

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 506

[/ This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)
Chapter 506 Jean's a Fool

"That's true." Tom exclaimed in awe while nodding, agreeing that Carl's hacking skills were top-notch. All of Fuller Group's hackers were considered international masters within the field, but even they didn't manage to find anything after Toby ordered them to track Declan's whereabouts. Carl was the only one who managed to track Declan down. This comparison put things in place—Carl was obviously the more skilled hacker among the rest of them.

"Since Carl is sending his men over, you should arrange for our people to go there too. Carl's men might take Declan away if our men don't get there in time," Toby uttered in a calm tone. Declan was the one who pushed Sonia off a cliff, so Toby had to be the one to deal with Declan. No one's allowed to get this job done except for me! I won't even have Carl meddling with this! Toby thought.

"Okay. I got it, President Fuller." Tom nodded.

"You can leave now." Toby flicked his wrist to send Tom out of the room.

"But... There's actually something else I wanted to tell you," Tom uttered without moving from his spot.

Toby knitted his brows and stared at his assistant. "What is it?"

"Well... We saw Miss Reed and Mr. Lane hugging yesterday, and we suspected that they were dating, right? I sent someone to investigate their relationship, and the reports currently indicate that they're not together," Tom explained.

Toby's eyes lit up in an instant. "What? They're not dating?"

"Yeah." Tom nodded. Toby's stone-cold heart seemed to melt when he heard this news, and his expression softened as he continued speaking. "If they aren't together, then last night..."

"Perhaps there was another reason for that. Why don't you ask Miss Reed about it, President Fuller?" Tom suggested.

Toby pursed his lips. "Forget it. I'll just pretend that I didn't see it." He was happy just knowing that Sonia and Charles weren't together.

"Well, I'll excuse myself now." Tom was done with all his updates, so he turned to leave the room. "Okay," Toby uttered with a nod.

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Two days passed in the blink of an eye, and it was finally the day of Rose's 80th birthday celebration. The party was hosted in the Fullers' Residence. It was 8.00PM by the time Sonia arrived at the venue. She got out of her car and handed her keys to the valet before she took out the invitation card from her bag and walked toward the entrance. She passed the invitation to the security guards that were standing at the entrance, and the guard let her in after checking the invitation.

Sonia lifted her long dress as she headed up the stairs and walked into the grand hall. With his gaze fixed on Sonia's slim figure, the security guard who had checked her invitation card removed his walkie-talkie from his belt. "Miss Reed's here, Tom," he reported into the device.

"I got it," Tom replied from his end after hearing the guard's voice. Then, Tom put the walkie-talkie aside before he walked to the lounge and knocked on the door. He was greeted by Mary's smiling face after she opened the door. "Tom!"

"I'm looking for President Fuller, Mary," Tom explained.

"Young Master Toby's talking to Old Mrs. Fuller now. You can come in," Mary offered.

"Thank you." Tom nodded and walked into the room. When Toby saw Tom walking in, he stopped his conversation with Old Mrs. Fuller to sip on his cup of tea. "What is it?" he asked as he turned to Tom.

"Miss Reed is here." Tom's footsteps came to a halt as he answered Toby's question. Toby's movements froze for a split second before he returned to his usual self. "I got it." Right after that, Toby got to his feet and excused himself. "I'll head outside now, Grandma."

"Wait." Mary handed Rose's cane to her, and Rose got up along with Toby. "Let's go out together. I haven't seen Sonia in a while. Furthermore, I'm the star of the night, and most of our guests should have arrived by now. It's about time I made an appearance."

Toby gave Rose a warm smile. "Sure. Let's walk out together, then. I'll help you out."

Rose shot a glare at Toby's left arm, which was still held in a sling. "You should just take care of yourself," she uttered in a disdainful tone. "Seriously! You're a 30-year-old man; I can't believe you accidentally injured your arm while you were out."

Toby's gaze shifted uncomfortably, while Tom immediately turned to look away. Fortunately, Rose hadn't been watching their expressions, so she didn't notice anything odd. Mary helped the old lady out of the room while Toby and Tom followed behind them.

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Sonia's appearance in the grand hall gathered a good amount of attention. Everyone in their circle knew that she used to be married to the son of the Fuller Family, after all. Since she was an ex-wife, many people began gossiping when they saw that she had shown up at Rose's party.

Meanwhile, Jean was wearing a red, tight-fitting dress and had her hair tied up in a bun. She held a glass of red wine in one hand while she chit-chatted with a few other wealthy-looking ladies. All of a sudden, one of the ladies tugged on Jean's sleeve before she stuck her lips out and nodded in Sonia's direction. "Hey. Isn't that your ex-daughter-in-law?"

