

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 24**

When Sonia was on the way to Sakura Heights, it suddenly rained, and it got considerably heavier.

When she arrived at Sakura Heights, there was no more space in the underground parking, so she could only park in the open-air parking lot. Then, as she got out of the car, she found that there was no umbrella in the car, so she had to cover her head with her bag and rush in while gritting her teeth.

The path was very close to the hall, but because of the heavy rain, Sonia still got wet, and her whole body was trembling when the cold wind blew.

When the waiter saw Sonia, he immediately brought her a towel.

“Thank you.” Sonia dried her hair with the towel and spoke to the waiter. “It’s Friday, so business should be good, right? Are Mr. King and the rest still playing poker in the private room?”

When the waiter heard this, he thought she was Paul’s friend. “Yes. Private room 1103 is always reserved for Mr. King.”

After successfully tricking him, the corners of Sonia’s mouth curled up slightly.

When the waiter left, Sonia went to the front desk and ordered a pot of top-grade green tea and some pastries.

Just as she went into the private room with the plate of pastries, the glass door behind her was pushed open, then several men stepped in.

When Toby looked up, his gaze inadvertently passed over the row of private rooms. He saw a woman pushing open the door of a private room before entering, and her silhouette was slim and slender.

Her back looks similar to Sonia’s...

“President Fuller?” The man next to Toby paused when he saw him stop in his tracks, then he asked cautiously, “What’s wrong?”

Toby retracted his gaze and answered lightly, “It’s nothing.”

Sonia didn’t know that Toby was here as well, so she brought the tea into the private room with a smile on her face.

Sonia scanned the place and saw a vintage-style room. Four men were sitting at a table playing cards and chatting. It felt uncomfortable, because two of the bosses had young girls by their sides.

She had read Dwells’ information before, so in no time, she managed to identify Dwells’ boss among the four men. She walked over and greeted, “Mr. King.”

Paul, who was playing cards, glanced sideways at Sonia. “Oh, who are you?”

“I’m Sonia Reed from Paradigm Co.,” Sonia said with a smile while setting the tea and pastries down on the small table.

“I came here this afternoon to meet a friend. He played cards with you before and praised your skills. I figured the two of us have business dealings, so I came over to say hello to you. Am I bothering all of you?”

Paul gave her a vague answer and continued playing, while the man sitting on the south side of the table asked, “Is your father Henry Reed?”

“Yes.”

“I’m familiar with your father. I’ve played with him before. He’s really good,” the man, Chester Yancey, said. He glanced at Sonia from top to bottom, his gaze somewhat ambiguous.

Sonia ignored his gaze that was making her uncomfortable, then replied with a smile, "Yes, my father's card skills are indeed good. That's why he's able to play with all of you, Mr. Yancey."

While the two chatted, the men just finished playing a round of poker.

He got up and beckoned Sonia over. "My waist hurts a little bit after playing one round. Come and play for me, darling."

Sonia appeared embarrassed. "Mr. Yancey, I don't know how to play."

"Your father's skills are so good, so how bad can you be?" The man continued to wave her over. "Come here. If you really don't know, I'll teach you."

Paul spoke up as well. "You can play on Mr. Yancey's behalf. If you really don't want to play, then leave. Don't spoil the fun."

Sonia could hear the dissatisfaction in Paul's statements.

Lately, Paradigm Co. was on the verge of collapse, so capitalists all looked down upon them and refused to buy their shares. Dwells figured that only they could produce Paradigm Co.'s foreign goods, so Sonia would definitely beg him, which was why he was being so arrogant now.

She came here today to beg Dwells, so she was willing to suffer any grievances.

Sonia suddenly relaxed the hand that had been holding tightly onto her bag, then she got up and went to sit at Chester's place. With a shallow smile, she said, "Mr. Yancey, if you don't mind, I'll play one round for you. I'll handle the losses if I lose, but if I win, the money will be yours."

