

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 537

Sonia had one hand pressing her chest and the other fanning herself to cool down the flush on her face.

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Toby stared at her in mild bewilderment and asked, "Are you okay?"

"I-I'm perfectly fine!" Sonia stammered, swallowing convulsively as she looked down to avoid his gaze. My goodness, what's wrong with me? Why is my heart beating so fast? Why is my face burning up? Calm down! He wasn't actually calling me 'baby'; he was only platonically referring to Charles' nickname for me, so why am I acting so weird about it?

Charles had more often than not called her 'baby', but never once had she ever felt the way she did now. Logically speaking, the way Toby had called her by the same nickname shouldn't affect her this much.

Presently, Toby could tell that Sonia was being evasive. With narrowed eyes, he gazed at her intently, as though he wanted to see through her.

After a pause, he appeared to understand what was going on. Dark amusement glittered in his eyes as he leaned forward, closing the distance between them. The corner of his lips curled with a devious smirk as he said slowly, "You still haven't answered me, Sonia. Does Charles still call you 'baby'? Hmm?"

This time, he added even more emphasis and bass to the word, and the suggestive edge that came with his gravelly tone only made Sonia draw in a sharp breath.

“S-Stay away from me!” She abruptly stood up and marched forward, effectively putting some distance between them. She had her back turned to him, and she refused to spin around no matter what.

Catching sight of the red tips of her ears, Toby more or less knew what her face must look like at the moment. It’s probably the same shade of red as her ears.

By the looks of it, he was sure that his words earlier had brought about her sudden rush of embarrassment. Realizing this, he rested his cheek against the palm of his hand, and a teasing grin played on his lips as he drawled, “Make him stop calling you that from now on.”

“Why?” Sonia rubbed her face as though to relax her expression, inhaling deeply to calm her nerves before she spun to look at Toby.

He met her gaze and said plainly, “Because I don’t like it.”

She pursed her lips. “That’s your problem. Why should Charles give up calling me that just because you want him to?”

“Because it’s a term of endearment that connotes an intimacy the both of you do not share. You aren’t lovers, and more importantly, I’ll get jealous. I’ve tolerated his inappropriate behavior for long enough, and I have no plans to continue tolerating it. Sonia, I hope to be the only one who gets to call you by that nickname.” There was no hesitation or mockery in his eyes as he said this, and his voice was as grave as it was steady.

Something glistened in Sonia’s eyes as she demanded, “Don’t you think you’re a little too unreasonable right now?”

“Not at all. I’m just doing what I think is right,” Toby countered gently, his features softening with an unspoken sentiment.

Sonia parted her lips, but just as she was about to say something, the door to the office swung open before Tom marched in with a laptop.

As soon as he came in, he registered the strange dynamics in the room and halted in his long strides. He saw that Sonia had stood up even though Toby was still seated on the couch, and immediately sensed that something was off. "Oh, did I—" He broke off and shot Toby a nervous look, his heart beating frantically in his chest. "Did I come in at the wrong time?"

From the looks of it, something had happened between Sonia and Toby, and his sudden entrance interrupted them. With that in mind, Tom wished that lightning could strike him on the spot. He slowly assessed Toby's icy expression and instantly knew that he had come in at a bad time. His lips twitched anxiously as he tried to telepathically convey his apologies.

Sorry, President Fuller! It was my fault! I should have known better! This won't happen again!

"It doesn't matter. Are you here because you've finished going through the security footage?" Toby asked in a bone-chilling voice, rubbing his temple tiredly.

Upon hearing the words 'security footage', Sonia hurriedly resumed her seat.

Tom nodded grimly. "Yes, I've gone through all of them. Tina was seen pulling up outside our building at 2.00PM, and from there onward, she stayed put in the car. Here's the footage I've edited." Having reported that, he placed the laptop in front of Sonia and Toby, after which he clicked into the footage in question.

The first thing Sonia saw was her own red Mercedes-Benz appearing in the footage, followed by the scene where she got down from the car and walked into the building.

Right after she walked into the building, a black sedan pulled up on the street across from her car.

Tom pointed at the black sedan and said, "Right there! That's Tina's car!"

Astonished, Sonia gasped with her fists clenched, "This was the car she was driving?"

“Why? Does the car seem familiar to you?” Toby asked, looking at her intently.

She shook her head, then nodded. “I don’t actually find the car familiar, but the license plate rings a bell.”

“The license plate?” Toby narrowed his eyes and looked back at the footage, focusing on the license plate on Tina’s car.

The footage was clear and in technicolor, and Toby had no trouble reading the license plate at all. It featured a number thirteen, which seemed appropriate, given how Tina was the very definition of bad luck itself.

“This morning, Charles and I were driving over to Paradigm Co. when we noticed a car tailgating us. It was the same car, and I know this because the license plate was particular enough to catch my eye. But just as Charles and I were about to call the police, the car drove away. We figured it was only a coincidence that it was on the same route as us, but to be on the safe side, I had Daphne look into the owner of the license plate after I arrived at Paradigm Co.”

“So, who was the owner?” Toby urged, his face stormy.

Sonia chewed on her lower lip. “Well, the data showed that the owner of the license plate was just a normal civilian, so I let my guard down. But I didn’t think that Tina would turn out to be the owner!”

When Tina had tried to run her and Toby down earlier, Sonia had been so caught up with avoiding the collision that she didn’t even pay attention to the license plate. That would explain why, in the heat of things, she hadn’t noticed that Tina’s car was the same one that had tailgated her that morning.

“No, that can’t be. If Tina was the owner all along, then your secretary couldn’t possibly have said that the license plate belonged to a civilian,” Tom countered doubtfully. “Could it be that your secretary is an accomplice of hers, Miss Reed?”

“That’s impossible,” Sonia said defensively. “Daphne could never work for someone like Tina.”

Toby interjected coolly, "The problem likely lies in the license plate itself. Tom, look into the license plate and see if it belongs to Tina or the civilian Sonia mentioned."

Tom nodded gravely. "Right away, sir!"

While Tom took out his phone to make a call, Sonia and Toby watched the rest of the footage. There was nothing particularly exciting after Tina was spotted pulling up by the curb because she never got down from the car, and the street saw its usual stream of pedestrians and passing vehicles.

It wasn't until two hours later, when Toby and Sonia showed up on the other side of the street, that Tina's car started to move.

After that, the scene of the almost-accident played before their very eyes. Tina had attempted to crash her car into them, and they tried to dodge her.

Having finished the footage, Toby laced his fingers together and placed his hands on top of his knees, then lowered his gaze in thought.

Sonia, on the other hand, merely drew in a breath without saying anything.

Just like that, a tense silence descended upon the office.

A few minutes later, Tom hung up the phone and returned to stand before the two others, after which he reported dutifully, "President Fuller, we've looked into it, and the data shows that the license plate belongs to a normal civilian, just as Miss Reed's secretary had found."

"Which means Tina was using a forged license plate," Toby said with a wintry smile.

Tom nodded. "Apparently so. She must have had it made at the last minute; otherwise, she would be pulled over for driving a vehicle without a license plate, and that would hinder her plans of following Miss Reed."

“That’s enough for now.” Toby nodded solemnly. “Now, look into the Gray Family and the Stone Family. I want to know if they were helping Tina in the shadows.”

Up until now, the news of Tina being alive had yet to be made public, though the police would have already informed the Gray Family about it. They had to, seeing as the Gray Family had previously been grieving after Tina reportedly took her own life by jumping off a building.

It would make sense then if the Gray Family, having stopped mourning over Tina’s non-existent death, was secretly helping her plot revenge.