

Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again Chapter 85

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Chapter 85

Meanwhile, in the Fuller Residence, Tyler was doing some letter-reading as well. Even after going through the

letter a few times, he still managed to find something new each time. Specifically, he realized that most of the

daily routines and hobbies that John described in the letter sounded similar to Toby's. The most obvious

similarity between them was John's handwriting. However, John's handwriting looked just a little messier than

Toby's neat and straight words.

If Tyler weren't aware of the fact that Toby's pen pal was Tina, he would've thought that the person Toby used to

write to was actually Sonia. After a while, Tyler folded the letter and put it back into the envelope to keep it away.

Sonia must've told me to throw it away only because she was angry that I took the letter without her permission. I'm not going to throw it away; I'll just return it to her in the future. Tyler let out a scoff as he placed the letter into his

drawer.

Someone knocked on his door right after that. "The food's ready, Young Master Tyler."

"I'm coming!" Tyler replied as he stood up from his chair.

He was greeted with Tina's gentle smile once he got downstairs. "Tyler."

"You're here, Tina." Tyler returned the smile.

Tina nodded while she spoke. "Madam White invited me over for a meal."

"I see," Tyler said as he shot Jean a glance. "Mom," he muttered flatly. Jean simply let out an uninterested grunt.

She ignored his greeting and walked off to the dining area. Tyler shot Toby a helpless glance, and Toby

responded with a slight nod.

Tyler's eyes lit up immediately. "Great! Thanks, Toby!" He jumped in excitement. *Toby's the best indeed-I knew*

he'd be able to convince Mom about this.

"You should thank Tina as well. She spoke up for you too, Toby said as he held onto Tina's hand.

Tyler froze for a moment before he turned around to stare at Tina with a look of disbelief. "Did you speak up for

me as well, Tina?"

Tina tucked a strand of hair behind her ear as she flashed Tyler a warm smile. "I simply gave Madam White a few

words of advice." Tina was secretly pleased that Tyler enjoyed playing basketball-that way, he wouldn't fight for

the family inheritance with his elder brother. She would be Toby's wife in the future, and she would never allow

the Fuller Family's wealth to fall into the hands of someone else. Not even if that someone was Toby's younger

brother!

Meanwhile, Tyler was still stunned over the fact that Tina had been willing to help him. Although he couldn't

believe it, he obediently thanked her for the help. *For some reason, I still feel like she's a little fake. When I last*

asked her to help me sign the contract for the basketball team, she rejected me and said that she didn't want to make Mom unhappy. Yet, she voluntarily spoke up for me this time. Isn't she afraid that my mom would feel

unhappy this time?

Tina sensed that Tyler wasn't genuinely thankful toward her because of his rather monotonous 'thank you. She

scrunched her face into a sad expression as she felt rather uneasy. "Are you displeased by the fact that I spoke up for you, Tyler? Why do I feel like you're not actually happy about this?"

"What? Tyler was confused. *Since when did I say that I'm displeased? Since when did I put on an unhappy*

expression?

Tina bit onto her lower lip when Tyler didn't respond to her immediately. Then, she turned to look at Toby with a helpless expression on her face. "Did I do something wrong, Toby?"

"No, of course not." Toby stroked her hair before he shifted his gaze to his brother. "I think you owe Tina an

apology, Tyler."

"But... Why should I apologize to her?" Tyler was utterly dazed. *I didn't say or do anything wrong. She's the one*

who's overthinking it-what has that got to do with me?

"It's fine, Toby. Forget about it." Tina tugged on Toby's sleeve to hint him to drop the matter. Toby patted the back

of her hand before darkening his expression and addressing Tyler in a stern tone. "I told you to apologize. Do you

hear me?" he barked.

At that moment, Tyler felt wholly misunderstood. However, he couldn't go against Toby's strong aura, so he

ended up apologizing to Tina. "I'm sorry, Tina."

