

# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1001-1005

## Chapter 1001 Toby's Careful Thoughts

Charles fell silent after hearing the answers from the assistants and secretaries. What was it that he didn't get it this time?

After being hidden in the lounge by Sonia, the person watching him in the lounge was actually Daphne.

It was no surprise that Sonia wanted to keep him from opening the lounge door so that he would not see Daphne.

"President Lane? President Lane?" The assistants in the office could not help but call Charles twice out of curiosity when they saw him standing at the door with his head slightly lowered.

"What's the matter?" His eyes flickered briefly before returning to normal.

"Oh, nothing at all. It's just that we noticed you suddenly lost your focus and we're concerned that something is up with you," the assistants said while shaking their heads.

"It's all right. Continue with your work. I'm not going to bother you," Charles said as he rubbed his brows.

Then, he exited the room, shut the door, and leaned against the wall of the assistant secretary's office. Deep in thought, he raised his head slightly to look at the corridor ceiling.

He finally understood why Daphne hid in Sonia's lounge and refused to come out. It was all because he had stated that he did not want to see her again. Due to his words, Daphne probably hid when she heard him approaching. Huh, she really did remember my words and stood by them.

Charles had an incomprehensible expression, indicating that he was feeling uneasy. By right, he should be happy and satisfied that Daphne had reacted in that manner. Instead of being pleased, he was rather irritated and bothered when she avoided him.

He became enraged the more he thought about it, so he abruptly opened the door to the assistant secretary's office once again.

The ajar door disturbed the secretaries and assistants inside, who were focused on their work, and several of them stared at the man.

"President Lane... Do you need something?" an assistant asked cautiously while blinking at a glum Charles.

"Does Daphne have anything going on these days?" Charles asked with a muffled voice while squeezing his palms. For instance, did she mention me? Did she ask about my whereabouts?

However, his face darkened at the thought. What the hell? Why should I care if Daphne has mentioned me? Am I crazy?

Just as he was about to dismiss his question to save them from answering, the secretaries and assistants were prompt to reply to him. "Is there anything wrong with her?"

The previous respondent touched her chin and thought for a moment before nodding. "Yes."

"Really?" Charles asked, surprised.

"Yes. Daphne has been frequently dazed recently. She is always sick and requests leave from time to time," the assistant confirmed.

"She's sick? What happened to her?" He frowned.

"Well, I'm not sure about this. We asked her, but she didn't say much," the assistant responded as she shook her head.

After not receiving the desired answer, he hummed slightly and exited the room, closing the door behind him.

The secretaries and assistants in the office exchanged glances after the door was shut; their eyes were filled with doubt and confusion. They all thought Charles was odd and no one could figure out what he was thinking.

After closing the door, he leaned against the wall with his head lowered slightly while he thought about something.

He was thinking about what the assistant had just said, that Daphne was frequently dazed and was also always absent due to an illness.

Regarding her well-being, he actually did know a thing or two.

When his mother returned from a physical examination in the hospital, she told him that she had met Daphne, who was also in the hospital.

However, it was said that Daphne had some issues with her cervical spine, but no other major illnesses.

Is it necessary to take a three to five days' leave due to a cervical spine problem? Will this divert her attention from work?

Daphne had known Charles for quite some time. Being the one most familiar with her, he knew that she was a powerful woman. She once had a nearly 104 degree fever but refused to give up her work.

As a result, a person like her could not possibly become depressed simply because of a minor cervical spine issue. There had to be other reasons that he did not know of.

Terminal illness? No way.

Charles' face tensed as he considered this possibility and his heart sank for a moment; it felt like his heart was yanked to the pit of his stomach, leaving him breathless.

Just as he was thinking about it, the door to the office next to him clicked open, derailing his train of thoughts.

Sonia emerged with her bag on her shoulders. She noticed the uneasy looking Charles, so she inquired, "What's the matter, Charles?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I just thought of something. Well, it's not important. Let's go, shall we?" he spoke hoarsely as he raised his head and forced a smile.