"What?" Jean had a cheerful smile on her face until she heard the words 'ex-daughter-in-law'. Her face immediately darkened as she turned to see Sonia standing around in the hall. Jean immediately twisted her expression into a sour frown. The lady who had told Jean about Sonia couldn't help but feel a rush of satisfaction when she saw how displeased Jean looked. Even the rest of the ladies exchanged glances as they quietly sneered amongst themselves. They were glad to see the embarrassed and ashamed look on Jean's face.

Although they appeared to have a close relationship with Jean, and although they often asked her out for facials and shopping dates, they didn't actually like Jean. In fact, some of them utterly despised her, and they were only leeching off of her.

The rest of the women were all born in wealthy families—they were more refined and elegant than a peasant like Jean, who was born in a regular family. However, many of these ladies were furious because a plain and cheap woman like Jean had the luck to marry herself into the Fuller Family. Thus, Jean, who was nothing in comparison to the other ladies, transformed into a wealthy, powerful phoenix that soared high above their heads with her new status as Mr. Fuller's wife. The rest of the ladies had no choice but to placate her all the time.

Fortunately for them, Jean was a complete idiot whose opinions easily wavered. Whenever the ladies sweet-talked Jean a little, Jean wouldn't hesitate to shower her friends with all the best things in the world. She would pay for all of their expenses whenever they went out for food, drinks or trips. The ladies wouldn't have chosen to stay with an idiot like Jean otherwise.

Jean had no idea what her few rich friends were thinking about. She merely held onto her wine glass as she fixed Sonia with a stern glare. She looked as if she was trying to use her eyes to burn Sonia.

The lady who had been the first to speak up about Sonia continued to provoke Jean. She looked around the room as she said, "Jean, why do you think your ex-daughter-in-law is here? Do you think she's trying to please Old Mrs. Fuller? Is she doing that so that she can return to the Fuller Family? I heard that Old Mrs. Fuller is quite fond of her, so I think she might succeed. President Fuller's a filial child, so he'd surely listen to Old Mrs. Fuller..."

The lady's words succeeded in infuriating Jean, who then slammed her wine glass on the table. Her face was flushed as she widened her bloodshot eyes. "Does she want to return to the Fuller Family? Hah! In her dreams!" she hissed.

The wealthy ladies exchanged glances once more, but they quickly looked away from each other. The representative of their group—the lady who pointed Sonia out—curled her lips into a smirk. This idiot fell for it. All of the ladies knew that Jean, the silly woman, hated her ex-daughter-in-law, and they had heard about all the fights that happened between Jean and Sonia. Once I infuriate this stupid woman, and once she falls into our little trap, we'll have a good show to watch.

The rest of the ladies were born with a silver spoon in their mouths. They were people from rich families who had married into other rich families, but they were still lacking in wealth when they compared themselves to Jean, and they couldn't accept it at all! However, their differences in social status made it hard for them to cause any direct harm to Jean, so all they could do was trick her through such subtle methods. They wanted to make a fool out of Jean in order to reduce the burning jealousy they felt because of her.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 507

[/ This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)
Chapter 507 Rose's Grand Entrance

With that thought in mind, the lady glanced at her bright red nails before curling her lips into a smile. "Well, since that's the case, why don't you go over to ask her what she's doing here, Jean? If she's here to please Old Mrs. Fuller, and if she's trying to get remarried to President Fuller, then you should try to chase her out before Old Mrs. Fuller comes, right?"

Jean's eyes lit up immediately. "That's right, Christine. That's a great idea." Jean held onto Christine's hand fondly. The smile on Christine's face stiffened as she glanced at Jean's chubby and oily hand on hers. However, she forced herself to take a deep breath and maintain her friendly demeanor so that she wouldn't expose her true intentions. Deep down, she had a strong urge to fling Jean's hand away.

Meanwhile, the other ladies sneakily held their thumbs up for Christine to commend her determination and patience for Jean. "Alright, Jean. Go on and ask her about it," Christine uttered. "Old Mrs. Fuller might come out anytime now."

"You're right. I'll go over to her right now." Jean let go of Christine's hand before she strutted off in Sonia's direction with her chin held high. Once Jean was gone, Christine immediately pulled a handkerchief out of her bag to wipe her hand. "Disgusting! She's so filthy!" Christine hissed angrily as she cleaned herself.

"Alright. Stop making it so obvious—you don't want her to find out about this. If she realizes what we're doing and throws a fit, President Toby will find out about us. If that happens, all of the other times we've tricked her and used her as our piggy bank may be dug up too," another one of the ladies said.

