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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 791 - 800

Chapter 791 Toby's Trap

We won't be getting anywhere like this. His concern is never whether Tyler is his brother or he is still a teenager; instead, Toby's concern lies in the gender of the person that I'm in touch with—he won't be happy as long as that person is a man. His possessiveness is pissing me off, but it is hilarious at the same time.

Sonia held her forehead helplessly. "Alright, alright. I will try to not pick up his call so often, okay?" Anyway, Tyler would be coming back soon, so she reckoned that he wouldn't have the chance to call her often since they would be speaking face to face. She wouldn't say this out loud to Toby, of course.

Upon hearing that Sonia agreed to his request, Toby curled up his thin lips and his mood instantly lifted.

Sonia put down the spoon and said, "Speaking of which, Tyler has become more mature. He even apologized to me just now."

"Why did he apologize to you all of a sudden?" Her words instantly put a frown between his brows and his expression tensed. "Did he bully you during the call just now?"

Sonia was stunned and she was unable to understand how he arrived at this conclusion. Although it was funny, she felt warm inwardly due to his concern.

"No." She shook her head. "He apologized for his past behaviors."

Toby's overreaction subsided a little and he gradually calmed down when he heard that. With his chin slightly lifted, he responded, "That's something he should do. My mother... I mean Jean, should apologize too, but I'm sorry that I can't force her to apologize to you. She was the one who raised me, so I'll bear the responsibility by apologizing to you on her behalf."

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“There’s no need for that.” Sonia waved her hand. “Both of you are different individuals, so you don’t need to bear the responsibility on her behalf. Besides, I’m willing to let this slide for your sake since I don’t need her apology anyway. She doesn’t need to apologize to me since it won’t come from the bottom of her heart even if she does. So, there’s no need for her to do anything. Anyway, I won’t be living under the same roof as her. Let’s just live our own lives and not meddle with each other’s lives.”

Toby chuckled in response. “Of course. I said that the unit at the Skylark Tower will be our future home. Although it is not as huge or luxurious as the Fuller Residence, it’s still sufficient to be a home that belongs to only the two of us. What do you think?”

In fact, a smaller house felt more like a home. If the house was too huge, it would sometimes feel empty and cold even if two people who loved each other lived in it.

“I’m fine as long as we don’t live with Jean,” Sonia replied with slightly flushed ears.

Upon seeing that, Toby stroked her hair. “Great. Okay, time to dig in. The food is getting cold.”

Sonia hummed in agreement. The next second, something seemed to cross her mind when she looked at him in concern as she asked, “Have you eaten?”

He nodded. “Yes. I had Tom send me food. I initially wanted to wake you up so that you could join me, but I didn’t after giving it some thought. Hence, I left you some food.”

“Why didn’t you wake me up at that time?” asked Sonia in puzzlement while she ate.

A gleam flashed across Toby’s eyes. He leaned back, the back of his head resting against the couch as he stared at her with a gaze so passionate and intense it was as though he was about to devour her. Then, he flirted with her in a husky voice, “Because I want you to have a good rest so that you won’t be able to fall asleep at night. If you can’t fall asleep, you will have the energy to keep me company tonight.”

In response, Sonia dropped the cutlery in her hand and it landed on the coffee table, making a thud. She was completely flabbergasted.

If you can’t fall asleep, you will have the energy to keep me company tonight. The short sentence kept lingering in her head without any signs of disappearing.

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She suddenly recalled the promise she had made to him in his office earlier that day, that she would accompany him that night, and coupled with his words earlier...

Boom! At that instant, blood rushed to her head and her whole face turned as red as blood. She glared at the man with her almond eyes that had various emotions flashing across them. In short, Sonia was utterly embarrassed.

Never in a million years would she have thought that the reason behind Toby refusing to wake her up and allowing her to continue sleeping was actually this.

This man is downright shameless!

More importantly, she indeed felt incredibly energetic at the moment.

On normal days, she would at least feel a little exhausted at that hour. However, that wasn't the case at that moment; she was in great spirits.

Thus, it was apparent that his plan had succeeded.

"Why are you staring at me?" Toby pretended to not notice her accusing eyes. He cleared his throat and added with a straight face, "Hurry up and eat. You will have strength after you eat."

"Of course I'll have the strength to keep up with you in our activity later," she growled through gritted teeth as she clenched her fists tightly.

Toby raised his dashing brows at her as he cleared his throat lightly. "You have misunderstood me. That's not what I meant. I merely want you to eat until you are full. It's not healthy for your body if you don't eat enough."

"Ha!" She rolled her eyes at him as she countered, "Do you really think that I'll buy that?"

Toby averted his gaze guiltily and fell silent because even he himself didn't believe that.

After all, the explanation that followed after saying that she would have strength after she ate didn't sound believable at all.

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Seeing that Toby remained silent, an enraged Sonia slapped the table. "I'm not eating. I'm so pissed that I don't have the appetite to eat anymore!"

"Are you really not eating?" He narrowed his eyes, to which she hummed in response and said, "Not eating."

"Alright, then." With that, Toby rose to his full height and walked up to her.

Upon seeing his reaction, Sonia somehow had a sense of foreboding. Subconsciously, she lifted her butt and nudged herself to the side, shouting at him warily, "What are you going to do? Stand right there! Don't come any closer!"

Ignoring her, he went up to her and bent over to carry her in his arms. "Since you have filled your stomach, let's do some workout to aid in digestion."

As he spoke, he carried her to the room.

"Huh?" Sonia was stunned again. Do some workout to aid in digestion? Why do I feel that I have dug myself a hole?

At that instant, she finally realized that Toby was setting up a trap when he asked her if she was really not going to eat. That realization pissed her even more, causing her to hit him on his shoulder and bellow at him, "Toby Fuller, you are utterly shameless! How dare you trick me?"

Toby looked down at her and pushed the door to the room open with his foot, his voice containing a hint of a smile when he said, "I didn't. I asked you if you want to continue eating and you said no. And so, your time after this will naturally belong to me."

Sonia was rendered speechless, but she then replied angrily, "Who told you that my time will belong to you after I stopped eating? That doesn't—"

"It's now night time," he interrupted and reminded her.

Upon hearing that, she blinked at him in response. "What do you mean?"

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“You promised to keep me company at night, so it means that your time belongs to me after the sky becomes dark. Having said that, I kindly gave you one to two hours to eat, but you didn’t cherish the time you had. My kindness has gone down the drain so after this, you have to keep me company,” Toby exclaimed and sighed, accusing her for being heartless as he placed her on the bed.

Sonia was dumbfounded. Why does he sound like I’m the one being ungrateful now? I did say that I’ll keep him company at night, but I didn’t say that all my time after the sky became dark belongs to him. He is making things up! Not only that, he even used that to trick me! That’s really too much!

Sonia glared at him furiously. Then, her red lips parted. She was just about to say something when Toby suddenly lowered his head and captured her lips with his, blocking all that she wanted to say.

Soon, hot and passionate sounds echoed in the room, causing the embarrassed moon to hide behind the clouds. It was almost daybreak when everything returned to quiet.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 792

Chapter 792 President Fuller Is an Incubus

Looking at the woman who was sleeping in his embrace, Toby knew that she must have been exhausted, and he blamed himself as he felt bad for her.

He knew that he did not hold back this night, but this wasn’t exactly his fault either.

What man could hold it in when doing the most intimate thing in the world with the woman they loved the most?

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Rubbing his forehead, Toby thought of apologizing to Sonia after she woke up and buying a present for her.

At that thought, he carried Sonia to the bathroom before washing her and himself up. It was only then that he did sleep, with the woman in his embrace.

Yet, Toby did not sleep for long. At around 7 AM, he was already awake. After washing up and putting on his clothes, he then pecked Sonia's cheek and exited the room silently, leaving Bayside Residence.

The idea that was pushed forth the day before was unanimously voted on by everyone. So naturally, he would have his fair share of work cut out for him today.

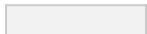
The reason he had to leave so early was because he needed to go inspect every factory. Otherwise, Toby would've accompanied Sonia until she woke up.

"Morning, President Fuller." In the parking lot, Tom, who had been waiting beside Toby's car for quite a while, immediately extinguished the cigarette and greeted him while standing up straight the moment he saw Toby coming.

Toby greeted him with a nod. Then, he ordered Tom, "Tell Daphne that Little Leaf will be arriving late to Paradigm Co. today."

Upon hearing his words, Tom immediately knew what was up. He nodded after a short laugh. "I understand, President Fuller."

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793

198

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He's good, making Miss Reed unable to get up as usual and go to work. Now I see how capable the president is in that area.

Toby glanced sideways at Tom after catching him laughing.

Understanding that he had exposed his somewhat dirty side, Tom immediately stopped laughing and tried to cover it up with a cough. With a straight face, he commented, "Sorry, President Fuller. I've a somewhat sore throat today."

Not in the mood to care about such things, Toby instead opened the door and boarded the car.

