

# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 1006-1010

## Chapter 1006 A Battle of Words

As Connor had said, he was indeed eager for revenge, but he wouldn't really kill the latter right away to save trouble. If he were to do that, he would ruin the accomplishments Norman had made with his own life.

Given Norman's past contributions, the country wouldn't hold him accountable for killing Connor, but it would use Norman's meritorious exploits to cancel out the impact and trouble caused by him killing Connor like that. Norman had performed meritorious deeds at the cost of his own life, so it really wasn't worth it to use them to cancel out the problems caused by Connor's death.

He wouldn't do that either, so he would use the most righteous means of revenge: he would find the evidence of Connor's crimes before requesting the top guns to let him execute Connor in person.

He believed that they wouldn't turn down such a request. As long as he didn't do anything reckless and cause hundreds of thousands of people to lose their jobs or their families, the authorities would definitely satisfy him for Norman's sake.

Connor's grip on the dragon's head on his walking stick tightened when he heard Toby's words. However, he loosened his grip with a dismissive smile soon afterward, saying, "Is that so? In that case, let's see what you're capable of."

Toby raised his chin slightly while looking down at Connor with the aid of his height. "You won't be disappointed. I just hope that you won't beg me for mercy when the day comes."

Naturally, Connor didn't like it when Toby looked at him with contempt like this. However, he couldn't do anything about it because of the latter's height, so he had no choice but to put up with it while barely managing to keep smiling. "Of course I won't."

"Good to hear that," Toby replied coldly with his hands in his trouser pockets. Then, he threatened airily, "I hope you'll have the spare parts delivered to Paradigm Co. within an hour. Otherwise, even if I can't take your life at the moment, I can make you suffer. Try me if you don't believe it."

Connor replied with a chuckle, "Rest assured, son. Since I've promised to return the spare parts, I won't put it off, of course. So there are some things that you can't do even if you want to."

Toby's eyes flickered slightly. "Is that so? That's too bad. I was hoping that you could be a bit late." If this old man does so, I'll have a reason to give him trouble.

Connor let out another chuckle. "Now that you've fulfilled your purpose in coming here, I wonder if you can talk about my purpose."

"What do you want?" Toby squinted.

Connor stood up as well. "As you know, I've never set foot in Seafield over the past 30 years. Now I'm here for my only daughter."

"So Anya really is your illegitimate daughter?" Toby cut him short.

Connor lowered his eyes to conceal the look in them. "Of course. What's wrong? Are you suspecting that she isn't my daughter?"

"The police have told me about the way you interacted with Anya. It's hard for me to believe that you two are father and daughter," Toby replied, admitting straightforwardly that he didn't believe it.

Connor smiled calmly. "I see. No wonder you're suspicious. It's normal for you to be suspicious, though. It's true that I'm not nice to my daughter. After all, she is a disgrace to a man. I believe that you'd also be like that if you were me."

"That'd be impossible." Toby's thin lips curled into a cold sneer. "Firstly, I'm not like you. I wouldn't keep on saying that I love someone while getting involved with another woman out there at the same time, nor would I produce a love child. Not only do you treat your illegitimate child badly, but you even regard her as a disgrace. Didn't you bring disgrace upon yourself by giving way to your lust?"

One could say that these words unceremoniously blew Connor's cover and exposed the most hypocritical side of him to the sun. An illegitimate child was indeed a disgrace to a man. However, the disgrace wasn't brought by the illegitimate child; it was brought by the man upon himself for failing to restrain his urges.

Connor was such a man. Despite being the one in the wrong, he put all the blame on his illegitimate daughter, thinking that it was the latter's presence that had brought disgrace upon him. Thinking that he had done nothing wrong, he put his actions out of his mind. Such a man was a typical example of selfishness, and such a selfish person usually loved themselves the most. They would never fall in love with anyone else.

So, my mother... Toby sneered inwardly in mockery. Did you see that, Mom? Such is the man you love.

Little did Connor think Toby would say such things without sparing his feelings. Perhaps because he knew that Toby was right and that he was such a person, he found the latter's words unacceptable at this very moment. For a moment, he got so exasperated that he stared at Toby with bloodshot eyes. He uttered sinisterly between clenched teeth, "Don't you worry that I'll get angry when you say these things?"