She waved it off. "It's fine."

"Is that good enough for you?" Tyler hissed as he shot his brother a glare. He then stormed off into the dining area. Tina clung onto Toby's arm tightly. "It's all my fault, Toby. I'm the reason both of you ended up fighting; I placed you guys in a tough spot."

"It's nothing. Come on; let's have our meal." Toby massaged the space between his brows while speaking in a rather tired voice. Tina nodded and smiled at him.

Tyler was silent at the dining table-he was evidently still mad about what happened earlier. He couldn't understand the situation at all. Tina was the one who misunderstood him, yet she ended up being the victim while he somehow

turned into the perpetrator. Toby even expected him to apologize to Tina. *What logic is this?!* Tyler couldn't help but feel rather annoyed at Tina at that point. He even felt rather conflicted toward the idea of having her as his sister-in-law. He was certain that these odd incidents-like the sudden apology he had to make earlier-would become more frequent if she actually became his sister-in-law.

Tyler lost his appetite at that thought. He slammed his utensils onto the table with a loud *smack*. Everyone was shocked by this sudden gesture, and all their gazes turned toward him immediately. "What is it, Tyler?" Tina blinked a few times before questioning him in a concerned voice. "Are you feeling unwell? You seem really pale."

"That's none of your business!" Tyler spat at her.

Tina's face dimmed for a moment before she put on a forced smile. "Okay. I won't ask about you anymore.

"How could you treat your sister-in-law like that, you brat?!" Jean smacked Tyler on his shoulder. Right after that,

she turned to beam at Tina. "Don't get mad, Tina. This boy just needs to be taught a lesson or two."

Tina shook her head as she smiled. "Don't worry, Madam White. I won't take it to heart." Despite uttering such

nice words, Tina was secretly sneering in her heart. *Tyler is an ungrateful brat indeed. I can't believe he treated me that way when I was just trying to be nice to him. Well, just you wait, Tyler! I'm going to limit your allowance once I get married to Toby.*

"That's great, then." Jean heaved a sigh of relief. She definitely did not wish to lose a daughter-in-law as wonderful as Tina. "Why aren't you apologizing to your sister-in-law?" Jean urged Tyler to speak up.

Tyler parted his lips to protest-he wanted to point out that Tina wasn't his sister-in-law. However, his words

remained stuck in his throat when he saw the ice-cold look on Toby's face.

Toby looked away once he was sure that his brother had gotten the message. "Have some of this. It's your

favorite, isn't it?" Toby scooped some mango salad into Tina's bowl as he spoke: For a split second, Tina's expression hardened at the sight of the mango in her bowl. Even her grip around her chopsticks tightened along

with the change in expression.

When Toby noticed that she had stopped eating and looked rather uncomfortable, he narrowed his eyes and checked on her. "What is it?"

"It's nothing. I just can't have mangoes because it's the time of the month for me," she uttered in a rather shy voice. Tina took a sip of water to contain the panic and nervousness she felt within her.

"I see. If that's the case, you shouldn't eat it then." Toby didn't suspect her words-he simply took the mango

salad out of her bowl. Tina finally heaved a sigh of relief then.

After the meal, Jean fixed her gaze on the couple in the room. "You're not leaving tonight, are you, Tina?"

"Yeah. I've already told my mom that I'll stay the night here," Tina replied with a smile.

"Well, what should we do then?" Jean twisted her face into a rather troubled look.

An icy look flickered across Tina's gaze at that moment. "What do you mean, Madam White?" *This old lady isn't*

going to chase me out of the house, is she?

"I'm talking about the room that you stayed in in the past, of course! I've got someone to renovate and refurbish that entire room, and it's not completely ready for someone to stay in there." Jean let out a long sigh as she spoke about her troubles.

Tyler was munching on an apple, but he felt the need to interrupt their conversation. "Mom, when did you Ouch!" Before Tyler could finish his words, Jean had already sent a flying kick in his direction.