Upon hearing this, Christine stopped wiping her hand and kept her handkerchief away. "Let me use the washroom, then. I'll wash my hands there," she uttered as she headed out of the hall.

Meanwhile, Sonia was standing at the other side of the hall, talking to Zane. Coincidentally, he had arrived at the party shortly after Sonia walked in, and he approached her to chat once he saw her. Furthermore, since Rose, Charles, and Charles' parents were nowhere to be seen, and since Sonia wasn't in the mood to meet new people, she thought Zane had arrived at the perfect time. She could relieve her boredom while not having to meet someone new.

"Jean's coming over," Zane uttered as he spotted Jean's figure from the corner of his eye. He frowned as he gave Sonia a reminder. "She's walking over in a really aggressive manner, so I don't think she's up to any good."

"I can tell," Sonia muttered as she swirled her wine glass. After taking a brief glance at Jean, Sonia took a sip out of her glass. She didn't look threatened by Jean's arrival at all. Once Jean arrived in front of Sonia, she stood with her legs slightly apart before she put her hands on her waist. With her plump figure and her large stance, she looked like a huge ball—it was an amusing sight to the people around her.

Sonia even caught a few guests snickering as they stole glances at Jean. However, Jean didn't seem to realize any of this as her angry glare was fixed solely on Sonia. "This is the Fuller Family's party. What are you doing here? Did you sneak in?"

Does she think I crashed Old Mrs. Fuller's party? Sonia knitted her brows. She was about to speak when Zane interrupted in a hostile tone. "I don't think it's right of you to say that, Madam White. The security outside at the entrance is so strict, so who could possibly sneak into a place like this? Why don't you tell us how she sneaked in?"

"You—" Jean glared at him, but she was too afraid to do anything to him. Zane came from a family of officials, after all. Even the wealthiest people in their circle were afraid to go against government officials, let alone someone like Jean, who was from a regular family. In comparison to the richer people, Jean was naturally more fearful of those who were officials. Even though she had lived with the Fuller Family and enjoyed the life of a wealthy person for more than ten years, she still couldn't get rid of her fear for people like the Colemans.

Therefore, Jean had no choice but to hold herself back, although she was displeased by Zane's attitude toward her. She directed all of her anger toward Sonia instead. "Tell me! How did you get in here? If you don't explain yourself now, I'm going to get the guards to send you out!" She pointed at Sonia.

"I was invited, of course." Sonia glanced at Jean's stubby finger as she spoke in an icy tone. "How else do you think I managed to come in?"

"Did you say you were invited?" Jean scoffed. "You must be lying. Why would the Fuller Family invite you? You're not related to us in any way."

"Why not?" Zane pushed Jean's finger away. "Madam White, you may have forgotten about Sonia's close relationship with Old Mrs. Fuller. Don't you think Old Mrs. Fuller would invite Sonia to her party?"

Once Jean heard what Zane said, she froze for a while before she realized what was going on. That's right. Old Mrs. Fuller is really nice to Sonia—it's possible that she may have invited Sonia to the party. But... Jean gritted her teeth. "Well, I still don't accept that as a valid reason. Old Mrs. Fuller must be getting old! She used to support your relationship with Toby, so you must have convinced her to invite you over because you haven't given up on my son! You're still dreaming of getting back together with Toby—that's why you made Old Mrs. Fuller invite you over so that you could have a chance to meet Toby, right? Someone like you has no right to enter the Fullers' Residence. Guards! Throw her out!"

The guards showed up upon command, and Sonia's expression darkened when she saw them. Zane's expression turned sour too as he stood in front of Sonia and glared at Jean. "Madam White, you're being too—"

Before Zane could finish his words, an icy voice emerged amidst the crowd. "Stop right there!"

"Who's the one starting this mess?" Another old but strong voice sounded right after the first one. Both of the voices belonged to Toby and Rose.

When Jean saw both of them, her face immediately turned pale, and she shifted her gaze around uncomfortably. "Mom, Toby, why are you guys out already? I thought you'd show up a little later, Mom..."

"If I were to come out any later, I'm afraid I wouldn't get to see any of my guests! You would've chased all of them out!" Rose shot Jean a fierce glare, and Jean shrank away in fear. "I-I didn't... I would never..."

"Haven't you done that already?" Rose smacked her cane against the ground. "Aren't you trying to chase Sonia away right now?"