She nodded in agreement when she noticed he did not want to explain further. "Alright, let's go." They walked together to the elevator, then entered the car and drove to the hotspot restaurant.

However, Charles did not possess the lively and carefree character he usually had in Sonia's office as he remained silent, serious, and preoccupied throughout the car ride.

Driving, Sonia gaped a few times in an attempt to ask him what was wrong, but every time she saw his solemn expression, she eventually remained quiet. As a result, the mood in the car was rather depressed and heavy.

Toby, on the other hand, had arrived at Connor's hotel. He was not in a hurry to get out of the car; instead, he was sitting in his car, holding his phone and talking on the phone.

After hearing about the news that Sonia and Charles had left Paradigm Co., he hummed with a frown and hung up the phone.

When Tom overheard the conversation, he could not help but turn his head. "Are you upset, President Fuller, because Miss Reed is having lunch with Mr. Lane?"

Toby kept his phone and looked at Tom. "Charles is here to help Little Leaf, so it's perfectly normal for her to have a meal with him. If I'm jealous over trivial matters like this, I'll appear selfish."

"You're right, President Fuller," Tom replied with a chuckle.

However, Toby snorted before asking, "Please check the location where they're having lunch."

"For what, President Fuller? You said you aren't jealous, didn't you? So why do you care where they eat?" Tom's brow furrowed.

Is he shameless? He squinted at Toby as he thought about it with his eyes clearly mocking.

Toby pursed his thin lips and answered quietly, "I'm not jealous, but that doesn't mean I don't care where they go. I'm only concerned about Little Leaf's well-being."

When Tom heard Toby's words, he sighed and rolled his eyes.

He's unbelievable! He's obviously jealous. Why is he being so pompous?

Obviously, Tom obviously did not dare to rebuke him, so he just nodded and smiled. "Alright, President Fuller. I'll have someone look into it," he assured.

"After inquiring, please pay for their meal and then notify Charles that I have paid. Make sure he knows that I was the one who bought him lunch," Toby said with a noble hum as he raised his chin.

### **Chapter 1002 Picking Fights at the Door**

Toby wanted to let Charles know that he was aware of their lunch together.

Simultaneously, he wanted Charles to dispel the secret hilarity about eating with Little Leaf that he had assumed Toby was unaware of.

Tom had known Toby for many years and could tell what he meant and what he was thinking just by looking at him.

As such, Tom's mouth twitched uncontrollably. President Fuller is so childish!

He just said that he won't be jealous of Miss Reed and Mr. Lane having lunch together, because he's broad-minded.

And now, he wants to prove his existence in front of Mr. Lane by reminding him that he comes first to Sonia??

Isn't this a bit childish?

"Why are you staring at me like that?" Toby asked coldly with his brows furrowed when he saw Tom's speechless expression in the rearview mirror.

Tom realized that he had been exposed, so he coughed and smiled quickly. "No, President Fuller. You're mistaken. I wasn't staring at you. I was thinking about something else."

"Huh. Do you think I believe it?" Toby sneered.

Tom quickly lowered his head and fell silent when he heard that.

"Just do as I say," Toby reminded as he opened the door to exit the car.

"Yes," Tom replied before scurrying down the car. All of a sudden, a thought flashed through his mind, so he raised his head and carefully examined Toby's back. "Miss Reed will definitely think we sent someone to follow her, President Fuller. Are you not concerned that she will become enraged by this misunderstanding?"

Toby paused briefly, his face slightly frozen as he tidied up his cuffs.

He clearly never considered this.

When he heard Charles was having lunch with Sonia, he simply wanted to brag in front of the other man. I should've thought of that.

When Tom noticed Toby was quiet, he seemed to understand something and fell silent.

After a few seconds, Toby turned around and looked at Tom. "It's none of your concern. I'll take care of it myself. All you have to do is follow my instructions."

"Yes," Tom answered, twitching the corner of his mouth. However, he was secretly grumbling. He said he will handle it? How will he deal with it??

He'll probably coax Miss Reed as he always does.

I'm sure Miss Reed will easily be amused with some nice, sweet words.

President Fuller must have thought so too...

