

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1251

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Eh, it doesn't matter if he knows about it or not. I'll just pretend like I don't know these are bridal shoes.

Once Toby was done helping her wear the shoes over her feet, he stood up and extended his hand to her. "Done. Now stand up and check how it feels."

Sonia placed her hand in his and carefully rose to her feet. Unlike her previous heels, these shoes felt comfortable, and she smiled, utterly pleased. "It feels great." Earlier, when she was standing in her previous heels, it made her feet feel sore, and walking made it even worse. But she didn't feel her feet giving out in these shoes. It felt like she was wearing slippers, not heels.

"You should try walking around." He was still worried that the shoes might hurt her.

She let go of his hand and walked around the waiting room. Eventually, she walked back to him and nodded. "It still feels amazing. Thank you."

That's good to hear. "I told Tom to consult the shopkeeper. I thought they'd lie just to make a sale, but it's a good thing they didn't."

Oh, so he asked Tom to ask before buying. So, it wasn't his direct order then. Guess I was overthinking again. Well, he is a guy. It's not like he knows a lot about ladies' fashion. She smiled. "I'll take a look in the mirror and see if they fit my dress."

The height of the heels was important for the overall look. Stilettos could make a woman's legs look longer and give her a regal vibe, especially when paired with an appropriate dress. A dress could look regal on its own, but she should pair it with a pair of stilettos. Any other heels would ruin the entire outfit, no matter how beautiful they were. Not only would a shorter pair of heels ruin the user's overall look, but they would also, in some serious cases, emphasize their less-than-perfect curves. In conclusion, a good pair of heels was vital.

The red dress she was wearing leaned toward posh. Thus, it was perfect for stilettos. So, she was worried these bridal shoes might not fit well. I don't want to get laughed at. Especially when I'm Toby's girlfriend, I don't want to hear them say I can't even afford a good stylist. Then, I'd embarrass Toby and myself.

Toby saw her off as she hurried into the bathroom, and he smiled. He thought she looked fine. He was about to tell her that, but she had already run off in a hurry. So, he shook his head and entered the bathroom as well.

Sonia stood before the dressing mirror, looking at her reflection. She was trying to see if anything looked off, but these heels fitted her dress perfectly. There was nothing to worry about. But why? Oh, wait. I know why. My legs are long. It doesn't matter if my heels aren't that tall.

He came up to her and embraced her from behind. "So, what do you think?" he whispered.

Sonia nodded with a smile. "It's alright. I thought it would look weird. I guess I thought wrong. These fit me well, though most of it is because my legs are long enough. I never realized my legs were this long."

Toby looked at her exposed legs, and a flame of desire flared in his eyes. "Is that so? Let me take a look."

Alas, before he could even touch her, she smacked his hand away. "Oh, buzz off. You're not touching." We might just go too far if he gets hard from touching me.

Toby looked at the red mark on his hand, amused. Not gentle at all.

They were still enjoying each other's company when someone knocked on the door again. Only this time, it was more like someone was banging on the door. They would have thought a debt collector was coming to collect their debt if they didn't know any better.

She could even feel the walls rumble. Even the bathroom felt like it would fall at any given moment. Who on earth is out there? That's so rude.

She was already frowning and feeling annoyed by the interruption, but Toby was outright irritated. The air felt like it became chilly all of a sudden. He released Sonia and turned to the waiting room.

He's going to check out who's banging on the door. She followed after him, equally irked and inquisitive. Soon, they arrived at the waiting room's entrance, and he flung open the door, but nobody was outside.

Sonia frowned. "Did they get the wrong room? Maybe they got drunk and came to the wrong room, but then they realized it, so they left?"

It's possible. Everyone drinks on these occasions, and people often get drunk, especially if they imbibed more than they should or if they can't drink. On the other hand, it could've been a case of a mistaken room. Maybe they just wanted to catch a break.

Toby didn't share her opinion. Instead, he narrowed his eyes. "Even if they got the wrong room, there was no reason to bang on the door. Besides, the waitstaff would take

them to a waiting room even if they were drunk. Nobody's supposed to get the wrong room, let alone banging the door like that."

"So, they weren't drunk? That was deliberate?" Sonia's jaw dropped.

He said nothing in response, but his silence was an answer in and of itself.

She gulped. "No way. This is waiting room number one. Everyone knows it's exclusive to you. So, who'd bang on your door?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. I'd like to see who they are." He looked far from happy, and his voice conveyed as such.

"Should we check the surveillance footage?" She tilted her head and looked at him.

"No. We'll wait." He closed the door and stared at the entrance coolly, akin to a predator waiting for prey.

He's trying to see if that prankster will show up the second time. Sonia stayed silent and waited with him. Minutes passed. Just when Sonia thought it was a one-time thing, she heard something behind the door.

Footsteps. They were quiet. The pranksters were tiptoeing, but she still heard the sounds of their footsteps. Those are heels against the floor. So, we're most likely dealing with women here.

Toby also heard it, but he opted to stay silent. The suspect hadn't done anything just yet. They couldn't do anything even if they were to open the door. So, we have to catch them red-handed.

The sounds of footsteps disappeared a moment later, but the couple knew someone was outside. They're going to bang on the door.

Just as they expected, the pranksters started banging on the door once more, this time even worse than the last. The door was rattling, and the walls were shaking. The force behind their actions was enough to knock the door down at any moment. They would have thought these pranksters were their nemeses coming to take their lives if they didn't know any better.

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1252

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1252

Sonia couldn't even describe Toby's face as merely grumpy at this point. Even the air around him seemed to freeze in his presence.

Sonia could feel his fury, yet she didn't calm him down. After all, she, too, detested these pranksters. They were being very impolite. Anyone would rightfully feel offended by their actions.

"Back off a bit," he whispered.

He was worried the pranksters might hurt her if he opened the door all of a sudden later. He's going to catch them. She nodded and backed away. "Okay. Be careful."

Toby nodded. "I will." Then, he flung the door open.

The pranksters didn't expect Toby to lie in wait for them. The moment he opened the door, they lost balance and fell forward. Sh*t. Women? Toby quickly retreated to the side and managed to prevent these women from falling on him.

These pranksters fell to the floor headfirst, forming a little mound. The one on the top wasn't hurt, mostly shocked. She had her friend cushioning her fall, after all. But her friend was in a far worse situation. She hit her face and teeth, resulting in her veneer slipping out and blood filling her mouth. The instant the pain hit her, it made her cry like a baby.

