

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 252

Tim's eyes were as cold as a viper's when he heard what Tina had said, but he kept his voice light as he countered gently, "There is no need to kill her; sometimes living can be far more torturous than death."

"What does that mean?" Tina frowned on the other line, obviously displeased to hear that he refused to kill Sonia.

The white light refracted off Tim's glasses as he explained with forced patience, "What I mean is that we could rustle up a couple of men to ruin her completely while recording the process. That way, the child she's carrying will be as good as gone, and she would be so agonized that she'd beg for death."

Tina lit up at this. "You're right. Killing her would be doing her a favor, so we might as well let her suffer in purgatory for the rest of her life. I must say the plan is a very appealing one indeed."

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When all was over and done with, Toby wouldn't think about loving a tainted and ruined Sonia anymore, even if he were to discover that she was Maple.

Sonia's life, on the other hand, would be completely destroyed. She would never be able to keep her head high in society anymore, and she would live the rest of her days being ostracized by everyone. Even Paradigm Co. would become the laughingstock of the industry because of her disgrace.

Indeed, killing her would be too easy on her, especially when she deserves far worse punishments than death. Tina was practically trembling with twisted anticipation as the thought cemented in her mind.

On the other line, Tim mused with a dark and unreadable expression, “Am I right to presume you’re on board with the idea?”

“Yes.” Tina nodded decisively. She was much more than agreeable to the idea; she could hardly wait to see it come to fruition! Seized with newfound excitement, she urged, “When do you plan on striking?”

“Tomorrow. Would you like to come over and see the plan in action?” Tim asked slowly as he turned his scalpel this way and that.

Tina looked dazed for a moment, then deviously smiled as she quipped, “Of course. I want to see Sonia dragged into prison personally!”

Bored, Tim flicked his thumb against the edge of the blade of his scalpel and drawled, “Very well. I’ll lure Sonia over to Bay Street tomorrow. There’s hardly ever a crowd, and you can wait for me there.”

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Tina hung up the call, and she grew giddy with excitement as malice filled her eyes. “You’re done for, Sonia!”

“Ah-choo!” In the presidential office at Fuller Group, Sonia had only just opened her notebook when she felt a sharp prickling sensation in her nose, and before she could stop herself, she let out a sneeze.

Toby placed a cup of tea in front of her and asked casually, “Feeling cold?”

“I’m fine,” Sonia replied, sniffing as she drew her fitted blazer tighter around herself.

The thermostat in the office had been turned on. The temperature was fine, but there was a moment earlier when Sonia had felt a chill running down her spine and raising goosebumps along her skin.

Meanwhile, Toby pursed his lips in mild dismay when he saw Sonia's gesture and cranked up the heating by a fraction. "That should keep the room warm," he declared.

"Thank you, President Fuller." Sonia flashed him a courteous smile. She didn't think that he was doing this out of concern for her. Rather, it was a considerate gesture on his part to make sure his business partner didn't catch a cold. She would have done the same thing if she were in his shoes.

Presently, Toby hummed in response and made no other remark, then set the thermostat remote aside before taking up his seat next to her.

As he did so, Sonia could smell the faint scent of peppermint that lingered on him. She stiffened, and her thoughts drifted far away as she was transported back to the day she had first met him, which was well over ten years ago.

Images of a young girl standing underneath a large tree flashed in Sonia's mind. The girl was secretly taking photos of the boy she liked, and when the breeze picked up, it carried with it the boy's crisp peppermint scent. Pulled back into reality, Sonia realized how this exact moment in the office mirrored her memories, but she no longer felt the butterflies in her stomach as she once had.

The peppermint scent was still there, but the boy she liked was a whole different person now.

She drew in a sharp breath and steadied the emotions that stirred within her like a tempest, then gazed up at Toby with an unreadable look as she said, "You should think about switching up your cologne, President Fuller. The one you're wearing hardly suits you, and if I may be so bold, I think something more ocean-breeze would be perfect for your type."