Hmph! Men! Tom snubbed his nose at Toby.

Toby had no idea Tom was looking down on him. After straightening his clothes, he walked toward the hotel door.

Tom was quick to follow, pulling out his phone and ordering his subordinates to carry out Toby's orders.

Soon, they were at the door of a presidential suite on the hotel's top floor.

Toby took a step back, turned his head and gave Tom a look.

The witty assistant, on the other hand, nodded knowingly and took a step forward before ringing the doorbell.

Thereafter, a voice from the loudspeaker located above Tom's head asked, "Who is it?"

He raised his head, fixed his gaze on the loudspeaker and responded, "Is this Mr. Connor's assistant, Mr. Little? Hello, my name is Tom Brown and I work as Toby Fuller's assistant."

Xander was sluggish in the room, but his expression changed dramatically when he heard Tom's words. He was wide awake now and his eyes had widened from the shock.

What? It is Toby's assistant, Tom, standing outside the door!

Xander's expression darkened as he became panicked and apprehensive.

He quickly took a deep breath to regain his composure and leaned against the door to avoid losing the battle. With lowered eyelids, he greeted, "Oh! It's Mr. Brown, President Fuller's assistant. Good day, Mr. Brown. May I know how I can help you?"

They had been in Seafield for a long time and they did not deliberately hide their location, therefore, President Fuller could not have been unaware of their arrival.

After all, Mr. Salzburg had also gone in search of Toby's woman.

Toby's woman must have informed him that Mr. Salzburg had arrived.

Hence, Toby had known Mr. Salzburg was coming to Seafield from the beginning, but he remained nonchalant for the past few days as if he was completely unaware of Mr. Salzburg's arrival.

Xander had assumed that Toby would keep up his pretense until Mr. Salzburg left Seafield and returned to Westsashire.

However, Toby's entourage arrived unexpectedly today.

This had to be what Toby meant!

When Tom heard Xander's question and turned around, he motioned to Toby for assistance.

Nevertheless, the man remained silent and only raised his chin.

Tom understood his boss' action in an instant, so he turned around and replied impatiently, "President Fuller travels all the way here to see Mr. Connor. We hope that you will be able to invite Mr. Connor to come forward and greet President Fuller. Otherwise, don't hold it against us for breaking in and humiliating Mr. Connor. We're warning you ahead of time."

Tom had no desire to befriend Connor or his subordinates as there was no need to beat around the bush.

Furthermore, Tom and Toby came here to meet Connor on their own initiative, so Connor should be grateful to them and extend a warm welcome to them.

After all, Toby could simply disregard Connor because of his inferior identity even if the latter begged to meet him one day.

As a result, Tom no longer had to be polite to Connor and his people because of their identities; he could simply get straight to the point.

Of course, Toby had given him the permission to do so.

Xander, who was standing on the other side of the door, was enraged and gritted his teeth upon hearing Tom's unkind and harsh words.

Nonetheless, Xander was rational and he knew that the man outside was one of Toby's lackeys. Therefore, he could not afford to offend Tom right now; he needed to be patient for the time being, no matter how angry he was.

Xander's face was gloomy as he took another breath, but he politely replied, "I understand that President Fuller has requested to meet with our boss. I'll report to Mr. Salzburg now. Please wait for a moment, Mr. Brown."

"Hurry up! President Fuller is right next to me, so don't make him wait too long. Or else, believe it or not, I'll kick down the door," Tom yelled in rage, crossing his arms in a fierce gesture he had learned from Zane.

Undoubtedly, Xander was fuming, though he had no choice but to grit his teeth and respond, "Mr. Brown Zhang, rest assured, Mr. Salzburg will be here shortly."

After he finished speaking, he squeezed his hands tightly together and walked into the house.

Tom assumed Xander had left when he heard silence from his end. "President Fuller, what do you think of my performance earlier?" he asked, turning his head to Toby while flashing a smile.

"Not bad," Toby complimented with his lips pursed.

Tom grinned when he heard that. "Thank you for your kind words. Mr. Coleman taught me this. Despite his lack of trustworthiness in daily circumstances, he excels during crises."

