

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 525

But seeing them together was unacceptable for Julia. She shot up and yelled at Toby, her eyes red, "Tina is dead, Toby!"

Toby never thought Julia would talk to him, so he stopped, and Sonia and Tom followed suit. Toby looked at Julia coldly. "And?"

"Aren't you even sad?" Julia clutched her chest angrily.

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Toby sneered at her. "No," he said coolly. "I want her dead."

"What?" Julia couldn't believe what she was hearing, and she lost her bearing.

Fortunately, Titus stood up and held her in time. "That was uncalled for, Toby. You and Tina used to date. How could you say that after she just died? You're an animal!"

"I'm the animal?" Toby's face hardened, and the air around him started feeling heavy. "Sonia and I used to be pen pals. We would have started dating and eventually gotten happily married if we had met, but Tina ruined it. She impersonated Sonia and met up with me. And she even did—" He stopped himself and thought about it for a second before continuing, "If she hadn't done what she did to me, do you really think I would have dated her? I wouldn't have even looked at her."

What's he talking about? Sonia squinted at Toby suspiciously. He said Tina did something to him, and that's why he ended up with her. Question is, what did Tina do?

Sonia looked at Tom. Tom knew what she wanted to know, and he turned away in a hurry so he wouldn't make eye contact.

But that only made her more suspicious. Something's wrong. What are they hiding from me?

"You... You..." The Grays couldn't even say anything to Toby, apparently because they were furious.

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Toby looked away and decided to ignore them. "Let's go," he told Sonia. "We shouldn't waste our time with them."

"Okay." Sonia nodded. She didn't ask him what he was hiding. She knew he wouldn't tell her even if she asked, since he was deliberately keeping it a secret. In that case, there was no need to ask.

They came to the car and Tom took out the keys to unlock the doors. He was about to open the backseat door for Toby and Sonia, but the moment he extended his hand, Toby was already pulling the door open. "Get in."

Sonia got in without hesitation, since she was already freezing. Her upper body was cold, but it was still acceptable, but her feet were already protesting. She had to wear an evening gown to attend Rose's birthday banquet, so she had to pair it with beautiful heels. There was no winter edition for heels, so her feet were already freezing from the moment she wore the heels up until now. They were already getting numb as well.

"Drive," after Sonia got in, Toby turned around and ordered Tom.

Tom shrugged and went into the driver's seat.

Toby was the last to get in. After he did, he knocked on the driver's seat. "Turn the heater on." He knew Sonia was freezing a long time ago. Her face was red from the cold, and she was curling up. He had also seen her stomping her feet to warm them up.

“Yes, sir,” Tom answered and turned the heater on.

The temperature went up quickly, and the car became warmer in no time. The chill faded, and Sonia slowly eased up.

At the same time, Toby unbuttoned his suit and blurted, “Take them off.”

Tom almost choked on himself, while Sonia was petrified. She looked at Toby in shock as she thought, What did he say? Take them off? Take what off? My clothes or... She then recalled him unbuttoning his suit. So he means my clothes? Is he trying to do it in the car?

Sonia’s face turned red with embarrassment and anger, and she clenched her fists. “Stop the car!” she shouted. So this guy is just a hypocrite. And here I am, feeling guilty and thankful that he chose to stay with me even at this hour. But now... Now he wants to do it in the car? The mere thought of that enraged her, and she smacked the driver’s seat. “I said stop the car! Did you hear me?”

Tom noticed the anger in her voice, so he stopped the car quickly. Fortunately, it was late at night, so there was barely any traffic. It was relatively safe to stop the car.

Toby looked at Sonia, who was fuming. “What’s wrong?” he asked curiously.

Sonia laughed mirthlessly. What’s wrong? Oh, the nerve of you to ask that! Sonia shot him a cold, scornful look before she put her hand on the door’s handle.

Tom coughed and quickly explained, “Sir, she took it the wrong way.”

“Hm?” Toby frowned. Apparently, he didn’t know why she misunderstood him.

Tom sighed silently. “It’s about what you said. You must be referring to something else when you said ‘take them off,’ but she thought you wanted her to strip, so...”

It was then Toby realized what went wrong. He had always preferred simple and direct communication, but he never thought that form of communication might cause a lot of misunderstanding. He knew he was in the wrong, so he massaged his temples and held Sonia's hand so she wouldn't get out of the car. "I'm sorry for being too forward. I didn't mean it in any other way. I just wanted you to take your shoes off."

"My shoes?" Sonia was surprised.

"Yes," Toby answered.

"Why?" Sonia stared at him dumbly.

Toby didn't explain. Instead, he bent over to hold her ankle and raised her leg.

Thanks to that, Sonia came face to face with him while leaning against the door. "What are you doing?" She panicked and kicked around, trying to pull her leg away.

However, Toby held her ankle tightly, then he bent over again to hold her other ankle and put both of her legs on his lap.

"What are you—"

"Don't move!" Toby pushed her feet down slightly and told her to not move.

Sonia stopped moving around. She was worried she might kick somewhere she shouldn't if she moved too much, and the results would be disastrous.

After Sonia had calmed down, Toby loosened his grip and held her heels. He then took them off and put her legs into his suit.

Sonia was dumbfounded. It wasn't until her frozen feet were slowly getting warmer did she snap out of it. She opened her mouth, but it took her a while before she said, "Toby, what are you—"

Toby looked at her and cut her off gently, "Now your feet won't be cold anymore."

A wave of emotions burst forth within Sonia's heart. She felt sad, melancholic, and warm. She stared at him, her eyes red. "Why are you doing this? You don't have to do this."

Toby chuckled. "I don't need a reason to warm my lover up."