

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

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.”

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“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?"

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"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.