After shooting Tyler a cautionary glare, Jean quickly schooled her expression into a kind and sweet one. "How

about this, Toby? Why don't you let Tina sleep in your room tonight?"

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Toby was looking at some charts on his tablet when he heard Jean's words, which made him frown a little. Tina

had been glad to see Jean's attempts to bring Toby and her closer to each other, but her heart sank the moment

she saw Toby's frown. "Do you not like the idea of me sharing a room with you, Toby?" Tina asked before she bit her lip

He was just about to part his lips to speak when Jean gave him a light hit on the lap. "Why would Toby not like that idea? Alright, it's all set!"

"Mom!" Toby's frown deepened. "This isn't good for Tina. We're not married to each other yet" Tina's face turned

pale upon hearing his words. *He's still rejecting Madam White even after Madam White comes to a fixed decision. Has Toby ever considered how I feel in this situation?!*

Meanwhile, Tyler, who had been calmly munching on an apple the whole time, felt oddly pleased when he saw

the color draining out of Tina's face. "Why does it matter if you're married? You guys are engaged, and you guys

are going to stay in the same room eventually. You'd just be doing it a little earlier now," Jean muttered in a

relaxed tone.

Toby turned to look at the woman beside him, who hung her head low. "That would be disrespectful toward Tina"

he uttered.

"What has that got to do with disrespect? Tina is-"

Before Jean could finish her sentence, Tina spoke up. "It's fine, Madam White," she said while forcing a smile and

shaking her head. "We can forget it since Toby doesn't want to do it. There are tons of other rooms in the Fuller

Residence. I can just stay in another one of them."

"But." Jean was still rather dissatisfied; she wanted to continue talking about it.

Then, Tyler threw the core of his apple away before he dusted his hands. "You should just forget it since that's

what Tina wants, Mom. Toby needs to help me with my homework tonight. He wouldn't have time for Tina

anyway.”

Toby shot his brother a glance, and his eyes glinted for a brief moment.

“Homework?” The puzzlement in Jean’s eyes couldn’t be concealed. It wasn’t that she didn’t believe in her own son; it was just that Tyler had never enjoyed studying in the past. It was therefore near-impossible for Tyler to

want to work on his homework.

“What does that look in your eyes mean, Mom? What’s wrong with me wanting to work on my studies?” Tyler jumped up to his feet like a cat that just had its tail stepped on.

Jean pouted a little. “Didn’t you say that you’re going to choose basketball over university? What’s the purpose of studying now then?”

“That’s different. I’ll still have to study for my cultural classes even if I don’t go to university. The basketball team will ban me from my competitions if my cultural subject’s marks are too low. Come on, Toby” Tyler dragged Toby

upstairs right after that. As Tina watched the brothers heading up the stairs, both of her hands were curled into

tight fists.

Toby spoke after he shut the door behind them in the room. “You did that on purpose, didn’t you?”

In response, Tyler chuckled. “I did it for you. I only did it because you looked like you didn’t want to stay in the same room as her.” There was another reason Tyler did such a thing—he wanted to get revenge for what Tina had done to him at the dining table. “Why don’t you want to stay with Tina, Toby?” With his gaze upon his brother,

Tyler posed the question that had been on his mind.

Toby was stunned by the question, and he couldn’t find the right answer to it. He didn’t know why, but he could

tell that he felt resistant to the idea; he and Tina had slept on different beds even while they were on holiday.

“Alright. Stop asking so many questions. Pull your books out, and I’ll help you out.” Toby was trying to change the subject.

Tyler widened his eyes. “No way, Toby. That was just an excuse. Are you really going to help me with my

homework?"

"Hurry!" Toby snapped in an unyielding tone as he shot his brother a cold glare. Tyler wore a dejected look as he

speechlessly went over to grab his textbooks.