"That's different. She's here with ill intentions." Jean shot Sonia a glare as she spoke. However, Sonia didn't pay any attention to Jean as her gaze was fixed on Toby. I haven't seen him in a few days. He looks like he has lost some weight, and he looks rather haggard. Isn't he taking time off to recuperate? Why does he look like his condition is getting worse and worse? Sonia knitted her brows in dissatisfaction.

When Toby felt a pair of eyes looking at him, he shifted his gaze to look in that direction. Sonia hadn't expected him to turn to her, so she froze for a moment before she hastily turned away. She hadn't forgotten what he said—he had told

her not to show up in front of him. However, she couldn't avoid such a thing, not when it was Rose's birthday. The best she could do was to avoid his gaze. If she didn't look at him, she could pretend that she hadn't seen him at all.

When Toby noticed Sonia avoiding his gaze, his expression darkened as he sighed under his breath. He understood the reason she was avoiding him, and he knew that it was all his fault. Zane noticed the brief exchange between Sonia and Toby, and his eyes glinted as he seemed to sink deep into his thoughts.

"Why would Sonia have ill intentions?" Rose hissed angrily.

Jean turned to look at Toby. "Well, it's obvious she's here because of Toby! She's still not over him. Clearly, she isn't here to celebrate your birthday—she's here for Toby and she—"

"That's enough!" Toby growled with a grim look on his face. "Today is Grandma's birthday, Mom. It's not a chance for you to cause trouble. Are you questioning Grandma's choice of guests? Are you trying to ruin her party and make a joke out of our whole family?"

"I-I... I didn't..." Jean hastily shook her head and waved her arms around. She was panicking because Toby made her actions sound unforgivable.

Toby narrowed his eyes. "Aren't you doing just that? Why don't you turn around and look at the guests' reactions?"

Jean immediately turned to see if the guests were throwing her judgmental or taunting glances. What she saw sent a chill down her spine.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 508

[/ This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)
Chapter 508 Sonia's Worried

Only then did Jean realize what was going on. What did I just do? I can't believe I forgot that we're at Mom's party now. I caused a scene, and I'm making a fool out of myself right now. These guests must think that I'm an idiot who's embarrassing myself! Jean lowered her head to conceal her flushed face, feeling ashamed.

Before the party started, Jean had reminded herself to be on her best behavior and to stay away from any trouble. In the past, when she hadn't gotten used to the life of the wealthy, she had often embarrassed herself in front of others. She knew that she had caused plenty of issues for the Fuller Family in the past years. After ruining their reputation for so many years, Jean had hoped that she could finally present herself in a better manner that would change the public's opinion of her. She wanted others to recognize her as an elegant woman from a rich family.

However, the moment she saw Sonia, it was as if all of her elegance and generosity had been flung to the back of her mind. She completely forgot about the party and confronted Sonia, humiliating the Fuller Family once more. Jean felt like slapping herself on her face at the thought of what she had done. I hate myself so much! I hate that I can't control my temper. I could have approached Sonia when she was alone, or confronted her after the party... Why did I have to act so recklessly?

"I'm sorry, Mom. I know that I made a mistake. I—" Before Jean could finish speaking, Rose held her hand up to stop her. "You shouldn't be apologizing to me. I think you owe Sonia an apology. Why did you pick a fight with her? I want you to apologize to her now!" Rose barked in a stern voice.

"You want me to apologize to her?" Jean pointed at Sonia with disbelief written all over her face. Sonia didn't want to look at Jean, so she simply turned away from the woman. Zane adjusted the watch on his wrist and said in a relaxed tone, "Madam White, Sonia is no longer the daughter-in-law you used to bully and step on. She's not related to the Fuller Family anymore, and she's a guest invited by your family. How could you, a host, shame your guest in such a manner? Shouldn't you be apologizing to her? Or... is this how the Fuller Family treats their guests?"

"Of course not," Toby uttered before he turned to Sonia. "The Fuller Family doesn't practice such terrible manners and traditions."

"Did you hear that? I want you to apologize!" Rose struck her cane against the ground as she gave Jean her orders. Jean had always been afraid of Rose, and her entire body trembled when she heard Rose shout. In the end, Jean turned to address Sonia in a resentful tone. "I'm sorry!" she hissed.

Sonia looked at her fingernails as she spoke in a calm voice. "You don't have to apologize if you don't want to, Mrs. Fuller. Your insincere apology sounds like it was forced out of you—it's almost as if someone's holding a knife to your neck or shoving your head against the wall. I'm genuinely afraid to accept an apology like yours. I'm worried that you might hold a grudge against me and pick a fight with me again in the future."

