

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 201

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The doctor's hand paused in mid-air as he looked up in mild surprise, his gaze flickering from Sonia to the impassive Toby. He didn't think he was using much force at all, so it was unlikely that Toby felt any pain. Besides, judging from the man's lack of expression, I highly doubt he's in pain, the doctor concluded.

As the doctor shook his head, he did not dwell further on Sonia's remark before dismissing it as a wife's show of concern for her husband's well-being. Well, I guess I'll just be as gentle as I can. After having decided on this, the doctor sighed and carried on with the massage.

The massage had continued for quite a while before he opened the medical kit and began to rummage through its contents, selecting the bandages for Toby's wound.

Sonia patted Douglas on the back as she stood up. "How's his foot, doctor? Is there a fracture or something?"

While he dabbed antiseptic onto Toby's foot, the doctor answered dutifully, "Don't you worry, ma'am. Your husband's foot will be alright. There's no damage to his bones, although he has sprained his ligament and tendon. He just needs to take it easy for about two weeks or so before he'll make a full recovery."

Upon hearing this, she let out a breath of relief. Then, she nodded with a smile as she answered, "That's good to know."

The guilt she had felt earlier significantly waned after she heard that Toby would recover just fine.

She knew he had only tried to save himself, but it didn't disregard the fact that he saved her all the same, even though such a feat was more of a coincidence than anything else. She would have been indebted to him had his foot suffered any real and serious injury.

He, on the other hand, was regarding Sonia with a dark look when he noticed the wide grin on her face. She might as well congratulate me, he thought sullenly.

As though she sensed his gaze, Sonia turned to look at him in askance. "What is it?"

"Nothing," Toby answered curtly as a resentful look flashed in his eyes.

She shrugged and looked away.

A few minutes later, the doctor rose from his seat and declared, "Okay, sir. Your foot is all wrapped up and you're ready to go. Make sure to keep the bandaged area dry and after a day, you can replace your dressings with a new one from any clinic or hospital."

Sonia nodded on Toby's behalf and replied, "Alright. Thank you so much, doctor."

The manager saw the doctor out and when he returned to the scene, he had a large Gundam action figure in his arms along with an intricate box. He gave Sonia and Toby an apologetic look as he explained, "Sir, Madam, I'm terribly sorry for the injuries you sustained due to our negligence today. If you don't mind, we offer you these as compensation."

With that, the man handed the Gundam action figure and the box over to her.

However, she did not take them and merely glanced at Toby as she pointed out, "You're the injured one, so you should take a look at the gifts instead."

Toby scanned the Gundam toy and the box before he snapped icily, "It's a little too early to dismiss this incident as one of negligence on the restaurant's part. Any talk of compensation will have to wait until after my assistant has thoroughly looked into this."

The manager bristled when he heard this and he couldn't help the panic that seized him. He thought that a hefty compensation such

as his offer would be enough to put an end to this matter, thereby allowing him to retain his job.

However, now that Toby was looking into the incident, the manager realized that it would take more than a generous compensation to resolve the matter at hand. And given the previous mention of an assistant, it seemed as if the injured man was not an average Joe.

The manager's lips twitched into a bitter smile. He knew how hard it was to placate men with such power like Toby; it looked like he would be out of work soon.

Approximately ten minutes had passed when Tom hurried back to the scene.

Toby looked up at his assistant and demanded, "So, what's the verdict?"

Sonia was also looking at Tom while even the manager's posture straightened to listen to the outcome of the investigation.

Tom answered solemnly, "President Fuller, I've looked into this and as it turns out, the whole thing was an accident. The attendant who installed the beam lost a couple of screws. When the other attendants saw that the beam held up just fine, they didn't bother looking for replacement screws. They didn't report this to the restaurant either, hence the accident."

The divot between Toby's brows smoothed when he heard that the incident was not part of some wicked scheme.

Sonia, on the other hand, pursed her lips in dismay and snapped, "How irresponsible of the attendant! He has caused this huge mess all because he couldn't be bothered to go the extra mile to properly set up the beams. He didn't even try to explain himself after the whole incident either! We were the only ones hurt by some sheer good fortune. Can you imagine how fatal things might turn out if young children were crushed by the beam?"

It wasn't like children could duck for safety in time and even if they did, there was no guarantee that the beam wouldn't fall upon them. They simply had no physical means to avoid danger and they could have died on the spot.

At the thought of that, she shuddered with fear.

It went without saying that Toby shared the same line of thought and his face was stormy as he barked, "Where's the attendant now?"

"I've accosted him. He's being held in custody in the kitchen," Tom responded.

Toby glared at the manager mutinously. "You may have no fault in this incident, but you can't escape the repercussions of it as the manager of this restaurant."

"Y-Yes, of course. I wholeheartedly agree," the manager stammered nervously, his head jerking stiffly in a series of nods.

Toby continued imperiously, "Fire the attendant immediately and make sure he never works in this industry ever again. The Fuller Group will have a bone to pick with anyone who dares to hire the man."

"Fuller Group?" The manager's blood went cold as he felt like lightning had struck the place where he stood.

The assistant had earlier addressed this man as President Fuller. Now that the man himself has mentioned Fuller Group, could this man be...

Just as he was close to figuring out Toby's identity, Toby's piercing gaze fell upon him once more. "As for you, three months' worth of your pay will be docked as punishment for this severe oversight. Make sure you keep an eye on your employees from now on because you'd end up like that attendant from earlier if any mishaps such as this one were to happen again."

