

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

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.

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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."