"You—" Jean's expression changed when she realized that Sonia had exposed her actual feelings. Jean's blood boiled and she was about to lose her temper at Sonia when she met Rose's icy, emotionless gaze. Even Toby was frowning and looking at Jean disapprovingly. I wouldn't be so nice to her if she weren't my mother, who has taken care of me from birth.

When Jean looked at the identical expressions on both Toby and Rose's faces, she realized that she had been defeated. "Get lost, you embarrassing creature." Rose gave her orders without showing any consideration for Jean's feelings.

Even Jean knew how much of an embarrassment she was. She was too ashamed to stay at the party any longer, and she didn't need to look up to know that all of the guests were staring at her with judgmental gazes. With both her palms covering her face, she lowered her head and ran out of the hall. However, Sonia happened to be standing in Jean's way as she ran out.

It wasn't clear if Jean had done it intentionally, but she bumped against Sonia's shoulder as she ran past Sonia. "Ah!" Sonia instinctively let out a soft cry as she lost her balance and stumbled backward in her high heels. Sonia's sudden movements made her lose control of the wine glass in her hand, and all of the red liquid splashed out of the glass and onto her dress. The icy sensation made her feel uncomfortable.

However, that wasn't Sonia's main issue at that moment. More importantly, she had completely lost her balance, and fear spread across her face as she fell toward the ground. Rose, Toby, and Zane looked scared when they realized that Sonia was about to fall. "Sonia!" Rose cried.

Both Zane and Toby were quick to respond—they held their arms out to catch Sonia. However, Zane was slightly slower than Toby, and Toby managed to grab onto Sonia's arm first. Once he got hold of her, he pulled her in his direction so that she wouldn't fall. His powerful tug sent Sonia falling directly into his arms. However, the impact of Sonia's body against Toby's chest was too strong, and Toby let out a grunt as he felt a sharp pain in his chest. His brows were knitted together, and drops of sweat had formed on his forehead as he stumbled back. He only regained his balance after his back hit the table behind him.

Despite the pain in his chest, Toby held Sonia tightly without letting go of her at all. He was worried that she would fall if he loosened his grip. Both Rose and Zane heaved a huge sigh of relief once they made sure that Sonia was safe. Although Zane was disappointed that he hadn't managed to catch Sonia before Toby did, he was also glad that Sonia was safe. As Zane stuck his hands back into his pockets, a smile spread across his face.

Meanwhile, Toby pulled his arm away to let Sonia go. He lowered his head to glance at her, and he seemed as if he was about to say something as he parted his lips. However, before he could speak, Sonia grabbed his arms as she began to check on him. "Did you hit something just now, Toby? I heard you crying out in pain. Did I hurt you?" she cried anxiously.

Rose was shocked when she saw Sonia worrying about Toby. "Sonia..." Rose muttered. Her hand that had been holding onto her cane was trembling as she spoke. Zane was just as surprised. He had been sipping on his wine, but his hand jolted in surprise when he saw how much Sonia cared for Toby, and he nearly spilled his drink. Is Sonia... Is she and Toby... Zane's face darkened as he tightened his grip around his wine glass and pressed his lips together.

Toby, on the other hand, was staring fixedly at Sonia. His eyes had lit up so much that it seemed to fill the entire room. Sonia didn't realize how everyone had reacted to her actions—all she cared about at that moment was whether Toby was injured. When she realized that Toby was silently staring at her, she pursed his lips in annoyance. "Well, why aren't you talking? Where does it hurt?"

Toby wasn't even annoyed that Sonia was shouting at him. Instead, he curled his lips into a smile as he responded in his deep and pleasant voice. "I'm fine. I didn't hit anything."

"Are you sure?" Sonia frowned as she glanced at him worriedly. "I clearly heard you—"

"I'm fine! I swear." Toby's voice was gentler than ever. Sonia eventually gave up on questioning him when she saw the serious look on his face.

"What about you? Are you okay?" he asked.

Sonia had twisted her ankle, but she shook her head after flexing her foot a few times. "I'm fine as well." Her movements had been subtle, yet Toby managed to catch her moving her ankle. "Your leg..." His gaze darkened.

"Sonia." Before Toby could say anything, Rose interrupted him and walked over to Sonia. "Sonia, are you—" Rose started in an excited tone.

"Grandma!" Toby stopped Rose from continuing, his eyes widening in shock as he knew what Rose was about to say.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 509

[/ This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr
Chapter 509 Toby's Gift](#)

Rose stared at Toby confusedly. "What is it?"

Toby didn't respond to her question. "Her dress is stained. I'll bring her to change into a new evening gown," he said instead. Rose then realized the damp stain that was making Sonia's dress stick to her skin. "You're right," Rose said while nodding. "Go on and get changed. You don't want to catch a cold."

