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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 709 - 710

Chapter 709 Pauline's Masterpiece

Sonia held the swaddle up to take a better look. The outer layer of the swaddle wasn't just a plain, silky surface, but there were a number of patterns embroidered on it as well. The embroidery was compact, and it made the graphics look like they were real. Such handiwork wasn't something that could be completed with a machine—it was obvious that this was entirely human-made. The delicate embroidery and the smooth silk told Sonia that this swaddle certainly cost a lot. Furthermore, even the baby's clothing felt like a high-quality product in her hands. Despite having a yellow stain from the years of being in storage, the baby's outfit felt soft and smooth in her hands, and she could tell that it was an expensive piece of clothing.

"Why did you keep all of this in the safety deposit box, Dad?" Sonia's face was filled with confusion as she lowered the swaddle. Toby took a look at the swaddle. His eyes lit up for a brief moment when he saw the patterns on it. "I'm guessing you wore this when you were a child. You probably wore it when you first met the Reed Family, which was why your dad kept it safe for you. It's a meaningful item, after all."

"How would you know that I was wearing this when I first entered the Reed Family?" Sonia gave Toby a puzzled look as she held onto the swaddle. He responded with his gaze lowered. "It was just a guess. If Henry bought it for you after you got into the Reed Family, he wouldn't have had to keep it for you since you would have tons of clothes by then. However, if this was what you were wearing before you arrived at the Reed Residence, then perhaps he held onto it as a keepsake. When someone sees this in the future, they might recall how you looked when you first came to the Reed Family," Toby replied.

"I guess that does sound possible." Sonia nodded thoughtfully. Toby pressed his lips together without making any further comments. He hadn't just made a random guess—he said that she had worn the swaddle and the baby's clothes when she first met the Reed Family because he noticed the embroidery on the swaddle.

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Pauline Gray was once famous for her embroidery skills, and she had even been one of the elders in the embroidery organization in the past. There were tons of people who loved her products. However, for some reason, she made an official announcement about 30 years ago to tell everyone that she was stopping her embroidering work. The public had been disappointed by such news.

Yet, four years after that announcement, Pauline went against her own words to start embroidering again. She picked the needle up on the day that Julia found out she was pregnant. Back then, Pauline did an interview where she highlighted that she wasn't embroidering for anyone else, but she only wanted to make a swaddle for the future grandchild she was expecting. That grandchild turned out to be Sonia.

Henry stole Sonia from the Grays a short while after Sonia was born, so it was likely that Sonia was wrapped in that very swaddle when that happened. However, Toby was shocked to see that Henry had kept the swaddle for so long. Sonia had no idea what was in Toby's mind, so she simply folded the swaddle while speaking. "If your guess was right, and I was wearing this swaddle before entering the Reed Family, then it seems like my biological family was doing pretty well. They seem like a rich bunch."

"They are rich indeed," Toby muttered.

Sonia looked up to stare at him. "Why does it sound as if you know who my biological parents are?"

His eyes glinted for a moment before he let out a laugh. "How could that be possible? I just said so because of this." He pointed at the swaddle in her hands. Sonia didn't actually suspect that Toby knew something about her family, so she simply placed the swaddle back into the box as she spoke. "Well, it doesn't matter if they're rich. I belong in the Reed Family, and I'll always be a part of the Reeds."

"Are you planning to keep this swaddle, then?" Toby asked as he looked at her.

She shut the lid of the box. "Of course. Since Dad put it in here, I'm sure he wanted it as a keepsake. If that's the case, then I have to keep it safe with me. I'll keep this at home from now on."

"Yeah. Don't bring it out—you don't want others to see it." Toby narrowed his eyes as he gave her a reminder. She can't let anyone from the Gray Family, or anyone who may recognize

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Pauline's embroidery, see this swaddle. Otherwise, someone will surely find out about her true identity. Pauline's embroidery skills are superior and she has her own unique style, so all of her products are easily identifiable. Anyone who has seen her work would be able to tell if a piece of art was made by her. From what I know, at least 6 out of 10 older ladies in the circle would be able to recognize her work, he thought.

Sonia was utterly amused by the man's serious expression. "What are you talking about? This is a secret, so why would I bring it out for no reason? Do I look like I'm going to show everyone my childhood outfits?"

Toby chuckled upon hearing her words. "You're right. I was overthinking the situation."

"Why would you say you were overthinking?" Sonia blinked a few times. "I just realized that you're acting oddly, especially when you saw the swaddle. You..."

"No. You're the one who's overthinking now." Before Sonia had a chance to finish speaking, he smoothed out her frown to interrupt her. He was worried that she might start getting suspicious if they proceeded with the topic. Fortunately, Sonia forgot about the odd feeling she had after Toby interrupted her, and she stopped questioning him after that.