The manager's posture stiffened as he answered hastily, "Yes, sir! I understand!"

As it turned out, his guess was right—this was indeed the president of Fuller Group, otherwise known as the man at the top of the organization. This is the man to whom my superior answers!

Who could have thought that the person whom he had invited on a whim was the big man himself? And now that he's injured, I only

have my poor luck to blame, the manager lamented with self-deprecating humor. I suppose things could be worse. Thankfully, he's only docked three months of my pay instead of demoting or firing me altogether.

The thought comforted the manager and as his panic quelled, he raised the Gundam figure and the box once more. "President Fuller, about these gifts—"

"Douglas." Toby glanced at the little boy standing next to Sonia.

"Mr. Toby is asking for you," she encouraged as she nudged Douglas toward the imposing man.

It was almost instantaneously after that when Toby said to Douglas, "Go on, then. You like Gundam, don't you?"

"I don't want it anymore," Douglas muttered feebly with his head hung low.

Sonia eyed him with curiosity. "Why not?"

"It's because I wanted Gundam that Mr. Toby became hurt in the end. I—"

"Now, Douglas, you shouldn't look at things that way. It wasn't your fault at all and we've said as much. Be good and take the Gundam home with you. After all, we can't let Mr. Toby get hurt for nothing, right?" She affectionately brushed the tip of Douglas' nose.

The little boy blinked as he considered her words before he decided that it was only sensible for him to take Gundam. If I don't, then Mr. Toby would have been injured for nothing.

With that in mind, Douglas stepped forward and took Gundam from the manager's hold.

At this moment, Toby's gaze fell upon the box in the manager's hand. "What's inside there?"

The manager opened the box without delay as he explained, "President Fuller, this is a set of his-and-hers watches from the latest collection by Clovis."

The manager had intended to gift the watches to his daughter and son-in-law, but he decided to grit his teeth and offer the accessories as compensation in the hopes of keeping his job. If he had known that he would not be terminated, he never would have been so generous and could only sigh in regret now.

His-and-hers watches... Toby narrowed his eyes as he asked, "And these are for us?"

"Yes," the manager replied with a tight smile.

Toby turned to look at Sonia. "Do you like them?"

She raised a brow as she was slightly taken aback by the question.

As if on cue, the manager brought the box into Sonia's line of sight so that she could take a better look.

She would be lying if she said that she didn't like the watches as it was gorgeous, but that didn't change the fact that the item was meant for couples.

The barest hint of a smile tugged on her lips as she graciously answered, "It doesn't matter whether I like them or not. You should ask Miss Gray, and if I may, I think the watches are perfect for the both of you."

Sonia thought about how Douglas had addressed Toby as 'Mr. Toby' earlier. They had as good as confessed to the manager that they were not husband and wife in real life. As such, there was no need for her to carry on with the charade.

However, Toby's face darkened as he bit out, "The watches are for us. Why do you have to bring Tina into this?"

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 202

[Leave a Comment](#) / [This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)

“I’m afraid you’re mistaken, President Fuller. These his-and-hers watches could never be meant for us because we aren’t a couple at all. You should take them back for Miss Gray and yourself.”

With that, Sonia took the box from the manager and closed it before she shoved it perfunctorily into Toby’s arms.

Toby’s expression stiffened as he was seized with the urge to throw the box out, but he eventually resisted the temptation to do so and tossed the box over to Tom instead.

After having caught the box, Tom briefly glanced at it. He noted the unhappy expression on Toby’s face while his own lips twitched in a show of helplessness. What am I supposed to do with this?

The manager, on the other hand, fixed his gaze on his shoes as regret washed over him. Had he known that the watches would only cause President Fuller to bicker with the young lady, he would not have taken the box out in the first place.

No one said a word as the tension in the room rose to nightmarish proportions. After what felt like a long moment, Toby broke the stifling silence and said, “Let’s go.”

Upon hearing this, Tom hurried forward to help Toby get on his feet.

Sonia reached out as well, making as if to help him, but as a sudden thought crossed her mind, she retracted her hand and let it fall to her side.

Toby did not miss the movement, which caused the air around him to grow cold. She could have helped me if she wanted to. Why did she change her mind halfway through?

The few of them exited the restaurant and arrived at the parking lot.

She opened the door to her car and ushered Douglas inside. Upon seeing this, Toby frowned and asked, "Are you going over to Zane's place?"

Sonia closed the door to the backseat and answered curtly, "No."

"But Douglas—"

"Douglas will be staying over at my place," she replied plainly as she eyed the man steadily.

Toby was somewhat relieved to hear that she would not be going over to Zane's, but he did not show it and merely nodded to acknowledge her answer.

Sonia rounded the car and stood at the driver's side before she courteously announced, "I'll be making a move now, President Fuller."

He shrugged nonchalantly. "Drive safely."

Astonishment registered on her face when she heard this. Did he just ask me to drive safely? Is this the Toby I know?

"What's wrong?" Toby asked gently at the sight of her distracted expression.

Sonia shook her head and snapped out of her reverie. "Oh, nothing. Drive safely as well, President Fuller."

His eyes glittered briefly with amusement as he hummed in response.

She gave him one last look before she opened the door to the driver's side. Then, she slid behind the wheel, thereafter pulling out of the parking lot.