Her wails frustrated Toby as he shot these wenches a look entirely laden with ice-cold fury. "Shut it!" he growled impatiently.

Toby's rage and fury filled the air, surrounding the intruders. For a moment, the ladies fell silent as they felt like they were trapped in hell, and they shivered in terror. Then, their cries and shouts were cut short, for they felt as if someone was holding a gun against their head. They couldn't help but think that they would lose their lives if they moved a muscle.

Oh, there are two of them? Sonia was surprised. I thought there was only one. She stepped forward and stood beside Toby.

Oh, Sonia's back. Toby calmed down considerably in her presence and held her hand. "Are you alright? Are you scared?" he asked gently.

She shook her head. "No. This is nothing." I was kidnapped and almost killed. As if this will scare me.

Toby nodded. As long as she's not scared. Then, he turned his attention to the intruders, who were too afraid to stand up. If looks could kill, the girls would be dead. Even though these ladies couldn't see his face, they could still feel the terror hanging in the air, and they quivered.

He closed the door and demanded icily, "Who sent you here?"

That only made the girls tremble more. Finally, they tried to form a sentence, but they couldn't.

Toby's patience was running thin at this rate. "Get up and talk. Who. Sent. You. Here?"

The girls quickly scrambled to their feet lest he took his anger out on them. The first girl helped her friend up and even picked her veneer up. But that didn't change the fact blood filled her friend's mouth. She was still bleeding in her mouth, so she couldn't speak even if she wanted to.

God, she looks disgusting with blood in her mouth. Sonia shifted her gaze to the other girl. She was shivering in fear, and her head hung low. "You answer him. Who sent you here? Tell us the truth, or else."

She spoke calmly, but the warning in her tone was unmistakable. Any lesser people would be terrified to be in the girl's shoes. She had been the boss of a company for months now. So, she had the air of a leader around her. Alas, that was only useful against people who were scared of her.

These women were not on that list. They trusted Lynette with all their hearts. They believed that Toby only got back together with Sonia because she had dirt on him, not because of love. Naturally, they weren't scared of a scoundrel like Sonia, nor did they care about her.

They thought they would be as impolite as they wanted toward Sonia, thinking Toby might be delighted by their thoughtfulness. Maybe he might forgive us for banging on the door. We helped him fight his oppressor, after all.

They managed to delude themselves. The chubby, unhurt woman stood up straighter and regarded Sonia like she was trash. "What's that got to do with you, b*tch? You think you can interrogate us, trash? You f*cking sl—"

Her sentence was cut off. A surge of searing pain came from her belly. A scream escaped her lips as she flew across the room. Eventually, she fell with a thud, rolling around on the ground and holding her belly in agony. The sudden attack shocked Sonia and the lankier girl.

It didn't take long for Sonia to snap out of it, but not the girl. Her jaw dropped, and she stared at her friend, completely disregarding the fact that blood was dripping down her chin. The same friend who was rolling around in agony, her face as pale as a ghost. That chubby girl was sweating all over her head, while the thinner one had horror in her eyes, and she felt a chill down her spine. Mr. Fuller... Mr. Fuller kicked her.

Yes. Toby sent that woman flying into the air. Even Sonia was surprised by his actions, but she knew why he attacked that woman, and she was happy about it.

He held her shoulders and looked down at the women like they were maggots. This time he spoke with murder in his voice, "Not even I would raise my voice at my lovely girlfriend. How dare you call her a b*tch? And you did it right in front of me. Congratulations, you just got yourself a one-way ticket to hell."

The women gradually felt suffocated from the all-encompassing terror that surrounded them.

Wait. So, Mr. Fuller came after us because we talked to that b*tch the wrong way? And he called her his lovely girlfriend? Impossible! The pranksters stared at Sonia in disbelief.

The chubby lady ignored her pain and stared at Sonia in shock. She muttered, "Impossible. How is this possible?"

Miss Lore said Toby is only dating Sonia because she's threatening him, not because he loves her. So, what's the deal with him? He just called her his girlfriend. This doesn't seem like a loveless relationship. He wouldn't have gotten mad at us if they weren't in love. He wouldn't have come after me. Instead, we should've had his support. She threatened him, and we helped him fight against her. But he thinks we're hurting his girlfriend? Wait. So, this means Miss Lore got it all wrong. They didn't get back together because Sonia's threatening him. They got back together because they are still in love!

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1253

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1253

The chubby woman felt as if her mind exploded with fear and shock. Realization sank in, but the truth was far too terrifying to ponder. She could guess what kind of fate she would have to face, but she didn't think that far. She didn't want to.

At first, she thought Toby was threatened by Sonia, so she came to interrupt their monkey business as per Lynette's orders. They thought Toby wouldn't get angry at them for banging on the door, since they were there to save him. In fact, they thought he would reward them. But now they realized things were different from what they had in mind. He got back with her not because he was threatened, but because he wanted to. Will he thank us now? No, I don't think so. He sent me flying just because I called Sonia a b*tch. He's going to get back at us badly for banging on the door.

The chubby woman stopped thinking. The more she thought, the more terrified she was. Why did I even insult her? I could have just left after I banged on the door. I didn't have to go that far, and now look at what happened. What should I do?

Just like the chubby woman, the other woman had the same thought. They were both birds of the same feather, after all. Anyway, they were now scared out of their wits. They needed help desperately, but none came.

Toby set these women aside for a moment. Concerned, he said, "I hope I didn't scare you."

Sonia shook her head, smiling. "Surprised you did that, but I wasn't scared."

Toby answered, "I am not a woman beater, but they went too far, so I had no choice but to use violence. I didn't want you to think I'm an abuser, though."

That would be bad. If she thinks I'm a woman beater, she might think I would abuse her one day. I don't want her to think I'm a villain. She might distance herself from me. That was his concern.

Sonia shook her head. "No. I know you aren't an abuser. I know why you did that to them. You did it for me. They insulted me. I'm happy you came to my defense. No, I wouldn't be scared." A lot of men wouldn't even help their girlfriends when they were insulted. Not only would they not fight back against their girlfriend's bullies, but they would also tell their girlfriends to just shrug it off. Men like those were despicable.