Soon enough, they arrived at Paradigm Co.. Before the car turned toward the entrance, Sonia could already see groups of reporters surrounding the building. The reporters had been chased away by the security and captured by the police when they last gathered in front of the office, so they learned their lesson and kept away from the front entrance this time. Instead, they parked a few feet away from the front entrance so that they wouldn't block the company staff from going in and out. That way, they also gave the security one less reason to chase them off.

"Miss Reed." Tom turned around to look at Sonia after he saw the sight in front of him. "Should I drive into the basement, or..."

"You can just stop at the front entrance. You don't have to go to the basement—I'm sure there will be reporters there as well. Since the reporters are everywhere, I might as well confront them in a more direct manner," Sonia replied.

Then, Tom turned to look at Toby. Toby lifted his head a little. "Just follow her orders. Her orders are my orders from now on."

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"Okay." Tom wore a smile on his face, but deep down, he was rolling his eyes. Tsk tsk tsk. They haven't even remarried each other, and he's already so severely in love with her. I wonder who guided President Fuller through his development of manhood. I never want to be like him when I get a girlfriend in the future. Never! Tom swore to himself as he slowly steered the car over to the front entrance of Paradigm Co. before stopping at the public parking area.

Toby's car was easily recognized by the public. It wasn't just the exclusive look of his pricey car, but it was also his special car plate number that made it hard for others to miss it. Seafield was a large place, yet Toby was the only one with this type of car plate. Once the public saw his car plate number, they could immediately name the owner of the car. So, when one reporter noticed Toby's car, all of the reporters quickly caught up with the first reporter's realization.

At first, the reporters were shocked to see Fuller Group's president's car showing up in that area, but they quickly realized that Toby had gotten back together with Sonia. President Fuller must be here to see Miss Reed! the reporters thought. On top of that, their sources had told them that Sonia hadn't shown up at Paradigm Co. yet today. Considering that Toby had just arrived, they figured that it was highly possible for Sonia to be in his car.

The reporters' eyes lit up when they realized what was going on. They had only hoped to bump into Sonia today, and they didn't expect to be able to successfully meet Toby as well. If both of them were indeed in the car, wouldn't that be the perfect opportunity for the reporters to interview them?

Therefore, the group of reporters hastily abandoned their initial positions before charging toward Toby's car. Soon enough, they formed a barrier around Toby's car, making it hard for the vehicle to even move.

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Chapter 710 I'll Protect You

Sonia felt her heart pounding at the sight of the reporters even though she was in the car. She patted her chest as she spoke. "Why does it feel like we're being attacked by zombies?"

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Tom burst into laughter from the driver's seat. "That description is on point, Miss Reed. That's exactly what this looks like."

"Alright. Hurry up and get out to block these reporters," Toby urged as he knitted his eyebrows together.

"Okay." Tom unbuckled his seatbelt before he opened his door to get out of the car. Once he stepped out, the reporters immediately pointed their microphones and cameras at him before drowning him with a series of questions. "Mr. Brown, are you the only one in the car, or are President Fuller and Miss Reed inside as well?" one asked.

"Please answer us, Mr. Brown!" another one cried.

"That's enough, everyone!" Tom held his arms up as he shouted at the reporters. "Please move aside! You guys are blocking the entrance." Tom showed no intention of answering the reporters' questions, and he simply squeezed his way to the backseat car door while chasing the reporters away. Once the reporters made some space for Tom, he placed his hand on the handle of the backseat car door.

The reporters immediately became alert once they noticed Tom's actions. They tightened their grip on their microphones and cameras as they all stared at the car door. The only person who could get Toby's trusty assistant to step out of the car and open the door had to be Toby himself. The reporters immediately concluded that Toby himself had to be in the car. Click. The car door opened.

Tom had one hand on the handle while gesturing with his other hand to invite Toby out of the car. "President Fuller," Tom uttered. Toby nodded from his seat in the car before he bent down to step out. The reporters went crazy once they saw him. Toby frowned because he was blinded momentarily by all the flashing lights. However, he simply ignored the reporters as he reached a hand into the car. "You can come out now." His gentle voice lingered in the reporters' ears, and they lowered their cameras for a short while before they continued taking pictures enthusiastically.

They realized that there was another person in the car! If that person is someone who can make President Fuller speak in such a gentle manner, that person has to be Miss Reed. They really came together! Sonia smiled when she saw Toby reaching his hand into the car. Then, she reached over to slip her hand into his. Toby held onto her tightly. "Don't worry. I'll protect you," he uttered lovingly.

