

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 133

Tyler lowered his head, looking as crestfallen as he was stunned.

Meanwhile, Charles scoffed as he glanced over at Toby haughtily. "So, do you still want me to apologize, President Fuller?"

The subtext of his question was clear: if he were to be forced to apologize, then he would expose even more startling crimes on Tina's track record.

Toby understood what was at stake, and he was grim as he returned Charles' sullen gaze.

Tina, on the other hand, was somewhat terrified as she tugged on Toby's arm. She forced out a tight smile and said, "Let's forget about this, Toby. Charles is right; I've done so many terrible things to Miss Reed, so it's only right that we excuse them from making an apology."

Charles quirked his lips mockingly. "It looks like you guys have given up on an apology from me, so I'm going to take my leave now. The air here reeks of hypocrisy."

As he said this, he flapped his hand in front of his nose as though to fan away some repulsive scent and headed up the stairs.

Seeing this, Rebecca let out a full-body yawn and interjected, "I'm worn out from all the horseback riding. I think I'll take a nap in my room."

"Well, I'm not staying here if the rest of you are leaving," Zane concluded as he rose from his seat.

Very soon, Toby and the two others were the only ones remaining in the living room.

Tyler glanced at Toby, then Tina. At last, he grabbed the former by the arm and proceeded to guide him toward the veranda. "Come over here, Toby. I need to talk to you about something."

When they reached the veranda, Toby drew his arm back and demanded, "What is it?"

Tyler closed the door to the veranda behind him. "Toby, you know all about what Tina has done to Sonia, don't you?"

He found it rather repulsive to call Tina by her given name so affectionately after learning all the terrible things she had inflicted upon Sonia. As far as he was concerned, he should adopt a more fitting nickname for the wretched woman.

Toby pursed his lips briefly, then admitted, "Yes, I do."

Tyler was obviously aggrieved by such an affirmation. "So, what are you still doing with her?"

Toby frowned and snapped, "This is my business, and it doesn't concern you one bit."

"How so? I'm your biological brother, Toby. Don't you think I have the right to be concerned?" Tyler's eyes widened incredulously as he went on to say, "Listen to me, Toby. You have to break up with Tina as soon as possible. She's a terrible human being, and I am totally against the both of you being together!"

A woman like Tina was basically the epitome of evil; there was no telling what other wicked schemes she might be up to next. What if she throws Toby under the bus? Or worse—what if she drags our family name through the mud?

However, Toby only grew impatient as he said, "Okay, that's enough. Just watch your own back and stop butting into my affairs." With that, he opened the door to the veranda and left.

Tina happened to be standing behind the door, and her eyes rimmed red as she regarded them plaintively. "Toby..." she began, chewing her lip anxiously.

Toby sighed tiredly. "Did you hear everything?"

She nodded and hummed sadly in response.

Meanwhile, Tyler was slightly flustered as he averted his gaze, not wanting to look her in the eyes.

After all, she had heard all of his bad-mouthing, and he would inevitably feel embarrassed regardless of how thick-skinned he might be. He let out a dry cough and made to walk away.

Just then, Tina called out to him, "Tyler."

He stopped in his tracks and asked icily, "What is it? If you're looking for an apology, then let's just say you'd be disappointed because there's no way I'm going to say sorry for speaking the truth."

I'm not in the wrong here. It's true that she is evil enough to attempt murder, and it's not my fault for wanting to keep her away from Toby!

"Tyler!" Toby was clearly displeased as he exclaimed his brother's name, sounding as if he was building up to an admonishment.

Tyler clenched his fists, and he was about to say something in retort when Tina interjected woefully, "No, Tyler, it isn't an apology I'm looking for. I just wanted to say that I have, indeed, done some grievous things to Miss Reed. However, I have reasons for it, and it was not my intention to hurt her. I—"

"Whatever the reasons might be and regardless of your intentions, you were still behind all those things, weren't you?" Tyler cut her off bluntly. Then, he added, "There was a time when I thought you were a kind and gentle person, and I was completely fine with you being together with my brother. But now, I realize how blind and ridiculous I was. A wicked and vicious woman like you has no right marrying my brother. You're only going to burden him and drag him down!"

Having said that, he scoffed contemptuously at her and stalked off.