"Come on." Toby gave Sonia a nod. Sonia didn't reject his offer and simply tagged along behind him. She did wish to get changed as the damp dress wasn't just cold against her skin; it also felt sticky and reeked of alcohol, which made her feel uncomfortable.

Both of them walked toward the lounge. Zane didn't go after them, but stood in his spot with his wine glass in his hand as he watched the tall man and the petite woman walking next to each other. A rather glum expression formed on Zane's face as he realized how they seemed like a perfect match. I'm sure Sonia has caught feelings for Toby again! But it doesn't look like she's aware of it yet. Well, it looks like I won the bet. But why don't I feel happy at all?

Once they got to the lounge, Toby opened the door to let Sonia in. "You can go in and take a shower. I'll bring the evening gown over."

"Alright. Thanks," Sonia uttered before giving him a polite smile.

"Don't worry about it," he replied before turning and walking off. Sonia watched him disappear from the walkway once he turned a corner before she entered the lounge and shut the door behind her. Then, she took a shower in the washroom to get rid of the alcohol stench on her body.

Toby returned while she was still showering. The moment he let himself into the lounge, he heard the sound of running water coming from the washroom. He could see a blurry shadow of Sonia's curvy figure when he glanced at the washroom's frosted glass door. He could tell that she was showering from the way she moved, and his gaze darkened as he gulped. "I brought you your evening gown, Sonia," he croaked in a deep voice.

Sonia wasn't aware of the fact that Toby could see her figure, and she continued showering while she responded to him. "Sure. Just leave it outside the washroom."

"Okay. I'll go out now." Toby placed the gift box on the couch before he walked out of the lounge. He no longer looked in the direction of the washroom as one glance was already enough to make his entire body burn with desire. Toby was like any regular man—his body couldn't remain calm when he saw his lover showering behind a frosted glass door.

If Toby didn't walk out, and if he took another look in the direction of the washroom, he wasn't sure what he might end up doing. So, he let himself out of the lounge.

About ten minutes later, Sonia turned the water off and wrapped herself in a towel before she got out of the washroom. The lounge was empty, and Sonia didn't know where Toby had left the dress, so she looked around for her new outfit. Finally, she noticed a delicately-wrapped gift box on the couch. She was certain that the gift box hadn't been there when she entered the room earlier. Is this the new outfit that Toby brought over for me?

She walked over to get a better look at the box. There was no logo on the box, so she couldn't tell the outfit's brand. However, the packaging of the box told her that it had to contain an evening gown within it. Sonia bent down to open the box. Inside, she found a black, spaghetti-strapped evening gown that was made of silk. The smooth fabric reflected the light in the room, and the dress itself shone like a constellation of stars in the night sky.

Sonia took the gorgeous dress out only to realize that it was exactly her size. It's impossible for Toby to have gotten someone to buy a dress within such a short period of time. Does that mean he already bought this a long time ago? But why did he get me an evening gown? I doubt he knew that Jean was going to bump into me. That means that this dress...

"A-choo!" Sonia shuddered and let out a sneeze that disrupted her thought process. After that, she hastily got changed before walking out. The moment she opened the door to head out of the lounge, she was greeted by the heavy smell of cigarette smoke. She frowned and turned to find Toby leaning against the wall while smoking a cigarette. The smoke covered his face, making it hard for Sonia to read his expression.

He looked like he was thinking as he stood extremely still with his gaze fixed on the ground. When Sonia shut the door behind her, he heard it and looked up immediately. "Are you done?" he asked as he turned to Sonia.

"Mhmm," she mumbled. "You're not fully recovered yet. Why are you smoking?" she uttered in a rather critical tone.

"I'm just thinking about some stuff," he said as he walked over to her.

She looked down at the burning cigarette between his fingers before she reached over to snatch it away from him. Then, she walked to the side of the corridor and put the cigarette out while grumbling, "You don't need to smoke while thinking about stuff. Don't you care about your own health?"

Toby let out a soft chuckle when he realized how she was nagging him as a wife would do to her husband. His laughter was pleasant to the ear—it came from deep within his chest.

Sonia felt her ears burning when she heard his attractive laugh. "Why are you laughing?"

"It's nothing. I'm just happy," he uttered while staring at her fondly.

She froze for a moment before responding in a stiff voice, "What's there to be happy about?"

Toby didn't answer her and simply gazed at her in her new outfit. "You look really beautiful in this dress," he commented while casting a surprised glance at her. Toby was the one who had picked this evening gown.

