

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 501**

Despite saying so, Vincent's tone of voice was filled with uncertainty, and he couldn't conceal it at all. It was evident that Vincent was worried—he believed that Toby would eventually investigate and find out about their plan. Vincent was merely trying to comfort and fool himself with his reassuring words.

At that moment, the maid ran over to Vincent and Lily. "President McRae, Fuller Group's president's assistant, Mr. Brown, is here to see you," she uttered.

Vincent's heart sank when he heard the words 'Fuller Group', and the muscles on his rugged face trembled as he spoke. "What did you say? Who's here?"

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"Daddy!" Lily grabbed onto Vincent's hand in fear.

"President Fuller's assistant, Mr. Brown," the maid repeated. Vincent's expression turned grim once he made sure that he hadn't heard the wrong name earlier. All of a sudden, he got to his feet and paced back and forth beside the couch. "What's he doing here? Why is he here?" Vincent balled his fists as he muttered.

"Mr. Brown said that he's here to seek justice on behalf of President Fuller." The maid looked up and gave Vincent a careful gaze. "He said that you and Lily were plotting against President Fuller..."

Bang! Before the maid finished her sentence, Vincent collapsed back onto the couch. "He knows about it, Dad. He knows!" Lily was so terrified that her entire being was shaking. As Vincent parted his lips to speak, anger began seeping out of his being. "I heard what the maid said!" he growled as he glared at Lily with his bloodshot eyes.

"Would you like to see Mr. Brown now, President McRae? He's just behind the door," the maid uttered.

Vincent's fists were still tightly clenched. "Why would I want to see him? Tell him that I'm not interested in meeting anyone. I don't know anything about plotting against President Fuller—"

"I'm afraid I won't be able to go along with your orders since I'm already here, President McRae. I guess you have no choice but to see me." Tom walked in with a grin on his face, a security guard and lawyer following behind him. The friendly smile on Tom's face looked like the devil's grin to both Vincent and Lily. Both of them were too stunned to do anything.

Vincent hadn't planned to meet Tom—he wanted to avoid Tom to keep him and his daughter safe. However, he hadn't expected Tom to invite himself into the room. Gone were his hopes of being able to escape! After that, Tom had a conversation with both father and daughter. Both the McRaes looked as if their souls had escaped their bodies—they sat on the couch and stayed still for a long while after Tom left.

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Tom, on the other hand, took a glance at the signed papers in his hands as he smiled and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. He looked like a fox who had just caught his meal of the day. About an hour later, Tom arrived at Toby's condominium.

"I've settled things with the McRaes, President Fuller. Vincent agreed to sign the documents, and someone will short sell all of his company's stocks soon. Then, the McRaes will disappear from Seafield." Tom handed the documents over for Toby to take a look.

Toby took it over, but he didn't read it at all. "I got it," he uttered as he tossed the documents onto the coffee table. Typically, the McRaes' tiny act of plotting against Toby wouldn't have resulted in such a huge punishment for them. However, when Tom was doing his research on the rumors, he found out that the McRaes traded Paradigm Co.'s shares during the company's lowest point.

Six years ago, Vincent gathered some funds and attempted to short sell the last of Paradigm Co.'s stocks when he realized how unsteady the company was. He figured that he would suck up the last bit of Paradigm Co.'s funds. However, Vincent's capital wasn't big enough, so Paradigm Co. managed to

survive, albeit barely. Yet, Henry was still burdened by debt, and he still killed himself in the end. I don't understand why Henry killed himself over unpaid debts, but I'm sure that Vincent played an indirect role in Henry's death.

This time, Tom decided to destroy the McRae Group, partially also because he wanted to avenge the death of Sonia's father. Otherwise, Sonia might never know that she had enemies other than the Gray Family. "There's something else, President Fuller." Tom didn't seem to mind that Toby hadn't even glanced at the documents. The papers weren't going to disappear, so Toby could see them anytime.

"What is it?" Toby massaged the space between his eyebrows before he turned around to pour himself a glass of water. Tom, who was standing beside him, responded in a polite tone, "Old Mrs. Fuller's 80th birthday party is happening in two days, and the evening gown you bought for Sonia has arrived. It's at the customs now. Should I send it over to Miss Reed?"

Upon hearing Tom's words, Toby paused halfway while sipping his water. He looked up at his assistant and recalled that he had indeed purchased an evening gown for Sonia. With his brows knitted, Toby thought, I would have definitely used someone else's name to send the dress over to Sonia before today. But now that I don't want to die, and now that I want to be with her... I don't want to send her gifts using someone else's name.

After thinking for a while more, Toby realized that Sonia might not take the gift if he sent it over with his own name. I was too harsh with my words previously. I didn't just say that she was bad at taking care of me; I even told her never to show up in front of me ever again. Toby massaged his temples as he felt a surge of regret in his chest. I shouldn't have given up on looking for a heart donor so soon, and I shouldn't have tried to cut things off with Sonia. If I knew that I would eventually change my mind and decide not to accept my fate of death, I wouldn't have made things so hard for myself.

Tom's glasses glinted as he looked at Toby, who looked like there was a dark cloud hovering above his head. It didn't take long for Tom to figure out what was going on in Toby's mind, and Tom cleared his throat as he muttered a few words under his breath. "You deserve it!" Previously, Tom had already told Toby not to give up so easily. Tom's advice had been to give the situation a little more thought before deciding, but Toby didn't listen to him at all—that was why Toby was regretting his actions right now! Tom let out an exasperated sigh before he spoke. "Why don't you just send the evening gown over, President Fuller?"

"What?" Toby turned to look at Tom as he wanted to know Tom's rationale for saying so.

Tom shrugged. "Since you've decided not to allow fate to dictate your life, and since you've decided that you want to find a heart donor and continue living, then I'm sure you don't want to grow any further apart from Miss Reed, right? You should be thinking of ways to get close to her, and to turn your relationship back to how it was like when you were admitted into the hospital. You know what you should be doing, but you don't know how to achieve it, right?"

Toby narrowed his gaze without saying much.

Tom knew that his guess had been right, so he continued speaking. "Well, your evening gown is the perfect way to go about this! Why don't you send the evening gown over just to test Sonia's current perception of the situation?"

Upon hearing these words, Toby raised his head and nodded a few times. "What you said makes a lot of sense. Let's do that."

"Okay. I'll get someone to deliver it over from the customs," Tom offered. "Go ahead," Toby uttered with a nod. Tom nodded in return before he headed out of the office.

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Sonia parked her car in Lane Corporation before she walked into the lobby. She rarely visited Charles' office—it was Charles who often went to Paradigm Co. instead. Therefore, most of the staff members didn't recognize her. While Charles usually headed straight to Sonia's office when he visited Paradigm Co., Sonia had to register herself at the front desk.

"Hello, I'm here to see President Lane," Sonia said to the admin at the front desk.

The admin pulled out a registration name list. "Hello, Miss. Please tell me your name, and I'll schedule an appointment for you."

"My name's Sonia." Sonia gave the admin her first name. Upon hearing Sonia's name, the admin froze for a moment before she looked up to stare at Sonia. The admin looked as if she were trying to confirm her suspicions. After a few seconds, the admin put the registration name list away before she gave Sonia a warm smile. "You're Miss Reed!" she uttered.

“Do you know me?” Sonia was somewhat taken aback.

The admin nodded. “President Lane ordered us to remember your name and face. We’re supposed to let you up to his office without having to inform him if you ever visit. Unfortunately, President Lane isn’t in his office now, Miss Reed.”

“He’s not?” Sonia frowned. “Where is he, then?”