Meanwhile, Toby watched her car depart from where he stood in front of his Maybach.

Sonia caught the way he stared at her after she placed the gear in reverse to drive away. The anomaly of it was enough to make her perplexed.

This was not the first time she had felt this way and in recent times, she found herself being caught off guard by his strange behavior.

In the past, he would never have spared her a second glance, nor would he bother giving her anything more than monosyllabic answers. Now, she could barely count the times his gaze had lingered on her and he had spoken to her on more occasions than she cared to remember. He even told her to drive safely!

Her brows furrowed as she thought, What's going on in that head of his?

At this moment, Douglas wrapped his arms around the driver's headrest and leaned close to Sonia. "Hey, Aunt Sonia, Mr. Toby is still staring at you."

"Huh?" Sonia narrowed her eyes and cast a brief glance at the left side mirror.

True enough, Toby was still rooted to the same spot with his eyes fixed in her direction. She pursed her lips as she was a little irked by his odd demeanor. What in the world is he looking at?

Douglas suddenly said something that nearly made her slam on the brake. "Mr. Toby likes you, Aunt Sonia," the little boy commented as a matter-of-factly.

She almost choked, and the itch in her throat was soothed after a few dry coughs. Flustered, she was torn between crying and laughing as she retorted, "Aren't you a little young to be saying stuff like this, buddy? Mr. Toby doesn't like me since he likes someone else."

"But I can tell he really likes you, Aunt Sonia. I saw the way he was looking at you. It's the same way my dad looks at my mom," he argued, blinking innocently.

"Wow, Douglas! You must be really brilliant if you can tell all that just by one look." Sonia beamed at the child and did not take his comment to heart, dismissing it as a childish remark. He was only a little boy, after all. He couldn't possibly decipher the look in anyone's eyes at his age.

Besides, the suggestion that Toby had feelings for her was the biggest joke of the century.

Presently, Douglas pouted and huffed irritably when he saw that she didn't believe a word he said. With newfound insistence, he declared, "I'm telling the truth, Aunt Sonia."

"Okay, Douglas. I know you're telling the truth. Truer words have never been spoken," Sonia placated, humoring the kid as she nodded in affirmation.

Peeved by her skepticism and her humoring, Douglas pouted even harder, which caused him to look like a pufferfish.

However, it didn't take long for the dejection to settle upon him. Much like a deflated balloon, he shook his head and sighed ruefully. "Well, I guess it's up to you to take my word for it."

She glanced at him in the rearview mirror and kept herself from bursting into laughter at how dejected he looked. With his head hung low and a clear resignation in his posture, he looked like a little old man. The kid's an absolute gem.

...

The next day, Sonia had only just woken up when her phone rang with an incoming call from Zane. "Good morning, Sonia," he greeted.

She let out a yawn. "Good morning."

Upon hearing her soft and sleepy voice, he felt a tingling sensation creep underneath his ribcage, not to mention an inexplicable, albeit familiar heat that surged through him.

He quickly crossed his legs and cleared his throat awkwardly before asking, "Did I wake you up?"

"No, you didn't," she replied, having cleared her mind after a luxurious stretch.

Zane let out a quiet breath. "Good to know."

“Did you call me at this hour to pick Douglas up?” Sonia tossed her covers aside and got out of bed. Then, she headed out of the bedroom.

He leaned against the door of his car as he chortled and answered, “You know me well. I’m already downstairs. Where’s Douglas?”

Sonia opened the door to the guest bedroom and saw that Douglas was still sound asleep on the bed with his little limbs spread out. She couldn’t help but sputter at the comical sight. Then, with a lowered voice, she added, “Apparently, he’s still sleeping.”

Zane laughed on the other end of the phone too. “The kid’s a heavy sleeper.”

She gently closed the door behind her. “Why don’t you come up for a bit?”

He had been waiting for her to say this and now that she finally did, he broke into a dazzling grin as he eagerly agreed. “Very well, then. I’ll head up now. Make sure you roll out the red carpet for me.”

Sonia hummed good-naturedly in response.

The doorbell chimed minutes later. She sauntered out of her bedroom after wearing a fresh set of clothes and proceeded to the threshold to open the door for her guest.

As soon as she did, she was greeted by the sight of a grinning Zane. “I brought breakfast,” he announced.

He raised a large paper bag upon which was embossed the name of the restaurant—The King’s Diner.

Sonia beamed as she took the bag over. “I can’t believe you actually brought breakfast over.”

“I know, I know—I’m an angel.” Zane rubbed his palms together, his eyes sparkling as he expectantly gazed at her.

From Sonia's viewpoint, he resembled a rather earnest golden retriever seeking praise from its owner. In fact, if she looked any harder, she thought she could find a tail wagging behind him. Such an image entertained her to no end as she sputtered and answered, "Yes, you're an angel indeed. Come on in."

She stepped aside and allowed him to step past the threshold.

"Thanks for having me," Zane quipped before he brushed past her into the apartment with an obvious eagerness. He stood in the living room and appraised his surroundings. "Hey, your apartment is pretty nice."

Sonia had already placed the bag of breakfast on the table. "My dad gave it to me as a coming-of-age gift. So, you can make yourself at home while I wash up and if you want to see Douglas, just head straight through that door over there. That's his room." She pointed at the guest bedroom for good measure.