The designer had sent tons of designs over to him, but this particular evening gown had caught his eye immediately. He could picture Sonia wearing it from the first time he saw it, and his imagination was spot on.

Sonia lowered her head upon hearing Toby's praise, her ears the color of a tomato. "Well... Thanks, I guess. I think it's the evening gown that's pretty, not me. By the way, when did you have this gown prepared?"

"A long time ago," he replied truthfully.

"A long time ago? What? Why?" Sonia was surprised.

"Because I want to give you the best," he said.

Her lips trembled when she heard this. He wanted to give me the best, so he prepared this evening gown for me. If that's the case, then why did he let me go? Why did he tell me not to show up in front of him after that? Sonia glanced at Toby's attractive yet thin face. Her eyes turned red as she fought the urge to ask him the questions in her mind. In the end, she managed to stop herself from asking anything.

Instead, she hung her head low and clutched her dress. "You can send me the receipt for this dress after the party. I'll pay you back."

Toby's expression darkened at once. He was clearly annoyed at the fact that Sonia was being so calculative with him. It's almost like she's terrified of being indebted to me. In the end, Toby suppressed the anger he felt as he knew that he had no right to be angry at her. I'm the reason she's keeping her distance from me. I'm the one who pushed her away.

"We can talk about that some other day. Let's go back for now. I'll introduce you to a few guys who might be helpful in Paradigm Co.'s future development," Toby uttered as he held his arm up beside her. She took a glance at it before she hooked her arm around his. "Thank you."

Sonia couldn't find it in her to reject Toby—she knew that she needed him in order to build connections with other well-known business partners. If she had approached those big shots on her own, they wouldn't have taken a second glance at her.

Toby brought Sonia back to the grand hall, and he walked over to greet a few well-known people after checking on Rose. Rose was sitting on the couch at the side of the hall, happily gazing at Sonia and Toby. Right then, Mary brought Rose some food, only to realize that Rose couldn't seem to stop smiling. "Why are you smiling, Old Mrs. Fuller?" Mary asked.

"Because of Sonia and Toby, of course! Did you realize that Sonia has changed her attitude toward Toby?" Rose pointed in Sonia's direction as she spoke.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 510

[/ This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)
Chapter 510 What Else Did He Do for Me?

Mary smiled and nodded when she understood what Rose meant. "You're right. I noticed that Young Mistress's attitude toward Young Master Toby has changed. She was so worried about him getting injured earlier, which reminded me of how she was like when she first entered the Fuller Family. Wasn't that how she treated him back then? Old Mrs. Fuller, are you saying that... Perhaps Young Mistress's feelings for Young Master Toby are..."

"That's right. That's what I meant. I'm not sure if something happened between Sonia and Toby recently, but I'm sure that Sonia has caught feelings for Toby once more," Rose uttered.

"That's great, right?" Mary clapped her hands excitedly. "It seems like they're really going to get back together!"

"Yeah, it is great. In fact, it's the best birthday present I received tonight. But I wonder why Toby won't allow me to point out that Sonia has fallen for him," Rose muttered puzzledly.

Mary smiled. "Well, you can just ask him about that later, right?"

"That's true." Rose nodded. She kept smiling, but after a while, she seemed to realize something and a stern and cold look replaced her smile. "Now that things are looking good for Sonia and Toby, I'm not going to have anyone ruining their relationship. Jean has always disliked Sonia. If we don't put her in her place, she will continue targeting Sonia once Sonia comes back."

"You're right," Mary agreed with a sigh. "I don't understand why Madam White hates Young Mistress so much. She has always thought that Young Mistress wasn't a good match for Young Master Toby. However, if she really thinks about it, she's way below Young Mistress in terms of her family background, looks, talent, and personality, and she still got to marry Mr. Fuller. You've never caused her any trouble even though you didn't fancy her, yet she... Ah..."

Rose scoffed upon hearing this. "I was too kind six years ago. Sonia didn't want me to do anything to Jean, so I held back for the sake of Sonia. Yet, Jean only ended up bullying Sonia even more than before, and Sonia got a divorce after that! I already made a mistake once, so I'm not about to make the same mistake again. Jean will never be able to bully Sonia again! Come on. Let's go give Jean a reminder."

"Okay." Mary took Rose's plate and put it aside before she helped Rose to her feet. They walked out of the hall.

Meanwhile, Toby had already introduced Sonia to most of the well-known figures at the party. After walking around the whole place, Sonia had received a stack of name cards, and two of the big shots even stated that they wanted to pay Paradigm Co. a visit the next day. If they were interested in Paradigm Co.'s production and operation methods, they would agree to partner with the company.

