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Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again

Chapter 13

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Sonia was surprised by this. After all, Toby was a talented man, and the Fuller family was a wealthy family. So why was Jean always acting like a hick from the country? She twitched the corners of her mouth. "Please just understand this one thing—your son and I are divorced. Also, I never took a cent from your family." "Bullsh*t!" Jean didn't buy her nonsense, and she obviously refused to let things go. "Where did you get the money to come to this high-end place if you didn't get it from my son? Let me tell you, Sonia Reed—even if you kneel down and apologize to me right now, I will not forgive you!" Kneel down and apologize? Sonia almost laughed from anger. *What a swell woman she is. She's just never normal, huh?* Sonia felt that Jean was definitely not worth her time, so she wanted to turn around and leave. But how could Jean—who was making trouble—let her go so easily? "Look at you, trying to escape!" Jean reached out and grabbed the hair on the back of Sonia's head. Charles, who had been prepared for a long time, pushed Jean away and protected Sonia behind him. While doing so, Charles used a little force, causing Jean to lose her balance, and she fell backward onto the floor hard. "Ouch!" She raised her head to meet Charles' disgusted gaze. Immediately, she sat on the ground and cried out, "Where is the justice? I am an old woman who was beaten by a stinky brat! I don't want to live anymore!" More and more people gathered around the scene, and soon, the general manager came too. Seeing that, Jean quickly pointed to Charles and complained to the manager, "It was this little b*stard who hit me. Oh, my waist... It hurts so much..." After all, she was a VIP customer of the store, and she had spent quite a lot of money here, so Manager Zeller naturally wanted to help. He glanced over at Sonia and the rest with a serious expression, and when his eyes fell on Carl, he was shocked. "Bo—" Almost instantly, Carl interrupted him. "She is lying. If you don't believe me, take a look at the surveillance cameras." After all, Manager Zeller had been through many things, so he could easily get the cue. He suddenly seemed to have changed into a different person as he nodded and said with a chuckle, "Yes, yes. I will get the tapes right away." Seeing this strange turn of events, Sonia became more curious about Carl. *Is he really just a poor student from a mountain village?* When Manager

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Zeller came back again, he had already changed sides and was speechless as he faced Jean. "Madam, you should take your leave first, or the cops will be here soon." Jean was taken aback by what he said. "What cops?" Manager Zeller berated her angrily, "In the surveillance tape, it was obvious that you made the first move. How can you say that someone beat you! If you continue to make trouble like this, of course I will have to call the cops to settle this. After they take a look at the tape, you will immediately be punished for what you did!" As soon as she heard what the manager had said, Jean couldn't bear it anymore. "In what world!" Seeing that she was still stubborn, Charles laughed angrily and sarcastically said to Jean, "Why are you still so shameless at your age? You deliberately harassed Sonia when she was in your house, and even now, when she is divorced from your sc*mbag of a son, you are still bothering her? Don't think that just because you are an old woman, I won't beat you up. Should you ever piss me off again, I will kill you, old hag!" Jean was taken aback by Charles' words. Even though it made her grind her teeth, she could only leave without reconciliation. Charles sneered, "What an old hag that only bullies the weak. What comes around goes around!" Suddenly, Charles' cell phone rang. After answering, he had a vague conversation with the other party, during which he looked over to Sonia subconsciously. She raised her eyebrows upon seeing that. "Seeing how you're looking at me that way, is it related to me?" "A friend of mine said that he saw Tom looking into the roadside surveillance of Tina's car accident six years ago." After he finished speaking, Sonia's face turned cold. Seeing the change in her expression, Carl turned to look at Charles and asked, "What surveillance footage?" Charles snorted with an unabashed anger. "Well, it must be the femme fatale, Tina Gray, again. After waking up, she found out that Sonia got married to Toby, and she immediately became jealous and vindictive. Hence, she deliberately distorted the facts and told Toby that it was Sonia who hit her with her car out of jealousy. How could a man as smart as Toby not see that this was all a lie? Damn. I am speechless." Carl lowered his eyes and pondered. "Let's not think about if the video file still exists after so long; even if Toby were lucky enough to get it, what would be the use of that?" "You're right." After a while, as if he had suddenly thought of something, Charles' expression changed. "Tina, that black-hearted witch, can even come up with such an unscrupulous lie—what if she makes a fake video to tear you down?" Sonia suddenly laughed, but it wasn't sincere. "Well, I originally planned to mind my own business once I divorced Toby. It seems that I am too naive, for a certain someone wouldn't let me go no matter what." Titus had something to do with Sonia's father being wronged, and when Tina woke up, she charged Sonia with assault and attempted murder. *Like father, like daughter, huh? Do they take me as an easy target?* Sonia hooked the corner of her mouth, smiling like a blooming rose. "I won't mess with Tina if she leaves me alone. But if she ever tries to harm me, I will let her understand that I am not someone that she can easily mess around with."