Zane waved his hand flippantly. "Okay, I got it. Go about with your business then. I'll just take a quick peek at Douglas."

As he said this, he walked over to the guest bedroom and opened the door.

Sonia smiled at his behavior and went into the bathroom.

When she had washed up and dabbed a little make-up on her face, she came out of the bathroom to see that Zane was already seated at the dining table with Douglas on his lap.

"Good morning, Aunt Sonia," Douglas greeted sweetly as he waved his little hand.

Sonia's heart practically melted at the sight of this. She crossed over and placed a kiss on the kid's chubby cheek before she said, "Good morning, Douglas."

Zane, on the other hand, stared enviously with wide eyes at the scene before him. I've got to hand it to the kid—I can't believe he got a kiss from Sonia before I do!

As though he sensed Zane's jealousy, Douglas twisted around and looked up at Zane before breaking into a triumphant smile.

Zane bristled at this while his fingers curled and uncurled. Is he actually gloating? Incredulous, he began to pinch Douglas' cheeks as he seethed, "You better wipe that smug look off your face, Douglas."

Douglas, however, was quick to alarm Sonia of such mistreatment. "Aunt Sonia, Uncle Zane is pinching me!"

Sonia, who had been setting the table, immediately placed the utensils down when she heard this. At the sight of Zane pinching Douglas' cheeks, she placed her hands on her hips and demanded, "What do you think you're doing, Zane?"

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 203

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Before Zane could speak up for himself, Douglas barreled toward Sonia and wrapped his arms around her waist, thereafter whining, "Aunt Sonia, Uncle Zane was pinching me!"

Sonia's eyes narrowed into dangerous slits as she surveyed Zane reproachfully.

Zane was quick to raise his hands, as though the gesture was symbolic of his innocence. "No, I did not! Why would I pinch the little guy? I was only teasing him."

"Teasing him, you say? So, why are his cheeks all red?" Her heart twisted as she soothingly caressed Douglas' face, which was pink from the pinches. Then, she accusingly addressed Zane, "You're just like Toby."

At the mention of Toby, the playful glimmer in Zane's eyes dimmed. "Toby?! What did he do?"

She rolled her eyes in exasperation and explained witheringly, "He practically kneaded Douglas' cheeks until they were red last night. It's always brute force when it comes to you men."

His brows furrowed. "He kneaded Douglas' face? Does that mean the both of you met Toby after I left last night?"

Sonia handed a spoon to Douglas and pulled up a chair at the table. "That's right. Douglas was hungry, so I brought him out for food. We then ran into Toby at the restaurant. When Douglas needed to use the restroom, I was too embarrassed to bring him into the men's room, so Toby brought him instead."

"Oh, okay." Zane nodded in understanding.

Meanwhile, Douglas was taking his oatmeal when he suddenly piped up, "Mr. Toby was hurt too."

"Hurt?" Zane could not hide his shock as he looked over at Sonia. "How did that happen?"

She pinched the space between her brows in exhaustion as she began to narrate what had happened the night before.

After he heard the whole story, he rubbed his face and remarked, "There must have been some kind of jinx on you guys. I mean, the chances of stuff like this happening are practically slim-to-none otherwise!"

A rueful smile played on Sonia's lips. "Believe me, I know." She thought they had been rather unlucky as well.

"You're fortunate to have escaped unscathed," he pointed out with a lopsided smile, his eyes meeting hers.

The corners of her lips slightly tipped up. "That's only because Toby shielded me and was hurt instead. I'm still thinking about how I should thank him for it." She didn't want to show up at his place to deliver her thanks in person. If she did, a certain lunatic named Tina might very well unleash chaos once more.

As though he read Sonia's mind, Zane took a bite of the pancake and casually responded, "That should be easy. It's not as if you were the one who forced him into saving you. Why don't you rustle up a get-well-soon hamper or something and have someone send it over to him?"

“A get-well-soon hamper?”

“Yeah.” Zane nodded emphatically. “The man had injured his foot. I’d say that’s a good excuse to send him a hamper.”

Sonia found this suggestion a rather sensible one and after she sipped her milk, she agreed with it. “I guess that works. I’ll have someone make the arrangements later.”

When breakfast was over, the three of them left the apartment.

Upon arriving downstairs, he took Douglas by the hand and stood in front of his car. Then, he glanced over at her meaningfully as he said, “Thanks for taking care of Douglas last night.”

“It’s no big deal.” She stepped forward and ruffled Douglas’ hair affectionately. With a small laugh, she added, “Besides, I like hanging out with Douglas.”

“I like hanging out with you too, Aunt Sonia. Can I come by again soon?” Douglas lifted his face and blinked his pair of sparkling eyes at her.

“Of course you can,” she promised, nodding in affirmation.

Upon hearing their exchange, Zane felt the wheels in his mind turn. He grinned at Douglas as he interjected, “Don’t you worry. I can drop you off here whenever I have the time.”

Douglas resisted the urge to roll his eyes at his own uncle. I know you’re just trying to use me as an excuse to see Aunt Sonia, you sly man. However, given how much he wanted Zane to triumph in his romantic pursuit, he refrained from calling the older man’s bluff.

“By the way, are you going to the hospital for the operation today?” Zane’s gaze flickered over to Sonia’s lower abdomen.

Her smile faded as she suppressed her heartache. A strained hum then escaped her before she answered, “Yes, I’ll be going this afternoon.”

