

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

“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?

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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."

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"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.

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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?"