At the very least, his demeanor appeared to be highly offensive.

At first, Tom had no desire to learn; after all, he was part of the elite, so how could he learn hooliganism?

However, learning was required as Mr. Coleman's hooliganism was lethal when it came to enraging people.

Toby had a higher status than Connor in both Seafield and Westsashire. Connor should be the one who paid a visit to him instead. Now that Toby had taken the initiative to see Connor, it implied that he wanted to retaliate.

As a result, Tom was putting on a show earlier to let Connor know that Toby had come to visit him. Since Toby was the far more superior one, Connor must not disrespect him at all costs.

### **Chapter 1003 They Finally Met**

"He's only helpful in situations like this." Toby parted his thin lips and remarked on Zane.

"If Mr. Coleman knew you looked down on him so much, President Fuller, he'd probably get angry." Tom pushed his glasses.

"And I should be afraid of that?" Toby gently raised his eyelids.

When Tom heard that, he quickly waved his hand and clarified, “No, no. You’ve misunderstood, President Fuller. That is not what I mean.”

“Then, shut up,” Toby chided while frowning.

Shrugging, Tom then made a zipper motion with his mouth and stopped speaking.

Meanwhile, Xander dashed into the audio-visual room in the suite without knocking and simply pushing the door open. The room was dark and only the movie screen shone brightly.

The screen was showing a black-and-white film from the 1920s and the babble of singing came from the gramophone on the side, giving the entire AV room the appearance of a horror venue.

Connor sat on the single sofa in the center of the screen, dressed in a white suit. He closed his eyes, swayed his head and fingers to the music and listened intently to the musical.

Xander approached Connor carefully while glancing at the drama film on the big screen and taking in his surroundings. Even though he had seen similar scenes before, he could not help but shiver in fear at that moment.

Too bad, Xander was terrified of ghosts and not of anything else. Not to mention how playing black and white movies with horror special effects and soundtracks in an originally dark AV room heightened the dread.

“Hello, Mr. Salzburg,” Xander greeted Connor respectfully and bravely approached him while lowering his head.

Connor, who was grooving to the music, came to a halt. The next moment, he slowly opened his eyes and looked at Xander in front of him. His pupils constricted, indicating that he was clearly bothered by the guy’s interruption in the midst of his entertainment.

“What’s the matter?” Connor inquired quietly after taking a sip of red wine to calm himself.

Although he was able to suppress his anger, Xander could still sense his boss’ rage, so he lowered his head. “Mr. Salzburg. Big news. Toby has arrived.”

When Connor heard this, he stopped swirling his red wine and raised his head to look at Xander. “What exactly did you say? Toby Fuller is here?”

“Yes.” Xander nodded and added, “He’s right outside. He has brought his assistant with him to see you.”

Connor tightened his grip on the wine glass upon hearing this. He was silent for a moment before speaking again, “Did he tell you why he’d come to see me?”

Connor and Toby both believed that they would meet one day, but clearly, it was not now; not when it was a bad timing seeing that neither of them was prepared.

Still, he was not surprised when he realized Toby made no statement or moves after so many days, despite being aware of Connor's arrival.

Out of his expectation, Toby appeared at this precise moment.

This exceeded his expectations.

He picked up the remote control and pressed the pause button, bringing the movie on the screen to a halt.

He then stood up, accepted his dragon-head walking stick from Xander before lightly squeezing it and asked, "Did Toby mention why he wanted to see me so suddenly?"

"No... I inquired, but they both remained silent. Instead..." Xander replied with a shake of his head; his face revealed a hint of rage midway through his sentence.

Connor squinted his eyes as he noticed it. "Instead?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Salzburg," Xander quickly apologized before continuing, "Their attitude is terrible. They come to see us, but they are extremely arrogant. Tom even threatened me that if I don't bring you to meet Toby right away, they'd break in forcefully. That's truly revolting of them."

