

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 606

Standing there, Jessica clenched her fists tightly while she stared at the couple. At that moment, she had a terrifying expression on her face—it was as if she had become the embodiment of jealousy.

Upon feeling the envy and malicious intent behind her, Sonia frowned and asked the man who was walking toward her, “What did you say to her?”

Having no reason to hide anything, Toby told her everything about their conversation.

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Upon hearing what had taken place, Sonia chuckled coldly. “Ever since she was young, she always had the habit of spinning tales to suit herself. I see she still hasn’t changed that side of her.”

“One’s nature is determined upon birth. No matter how much time passes, they will never change,” Toby commented.

“You’re right, but her aim in the past was to snatch all of Dad’s affection and love for me so that he would think that I’m the black sheep of the family. Now, however, she’s spinning tales because she likes you.”

Raising her head, Sonia looked at Toby with a half-smile.

Meanwhile, he looked at her, feeling speechless.

Of course, he already knew about Jessica’s feelings toward him.

It was precisely because of that that he felt disgusted by all this.

“Alright, let’s change the subject. It’s about time we left. Are you hungry?” Toby asked as he called for the elevator.

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Sonia knew that he did not want to continue the conversation, so she smiled and followed him into the elevator.

On the other hand, after Jessica saw the duo leave, she thought that her rage would burn her from the inside out.

She always knew that her sister was married into the Fuller Family, and she also knew what the Fullers represented in the city.

However, she was always disinterested in the Fullers, because she had heard that Sonia’s husband, who was apparently a bald, fat and greasy looking man, did not even like Sonia.

So when Jessica was at Kosovo, hearing Will call him Mr. Fuller did not make her realize the fact that the Mr. Fuller was in fact Sonia’s ex-husband, who was none other than the head of the Fuller Family.

In reality, the family head of the Fullers was not a fat, bald and greasy man as passed down from the grapevine. Far from it, he was instead very handsome and manly.

A man like him who had the power and money to back up his looks was Jessica’s ideal type. He was someone that she should be trying to conquer.

On top of that, this man had feelings for Sonia too. Just that alone made Jessica swear that she would make him hers no matter the cost!

To Jessica, whatever Sonia had, regardless of it being the company or the man, meant that she had to have it.

At that thought, Jessica raised her head upward, staring in the direction the couple left, her eyes full of determination.

On the other end, Toby had brought Sonia to a restaurant that served eastern cuisine.

Upon their arrival, he pulled out a chair for her.

Accepting his gesture, Sonia took off her coat before sitting down.

Toby, who sat opposite her, then handed the menu to her. "Why are you letting Jessica continue to work at Paradigm Co.? Even after giving her five percent of the company's shares, you still have the power to not let her work there, no?"

"You're right." Sonia answered him as she continued flipping through the menu. "However, my aim is to keep tabs on her by keeping her close by. If I really did let her loose, it would be just a matter of time before she runs to god-knows-where again."

"Why are you keeping her under surveillance?" While asking, Toby poured two cups of water, handing her one of it.

Pursing her lips, Sonia replied, "You've also heard what Nancy said, right? I aim to achieve two things by keeping Jessica by my side—one is to find the evidence of her poisoning my father, and the other is to make her bear a child."

"Bear a child?" A curious Toby frowned, as he was confused by what Sonia was planning.

Closing the menu, Sonia looked at him and announced, "Truth is... I'm not my parents' biological daughter."

Hearing this made Toby's pupils contract. His hand trembled and the cup in his hand swayed, threatening to spill out the water within.

"What did you say? You're not the real daughter of your parents?" Tightening his grip on the cup, Toby looked at Sonia intently.

How does she know that she isn't the biological daughter of the Reed Family? Unless she knows the fact that she's the biological daughter of Titus? But that can't be it! If she does know, then she wouldn't have been acting so calmly. What exactly is going on here?

Not aware of the chaotic thoughts that were raging inside Toby's mind, Sonia sipped from the cup of water before continuing, "Yeah, I'm not their biological daughter. Unfortunately, their real daughter died four or five months after she was born. I was adopted by them after their daughter died. Shocking, eh?"

"Y-Yeah..." Avoiding her gaze, Toby nodded slightly. "It is quite shocking."

"Do you really feel that way?" Tilting her head, Sonia questioned, "I don't feel that you are particularly shocked by this fact, though."

A glimmer flashed across his eyes, but Toby returned to his normal expression quickly and relaxed his grip on the cup. Gently, he replied, "No, you misunderstand. I was quite shocked. It's just that I didn't portray it on my face."

"Alright, then." Shrugging her shoulders, Sonia did not bother to think of the possibility that Toby might have been lying to her.

After all, she had never thought that he would lie to her about something like this.

"Oh—how did you know that you aren't their own flesh and blood?" Pursing his lips, Toby pressed on, wanting to test the waters.

Did someone who knew about her real identity tell her about this?

If it is, then who can it be?

And what would be their goal in telling her all this?

Narrowing his gaze, Toby started to think about the possible conspiracies.

At that moment, Sonia put down the cup and answered him, "I didn't know about that either. It was Charles' mother, Mrs. Lane, who told me about it. I think it was around the end of last month."

Upon hearing that, Toby pursed his lips as he repeated, "Mrs. Lane told you about this?"

So it turned out that she too, knew about the fact that Sonia was not the Reed Family's biological daughter.

"Besides this, did she mention anything else?" Toby continued.

Puzzled, Sonia countered, "What else is there to know about?"

"Of course it's about the matter of who your real parents are." Toby spoke in a roundabout manner, hoping to dig up some more information.

Shaking her head, Sonia said, "No, Mrs. Lane didn't seem to know who they were. She only told me that I was adopted by Mom and Dad from the orphanage."

"I see." Toby could tell that she was not lying, so he breathed a sigh of relief.

Apparently, Mrs. Lane did not know that Sonia was the product of the Gray's.

Then that's enough.

"And why are you asking about all this?" Sonia looked suspiciously at the man sitting opposite to her.

Shaking his head slightly, Toby replied, "It's nothing."

"Really?" Seeing him keep his silence made Sonia stop her line of questioning.

Yet, Toby opened his mouth again and he murmured, "Sonia."

"Yes?" Raising her head, she continued, "What's wrong?"

"Since... you're not the biological daughter of the Reed's, then you must want to know who your real parents are, right?" Lowering his eyelids, Toby prevented her from seeing his true intentions through his gaze. "Or has the thought of finding them perhaps crossed your mind before?"

"Coincidentally, Charles asked me the same question last time too. My answer then and now hasn't changed—I don't want to know and I don't want to seek them out either." Swirling the water in her cup, Sonia revealed a brief smile.

Upon hearing that, Toby stared at her. "Why?"

"Because it might be inappropriate." Putting down the cup, Sonia set her hands on her cheeks. "If it were the teenage me, then I might've wanted to know and might even try to reconcile with them to ask them why they didn't want me and abandoned me. But now, as a grown up, I don't feel that way anymore. For whatever reason that I wound up at the orphanage, it could only mean that I was fated to not be with my biological parents, and instead was destined to be the daughter of the Reed's."

"Is that so..."

"Of course, if I really found out about my identity and due to that, I insisted on finding my real parents, that would be extremely unfair to the foster parents that raised me my whole life."