What Toby did deserved praise. Instead of staying silent when his girlfriend was insulted, he stepped in and taught those bullies a lesson. Yes, it was a bit bloody, but she didn't think it was wrong. Real men would step in and protect their girlfriends when the time called for it. Men like these were worth their girlfriend's trust.

Oh. She doesn't think that what I did was wrong and that I'm an abuser. He heaved a sigh of relief and patted her head, then he made a call.

He's calling Tom. Probably to take care of these two. Sonia left him to his own business while she turned her attention to the girls.

The skinnier woman was still covering her bleeding mouth. Her face was pale, and she didn't move a muscle. The fat one—the one Toby kicked—was still on the ground, clutching her belly in agony. Her forehead was drenched in sweat and she tried to get up multiple times, but the pain would shoot up her abdomen every time she tried to move, draining even more color from her face, and she would lay back down. Toby didn't hold back. That was a solid kick. Otherwise, the girl would have already gotten to her feet, seeing as that layer of fat is protecting her.

The moment the chubby woman noticed Sonia looking at her, she froze up. Her jaw dropped, and with a quivering voice, she said, "M-Miss Reed."

Oh, she's terrified of me. A small smile tugged at her lips. "Oh, please don't call me that. I'm a b*tch to you, remember? Call me a b*tch."

She's... She's mocking me. All color drained from the chubby woman's face, especially when Toby shot her a killer look when he heard Sonia's sarcastic remark. If she could faint, she would have.

However, the chubby woman was well-built. No matter what she did, she couldn't faint, so she forced a smile instead. Now her voice was laden with fear. "T-That's a good joke, Miss Reed. I-I wouldn't call you that. I-It was just a... a slip of the tongue. Please forgive me, Miss Reed. Please. I-I can do anything." If she lets it slide, maybe Mr. Fuller will let me go as well.

"A slip of the tongue, eh?" She doubled down on the sarcasm, and her smile lost all warmth. "There are no slips of the tongue. It's just an excuse for letting your real thoughts slip. You called me a b*tch because you think I am one."

The chubby woman almost cried, but she kept shaking her head. "No, no, no, Miss Reed. That's not true. I... I..." She kept stammering, but not a single word came out, and she kept sweating.

Sonia chuckled. "You what? You can't come up with a reason? Guess so. It's because you can't think of a good one, and you won't ever find one. As I said, you called me a b*tch because that's what you think of me. You know that, deep in your heart. That's why you failed to come up with any excuses, am I right?"

The chubby woman stared at Sonia in horror. She tried to say something, but not a word came out. S-She's terrifying. She got it all right. What she said to Sonia earlier was what she truly thought of her. No matter what kind of excuse she could come up with, it would sound fake. Even she thought anything she said would be a lie, let alone others.

The chubby woman lay back down, her strength leaving her. Her friend gave her a look of sympathy, and she felt glad her mouth was hurt. She was lucky her veneer fell out so she couldn't say anything, or she would have also called Sonia a b*tch. I would have been kicked and Sonia would have come and made things more embarrassing for me.

"Alright, that's enough. We called the guards. They'll be here any second now, but before that, tell us why you banged on our door." Sonia crossed her arms.

Toby tucked his phone away and held her in his embrace. He was silent, but his presence alone made the women submit.

The women looked at each other. Guess we'll have to come clean. All they did was talk to Sonia the wrong way, and Toby was already going to kill them. If they refused to come clean, they might show up in the obituary a week later.

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1254

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1254

The women shivered in fear at this thought. The fat woman quickly answered, "I'll talk. Mr. Fuller, Miss Reed, we didn't mean to do this. Someone wanted us to stop you from... from having s... s..."

Sonia froze for a few moments, and then realization struck her. "What?!" So, they're suggesting that Toby and I were having s*x, and they came to stop us because they thought it was rude? A mirthless laughter escaped Sonia's lips.

Toby's face was grim. "Whatever we do in here is none of your business. You think you have the right to peek at us and interrupt whatever we're doing? Is that what your families teach you?"

If it weren't for the law, he would have killed them right here, right now. The women were shaking, and they shook their heads so violently, their heads might come off.

"W-We weren't peeking. I-It's Miss Lore!" The fat lady closed her eyes. Sorry, Miss Lore. She sold Lynette out. They might be friends, but if she didn't tell them the truth, she might die.

Her friend was a little surprised that she would sell Lynette out, but then she realized why. She backed her friend up. They had no choice but to use Lynette as a shield, or they would be dead meat. After all, she was the mastermind. Now that they were caught in the act, they thought Lynette should deal with the aftermath and take the brunt of the hit.

"Lore?" Sonia was reminded of someone. "Lynette?"

Toby's eyes narrowed.

The women nodded again. "That's right. That's her."

"So, it is her." Sonia laughed loudly this time, but there was no delight in her laughter at all. Then, she smirked at Toby. "Guess you didn't go down on them hard enough. She didn't realize you're being serious about teaching the Lores a lesson, and now she's coming after us again."

Toby pursed his lips angrily. "I thought she'd be smarter than this. I guess she really wants me to take her family down. Wish granted."

The women exchanged a look of shock and horror. Oh no. Miss Lore lied to us! She said that Sonia and Toby got back together not because of love, but because Sonia had dirt on Toby. She told us he was forced into it, but that's not true. That was the first lie they found.

But now they found the next lie. She told them Mr. Fuller was distancing himself from the Lores because he wanted to teach them a small lesson. He was annoyed they sabotaged Sonia without telling him first, or so they were told. Lynette claimed that Toby was upset they didn't consult him, so he was teaching them a lesson. She said it wouldn't last long, and that he would patch things up with them later.

The lies got through to them. They believed her, and their parents didn't tell them to stay away from her either. In fact, they told them to stay in touch with her because they were sure Toby would patch things up with the Lores. Once he did, the Lores might mention them to him, and they could gain something from this.

Thus, these women continued to hang out with Lynette and believed everything she said, but now they realized that it was all a lie.

Toby wasn't just teaching the Lores a small lesson; he was planning to destroy them completely. Furthermore, Toby wasn't actually Lynette's childhood friend. If he were her friend, his emotions would at least stir when her name was brought up, but instead, all they saw in his eyes was indifference.