After hearing Xander's explanation, Connor's face darkened but not to the point where he was about to erupt in rage. Instead, he just grimaced and asked, "What's there to be angry about? He has a higher social standing than I do regardless in Seafield or Westsashire. I should have paid him a visit, not the other way around. Now that he has taken the initiative to come see me, he must display some arrogance in order to suppress me. Otherwise, it will imply that he is afraid of me. Therefore, there's no need to be upset. If I were in Toby's shoes, I'd do the same."

"Yes." Xander bowed before remaining silent.

"Perhaps Toby did not come for the grudge between me and him," Connor rubbed the dragon head carved on his walking stick.

"Do you mean Toby is here because of the woman, Miss Reed, Mr. Salzburg?" Xander stared at him, puzzled.

"That is most likely it. We shouldn't meet now to air our grievances. Toby, after all, has yet to discover anything. If I were him, I would only meet to declare war after conducting an extensive investigation."

"What if Toby is here because of something he discovered, not because of the woman?" Xander was unsettled.

"If he could, he would have found it a long time ago and would not have been suspicious until now. Do you get it?" Connor said somberly.

After meeting Connor's cold and piercing gaze, Xander lowered his head in fear and quickly replied, "Yes, I understand."

"I don't want to hear any discouraging words from you again," Connor warned sternly.

Xander nodded and said, "Yes, Mr. Salzburg."

Only then did Connor avert his gaze and said, "I'm still confident when it comes to how much Toby has discovered. On the other hand, he must have come to me at this point solely for Sonia's sake because the issue with her missing parts has yet to be resolved. Today is the deadline and if it is not met, she will face serious consequences. Last night, I spoke with Sonia and she stated that she has a solution. However, I haven't heard anything about it from the people we sent to keep an eye on her, so the ostensible solution could be to rely on Toby."

"That is why he showed up!" Realization hit Xander. "Now it all makes sense. If so, then Toby must genuinely care about Sonia."

"It may not be the case though." Connor stated as he gripped his cane, "Assisting Sonia in solving the problem does not imply that he cares about her. After all, Sonia is one of them and when something bad happens to Toby's people, he naturally lends a helping hand. Furthermore, such a problem is not difficult for him to resolve. All he has to do is show up. As a result, even if he doesn't love her, he can't stand by and watch her suffer. This will only embarrass himself once the words are out."

"You're right. Toby's willingness to come forward to deal with such a difficult matter demonstrates his concern for Sonia," Xander analyzed as he pushed his glasses.

"Alright. That's enough. Let's not get into that right now. I should meet Toby since he's here. We should greet him before he breaks in. If that happens, I'll be the butt of everyone's joke," Connor uttered while rubbing his temples.

"Yes," the assistant responded quickly before following his boss out of the AV room.

After exiting, Connor sat on the sofa in the living room with his legs spread apart and his cane positioned between his legs. He placed his hands on top of the dragon-head and lowered his head slightly, making it impossible to decipher what he was thinking.

Xander, on the other hand, went to open the suite's door.

#### **Chapter 1004 The Infuriating Tom Brown**

Outside the door, Tom kept staring at his watch, estimating in his mind how much time had passed since Xander left.

Leaning against the wall beside him, Toby suddenly opened his eyes, asking, "How long has it been?"

Tom lowered his wrist and replied, "Three minutes."

Toby's eyes narrowed. "Kick the door open!" How could it take that assistant three full minutes just to notify his boss? Obviously, they didn't give a damn about him. Since that was the case, he didn't have to play nice with them anymore. He would just force his way in.

Tom had been waiting for Toby to say this, so he immediately replied with a smile, "Alright, President Fuller. I'll get it done right away." As soon as he finished his sentence, he stepped back and lifted his foot to kick the door.

However, the instant he kicked out his leg, the door suddenly opened with Xander emerging behind it. As he didn't manage to pull back his leg in time, Xander was immediately sent flying by the kick before landing on the steps leading to the hallway at the back.

Consequently, Xander curled himself into a ball while letting out cries of pain.

No one expected this to happen.

At this moment, Tom still had his foot raised in midair in a kicking posture. He looked at the open door, then Xander, who was clutching his stomach in pain and rolling on the floor across from him with sweat all over his face. "Uh... Will you believe me if I say I didn't mean it?" He slowly lowered his leg as his lips twitched.

