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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 513 - 514

Chapter 513 She's My Cousin

Emily twirled in front of Zane before resting her hand on top of his shoulder once more. She acted like she didn't understand his question and asked, "What do you mean, Zane?"

"There's no need to put on a show at this point, Emily. You and Toby came over to dance beside Sonia and me because you guys wanted to exchange partners during the climax of the song, right?" Zane cast an angry glare at Emily.

She spread her red lips into a smile. "Fine, fine; I guess we didn't manage to trick you after all. I can't help it. Toby's my cousin, so I have to help him to get the girl he likes, right?"

"That may be true, but don't you think it's a little too immoral to help him snatch a girl from another guy's arms?" Zane pushed Emily away as he stopped dancing with her.

She staggered backward before steadying herself. Despite Zane's harsh treatment, she didn't seem angry at all—she merely tidied her long hair while speaking with a smile. "I don't think it's immoral at all. You're not dating Sonia, so this is a fair competition. I guess it might be a little unfair for you since you don't have a helper, but... I'm sure you can tell that Toby and Sonia are in love with each other, Zane. Do you think the partner exchange would have gone so smoothly if they didn't have feelings for each other?" If Sonia hadn't been interested in Toby, she wouldn't have gone along with him even if he dragged her over. She might have even slapped him on the face.

However, Sonia did none of that and allowed Toby to lead the way. This showed that deep down, Sonia wanted to dance with Toby too. Zane quickly realized what Emily meant, and he clenched his fists after he turned to look at Toby and Sonia, who were already dancing. "I know that they're in love, but..." Zane's heart was filled with resentment.

"Since they're in love, why don't we just support their relationship?" Emily interrupted him with the wave of a hand. "I know you like Sonia, but what's the use of you being stubborn when she isn't going to reciprocate your feelings for her? You will end up hurting yourself,

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and you will still end up seeing Toby and Sonia together. Letting go would be the wisest thing to do here,” Emily advised.

Zane hung his head low. I understand all of that, of course. But I just can’t bring myself to let go of this. Although the public knows me as a playboy, I’ve never truly fallen for anyone. This is the first time I’ve properly fallen in love with a girl—how could I let go when I just caught feelings for someone?

After a moment of silence, Emily stepped forward and held onto Zane’s arms. “We can talk about this later. Let’s continue the dance, Zane; this is the last part of the song.”

“Forget it. I’m not in the mood. You can dance on your own,” he muttered while brushing her hands off. Then, he turned to walk off the dance floor and toward the hall’s exit.

Emily stuck her tongue out as she watched Zane leave. “Oh, dear. I seemed to have broken a young man’s heart. The number of sins I’ve committed just for the sake of you, Toby!” she mumbled to herself while she watched the rest of the couples dancing.

On the other side of the dance floor, Sonia had started regaining her senses after the initial shock of being pulled away by Toby. She tried to extract her hand from Tony’s hand, but his grip felt like a clamp, not allowing her to escape at all. He was holding her hand in a skilled manner—his grip was firm enough that she couldn’t leave, yet it wasn’t hard enough to hurt her.

“Let go of me, Toby!” Sonia hissed as she frowned at him.

He looked at her. “Stop moving around. My body’s still weak, and I only have one functioning arm. If you move around too much, you might bump into my other arm and dislocate it again. What are you going to do then?”

“You’re the one who’s asking for it! Why did you go onto the dance floor when you’re still not well? How do you expect yourself to dance with a sling around your arm?” Sonia shot him an exasperated glare.

His gaze darkened upon her words. “I can’t help it. I just felt like dancing all of a sudden.” He couldn’t bear to see Sonia and Zane dancing together, but he couldn’t charge in to pull them apart as that would ruin his grandmother’s party. So, he had no choice but to go onto the dance floor himself before coming up with a scheme to steal Sonia away from Zane’s arms.

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However, Sonia didn't know any of that. When she heard Toby say he felt a sudden urge to dance, her first thought was of him dancing with Emily. Rage burned inside her and she stared at him unhappily. "If you want to dance, then why did you bring me over? Why don't you let go of me and dance with your partner, Emily, instead?"

"Are you jealous right now?" Toby raised an eyebrow.

"What?" Sonia looked like a cat whose tail had been stepped on—her expression was one of utter shock. A hint of panic appeared in her gaze as she increased her volume to defend herself. "What nonsense are you talking about? Jealous? Why would I be jealous?" I don't love him, so what's there to be jealous about? Yeah! That's right! There's nothing to be jealous about. Sonia bit her lip and nodded to herself.

Toby smirked when he saw the look on her face. "Sure, sure. You're not jealous. Regardless, there's no need for me to go to her," he uttered.

"Why?" Sonia was puzzled.