“In that case, I’ll be there and I won’t take no for an answer. I know Charles will be present as well, but maybe I could lend an extra

helping hand or something. Better to be safe than sorry, right?" he offered compassionately.

Sonia was mildly amused by his insistence. "Okay, then. You may come."

"It's settled then." Zane waved his hand at her. "Right, I'll be taking Douglas home now. See you later."

Douglas brought his little hand up and waved goodbye at Sonia too. "Bye, Aunt Sonia."

"Bye, Douglas," she responded with a warm smile.

Zane and Douglas left in their car seconds later and she did not stay in place for long. After having checked the time, she drove to Paradigm Co.

As soon as Sonia arrived at the company, Daphne trailed after her and said, "President Reed, here is today's schedule." With that, the secretary began to detail the agenda lined up for Sonia.

Sonia took the schedule over and perused it while she walked.

Upon browsing the list, she handed it back to Daphne and announced, "I'll be going to the hospital later, so cancel the afternoon line-up, seeing as there's nothing important anyway. Also, I'll have to see the schedule for the next couple of days."

She would be staying in the hospital for a few days following the operation, which meant she would have to reorganize her upcoming schedule and push back a couple of unimportant meetings.

Daphne nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

Sonia had only just opened the door to her office when she turned and asked, "By the way, could you rustle up a get-well-soon hamper? Make sure to pack it with goodies, preferably for someone who needs a treat after injuring their feet. Have it delivered to President Fuller of Fuller Group and charge it to my personal account."

“President Fuller?” Daphne could not hide her surprise. Is President Reed trying to patch things up with President Fuller by sending him a surprise hamper?

When Sonia noticed Daphne’s expression, she knew instantly that Daphne misread her intentions. Sonia lowered her gaze and explained vaguely, “He’s hurt. Given that he’s our biggest collaborator, not to mention the man in charge of the alternative energy technology project, we should offer him our kindest wishes and concern as a matter of courtesy.”

“I see.” Daphne was in a daze as she nodded her head while the wild guesses she made immediately dissipated.

At the sight of this, Sonia found herself heaving a quiet sigh of relief. However, she maintained her composure as she waved her hand, dismissing her secretary with a breezy, “You may leave now.”

“Yes, of course. Right away.” Daphne nodded once and turned to leave.

Sonia watched with darkened eyes as Daphne left her office. She had not elaborated on the cause of Toby’s injury precisely because she wanted to prevent Daphne from overthinking.

After all, it would be hard to explain why Sonia was hanging out with her ex-husband at the amusement park—and at night, no less. Even if she were to say that the meeting had been purely coincidental, there was no telling whether Daphne would truly believe her. Indeed, the girl might say otherwise, but she would be skeptical all the same.

As she brushed away those thoughts, Sonia pulled out her chair and sat down before she buried herself in her work.

...

Over at Fuller Group, word of Toby’s injury, which unfortunately could not be kept a secret, spread like wildfire throughout the office building.

He had arrived at work that morning in a wheelchair and discretion was a luxury not afforded to him after everyone had witnessed his less-than-flamboyant entrance.

As news of this broke out, other companies caught wind of it and were eager to show their concern. Countless calls were made and dozens of get-well-soon hampers were sent to him.

Tom had only just seen the clients out the door when he was stopped in his tracks by the receptionist, who called out for him. "What is it?" he asked curiously as he walked up to the front desk.

The receptionist gestured toward the intricately-wrapped hampers in which were expensive goodies. "Mr. Brown, a director from yet another company has had this gift delivered."

He glanced at the hamper and its extravagant contents before he grimaced, "Didn't we just announce on our website that all gifts are politely declined? And here we have another hamper to pile onto the others that we have yet to sort through."

"Maybe the sender missed our announcement," the receptionist guessed with a shrug.

Tom adjusted his glasses. "Very well, then. Who's the sender? Which company is he or she from?"

"Paradigm Co.," she replied flatly.

"Paradigm Co.?!!" he repeated in bewilderment.

The receptionist nodded. "That's right."

He straightened his posture and grew somber before he responded briskly, "Okay, hand me the note and I'll have the hamper sent up."

"Got it." The receptionist was new at her job and she had no idea of the importance Paradigm Co. connoted. With that being said, she did not question Tom when she saw how serious he was and handed him the gift note without further delay.

He took it from her and scanned the inscription. Then, he shoved it into his pocket before picking up the hamper and hurrying toward the elevator.

It didn't take long for Tom to arrive at the presidential office, where he entered after knocking on the door.

Toby looked up at that moment with a frown when he registered the hamper in Tom's arms. Clearly disgruntled by the presence of yet another gift, he snapped, "Didn't I say to stop bringing these gifts up to my office? Bring it over to the finance department and have them figure out the cost so that we can return the sender's favor."

"This one is different, though," Tom countered as the light reflected off his spectacles.

Toby suspiciously narrowed his eyes. "How so?"

"This hamper is from Miss Reed," Tom clarified, peering earnestly at Toby's expression. When he saw the displeasure on Toby's face being replaced by mild surprise, he suppressed the urge to grin impishly.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 204

[Leave a Comment](#) / [This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)

See, that's how different this hamper is from the others. He can't even be mad now that he knows Miss Reed has sent this, Tom thought with glee.

"Sonia sent this?" Toby's fingers tightened around his pen as a pleased look flashed in his eyes.