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While Tom was fastening his seatbelt after hurriedly getting into the driver seat, he heard another order coming from behind him, "When it's about 9 AM, let the hotel prepare a set of breakfast and send it to her residence, but don't knock. Let the waiter stand at the door and only give it to Little Leaf when she wakes up. Don't let them disturb her sleep."

"Yes, President Fuller." Tom nodded.

With no further orders, Toby then took out his phone, lowering his head and looking at the screen.

At the same time he put away his phone, Sonia's phone in her room also buzzed as the screen lit up.

Hearing the buzzing, Sonia, who was still on the bed, frowned and moved her eyes around, looking like she was about to wake up.

But alas, due to her eyelids feeling like metal shutters, she could not open them up after trying for quite some time, so she just gave up and went back to sleep.

It was a phone call that thoroughly woke her up after sleeping for another two to three hours.

"Hello?" Sonia, who still had not opened her eyes, only used her hand to reach in the direction of the bedside table.

With the habit of putting the phone at the bedside table before sleeping, she reached for her phone on the first try. Then, using muscle memory, she unlocked the screen and put the phone to her ear.

At the other side, Daphne only heard a sleepy and hoarse sounding Sonia struggling to get up. After a bit of silence, the former proceeded to speak, "Chairman Reed, it's me."

"Ah—Daphne." Recognizing the woman's voice, Sonia rubbed her eyes before finally opening them. Lying flat on the bed, she gazed at the lights on the ceiling.

Nodding, Daphne replied, "Yes, it's me, Chairman Reed. Have you... just woken up?"

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Daphne asked this in a careful tone.

In the morning, she had already received a call from Toby's assistant, Tom, informing her that Sonia would come in very late today, as usual.

Daphne then realized that Sonia and Toby must have done the deed the night before. Otherwise, why would she show up late?

If it was the old Sonia, she would clock in to the company on time everyday but ever since she handed herself to Toby these few days, she did not show her face at Paradigm Co. at all.

Sonia was supposed to come today, but there was still no sight of her even as it approached the afternoon. It turned out that she was still on her bed, asleep.

My word! I did not think that President Fuller would be such an incubus that would suck Chairman Reed dry! What a devilish man!

Not knowing what Daphne was complaining deep down, Sonia only felt her face flush, as she looked toward the other side of the bed when her secretary asked if she was already awake or not.

The space beside her had already been empty for some time, seeing as how it was cold to the touch. It seemed like Toby was already long gone, but she did not know since when.

Angry and embarrassed, Sonia cursed the man deep down for not even waking her when he woke up. Otherwise, she wouldn't be stuck in this situation, needing her own secretary to ask her if she had woken up or not.

At this point, Sonia was quite certain that Daphne knew the reason why she woke up so late.

This is so embarrassing that I could die!

Covering her face, Sonia replied in a helpless voice, "I'm getting up now."

Since Daphne already knew that she just woken up, what else could she do except admit it?

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Sonia's dignity had no meaning to it now, so she might as well just admit it.

"Alright," Daphne murmured with a light chuckle.

Rubbing her temples, Sonia then sat up.

After a whole night's worth of 'extreme exercising', her body, although still sore, was feeling much better than the day before.

The most important thing was, she could feel Toby using the same amount of vigor as before, but she did not feel as uncomfortable as back then.

Obviously, this meant that her body was slowly adapting to this kind of thing.

This conclusion made Sonia's face flush again.

Even she did not know whether this was considered a good or a bad thing.

But she was absolutely certain that for Toby, it was a good thing.

Coughing awkwardly, Sonia quickly repressed such dirty thoughts and changed the subject, instead asking about her secretary's intention in calling her. "Right, Daphne, why are you calling me at this time? Did something happen?"

"It's nothing too important." Adjusting her glasses, Daphne then put on a serious expression. "Yesterday, you said that a woman would be apologizing to you through the Internet, and that you didn't want any malicious comments to surface that would make it into a cyberbullying incident. You wanted me to closely monitor the public relations side, right?"

"Yup." Nodding, Sonia then asked, "And? Did that woman, Anya, apologize?"

"She did." Daphne nodded. "At 8 AM today, she went live on the Internet after informing the reception of her intentions. She publicly apologized to you, Chairman Reed. Then, she proceeded to cry her heart out and said sorry profusely. It all sounded quite unpleasant."

"Oh?" Sonia raised her eyebrows. "Did she do anything else?"

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If even her apology could disgust Daphne, that meant that there's more than meets the eye.

"You guessed right, Chairman Reed. Even though she did not do anything out of place, I could not hear any sincerity from her apology. Even when her tone when she was directly apologizing to you was like it was you who wronged her instead of the other way around. And she intentionally cried so tragically, trying to sway the public's opinion and making it seem like she was forced to do so by the president. That b*tch pisses me off so much!" Daphne said agitatedly.

Although Sonia had a smile on, there was no trace of joy in her gaze. Instead, her gaze looked sharp and cold. "Alright, don't get so worked up now. She's not wrong in trying to sway public opinion as I did force her to apologize publicly like this."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 793

Chapter 793 Something Nourishing for His Body

"Uh..." After Daphne calmed down for a moment, she came to realize that it really was like what Sonia had said.

Touching her nose, Daphne then awkwardly muttered, "Chairman Reed, even if it was you who forced her to apologize, she was at fault for the whole incident first. If you didn't force her, she wouldn't have apologized at all. So, you forcing her isn't wrong. It's her acting like you wronged her and her making you out to be the bad guy that makes me disgusted."

Smiling, Sonia then said sarcastically, "Unfortunately, you'll always meet delusional people who don't think they are in the wrong. It is always someone else's fault in their minds."

Tina was such a person.

I wonder which hole is Tina hiding in right now.

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Tim said that he had poisoned her two times using the venom of the sago palm. This kind of poison can make a person contract the most painful and incurable sickness in the world—ALS.

Tina was not born with it and she would not be directly affected by the sickness, but her body would still start to stiffen after being destroyed by the venom.

That was why Sonia and Toby had been trying to find Tina through doctors that specialize in treating ALS. However, after searching for so long, they only found out that those doctors had not diagnosed a person similar to Tina, nor were they invited to give a private diagnosis somewhere else.

This only meant that Tina's body had not started to stiffen, as each individual was different. Tim also was not able to ensure that her body would show signs of the sickness working, only saying that the chances of her body having problems would be higher.

The alternative conclusion was that Tina's body had started to stiffen but in order to not get discovered, she did not go for a diagnosis and just let her body stiffen slowly. This was not that far-fetched of an idea.

After all, she was a ruthless person not only to others, but to herself as well.

Inhaling deeply, Sonia decided to not think about her any longer, as it made her more and more frustrated.

"What is the Internet's take on this?" Sonia asked as she moved her neck around.

Subsequently, Daphne replied, "Because you had ordered them earlier on, the PR department has been doing their job since the start. Although the opinion is against you due to Anya whining, the problem isn't that big as the PR department has practically silenced all such thoughts. There wasn't much of a splash caused by the incident this time around. Although some media outlets did contact me and wanted to ask about the details of her apology video, I just ignored them."

"Yeah, you can just continue to ignore them. No matter who asks, don't entertain them." Sonia waved her hand.

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Nodding, Daphne then suggested, "I understand, but Anya intentionally behaved that way to sway public opinion, Chairman Reed. Do you want to..."

"There's no need." Pursing her lips, Sonia continued, "I know what you're trying to get at. Just leave this kind of person be. The more you care about this, the more excited she'll be. She might even do something to frame us bullying her. We'll be on the losing end if that happens. Just treat her as air, since we won't be bumping into each other anytime soon, so we don't have to come into contact with her anymore."

Hearing Sonia say that, Daphne also chose to give up. "Alright, then. I know what to do."

Sonia hummed in agreement. "If there's nothing more, I'll be hanging up now. I will be at the company before noon."

"Yes, Chairman Reed." Daphne nodded.

Putting her phone down, Sonia then looked at the time.

It was 10.20 AM.

Turned out that she didn't actually sleep that long.

She still remembered that when she was going to sleep yesterday, she could vaguely see twilight breaking the sky outside her window—it was a little over 5 AM then.

That meant Sonia had only slept five to six hours, which wasn't a long sleep at all.

But this only applied to her because she had gone to sleep so late.

For a normal person who slept before midnight, she did wake up too late.

After switching away from the clock on the screen, Sonia then noticed a message from Toby, which he had sent a little after 7 AM.

So that's how early he woke up and left in the morning!

Does that mean that he didn't sleep for the whole night?

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Pursing her lips and frowning slightly, Sonia thought, Can his body handle it, him not sleeping for a whole night?

Although she was very tired, she wasn't the one that was exerting herself constantly—that was all Toby.

The person who did not do much was exhausted to the point of falling asleep, which could only mean that the person who exerted themselves constantly would not exactly be in a state of bliss.

In conclusion, Toby was definitely lethargic.

But he did not even sleep in for a while and instead, he left so early. Does he really think of himself as a robot?