Toby laughed as if he had heard a cosmic joke. "Do you think I should be worried?" He took a step forward to close in on Connor. With his height and his commanding presence, he was more outstanding than Connor in every aspect. Moreover, he was a fierce tiger in its prime, whereas Connor was already an old wolf in the twilight of its life. It was a no-brainer which of them would win if they were to come head-to-head. In terms of presence alone, Connor was several notches below him, for he totally suppressed Connor.

“I’m not at all worried about whether you’ll be unhappy. Even if I kill you right now, no one would dare to say anything, so you should be glad that my grandfather’s meritorious service is saving your life for the time being.

Don’t get ahead of yourself and forget whose territory this is and who you’re facing. Are you even qualified to threaten me?” He looked down at Connor with a mercilessly cold look in his eyes, as if he was looking at a dead person.

Connor had always thought he was the one who brought the fear of death upon others in his life. However, he never dreamed that he would feel the fear of death brought upon him by somebody else one day. Furthermore, that somebody was a young man 30 years his junior. Such a blow was indeed a humiliation to him.

At the same time, it made him realize that he was indeed getting ahead of himself. He had forgotten that he was in Seafeld, not Westsashire. Also, he had forgotten that the person he was facing wasn’t any of those who had feared him in the past, but the demon king who harbored grudges against him but was of a much higher status than he was. This was his mistake.

Seeing how Connor fell silent with a darkened expression, Toby withdrew his gaze. “I have a rough idea what your purpose is. You want me to let Anya off, so you first went to my woman. But you failed, which was why you intercepted her company’s spare parts to threaten her.”

Connor’s ringed thumb moved slightly to rub against the dragon’s head on his walking stick. “You’re right. I thought she was a persuadable and soft-hearted woman, so I went to her after arriving in Seafeld.

I thought it’d be easy for me to achieve my goal. As long as she was willing to forgive Anya, I could offer double compensation. However, she turned me down, so I had no choice but to resort to this. Still, I didn’t think that my plan would fail. She’s even more stubborn than I imagined. She refuses to relent even under such circumstances.”

“She’s my woman. If she were to give in so easily, I wouldn’t have fallen in love with her,” Toby said through his thin lips without concealing the pride in his voice.

“Is that so?” Connor’s eyes flickered.

Toby then said, “On the other hand, you intercepted the goods to coerce my woman when you failed to reach your objective. Don’t you worry that I’ll get angry when you do so?”

## **Chapter 1007 Your Mother’s Stuff**

He repeated the question Connor had thrown at him.

Connor chuckled. “If I were worried, I wouldn’t have done that. After all, all I did was intercept some goods, so you wouldn’t go so far as to fight me to the bitter end. Furthermore, I’ve decided since the beginning that if you personally ask me to return the spare parts, I’ll immediately give them back without delay.

Wouldn't that give you no reason to lay a hand on me?" It was exactly because he was absolutely certain about this that he dared to do so. Otherwise, he wouldn't have taken the risk.

"You know me better than I imagined," Toby taunted.

Connor rubbed the dragon's head with a half-smile. "And so do you."

"In that case, if I didn't come to you to ask for the batch of spare parts, would you continue to feign ignorance by not returning the spare parts? Would you let my lover's company get into trouble so that you could laugh at me?" Toby said while unleashing his murderous intent.

Connor, the old fox, still had a smile on his face. "How is that possible? I knew that you'd definitely come back. After all, you and I know very well what Miss Reed is capable of. She has no means to solve this issue. If she wants to prevent Paradigm Co. from going bankrupt, all she has to do is agree to let Anya off, and I'll naturally return the spare parts to her.

However, she refuses to do so, so I have no choice but to keep on stalling her. You know Paradigm Co.'s situation without me telling you about it.

The problem with the spare parts can't be held off, but she can't produce a large sum of money to weather the crisis caused by the lack of spare parts, so you're the only one she can turn to. She's your woman, so it's only natural that you can't sit by and do nothing about it. Well, my guess proved to be right, no?"

In reality, it wasn't for Anya's sake that he intercepted the spare parts in the beginning. His real purpose was to sound out how much the man before him cared about Sonia.