Panic finally caught up to them, and they realized they had been played. Lynette was only using them as cannon fodder. She fed them lies and tricked them so they would hang out with her and sabotage Sonia while she reaped the rewards.

If Toby were friends with the Lores and Lynette, then everything they did would help her get nearer to her goal. However, they found out that she lied, but it was already too late. They had done the deed while Lynette was hiding behind them, insisting that her hands were clean.

That double-crossing, lying b*tch! The women started harboring a grudge against Lynette, their eyes red with fury.

Toby and Sonia had been observing them, and they could guess what was going on at this point.

Sonia felt a smidgen of sympathy for them, but she also scoffed. "Ah, someone used you girls."

That touched a sore spot; hence, it stoked the women's fires of hatred against Lynette.

Sonia was right. They were just nobodies trying to gain something from Lynette. They didn't mind being used as long as Lynette was telling the truth, but she lied. They felt stupid for believing her and doing her dirty work. The price they would pay for that would be... severe.

They couldn't care about anything now. All they wanted to do was drag Lynette down with them. Never would they allow her to keep her hands clean while they paid the price for her treachery. Never.

The women exchanged a look of resolve.

In the end, the fat woman gritted her teeth and tried to get up despite the pain. Her friend came to help her up, and she could only stand with her friend's support. She looked at the couple with agony in her eyes. Weakly, she said, "Mr. Fuller, Miss Reed, we're sorry. We'll tell you the truth."

That was exactly what the couple wanted. If it weren't for the fact that this was someone else's banquet, they wouldn't have wasted their time talking with these two. Toby would have told Tom to take them away for a session of interrogation. They would talk after some grilling. If they refused, then their families would feel the heat. However, they didn't want to cause a commotion as that would be rude to the host, and it would ruin an otherwise perfect banquet.

Toby held Sonia's hand, and they sat on the couch. He crossed his legs elegantly and looked at the women like they were criminals. "Then talk."

Both women took a deep breath. In the end, the fat woman said, "We met Lynette in college and became good friends. However, she went abroad six years ago, and we never did get in touch again. After she came back to the country, she gave us a call out of the blue. She claimed that she wanted to reconnect with us. Our families told us to meet with her since her family is friends with yours. We didn't want to, you know. Six years of no contact does things to friendships, but we had no choice. We had to listen to our families."

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1255

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1255

The skinny lady nodded her head in quick succession, telling the couple that it was the truth.

The chubby lady looked at the couple to gauge their reaction. When she saw they didn't say anything and were seemingly waiting for her to elaborate further, she steadied her nerves before continuing, "We only had a few meetups with her, but since we used to

be good friends, it didn't take long before we became close again, not to mention she kept on bringing up some of our good old times during our meetings. Then, in one of our meetings, we asked her why she had gone overseas six years ago without even saying goodbye, and she suddenly cried. She told us someone had forced her to..." She trailed off as she threw a fearful glance at Sonia.

Sonia cocked her eyebrow. "Why are you looking at me like that? Did she tell you I was the one who forced her?"

The chubby lady nodded in response. "Yeah, that's what she said."

Sonia looked like she had just heard the biggest joke in the world, and she swung Toby's arm around. "Did you hear that? She said I forced her. What a joke! I didn't even know her six years ago. How on earth could I even force her to do anything?" Besides, I'm not the sort of woman who would drive someone out of their home country.

The girls were surprised to find out Sonia didn't know Lynette six years ago, but they didn't find it all that shocking. After all, she had deceived them on many things, so it wouldn't be a surprise if she had lied to them about this, too.

"Oh, wow. I didn't know you're the reason she had to go overseas." There was a cold glint in Toby's eyes as he said that.

Sensing the sarcasm in his words, she played along and shrugged. "I know right? I didn't know either. How was I supposed to make her go overseas when I didn't even know who she was? Was there another me by any chance who did it?" She laughed after saying that.

He gave her hand a soft squeeze.

She suddenly asked, "So, why did she go overseas six years ago?"

"To study, or so she said. She had been overseas for six years, yet she didn't even get a Ph.D. certificate," he answered coolly. No doubt that was a lie as well.

Sonia rubbed her chin as she deduced, "In that case, she probably didn't go overseas to study. It was for something else. Something kept her there for six years. Okay, now I'm interested."

"You can just ask her if you want, but we have another matter to settle." He patted her head affectionately before turning his attention back to the girls again, and the love in his eyes was immediately replaced by indifference.

The girls couldn't believe he could switch from a loving man to a furious executioner in mere seconds, and they exchanged a look. At this point, they knew Lynette had lied to them. The hell they aren't in love. He loves her so deeply. Just look at how nice he is

only to her. If that's not love, then nothing is. Screw that b*tch for lying to us! they cursed at Lynette in silence. Their hatred for her mounted.

Then, Toby questioned them in an icy tone, "Why did she tell you my lover made her leave six years ago?"

The chubby lady gulped. Quickly, she answered, "She wanted to gain our sympathy and turn us against you."

"Oh?" Her reply had piqued Sonia's interest. "Do elaborate."

Without a moment of delay, the chubby lady answered, "Lynette loves President Fuller, but he loves you, Miss Reed. She can't accept such a reality, so she's been trying to break you two up."

Sonia and Toby refrained from commenting on that.

"Go on," he said.

The chubby lady curled up a little. "Lynette got herself involved in the flame wars two days ago, but it backfired, and she's now the Internet's laughingstock. She decided to lurk and stop getting herself involved, so she 'reconnected' with us and lied to us. She told us that you two got back together not because of love but because Miss Reed has dirt on you. She said Miss Reed was using that to make you do whatever she wanted. Lynette also told us Miss Reed forced her to go overseas six years ago because Miss Reed didn't like her getting too close to you, so she made her fly away behind your back."

"Hahaha!" Sonia couldn't hold back her laughter any longer. She burst out laughing. She was laughing so much that even tears were coming out.

Even Toby thought Lynette's lie was preposterous. It was laughable, but he would never show his emotions to anyone. Unless Sonia was the only one around. Otherwise, he would face everything calmly, no matter how much it stirred his heart.

"D-Did you hear that? They... They said you came back to me because I have dirt on you! They actually thought you were forced. Gosh, this is the greatest joke of the year!" She bent slightly as she held her stomach, laughing uncontrollably.