Tom noticed it and he quickly carried the hamper across the room to Toby. Then, Tom feigned innocence as he asked, "Do you still want this, President Fuller? I could always take it down to the finance department if you don't." I don't think you'd say no, President Fuller.

“Just put it aside for now,” Toby instructed coolly, jerking his chin in some vague direction.

As expected, Tom stifled a laugh as he nodded and responded, “Yes, sir.” So, I was right when I guessed that President Fuller would keep the hamper. More to the point, he could tell how happy Toby was and he found the man’s efforts to maintain a straight face rather pointless.

Tom set the hamper down without another word. He was just about to leave when his phone rang in his pocket. As he took it out, he glanced at the screen to see that it was the receptionist calling. “I need to get this, President Fuller.”

Toby hummed distractedly in response as his gentle gaze lingered on the hamper.

Taken aback by how enamored Toby was with the gift, Tom mused, I bet he’d have torn into the hamper if I wasn’t here. Nonetheless, he looked away from his boss and simply answered the phone.

Barely two minutes had passed when he drew the phone away and informed plainly, “President Fuller, Miss Gray has arrived.”

When Toby heard this, he frowned. “What is she doing here?”

“I’m not sure, but she has probably caught the news of your injury.” Tom’s eyes fell upon the wheelchair in which Toby was sitting.

Toby massaged the space between his brows. “Let her through.”

“Yes, sir.” Tom placed his phone to his ear once more and relayed instructions to the person on the other line.

It took only moments for Tina to come up to the presidential office and as soon as she entered the room, she urged, “Is it true that you were hurt, Toby? How did that happen?”

Toby raised his cup and took a tentative sip of coffee. “It was a minor accident, that’s all.”

“Really?” She eyed his injured foot as worry was etched on her face. “What kind of an accident was it?”

He placed his cup down and answered stoically, “It’s nothing—just a sprain. Don’t worry about it.”

“Well, how can I not? I was practically scared witless when I heard about your injury. This won’t do; I need to know how badly injured you are.” With that, she lowered herself and made to check his injury as she rolled up one side of his pant leg.

However, Toby frowned at the sight of this and immediately pushed her away.

The push was so sudden that Tina did not have time to brace herself for the fall. She tipped backward and landed on her rump unceremoniously. Her eyes were wide with disbelief as she stared up at him from where she had fallen on the floor. He just pushed me!

“Toby...” Biting on her lip, she regarded him with a wounded look.

He seemed to have realized that his gesture had been uncalled for. A twinge of guilt worked its way into his heart as he pulled her up to her feet. “Sorry, Tina, I didn’t mean to push you. I just don’t like anyone touching me, that’s all.”

Standing aside and eavesdropping on the conversation, Tom silently rolled his eyes. Right, President Fuller. You don’t like anyone touching you, so why did you allow Miss Reed to lift your pant leg last night? I don’t see you pushing her away and telling her to keep her hands off you. You just don’t like it when Miss Gray touches you, that’s what this is about.

Naturally, he kept such a remark to himself. He would much rather be on the sidelines quietly watching the show unfold.

“It’s fine.” Tina’s lips twitched into what looked like a forced smile as she added, “I should have known my boundaries. I was so anxious to see your injury that I ignored how you might feel about me doing so. Please don’t hold this against me, Toby.”

Toby made a subtle noise of acknowledgement. "Don't worry, it wasn't your fault anyway. Besides, it's just a sprain and I'll be back on my feet in a couple days' time. There's no need to fret."

After having said this, he shot a discreet look at Tom, who immediately understood that the show was over. With a dry cough, Tom interjected, "That's right, Miss Gray. The doctor said that President Fuller's injury is a minor one."

"Well, in that case, my mind is eased." Tina patted her chest in relief.

"I'll be going now, President Fuller," he informed politely as he adjusted his glasses.

Toby nodded. "Go on, then."

"I shall leave you and Miss Gray to your conversation." With that, Tom turned and headed out the door, leaving those two as the only ones in the office.

Tina looked around the room. Her gaze suddenly fell upon a box on the desk whereby she noted the Clovis logo embossed upon it.

A look of interest passed over her face as she picked up the box for inspection. "What's inside here?"

She opened the box before he could stop her.

"Wow, it's the latest his-and-hers watches set by Clovis!" She stared at the watches—one slightly bigger than the other to denote its masculine outline—and asked in surprise, "When did you get these, Toby? I've had my eyes on them for a while now and I was hoping that I could get them as a couple's gift for us, but other buyers have beaten me to it. I can't believe that you actually secretly got them!"

As she said this, she placed the box down and gingerly picked up the women's watch. However, just as she was about to strap it over her wrist, Toby reached out and took it away from her. "This isn't for you."

The smile on Tina's face froze and disappeared as she watched him return the watch to the box. A menacing grimace twisted her

features, albeit only for a second. "If it isn't for me, then who is it for?" she demanded in her most casual tone, digging her nails into her palms as she tried to hide the rage thrumming within her.

It's for Sonia! The words formed in Toby's mind like a restless phantom, and even he was shocked by this.

However, just as quickly, he was reminded of the danger Sonia had braved through alongside him, which was the sole reason why they even received watches in the first place. Surely, it would not be strange for him to give the watches to her. In fact, he shouldn't be caught off guard by this idea at all.

