

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 514**

Sonia was supposed to be Zane's dance partner, after all. She had accepted his invitation, but she ended up abandoning him and walking off with Toby. At least he has Emily as his partner, Sonia thought. At least he didn't end up in an awkward situation where he was left alone. Regardless, Sonia knew that she had broken her promise with Zane the moment she walked off with Toby. She knew that she owed Zane an apology.

At that thought, Sonia massaged her temples before she pulled her handphone out of her bag to give Zane a call. Zane picked up after a few seconds, and he didn't sound the least bit amused as he spoke in a glum voice. "Sonia."

"Where are you, Zane?" she asked.

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He was silent for two seconds before he responded. "I'm in the car."

"The car?" Sonia froze for a second. "Mhmm," Zane replied before he honked lightly. Sonia tightened her grip on her phone when she heard the sound of the vehicle in the background of the call. "Did you go home?"

"Yeah," Zane said honestly.

"Why? The party isn't over yet—why did you leave all of a sudden?" Sonia bit her lower lip.

"I've been there for a while already, so I don't think it makes a difference if I stay for the second half of the party." He steered the car with one hand as he continued talking. "Why are you calling me, anyway?"

“I’m calling to apologize,” she uttered before letting out a sigh.

“You’re apologizing to me?” He was stunned.

“Yeah. I’m sorry, Zane. I promised to be your partner, yet I didn’t finish the dance with you. I even...” Her voice faded off. I even forgot about you by the end of the dance. I wouldn’t have thought of you at all if your name hadn’t popped up in my mind for a brief moment, Sonia thought.

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He chuckled. “I see. It’s fine. We danced for quite a while, anyway.”

“I still feel a little guilty,” she mumbled in a weak tone. Upon hearing her words, Zane’s eyes lit up for a moment. “If you truly feel sorry toward me, then why don’t you buy me a meal tomorrow? I have some stuff that I need to tell you, anyway.”

“What is it?” She was curious.

“You’ll find out tomorrow,” he replied in a mysterious tone. Sonia couldn’t say much—she knew that he was being secretive on purpose. “Fine,” she said with a shrug. “What time shall we meet tomorrow?”

“Let’s meet in the afternoon. I’ll pick you up from your office,” Zane replied as he glanced at the digital clock in his car.

“Okay.” Sonia nodded.

“Alright. You should head home to get some rest. I’ll end the call now; I need to drive,” he said in a warm and gentle voice. She smiled upon hearing his words. “Okay. Goodbye.” After ending the call, Sonia let out a sigh of relief. That’s great. At least this matter isn’t weighing down on me anymore. I

really hate feeling indebted to other people. That's why I made this call—I wanted to buy Zane lunch because I don't want to feel like I owe him anything. I may have cleared my debts with Zane, but Toby...

Sonia felt overwhelmed whenever she thought about all that Toby had done for her. She returned to her seat and lifted her glass of juice as she shifted her gaze to the man on stage. Although Toby's left arm was hanging from a sling, his aura was as strong as ever. Wherever he went, he naturally turned into the brightest source of light in the entire room.

When Toby sensed someone observing him, he paused for a moment before he turned to look at Sonia. Sonia hadn't expected him to look over, and they immediately locked eyes. She froze when Toby raised his glass in her direction. What's he doing? Is he raising his glass at his ex-wife in front of such a huge audience? Isn't he afraid that someone might start a rumor? We might make it onto the headlines tomorrow!

Instead of responding to his actions, she lowered her gaze and stood up before walking to the washroom. She had only taken a few steps when she heard one of the guests questioning Toby. "President Fuller, there was a huge fuss on the Internet about you canceling your engagement with the McRae Family. Although we're all aware that your relationship with that woman wasn't genuine, we're still interested to know about your love life. Do you have any plans for dating?"

Sonia's footsteps came to an immediate halt. The guest's question had clearly captured her attention, but she stopped herself from turning around to look at the stage. Instead, she stood still with her back still turned against the rest of the crowd. What is this guest trying to do? Why would he ask such a question? Also, how is Toby going to answer this? Sonia straightened her posture as she bit her bottom lip in anticipation.

From the corner of his eyes, Toby stole a look at Sonia as he spoke into the mic. "I'm not currently seeing anyone. However, I do have someone in mind. Although she isn't with me now, I'll keep waiting until she comes back. Once she's back, we'll get married instantly," he replied. His gaze was filled with sincerity as he spoke.

Sonia could tell that he was looking in her direction, and she could tell that he was talking about her. Her heart began racing as the same guest continued to question Toby. "Excuse me for being a busybody, but can I know who you're talking about, President Fuller?" the guest asked in a rather surprised tone.

Many of the people who showed up at the party were interested in hearing if Toby had any plans to date again because they all had their eyes on him and his impressive background. The Fuller Family was

one of the top families in Seafield, and their company was widely recognized across the globe. All of the guests wished to build connections with the Fullers to boost their own businesses.

Among all the possible connections one could develop with another family, the firmest and most reliable connection was a marriage—that explained why the guest was curious about Toby's love life. If Toby was interested in getting into a relationship, all of the guests there were prepared to send their daughters over. They would convince their daughter to use all possible means to capture Toby's heart.

"No," Toby uttered flatly. He narrowed his eyes as he realized the guest's underlying motives for asking the question. The guest's heart sank before he let out a hearty laugh. "You sure are secretive about the girl you fancy, President Fuller."

Toby no longer responded to the guest after that and simply handed the mic to Tom before he got off the stage. Once Sonia realized that the conversation was over, she took a deep breath before she continued making her way to the washroom.

When she was done, she walked out to find Toby standing outside the washroom. "You..." she mumbled.

"I was waiting for you," he replied.

"You were waiting for me?" She was shocked.

"Yeah," he said with a nod.

"Do you need anything from me?" she asked. She felt rather afraid to look him in the eye after hearing what he said on stage earlier. However, Toby didn't answer her question, but walked over to her and held her hand before he started to walk.

"Where are you taking me, Toby?" Sonia was taken aback by his actions, but she didn't try to escape his grip. She was worried that she would injure his arm if she tried to pull away from him. That's the only reason I'm following him. If I shake his hand off, he might stumble and knock into a wall or something... That was what Sonia told herself.

Toby continued to lead the way without answering Sonia's question. They walked down a long corridor before they finally ended up in the garden. It was starting to get dark in the garden, but it was a quiet spot that was suitable for conversations. Finally, Toby let go of Sonia's hand before he turned to face her. "You heard everything I said, right?"

"What did you say?" Sonia was still rather dazed.

He glared at her. "I replied to that person's question on stage earlier."

Sonia's pupils shrank as she kept quiet. Then, Toby placed his hand on her shoulder. "You know that I was talking about you, right?" His feelings for her had always been out in the open—he had made things clear from the start.

Sonia was well-aware of how he felt toward her. "Why does that matter?" All of a sudden, Sonia looked up and glared at Toby with a sour expression on her face. Fire danced in her eyes as she spoke. "What do you mean by all of this, Toby? What are you trying to do? Do you enjoy making a fool out of me?" She threw him a few questions all at once.

Toby widened his eyes when he heard her words. "I'm not making a fool out of you. What makes you think I'm fooling around?"