

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 102

Tina chewed on her bottom lip as panic filled her. No longer in the mood to stay for Cynthia's appeal, she turned and left.

Half an hour later, she found herself at Fuller Group.

"Toby..." Tina couldn't care less if there were others in the presidential office as she strode over to Toby's desk. With her eyes red and glistening with tears, she sat down on his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck, thereafter nuzzling into his chest as she began to sob quietly.

Toby stiffened at her unanticipated behavior, but when he regained his composure, he frowned at the woman in his arms.

If it weren't for the fact that she was crying, he thought he might very well push her away.

"Leave the documents here, and I'll get back to the both of you after I've reviewed them. Go back to your own desks for now," Toby announced to the man and woman standing in front of his desk. He put down the documents in his hand and rubbed his temple tiredly.

The man and woman standing in his office nodded. "Yes, President Fuller."

After that, they left his office.

It was only after the door closed behind them that the woman whispered disapprovingly, "Isn't she President Fuller's fiancée? She ought to know better than to barge into the office without knocking first. It's so rude of her to interrupt while we're in the midst of a work discussion, not to mention sit down in President Fuller's lap at first instance. The company is no place for her to throw her girly tantrums."

The man next to her simply shrugged. "President Fuller always lets her have her way."

The woman was obviously displeased. "Okay, well, he needs to draw the line somewhere!"

“Alright, that’s enough now. We’re the ones who would get in trouble if we keep talking about this.”

The woman pouted but said nothing more.

Meanwhile, in the office, Toby carefully pried Tina away as he said, “There, there, Tina. Why don’t you get down for a bit?”

“No!” Tina whined, burrowing back into his arms.

He sighed and did not try to push her away again. Indulging her whims, he asked, “Go on, then. Tell me what happened.”

She lifted her head like a wounded kitten as she stared at him with red-rimmed eyes. “Why are they all accusing me, Toby?”

“Who?” He narrowed his eyes slightly.

She sniffed. “Miss Reed and Mrs. Stone. I was on my way to Cynthia’s appeal when I saw Mrs. Stone on her knees, begging Miss Reed to forgive Cynthia. Miss Reed refused to do so, and I spoke up for Mrs. Stone—”

He put up a hand and cut her off momentarily. “Wait. You spoke up for Mrs. Stone? As in, you were trying to persuade Sonia to forgive Cynthia?”

Tina hummed in response as she nodded. “I mean, Mrs. Stone was already on her knees, and I had to—”

“Tina, you were in the wrong. You shouldn’t have done that,” Toby interjected as he regarded her with a dark gaze.

Unable to take such a rebuff, Tina grew sullen as she protested, “I don’t think I did anything wrong at all!”

“Yes, you were entirely at fault! Cynthia was the one who caused this mess in the first place, and Sonia was the victim, which means she gets to decide if she wants to forgive the former. You have no right as a third party to interfere and plead Cynthia’s case, do you understand?” Toby said in a low voice.

She bit down on her lip and tried to argue, “But—”

“That’s enough. You were probably going to say that it was harsh for Sonia to not forgive Cynthia even though Mrs. Stone had gotten down on her knees in front of her, but did you ever stop to think that this was less of a begging situation than it was coercion?”

“A coercion?” she repeated, sounding stunned.

He nodded gravely. “That’s right. Mrs. Stone could easily plead with Sonia in private, but she decided to get down on her knees right there in a public space. She was likely trying to pressure Sonia into forgiving Cynthia.”

“I see,” she mumbled, lowering her head as she feigned sadness. “It was no wonder that Mrs. Stone would blame me for helping her get on her feet. I ruined her plan.”

“Well, there’s nothing to be done now. Just make sure you think before you help somebody the next time.” He gently smoothed her hair and added, “Besides, the Stones aren’t particularly known for good breeding. You should stay away from them if you know what’s good for you.”

“Okay.” She forced out a smile, and as a sudden thought seized her, she quickly glanced at him with an expectant look. “Toby, should we go have some fun this weekend?”