The next day, Sonia had just arrived at the company when Daphne stepped forward with an envelope addressed

to Sonia. "Who sent this?" Sonia took it over and checked it, but there was no sender's information on it.

Daphne shook her head. "I'm not sure. The front desk said that a teenage boy had sent it over and stated that it

was for you."

"A teenage boy?" Sonia pressed her lips together as Tyler's face popped up in her mind; he was the only young man she knew. *It can't possibly be him, right?* "Got it. You can send me the documents that I need to review today.

I'll be in my office." Sonia placed the envelope under her arm.

"Noted," Daphne replied. Once Sonia was back in her office, she lowered her bag and pulled her chair back to sit

in it. Then, she opened the envelope to find a ticket and a tiny memo. There was an orange ball printed on the

ticket, with 'U17 Youth Expedition Competition' written on it. Sonia's suspicions were confirmed immediately,

she was right that Tyler was the one who had sent the letter over.

After placing the ticket aside, Sonia picked the memo up to see a series of crooked and unruly handwriting. She could feel her eyes burning at the unpleasantness of his writing. A disdainful look flashed across her face before she began to read the content of the memo with curiosity. "Tomorrow will mark my first competition since joined the national team. You need to come and watch me! It'll happen at 4.00 p.m, in the stadium downtown. Sincerely yours, Tyler:

Sonia stuck her bottom lip out. "Why would I want to watch you play basketball?" *I've already been nice enough to*

help him enter the national team. He's dreaming if he thinks I'll watch him play! I don't understand what is up with the sons of the Fuller Family. They were all so uninterested in me when I was still in the family, yet they're starting to

act all nice to me now that I've left. They're crazy!

With a smirk on her thin lips, Sonia tore the memo apart and threw it into the trash can. "President Reed." Someone then knocked on the door.

"Come in Sonia replied as she lifted her head.

"These are the documents that have just been sent over." Daphne lowered a stack of files onto Sonia's table.

In response, Sonia nodded. "Alright. I'll take a look at them later. Also, I'd like you to inform Mr. Lane that there

will be a meeting at 10.00 a.m."

"Okay." Something flashed across Daphne's eyes when she heard Charles's name, but she only nodded before

leaving the room. Sonia took her fountain pen up and began to go through the pile of documents. When it was

nearly time for the meeting, she stood up and walked over to the meeting room with the help of her walking

stick.

It was noontime when their meeting ended. Daphne had ordered lunch for Sonia and sent it over to her office. However, Sonia had only taken a few bites of it when Rebecca knocked on the door and entered with a dejected look on her face. "I'm back, President Reed."

"Welcome back" Sonia replied with a smile, but Rebecca continued to sigh. "What is it?" Sonia was confused.

Rebecca shrugged. "I just went on another wasted trip. I still can't find the person that I'm looking for."

"Don't worry. You just need to take your time." Sonia tried to comfort her. "Have a seat" she said as she pointed toward the empty seat opposite her.

Thus, Rebecca pulled the chair back to sit down before she continued to speak. "The loans from the few banks have been transferred over, President Reed. There's a total of six billion, and I've already distributed it to the various segments of the business that need it. Take a look." .

"Sure." Sonia said as she took the file into her hands. After finishing the document, she nodded, "Your distribution

is pretty good. Many sections of Paradigm Co. can gradually open up now that we're working on them one at a time. I'll talk to Charles and the rest about it, and we'll proceed with your plan if we don't find any issues with it."

"Alright. I won't bother your mealtime any longer. I'll head out now." Rebecca got up to leave, and Sonia picked her chopsticks up to continue her meal.

After the meal, she had a discussion with Charles and a few of the other senior members of the company. They

came to a consensus-the funds would be distributed according to Rebecca's plan, and they would reopen the various projects that they used to have in the past.

Once things were put into action, Sonia found herself overwhelmed with work. She rushed up and down the

building to deal with different departments, and it was 2.00 p.m. the next day by the time she got to take a break.

