's panicking. I mean, the president wouldn't see her.

"I see. Tell her I'll go," Toby replied indifferently while looking down. I didn't manage to tell Titus last time, so she'll have to hear about the breakup from me first.

Since Tom didn't know what Toby was planning, he was surprised that Toby actually agreed. Is the president going to patch things up with her? He pouted, feeling worried. But still, he remained calm and nodded. "Alright. I'll tell her that."

Toby went for the dinner appointment right on time, while Sonia and Carl came out for dinner as well. Charles wanted to come too but he had to work overtime, so he couldn't do anything about it.

"You go on ahead, Sonia. I'll find somewhere to park." Carl rolled the window down and looked at Sonia through his glasses.

Sonia nodded. "Sure. But be quick about it."

"Of course." Carl smiled gently, rolled the window up, and drove away.

Sonia pulled her shoulder bag up and was about to go into the restaurant, but she felt someone staring at her. Instinctively, she turned around to see who was staring.

It was a man in white, and he had waist-length hair. However, what surprised her the most was the man's looks. He was beautiful. Weird, but she couldn't find any other adjective to describe the man.

It was the first time she came across a man as beautiful as him, and his eyes were a special grey, as if it contained the whole universe. However, his gaze was deadly cold, as if he didn't see her as a human. As if... she was already dead to him. That realization made her shudder. This guy's dangerous. Sonia clenched her fists and went on high alert. "Hello, sir. Why are you looking at me like that? Do I know you?"

The man answered her, but his voice was as cold and dead as his gaze. "You shouldn't go near him anymore. At this rate, I'll have to break my promise."

"I'm sorry?" Sonia was flabbergasted. "What do you mean? Who is this 'him' you're talking about? And what promise?" I don't understand a word.

The man didn't answer.

She wanted to know more, but then Carl called out to her, so she turned around. "Oh, you're back."

Carl came up to her with a smile. "I thought I told you to go ahead. Why are you still standing alone here?"

"Alone?" Sonia was surprised to hear that. "I'm not alone. I was talking to a guy. He's..." She turned around and was about to introduce the man, but he was nowhere to be found, as if he had disappeared into thin air. "Huh? Where is he?"

“What are you talking about, Sonia?” Carl looked at her curiously. “There’s nobody here.”

Sonia froze up, then she shook her head and smiled. “He’s gone. That’s why you didn’t see him.”

“I see.” Carl nodded. “Who was the guy?”

Sonia shrugged. “No idea. He’s handsome, but a bit creepy. Told me a lot of stuff, but I didn’t understand a word.” She thought back to what the man said, her mind racing. The guy knows me, but I’ve never seen him before.