With a dark expression, Sonia was a bit angry yet worried for Toby.

It wasn't something she would care about if he wasn't her man.

Feeling frustrated, she tousled her hair before opening up Toby's message to see what he had sent.

However, the anger inside her was extinguished after reading through. Smiling resignedly, she mumbled, "Always looking out for me. You should think about yourself too, you know."

The content of the message was that Toby had informed her that he had arranged breakfast to be sent over to her room at around 9 AM. If she hadn't woken up then, the person would be waiting at the door for her to wake up, then they would finally hand the breakfast over. The message did not say that the deliverer would knock on the door to inform her that breakfast had arrived.

This must have been specially ordered by him because he wants me to sleep longer.

The man always did something so warm that it would calm her down after she flew into a rage—the breakfast and the pajamas she had on was a classic example.

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When Sonia fell asleep yesterday, she had nothing on. But now, she was wearing a sleeping robe and her body was feeling fresh. Obviously, Toby had cleaned her up.

So how could she be angry when such an attentive man existed?

Tapping on her screen, Sonia replied with a 'okay' before pushing back the covers and standing up. Ignoring her body's discomfort, she walked to the entrance and opened the door.

As expected, there was a person squatting beside the door.

Wearing the hotel's waiter's uniform, he had a delivery box at the side as he squatted there, playing games with his phone out of boredom.

Hearing the door beside him open, the waiter immediately turned and looked. Seeing Sonia, he quickly put his phone away as he happily greeted her, "Miss, you're finally awake."

How could he not be happy? He had already been waiting here for over an hour. At that point, his legs were all numb from squatting. Now, he could finally go back and continue his job since the person he had been waiting for came out.

Seeing the waiter's bright eyes staring at her, Sonia understood his feelings and laughed apologetically. "I'm sorry. I overslept. You must have waited for a long time."

"It's no issue." Waving his hand, the waiter then opened the box before taking out the breakfast from within. Handing it over to Sonia, he announced, "Miss, this breakfast was ordered for you by Mr. Fuller. Since it has been kept inside the cooler box, it should still be warm, so you can eat it straight away."

"Alright. Thank you so much." Sonia took the breakfast and she could feel the heat coming from the container. She smiled sincerely in response.

Slinging the box over his shoulders, the waiter then replied, "It's my pleasure. Enjoy your breakfast, Miss. I'll be leaving now."

Sonia hummed in response and nodded.

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Turning around, the waiter then left, and Sonia closed the door after seeing him walk away. Holding the breakfast, she then sat down at the dining table and started to eat.

As Sonia was eating, she kept thinking if she should send something over to Toby as well.

Since he didn't rest at all last night, should I send something nourishing to him, like stew or something else?

After all, sending something else that would not give his body a boost would be inappropriate.

Also, judging by how Toby still hasn't replied to her message yet, he should still be busy.

Not sleeping all night and then working himself to the bone now... How can his body still function?

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 794

[This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)

Chapter 794 I Will Never Be His Daughter

The more she thought about it, the more she was worried about Toby's current condition. In the end, Sonia decided to make some nutritious stew and bring it over to him. Being his girlfriend, her making some stew for him was natural.

With such thoughts, Sonia quickly ate her breakfast. After bringing the trash out, she went out to the supermarket nearby to purchase the necessary ingredients for the stew.

As it was still early before she would go to work in the afternoon, she had ample amount of time to make the stew.

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After picking through the ingredients, Sonia chose beef bone as the base, thinking of making beef stew for Toby.

Beef stew was filled with nutrition. On top of that, it had the added advantage of strengthening one's body. On such a cold day, a beef stew would also certainly help in warming up the body.

She believed that Toby would like it very much.

Holding the beef in her hand, Sonia smiled lightly, putting it into the basket before walking to the cashier to pay.

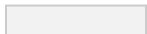
When she returned to her residence, it was already 11.30 AM.

Walking to her block, she saw a familiar silhouette standing in front of the elevator just as she was about to call for it.

The person, who had her head slightly lowered, had her hands in front while clutching onto her handbag tightly. Standing there, she looked like she was in a daze, as she did not even notice a person approaching her side.

Looking at the person, Sonia pursed her lips slightly and frowned before asking in a flat tone, "Miss Gray? Why are you here?"

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261

Hearing Sonia's voice made the person come back to her senses, and she raised her head to look at Sonia. When she saw Sonia, she could not hide the instant of panic that flashed across her face but after quickly calming down, she tightened her grip on her bag as she forced out a smile. "Oh—hello, Miss Reed."

Sonia stared at her. "Do you also have a unit here?"

"I don't," Rina answered honestly and she shook her head.

This made Sonia frown deeper. "Since you don't, then why are you here? Don't tell me that you just so happen to talk a walk and end up here? Eastbourne is literally on the opposite end."

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After a few seconds of silence, Rina suddenly stared back at her. "Miss Reed, I didn't end up here on my walk. I came here just to look for you."

"Look for me?" Although Sonia frowned, she was not at all surprised by Rina's answer.

That was because she had already guessed that Rina appearing here was for her.

"I don't think there's anything between us that would warrant a face to face talk. Tell me, Miss Gray, why do you want to meet with me?" Clutching the grocery bag, Sonia asked bluntly.

Biting her lip, Rina then uttered, "I don't have any ulterior motives in coming here. I just want to ask you a question."

If it wasn't for the fact that Sonia would not even pick up her call, she wouldn't even come here in person.

"A question?" Sonia peered at her. "What kind of question can make you come over personally, Miss Gray?"

Tightening her grip on her handbag again, Rina said, "Miss Reed, my father's condition is getting worse. The doctors have said that if this continues, he might have less than half a year left."

"And?" Sonia looked at her indifferently.

Drawing in a deep breath, Rina continued, "My father urgently needs a kidney transplant now, so I—"

"Wait just one second!" With a dark expression, Sonia spoke coldly. "So, you coming here was just to persuade me to donate a kidney to Titus? If that is the case, please leave. I think that there's nothing more to talk about here."

Sonia then proceeded to make a gesture, indicating for Rina to leave. "If you don't want to leave on your own two feet, I can always trouble the guards to remove you from the premises. Your choice, Miss Gray."

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Panicked, Rina then grabbed onto Sonia's arm. "You misunderstand me, Miss Reed. I didn't come this time to—"

However, before Rina could finish her explanation, Sonia interrupted her yet again, "Let go of me!"

Lowering her gaze, the latter looked at the hand that was latching onto her arm with a disgusted expression.

If it wasn't for the fact that she was afraid of the grocery bag tearing apart or dropping onto the floor, she wouldn't even have voiced out to make Rina let go. Instead, Sonia would've just pushed the woman away.

Feeling the seriousness emanating from Sonia, Rina also knew that her actions had triggered her. Her expression stiffening, she released her grip in the end, feeling a bit angry too.

If it wasn't for her father, why would she even submit herself to such treatment?

After all, she wasn't the Taylor that everyone could bully anymore. She was now the Gray Family Young Mistress, Rina Gray, and this meant that her status was the same as Sonia's.

Hence, Rina could totally not choose to swallow her anger.

But she knew that this was the only way for now. For the sake of her father and her own future, she had to bear with whatever Sonia had to say.

Breathing in deeply, Rina then managed to squeeze out a smile before apologizing to Sonia. "I'm sorry, Miss Reed. I didn't mean to grab onto you. It was just that I was too agitated."

Looking at the other woman coldly, Sonia then looked at her own sleeve, which was all wrinkled due to Rina's hands grabbing onto it. This made her boil inside.

Looks like I'll have to change again.

"Miss Reed, I didn't really come here this time to persuade you to donate a kidney to my father. I just wanted to ask you... I-if Titus was your father, would you go through with the

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transplant?” Ignoring Sonia’s look of disdain, Rina clenched her fists and asked the question she came here for.

Upon hearing this, Sonia, who was still trying to smooth out her sleeve, looked up at Rina with a perplexed gaze. “Miss Gray, have you gone mad?! Are you actually asking me this?”

“I’m not mad!” Looking at the floor, Rina had a flurry of emotion within. “I’m serious. I really want to know that if Dad was your father, would you go through the operation, Miss Reed?”

After staring at Rina for a while, Sonia realized the other woman was nervous, so she smirked. “I don’t know why you are asking this kind of funny question, but I can tell you right now that the answer is no.”

In a state of disbelief, Rina stared at her wide-eyed. “But why?! Miss Reed, I’ve already stated if he was your father. Do you not even want to donate a kidney to your own father?”

“I would of course be willing to go through the transplant for my own father, but it is on the condition that my father wasn’t such a evil b*stard like Titus Gray!” Sonia stated her answer without hesitation.

This shocked Rina beyond words. “You... How could you be so cold? Even if your father was evil, he’s still your father, right? How could you not even save your own father?”

“Why would I save an evil man? Indeed, saving him might show my piety but at the same time, I would be resurrecting a devil. He would only continue to wreak havoc upon society after this, and goodness knows who else will become his prey? So for the greater good and for the lives of others, I would rather let him die off. Hey, people might even praise me for being sensible.”

