

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 450

“All we can do now is just hope.” Charles sighed.

After that, the two no longer exchanged words as the room fell silent.

At that moment, they were taking their time to register the presence of the new Carl.

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The next morning, a statement regarding Carl’s departure had been posted on his personal Facebook account.

At once, both the entertainment and fashion world were shocked. It had inevitably caused many debates which discussed why he was leaving so suddenly and why he didn’t even attend the announcement conference.

Many of Carl’s fans couldn’t take it, so they had gathered together and waited outside his residential area. They were hoping to bump into him to get the truth and reason for his departure.

Nevertheless, they failed to see him even after camping there for a day. Some of the more aggressive fans had even barged into the residential area, and into his house. To their dismay, they found the place he stayed to be completely deserted.

Carl was missing.

This topic had gone up to the trending chart, and more netizens were guessing where Carl went.

However, no matter how they tried, they still didn't know where he went, or why he had suddenly decided to quit without saying anything.

After all the commotion, his sudden departure and absence had become the entertainment and fashion fields' biggest secret of the year.

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Sitting by Toby's bed was Sonia, who was looking at the trending news online. Reading them, she subconsciously pursed her lips.

She knew why he had left.

It was because he was going back to Westsashire; he was returning to the Hayes Family.

He had said that himself.

Though it wasn't something to be proud of, she was secretly happy that this Carl had gone back to the Hayes' to sort things out. When the old Carl comes back, he doesn't have to personally deal with those horrible people and their business anymore, Sonia thought.

That was right. Although she knew that the old Carl wasn't all innocent and kind, she didn't want him to actually do anything bad. She was hoping that the old Carl could keep his hands clean.

Hence, these dark and dirty matters could be dealt with by this Carl.

Though, she had another reason behind wanting him to go back—she didn't know how to live with this new Carl.

As she was deep in thought, her phone rang.

Glancing at her phone, she saw that it was a call from Rebecca.

When she saw the caller ID, she sighed, knowing the reason why Rebecca called.

“Rebecca, you’re leaving?” As soon as the call got connected, Sonia asked before the other end could speak.

Stumped, Rebecca said with her mouth hung open, “President Reed, you knew about this?”

“I guessed it.” Sonia chuckled before she continued, “You came to Seafield to look for Carl. Now that he wants to go back to Westsashire, your task is considered done. So, it’s only logical that you want to go back with him.”

Hearing that, Rebecca calmed down. “I didn’t know that you already knew that Carl is our young master.”

“Yeah. I found out a few days ago.” Sonia nodded.

Rebecca then said in an embarrassed tone, “Yes, President Reed. I’m calling to resign as I’ll be heading back to Westsashire.”

.....”

“Alright. You have my approval,” Sonia answered. However, she pursed her lips before adding, “However...”

“What is it?” Rebecca asked in confusion.

With a sigh, Sonia said, "Here's the thing. There's something I need your help with. You do know about Carl's psychological issue, don't you?"

"Yes, I do." Rebecca hummed in acknowledgement.

Sonia then said, "Two days ago, Carl had undergone some triggering incident which led to the birth of his second personality... No, it wasn't the birth. It has existed since long ago, but it has been in hibernation. Now, this other personality has awakened and taken over his body's control. Not only that, this identity has a grudge for Carl's original identity, so he intends to seek for a psychiatrist to help get rid of Carl's original identity."

"What?!" Hearing what she said, Rebecca raised her voice in confusion. "President Reed, you're saying that the Carl now is not the old Carl?"

"Yes. It's his split personality. He's a very dark personality that wants to get rid of his initial identity and take over his body. Hence, I hope that you can keep an eye on him when he gets back to Westsashire. Don't let him get to a psychiatrist and get rid of Carl. Please."

Registering how severe this issue is, Rebecca nodded with a serious face. "Understood, President Reed. Don't worry, I'll look out for him."

Despite the fact that he was also Carl, this identity was said to have a very dark personality according to Sonia. He must be very spontaneous and dangerous.

Just because of that fact, Rebecca already wanted to have the old Carl back.

"Thank you." Hearing that she had agreed, Sonia thanked her happily. At this time, she felt a little relieved because of that.

After that, the two of them continued on with some small talk before ending the call.

Putting down the phone, Sonia shifted her attention to Toby who was still bedridden.

It had been two days since they returned, and he had yet to regain consciousness.

She put her palm on his forehead and felt that his fever was already gone. Why is he not waking up yet?

“Baby.” At this moment, a string of knocks on the door of the ward could be heard.

Retracting her hand from Toby’s forehead, she turned to look in the direction of the door and saw Charles standing there. “What’s up?”

“Aren’t you going to Paradigm Co.? It’s almost time.” Charles put his hand down from the door as he reminded Sonia.

Sonia was stunned for a moment before she stood up. “Right. I almost forgot about it.”

It had been almost half a month since the attack from Taylor. Since then, she had not gone to Paradigm Co. ever since.

Although Charles had been reporting the company’s situation to her every day, she didn’t feel reassured unless she went to the office to learn about the situation herself.

After all, Asher and the bunch were all eyeing the company.

Now that her eyes were alright, she should go back to Paradigm Co. and hold the fort. That would be sufficient enough to let Asher back off as he would think that she was dead otherwise.

“Let’s go.” Pulling the blanket nicely for Toby, she then turned and left for the door.

Seeing that she had come out, Charles took a glance at the hospital bed before his mouth twitched. “Do you really plan to continue to take care of him?”

“Yes.” She nodded firmly. “He’s in this state because he tried to save me, so I can’t run from the responsibility of taking care of him until he recovers. It’s an obligation.”

“I know, but I’m a little worried,” Charles said while walking by her side.

Turning to look at him, she asked, “What are you worried about?”

“Of course I’m worried that you’ll fall in love with him again. Taking care of him means staying by his side all the time. That can easily lead to feelings blossoming, so...”

He didn’t have to continue for her to get the gist.

Obviously, he was worried that her taking care of Toby meant spending a lot of time with him which would make her let him in again.

However, that was not possible.

Looking down at the ground, she said, “Alright, don’t overthink it. It’s not so easy to fall in love with someone.”

“Well, you never know.” Charles shrugged.

At this moment, there was a shift in her gaze. They didn’t exchange words after that as she went back into her ward to change her clothes.

An hour later, she arrived at Paradigm Co.

It didn’t take long before the news of her returning to work was spread from the concierge to the entire building via a group message.

At that moment, Asher was chilling while having a cup of tea. Immediately, he jumped when he heard what his assistant said. "What did you say? She's back already?"

"Yes, President Dafoe. President Reed is back. She's already in her office now." His assistant nodded.

At once, Asher's face turned sour. "Dang it. Why is she back already? Can it be that she knows what I'm up to?"

Hearing that, the assistant asked, "In that case, President Dafoe, shall we proceed with our plan?"