He wrapped his arm around her waist to steady her. "Hold still. Else, you would fall or bump into things. And stop laughing already. Doesn't your stomach hurt?" He noticed that she was clutching her belly, so he figured she must have hurt her stomach from laughing too much.

Even so, she didn't stop. This was all too hilarious for her. "It does, but I can't stop." She looked at him. Her cheeks were red, and her eyes were glistening. At that moment, she looked just like a poor little kitten.

Toby heaved a sigh. He pushed her head closer to him and pressed his lips against hers.

Sonia froze up as the kiss came too suddenly, and her laughing abruptly stopped.

Seeing that she had stopped laughing, he let her go with a satisfied look on his face. "Well, now you can."

She shot him a look and shoved him away.

He chuckled at her bashfulness.

She took a deep breath and massaged her cheeks. Gosh, they're sore. She then turned her attention to the awkward pair. "So, you believed her? You thought I forced him to come back to me because I had dirt on him?"

The ladies nodded in embarrassment. They did trust her, and without any questions, even.

"Fools," Sonia harrumphed. "No wonder she managed to use you guys. Are you stupid? You can't trust anything she says. You think I can even get any dirt on Toby? Who do you think he is? Some random guy? And even if I managed to get any dirt on him, do you think he would listen to me? No, he'd wring my head off and neutralize the threat I pose."

The girls nodded. Sonia's words sank in really quickly. Without Lynette's lies blinding them, they could finally see the truth they had never seen. Their minds could finally grasp the sliver of truth. Now, they realized someone like Toby would never let himself be so unguarded that anyone could get dirt on him, nor would he let anyone control him that easily. Thanks to that, they realized Sonia was right. He would never let anyone threaten him. We were stupid to believe every word Lynette said without question. Miss Reed is right. We are stupid.

Toby ignored the girls. Instead, he looked at Sonia with a tender gaze. "I would have wrung the necks of anyone else, but if you were the one who got the dirt on me, I'd listen to anything you say."

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Even though his confession was rather corny, Sonia still thought it was sweet and amusing. Still, she pretended to be annoyed and shot him a look. He had to say that right when I tried to intimidate those girls. Now, look at what he did. He just ruined my act. However, she didn't plan on arguing with him since she did like his little confession.

She patted her burning cheeks and closed her eyes. A while later, she finally managed to recompose herself and calmed down. Once again, she turned her attention to the girls. "You believed in every word she said right away and sympathized with her situation. You thought you should do something for her as friends, so when you saw Toby and I enter the waiting room, you came banging on the door in an attempt to get in our way. Did I get that right?" She crossed her arms and legs, looking somewhat like a queen.

The girls shook their heads before nodding again seconds later.

Sonia pursed her lips. "Speak up. Is it a yes or a no?"

The fat lady quickly answered, "Yes, you're right for the most part, Miss Reed. But you got one thing wrong. It was true that we sympathized with her, and..." She closed her eyes just then as she thought to herself, Alright. I've come this far. Might as well out with the whole truth.

She mustered her courage and continued, "And we started hating you. We thought you were a witch. Not only did you chase our friend away, but you also forced President Fuller to date you with such an underhanded method. And because of that, we didn't hold a high opinion of you and thought you were a shameless woman.

"However, even so, we had never planned to come between the two of you, and Lynette had never told us to do anything, either. It was not until five in the evening today that she suddenly called us. She found out we were attending this dinner with our elders and asked us to keep an eye on you two. She wanted us to report to her if anything happened. So, when we saw you two come to the waiting room, we told her about it, and she asked us to stop you two from going at it at all costs..." Her voice trailed off at the end.

Toby's face was void of any expression as he said, "You're quite loyal to her." Good thing we didn't do anything. If we were going at it when they banged the door, all the mood would have gone instantly, and my little guy down there would have to suffer. His fury grew in intensity as he thought about that. When he looked at the girls again, his gaze was cold as ice, glinting with murderous intent.

It scared the wits off of the girls, and they almost let out a scream. However, they held it in in the end.

"So, that's the idea she came up with? Banging the door?" An icy smile formed on Sonia's lips.

The girls shook their heads. “No. It wasn’t her idea. She only told us to come up with an idea to stop you no matter what. We spent a lot of time coming up with that plan. We thought it was a good plan since we could get away with it easily. We could run off as soon as we banged the door, and even if we were caught, we could just say we were drunk and got the wrong room.”

The girls hung their heads low. They thought it was a perfect idea, but they didn’t expect the couple not to do as they had planned. First, Toby opened the door and caught them. Then, he kicked the fat lady without asking any questions. All the unexpected surprises ruined their plan.

“You got the wrong room because you were drunk?” He repeated what they said in a monotonous tone.

The girls gulped. They could feel the murder coming from him and were on the verge of tears due to fear.

Sonia poured a glass of water to rehydrate herself. She said, “You thought that was a good plan? No. That excuse won’t work. You knocked on the door of room number one, and everyone knew the host reserved this room for Toby. Nobody would get the wrong room. Even if you were drunk, the crew members would personally take you to another waiting room. You won’t even get the chance to get the wrong room. Your lie has too many loopholes to it. Nobody would believe it, so you would never get away with it. Even if you were knocking on another room’s door, you’d still get into trouble just because you banged on it like you were trying to break the door down.”

“W-We...” The girls had no rebuttal. They knew they were in the wrong.

Sonia put her glass down. “Haven’t you considered what would happen to you if you got on our bad side?”

“No, of course not. They wouldn’t have done what they did otherwise.” Toby touched her glass. A frown formed on his face upon realizing the water was cold. He then whipped his phone out to text someone.

Sonia noticed him touching her glass, but she didn’t pay much mind to it. She thought he was simply thirsty and was going to drink from it. They would share a glass most of the time anyway, so she was already used to him drinking from a glass she drank from. As long as he’s fine with it.

However, she didn’t notice him whipping his phone out as she turned her attention back to the girls again. “Fair point. Seems like you two didn’t think things through.” She smirked. I thought they were dumb enough, but they were dumber than I thought.

Her disdain didn’t escape the girls, and their cheeks burned in embarrassment. “No, we did think about it. We really did. We knew President Fuller would get angry if we banged

the door, but Lynette told us to go for it. She told us he was threatened and wouldn't hold a grudge against us if we did that. In fact, he would even thank us for that, and that would benefit our family. We thought she had a point, so..."