Toby remained calm and collected even as he told Sonia a lie. "My beloved cousin wanted to dance with Zane," he explained.

"Wait. What? Your cousin?" Sonia looked up at Toby in surprise. Did I hear him wrongly? He called her his cousin, right?

Toby nodded. "Yeah. Emily's my cousin. Her full name is Emily Johann, and her mother is my mother's cousin. That's how we're related."

Cousin... They're cousins! Emily's his cousin, not his love interest. So, I've misunderstood the situation all along... Sonia pressed her lips together and lowered her head when she realized what she had done. Her face was beet red, and she felt a mixture of embarrassment and joy as she processed the situation. She didn't know what she was happy about, but she could feel her entire body relaxing. It felt as if a huge rock had been lifted off her chest—she even felt like she could breathe better.

Love and care spilled out of Toby's gaze when he saw Sonia smiling to herself. I know that now's not the right time, but I really wish I could pull her close for a hug. I have to control myself. I just have to wait for a while more, he said to himself.

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The song ended after a while, and their dance came to an end. Sonia and Toby came to stand beside each other, and they held hands while they bowed to all the guests who had been standing around them and watching them dance. The guests let out loud cheers for all the dancers. While the crowd was still clapping, Sonia straightened herself and pulled her hand out of Toby's.

Toby's eyes glinted with sorrow when he first looked at his empty hand, but he quickly readjusted himself. Right then, Mary helped Rose back into the hall, and they headed directly for the stage. It seemed as if Rose was about to give a speech.

Toby turned to look at Sonia. "I'll go over since Grandma's about to give a speech. You can sit and get some rest, or you can get yourself some food," he suggested.

"Okay," she replied. After that, Toby parted his long legs and strode in Rose's direction while Sonia turned to head to the resting area. She hadn't danced in a long while, so she felt exhausted after the performance. When she got to the couches, she poured herself a glass of juice before she rested on one of the seats and took small sips of her drink.

From her seat, she could see Rose and Toby speaking on the stage. However, her movements froze as she suddenly realized something. Where's Zane? I don't think I've seen him since Toby brought me away. She hastily put her juice aside before she got up and looked around in search of Zane. However, after looking around the whole place, she couldn't find him anywhere. A mixture of guilt and shame bubbled up in her chest.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 514

Chapter 514 I'm Waiting for Her

Sonia was supposed to be Zane's dance partner, after all. She had accepted his invitation, but she ended up abandoning him and walking off with Toby. At least he has Emily as his partner, Sonia thought. At least he didn't end up in an awkward situation where he was left alone. Regardless, Sonia knew that she had broken her promise with Zane the moment she walked off with Toby. She knew that she owed Zane an apology.

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At that thought, Sonia massaged her temples before she pulled her handphone out of her bag to give Zane a call. Zane picked up after a few seconds, and he didn't sound the least bit amused as he spoke in a glum voice. "Sonia."

"Where are you, Zane?" she asked.

He was silent for two seconds before he responded. "I'm in the car."

"The car?" Sonia froze for a second. "Mhmm," Zane replied before he honked lightly. Sonia tightened her grip on her phone when she heard the sound of the vehicle in the background of the call. "Did you go home?"

"Yeah," Zane said honestly.

"Why? The party isn't over yet—why did you leave all of a sudden?" Sonia bit her lower lip.

"I've been there for a while already, so I don't think it makes a difference if I stay for the second half of the party." He steered the car with one hand as he continued talking. "Why are you calling me, anyway?"

"I'm calling to apologize," she uttered before letting out a sigh.

"You're apologizing to me?" He was stunned.

"Yeah. I'm sorry, Zane. I promised to be your partner, yet I didn't finish the dance with you. I even..." Her voice faded off. I even forgot about you by the end of the dance. I wouldn't have thought of you at all if your name hadn't popped up in my mind for a brief moment, Sonia thought.

He chuckled. "I see. It's fine. We danced for quite a while, anyway."

"I still feel a little guilty," she mumbled in a weak tone. Upon hearing her words, Zane's eyes lit up for a moment. "If you truly feel sorry toward me, then why don't you buy me a meal tomorrow? I have some stuff that I need to tell you, anyway."

"What is it?" She was curious.

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"You'll find out tomorrow," he replied in a mysterious tone. Sonia couldn't say much—she knew that he was being secretive on purpose. "Fine," she said with a shrug. "What time shall we meet tomorrow?"

"Let's meet in the afternoon. I'll pick you up from your office," Zane replied as he glanced at the digital clock in his car.

"Okay." Sonia nodded.

