

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 492

Sonia curled her lips into a bitter smile when she thought about how Charles had invited her to the same party. What's going on? I'm glad that I rejected him. Otherwise, Toby might think that I went to the party with the intention of appearing in front of him. Hmph! I'm not going to give him the opportunity to look down on me!

Yet, for some reason, Sonia felt her chest tightening whenever she thought about Lily, the girl whom Toby had asked to be his partner. Sonia pulled her chair back and sat down before she moved her mouse to search for Lily's social media profile. When Sonia saw Lily's posts of luxury bags, cars, shoes, and makeup products, she couldn't help but squeeze her delicate brows together. Lily's personal profile literally screams, 'I'm proud of being rich'. This is so typical of a nouveau riche. Well, I don't think she's a good fit for Toby. Her looks, her family background, and her personal values don't seem to match Toby's at all. They don't suit each other! If Toby actually gets married to Lily someday, I'm definitely going to question his taste in women.

"President Reed!" Someone knocked on the door, disrupting Sonia's train of thought. She was shocked by the sound, and she hastily shut the window of Lily's profile before she looked at Daphne, who was standing by the door of Sonia's office.

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There was a panicked smile on Sonia's face. "W-What is it?" Sonia stuttered. Sh*t. Why am I acting like a guilty person? I was just scrolling through someone's profile—what's wrong with that?

Daphne had no idea why Sonia was so flustered, but she didn't think too much about it. "President Dafoe's assistant got me to tell you that you need to go to his office for a meeting."

"I got it. I'll go immediately," Sonia answered with a nod. Daphne turned to leave, and Sonia tidied up her desk before she hugged her laptop in her arms and walked out of the office.

It took nearly two hours for Sonia to be done with the meeting. When she returned to her office, she received a call from Charles. "I really can't find another female partner, darling. Could I borrow Daphne for a day?" Charles asked.

Sonia looked up to glance at Daphne, who was sitting just opposite her office. Daphne was busy organizing documents, and Sonia watched her work as she giggled into the call. "I'm fine with that. Daphne was your secretary in the past, and you only transferred her over to help me, right? I can pass the message to Daphne, and we'll see if she's willing to go with you."

When Daphne heard Sonia mentioning her name, Daphne immediately lowered the documents in her hand. "Is that President Lane, President Reed?"

Sonia smiled. "Yeah. He has to go to a party tomorrow, and he's looking for a female partner. He was wondering if you'd be interested in being his female partner."

"Me?" Daphne pointed at herself as terror flashed in her gaze.

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Sonia nodded slowly. "Yeah."

"No, no! I can't do that!" Daphne looked as if she had just received the greatest shock of her life. She got to her feet and gestured to show that she wouldn't be a good fit for Charles. How could I be Charles's female partner? Usually, guys would bring their girlfriends or close friends to a party as their plus one. I'm not Charles's girlfriend and neither am I close to him, so how could I be his female partner?

"Why not?" Sonia glanced at Daphne confusedly.

"I... I..." Daphne lowered her head as she clutched onto her old-school, black A-line skirt. She stumbled on her own words without being able to explain herself. Can I say that I'd long for Charles even more if I were to become his female partner for that night?

Sonia didn't know what was going on in Daphne's head, so she assumed that Daphne was just nervous because she had never been someone's female partner at a party. "Don't worry. You just have to go there to have a meal with him and a few famous figures. You don't have to be afraid."

"Why can't you go, President Reed?" Daphne turned to look at Sonia. "I bet Charles initially wanted to ask you to go with him, right?"

With a smile, Sonia decided to be open about her situation. "I can't go there because Toby will be there tomorrow." Daphne didn't have much to say after hearing Sonia. President Fuller is going to be there—that explains why President Reed isn't going. I guess it can get pretty awkward for ex-spouses to meet in such a setting.

"So, why don't you be Charles's partner for tomorrow? He'd have to go alone if you're not joining. He doesn't want to bring women he isn't familiar with, and you're the woman he knows best after me." Sonia spoke in a sincere tone as she glanced at Daphne.

Daphne felt genuinely impacted by Sonia's last sentence. I come in second place after President Reed. Does that mean that I actually mean something to President Lane? This might not be love, but at least it's some form of a relationship. In the end, Daphne responded with a nod. "Okay. I'll go with President Lane tomorrow."

Daphne clutched to the sides of her skirt. Her palms were sweating, and her heart was racing because of how nervous she felt. She was finally getting the chance to have some form of close interaction with Charles. Even if it was a one-time event, it was enough for her—she could look back on this memory for the rest of her life. At that thought, Daphne lowered her head and let out a happy smile.

Sonia pressed her phone against her ear and told Charles Daphne's answer. Charles uttered something else through the line before he ended the call. "He'll bring you for a makeover tomorrow," Sonia told Daphne after she put her phone away.

“Okay.” Daphne’s voice was as soft as a mosquito’s buzz, and she immediately looked down to continue organizing her files after she replied to Sonia. However, if one were to observe her thoroughly, one would see that her hands were trembling. It showed that she hadn’t calmed down yet. It made perfect sense—how could anyone feel calm when they were just asked to go to a party as their crush’s partner?

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Meanwhile, at the Fuller Group, Toby narrowed his eyes when he heard Tom’s reply. “Did you just say that Charles will be attending the social event tomorrow?”

“Yeah.” Tom pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. “I checked the event name list earlier, and I saw Charles’s name there. I’m sure he’ll bring Miss Reed over tomorrow.”

Charles fancied Sonia, so it made sense for him to pick Sonia as his female partner. Toby quickly put two and two together, and he pressed his lips together tightly at the thought of Charles and Sonia attending the event the next day. His expression had turned sour, but his words were incongruent with his face. “He can bring Sonia if he wants to.” Toby had previously stated that he wouldn’t stop Zane from going after Sonia. The same rule applied to Charles as well. I’d like to see who suits Sonia better—Zane or Charles? For the next three years of my life, at least I’ll still be able to keep an eye on the guys chasing after Sonia. But Carl... Toby’s face darkened at the thought of Carl.

Toby had never once thought that Carl was a good match for Sonia. Carl seemed like someone who had a dark side, and he even had a severe mental disorder. He had recently been diagnosed with dissociative identity disorder. A man like him was simply too dangerous for Sonia, and Toby couldn’t imagine how things would turn out for Sonia if she were to date someone like Carl.

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The next day, Toby brought Lily to the hotel where the social event was hosted. When they got to the venue, most of the guests had already arrived. Toby scanned the crowd before his gaze landed on Charles and the woman beside him. Charles hadn’t brought Sonia along, but a woman Toby had never seen before.

What's going on? Toby knitted his brows. Why isn't Sonia the one who's with Charles? When Lily realized that Toby was frozen in his spot, she held onto his arm. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were sparkling as she addressed him in a sweet voice. "What is it, President Fuller?"

Toby frowned even more. A hint of annoyance flashed in his eyes for a brief second before it disappeared. "It's nothing," he replied in an icy tone. After he finished speaking, he parted his legs to continue walking into the room. Lily clung onto his arm as she pressed her full breasts against his skin. She pretended that she wasn't doing it intentionally, but it was clear that she was trying to seduce him.