She let out a long sigh as she sat by her desk. With her opposite arm, she massaged one of her sore shoulders before switching to the other. Her shoulders felt a little less tense after some massaging, and she looked into

her drawer to get herself a teabag. She was about to make herself some tea that would energize her a little when

she saw the basketball competition's ticket lying in the drawer.

"What time is it?" Sonia glanced at the bottom right corner of her computer. *2.39 p.m! It's not 4.00 p.m yet.*

Should I go? Sonia was rather hesitant. She was more inclined toward not going for the competition, yet she didn't want the ticket to go to waste.

In the end, Sonia decided to take a look. She was the reason Tyler had the tickets in the first place, so Tyler was probably showing his gratitude by getting her to enjoy one of his competitions. With that thought, Sonia picked up her landline and got Daphne to arrange for a driver.

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"Where are you heading to, President Reed?" the driver asked once Sonia got into the car. She placed her walking

stick aside as she replied to him. "Bring me to City Stadium, please."

"Okay." The driver started the car. The trip from Paradigm Co. to City Stadium was a 1-hour long car drive. The

stadium was known for being one of the most congested areas in Seafield as it was close to the city's airport, so

Sonia found herself caught in a jam. Time continued to tick, and the clock struck 4.00 p.m. while they were still

on the road.

Meanwhile, Tyler was dressed in a black jersey with the number '8' printed on it. He was warming up on the court

while glancing at the audience seats. A disappointed look formed on his rather pale face when he saw that the two spaces that he had pre-booked were empty. *What's up with them? Why did neither of them come?!*

"Hey, Fuller, what's up?" One of Tyler's team members came over and tapped him on the shoulder. Tyler shook his head. "Nothing," he muttered in a rather dispirited tone.

"Well, you should rush over if nothing's up. The coach is asking us to gather." The teammate pulled his hand back

and strode toward the rest area that was prepared for the players. After taking a final glance at the audience

seats, Tyler turned and went after his teammate.

Beep! The players officially got into their rows after the whistle blew, and the match began after each party

shook their opponents' hands. Tyler was the small forward and also the star player of the team. Once the person

in the center passed the ball to Tyler, Tyler would begin to travel with the ball. His actions were swift, and it only

took him a single dodge to avoid the opponents' attacks. Without much effort, he brought the ball past the free throw line and tossed it into the ring. He scored! The audience cheered for them, and Tyler gave his teammates celebratory high-fives. "You're amazing, Fuller. It's only the start of the game, and you've already shown them

who's king," one of the teammates said.

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“That’s right. If we go on like this, we’re definitely going to win” someone added.

“Let’s go, Fuller!” His teammates cheered him on and tapped him on the shoulder. Tyler nodded while throwing a

glance at the same spots in the audience seats. The two spots he had saved were still empty. At that moment,

he could feel tears forming in his eyes as he felt sorry for himself. He put in so much effort to get two tickets for the best spots in the stadium, in hopes that they would come and watch him during the competition. Yet, neither

one of them showed up to support him! He had been looking forward to seeing them!

Tyler raised his arm to rub his eyes before returning to his spot with his head hung low. He was waiting to get the ball. Soon enough, his members sent the ball into his hands, and he dribbled it while preparing to score. The other team already knew that he was a formidable opponent, so three players stepped forward to play defense while he attacked; they wanted to stop him from scoring. Tyler’s heart sank when he realized that three players were surrounding him, for he had understood that he was their main target. The game was going to be a hard

one for him!

Sonia finally arrived at the stadium at 4.30 p.m. “I’ll wait for you in the car, President Reed” the driver said after

he helped Sonia out of the car.

“Okay.” Sonia nodded before she hobbled toward the entrance of the stadium with her walking stick as support.