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In the office, Toby tapped his index finger rhythmically on his desk. He seemed to be waiting for something. After another five minutes or so, Tom came back. "Sir, although there were some obstacles, I found it in the end." Toby's eyelids slowly raised upon hearing Tom's words. "What obstacles?" "The surveillance on Yellow Brick Road has long been taped over, and it wasn't easy to find a surveillance video from six years ago. But a computer repair guy came and told me that he had it; he said that the car accident six years ago was very serious, so he saved the file and came to give it to me when he knew I was looking for the video." After Tom finished speaking, he looked at Toby carefully. "Ms. Gray's car in the video was indeed hit by another blue car. Would you like to watch it?" Sonia drove a blue Audi back then. "No." Toby was indifferent, and he continued to order Tom, "Give it to me, and then tell that person to not go out and talk nonsense." "Understood." Tom had been with Toby for many years, so he naturally knew what he meant whenever he said something. Obviously, Toby did not intend to make this a matter public, nor did he want his former wife to go to jail for this. Toby stared at the pen in his hand, lost in thought. After a while, he picked up his coat and returned to the Fuller's mansion. As soon as he arrived in the hall, he heard cheers and laughter coming from inside. Jean and Tina were talking about something funny, and the atmosphere was very harmonious. Even Tyler, who was usually naughty and mischievous, sat quietly at the side while playing with his mobile phone. Jean noticed Toby by the door and quickly got up. "Toby, you are back!" Tina also stood up, all gentle and dignified. Toby nodded and handed the coat to the servant. "What are you laughing so cheerfully about?" Tina glanced at Jean, pursed her lips, and smiled, "Aunt Jean was telling me about the stories when you were a kid. They sounded very interesting, so I couldn't help but laugh." Jean pretended to be angry. "Tina, what 'Aunt Jean'? You are my future daughter-in-law, so you should call me 'mom' from now on!" Tina flushed and looked at Toby shyly. "It's still too early for that." "We're all a family, so don't you be shy. Am I right, Toby?" Jean deliberately teased the two of them. Even Tyler, who was on the side, interjected at the same time, "It seems I can't be calling her Tina anymore. I have to call her my sister-in-law

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instead!" Hearing that, Tina's face turned even redder. Toby sighed. "Mom, stop teasing Tina. She's very thin-skinned." Jean chuckled. "Oh, look at you, already all protective over your future wife before she officially joins the family. Okay, fine. I won't tease the two of you anymore. I will go outside and chat with the other old ladies." Tyler also smiled knowingly with an ambiguous wink. "Well, I won't stay and be a third-wheel here either." After they left, only the two of them remained. Tina stepped forward and held Toby's hand. She hesitated before she spoke. "Toby, my dad kept asking me about the car accident recently. Did you tell him anything?" Toby shook his head. "No, I didn't." "My father seems to know that it had something to do with Sonia, but I haven't told him, though. That's weird." After a pause, she sighed. "I've forgiven Miss Reed, and I don't want to pursue this matter." "Don't you hate her?" "No, I don't. She is also a pitiful person. She must have loved you very much to have done such a crazy thing." Tina was so considerate, which was very comforting to Toby. Toby touched her hair, his gaze gentle as he glanced at her. "Tina, you are always so kind, just like when you were in college. I still remember that you mentioned in your letter that you saved a little mouse when you were young and put it on your bed. And when your father saw it, he almost passed out because of this." Speaking of this, the corners of his mouth also twitched. "How interesting." Tina's smile froze, but she quickly cleared up her expression. "Ah, what are you doing, bringing up the past? Those are all embarrassing histories. By the way, I heard from Tyler that Old Mrs. Fuller has not been in good health lately. Can I go visit her?" Thinking of his grandmother's indifference to him, Toby pondered for a moment. "I will take you tomorrow." "Sure." After he went upstairs, Tina took out her mobile phone and dialed a number. "How's it going?" "Miss, everything has been settled. What should I do next?" "The day before the banquet, I want to see this on trending topics." "Understood."

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