“This weekend?”

“Yes.”

He gave her a bland smile. “Why the spontaneity?”

“Because I’m bored,” she answered. “And you’ve been so busy lately that we barely have meals together anymore. I’m always alone, and it’s only a matter of time before I perish in boredom at home. Just humor me, Toby.” She swayed his arm as she tried to persuade him.

Toby caved in and nodded. After all, he had nothing going on over the weekend. “Very well, then. We shall have some fun this weekend, but we can’t make a long trip over the course of two days, so we’d have to traipse around Seafield. Where do you want to go?”

Tina broke into a dazzling smile when she heard that he had acceded. “I don’t know where I want to go, either. I’ve only just gotten here not too long ago, so I wouldn’t know any fun places in Seafield. I’ll go along with whatever you decide, Toby.”

He did not turn down this suggestion, and he lowered his gaze in thought. Finally, as a sudden thought came over him, the smile on his face deepened.

“I recall from your letters that you like horseback riding and hiking, and you claim to be quite the equestrian. President Cunningham just so happens to own an equestrian facility in the mountains. We could go horseback riding and then hiking after. What do you think?” Toby looked at her, awaiting a response.

Tina’s face stiffened when she heard this.

She couldn’t believe that he had suggested horseback riding and hiking. While she was perfectly fine with trekking through the mountains, she was completely hapless when it came to horseback riding.

What made matters worse was that she had an innate phobia for large animals.

“Do you not want to go horseback riding and hiking?” He retracted his warm smile when he saw her reluctance.

Afraid that he might grow doubtful of her, she quickly shook her head and said, “Oh, no. I’ve been wanting to do these for a while now. I’m just so happy and surprised that you remember at all.”

“I told you that I remember every single hobby of yours,” he offered indulgently.

She flashed him a dry smile and humored him as she quipped, “Right. Of course.”

However, he failed to notice the flat tone of her voice. “So that’s settled—I’ll give President Cunningham a call in a bit and let him know of our plans.”

She absentmindedly nodded as she hummed in response.

It looks like I’ll be stuck at the equestrian facility, but I guess I could come up with a way to get myself out of it. The thought of this comforted Tina, and she no longer felt as worried as she had been mere moments ago.

While this was happening, the appeal at the courthouse had come to an end. Cynthia had cracked following the incessant line of questioning from both the judge and Sonia’s attorney and lowered her head as she admitted to posting the particular status, thereby confessing to intentionally injuring Sonia’s reputation.

While the act was despicable, the law was vague when it came to cyber-bullying, and in the end, Cynthia got away with fifteen days of detention and a 30,000 fine.

“Well, she got away easy,” Charles said pointedly, pouting as he sauntered out of the courtroom. He would much rather if Cynthia was imprisoned instead of detained.

Sonia, on the other hand, could only smile ruefully in response. “There isn’t anything we could do about it. The law is the law. Besides, Cynthia has gotten her fair share of punishment, so we should just celebrate justice, however unsatisfactory it may be.”

“You’re right. Should we celebrate properly, then? I hear that there’s a new seafood place at Bay Street that we could try out,” he suggested with a cheeky grin.

Sonia thought about the last time she had had seafood, and when she realized that it had been quite a while ago, her eyes lit up earnestly as she nodded. “Okay. Let’s go.”

“Yes, ma’am!” He fished out his car keys, but just as he was about to unlock the car, his phone rang.

“Give me a second. I have to take this,” he said with a bitter chuckle. Of all the times to give me a call, he thought grimly. Upon pulling out his phone and glancing at the caller ID, he raised a brow. “It’s my mom.”

“Well then, hurry up and answer the phone!” Sonia urged.

He slid his finger across the screen to answer and pressed the phone to his ear.

On the other end of the line, a middle-aged woman’s gentle voice spoke up. “Charles, has the appeal ended?”

“Yeah, it has,” Charles answered. Then, he asked, “Is there something I can help you with, Mom?”