Looking at her, Sonia then continued, “Also, there are no ‘ifs’ in this world, and I will never be Titus’ daughter. I’m not sure why you came all the way just to ask me some weird question. Whatever motives you’re harboring, I’ll have you know that I will never save him. So, you should give up on persuading me.”

After stating her thoughts, Sonia passed by Rina and went into the elevator.

Looking at the elevator doors slowly closing, Rina finally snapped back to reality. With a contorted expression, she looked at Sonia, who was gradually disappearing from her line of

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sight. Clenching her teeth, Rina growled, "I've already given you a chance, Sonia. It was you that did not cherish it, so don't blame me for what happens next!"

If one did not stand up for themselves, there would be no place for them in this vast world.

Rina wasn't afraid even if Toby was protecting Sonia. She needed to risk it all for her own future happiness.

Dad cannot die!

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 795

Chapter 795 Daphne's Teasing

Although Sonia didn't hear what Rina muttered to herself at the end, she did see the change in Rina's expression the moment the elevator doors slid shut.

The ferocious expression, so full of hostile intent, was intimidating enough to make Sonia shudder.

She knew Rina was looking at her like that because the answer she gave wasn't what Rina wanted.

What Rina wanted was for her to agree to donate a kidney to Titus, regardless of whether he was her father.

However, Sonia simply wouldn't agree, and that was what had Rina so enraged.

In truth, it was quite amusing. Sonia had no idea what Rina was thinking of and where she found the gall to assume that Sonia not only would, but was supposed, to save Titus.

For Rina to even bring up the hypothetical, where Titus was Sonia's father!

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Titus Gray, my father?

As Sonia stared at the elevator display, she sneered internally.

How can that be possible?

It would be a tragedy to her if he were.

After all, she was raised by the Reeds. What would she even do if she was trapped between them and the biological father who ruined them?

Was she supposed to continue helping them seek revenge?

Or was she supposed to give up seeking revenge and return to her father's side?

No matter which path it was, Sonia had no way of choosing.

If she chose the former, she would be cast aside by society as the demon who could harm even her biological parents.

If she chose the latter, she would still be cast aside by society as the traitor who abandoned the foster parents who treasured her.

That was why either path was a dead end for her. The only thing she could do was entirely dissolve the enmity between the two families in the most peaceful way possible.

As for what the most peaceful way was, it would be giving up her life in exchange for the dissipation of the feud between the families.

As long as Sonia died, she would not need to seek revenge on behalf of the Reeds.

As long as she died, the Grays would perhaps recognize that they had wronged the Reeds, choosing to let everything go and atone for their past sins. After all, the Reeds had raised her.

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That way, not only would she not need to face her biological parents, but she would be able to make up for the wrongful treatment of the Reeds. No one else would need to pay for this feud with their lives—only her.

How ideal that would be!

Of course, before all of that, Titus Gray and his wife would need to be her biological parents.

Since they weren't, Sonia didn't need to worry about what problems would arise from the feud between the Grays and the Reeds. With a clear conscience, she could plunge the blade of revenge into the Grays on behalf of the Reeds.

On that note, Zane had mentioned the establishment of a business investigation team. In Seafield, it would be investigating the Triforce Enterprise and one other business.

By now, the investigation team had reached the neighboring city of Fredburg, and they would be at Seafield by the next month and begin investigations on Triforce Enterprise.

There was definitely something fishy going on at the Triforce Enterprise.

If the skeletons in its closet were dug out next month, would Titus get so angry that he perished on the spot, especially now that his health was so poor?

At the thought of that possibility, Sonia couldn't help feeling gleeful.

Ding!

Just then, the elevator reached its destination.

Taking a deep breath, she calmed the emotions in her heart and exited the elevator with the paper bag in hand. Once she returned to her apartment, she began making the stew.

By the time the stew was made, it was nearly 1 PM.

With a thermos in hand, she drove all the way to Paradigm. Co..

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At first, she had wanted to deliver it to the Fuller Group right away, but had received a phone call from Daphne in the middle of the trip telling her that there was an important document that urgently needed her signature. With no other choice, Sonia could only return to the company.

“Chairman Reed.”

“Good afternoon, Chairman Reed.”

After she walked through the front doors of Paradigm Co., all of the employees she met on the way stopped to greet her.

In response, she nodded with a smile at all of them.

Very quickly, Sonia reached the top floor, whereupon she stepped out of the elevator to see Daphne waiting by her office door.

As she waved at Daphne, the latter smiled. “Good afternoon, Chairman Reed.”

“G-Good afternoon.” Sonia then coughed with some embarrassment.

While she was able to calmly respond to the previous employees’ greetings, she wasn’t able to achieve that with Daphne, since Daphne knew the reason she had only just arrived here.

That was why Sonia felt somewhat awkward as she was responding to her secretary.

However, Sonia was gradually growing a thicker skin now compared to before. As long as she didn’t meet Daphne’s eyes, she could more or less pretend nothing had happened and open her office door with false indifference.

Since Sonia hadn’t been to the office in a couple of days, there was a stuffy smell inside.

Immediately, Daphne walked over to the windows and opened all of them to allow fresh air through.

Dropping her purse, Sonia smiled at Daphne. “Thank you.”

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With a shake of her head, Daphne answered, "There's no need to thank me, Chairman Reed. This is part of my job."

"That may be so, but it still wouldn't be polite." Sonia smiled and pulled out her chair to sit down.

Walking over to stand in front of her desk, Daphne suggested, "Perhaps you should give me a key so that I can help you tidy up your office if you're unable to come for a few days, Chairman Reed."

The words instantly made Sonia's face heat up. "What do you mean, 'unable to come for a few days'? Don't speak nonsense."

Watching her with amusement, Daphne continued, "I'm not speaking nonsense. Haven't the past two days been proof?"

Feeling her cheeks warm even further, Sonia stared at the secretary who had rendered her speechless.

Finally, pretending to be annoyed, she picked up the plush toy on her desk and tossed it at Daphne. "I see you've grown bold enough to tease me now."

Meanwhile, Daphne smoothly caught the toy and returned it to the desk with a smile. "Don't be angry, Chairman Reed. I was only joking. But to tell you the truth, you're looking rather fine today."

"Oh?" Sonia felt her own cheeks.

Daphne nodded. "Yes. There's a blush on your cheeks that makes you look much prettier than usual, all thanks to President Fuller."

"What does it have to do with him?" Not having caught Daphne's meaning yet, Sonia raised her eyebrows.

It wasn't until she noticed Daphne watching her silently with the tiniest hint of a smile that Sonia suddenly understood what her secretary was implying.

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And just like that, the blush that had barely faded came back in full force. Annoyed and exasperated, she glared at her secretary. "If you keep up with this, Daphne Robinson, I'm going to get really angry."

"Okay, okay. I'll stop." With a smile, Daphne waved a hand to indicate that she would behave.

Sonia harrumphed in response. "Now give me the document."

"Yes, ma'am." Daphne rubbed her cheeks and reverted to her usual no-nonsense, school teacher demeanor before handing the document over.

As Sonia accepted the document and signed it, she instructed at the same time, "By the way, please have someone deliver this to Fuller Group in a minute."

She tapped the thermos next to her with a pen.

Pushing her black-framed glasses up her nose, Daphne inquired, "Is this for President Fuller, Chairman Reed?"

Instantly, she guessed correctly.

With a glimmer in her eyes, Sonia simply nodded and told the truth. "Yes. As you know, he was in a car accident the other day and although he wasn't severely injured, I still wanted to make him some stew in case his body needed supplemental nutrition."

There was no way she would admit to the real reason she thought he needed 'supplemental nutrition' being the previous night and not the car crash.

If she said such things out loud, Daphne would no doubt begin another round of teasing.

That's why Sonia chose to remain silent.

Sure enough, Daphne accepted her reasoning at face value and didn't ask any further questions. Instead, the secretary simply picked up the thermos. "I'll have Andrew drop it off, since he'll be passing by later."

"Thank you. Do as you see fit." Sonia nodded and handed the signed document back.

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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 796

Chapter 796 Miscalculation

Upon receiving the document from Sonia, Daphne left with it, along with the thermos. After she left, Sonia leaned back in her chair. Pinching the bridge of her nose, she breathed out a sigh of relief.

All of a sudden, she was realizing how much Daphne had changed during this period. The Daphne from the past was stern, all business, and so devoid of facial expression as to be intimidating.

However, this Daphne was different. Not only was she no longer as strict and inflexible, but she had warmed and gentled to the point where she could even joke around with Sonia. A good example was a few minutes ago when she had dared to tease Sonia.

Moreover, it seemed like her sense of style had changed from before. Although the changes weren't too obvious and she still wore the same old black-colored business suit and A-line skirt, she no longer wore heels and had switched them out for a pair of soft-soled shoes instead.

