

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 710

Sonia felt her heart pounding at the sight of the reporters even though she was in the car. She patted her chest as she spoke. "Why does it feel like we're being attacked by zombies?" Tom burst into laughter from the driver's seat. "That description is on point, Miss Reed. That's exactly what this looks like."

"Alright. Hurry up and get out to block these reporters," Toby urged as he knitted his eyebrows together.

"Okay." Tom unbuckled his seatbelt before he opened his door to get out of the car. Once he stepped out, the reporters immediately pointed their microphones and cameras at him before drowning him with a series of questions. "Mr. Brown, are you the only one in the car, or are President Fuller and Miss Reed inside as well?" one asked.

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"Please answer us, Mr. Brown!" another one cried.

"That's enough, everyone!" Tom held his arms up as he shouted at the reporters. "Please move aside! You guys are blocking the entrance." Tom showed no intention of answering the reporters' questions, and he simply squeezed his way to the backseat car door while chasing the reporters away. Once the reporters made some space for Tom, he placed his hand on the handle of the backseat car door.

The reporters immediately became alert once they noticed Tom's actions. They tightened their grip on their microphones and cameras as they all stared at the car door. The only person who could get Toby's trusty assistant to step out of the car and open the door had to be Toby himself. The reporters immediately concluded that Toby himself had to be in the car. Click. The car door opened.

Tom had one hand on the handle while gesturing with his other hand to invite Toby out of the car. "President Fuller," Tom uttered. Toby nodded from his seat in the car before he bent down to step out.

The reporters went crazy once they saw him. Toby frowned because he was blinded momentarily by all the flashing lights. However, he simply ignored the reporters as he reached a hand into the car. "You can come out now." His gentle voice lingered in the reporters' ears, and they lowered their cameras for a short while before they continued taking pictures enthusiastically.

They realized that there was another person in the car! If that person is someone who can make President Fuller speak in such a gentle manner, that person has to be Miss Reed. They really came together! Sonia smiled when she saw Toby reaching his hand into the car. Then, she reached over to slip her hand into his. Toby held onto her tightly. "Don't worry. I'll protect you," he uttered lovingly.

Sonia took a glance at the bunch of reporters behind him. "Okay. I trust you," she replied with a nod. If she were being honest, she wasn't afraid of the reporters surrounding them, but the way he offered to protect her made her insides feel warm. I guess I'm willing to be a submissive, needy girl sometimes, just so that I can give him a chance to show off a little.

Toby helped Sonia out of the car, and the reporters went wild the moment she got out. The sharp, flashing lights made Sonia want to squeeze her eyes shut. Toby immediately held his arm over her eyes before he shot the reporters a stern glare. "Step aside."

The reporters' held themselves back once they experienced a taste of Toby's dominance, and they no longer dared to snap images continuously. At the same time, the reporters took a few steps back to open up a pathway for the couple to walk through. Although they wanted to interview the couple, they weren't foolish enough to offend Toby, who was a man of high status. The reporters had no choice but to step down because they were afraid that they would lose their jobs if they infuriated him.

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Toby's expression seemed a little more pleasant after he saw the reporters stepping back. However, he continued to hold his arm up in front of Sonia's face as he gazed down at her. "Wrap your arm around me, and I'll bring you in. They're afraid of me, but they aren't afraid of you. If you're a little farther away from me, they'll find a way to drag you aside before forcing you to respond to their questions." He wasn't saying this to take advantage of her, but merely telling her the truth. Reporters were like house flies—they would pester you whenever they got the chance to do it.

Sonia was well-aware of this, so she didn't think that Toby had any other intentions. "Okay," she said while nodding. She reached over and wrapped her arm around the man's slim waist, and all of the reporters' cameras instantly clicked once they saw what she did. Sonia and Toby ignored these 'houseflies' and simply marched forward with their arms around each other.

Meanwhile, Tom followed behind both of them with his arms spread out wide to stop the reporters from getting close to Toby and Sonia. These reporters have no limits at all! What if they bump into President Fuller and Miss Reed? What if they injure them? With Tom and Toby's double-layered protection, the reporters were too afraid to get close to Sonia—all they could do was tag along behind them while raising their questions and sticking their different colored microphones into the air.

"Miss Reed, can you tell us whether what President Fuller posted yesterday was true? Have you never bullied your sister? Is it true that you've never fought for the company's shares?" one shouted.

"Yeah, Miss Reed. Were you the result of your mother's extramarital affair? Can you answer us?" another one cried.

"Also, President Fuller, since Miss Reed got out of your car, does that mean that you guys were staying together last night? Have you guys moved in together? When are you guys going to get married again?" one reporter asked.

"Why don't you tell us something, Miss Reed?" Sonia's expression darkened in response to the reporters' nasty questions, and her footsteps came to a halt. Toby could sense that Sonia's emotions were impacted by the reporters, so he gave her shoulder a firm squeeze. "Just ignore them. You don't need to waste your time with these people."

Sonia looked up at him, and she smiled a little when she saw the encouragement in his gaze. "Okay."

Both of them continued walking at a faster pace while Tom stayed back to deal with the reporters. "Alright, everyone. Stop with your questions. Miss Reed will respond to all your questions during the press conference later, so there's no need for you guys to question her here. Stop gathering around and blocking this area," Tom urged as he waved his hands to shoo the people away.

But the reporters weren't willing to leave empty-handed! They had gathered there for the sole purpose of obtaining exclusive information before writing an article on it. Once they got this piece, they would no longer have to worry about their KPI for the following week. What was the purpose of them reporting it after the press conference? At that point, all the netizens would already know the news, and the media outlets wouldn't see much engagement in their articles if they posted them then. It'd be a huge loss for them.

So, how could the reporters possibly leave just like that? They didn't just stay around the area, but they even formed a wall around Tom before they stuck their 'weapons' in Tom's face. Every reporter tried their best to get their mics as close to Tom's face as possible.

"Please tell us something, Mr. Brown. Did Miss Reed do those things or not?" one asked.

"Yeah, Tom. Tell us something." The reporters continued chattering and hurling their questions at him. Tom's expression turned grim. "I made things clear earlier. If you guys want answers, just watch the press conference. There's no use in asking me questions because I don't know anything."

"Do you think we believe you?" one reporter asked.

"Yeah. You're the closest person to President Fuller, so you must know something. Tell us a thing or two!"

When Tom saw how relentless the reporters were, he let out an angry scoff. "You guys are really testing my limits. It seems like you guys will continue to be fearless until I take some form of action, huh? I can make a single call, and all of your companies will immediately fire every single one of you. Do you guys think I'm capable of doing that?"

The reporters' faces fell once they heard Tom's words. All of them shuffled a few steps back before they turned around and hurried off. They were afraid that Tom would ask for their name if they stayed behind, and they were afraid that the next call they received would bring them news of their unemployment.