"So, you believed her and came banging on the door. What now?" Sonia patted Toby's shoulder as she grinned and asked, "Do you still think he'll be grateful to you?"

The girls laughed at themselves in silence. Yeah, right. We're lucky enough that he's not killing us right away.

Seeing the two women stay silent, Sonia couldn't be bothered with them anymore and turned to look at Toby. "Lynette is such a scheming woman. She'd use her friend to do her dirty work while she hid behind the curtains and kept her hands clean. She's cunning, but her plans are full of holes. She's smart, but she's not experienced enough. She won't amount to much in life."

He nodded in agreement but said nothing.

Right then, someone knocked on the door. "President Fuller," Tom called out from outside the room.

"Come in," Toby answered calmly.

Tom came in soon after. He was holding a bag and was followed by four security guards. "Are they the intruders, President Fuller?" He pointed at the girls as he asked. He knew what had happened here. Toby had told him two women had intruded his waiting room and ordered him to bring some men over. There weren't any other details given to Tom, but it was his job to find out why and how the intrusion happened. He made his way to the surveillance room and watched the footage. Then, he made a copy and came with some guards.

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1257

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1257

Toby put his hands on his legs. The air he carried and the way he posed himself made him look like an aristocrat who came straight from the medieval era. Handsome and elegant. "If you feel for me, then—"

Sonia could guess what he wanted to say. She quickly glanced at Tom and interrupted shyly, "Don't even think about it."

Oh, she's embarrassed. A smile flashed in his eyes. "I was going to say massage my temples. I need to get their shouts out of my head, you know. Nothing else. You didn't have to cut me off." He commented, faking grievance.

She froze at that. "Y-You wanted me to massage your temples?"

"Yeah." He then huddled closer. "What else did you think I was gonna say?"

"I thought you were going to—" Right before she finished her sentence, she quickly covered her mouth and swallowed her words before shooting him a glare. Oh, trying to make me say it out loud myself, huh? That was a close call.

She wouldn't have minded saying it if they were alone, but Tom was around. If she had answered the question out loud, he would have heard it. I'd have to hide in a hole somewhere if that happened. Good thing I reacted fast enough. Dammit, Toby. You knew what I was going to say. Can't you stop just this once? So immature.

Sonia harrumphed, "Alright, fine. I'll do it when we get home. But now I need to use the bathroom." With that, she got up and scurried off into the bathroom. She needed a space to herself so she could comb her feelings out.

Toby knew that her going to the bathroom was just an excuse, but he said nothing about it. He chuckled and turned his attention to Tom instead.

Tom remained standing in his spot with a blank face. He was somewhat unhappy. From where he was standing, Toby and Sonia were making out right in front of him. I'm single, you know. Can't they at least be considerate of my feelings a little? Gosh, I should have left with the guards. He sighed in silence before quickly recomposing himself. He adjusted his glasses as he asked, "What was the deal with those girls, President Fuller?"

He saw them banging on Toby's door like crazy, but he had no idea what the reason was, nor did he have any idea what Toby did to them after they entered the room. If he wanted answers, he had to ask.

Toby picked up Sonia's glass of water and took a sip. Icily, he said, "Those two? They're Lynette's spies. They were tasked to keep an eye on Little Leaf and me. Her feet were scraped, so I took her here to patch them up. The girls thought we were going to do something intimate, so they told Lynette about it, and she asked them to interrupt our making out."

Oh, I see. So, doing all that was to stop President Fuller and Miss Reed from making out. Yep, they're dumb, alright. First, President Fuller and Miss Reed did nothing of the sort. Second, even if they did, nobody could fault them. They were lovers, after all. Lynette and her lackeys have no right to interrupt them. I can't believe they'd go this far. If President Fuller and Miss Reed were indeed going at it, he would be traumatized by

the banging and would have grown limp down there. If that were to happen, their families would be dead. "The Lores again, huh? They have no idea what they're dealing with," Tom hissed.

Toby narrowed his eyes. "I was too lenient on them. I thought I should keep the falling out with them a secret since Harry was my teacher. I didn't want to go too far. I tried to give them some time to calm the markets down before making the announcement. Yet, they took my kindness and trampled it under their feet. Very well. Mercy revoked. Make the announcement after the dinner."

"Yes, sir." Tom nodded.

"And get someone to keep an eye on the entrance. Once the Lores show up, tell me ASAP." Toby pursed his lips.

"You think they'd show up?" Tom was surprised. "I have checked the guest list, but the Lores weren't invited."

"The list means nothing. Remember, the invitation cards can be given away." Toby looked at Tom as he said, "And her lackeys told her Sonia and I were making out in this room. You think she wouldn't come?"

Oh, right. Tom smacked his forehead when the realization hit him. "My bad. I've completely forgotten about that."

"Go." Toby waved his hand.

"Yes, sir." Tom walked to the entrance before stopping in his tracks once again and turning around. "President Fuller, if they do show up, should I let them in?"

"Is that a trick question?" Toby frowned. "The host didn't invite them. So, of course, you shouldn't let them in. I don't want them upsetting the host."

Tom adjusted his glasses and smiled. "Understood. I'll be on my way, then."

With that, Tom exited the room, leaving Toby by himself. He twirled the glass of water around as if it were wine, not water. Strangely enough, he looked good while doing that.

Sonia emerged from the bathroom and approached him. "Oh, did Tom leave?"

"Yes." He nodded in response. "So, you finally decided to come back out," he teased.

"It's your fault, you know." She picked up a pillow and hurled it at him.

However, he held it easily since she didn't put much force into it. He tossed it aside and pulled her closer to him. She gasped and lost her balance before falling into his

embrace. He held her by her waist happily, stopping her fall. And then, he placed her on his lap.

A sigh of relief escaped her lips, but she was still a bit shaken. So, she thumped his chest to vent a little. "You scared me, Toby. I thought I was going to fall."

Toby held her hand and kissed it. And then, he said, "No, you won't. I'm here. I'll catch you."

Sonia rolled her eyes and pulled her hand back.

He was about to say something, but his phone rang, and a frown creased his forehead. The call annoyed him, but he freed one hand and whipped out his phone without a moment of hesitation. Who's calling me? He cocked his eyebrow as soon as he saw the caller's ID and swiftly cut the call off. Then, he smacked Sonia's butt, telling her to stand up.