Toby calmed down at that thought. As he lowered his gaze, he explained, "You shouldn't wear it because I bought the watches for a friend. I could get you something similar if you'd like."

"I see." Tina saw how serious he was and took his word for it. She broke into a smile as the anger that seized her faded away.

For a moment there, she thought he had gotten the watches for Sonia.

Then, she held him by the arm and whined unhappily, "You really ought to have bought a set for us as well, Toby. Yet, you went ahead and purchased one for your friend instead."

He tried to pull his arm away with minimal force. "I apologize for not having considered that."

"Well, what's done is done. I forgive you," Tina teased with a grin.

Toby closed the box and gently placed it in the drawer. Even though she saw this, she did not dwell on it. After all, it was only normal that he would handle his friend's gift with care.

...

Meanwhile, upon hearing Daphne's confirmation on the hamper's delivery, Sonia hummed in acknowledgement and did not press any further.

Now that the hamper had been sent, it would mean that she and Toby were even; she no longer owed him a favor for saving her life last night.

As for the other occasions in which he had saved her, she figured that those were his obligations as Tina's fiancé, seeing how the other woman was the one who had schemed to hurt her in the first place.

It was only par for the course that she should not have to return those favors of his.

At this moment, Charles' voice sounded from the office doorway, "Hey, baby."

Sonia looked up and flashed him a smile. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to escort you to your operation, of course. Did you forget about that?" He dropped his hand from the doorknob and strolled through the door.

She leaned into her chair. "Of course I remembered it. I'm just surprised to see you here when it's barely noon yet."

"I have nothing on anyway, so I figured I'd drop by earlier." He pulled up a seat for himself and appraised Sonia's desk. "You look busy."

"Yeah, busy with whatever's going to happen in two days' time," she explained as she flipped through a folder.

Charles was just about to offer a helping hand when he noticed the invitation on the desk. As he curiously took it to read it, he asked, "I didn't know you received an invite for the auction, darling."

"Yeah. Wait, didn't I tell you about it?" Sonia glanced up at him again.

The corner of his lips twitched. "Of course not. I wouldn't ask if you did."

She gave a mildly embarrassed smile. "Guess I forgot to. By the way, what are you thinking of donating for the auction?"

He returned the invitation to the table. "A modern painting. It's probably worth like, a couple hundred thousand or something. What about you?"

Sonia stretched lazily and mused, "I was going to donate something from my jewelry collection until I remembered that most of it was stolen by my stepmother and her family. I didn't get myself any more in the six years I lived with the Fullers either. Whatever I have now is a measly collection and I can't afford to donate one piece, so I figured I could just buy a necklace and give it away for the auction."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 205

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"Things don't have to be so complicated, you know. I think I have an idea," Charles drawled with a low chuckle.

Sonia eyed him warily. "What is it?"

"Did you forget that you gave me your wedding ring and the Ocean's Heart two months ago? You wanted me to sell them off and donate the proceeds to the rural areas, remember? The jewelry pieces are still with me and I figured you could donate them for the auction." As he said this, he put his hands out like he was holding the solution he came up with.

She gaped at him with wide eyes. "You didn't sell those off?"

"Yeah." He nodded and went on to say, "The Ocean's Heart fetches a hefty price on the market, so it's not exactly affordable for most. More to the point, everyone knows that it was specifically made under Toby's orders. They're terrified that they might offend him somehow if they were to buy the Ocean's Heart off the market like that. And as for your wedding ring..." He trailed off as he gazed at her thoughtfully. "I was planning to sell it off but only after the Ocean's Heart was sold. Seeing as that

never happened, though, I've been keeping the wedding ring as well."

"Okay." Sonia processed this in a daze and lifted her chin by a fraction as she asked, "So, where's the ring now?"

"At my place. Are you going to donate it for the auction then?" Charles asked.

She hummed in response. "You have said so yourself that the Ocean's Heart fetches an extravagant price, so even if I were to donate it, there's no guarantee that anyone attending the auction might bid for it. Besides, Toby will be there too. Anyone who bids for the Ocean's Heart would greatly offend him one way or another. Donating the ring would be a wiser choice, and it'll still fetch a couple hundred thousand for the cause."

"I guess you're right. In that case, I'll donate the ring in your name after your operation," he offered as he rubbed his chin.

The both of them headed for the hospital after lunch that afternoon. Upon their arrival, she had only just stepped out of the car when Zane approached her, waving his hand in greeting.

Hostility radiated from Charles as he glared at the other man. "What are you doing here?"

As if paying no mind to Charles' animosity toward him, Zane grinned and replied, "I'm here for moral support, seeing that Sonia's going for surgery and all."

Charles tore his gaze away with mild disgust and shot a glance at Sonia. "I can't believe you told him about this, baby."

"He asked and I answered without thinking too much of it," Sonia explained good-naturedly.

"I thought we agreed that I'd be the only one here for you, darling," Charles protested as he looked wounded.

"Huh?" A blank look passed over her face. "When did we agree on that?"

Zane guffawed at this exchange. "Dude, did you hear that? She had no idea that you were supposed to be the only one here, so just take my presence as it is. Anyway, there's no harm in having an extra pair of hands to help out in case of any emergency, right? I mean, what if Sonia needs someone to head over to the dispensary for her after the surgery? At least one of us could stay with her while the other collects her medication."