Anya was just an extra. What if Sonia was softhearted enough to agree to let Anya off? Even if the couple didn't agree to let Anya off, he could sound out how much Toby cared about Sonia. In short, whatever the outcome was, he wouldn't be at a disadvantage. He would get what he wanted, and he proved to have succeeded.

Sonia was very dependent on Toby. On the other hand, Toby might not love her so much as to be unable to live without her, but he was absolutely deeply in love with her. Otherwise, why would he come in person instead of sending his assistant here?

Of course, this wasn't enough. What he wanted to see the most was for Toby to love Sonia so much that he could sacrifice his life in exchange for hers. Only then could Sonia be of great use in the future.

"Unfortunately, your guess is partly wrong," Toby mocked sharply while looking at Connor. It was true that Sonia couldn't produce the money, but she had never intended to ask him for help. She'd rather consult Charles about how to solve the problem than ask him for help. Connor was wrong about this from the beginning.

Connor's confident smile froze all of a sudden when he heard Toby say that his guess was wrong. "My guess is wrong? That's impossible. How am I wrong?"

Toby had no intention of answering his questions, though. His thin lips parted slightly as he replied coldly, "That isn't what you're supposed to know. It's true that I won't fight you to the bitter end just because you intercepted the spare parts, but I'll remember this and settle all the scores with you in the future." His eyes gleamed with frostiness as he spoke.

Connor stopped rubbing the dragon's head with his thumb for a moment. Soon after that, he started rubbing the dragon's head again, but Toby's words seemed to make him feel somewhat restless. His thumb rubbed against the dragon's head much faster than just now, which revealed his turbulent emotions. "Is that so?"

Well, I'll be looking forward to that." He lowered his eyes. "Having said so much, I have yet to tell you my purpose. Your guess just now is right. I'm indeed here for that disappointing daughter of mine. I don't like her either, but no matter what, she's my daughter.

I can't bear to see her like this, so I'd like to ask you to show her mercy and let her off. Of course, I'll pay Miss Reed the full compensation she's supposed to receive. I'll even pay her double compensation. How about that?"

The instant he said so, Tom nearly threw up in disgust, not to mention Toby. The question of whether Connor had caused the death of Homer aside, it was an indisputable fact that Connor had caused the death of Toby's mother. Secondly, it was also an indisputable fact that Anya, Connor's illegitimate daughter, had repeatedly bullied Sonia.

One might as well say that Toby and Sonia had a lot of scores to settle with Connor and Anya, so what gave Connor the cheek to ask Toby to have Anya released? In short, this was his first time seeing someone asking their enemy to release one of their people. Don't tell me Connor thinks that President Fuller will definitely say yes once he makes a request. What a joke!

As he had expected, Toby replied in a grim voice, "You want me to let Anya off? Do you think that's possible?"

Connor wasn't surprised by Toby's reply. Instead, he laughed. "I know that with the history between us, it's indeed quite impossible for you to let my daughter off like that. But what if I trade something for that?"

"I'm not interested," Toby replied without the slightest hesitation.

Connor looked at him, his eyes flickering. "We're talking about the stuff your mother left behind back then. Are you sure that you're not interested?"

Toby's face changed color instantly at these words. Staring at Connor with bloodshot eyes, he asked, "What did you say? You mean the stuff my mother left behind?"

Connor smiled smugly. "That's right. I won't go so far as to lie to you about this kind of thing."

Toby fell silent, whereas Tom had a complicated expression on his face. They never expected things to turn out this way. To think that Connor still has the stuff left behind by the late Madam in his hands! Not only that, but he's now using it to threaten President Fuller, thought Tom.

Toby stared at Connor with a terrifyingly grim expression. "What did my mother leave behind?"

Connor picked up his cup of tea and took a sip from it. "I won't tell you what it is for now. All I can tell you is that it was very, very important to your mother. She gave it to me when she and I were together, saying that it was as important as her own life. She gave it to me in hopes that I'd think of her whenever I saw it, so I've kept it well until now."

"How lamentable," Toby suddenly commented.

Connor was startled for a moment. "What do you mean?"

Toby replied, "Something as important as her own life, huh? My mother gave such an important thing to you because she trusted you. To think that you'd betray her trust by offering the stuff she gave you in exchange for your illegitimate daughter.