Tina watched his retreating figure and bit down hard on her lower lip as the storm clouds gathered ominously in her dark eyes.

So, it was Zane at first, and now Tyler is trying to tear Toby away from me, too? This is what Charles and Sonia are up to. They want to turn everyone around Toby and me over to their side and gang up against us.

At the thought of this, she shuddered in anger and felt a strong surge of hatred for all these people.

While she was simmering in spite, Toby thought she might be crying and pulled her into an embrace from behind as he placated, "I'm sorry, Tina. Tyler is still a kid, and he doesn't think before he speaks. I hope you won't hold it against him."

Tina regained her composure and schooled her features into an expression of empathy, then shook her head. "I don't blame him at all. He wasn't wrong anyway. I'm just a little scared."

"What are you scared of?" Toby turned her in his arms and gazed down at her.

She rested her head on his chest and listened to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat, then answered in a trembling voice, "I'm scared that Tyler may try to convince you to break up with me. I'm terrified that you really will leave me."

He sighed when he heard this and cupped her face in his hands, then dipped his head to look at her solemnly as he promised, "I won't ever leave you. Don't you believe me?"

After all, he had relentlessly pursued her several times before she agreed to go out with him and become his girlfriend; there was no way he would leave her.

She blinked and asked, "Really?"

"Really." He nodded in assurance.

“B-But Tyler is your brother. Surely he would talk to your mother and force you to break up with me. Would you still be so adamant when your family pressures you?” Tina gazed up at him hopefully.

He smoothed down her hair and murmured, “Yes. I’m the head of the Fuller Family, anyway, so it’s not like they have a say in whatever I decide. There’s nothing for you to worry about.”

She hummed in satisfaction and broke into a smile, then nuzzled into his chest once more. “That makes me feel safe.”

He hugged her gently and smoothed her hair. His gestures were gentle and compassionate, but there was an icy gleam in his eyes, which were dark pools devoid of warmth.

He wasn’t sure what was happening to him. He was embracing a woman he loved dearly but found that he was growing distant from her; there was a newfound sense of calm in him that made him more level-headed whenever he assessed her.

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That night, there was a torrential downpour that was accompanied by rough winds and rumbling thunder, turning the scene outside the villa to one that was almost apocalyptic.

Tina was so frightened that all the color drained from her face, and she screamed when the thunder boomed overhead.

As of now, she was curled into a ball on the couch. “Miss Harper, could you please draw the curtains? The storm is terrifying,” she pleaded with Rebecca, who was standing by the French windows while admiring the storm raging outside.

Rebecca turned slightly to cast her a baleful look, and contempt rose within her.

However, she did not want to stir up unnecessary trouble and decidedly drew the curtains as told.

“Thank you, Miss Harper.” Tina breathed a sigh of relief and flashed the other girl a grateful, albeit watery smile.

Rebecca was impassive as she snapped, “There’s no need to thank me. Do you honestly think I’d give a damn about you if President Fuller weren’t backing you up?”

Having thrown these words over her shoulders, she stormed into the kitchen.

Tina lowered her gaze to hide the spite in her eyes, though she put on a resentful front.

Toby pulled out a woman’s coat from the closet upstairs, and at the sight of Tina looking like a wounded kitten, he frowned. “What’s wrong, Tina?”

“I’m fine.” Tina lifted her head and gave him a small smile. “It’s nothing to do with Miss Harper.”

He pursed his lips. “Did Rebecca bully you?”

“Not at all.” Tina flapped her hand dismissively. “I’m scared of thunder, and I asked her to draw the curtains earlier, but I seemed to have interrupted her storm-gazing plans, so she’s a little unhappy with me at the moment. That being said, she didn’t bully me at all. I’m the one who feels bad about this.”

“You shouldn’t have to,” Toby argued while draping the coat over her slender frame. “The villa is for communal use; it was not your fault that you were afraid of thunder and asked that she draw the curtains. Anyway, are you still cold?”

“Not anymore,” she answered with a gentle shake of her head.

He hummed in response. "That's good to know."

Just then, the sound of thudding footsteps sounded from upstairs.

As it turned out, Zane, Charles, and Sonia were making their way down the staircase.

Raking his fingers through his hair insouciantly, Zane asked aloud, "Hey, it's getting late! What's the chef doing? Where's our dinner?"