That said, Sonia wasn't going to put too much thought into it. Perhaps Daphne had grown bored of heels and simply wanted to try out a new style. Even though Daphne didn't often dress up, she was still a woman. And like many other women, she still wanted to look pretty sometimes.

With that thought in mind, Sonia shook her head with a small smile and picked up her cell phone to let Toby know that she was having someone deliver him stew. However, before she did so, she checked her Messenger to see if he had replied to her.

Unfortunately, he hadn't. That alone showed her how busy he was during this period.

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Sighing, she speedily tapped out a few words on the screen. After checking to make sure that there were no errors, she sent the message. And then, once it was sent, she exited the app and picked up her pen to begin working.

Meanwhile at the large factory under the Fuller Group banner, Toby finally finished inspecting the various workshops and departments in the plant. He then emerged through the front doors wearing a white protective suit.

The moment Tom saw Toby, he strode over. "President Fuller."

Instead of going with Toby to inspect the factory, he had been out and about handling the matter with Damon, and had only just managed to rush to the factory in time to wait for Toby to emerge.

Taking off his suit and tossing it to Tom, Toby asked, "Did you get everything handled?"

"Yes." Tom nodded above the protective suit in his arms. "With the audio recording, Damon and his lackeys will be unable to explain things away. I've handed everything I heard over to the police, and the police have contacted the Business Investigation Department for arrests. They scared Damon's lackeys so much that the lackeys naturally capitulated and confessed to everything Damon was doing. With the way this is going, Damon will be jailed for at least 10 years."

At that, Toby smiled coldly. "In gratitude for him being a founding member of the Fuller Group, I once hinted at him to keep in line and cede his place to the younger generation before he became hated by them, but he would not listen. It's his own fault that he's ended up this way."

While Toby would admit that he wasn't a good person, he would not say that he was a bad one. All along, he had treated those who contributed to the Fuller Group with a measure of kindness and tolerance.

As long as these people minded their place, he could sometimes provide them with the highest honor. Yet, there were always people who assumed he was easily bullied and would pick on him in order to get things that weren't theirs. Since that was the case, they couldn't blame him for being merciless.

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Just like that, something so cold flashed through Toby's eyes, and anyone who saw it would have shuddered.

"You're right." Tom nodded in approval behind Toby.

The thing was, Tom couldn't understand what those people were thinking either. As a shareholder, they didn't even have to do anything to earn money. Wasn't that a good thing?

It was ridiculous for them to still be fighting for power at their age, especially when what they held was nothing in comparison to what Toby did. Even if they got that bit of power, who would they pass it to after they died? Their layabout, good-for-nothing children?

At any rate, those who didn't calculate their odds before trying to stir up a fuss deserved the end they met with. By now, Damon was already 60. When he was released from prison, he would be 70, and his health would already have been wrecked by his stay. What would it all have been for?

Feeling nothing but scorn for Damon and his gang, Tom curled his lip.

"By the way, President Fuller, you were right. After finding out that he wouldn't escape the law this time, Damon made plans to sell his shares. The person he's chosen is Wesley Barber. He wishes to incite Wesley's greed and turn Wesley into his successor—your future antagonist," Tom reported as he walked to the car with Toby.

After narrowing his eyes, Toby sneered, "He's chosen the wrong person, then. Wesley would never agree."

Tom chuckled. "You're also right on that front. Mr. Barber indeed would not take over Damon Lore's shares."

"Naturally." Toby opened his car door and got into the car. "Wesley is obsessed with his art and has never interfered with company affairs in the decades that he's been a shareholder, let alone been as ambitious as Damon. Clearly, Damon doesn't understand Wesley. Does he think every shareholder who doesn't have power or position in the company is as ambitious as him?"

"Indeed! Clearly, Damon doesn't know that Mr. Barber seeks you out every year hoping you'll buy his shares from him so that he can use the money to search for his own artistic spirit."

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Pushing his glasses up his nose, Tom continued with a chuckle, "Speaking of which, he's soon to come and seek you out this year to sell his shares, isn't he?"

At that, Toby's expression softened slightly. "Well, I'm not going to buy them. I still need him to be a figurehead. How could I let him go just like that?"

The Wesley Barber that they were referring to was also a founding member of the Fuller Group. Not only did he come from the same batch as Damon, he was also the Fuller Group's second-largest shareholder, with 5 percent of the company's shares.

Damon, knowing that he had lost to Toby with no way out and still wanting to leave him with the inconvenience of another enemy, had been prepared to sell the 3 percent of shares that he owned to Wesley. That way, the latter would become ambitious and fight for his side.

Of course, for a shareholder of such a large group, 8 percent of shares was an incredible amount. Any regular person would become greedy and ambitious enough to become dissatisfied with the previous idle lack of rights and decision-making power.

That was why it was actually a smart move on Damon's end.

However, what he failed to foresee was that Wesley was not a regular person. From the start, Wesley had no intention of remaining at the Fuller Group, nor was he greedy for money and power. His biggest dream was to be able to travel the world with an easel on his back and leave behind nothing but a soulless, enigmatic graffiti-style oil masterpiece. That was why pigs would have to fly before Wesley bought Damon's shares.

If Wesley had a choice, he would sooner have sold his shares to Damon so that he could extract himself and leave.

The only reason Toby needed some old shareholders to remain at the Fuller Group was to let the outside world know and see that he was not a despot who would switch out the old shareholders the moment he rose to his position. That was why he could not allow Wesley to leave.

That being said, he had reserved Wesley's shares a long time ago and once Wesley was old enough, Toby would naturally purchase Wesley's shares and allow the man to leave.

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Once Tom heard Toby's explanation, he laughed gleefully. "Mr. Barber must be so angry right now that he has steam coming out of his ears."

"He can be placated with a set of the newest oil-painting tools," Toby answered lightly.

It was obvious just how he appeased the old shareholder every year.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 797

Chapter 797 Tom's Speechlessness

"Alright, I'll have someone ready a set of oil-painting tools for the next time Mr. Barber gets angry." Tom chuckled, to which Toby hummed in response. "I'll leave it to you to decide."

Nodding, Tom switched his smile into a frown. "Although Mr. Barber wouldn't agree to buy Damon's shares, Damon won't sell them to us either, President Fuller. He says he would rather sit in jail with his shares than make things easy for us." Looking at Toby, he then asked, "How do you want to deal with this?"

"Won't make things easy for us?" Toby repeated as he crossed his legs. His expression was not easily distinguishable in the shadows, but the crook of his smile could lead someone to guess that he was in a very bad mood and was suppressing his anger at this moment.

"Does he think that I wouldn't be able to get the shares I had my eyes on even if he wouldn't sell them to me?" Suddenly clenching his fists, he continued, "No, I will make him voluntarily sell those shares to me."

"You have a solution, President Fuller?" Tom hurriedly turned to him.

At that point, Toby looked up and said coldly, "He has a son who likes betting, doesn't he?"

"Yes." Tom nodded and commented, "However, after the son was severely beaten and shut up at home by Damon, he's rarely gone to bet. He doesn't really have the money to, for the most part."

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Toby snorted. "If that's the case, have someone draw his son out. I want his son to fall into the habit of betting again and losing everything he has. When the time comes, go and visit Damon in prison, and he'll voluntarily sign the share sales agreement. After all, he has only one son and will not bear to watch the boy be crippled by his creditors just like that. No, Damon would find a way to help his son clear all those debts."

At that point, no one could blame Toby for using such vicious and indiscriminate methods.

After all, Damon himself was the one who insisted on challenging Toby's limit despite the latter's initial tolerance.

Not to mention that if Toby had been the one to lose today, Damon wouldn't have spared him so easily.

Besides, all was fair in the business world. Weren't such vicious methods simply the way things worked?

Sure enough, Tom didn't have any objections to Toby's suggestion, and he simply nodded without hesitation. "Roger that, President Fuller. I'll have it arranged. There's another thing..."

"Tell me." Toby pulled out his cell phone and spun it around a few times, thereafter tapping on the screen to get it to light up.

In truth, he had only wanted to check the time, not expecting that there would be two unread messages on his phone from Sonia.

The pleasant surprise made his expression gentle by quite a bit.

After that, he quickly opened the messages to see what Sonia had sent.

The first one was her thanking him for having someone deliver her breakfast. The second was to say that she had made him some stew and that someone was delivering it to the Fuller Group.

The message was from about half an hour ago.

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Since Paradigm Co. was more than an hour from the Fuller Group, it was obvious that the stew hadn't been delivered yet.

If Toby rushed back now, he would likely be able to receive the stew himself.

"Drive!" he snapped immediately, slamming his phone down.

Since Tom was still thinking about what he wanted to say to Toby, the sudden command made him jump and choke on his own spit. After coughing a few times, he asked with a red face, "Did something urgent happen, President Fuller?"

Toby grunted in acknowledgment, not bothering to elaborate.

Having no other choice, Tom could only shut up and start the car.

It wasn't until the car had left the factory that Toby suddenly asked about the previous topic. "You said there was something else. What was it?"

Silently, Tom grimaced.