Isn't that lamentable?" He raised his head and suddenly stretched out his hand. Then, before Connor could realize what was going on, he immediately grabbed Connor's throat and lifted him up with all his might.

Connor was only about 170 centimeters tall. Moreover, he was thin, so Toby lifted him up effortlessly with one hand. Before Connor realized it, he was already at least six centimeters above the ground.

The walking stick in Connor's hand dropped to the floor with a thud and rolled on the carpet before coming to a stop. On the other hand, Connor was suspended in midair. At this moment, his face was flushed, and his eyes were bulging and tinged with blood.

He was opening his mouth in an attempt to ask Toby to let go of him, but Toby grabbed his neck so tightly that he couldn't make a sound at all. Consequently, he could only keep trying to prise Toby's fingers, wanting to prise the latter's fingers from his neck.

### **Chapter 1008 Nearly Killing Him**

At this moment, however, Toby had let rage overcome his reason. All he knew was that not only had the old man in his hand caused the death of his mother, but he was now offering to trade the stuff she had left behind for the life of his illegitimate daughter. There was no way he could keep calm, so he grasped Connor's throat in a vice-like grip that he gradually tightened.

Soon after that, Connor felt that he couldn't breathe; his face turned from crimson to purple and was streaming with tears and snot. His eyes rolled up uncontrollably, and all the veins in his temples protruded as if they would burst simultaneously in the next second.

In short, he felt terrible at this very moment. He couldn't breathe, and his strength was gradually melting away. At first, he had been struggling desperately to prise Toby's hand in a panic, but he slowed down as his strength melted.

He knew that Toby was in the mood to kill and wanted to take his life. He could even feel his death approaching at this very moment. No, no way! I can't die! I mustn't die now that my wishes haven't been fulfilled!

At the thought of this, he suddenly had a will to survive. At this moment, some strength returned to his originally powerless hands. Struggling vigorously, he began slapping Toby's hand while flailing his legs continuously.

However, these were merely hopeless efforts for Toby. To him, Connor's struggles were just the last-ditch struggle of a nobody, which would only enrage him even further without doing him any harm. Consequently, he tightened his grasp on Connor's throat once again.

Connor looked even more ghastly and pained. His vision began to blur, and he felt like Toby was about to break his neck; he could even hear the sound of his bones breaking. Am I really gonna die here? No, I can't accept this! Still, however unwilling he was to die at this moment, he no longer had the strength to struggle or fight back. What he had done just now was already his last struggle.

As such, instead of struggling to prise Toby's hand, he suddenly let go of it and let his hands fall to his sides.

Still, Toby had no intention of letting Connor off. With a cruel expression, he continued to tighten his grip. At this moment, there was only a voice in his mind telling him to choke the latter to death.

As long as he did so, the deaths of his parents would be avenged, and his grandmother's longtime wish would come true. The more he thought about this, the more bloodshot his eyes became, and his grip tightened more and more.

As he continued to tighten his grip, Connor's eyelids began to droop, and his head began to tilt to the side as if he was about to die.

Upon seeing this, Tom knew that the situation had to stop. Hurriedly, he put his hand on Toby's wrist and said loudly, "Stop it, President Fuller! Connor is dying! I know how you feel, but we can't kill him like this right now. Don't forget about the late Old Master Fuller's meritorious exploits! It's not worth it to use them to cancel out the consequences of killing this guy."

When Toby heard this, his pupils shrank slightly for an instant. At this moment, his originally stony face showed a hint of warmth, which only appeared when he heard Tom mention his grandfather.

Thanks to the bit of warmth, he gradually returned to his senses. Seeing how he had almost choked Connor to death, he closed his eyes hard, suppressing all the murderous desires within him. Then, he uncurled his fingers and released his grip on Connor's throat.

Connor fell to the ground with a loud thud. His eyes wide open, he stared fixedly at the ceiling, clutching his terribly painful throat with both hands while greedily gasping for air with his mouth agape. This was his first time being so close to death. So is death such a horrifying thing? Recalling how Toby had nearly choked him to death just now, he instantly turned as white as a sheet with irrepressible terror showing in his eyes.