Although Sonia had hoped to get more potential partnerships, she was already glad that there were two companies who made such an offer. "Are you happy?" Toby asked in a sweet voice when he saw Sonia grinning beside him.

"Of course!" She nodded excitedly as she wrapped her arms around his and leaned closer into him. "I'm really glad that Paradigm Co.'s finally getting some new partners. I really hope that I'll be able to bring the company back to its glory days. Perhaps I can turn the business into something bigger than before! Dad would be so glad to see it if he's watching from above," she said happily.

Toby's eyes glinted, but he felt a mixture of emotions when he heard her. "Yeah. Your Dad will be really happy."

"Thank you." Sonia slipped her arms out of his as she began to walk off. "I'm going to the washroom."

"Go on," Toby nodded. Sonia walked over to use the washroom. When Sonia came out of the cubicle to wash her hands by the basin, a familiar figure passed by her. Sonia saw the figure in the mirror, and Sonia turned around at once when she recognized her. "Wanda?"

Wanda had been walking toward one of the cubicles, so she hadn't paid any attention to the person standing by the basin. When she heard someone calling her name, Wanda stopped and turned to lock eyes with Sonia. In an instant, Wanda froze before she covered her face with her hands and turned to face her back against Sonia. "You got the wrong person, Miss. I'm not Wanda," she muttered in a shaky voice.

Sonia chuckled to herself. The wrong person? That can't be the wrong person. I didn't know how Wanda looked when I lost my vision, but I found pictures of Wanda once my eyes were healed. I wanted to see what the caregiver who took care of me looked like. This woman's face looks exactly like the one I saw in the pictures, so how could she be the wrong person? Furthermore, she looks like she has something to hide right now. Doesn't that make things even more obvious?

"Alright, Wanda. Stop faking it. Why don't we be honest with each other? What are you doing here? It's impossible for the Fuller Family to hire external workers to manage the party tonight since most of the guests are really important figures. They can't ensure the quality of work provided by external workers, so all of the staff today are people who have been with the Fuller Family for a long time. Wanda, you're not a caregiver who works for some home services agency, are you? Have you always been working for the Fullers?" Sonia glared at her.

Wanda parted her lips, ready to defend herself. However, when she saw the sharp look in Sonia's eyes, she gave in and decided to admit the truth. "You're so smart, Miss Reed," Wanda uttered while nodding and smiling. "You're right that I'm not from a home services agency. I've always worked as a maid in the Fuller Family. However, I used to work in the backyard of the old manor, so you've never seen me around while you were there."

"I see." Sonia nodded thoughtfully. She straightened her back when she seemed to realize something else. "Hold on. You said that you've always been working in the old manor. Does that mean that Grandma was the one who got you to be my caregiver? No, no; Grandma couldn't have known about my eyes. Otherwise, she would've asked me about it. So, it was Toby..."

Wanda responded with a soft smile. "That's right, Miss Reed. Young Master Toby was the one who sent me over as he didn't want just any staff from the home services agency to look after you. He was worried that the nannies there wouldn't take good care of you, and he was afraid that Titus and his family might pay one of the nannies to bring harm to you. That was why he wanted me to take care of you," she explained.

Sonia couldn't understand what she felt when she heard Wanda's words. It was a mixture of bitterness and sweetness. It's Toby again. How much did he do for me? Did he do other things for me too? Are there things that I still don't know about? "Why didn't he just tell me about it then?" Sonia lowered her gaze as she spoke in a meek voice.

Despite her soft tone, Wanda could still hear her. "Young Master Toby was afraid that you would chase me out if you knew that he had sent me over," Wanda said with a smile. "That was why he hid it from you. Young Master Toby really loves you, Miss Reed."

Sonia bit her lip. "If he loves me, then why did he let... let..." Sonia couldn't finish her words in the end.

Wanda gazed at the other woman confusedly. "Let what, Miss Reed?"

"It's nothing." Sonia waved her hand, gesturing Wanda to forget about it. "Thank you for sharing all of this, Wanda. I'll return to the hall now. I'll make sure to thank Toby."

"It's no worries at all. Go on, Miss Reed. The dance is about to start soon," Wanda reminded.

"Okay." Sonia nodded and picked up her purse from beside the basin before she walked out of the washroom. On her way back to the hall, she took her own sweet time to walk as she was trying to calm herself down. If I didn't bump into Wanda, I might have never known that Toby did such a thing for me. I have to clarify things with him. I want to know if he did other things for me. I don't even know how much I owe him at this point. If this goes on, I'll be indebted to him forever.