He had assumed that Toby had forgotten.

After tugging on his necktie with one hand, he finally admitted with a cough, "It's nothing important, just that the lawyer I sent out to discuss compensation with Anya Steinfeld returned this morning, saying negotiations were complete."

"Oh?" Toby glanced up to meet Tom's eyes through the rearview mirror. "How much is she paying?"

"She agreed to cover the maintenance costs of the car without hesitation and transferred 300,000 into our account just like that. That's not even taking into consideration your medical bills and follow-up treatment expenses," Tom replied.

Startled, Toby paused before narrowing his eyes. "She paid 300,000 for fixing the car, just like that?"

"Yes." Tom nodded.

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“She must be rich.” Toby scoffed at that.

Not finding anything was amiss, Tom agreed with a chuckle, “After all, she did get full-body plastic surgery. Someone who could do that naturally isn’t poor.”

Toby hummed. “Well, since we’ve been compensated, you needn’t keep an eye on her anymore. She’s just an unrelated stranger.”

“Alright, President Fuller. I understand.” Once again, Tom nodded.

With that, Toby closed his eyes and ended the conversation. He was starting to look forward to the stew that Sonia made him.

He had no idea what kind of stew it was either.

As he thought about it, Toby found the smile on his face deepened to the point where he couldn’t suppress it no matter what.

Witnessing Toby’s lovesick expression through the rearview mirror, Tom couldn’t help rolling his eyes.

There was no doubt Toby was thinking about Sonia again.

Why would he smile so freely otherwise?

Now he was just mocking Tom as a bachelor!

Despite the resentment in his heart, Tom didn’t dare to say anything out loud and only continued to drive quietly.

Nearly an hour later, they arrived at the Fuller Group.

At first, Tom was about to drive the car directly into the parking lot, only to have Toby stop him by instructing, “Stop at the front entrance.”

Although he was surprised, Tom did as he was told and stopped at the entrance of the company building.

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When Toby first officially took over the Fuller Group, he had ordered that no one be allowed to park outside the front entrance, even just temporarily.

Now, it turned out that the first person to break that rule was none other than Toby himself.

It wasn't the only time he had broken a rule, either—there was also the time when his cell phone had rung during a meeting.

As Tom heard from the people who attended that meeting, Toby got angry once the phone started ringing—assuming it belonged to someone else—only to discover that it was his own cell phone in the end.

And then, once he looked at the phone, his anger not only dissipated but turned into a smile.

No doubt the ringing was because of a call or message from Sonia.

At any rate, it was due to Sonia that Toby broke multiple rules of his own. What Tom didn't know was simply what particular reason Toby had this time for breaking his own rules.

After stopping, Tom opened the car door and got out of the car.

At first, the security guard by the door stepped up to chase him away, only to immediately halt in his tracks once he saw who it was. And then, he turned and returned to his position to continue standing guard.

If the driver was Tom, the person in the backseat had to be Toby.

That was why it was best he pretended he didn't see any rules being broken.

No one in their right mind would chase their boss away unless they wanted to lose their job!

"We're here, President Fuller." Tom opened the rear car door for Toby.

After climbing out of the car, Toby straightened up, dusted off his suit, and strode toward the main entrance.

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Dutifully, Tom followed behind Toby until he reached the security guard. Tossing the keys to the security guard, he instructed, "Move the car to the parking lot."

"Yes, Mr. Brown," the security guard hurried to answer, catching the keys before jogging over to the car and driving off to park.

After checking to make sure that the security guard was doing his job, Tom continued to follow Toby.

When he saw Toby stop at the front desk, he asked curiously, "Are you looking for something, President Fuller?"

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 798

Chapter 798 The Laughing Stock of the Company

Toby ignored him and rapped his knuckles against the top of the front desk.

The receptionist at the front desk was in her seat with her head low as she jotted something down into her files, and she didn't notice that there was someone at the counter at all until she heard the knock. She put her pen aside and looked up, only to see that the person in front of her was none other than the big man himself.

She jumped in her seat and stammered, "P-President Fuller!"

Toby frowned, but he didn't look like he planned on giving her a hard time. He knew his presence was a terrifying one to entry-level employees, so he wasn't surprised to see how intimidated the receptionist was. In fact, he was already used to being greeted with such fear and respect.

"Did anyone from Paradigm Co. come by?" he asked after withdrawing his hand from the countertop.

The receptionist blinked at him and repeated inquisitively, "Paradigm Co.?"

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Toby hummed in response, and behind him, Tom immediately realized what was going on.

Oh, so that's why he wanted me to park the car outside all of a sudden. He's breaking old habits for Sonia, Tom thought wryly. Then again, I should have known. Sonia is the only person who can make Toby give up his old habits and principles.

"No, President Fuller," the receptionist replied dutifully.

Toby pursed his lips. Looks like the person in charge of delivering the soup isn't here yet.

Upon seeing Toby's lowered gaze, Tom cleared his throat and took the initiative to ask, "President Fuller, did Miss Reed ask someone to drop something off for you?"

Toby nodded slightly in affirmation.

Tom chuckled. He then adjusted his glasses and said, "In that case, why don't you go up to your office first and I'll stay here to look out for the delivery guy? I'll bring whatever it is up to you later."

He cast a sidelong glance at Tom, and it looked as though he was telling him to stay out of his business. "That won't be necessary," he said curtly. "I will personally sign off on anything she delivers to me, so don't be bothered by this."

At the sight of this, the corner of Tom's lips twitched with the urge to snap back at him. Excuse me? Why do you think I'm offering my services? It's all because of you, you jerk! After all, no assistant would want to see their own boss waiting for a delivery at the front desk like some hapless fool. It was only right for him to make the offer because it was well within his job scope as an assistant.

And yet, instead of complimenting me on being a good employee for offering to help, this guy decides to take it the wrong way and implicitly accuse me of wanting to take his special stuff! The audacity of him! Who cares if you're in love, President Fuller? It's not a big deal.

At that moment, Tom vowed to himself that he would and he must find a girlfriend soon. If he has to deal with Toby and Sonia's sickening lovey-dovey moments any longer, he might go insane.

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Although he was cursing in his head, the poor assistant maintained a professional smile that perfectly concealed his disgruntlement.

Meanwhile, Toby was not one to guess Tom's thoughts. He sat down on the chair the receptionist had pulled up for him and crossed his legs leisurely while waiting for the delivery guy to show up.

It took about an hour to get to Fuller Group from Paradigm Co., and he had taken the same amount of time just to get back from the factory. If his estimation was correct, the delivery guy would arrive anytime soon.

At the thought of this, Toby raised his arm and glanced at the time. Then, he tapped his fingers absentmindedly against the tops of his knees. His eyes were fixed on the main entrance of the company building, and there was no hiding the anticipation that glittered in his obsidian orbs.

Now that he was determined to stay and wait at the front desk, Tom couldn't very well leave him alone. As such, he pulled up a seat behind Toby and sat down to wait with him.

Behind them, the receptionist at the front desk stared helplessly at the two most important men in the company sitting alongside her. The smile on her face was nearly frozen as she thought, What in the world is going on here? Why are these two big shots sitting here still?

The pressure of having them sit so close to her was crazy. She couldn't even focus on her work, and she dared not breathe too loudly for fear that they might suddenly look at her or notice her presence.

She wanted to sigh. Her cheeks were already stiff from all the smiling, and she cursed at fate's dark humor.

In the receptionists' group, the women would either brag about the number of times they had seen Toby or discuss his breathtakingly handsome face. There were even times when this receptionist would dream of Toby showing up in front of her and letting her stare at his unreal beauty to her heart's content. That way, she would become the most enviable and luckiest girl among her colleagues.

And now, her fantasy was realized; Toby had indeed shown up in front of her and sat down by her work station. However, she did not dare to stare at him and take in his handsome

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face like a lovesick schoolgirl as she had fantasized. She didn't even dare to sneak a glance at him, fearing that if she did, he would suddenly turn around, catch her staring at him, and fire her right away.

After all, there had been examples where female subordinates and employees in the group had stalked Toby around the building and stared at him from afar. They were all dealt with by Toby and Tom, and they never showed up again for work.

As such, every female employee in Fuller Group dared not act upon their fantasies of Toby. They didn't want to gamble away their careers before they could even bring their hopes to reality. More importantly, if they were fired from the company, it would show on their record and affect their job-hunting prospects.

Don't look. You can't look and you mustn't! The receptionist gripped her pen tightly as she told herself this over and over. Do not even think about peering at President Fuller!

While Toby's presence was giving her immense pressure, the receptionist was determined to hold out until after he left. However, the nerves she was feeling at the moment reflected the unease of the other employees who walked through the lobby. As such, they were undoubtedly nervous as well.

None of them had expected the president to be sitting at the front desk instead of lounging in his cushy office. If they didn't know any better, they would have thought that Toby was here to be a receptionist for a day or to ambush problematic employees.