When Xander heard this, he nearly spat out a mouthful of blood. Struggling to open his eyes, he stared at Tom with bloodshot eyes as if to say something. However, thanks to the acute pain in his stomach, he could hardly even breathe, let alone speak. As a result, he could only curl up on the floor while clutching his stomach with both hands. Enduring the sharp pain, he glared hard at Tom, as if wanting to skin the latter alive.

Feeling somewhat guilty under his stare, Tom touched the tip of his nose. "Um, sorry, Mr. Little, but I really didn't mean it. I'd like to apologize to you, and I'm sorry for what happened. Please don't take it to heart. I'll be more careful to not hurt you again by mistake next time, really," he apologized with an earnest look, but he didn't sound apologetic at all.

Even his face showed no guilt or remorse for having injured Xander by mistake. Instead, all it showed was clear, unconcealed joy.

That was right: not only did Tom not feel sorry for what he had done, he even felt smug about it. He also didn't expect to end up sending Connor's lackey flying with a kick when all he wanted was to kick the door open. What does this mean? This means that even God can't stand the sight of Connor and his lackey, so He purposefully created the opportunity for me to hit the latter. Otherwise, why would he come to the door just when I was about to kick it open? That's the work of fate!

At the thought of this, he almost grinned from ear to ear.

How could Xander not know what Tom was thinking when he saw the latter like this? "Pffft!" He spat out a mouthful of blood for real. "Y-You..." He pulled his hand away from his stomach, then raised it tremblingly to point at Tom as if to accuse the latter.

However, he was in so much pain that he didn't have the strength to say a complete sentence. The hard kick he had sustained just now made him feel almost like being hit by a truck. In short, now he felt like his insides had been crushed from the impact, and he nearly passed out from the resulting pain. He felt wretched enough to begin with, but little did he realize that this b\*stard would lie through his teeth. His insides twinged with anger. This \*sshole says he's sorry, but he doesn't sound sorry to me at all. The most ridiculous thing is that he says he'll be careful next time. Damn it! He's thinking of doing that again next time!

Seeing how Xander spat out blood and appeared to be dying, Tom opened his mouth and was stunned. "President Fuller... Could I have hurt him badly?"

Toby had been silently watching the scene all this while. At this moment, he finally raised his eyes and said, "Who cares? Just deal with it." With that, he directly strode in through the door before walking toward Xander.

Xander was still lying on the floor when he sensed a shadow looming over him. He looked up to see the man walking toward him. Tall and expressionless, the man had a powerful and domineering presence that was impossible to ignore.

Xander stared at Toby in a daze. It wasn't like he didn't know what Toby looked like, but he had never seen this guy with his own eyes. He had only seen Toby in photos and documents. He knew that those in power usually had a commanding presence. Even so, he never expected that the presence projected by the man before him was so oppressive that he felt like being grabbed by the throat when all the man did was lower his eyes and dart a look at him. He dared not even breathe, nor did he have the courage to meet the man's eyes.

Flustered, he hastily lowered his head to avoid making eye contact with Toby. Only by doing so was he able to breathe and feel that he was still alive. It was unlike just now, when he felt his blood freeze as though he was going to die.

This guy really isn't easy to deal with! he thought to himself, his heart pounding heavily as his body trembled even more violently. He used to think that his boss was the most intimidating and formidable person on earth who struck terror into the hearts of whoever that met him. However, he was wrong. The man before him was the most intimidating and terrifying person he had met so far. He was at least able to look Connor in the eye sometimes, but he didn't even have the courage to meet the eyes of the man before him. It was laughable that he had thought that if he were to meet this man formally, he would take a good look at the latter to see if he was really as intimidating as he was rumored to be.

It was true that there were rumors circulating in the outside world about how Toby was a demon king and how scary he was, but he had never believed them. Not only that; he even scoffed at these rumors, thinking that they were false exaggerations. However, he now finally realized that these rumors were no exaggerations. They were true, and he was the one with tunnel vision.