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Sonia took a glance at the bunch of reporters behind him. "Okay. I trust you," she replied with a nod. If she were being honest, she wasn't afraid of the reporters surrounding them, but the way he offered to protect her made her insides feel warm. I guess I'm willing to be a submissive, needy girl sometimes, just so that I can give him a chance to show off a little.

Toby helped Sonia out of the car, and the reporters went wild the moment she got out. The sharp, flashing lights made Sonia want to squeeze her eyes shut. Toby immediately held his arm over her eyes before he shot the reporters a stern glare. "Step aside."

The reporters' held themselves back once they experienced a taste of Toby's dominance, and they no longer dared to snap images continuously. At the same time, the reporters took a few steps back to open up a pathway for the couple to walk through. Although they wanted to interview the couple, they weren't foolish enough to offend Toby, who was a man of high status. The reporters had no choice but to step down because they were afraid that they would lose their jobs if they infuriated him.

Toby's expression seemed a little more pleasant after he saw the reporters stepping back. However, he continued to hold his arm up in front of Sonia's face as he gazed down at her. "Wrap your arm around me, and I'll bring you in. They're afraid of me, but they aren't afraid of you. If you're a little farther away from me, they'll find a way to drag you aside before forcing you to respond to their questions." He wasn't saying this to take advantage of her, but merely telling her the truth. Reporters were like house flies—they would pester you whenever they got the chance to do it.

Sonia was well-aware of this, so she didn't think that Toby had any other intentions. "Okay," she said while nodding. She reached over and wrapped her arm around the man's slim waist, and all of the reporters' cameras instantly clicked once they saw what she did. Sonia and Toby ignored these 'houseflies' and simply marched forward with their arms around each other.

Meanwhile, Tom followed behind both of them with his arms spread out wide to stop the reporters from getting close to Toby and Sonia. These reporters have no limits at all! What if they bump into President Fuller and Miss Reed? What if they injure them? With Tom and Toby's double-layered protection, the reporters were too afraid to get close to Sonia—all they could do was tag along behind them while raising their questions and sticking their different colored microphones into the air.

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"Miss Reed, can you tell us whether what President Fuller posted yesterday was true? Have you never bullied your sister? Is it true that you've never fought for the company's shares?" one shouted.

"Yeah, Miss Reed. Were you the result of your mother's extramarital affair? Can you answer us?" another one cried.

"Also, President Fuller, since Miss Reed got out of your car, does that mean that you guys were staying together last night? Have you guys moved in together? When are you guys going to get married again?" one reporter asked.

"Why don't you tell us something, Miss Reed?" Sonia's expression darkened in response to the reporters' nasty questions, and her footsteps came to a halt. Toby could sense that Sonia's emotions were impacted by the reporters, so he gave her shoulder a firm squeeze. "Just ignore them. You don't need to waste your time with these people."

Sonia looked up at him, and she smiled a little when she saw the encouragement in his gaze. "Okay."

Both of them continued walking at a faster pace while Tom stayed back to deal with the reporters. "Alright, everyone. Stop with your questions. Miss Reed will respond to all your questions during the press conference later, so there's no need for you guys to question her here. Stop gathering around and blocking this area," Tom urged as he waved his hands to shoo the people away.

But the reporters weren't willing to leave empty-handed! They had gathered there for the sole purpose of obtaining exclusive information before writing an article on it. Once they got this piece, they would no longer have to worry about their KPI for the following week. What was the purpose of them reporting it after the press conference? At that point, all the netizens would already know the news, and the media outlets wouldn't see much engagement in their articles if they posted them then. It'd be a huge loss for them.

So, how could the reporters possibly leave just like that? They didn't just stay around the area, but they even formed a wall around Tom before they stuck their 'weapons' in Tom's face. Every reporter tried their best to get their mics as close to Tom's face as possible.

"Please tell us something, Mr. Brown. Did Miss Reed do those things or not?" one asked.

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"Yeah, Tom. Tell us something." The reporters continued chattering and hurling their questions at him. Tom's expression turned grim. "I made things clear earlier. If you guys want answers, just watch the press conference. There's no use in asking me questions because I don't know anything."

"Do you think we believe you?" one reporter asked.

"Yeah. You're the closest person to President Fuller, so you must know something. Tell us a thing or two!"

When Tom saw how relentless the reporters were, he let out an angry scoff. "You guys are really testing my limits. It seems like you guys will continue to be fearless until I take some form of action, huh? I can make a single call, and all of your companies will immediately fire every single one of you. Do you guys think I'm capable of doing that?"

The reporters' faces fell once they heard Tom's words. All of them shuffled a few steps back before they turned around and hurried off. They were afraid that Tom would ask for their name if they stayed behind, and they were afraid that the next call they received would bring them news of their unemployment.

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