

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 540**

“A premium knock-off?” Toby repeated grimly, the air around him growing cold.

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Tom’s lips twitched, and he was rendered speechless as he thought, A premium knock-off of the Ocean’s Heart? What a ridiculous lie!

Not knowing that Toby and Tom had already caught her in her lie, Jean thought she had them fooled. Nodding frantically, she said, “Yes, a premium knock-off. I specifically went to the mall to get it, and it cost me thousands!”

“Mom, do you seriously think the Ocean’s Heart would have a knock-off in the market?” Toby demanded as he stared at her impassively.

Upon hearing this, Jean felt the sirens going off in her head, and a wave of uneasiness crashed over her as she stammered, “W-What do you mean?”

“What I meant was that the Ocean’s Heart was auctioned off as soon as it was made, and no photos of it had ever been made public. The rest of the world only knew the Ocean’s Heart as an extremely valuable piece of jewelry, but they never saw what it looked like. As for that shop that you supposedly went to, why don’t you tell me where they came across the real Ocean’s Heart and thereafter produce a counterfeit like that?” he asked icily and pressed his lips into a thin line.

She blanched and began to stammer, “I-I...” She was at a loss for words, having reached the peak of embarrassment now that her bluff had been called.

Rubbing the space between his brows, he asked, "So, are you ready to tell me how the Ocean's Heart came to be in your possession?"

She held onto the Ocean's Heart that was nestled upon her collarbone and forced herself to meet Toby's piercing gaze. Understanding that she could not lie any further, she finally spoke the truth. "Sonia gave it to me."

"That's impossible!" Toby countered sternly with a frown.

Hurrying to her own defense, Jean insisted, "She really did give it to me! You were hospitalized when she came over to look for you. I was the one who greeted her at the door, and she handed the necklace to me so I could pass it to you, but I—"

"But you decided to keep it for yourself instead when you realized that it was the Ocean's Heart, is that it?" Toby asked, narrowing his eyes dangerously.

Jean looked down in shame as though to confess in silence.

Taking a deep breath to keep his rage at bay, Toby reached a hand toward her and barked coldly, "Give me the necklace."

"No," she cried in protest when she heard this and tightened her grip on the Ocean's Heart. She shook her head vehemently, her unwillingness showing on her face. "You were the one who bought the Ocean's Heart in the first place, Toby, and when you first gave it to that bit—"

His expression grew sullen. "Hmm?"

Knowing how he felt toward Sonia at the moment, Jean realized that she had said something wrong. She opened and closed her mouth, then tried to cover up her mistake as she argued, "What I meant to say was, Sonia was the one at fault when she snatched the Ocean's Heart away in the beginning, and now

that she has returned it out of her own good conscience, you could give it to me instead of letting it lie around the house.”

“No!” Toby snapped through gritted teeth, then reached out to her once more. “Give me the necklace.”

Jean tried to persuade him once more. “Toby—”

However, he did not budge as he hissed, “Give it to me!”

She heard the impatience and dangerous undertone in his voice and thought better than to push his limits. She quickly unclasped the necklace and handed it over to him reluctantly, all the while clenching her jaw.

Having taken one end of the necklace, Toby made to pull it in, only to find that it would not budge in mid-air. Frowning, he looked up to see that Jean had not entirely released the other end of the necklace even as she handed it over, and her face was the perfect picture of reluctance.

He sighed wearily. “Tom.”

“Yes, sir,” Tom replied swiftly.

“Have a set of jewelry made for Madam White tomorrow.”

“Very well, sir,” Tom answered respectfully with a nod.

Then, Toby turned to look at Jean like he was dealing with a child. “Did you hear that, Mom? Tom is going out tomorrow to have an expensive set of jewelry made for you, so could you please let go of the Ocean’s Heart and let me have it now?”

He couldn’t pull the Ocean’s Heart out of her hands by force. Otherwise, he might risk breaking it.

Meanwhile, Jean stared longingly at the Ocean's Heart, not at all interested in or overjoyed at the prospect of owning new jewelry. She knew that no jewelry could come close to being as valuable as the Ocean's Heart, and naturally, she would not settle for less.

"Let's talk about this, shall we, Toby?" Jean forced out a smile on her plump face as she desperately argued, "Sonia has already returned the Ocean's Heart, which could only mean that she no longer wants it. You—"

"No," he snapped in brusque rejection. "Even if she returned it because she didn't want it anymore, I would still keep it for her. As far as I'm concerned, she's the only one who gets to have the Ocean's Heart."

"But—"

Toby had completely lost his patience now, and through gritted teeth, he hissed, "No buts. Let go of the necklace."

At last, Jean let go of her end of the necklace and let him take it. As unwilling as she was, she dared not go against him. He might be raised by her, but his demeanor took after his grandmother's, and hell hath no fury like a scorned Toby.

Presently, after taking back the Ocean's Heart, Toby felt the anger in him subside as his expression softened. He carefully slipped the necklace into the pocket of his pants, then shot Jean a somber look. "Mom, I'm sure Grandma has told you about how Sonia and I would eventually remarry and how you should stop having such unwarranted hostility against her, right?"

Jean nodded slowly at first, then asked unhappily, "Are you really planning on going through another marriage with her, Toby?"

"Yes," he answered firmly.

Incensed, Jean protested, "What's so wonderful about her anyway? Why can't you just let her go?"

“Maybe you should tell me why you have such little regard for her. What did she ever do to make you hate her so much?” he countered coolly instead of answering her questions.

Scoffing, Jean began to say, “She’s a terrible person through and through! She—” Just as she was about to come up with examples of Sonia’s supposed terrible personality, Jean found herself at a total loss of words. Surprised and somewhat bewildered by this realization, she wondered why she couldn’t pinpoint any of Sonia’s flaws.

As though reading her mind, Toby rubbed his temples wearily. “Do you know why you can’t think of a single bad thing about Sonia, Mom? Because you know as well as I do that she has done nothing wrong. Six years ago, she showed you respect regardless of how you treated her, and she never retaliated. She took care of Tyler even when he bullied her, but she only brushed it off and did what was asked of her. It’s precisely because she has done everything right that you can’t nitpick on her, so I don’t understand why you hate her so much.”

Why? Jean lowered her gaze and muttered, “Because she comes from a terrible family, and she’ll only pull your leg if she sticks by you. How do you expect me to tolerate having a daughter-in-law like her?”

“A terrible family?” He scoffed incredulously. “That’s the most ridiculous reason I’ve ever heard!”

Behind him, Tom nodded in agreement with Toby; he couldn’t quite understand Jean’s argument, either.

Granted, having daughters-in-law who came from questionable or below-average family backgrounds was taboo among older women in the upper-crust society, but these women differed from Jean. They were born and raised as blue-bloods with impressive wealth at their disposal, so Tom could see why they might think lowly of daughters-in-law who had poor roots.

However, Jean’s background was worse off than Sonia’s. At the very least, the latter’s family had been affluent, even if for a short while. The former, on the other hand, was born into an average working-class family, so for her to look down on Sonia’s upbringing was confounding.

“Why is that ridiculous?” Jean put her hands on her hips, indignant. “I just don’t want you to marry someone who can never match up to the Fuller Family’s standards, someone who could never offer you the help or support you need. Bringing a woman like her into the family will only make you the laughing

stock of the circle. Can't you imagine the shame of it all? I'm saying this because I see you as my own son, Toby, and I don't want you to go through what your father did back in the day."