Seeing how Toby had listened to him and let go of Connor, Tom immediately heaved a sigh of relief. "Phew..." He took a handkerchief out of his pocket and handed it to Toby. "Please wipe your hands, President Fuller."

Toby darted a look at Tom before taking the handkerchief from him. Then, as he wiped his hands clean, he lifted one foot and stepped on Connor's chest with all his might. "Connor, I seriously wonder if you ever loved my mother."

Enduring the severe pain in his throat and on his chest, Connor slowly moved his eyes to meet Toby's frosty and condescending gaze. He replied in a weak and unpleasantly hoarse voice, "Of course I love her."

"Do you think I'll believe it?" Toby let out a sneer. "If you had loved her, you wouldn't have hidden your relationship with her from everyone else without openly acknowledging her identity.

If you had loved her, you wouldn't have watched her get married without trying to stop it or even fighting for her. You wouldn't have kept in touch with her, strung her along, and made that laughable promise without honoring it after she got married, nor would you have had an illegitimate daughter, for whom you offered to trade her possessions.

So, Connor, given your actions, what gives you the right to say that you love her? Which part of your behavior represents your love for her? You were merely teasing her, manipulating her, and humiliating her!" he said. Then, overwhelmed with rage once again, he lifted his foot and stepped hard on Connor.

Crack! A sharp, loud sound of bones breaking sounded, accompanied by Connor's shrill cries of pain.

"Hiss..." Upon hearing this, Tom let out a gasp of horror. President Fuller has definitely broken at least two of Connor's ribs with his foot! Seeing Connor's pained expression and bulging eyes, he clicked his tongue twice. However, he had no sympathy for Connor. He totally deserves this, he thought.

Toby moved his foot away and let go of Connor before taking a step back to distance himself from the latter. Seeing how Connor writhed on the floor in agony, he said through his thin lips in a mercilessly cold voice, "Bear in mind that this isn't gonna cancel out everything you did—only your life will do."

Then, he said to Tom, "Let's go." With that, he turned around and headed toward the suite's door, ignoring Connor, who was lying on the floor like a dead dog.

Tom gave Connor a scornful look before catching up with Toby. However, as soon as he took a step forward, Connor grabbed his ankle.

As a result, he was forced to stop. Looking down at Connor, who was in so much pain that he wished he were dead, he said with a frown, "Mr. Salzburg, don't tell me you're grabbing me because you want me to call an ambulance for you?"

Trembling all over, Connor gasped violently in pain as beads of cold sweat dripped from his forehead. He said in a feeble voice, "I-I want you to tell him to think about whether to agree to the exchange... If he decides not to, I'll dispose of the stuff his mother left behind myself. You two had better not regret it."

"You..." Tom's face darkened. "How dare you threaten President Fuller even now?"

Instead of answering him, Connor smiled a creepy smile, revealing his bloodied teeth.

At the sight of the scene, Tom instantly got goosebumps. After staring at Connor for a while, he yanked his ankle out of Connor's grasp. Then, he turned around and quickly trotted after Toby.

### **Chapter 1009 Why He Quit Smoking**

When Tom caught up to Toby, the latter was already in front of the elevator. Seeing how the man gave off an oppressive aura through every pore, he knew that he was in a bad mood at the moment. After a moment's thought, he fished his cigarette pack from his pocket, shook a cigarette out of it, and handed the cigarette to the man. "Wanna smoke a cigarette, President Fuller?"

Toby darted a look at it before straightening up. "No, I don't need it. I've quit smoking."

"Huh?" Tom was startled. "You've quit smoking?" When was that? Why don't I know about that? Well, President Fuller wasn't a heavy smoker, but he'd occasionally smoke a cigarette or two. I've not heard of him quitting smoking, though.

Raising his chin slightly, Toby replied with a note of unconcealed pride in his voice, "I quit smoking just a few days ago. Little Leaf forbade me to smoke, saying that it was bad for my health. Since she cares so much about me, how could I disappoint her?"

"Uh..." Tom's lips twitched. "I see. Alright then, I'll smoke the cigarette myself," he said while putting away the cigarette.

Toby frowned. "You're not allowed to smoke as well."