She immediately stood up. Dazed, she asked, "What's wrong?"

He straightened his suit out. "Your target showed up," he answered.

Her eyes shone at that. "Really? That's great. We should get back to the banquet now." She couldn't wait to talk to the host's wife.

Just when she was about to leave, he held her hand. "A minute."

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1258

Sonia couldn't move one bit, so she stopped. "What is it?" She looked at him in puzzlement.

Toby stood up and took the bag from the table before he gave it to her.

"What is this?" She took the bag, wondering what was in it. She saw Tom holding this when he came in earlier, and she had wanted to know why he had this bag since just now. Oh, so it's for me. Wonder what's inside, she thought to herself.

Once she took the bag, Toby let go of her hand and replied, "Juice."

"Juice?" She blinked in surprise.

"A mix of grape and pomegranate," he said.

Slack-jawed, she opened the bag and saw a bottle of purplish-red juice. When she reached out for the juice, she found out that it was warm. A smile tugged her lips as she responded, "I see. But why give it to me? I'm not in the mood for juice."

He put his hands in his pockets and said, "I have to tell you one thing. The lady comes from a family of vintners. She's a drinker, a mighty one at that. And she's a certified sommelier. She can drink anything and doesn't get drunk, no matter how much she drinks. If you want to get to know her, you're gonna have to drink. But there's no way you can out-drink her."

Sonia froze upon hearing that. There's no way I can out-drink her. How can you out-drink someone who can't get drunk? Yeah, sure, that's probably an exaggeration, but it's a testament to her resistance to alcohol. If I can't drink as much as she does, I'd fall before she would.

"And you'll have to drink before you get to talk business with her. She'll only talk to those whom she deems worthy. If you don't make the cut, she'll send you away," he added.

Her lips twitched. "I can't believe you never told me that." She held her forehead in exasperation, but she couldn't fault Toby for not telling her about that information. It was her responsibility to find out the quirks of her potential client, but all she found out was the brand of clothes she liked. So, Sonia custom-made a dress from the same brand, thinking it would build some rapport between her and the host's wife. However, after knowing the lady's quirk, she had a feeling she could only have a chance to make small talk with the lady even if she was wearing that dress. If she refused to drink, she would never have the chance to talk business.

"I didn't recall back then." He shrugged. "I don't like to attend such events, so I've only seen her a couple of times. I'm not acquainted with her, so I only know her stuff based on rumors." Toby would have brought it up earlier if he had remembered, but he was only reminded of it right now.

"I see." She nodded in acknowledgment. She believed him. Then, she looked at the juice in her bag. "So, how did you remember her quirk anyway?"

"Remember the glass of water you took? I noticed it was cold and worried it might upset your stomach, so I told Tom to bring some hot water here. It was then I remembered this trait of hers, so I told him to change it into this juice," he explained.

Oh, I get it now. "So, you told Tom to buy me this because it looks like wine. You're telling me to use this to get close to the lady, aren't you?"

He didn't answer that. "You can't drink, but you must. This is the best idea I can come up with."

He's so sweet and considerate. She felt her heart melt, and love welled in her eyes. "Thank you, Toby."

He caressed her head gently.

Sonia looked at the juice again. She was touched that Toby went this far for her, but she couldn't help but worry. "Will this work, though? She's a sommelier, so she probably has a great nose. I bet she'd be annoyed if she found out this is juice instead of wine."

"Don't worry. I got it covered. I told Tom to prepare a batch of glasses laden with the smell of wine. Just pour this into one of those glasses." He pointed at the juice in her hands.

Her lips twitched. "I can't believe you came up with that idea. This is cheating." She was amused.

He raised his chin and said, "Well, as long as it works. I can't just let you drink now, can I? You have a low tolerance to alcohol, after all."

Sonia sighed. "You're right. I guess I have to take the plunge. But how should I know which glasses are tampered with?"

"Don't worry. Tom has someone to help you out. He'll show up when you approach the lady, and you just give him the juice. He'll pour it into those glasses and keep an eye on you. Once you finish one glass, he'll show up again and give you another one." Toby smiled.

She took a deep breath. "You've planned everything out, huh? I don't even need to worry about anything."

"Of course. I'm your man, after all. My job is to make sure you have nothing to worry about. All you have to do is focus on your work." He then held his elbow up. "Now, we may go, milady."

Oh, he's such a gentleman. Let's tease him a little. Sonia held his arm and craned her neck like a swan. "Let's go, Tobes."

Toby froze at the nickname she had come up for him. Wait a minute. Why is she calling me that? That's a name usually given to a pet. Is she now calling me a pet? I can't believe that! And here I am, treating her like a queen, but she treats me like her pet instead.

She was amused and felt like laughing when she noticed the annoyed look on his face, but she held her laughter in. She pretended she didn't see anything and asked, "What's wrong, Tobes?"

His lips twitched slightly at the use of the nickname again. She's still calling me Tobes. So, she thinks I'm a pet. He knew she was doing it out of jest, but it still made him annoyed. Okay, you think I'm a pet? I'll show you what a pet can do.

He would make her realize some jokes should not be taken too far, especially when calling him an animal. And mistakes come with punishment. Something glinted in his eyes as he smirked. "Let's go, milady." He held her hand and headed for the entrance.

Sonia noticed the smirk, and her heart sank. I have a bad feeling about this. He's mad, isn't he? Did I go too far? She reflected on herself and realized she did go a bit too far with her joke. No wonder he's smiling so creepily. I bet he's coming up with a plan to get back at me. That's the only reason he's smiling. Gosh, what have I gotten myself into?

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1259

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1259

Sonia regretted making that joke. I shouldn't have said that, especially when it comes to something like this.

Just then, Toby broke her train of thought. "What are you thinking about?"

She forced a smile. "Nothing. It's just..."

"Hm?"

"Well... About what happened just—"

She didn't get to finish her sentence as Toby had spotted something. He pointed at a group of ladies not far from them. "She's right there."

Sonia looked in the direction where he was pointing and saw a few ladies standing in the center of the hall, chatting away. All of them were in expensive clothes, and all looked regal. The one in the center of the group was the one Sonia wanted to talk to this time. She felt elated the moment her gaze landed on the lady she was looking for. "Oh, it's her. I'll be going, then."

"Do you want me to come with you?" He stopped and looked at her.

