

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 292

“No. It’s...” The ghostwriter hesitated.

Tina grew very impatient. “Tell me who did it!”

“It’s your ex-fiancé,” he replied loudly with his eyes closed.

Tina was stunned.

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It was Toby?

It was really him!

Tina held her phone tightly—so much so that the phone was close to being crushed.

After a few seconds, she took a deep breath and calmed down temporarily. “Then how is the situation online now?”

“The news about Sonia on the Internet has been cleaned up now. The ones that were forwarded by the media accounts for hype have been forcibly deleted. Although your original post is still there, it has been forcibly suppressed and is off the trending chart.”

Upon mentioning that, the ghostwriter sighed for a while.

Surely enough, it was good to have money and power—that way, one could control the entire Internet.

Tina's hand trembled slightly while holding the phone. "How much would it cost if I want to get it back on the trending list?"

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"More than 30 million." After thinking about it for a while, the man on the other end of the line gave her an answer.

"30 million!" Tina's voice was raised, and her expression was menacing. "Why don't you rob a bank instead?"

Hearing that, he smiled bitterly. "Miss Gray, I am not trying to cheat you. This is really the amount we need, because President Fuller spent 30 million to suppress this news too. If you want to make this news trending again, your only option is to spend more money—otherwise, it's going to be useless."

Tina was so mad that she was speechless.

How could she afford 30 million?

Although her family was not short of money, her monthly pocket money was only 1 million, and she had already used it all up at the beginning of each month as she had to buy new luxury bags and shoes every month. After her pocket money ran out, she would use Toby's money.

But now that her engagement with Toby had been terminated, he had frozen all of the cards he gave her before she regained consciousness, so she could no longer use his money. The money that she had used to hire these ghostwriters were her savings; she had spent millions on them.

She couldn't even get 30 million even if she sold herself.

And right now, she of course wouldn't dare to ask her father for it. Now that the Triforce Group had lost its partnership with the Fullers, the company's funds had begun to decline. Titus would never give her so much money for her to merely make a topic trend again.

Thinking about it, Tina bit her lip and finally came up with a solution. With a sinister smirk at the corner of her mouth, she said, "If that's the case, immediately spread news of my coming live broadcast and say that I am going to explain the details about me falling victim to Sonia's evil plan in the broadcast."

The eyes of the ghostwriter lit up. "This is brilliant. This way, no matter who wants to suppress this news, they'd really have to think twice—because once they suppress your live broadcast, it would undoubtedly prove that Sonia had indeed done such a thing; otherwise, they wouldn't be afraid of people viewing your broadcast. Miss Gray, I'll follow through right now."

"Go ahead." Tina smirked coldly.

Right at this moment at Paradigm Co., a Maybach was parked not too far away.

The back seat window was rolled down, and Toby frowned at the group of reporters who were still clamoring outside the company gate, asking to be let inside.

The security guards of Paradigm Co. stood in a row and tried their best to stop the reporters.

However, those reporters were in a frenzy—the more the security guards tried to stop them from entering, the harder they pushed.

Seeing that the security guards were slowly losing control of the situation, Toby picked up the phone and ordered, "Go over to help and drive all those reporters away."

"Yes, sir!" A deep voice rang from the other end of the phone.

Immediately after Toby put down his mobile phone, several heavily modified vehicles drove past his Maybach and stopped in front of Paradigm's gate.

The doors of the car opened, whereupon more than a dozen men in black uniforms got off.

Each of the dozen or so people measured around 1.8 meters tall. The muscular and tough men wore expressionless faces; people could tell that they were not to be messed with.

These people were all professional bodyguards of the security company under the Fuller Group. Each of them had undergone the most rigorous and painstaking training—with all of them standing together, the sight alone was intimidating enough.

When the group of reporters, who were still clamoring and shouting, saw these bodyguards, they quieted down at once.

Who are these people? some of them thought.

Just when the reporters were puzzled, the bodyguards moved. They took a few steps forward and extended their big hands to the group of reporters.

Then, each bodyguard carried a reporter by the back collar, like holding a kitten, and stuffed all of them into the cars before they drove away.

The whole process only took two minutes in total. When the security guards of Paradigm Co. got to the scene, no one was standing in front of them anymore, as if everything that just happened was a mere illusion.

What exactly happened?

Where did those people, who looked like gangsters, come from?

Seeing that all the reporters had been cleared, Toby started the car and drove toward the gate.

In Sonia's office, Sonia was discussing the company's stocks with the trading department when suddenly, there was a knock on the door of the office.

She looked up and saw Toby, whereupon she froze. "I-It's you?"

Toby walked in with his long legs. He looked at her surprised round eyes while a smile flashed in his eyes. "It's me."

Immediately, Sonia put down the phone and frowned. "How did you even get up here?"

"Your people didn't dare to stop me," Toby stopped across from her desk and said.

Sonia's mouth twitched.

Yes, Paradigm was not as strong as Fuller Group, and the former was still relying on Fuller Group's business deals to develop steadily until now. It could be said that Fuller Group was Paradigm's master, and Toby was the man on top of it all. Hence, it was normal for the employees not to dare to stop him.

This was what happened the last time as well.

Sonia rubbed her eyebrows. "Okay, then. But when you came up, weren't you stopped by those reporters outside?"

What she was worried about now was, if he was stopped by those reporters, the news about him coming to Paradigm would be exposed in no time.

If that happened, the netizens would readily jump at the chance to criticize her again.

Seemingly understanding what Sonia was worried about, Toby pulled out a chair and sat down. "Don't worry. I've already had all those reporters removed."

On the way here, he had asked the security company to send a squadron of bodyguards over to clean up all the reporters at Paradigm and those netizens who were malicious to her.

However, he didn't seem to have seen any netizens just now.

"You've had them removed?" Sonia was surprised, then she quickly walked toward the window and looked down at the entrance to check.

Seeing that there were indeed no more reporters below, she turned around and returned to the position just now. Looking at the man with complicated eyes, she simply said, "Thank you."

"Huh?" Toby was thinking about something, so he couldn't hear her clearly.

However, Sonia thought he was playing deaf and wanted her to repeat herself, so she felt a little upset.

That said, he indeed had a hand in driving these reporters away and suppressing the negative news about her on the Internet, so she had no reason to be angry at him.

Thinking of this, Sonia took a breath to calm down and bowed to Toby. "I said, thank you! Thank you for helping me drive away those reporters, and thank you for helping me suppress the news."

Toby didn't like to see her being so estranged to him, so he reached out to pull her up.

However, Sonia avoided his arm and stood up straight.

Toby's eyes darkened, and after rubbing his fingers, he put his hand down. Withstanding the pain in his heart, he slightly opened his thin lips and replied, "It was something I had to do. You don't need to thank me."

“No. No one has to do anything for anyone ever, and you are not obliged to do it for me, so I will repay you,” Sonia looked at him and said seriously.

Toby frowned slightly. He wanted to say that he didn't need her repayment, and this was what he was willing to do for her.

But he knew that if he said so, she would not accept it.

Hence, it was better for him to just let her be. At least there was still this incident that connected them.

“Okay.” Toby nodded.

Seeing that he agreed, Sonia breathed a sigh of relief and then asked, “By the way, President Fuller, what are you doing here?”