Tom was just about to put the cigarette between his lips when he heard this. "Why?" he couldn't help but ask curiously. "Could it be that you're also concerned about my health, President Fuller?" Aww, I'm so touched! I've been working for this mean boss for over ten years.

Not only has he never cared about me, but he also leaves all kinds of dirty and heavy work to me. It's no exaggeration to say that he's a bully who exploits his employees. I thought I'd keep on living under his exploitation, but to think that he has finally become more like a human now! Really, I'm so touched. This is all thanks to Miss Reed's taming of him!

Just when he was inwardly walking on air, Toby's response dampened his spirits like a bucket of cold water pouring down on him, making him feel touched for nothing. "What are you dreaming about? Why would I care about a guy like you?"

Toby looked at him with a frown of disgust. "I forbid you to smoke because I don't want to betray Little Leaf's concern for me by breathing in secondhand smoke from you. What does that have to do with you?"

Ha ha. Speechless, Tom put his cigarette back into his cigarette pack with an expressionless face. I should've thought of this long ago. How could the wicked boss for whom I've worked for over ten years become so humane all of a sudden? If he were humane, he would've done so long ago, no?

How could he possibly become humane over ten years later? Seriously, it's too naive of me to believe that my bully of a boss will care about me. Ha ha. Really, I was touched for nothing. What a lack of awareness.

"Remember not to smoke in front of me from now on, or I'll make you feel sorry for it," Toby warned in a cold voice.

Tom's lips twitched again before he replied sulkily, "Yes, President Fuller."

Only then did Toby withdraw his gaze in satisfaction and stop looking at him.

Just then, the elevator arrived. Toby stepped into it, and Tom immediately followed suit.

After the elevator door closed, Tom turned to look at the man next to him, asking, "By the way, President Fuller, does your previous conversation with Connor mean that he admitted he was the one behind Mr. Homer's death?"

Toby balled his hands at his sides into fists while starting to give off chilly vibes once again. He replied with a monotonous "yes," but one could recognize the murderous note in it if they were to listen carefully.

Tom took a deep breath. "So it really was him. I never thought he'd really dare to admit it."

Toby's eyes were bloodshot with fury. "Didn't you hear it? With Grandpa's meritorious service, is there anything he wouldn't dare to do?"

Tom fell silent. After a while, he said with a sigh, "I suddenly feel that it's not a good thing for the late Old Master Fuller to have made so many contributions. Who knows if these contributions were used to shield the Fullers or our enemies?"

Toby lowered his eyes. "There are things that are good and bad at the same time, to begin with. With advantages come disadvantages. The Fuller Family is able to become so successful mostly thanks to the contributions Grandpa made to the country. Now that we're enjoying the benefits brought by his contributions, we have to abide by the law and not do anything reckless."

"It's exactly because of this that Connor is able to catch this flaw and act cocky." Tom sighed. "As expected, there are some things that come with their own advantages and disadvantages."

Toby didn't respond to his words.

Looking at the man, Tom continued, "Say, President Fuller, if the late Old Master Fuller were to know how Connor had killed his son and used his meritorious service as a protective cover, would he still care about his legacy? Perhaps he'd agree to let you kill Connor right away to avenge the deaths of Mr. Homer and the late Madam before using his contributions to smooth over the consequences of killing Connor."

"Grandpa wouldn't agree to it." Toby wearily pinched the space between his eyebrows. He said, "I know what kind of a person he is. Grandpa lived through the war years and was one of the founders of our country. Not only did he have an abhorrence of evil, but he also knew how and when to repay grievances with grievances."

Connor killed my dad, so he would approve of me taking revenge on Connor, but he wouldn't approve of me doing so by giving Connor a taste of his own medicine. He'd only let me search for evidence and have Connor arrested according to law. Otherwise, do you think I'd really wait until now without asking Connor whether he was my dad's murderer?

No, I'd have asked him about it and killed him right away as soon as I began to suspect him in the beginning. But if I were to do so, I'd act against Grandpa's beliefs and what he had taught me." If it weren't for this, he wouldn't have really waited for 12 years while still searching for clues and evidence about Homer's death. He'd have gotten his revenge long ago.

Tom threw up his hands in resignation. "Well, an old revolutionary like him did have strict morals. He's too upright and incorruptible, though."