Chester smiled with satisfaction, then sat down next to Sonia before patting her on the shoulder. "Don't be afraid. I'll teach you."

Sonia turned her body to the other side, discreetly avoiding Chester's hand.

Soon, another round of the game began.

Chester glanced at Sonia's cards, which were in a mess. Seeing how randomly she was throwing down her cards, he figured she really couldn't play, but he didn't give her any advice. Instead, he chatted with Paul and instinctively placed his hand on the back of Sonia's chair.

Even though Sonia was there, the several men spoke unscrupulously. They talked about everything, and the topic would occasionally be a little indecent.

As they spoke, the topic turned to Sonia's marriage with Toby.

Despite knowing the answer, Chester asked, "Darling, why did you and President Fuller get a divorce out of nowhere? How many hundreds of millions worth of his property did you get?"

"We weren't getting along well, so we got divorced." Sonia pressed her lips together, then quickly replied, "The Fuller Group is President Fuller's property, so how would I possibly be eligible to get anything? After getting divorced, I left the marriage with nothing."

"President Fuller really doesn't know how to conduct himself," Chester said regretfully, then looked unscrupulously at Sonia. "You'd slept with him for at least six years. Yet now that you're divorced, he won't even give you any compensation."

Sonia released an inward sneer.

Toby doesn't know how to conduct himself? In fact, he's too good at it. In his heart, there's only Tina. Throughout the six years of marriage, he had never once touched me.

If she admitted this out loud, everyone would probably laugh at her.

Sonia suppressed that emotion and smiled while answering Chester, "It's not like I don't have anything. I still have Paradigm Co., which my father left for me. Mr. Yancey, you and my father are old friends, so I might need to trouble you to help me more in the future."

Chester laughed. "Okay. Since you've already mentioned it, what reason could I have to not help you?"

Sonia's card skills were truly poor, and she was repeatedly defeated by the others.

Before one round was over, the pile of cash she took out from her bag was all gone.

When she arrived, she had gotten drenched by a little rain, so the thin sweater she was wearing inside was half-wet. Not to mention, all the men were smoking, and the windows were wide open, so cold wind was gushing in. After the wind blew on her for a while, she felt a little light-headed, but she was forcibly enduring it.

Chester noticed that Sonia's fingers were slender and fair, so he moved his chair closer to hers and placed his hand on top of hers. "Play this card. Oh, darling, your hands are so cold." While he said that, Chester took the opportunity to touch Sonia's hand a couple more times.

Sonia wanted to withdraw her hand, but Chester held on tightly.

He inched closer to Sonia, then coaxed her, "President Fuller doesn't know how to dote on people, but I do. If you need help with anything, just let me know. You must want Dwells to work on your company's overseas order, right? I'll talk to Paul later and get him to sign the contract with you!"

Sonia was already uncomfortable, so when she smelled the stench of smoke and sweat on his body, her stomach churned.

She had been enduring it since she came in, but she couldn't bear it anymore.

Sonia forcefully pulled her hand out, then moved her chair before saying in a cold tone, "Mr. Yancey, I can't play like this."

Chester was taken aback, then his face sank and he snapped, "Darling, what's going on? I was going to put in a good word with Paul to help your company, but now you're shunning me?"

"I don't think you want to help me. You just want to sleep with me, don't you?" Sonia unveiled his hypocritical mask.

"As far as your company is concerned, you don't have any money to save you. It's only a matter of time before you go bankrupt," Chester sneered. "I quite pity you. After six years of marriage with President Fuller, he didn't even help you save Paradigm Co."

Chester's remarks were getting increasingly unbridled. "Tell me. Now, besides using your beauty, where else can you get connections and money to save Paradigm Co.?"

Sonia had already grabbed the teapot on the small table and was about to smash it to smithereens against Chester's head when suddenly, there was a knock on the door of the private room before it was pushed open.

Paul was about to ask Sonia to leave, but as soon as he looked up, he saw the tall figure at the door and immediately stood up from his seat.

"President Fuller."