"Alright. You should head home to get some rest. I'll end the call now; I need to drive," he said in a warm and gentle voice. She smiled upon hearing his words. "Okay. Goodbye." After ending the call, Sonia let out a sigh of relief. That's great. At least this matter isn't weighing down on me anymore. I really hate feeling indebted to other people. That's why I made this call—I wanted to buy Zane lunch because I don't want to feel like I owe him anything. I may have cleared my debts with Zane, but Toby...

Sonia felt overwhelmed whenever she thought about all that Toby had done for her. She returned to her seat and lifted her glass of juice as she shifted her gaze to the man on stage. Although Toby's left arm was hanging from a sling, his aura was as strong as ever. Wherever he went, he naturally turned into the brightest source of light in the entire room.

When Toby sensed someone observing him, he paused for a moment before he turned to look at Sonia. Sonia hadn't expected him to look over, and they immediately locked eyes. She froze when Toby raised his glass in her direction. What's he doing? Is he raising his glass at his ex-wife in front of such a huge audience? Isn't he afraid that someone might start a rumor? We might make it onto the headlines tomorrow!

Instead of responding to his actions, she lowered her gaze and stood up before walking to the washroom. She had only taken a few steps when she heard one of the guests questioning Toby. "President Fuller, there was a huge fuss on the Internet about you canceling your engagement with the McRae Family. Although we're all aware that your relationship with that woman wasn't genuine, we're still interested to know about your love life. Do you have any plans for dating?"

Sonia's footsteps came to an immediate halt. The guest's question had clearly captured her attention, but she stopped herself from turning around to look at the stage. Instead, she stood still with her back still turned against the rest of the crowd. What is this guest trying

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to do? Why would he ask such a question? Also, how is Toby going to answer this? Sonia straightened her posture as she bit her bottom lip in anticipation.

From the corner of his eyes, Toby stole a look at Sonia as he spoke into the mic. "I'm not currently seeing anyone. However, I do have someone in mind. Although she isn't with me now, I'll keep waiting until she comes back. Once she's back, we'll get married instantly," he replied. His gaze was filled with sincerity as he spoke.

Sonia could tell that he was looking in her direction, and she could tell that he was talking about her. Her heart began racing as the same guest continued to question Toby. "Excuse me for being a busybody, but can I know who you're talking about, President Fuller?" the guest asked in a rather surprised tone.

Many of the people who showed up at the party were interested in hearing if Toby had any plans to date again because they all had their eyes on him and his impressive background. The Fuller Family was one of the top families in Seafield, and their company was widely recognized across the globe. All of the guests wished to build connections with the Fullers to boost their own businesses.

Among all the possible connections one could develop with another family, the firmest and most reliable connection was a marriage—that explained why the guest was curious about Toby's love life. If Toby was interested in getting into a relationship, all of the guests there were prepared to send their daughters over. They would convince their daughter to use all possible means to capture Toby's heart.

"No," Toby uttered flatly. He narrowed his eyes as he realized the guest's underlying motives for asking the question. The guest's heart sank before he let out a hearty laugh. "You sure are secretive about the girl you fancy, President Fuller."

Toby no longer responded to the guest after that and simply handed the mic to Tom before he got off the stage. Once Sonia realized that the conversation was over, she took a deep breath before she continued making her way to the washroom.

When she was done, she walked out to find Toby standing outside the washroom. "You..." she mumbled.

"I was waiting for you," he replied.

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"You were waiting for me?" She was shocked.

"Yeah," he said with a nod.

"Do you need anything from me?" she asked. She felt rather afraid to look him in the eye after hearing what he said on stage earlier. However, Toby didn't answer her question, but walked over to her and held her hand before he started to walk.

"Where are you taking me, Toby?" Sonia was taken aback by his actions, but she didn't try to escape his grip. She was worried that she would injure his arm if she tried to pull away from him. That's the only reason I'm following him. If I shake his hand off, he might stumble and knock into a wall or something... That was what Sonia told herself.

Toby continued to lead the way without answering Sonia's question. They walked down a long corridor before they finally ended up in the garden. It was starting to get dark in the garden, but it was a quiet spot that was suitable for conversations. Finally, Toby let go of Sonia's hand before he turned to face her. "You heard everything I said, right?"

"What did you say?" Sonia was still rather dazed.

He glared at her. "I replied to that person's question on stage earlier."

Sonia's pupils shrank as she kept quiet. Then, Toby placed his hand on her shoulder. "You know that I was talking about you, right?" His feelings for her had always been out in the open—he had made things clear from the start.

Sonia was well-aware of how he felt toward her. "Why does that matter?" All of a sudden, Sonia looked up and glared at Toby with a sour expression on her face. Fire danced in her eyes as she spoke. "What do you mean by all of this, Toby? What are you trying to do? Do you enjoy making a fool out of me?" She threw him a few questions all at once.

Toby widened his eyes when he heard her words. "I'm not making a fool out of you. What makes you think I'm fooling around?"

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