"That's why I wouldn't disappoint him by bringing shame upon him," Toby replied impassively while watching the floor numbers flash on the elevator board.

"Oh, right, President Fuller, Connor wanted me to pass on a message to you when we left just now," Tom said as he suddenly recalled this. Then, he quoted what Connor had asked him to tell Toby.

Toby's face darkened when he finished listening to Tom's words. "He's really unwilling to give up, isn't he? How dare he threaten me!" Seems like I was too lenient with him just now.

"President Fuller, Connor knew that by offering the late Madam's stuff in exchange for his illegitimate daughter, he'd probably make you so angry as to kill him on the spot for real, but he did it anyway. Perhaps Anya really is his daughter, and they only interacted in such a strange manner because he doesn't like her.

But Anya is his only offspring, after all, so he has no choice but to save her." Tom made his analysis while rubbing his chin. Then, looking at Toby, he asked, "I can tell that the stuff belonging to the late Madam that Connor talked about was really important to her. Should we get it back?"

Toby lowered his head in thought without saying a word.

Upon seeing this, Tom shut up and stopped bothering him.

Meanwhile, Sonia and Charles had finished eating, so they called the waiter over. They were about to pay the bill and leave for the bank to meet up with the bank's person in charge.

Sonia opened her handbag and took out her cell phone, asking, "How much is it?"

The waiter opened his notebook to take a look. Then, he replied with a smile, "Miss Reed, both your meal and this gentleman's have been paid for."

Sonia paused for a moment just as she was about to tap the 'Pay' button on her phone's screen. Then, she looked up at the waiter, asking, "What did you say? You mean the bill has been paid?"

"Yes, it has." The waiter nodded with a smile.

Sonia immediately turned to look at Charles. "Did you pay the bill?"

Charles threw up his hands. "No, it wasn't me. I didn't pay the bill. I never left the room even once, so how could I have paid the bill?"

### **Chapter 1010 Two Childish Men**

That's true. With her suspicion toward Charles dispelled, she shifted her gaze back to the waiter. "Excuse me, but since we didn't pay the bill, could you tell us who paid it? Or did your system go wrong and show that we had paid the bill when we didn't?"

The waiter replied with a smile, "Don't worry, Miss Reed. Our system didn't go wrong, and it's true that your bill has been paid. It was paid by Mr. Fuller, your boyfriend."

"Toby?" Sonia and Charles responded in chorus.

Charles even stood up in surprise.

The waiter nodded. "That's right. It was Mr. Fuller who paid the bill. Also, he has a message for you, Mr. Lane."

"For me?" Charles pointed at his own nose.

Puzzled about what Toby wanted to say to Charles, Sonia turned to look at the latter.

"Yes, Mr. Lane. For you." The waiter nodded with a smile.

Charles' lips twitched. "Okay. What kind of message does Toby have for me, then?"

The waiter adjusted his bow tie before replying with a straight face, "Mr. Fuller said the meal you had with Miss Reed today was his treat, so he hoped you wouldn't get too full of yourself and think that you

had defeated him by eating out with her alone.

He also hoped that you wouldn't show off in front of him later about how he didn't know you had had dinner with Miss Reed. He said he knew everything, and he warned you not to ask for trouble. That's all." With that, he raised his eyes to look at Charles.

Looking as black as thunder, Charles clutched his fork and spoon tightly while uttering between clenched teeth, "Damn you, Toby Fuller!" Can he read my mind or something? To think that he's even able to figure this out! Alright, I admit that I do feel a little smug about eating out with Sonny alone, and I do think that I'm several notches above Toby.

After all, he doesn't know that Sonny and I were eating out together. Moreover, I can even call Toby and brag about this later to anger him on purpose. Alas, before I could do that, Toby saw through my plans and even warned me. This is so... Peeved, he screwed up his face. Is Toby a dog or something? He's so sensitive!

Sonia also didn't expect Toby to be the person who paid for her and Charles' meal. Not only that, but he even left such a message for Charles. She wasn't dumb, so it was impossible for her not to figure out that Toby had left such a message for Charles for the purpose of asserting his claim.

After all, since Charles had such feelings for her, there was no way Toby wouldn't mind it. This was why Toby made a special effort to warn Charles to know his place and not fool around after knowing that she had gone out with the latter for dinner.