She heard a series of sighs coming from the crowd the moment she walked into the stadium. When she looked over at the audience’s faces and saw the looks of disappointment on them, she couldn’t help but wonder what had happened during the match. She soon found her answer when she shifted her gaze to the scoreboard—the

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scores were at 20-40, with Team Kosovo leading by 20 points ahead of their national basketball team. *I can’t*

believe our team is a full 20 points behind the opponents! We're playing from our home court, and most of the audience are people from our country, so they must feel disappointed to see their national team losing to Team

Kosovo by so many points.

"Excuse me. Excuse me!" Sonia got the crowd to give her space so that she could make her way to her seat. By

the time she finally arrived at her spot, she caught sight of someone walking toward her. She froze when she

exchanged glances with the other person-it was Toby!

Toby was just as shocked to see Sonia in the stadium. He gave her a slight nod before he glanced at the ticket

she held in her hand. "Did Tyler give you this?" When Tyler handed him the ticket the morning before, he noticed that Tyler had another ticket in his hand. The seating number was the one next to the seating number on Toby's ticket. Before this, Toby assumed that Tyler would give the ticket to his friend, but Toby was surprised that Tyler

had given it to Sonia.

Sonia mumbled a response as she sat down in her seat. "Yeah, he gave it to me." If she knew that Tyler had given

another ticket to Toby, she would've never agreed to come. However, she had no choice but to stay since she had

already arrived.

Seeing that Sonia had already settled down in her seat, Toby did the same, for he didn't want to block the audience at the back. "Are you interested in basketball?" Toby asked, with his gaze still fixed on the court.

"Are you talking to me?" Sonia frowned.

"Who else would I be talking to?" Toby's handsome face darkened as he spoke. *We are the only two people we know in the crowd. Who else does she think I'm talking to? Could I be talking to myself?*

"I'm sorry. I just didn't expect you to start a conversation with me." Sonia's gaze fell upon the court as she spoke. "I'm not interested in basketball. I'm only here to watch the competition because I didn't want the ticket to go to

waste."

"I see." Toby's lips twitched a little before he muttered a short reply and went silent. Sonia wasn't in the mood to

care about him, so she watched the tournament in silence as well. After a while, Toby carefully turned his head a little to peek at Sonia's sharp and well-defined side profile. He gazed at her thoughtfully.

Right then, the crowd around them began to voice their complaints. "Sh*t. What sort of nonsense is this? Our

opening was so good, and I thought our national team would definitely win this round. I can't believe Team Kosovo is getting the upper hand."

"Exactly! We're only in the second period, and we're already losing by so much. Team Kosovo is probably going to beat us by triple the number of points by the end of the game, huh?" someone added.

"Forget it! The more I watch this match, the more furious I get. I thought I'd get my money's worth when I saw the

opening of the match, but I can't believe this is what I'm watching right now." The audience was losing their passion and hope for the national team, and many of them began to throw their cheering sticks away before getting up and leaving the stadium.

Sonia glanced at the departing crowds before turning toward Tyler, who had his hands pressed against his knees

for support while he panted on the court. "It looks like they're really losing," she uttered. Toby narrowed his eyes, but he didn't reply to her words.

Beep! The whistle indicated the end of the second quarter, and both teams returned to their own resting areas to

get some rest. The coach began to shout at Tyler the moment he got hold of Tyler. "What's up with you? You

were doing so well at the start. What happened toward the middle of the game? Do you really think you're playing

up to your own standards?"

Tyler lowered his head without saying anything. The rest of the teammates dropped their towels and voiced out

when they saw this happening. "Forget it, coach. The other team was attacking Fuller. Three or four of their players would block Fuller, and he couldn't manage-

“What do you mean he couldn’t manage?! Didn’t all of you block him during our training? Didn’t he always

manage to find a way to slip past you guys? Why can’t he do that now? It just looks like he’s not putting in his full effort!” The coach’s chest was heaving with anger.