She shook her head. "No. You already helped me a lot tonight. I'll do it myself. I'm the one who has a favor to ask, not you. I'd like to try it out myself. Besides, it's all ladies there. I don't think a guy showing up would be appropriate."

He patted her head softly. "Alright, I'll stay around, then. Gotta say hi to my grandpa's friend." He then pointed at the rest area and said, "I'll be waiting for you there."

Sonia nodded in acknowledgment. "Sure. I'll be going now."

"Okay." Toby nodded. "Go. I'll go after you manage to start talking to them."

"Alright." She smiled at him before turning around. She patted her chest as she took a deep breath to calm her nerves. Then, she mustered up her courage to approach the ladies.

Just then, one server called out to her, "Miss Reed, I can help you with the thing you're holding if you want me to."

She paused for a moment. She turned around to look at Toby when the realization struck her. He gave her an imperceptible nod when their eyes met. Ah, this is the one Tom sent to help me. She heaved a sigh of relief and handed her bag to the server. "Of course. Thank you very much."

Surprised that Sonia was smiling at him, the server quickly bowed. "You're welcome, Miss Reed." And then, he looked at her hand. "I see you don't have anything to drink. I shall be back with some. What would you like, Miss Reed?"

"Red wine." She pointed at the group of ladies. "I'll be there. Just come up to me when you're done."

"Of course." The server nodded and left with her bag in hand.

She heaved a sigh. She gave Toby one last look before making her way to the ladies.

He watched on as she mustered up her courage to say hi. Then, she took the glass of 'red wine' and raised a toast. He only left after she managed to get along with the ladies and started chatting with them.

She had grown a lot before he knew it. If this were her from old times, she would never have the courage to say hi to those ladies. Now, all she did was muster up her courage, and she could already talk to them just fine. He was happy to see such growth in her.

Toby left her to her own devices and went to greet his grandfather's friend. Once he did that, he stopped talking to anyone and refused others' requests to chat him up. He went to the rest area and waited for Sonia to finish her talk with the ladies. Since he was adamant about refusing to talk to anyone, nobody tried to approach him. They didn't want to get on his bad side, after all.

And because of that, he ended up staying at the rest area all by himself as nobody even dared to get close to him. None would approach him unless he summoned them. The

older generation—who didn't intend to work with Fuller Group and weren't business partners with the company—wouldn't humble themselves to greet him. The last generation could, but he made it clear he wanted no disturbance, so they didn't go over to say hi. The younger ones feared him and would rather stay clear of him than go over to chat him up.

Thanks to that, Toby had some peace, which was what he wanted. The banquet's host told all the servers to keep an eye on Toby. They would serve him right away whenever he needed anything as they dared not keep him waiting for long.

The host didn't get angry at Toby when he didn't come over to greet him. He didn't have any complaints about it, either. He knew Toby only came because his girlfriend was here, not because the host was his friend. Now that his girlfriend wasn't around, Toby did not need to talk to anyone, not even the host.

He was the most powerful man in this city, after all. So, the host didn't get angry nor complain about Toby for his rudeness. The fact that Toby came was already something surprising, and it elevated his banquet to another level.

The host didn't mind that Toby refused to talk to anyone. After all, his girlfriend was talking to the host's wife, and Toby didn't stop her. I think he likes us. The host smiled when he came to that conclusion in his mind.

Toby had no idea about the series of thoughts that just went through the host's head. He sat in a corner as he sipped on some wine and scrolled through his phone. Tom just texted him. He said he found out which families the girls belonged to. They were from the LeBlancs and the Zartwursts. They were fourth-rate families in Seafield, and these families were in the food and fashion business respectively. It wasn't until a decade ago did they start making a name for themselves. No, they were no aristocrats. At most, they were upstarts and not particularly rich ones.

These families weren't on the list of guests, either. They went through a lot just to get the invitation cards. Their goal was probably to become sycophants of the true aristocrats so that their family could get stronger and become one of the aristocrats one day. However, Toby wasn't going to allow their hopes to take form. They crossed me, so they could forget about becoming one of the aristocrats.

He pursed his lips, fury filling his eyes. The fact that these families infiltrated the banquet reminded him of Grace's reminder. The Acrees. The ones in the seafood business. They got an invitation card as well. They're going to try and match me up with their daughter. Wonder if they're here. He then made a call to Tom.

It didn't take long before Tom picked up his phone. "President Fuller."

“I want you to check if there are any more uninvited guests, especially ones with the family name of Acree. Tell the host about it and keep those guests under check,” Toby commanded coldly. He planned to get rid of these families in one go.

Read Novel Boss Your Wife’s Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1260

Boss Your Wife’s Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1260

Sonia regretted making that joke. I shouldn’t have said that, especially when it comes to something like this.

Just then, Toby broke her train of thought. “What are you thinking about?”

She forced a smile. “Nothing. It’s just…”

“Hm?”

“Well… About what happened just—”

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The host didn't mind that Toby refused to talk to anyone. After all, his girlfriend was talking to the host's wife, and Toby didn't stop her. I think he likes us. The host smiled when he came to that conclusion in his mind.

Toby had no idea about the series of thoughts that just went through the host's head. He sat in a corner as he sipped on some wine and scrolled through his phone. Tom just texted him. He said he found out which families the girls belonged to. They were from the LeBlancs and the Zartwursts. They were fourth-rate families in Seafield, and these families were in the food and fashion business respectively. It wasn't until a decade ago did they start making a name for themselves. No, they were no aristocrats. At most, they were upstarts and not particularly rich ones.

These families weren't on the list of guests, either. They went through a lot just to get the invitation cards. Their goal was probably to become sycophants of the true aristocrats so that their family could get stronger and become one of the aristocrats one day. However, Toby wasn't going to allow their hopes to take form. They crossed me, so they could forget about becoming one of the aristocrats.

He pursed his lips, fury filling his eyes. The fact that these families infiltrated the banquet reminded him of Grace's reminder. The Acree's. The ones in the seafood business. They got an invitation card as well. They're going to try and match me up with their daughter. Wonder if they're here. He then made a call to Tom.

It didn't take long before Tom picked up his phone. "President Fuller."

"I want you to check if there are any more uninvited guests, especially ones with the family name of Acree. Tell the host about it and keep those guests under check," Toby commanded coldly. He planned to get rid of these families in one go.