On one hand, she understood Toby's feelings. On the other hand, though, she felt that he had gone a bit too far. After all, Charles had said that he would let go, so he naturally wouldn't do anything to her. Therefore, it was somewhat disrespectful to Charles for him to warn the former like this.

Sonia massaged the space between her eyebrows as if she had a headache. Well, it can't be helped. Toby is my boyfriend. Now that he's done something wrong, I've got to help cover his \*ss, of course. At the thought of this, she put down her hand and smiled at the waiter. "We got it; thanks for telling us about this. If there's nothing else, please go ahead with your work. We'll be leaving in a minute."

"Sure, Miss Reed." The waiter bowed politely. Then, he turned around and left, leaving Sonia and an angry Charles in the private room.

Sonia poured a glass of fruit juice and handed it to Charles. "Sorry, Charles. Let me apologize to you on Toby's behalf. Don't get angry, okay? That's the kind of person he is. He only did that because he became jealous upon knowing that you and I were eating out together. I'm sorry about that, so please don't take it to heart."

Charles was really angry at first. Upon hearing her words, he looked up at her and took the fruit juice. His dark expression cleared, and he was visibly a lot less angry. "Why apologize to me? This isn't your fault at all."

Sonia smiled. "Well, that's true, but Toby and I are a couple. If he does something wrong, I ought to deal with the aftermath, right?"

Charles let out a snort and took a drink from his fruit juice before his anger dissipated completely. "Never mind, I won't fuss about Toby's actions for your sake. But, Sonny, I remember that you didn't tell him about us eating out together, right?"

Sonia shook her head. "No, I didn't. It's not a big deal, so I don't have to report it to him."

"Precisely," Charles replied. Then, he said with a snort, "You didn't tell him about us eating out together, but he knew everything about it, including where we were having dinner. What does this mean? This means that this guy is petty and possessive and is watching you all the time.

Who knows how many people around you have been bought off by him to work as his spies and report to him everything about you from morning till night? Hiss..." As he spoke of this, he folded his arms and shuddered. "Sonny, it makes me feel suffocated just to imagine such perverted behavior.

Aren't you tired of being with him?" Hmph! Didn't Toby care so much about Sonny and I eating out together as to assert his claim and warn me directly? I can speak ill of him in front of her in return! That's what they call an eye for an eye! Since he gives me a hard time, I'll give him a hard time as well.

Sonia noticed the mischievous joy in Charles' eyes as he spoke. Naturally, she knew that he was purposely saying so to get back at Toby, so she couldn't help feeling amused. What a pair of childish men! "Alright, that's enough. Toby didn't buy off my company's employees to work as his spies, nor does he have somebody keep an eye on me at all times and report to him everything about me. I guess he learned of this after asking my company's employees," she said while picking up her handbag and slinging it over her shoulder. She was confident that Toby didn't buy off her employees. After all, all the subordinates around her knew about the problem with the spare parts. If Toby had bought them off, he would've learned about it long ago instead of being unaware of it even now.

Propping his head in his hand, Charles looked at her while interrupting her thoughts, saying, "That's really strange, then."

Sonia blinked her eyes. "What is strange?"

"Toby, of course," Charles replied with a yawn. "Why would he call your employees instead of calling you directly?"

Sonia was startled for a moment. Yeah, that seems to be right. However, she soon found an excuse for Toby. "Perhaps he did call me, but he couldn't get through because there was no signal. We were stuck in the parking lot for quite a while, remember?"

Charles rolled his eyes. "Alright, alright." Speechless, he waved his hand. "What a devoted girlfriend. Just speak for him however you want."

Sonia was amused. "What are you talking about? Alright, let's go. It's about time for our appointment with the bank's manager."

As they had business to discuss, Charles finally stopped picking on Toby. “Uh-huh,” he responded. After putting down his glass of fruit juice, he stood up and left the private room and the restaurant after Sonia.

He stared straight ahead while driving the car with rapt attention, whereas Sonia, sitting in the passenger seat, was typing on her cell phone with her head down. She was texting Toby about what had happened in the restaurant just now. Not only that, but she also advised him not to do that to Charles again since that was very rude.