Even the teammates who had spoken up for Tyler were afraid to say anything else at that point. The coach wasn’t wrong, after all. “I need to use the bathroom.” Tyler lowered the towel that had been hanging by his neck

before he strode toward the bathrooms. Toby pressed his lips together and got to his feet when he saw his

brother walking off.

“Are you going to look for him?” Sonia curled her lips upward.

Toby gave her a faint nod. “Tyler doesn’t seem to be in good condition today, and I want to take a look because

I’m worried about him. Do you want to come along?” Toby didn’t understand why he felt the need to ask her that

question.

Sonia pointed at her own leg. “Do you think I can stroll around easily? On top of that, I don’t want to see him because this will be my last time doing anything related to the Fuller Family. Once this competition is over, whatever the Fuller Family does will no longer have anything to do with me.” With that, she picked up a water bottle and twisted it open to have a drink.

Toby fixed his gaze on her for a while before he turned to leave the crowd.

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In the men’s washroom, Tyler splashed some cold water onto his face before staring at his own reflection in the mirror with reddened eyes. He knew he didn’t perform well during the competition, nor did he unleash his full

potential.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to do that, but he just couldn’t bring himself to do that as soon as he recalled the fact

that none of them came to watch him compete. That drained him of his enthusiasm, so he felt no passion

toward the competition.

"Liars! They broke their promise even though they told me they would come!" Tyler punched the marble wall beside the mirror as tears rolled in his eyes. Suddenly, his phone began ringing in his pocket. After taking a deep breath, he suppressed his anger while retrieving his phone. "Hello?"

"Fuller, the third section of the match will be starting. Are you ready?" his teammate asked.

Tyler seemed a little down as he spoke. "Okay."

"Come back then." With that, his teammate hung up.

Tyler tucked his phone away to walk out of the washroom. As soon as he got out of it, someone detained him.

"What's occupying your mind?"

That voice! Tyler's pupils contracted as he whirled around. When he saw the man who was leaning against the wall beside the washroom, he was overjoyed. "Toby! You're finally here!" After Toby grunted in response, Tyler sniffled. His voice broke a little when he said, "When did you arrive? I thought you weren't going to come."

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"I will come since I already promised to watch you compete. However, I got delayed because of a traffic jam. I'm sorry" Toby rubbed Tyler's hair.

Taking a step back, Tyler complained, "I'm not a kid anymore. Don't rub my hair."

A smile tugged on Toby's lips. "Alright, I won't do that. However, I need you to tell me why you performed so

poorly. I know you can perform way better than that."

"It's all your fault." Tyler huffed. "You didn't watch me compete."

Toby arched his brow. He thought Tyler underperformed because something was bothering him, but he didn't expect that Sonia and his absence was the reason behind it. "You're childish for underperforming just because Sonia and I are absent" Displeased by the answer, Toby had a sullen look on his handsome face.

Upon hearing that, Tyler shot back, "This is my first ever official competition, so I was really looking forward to your attendance-Hold on, how did you know I also

invited Sonia? I don't recall ever telling you that. Could it be-" Tyler's eyes lit up, and joy was evident on his face.

Toby found his reaction amusing. "It's just as you thought. She's here."

"Great!" Tyler started clapping.

"So, during the upcoming section of the competition,"

"I get it! I will do my best and win the competition!" Tyler cut Toby off resolutely.

Toby nodded in satisfaction before putting on a stoic expression. "Great. Remember what you said. Other than that, I hope this will be the last time something like this happens. If you're going to be so crestfallen over our absence again, you should just listen to Mom and quit playing basketball."

"That won't happen again. Tyler made his promise while sticking his chest up. He was so overwhelmed by

dejection because it was his first competition. However, that would never happen ever again.

"Alright, let's go. The competition will begin soon." Toby gave Tyler a pat on the shoulder.

"I'll be leaving then, Toby." Tyler waved his hand before running away. It wasn't until he disappeared into the distance that Toby wheeled around to return to the auditorium with his hands shoved in his pockets.