Either way, the employees who brushed through the lobby immediately slowed in their steps and lightened their footfalls when they caught sight of him. Moreover, they dared not so much as breathe as they lowered their heads like nervous schoolchildren and pretended they had not seen him. All of them were terrified that he would suddenly call their names and question them.

However, as afraid as they were of him, they couldn't help finding this whole scene ridiculously funny.

That much was understandable. After all, Toby and Tom stood at the top of the pyramid in Fuller Group, but each of them were sitting in a simple chair that did not, in any way, complement their fine clothes and intimidating aura. Not to mention, they were staring at

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the door from where they sat at the front desk. No matter how one looked at this, one had to appreciate the humor of it.

When these employees were safely out of Toby and Tom's view, they sputtered and burst into laughter. Some of them even took out their phones and spread the hilarious news to all their company group texts.

It didn't take long for the entire company to learn of their president's return, but instead of being cooped up in his office, the big man was seated at the front desk like some guardian deity. Not a single employee who heard about this refrained from laughing out loud.

Presently, Tom was oblivious to the fact that he and Toby were now the biggest joke among their subordinates, but he could feel the shift in their expressions when they walked past the lobby. They had gone from looking shocked, to cautious, to wary, and eventually to amused. At some point, they looked like they were shaking with the effort to keep themselves from laughing.

Oh, I know exactly what they want to laugh about! They probably think it's hilarious to see me and President Fuller sitting here!

In all fairness, it was quite the absurd sight for two important corporate figures to be manning the front desk in the lobby when they should be in the expansive and opulent confines of the president's office and sitting in fine armchairs.

Here, they were warming up old plastic chairs that had been occupied by an indefinite number of people before them, allowing themselves to be in full view of the employees who walked in and out of the lobby.

In fact, they should be handling all kinds of documents for multi-million business deals right now instead of sitting here and staring at the glass-door entrance like two mindless idiots.

Whatever the case might be, Tom and Toby had officially humiliated themselves today.

Tom had never been so embarrassed before. He decidedly kept his head down and clapped a hand over his features, hoping that might save his last shred of dignity.

This is all President Fuller's fault!

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Toby, on the other hand, was solemn as he glanced at his watch from time to time, which was the only other thing he did aside from staring at the entrance. He did not notice that he and Tom had become the laughing stock of the entire company at all.

However, Tom knew better than to point this out to the man. It was bad enough that he had to endure this shame, and he didn't want to be snapped at in the process. My goodness... he found himself musing. He sighed in frustration. Well, as things are, I can't do anything about us becoming the butt of the joke, so what else is there for me to do other than to keep this guy company while he continues to wait?

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 799

Chapter 799 Don't Even Think About It

While Tom was resigned to this humiliation, he couldn't help but pray fervently that the delivery guy from Paradigm Co. would show up soon. If he did, then Tom and Toby would be spared from this embarrassment.

Perhaps the heavens decided to take pity on Tom and moved to spare him and Toby from the awkward situation, because not long after that, a man in a suit came through the entrance with a thermal container in hand.

As soon as Tom spotted the man, he stood up and announced enthusiastically, "President Fuller, the guy from Paradigm Co. is here! I remember that thermal container he's holding because Miss Reed used it while she was taking care of you!"

Toby had been glancing at his watch when he heard Tom's words and looked up immediately. Sure enough, the familiar thermal container came into view, and as for the man carrying it, Toby decided to pay no mind to him at all.

A smile tugged on his lips as he rose from his seat and walked up to the man from Paradigm Co.

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On the other hand, the man was a little startled to see Toby approach him personally. "President Fuller," he greeted.

"Give it to me," Toby said in clipped tones as he reached for the container.

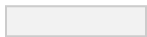
Without delay, the man quickly handed it over and smiled respectfully as he said, "President Fuller, this is the soup Chairman Reed made for you and had me send over here. She also wants to remind you to drink it while it's hot."

Toby grabbed the thermal container and replied warmly, "Thank you. You may go back now."

"Very well," the man said courteously with a nod.

Then, Toby turned and headed for the elevators with Tom hurrying after him.

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It was only after the two of them had disappeared into the elevator that the receptionist let out a sigh of relief. Thank goodness, the two heads of Ceberus are gone! It was as if she had been brought back to life after turning into stone. She didn't have to gird her loins or bear with the suffocating pressure anymore!

She wiped off the beads of cold sweat that had broken out over her forehead and smiled in tired relief. After that, she picked up her phone and immediately texted into the group chat to tell her colleagues what had happened.

Everyone in the group clamored to guess what Toby could have been doing at the lobby, and when it was revealed by the front desk receptionist that he had been there to personally collect the soup Sonia made for him, everyone burst into an uproar.

None of them would have thought that he was there for such a simple reason, for it seemed too surreal.

However, the female employees in the group chat seemed to have descended into a frenzy. Each of them thought it was incredibly romantic of Toby to wait in the lobby just so he could personally collect the soup Sonia had made for him. More importantly, it only went to show just how much he cared for and loved her. This is a fine example of a good man!

Following that, the male employees in the group chat were mercilessly criticized for not being as romantic or considerate or devoted as Toby. Alas, they could make no retort even if they thought the criticism and comparison were unfair. After all, they were being compared to the president of Fuller Group, and any protest on their part could easily be construed as an insult to Toby.

If they were caught muttering even a word of dissatisfaction about Toby, then it would only take 10 minutes before their supervisors came up to them and demanded an explanation. As things were, they could do nothing but swallow their pride and reluctantly admit their own shortcomings.

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Meanwhile, Toby and Tom had returned to the office. The latter was just about to ask if there were any documents to be sent to relevant departments in the company when Toby spoke first. "Bring me a bowl."

Oh, yes, by all means, set aside important work just so you can enjoy your precious soup, Tom thought sarcastically while suppressing the urge to roll his eyes. He maintained a smile as he very obligingly went into the utilities room to retrieve a bowl and a spoon.

When he returned, he saw that Toby had already twisted open the lid of the thermal container. Sure enough, the soup was still piping hot, and white smoke unfurled from the opening of the container. This was coupled with the savory, appetizing scent of the bone broth.

Tom took a sniff and swallowed as he stared longingly at the thermal container. "President Fuller, Miss Reed sure has a way with making bone broth! That smells delicious!"

"Of course," Toby agreed proudly as he lifted his chin at a haughty angle. My Little Leaf is the best at cooking, and the bone broth she makes is the finest there is!

At the sight of Toby's smug look, Tom rolled his eyes. I'm not complimenting you, so wipe that grin off your face, sir! But even as he thought this, he uttered not a single word and hurriedly passed the bowl and spoon over.

Toby took the utensils and promptly served himself a bowl of soup.

It was obvious to see that Sonia had stewed the bone broth for hours on end; the broth was milky-white in color, which only went to show that all the flavor and goodness of the beef bones had been released and stewed over a slow fire.

The soup was precious indeed.

Tom swallowed once more as he stared at the milky-white soup with the spring onions sprinkled on top. He was completely enamored with it. Look at that gorgeous coloring, he thought wistfully. This is driving me crazy. I can already imagine how good the soup will taste.

With glittering eyes, he asked hesitantly, "Uh, President Fuller..."

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Toby pulled up his seat and plopped down at the table. Then, he eyed Tom curiously.
“What?”

Tom’s gaze was fixed on the remaining soup in the container. He rubbed his palms together eagerly as he chuckled. “President Fuller...”

It was obvious what he was hinting at.

A dark look passed over Toby’s face as he asked, “Do you want some too?”

Tom’s eyes lit up at this and he quickly nodded. “Yes. I mean, Miss Reed is a brilliant cook, and that soup smells really delicious, so I was—”

“No!” Toby cut him off ruthlessly and dashed his hopes.

Tom gaped at him with wide eyes. “But why, President Fuller?”

Toby snorted and pointed out, “My lover made me this soup, so no, you can’t try it no matter what! If you want some soup, go find your own girlfriend and have her make it for you!”

This rendered Tom so speechless and disappointed that he lowered his head. Find a girlfriend? Like it’s that easy! If it weren’t so difficult, why would I still be single at 30 years old?

Upon seeing how dejected Tom looked, Toby put down his spoon and frowned in annoyance. “What are you still standing there for? Get out. Don’t think that I’d take pity on you just because you’re sulking over there. Go on.”

He waved his hand to dismiss Tom impatiently. He even made it a point to pull the thermal container closer to him, making it seem as though he was terrified that Tom might snatch it and run away with it.

The corner of Tom’s lips twitched in disbelief. And now he thinks I’m a soup robber? Come on! It’s just a bowl of soup, and I couldn’t care less about drinking it! He was lying to himself while cursing at Toby, but he forced a smile and said pleasantly, “Okay, I’ll get going then.”

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Toby did not spare him a second glance as he lowered his head and drank the soup in earnest.

Tom pouted, and after giving the thermal container another wistful look, he sighed and walked out the door.

After he left, Toby scoffed as a triumphant smirk tugged at his lips. You want to drink my soup? Over my dead body! Sonia is the one who made me this soup and no one gets to have it but me!