Upon hearing this, Toby felt his heart twist.

He had been using the peppermint scent for over a decade, and he never stopped because it was Maple's favorite. This was the first time anyone had told him so forthrightly that the scent did not become him.

Also, what's with that look she gave me? If I saw correctly, it was almost like she was seeing some other person through me. I wonder who that person could be. Was it Charles or Carl?

When Sonia felt the air around them grow cold and heavy, her brows knitted together. Is he mad about what I just told him? At the thought of this, she managed an embarrassed smile and said flippantly, "I'm sorry, President Fuller. I spoke out of turn earlier. Just pretend as if I never said anything in the first place."

Toby's lips were pressed into a thin line. "Does the scent really not suit me at all?"

"Huh?" She blinked at him, bewildered that he was asking further on this matter instead of snapping at her. She took a sip of her tea and asked carefully, "Do you want the truth, or would you prefer a white lie?"

He looked at her, deadpan, as he replied, "What do you think?"

A small laugh escaped her as she said, "Well, then. Since you asked, I'm going to tell you outright that the scent doesn't suit you anymore."

"What do you mean 'anymore'?" He narrowed his eyes at her skeptically, feeling as if there was more to her words than they seemed.

However, she shook her head and refused to elaborate any further. She put down her cup and pushed the notebook toward him. "President Fuller, do you think you could tell me more about these points I've underlined?"

Toby regarded her darkly. At last, he set aside his questions and began to explain to her the details of the meeting.

After an hour or so, Sonia closed her notebook and rose from her seat, thereafter bowing at Toby as she said gratefully, "Thank you for taking the time to explain these to me, President Fuller. I think I understand the points better now."

Even she had to admit that he was a capable teacher. He had managed to put the concept of alternative energy into simple terms that even a newbie such as herself could comprehend; if there had been any points that confused her before, there were none now, and she could read up on the rest of her notes with just an extra bit of research this evening.

Following this session, she felt confident that she could come up with the analytical report by tomorrow.

“You’re welcome.” Toby reached out a hand to help Sonia up from her seat, but she got onto her feet first and dodged his hand.

He stared at his hand, which hovered in mid-air, and his face darkened imperceptibly. Then, pretending as if nothing happened, he withdrew his hand and said plainly, “This project calls for teamwork, and I don’t want anyone to become deadweight, so feel free to come to me should you face any problems. There’s no need for you to shoulder through everything on your own.”

When Sonia heard this, she found herself thinking, So I was right after all—he only helped me because he didn’t want me to drag down the rest of the team.

Now that her guess was proved correct, she broke into a smile. It was a good thing that he offered her help for the sake of the team’s best interests. It eased her mind and kept her from second-guessing his intentions.

Relieved, she looked him in the eyes and said, “I understand. Thank you in advance, President Fuller.”

He lowered his gaze. “You’re welcome.”

At that moment, Sonia glanced at her watch as she announced, “Well, it’s getting late, and I should be going. I’ll see you tomorrow, President Fuller.”

Toby’s lips parted slightly like he was about to say something to make her stay, but in the end, words deserted him, and he watched mutely as she left his office.

When the door fell shut with a decisive click, he was all alone in the spacious office once more.

His gaze broke away from the door and fell onto the seat in which Sonia had been mere minutes ago, his thoughts far away.

Seconds later, he looked toward the coffee table where her cup of tea was resting. He saw that the rim of the cup clearly bore the red smudge of her lipstick stain.

He stared at the stain, and his eyes were dark pools as he reached for the cup, then brought it up. Then, he took a sip of the tea, pressing the stain against his own lips.

The tea had gone cold, and as the liquid trickled down his throat and into his stomach, he realized what he was doing. His expression shifted, and quickly, he put the cup down, then clenched his fists in frustration.

What the hell am I doing?

He glowered at his own hand as storm clouds gathered in his eyes. He could hardly believe that he drank Sonia's leftover tea. Is that strange mysterious force controlling me again?