On the other hand, Toby didn't know what Xander was thinking. He merely lowered his eyes and darted a look at the latter, whom he viewed as nothing but a piece of trash, before withdrawing his gaze and lifting his foot to step over the man.

Imitating his boss, Tom stepped over Xander as well.

Xander felt humiliated when Toby stepped over him, but the difference between them was so huge that he was still able to tell himself to calm down and pretend to know nothing. However, when Tom stepped over him, he gnashed his teeth in hatred and wished he could tear Tom to pieces right away.

Naturally, Tom sensed the murderous gaze behind him, so he looked back and happened to see Xander's eyes bulging with anger. Instead of being frightened, he raised his chin with a provoking smile and gave the latter a taunting thumbs down.

At the sight of this, Xander could no longer restrain himself. Everything went black before his eyes, and he fainted.

Tom raised his eyebrows in surprise upon seeing this. The next instant, he quickly curled his lips and turned his head back indifferently, with no intention of calling a doctor for the unconscious Xander. To him, Xander was just a lackey of Connor, so it didn't matter to him that he fainted. Moreover, he passed out from anger just like that, so he definitely wasn't capable of anything. He can't even endure this little bit of hardship? What an unpresentable good-for-nothing! To think that he'd pass out just like that.

#### **Chapter 1005 A Meaningful Conversation**

Tom wasn't at all worried about what would happen to Xander afterward. As President Fuller said, we'll just deal with it, anyway, he thought. Putting Xander out of his mind, he quickly caught up to Toby ahead of him, paying no more attention to the unconscious man.

Toby entered the suite's living room. At a glance, he saw Connor sitting across from him with his eyes slightly closed as if he was napping. At that very moment, he stopped in his tracks with a violent storm brewing in his eyes. So this old man is Connor Salzburg, the man who failed my mother and caused her to kill herself. He might also be my dad's murderer! At the thought of this, he clenched his hands at his sides into fists so tightly that his knuckles cracked audibly.

Looking down at the veins standing out on the back of Toby's hands and his pale knuckles, Tom quickly whispered, "Calm down, President Fuller. Your left arm hasn't recovered yet. If anything happens to you, Miss Reed will get worried."

As he had expected, the instant he mentioned Sonia, Toby instantly calmed down a lot, and his fists unclenched a little.

At the sight of this, he breathed a sigh of relief. Miss Reed is useful after all. Seems like if President Fuller loses his temper again in the future, I can mention her to quell his anger, he thought to himself as his eyes flickered. The more he thought about it, the more he thought it was feasible. In the end, he couldn't help but nod twice to himself.

On the other hand, Toby had no time to care about what Tom was thinking behind him. All he knew was that he had finally met Connor, the person behind the death of his parents. He had always thought that he could remain composed enough even if he met Connor, but now, he finally realized that he was wrong, and that he had yet to reach that level of composure. Upon meeting his enemy, he was inwardly consumed with impulsiveness and violent rage, so much so that he even wanted to kill this guy right

away. Turns out that I'm not as good as I thought. Clenching his fists again, he took a deep breath. It took him a lot of effort to barely suppress the murderous intent inside him and continue to walk on.

Sitting on the sofa nearby, Connor rubbed the dragon's head on his walking stick when he heard the footsteps. "Xander, go make some tea if you've brought them here."

There was no answer.

Toby stopped right in front of the sofa opposite Connor's. Then, he sat down and stared at the latter.

Naturally, Tom stepped behind him and stood still while also staring at Connor. Seeing how Connor closed his eyes with a calm and mysterious expression, he couldn't help but roll his eyes while sneering inwardly. This old guy is quite good at pretending. Now that we're here, he's still closing his eyes in an enigmatic fashion. Those who don't know what's going on would think that he's playing the role of some reclusive master. Just look at how pretentious he is; no ordinary people could reach that level. "You'd better stop calling for your assistant, Mr. Salzburg. I'm afraid that he can't get up and make tea at the moment," he said while pushing his glasses.

Finally, Connor opened his eyes across from them. At first glance, he saw an expressionless Toby sitting on the sofa across from him while exuding frostiness through every pore.