He took another mouthful of soup as he fished out his phone to give Sonia a call.

Sonia had only just come out of the washroom when she heard her phone ring. She flicked off the water droplets on her hands and walked up to her desk. When she grabbed her phone and saw Toby's name flashing on the screen, she lit up considerably and swiped to answer the call without any delay. "Hello?"

Toby's heart melted into a pool when he heard Sonia's voice. "Hey, are you busy at the moment?" he asked softly.

She shook her head on the other line. "Not at all, but what about you? I didn't hear from you for the entire morning; you must have been so tied up with work that you didn't even have time to check your phone."

He hummed in response. "I was checking up on things at the factory this morning and I didn't have time to check my messages, but I'm free for now. I still have to visit the site two hours later, so I might be home late tonight. Have dinner without me and don't wait up, okay?" he said after drinking some soup.

"Okay, I got it," she replied with a nod, but a frown quickly etched itself on her delicate face.

He hadn't slept much last night, and it was bad enough that he had to work for the whole day. Yet, he was going to have to work through the night as well.

It's going to take a toll on his body.

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However, she sighed and did not try to persuade him to get off work early today. She was also the chairman of a company, and she knew it was impossible to just set work aside on a whim. After all, they had their employees' livelihoods to consider.

That said, she was still worried about how the workload might affect his body. As things stood, all she could do was to make sure he had all the right food. At the thought of this, she asked, "By the way, did you get the soup?"

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 800

Chapter 800 The Rival's Confrontation

Toby hummed earnestly in response as he replied, "I got it, and I'm drinking it right now." As he said this, he took up a spoonful of soup and slurped it loudly. "Hear that?"

Sonia laughed and nodded. "Yes, I heard it. How is it? I stewed it for ages just to get the flavor right."

"It's delicious," he answered with a firm nod. Then, his brows drew together as he added, "Tom was here too, and he wanted to give a taste after he saw how good it looked. He even asked me if I could spare him some."

"Oh?" She raised a brow in amusement. Sonia then laughed and said, "If he truly thinks that way, then I must have displayed exemplary culinary skills."

"I didn't let him try it, though," Toby said huffily on the other line. "You made the soup for me, and it's mine—all mine! No one else gets to have it."

Upon hearing his stubborn tone, Sonia couldn't help being entertained. "That's a little selfish of you, isn't it?"

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“Not at all.” He shook his head slightly. “I’m just trying to protect what’s mine, so how is that selfish? Besides, you said you made the soup for me. It wouldn’t seem right to let someone else have it too.”

“That’s true,” she agreed with a nod. She was admittedly gratified to hear how defensive he was over something she gave him. After all, it wasn’t a pleasant feeling to know that the gift one gave a person was passed on to another. It’s a good thing to see him appreciate the soup so much, she thought with a smile.

Just then, she remembered something and said, “By the way, Anya apologized to me today.”

Toby stopped drinking his soup when he heard this, but quickly regained composure as he nodded. “Well, as long as she apologizes.”

He had thought about getting someone to give her a reminder if she didn’t apologize to Sonia in the next two days. After he swallowed his soup, he then asked, “What was she like when she apologized?”

He had been too busy today to follow up on these things, much less even hear about it.

Sonia sputtered as she said, “What was she like, you ask? Disgusting.”

He frowned at this and asked, “What happened?”

“I mean, it’s not actually a big deal or whatever, but...” She went on to tell him all about Anya’s apology and the way she had gone about it.

After hearing the details, Toby frowned.

Sonia rubbed her temple in a tired manner and said, “All in all, she basically misled the netizens.”

“I’ll get Tom to handle this,” Toby offered in a stone-cold voice.

She shook her head. “There’s no need for that. Daphne offered to take care of it too, but I turned her down. It’s not like Anya and I are ever going to cross paths again, so I’ll let this die off on its own. I never expected a genuine apology from her anyway, and I thought she might

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have had some dirty tricks up her sleeve. I guess you could say I saw this coming, and whatever she did was not surprising at all. She's such an attention-seeking person that the more we try to get back at her, the more she would pester us. Let's just ignore her from now on."

The gloomy look on Toby's face waned after he heard this, and his tone was considerably less stony as he muttered, "Fine, I'll let this go."

Although he sounded like he was willing to turn a blind eye to this, he had no plans of doing so. After all, he wouldn't allow anyone to hurt Sonia without paying the price. She was kind-hearted, but he certainly was not.

He had been merciful enough to give Anya a way out when he asked her to apologize to Sonia. Little did he know that the girl would end up making trouble when she could have had an easy escape.

In that case, she will reap what she has sowed.

At the thought of this, Toby narrowed his eyes dangerously.

Meanwhile, on the other line, Sonia smiled when she heard that he was going to let this matter go. Alas, she had no idea that the petty and vengeful man she called her lover was already planning to get Anya back for her misdeeds.

Following this, they moved on to another topic, and they hung up the call shortly after exchanging words of affection.

"Tom," Toby called for his assistant as soon as he set his phone down.

When Tom came into the office, he saw that Toby was standing at his desk while clearing away the utensils and carefully keeping the thermal container.

He looked like the perfect house-husband. Tom quickly averted his eyes and thought grimly, How far has this guy fallen? This can't possibly be the same workaholic who couldn't even take care of himself on the daily.

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He never would have expected Toby to look so adept at simple chores like this, nor did he know when the man had started picking up such habits. Without dwelling on this, he cleared his throat and asked, "Is there anything I can help you with, President Fuller?"

Toby set the utensils and the thermal container aside before pulling out a couple of tissues to wipe his fingers. Then, he said darkly, "Did you see Anya's apology?"

"Apology?" Tom froze in surprise, which meant he hadn't seen it at all.

Toby didn't blame him, though; Tom had been too tied up with work today, so it was no surprise that he hadn't heard of this.

"Apparently, Anya went to apologize to Little Leaf today, but she clearly didn't mean it," Toby elaborated icily as he threw the used tissues into the bin and sat down once more.

Tom frowned. "I had no idea about this. I'm sorry, President Fuller—I'll look into it right now." With that, he pulled out his phone and searched the internet.

Sonia had managed to get the public relations team to keep the news of the apology from trending, but Tom thought he might still be able to find something if he dug deep enough.

It didn't take long before he came across a video of Anya's apology to Sonia.

Anya was crying in the video and apologizing to Sonia under the guise of telling her sob-story to the netizens. She wailed about how she was innocent and how she had been forced into apologizing just to gain sympathy.

Having seen all this, Tom grew sullen as he hissed through gritted teeth, "This woman is incorrigibly despicable!"

Toby eyed him steadily. "Do you now know why I called you in here?"

Tom nodded. "Don't worry, President Fuller. I'll make sure to teach her a lesson for this."

Humming in response, Toby reminded, "Make sure to do it quietly. She just apologized to Little Leaf, and if anything too alarming happens to her, the public might think that Little Leaf is the one behind it. It'll only make things worse for her."

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“Don’t worry, President Fuller. I know what to do.” Tom pushed his glasses up his nose bridge as a cold gleam flashed in his eyes. “I’m just going to make sure she runs into various obstacles in her life and career. It’ll all seem like bad luck on her end, and no one will be able to tell that we had anything to do with it.”

Toby made a small noise of agreement and waved to dismiss him. “Well then, please get to it.”

“Yes, sir.” Tom turned on his heels to leave the office.

Now that he was left alone, Toby glanced at the thermal container and decided to wash it in the adjoining kitchenette.

But before he could lift a finger, his phone rang again.

Toby took his phone out to check the caller ID with a frown on his face, and a look of astonishment flickered in his dark eyes for a moment. However, he quickly snapped out of the initial shock and thought, Why is he calling me out of the blue?

Toby pursed his lips. He had no intention of answering the call, so with a decisive swipe of his thumb, he rejected it.

However, he had only just dismissed the call for a few seconds before his phone buzzed again. The ringtone was starting to sound like a hymn at some point, and he had a feeling that the person would not stop calling until he picked up.

Toby’s face was dark as he picked up the phone impatiently and pressed it to his ear. “What do you want?” he barked unhappily. He was clearly irritated, and if it weren’t for the fact that the person might go to Sonia and make up ridiculous lies to paint him in a bad light, he wouldn’t have picked up the call in the first place. In fact, he would have turned off his phone right away.

On the other line, Charles’ thunderous voice roared, “What the hell are you up to, Toby? Did you get Sonia into trouble again?”

He was currently sitting in his office chair. He had one hand on the phone and the other clenching the edge of the desk. He was so angry that the veins near his temples were

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throbbing, and his handsome face had turned red with fury. Even his eyes were growing bloodshot as well. He looked like he could kill, and his body was trembling with rage.

Anyone could tell that he was close to bursting into flames, looking as though he might even explode.

Again? The air around Toby grew cold when he heard this word, and his face was sullen. There was fury in his eyes as he demanded venomously, "Don't be ridiculous, Charles. When and how did I get Little Leaf into trouble again?"

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