When the third section of the competition began, Tyler was no longer as depressed. Instead, he was so full of energy that he managed to miraculously break through the opponents' defenses to quickly score a point for his

team.

As soon as he did that, he jumped up to wave at the audience. The audience began cheering when their passion

was lit once again. Sonia smiled at the sight of it. "It seems like he has regained some vitality. What did you tell him?"

Taken aback that Sonia would initiate a conversation, a look of surprise crossed Toby's face, but he immediately schooled his expression. "He was like that just now because we weren't here. Now that he knows we have come,

he's feeling better."

Sonia was visibly dumbfounded. "Is that so?"

"Yup." Toby nodded.

With a pout, Sonia mumbled, "That's childish of him."

A smile tugged on Toby's lips. *Indeed.*

After that, they stopped talking to each other as they focused on the competition. Compared to the other

audiences, their silence made them seem out of place, especially when the both of them had extraordinarily

good looks that stood out among the crowd.

There were a few Internet celebrities that came to stream the competition that pointed their cameras at the two of them from time to time due to their pretty faces. Fans who were watching the livestream erupted.

'Wow, both the man and the woman are good-looking!

'Are they a couple? They look like a good match!

'Am I the only one who thinks that they look familiar? Have I seen them somewhere?'

There were a lot of similar comments, but the discussion didn't last long before the streamer pointed the camera

away, for the competition was about to end.

Meanwhile, Tyler was going all out on the court, leading his teammates on an assault to even the scores. The atmosphere in the auditorium was tense as they were quickly catching up to their opponent. The audiences were clenching their fists while fixing their attention on Tyler, who was aiming for a shot.

Under the watchful gaze of over ten thousand spectators, Tyler threw the ball, which went through the hoop just as expected. The whistle was blown, and the score shown on the board was changed to 70-68. The national team managed to surpass Team Kosovo's score!

"Yeah!"

The audience jumped in elation, and so did the man who was sitting on Sonia's left. When he leaped from his

seat, he bumped into Sonia's shoulder, which pushed her into Toby's arms. He caught her by her shoulder to help support her. "Are you alright?"

Sonia shook her head. "I'm fine. Thank you, President Fuller."

"It's nothing." Toby then released her.

Right after Sonia settled down, that man leaped up again. Although he didn't bump into her this time, he knocked

her crutches away, which flew onto the aisle across from her. Seeing that irked Sonia, and it was giving her a headache. *How am I supposed to go pick that up?*

Just when she considered getting one of the staff members, Toby stood up abruptly to go pick up the crutches before handing it back to her. "Here you go."

After glancing at him in surprise, she took the crutches from him. "Thank you."

Toby grunted as he swept a glance at her leg that was still in a cast. "Is your leg feeling better?"

"Yeah. It's less painful now." Sonia moved her crutches to the other side so that it wouldn't be knocked away

again.

Having read her intentions, Toby suggested, "Let's swap seats."

Sonia froze for a second before she shook her head. "No, I'm fine sitting here."

"The competition is still going on. Tyler's getting better at it, so enthusiasm among the audience will continue to

rise. Are you sure you won't be knocked over sitting over there?" Toby questioned while glancing at the man

beside her indifferently.

Sonia fell silent, because she wasn't certain about it. "I will impose on your kindness then, President Fuller." Sonia

smiled as she positioned the crutches under her arms while getting ready to change seats.

However, Toby reached out to carry her bridal style and put her down on his seat before she could even stand up. Astonished, Sonia found herself blushing. "You,"

Toby averted his gaze before explaining casually, "You're moving too slow. It's going to block the audience behind you."

Upon hearing that, Sonia didn't retaliate. She even had to thank him reluctantly. Toby smiled when he noticed her expression which indicated that she was suppressing her anger. After replying to her politely, he sat down on where she

previously sat. In the meantime, the camera of a streamer had recorded the process of them exchanging seats.