The instant Connor saw Toby, his pupils shrank, and a hint of an inscrutable emotion flashed across his eyes. The next instant, though, he resumed his former expression as if nothing had happened. He even smiled gently at Toby, saying, "We finally get to meet in person, son. You're even taller and more handsome than I imagined. As expected of Val's child."

Toby knitted his brows; his eyes looked even more murderous. "You have no right to call me 'son,' nor are you worthy of calling my mother by her pet name."

"Hehe." Connor chuckled. Instead of getting angry, he laughed. "In terms of family background and social status, I'm indeed not your equal, and I have to call you President Fuller. However, considering our age and my past relationship with your mother, you're indeed supposed to call me Uncle Connor, whereas I'm supposed to call you 'son.' As for me calling your mother by her pet name..." He narrowed his eyes with a meaningful smile. "I think I'm the only person on earth whom your mother would want to call her by her pet name."

As soon as he said that, Toby's face immediately darkened, but he couldn't make a retort. Indeed, given her feelings for him, his mother would naturally want Connor to call her like that.

Connor's smile deepened when he saw how Toby compressed his lips without saying a word. "By the way, son, your assistant behind you just said that my assistant couldn't get up. What does that mean?"

Tom stepped forward, but just when he was about to speak, Toby raised a hand to signal him to back off. Upon seeing this, he immediately gave a knowing nod and stepped back to his original position.

Toby put down his hand while looking at Connor. Then, as his thin lips parted, he said in a cold and stony voice, "I'm not that interested to mention so much about an unimportant person. Let's get straight to the point. Where are the spare parts of my lover's company?"

Connor's face showed no surprise when he heard Toby say this. After all, he had figured out Toby's purpose in coming here when he learned of the latter's arrival. And now, what Toby had said merely confirmed his guess. "So you're here for what happened to Miss Reed. Seems like you're deeply in love with her." He looked at Toby with a shrewd gleam in his eyes.

Toby kept his countenance so that no one could tell his emotions. "That isn't something you should care about. You just have to tell me whether you're gonna return the spare parts or not!"

Seeing how cold and unyielding his manner was, Connor let out a sigh of regret. This lad is pretty good at maintaining his composure; there's no way to tell anything from his face. Ah, young people nowadays... Rubbing the dragon's head on his walking stick, he sighed to himself while feeling jealous at the same time. He had been heaped with praise since childhood, but he wasn't able to be as imperturbable as Toby was when he was younger. It was evident from this alone that he was inferior to Homer. He had been compared with Homer when he was younger. They said that however outstanding he was, he was slightly inferior to Homer. And now, even Homer's son did better than he had been in his younger days. Ha! How ironic.

He lowered his eyes to conceal the emotions in them before putting on a gentle smile again. He replied, "Now that you've come here in person, wouldn't it make you look bad if I were to refuse to return the spare parts? We've never met in person before, but we've heard about what kind of a person each other is, so we naturally won't offend each other easily. Moreover, it's still hard for us to shed all pretenses of cordiality now, isn't it?"

Toby narrowed his eyes. "Your words seem to reveal a lot of information."

Connor let out a chuckle. "Some things aren't that easy to point out, don't you think?" he said while pouring a cup of tea for Toby. Then, he pushed the cup of tea toward the latter with an inviting gesture.

Toby glanced down at the cup of tea, but he had no intention of picking it up and drinking it. Instead, he stood up from the sofa. "By saying those things, don't you worry that I'll kill you right away to save myself a lot of trouble and get everything over and done with?"

Connor picked up his cup of tea and drank it slowly. "You won't. If you do that, all the contributions your grandfather made to the country back then will be wiped out overnight. Do you wanna make him turn in his grave?"

Toby's eyes were blood red. "No wonder you dare to admit it. Turns out you were waiting for me to say that."

Connor looked at him smilingly without saying a word.

Toby closed his eyes hard for a long time before suppressing his anger. His face sullen, he said, "I didn't come here for nothing today. I'll remember what you said, and I'll end your life myself!"

Bình Luận ()