Charles could come up with no retort, given how sensible the explanation was. As much as he hated having another person present, he knew it was for Sonia's best interest, and he decidedly refrained from arguing any further.

Zane, on the other hand, let out a small breath of relief and thanked the heavens for his brilliant acting skills, without which he would not be able to hide his feelings for Sonia. Charles was a perceptive man and he would undoubtedly drag Zane away if he were to find out the truth.

After all, Charles was secretly in love with her as well. He had kept his feelings hidden and she went on to believe that whatever affection he had for her was strictly platonic.

Ah, what a terrible affliction it is to have so many knights fighting with me over the same fair maiden, Zane thought tiredly, but his eyes glimmered with hard determination. But I don't care how many men I have to fight against to win over Sonia's heart. I won't back down so easily, not when a love like this rarely happens.

"Okay, we should go in," Sonia announced to the two childish men in front of her after checking the time and noting that it was nearly 2:00 PM.

The two men nodded their heads in unison. "Let's go in then."

With that, the three of them proceeded through the hospital doors.

Meanwhile, in a sleek black car idling by the nearby pavement, Toby watched darkly as the three figures disappeared through the hospital entrance. There was an icy look on his face that made one look away out of fear. I can't believe you have two men in your company when it's just a surgery, Sonia. Should I congratulate you?

His fists, which were resting on his lap, were clenched so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

Tom presently noted how angry Toby was when he glanced into the rearview mirror and shook his head in exasperation. I'd say you deserve this, President Fuller. You had plenty of chances to cherish Miss Reed back in the day, but you chose to give her the cold shoulder so often that even I couldn't bear to watch it. I hardly think there's a point in getting jealous now that you're separated from her. You should have loved her while you could, and now some other men are realizing her worth.

However, Tom did not make such remarks to Toby. Instead, Tom turned around to look at Toby as he asked, "President Fuller, should we go in too?"

Toby did not respond but he immediately opened the door. Then, he stepped out of the car with his crutch supporting half his weight.

Tom raised his brow at the man's sudden gesture. Guess he's entering then.

In the hospital, Tim saw Sonia from the very moment she walked in. It was more of a coincidence than anything else that he saw the three familiar figures, seeing that he was passing through the lobby after he had done his rounds at the ward.

When he was sure that she and her two companions were no longer within earshot, he took out his phone and dialed Tina's number.

"Hey, Tim. What's going on?" Tina asked flatly when she answered the call.

Tim's gaze flickered over to the direction in which Sonia and the others were headed. Then, as he adjusted his glasses, he spoke into the line, "Sonia's at the hospital."

She had been slicing fruit prior to this news. Upon hearing what he said, she paused and straightened her posture. Her face brightened with a sinister glee as she quipped, "That's right. I just remembered that her surgery is today!"

"It is," Tim affirmed with a nod.

Because she was so excited, she stood up. "How wonderful. I shall await your good news, Tim."

He was just about to answer her when he caught something that made his eyes narrow in surprise.

Tina, on the other hand, became unhappy when she did not receive an immediate response from him. As he had treated her as his savior all this time, he agreed to whatever she asked of him. He would always respond to her and this was the first time he fell silent on her.

What is he doing? Is he trying to get on my nerves? With a frown, she demanded scathingly, "What's wrong, Tim? Why are you ignoring me all of a sudden?"

She was forced to wear a gentle and compassionate front whenever Toby was around, but such pretenses were unnecessary when it came to Tim. She didn't care what Tim thought of her; it wasn't like he would expose her true colors anyway.

On the other end of the phone, Tim bristled at the snide tone of her voice and pursed his lips. Nonetheless, Tina was his guardian angel and with forced patience, he replied, "Nothing, it's just that Toby is here too."

"Toby?" Tina immediately sprang up from the sofa and urged in a shrill voice, "What is he doing at the hospital?"

"I'm not sure, but he came in a wheelchair, so I guess he's here to have his dressings changed," he proffered as he stared in Toby's direction.

Upon hearing this, Tina heaved a sigh. However, her relief disappeared as quickly as it came when there was a sharp difference in Tim's tone. "No, wait—his assistant has just wheeled him in the direction of the OB-GYN."

"What?" She faltered. "He's headed for the OB-GYN? Does that mean he's found out about Sonia's pregnancy?"

Tim's eyes narrowed as he pondered on that possibility. "It's possible. There's no other explanation as to why he's here at this hour and why he's headed specifically to the OB-GYN."

"Damn it, when did he find out about it?" Tina's body trembled as fear and panic seized her. If Toby knows that Sonia is pregnant with his child, is he there to try and persuade her to keep the baby? When he succeeds, will he tell her that the child is his? Would he try to reconcile for the child's sake?

Panic rose within her like an icy wave as her thoughts snowballed and the grimace on her face grew even more menacing. With every passing second, her trembling increased with force.

She tightly clutched her phone and her voice was close to a vicious snarl as she snapped, "I want you to personally operate on her right now, Tim! I want her dead before Toby can stop her from entering the surgical theater, and I want her to die an extremely painful, extremely agonizing death!"

Tim was not pretentious enough to say he wasn't wicked, but even he couldn't help being shocked by Tina's words.

Can someone as cruel as her really be the angel who saved me that fateful year? The doubt surfaced in his mind, but it was quelled the next minute when he thought about the distinct red spot which marked her wrist—the incontrovertible proof that she was indeed his savior.