

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 656**

Gifts? Toby was stunned at first, then broke into a light chuckle as he asked through a voice note, “Why, are you thinking about getting me a present?”

“Your birthday’s just around the corner,” Sonia replied with a voice note of her own, nodding on the other end of the phone.

It was only upon hearing her question that he remembered his birthday was fast approaching. It was no wonder then that she asked him so abruptly about what he would like for a gift. A warm smile graced his lips as he replied, “Anything you get for me will be fine.”

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He didn’t expect her to remember his birthday, let alone offer to buy him a gift for the occasion of her own accord. The thought of this cheered him up to no end, and the smile on his face widened into a grin.

The other Fuller Group employees who hung around the parking lot couldn’t help but be shocked at the sight of Toby’s kilowatt smile.

Everyone thought of him as a walking iceberg, and there were even senior members of the staff who claimed to never have seen Toby smile. In fact, his impassive demeanor seemed so consistent and unwavering that the senior staff thought he had a terminal condition that made him unable to smile.

However, they were now bearing witness to the extremely rare moment where Toby was smiling—no, grinning—and it was safe to say that they were all shocked.

That being said, Toby’s face certainly lit up handsomely when he smiled. At that moment, it was as if his features had shed their usual indifference and took on a warmer edge instead. He must be in love, the

employees who watched him thought in unison. They had seen the news from a couple of days ago, and they would wager that their guess was correct.

Meanwhile, Sonia was oblivious to what was happening on Toby's end. She brought her glass to her lips and took a sip of water, then said into her phone through yet another voice note, "Well, that's not a good enough answer. You have to tell me what you really want, or I won't be able to get you a gift at all. And for the record, you're not allowed to tell me to forget about the gift because then I'll be very unhappy."

Ever since their relationship became official, Toby had always been the one to give, but she never got the chance to return such favors. Now that his birthday was rolling around, she thought it would be the perfect excuse to get him a present.

Presently, Toby blinked as he listened to her voice note. I have to tell her what I really want? In actuality, he had no idea what he really wanted, either, because he already had everything, and he really did not plan on letting her buy him a present.

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But he certainly didn't expect her to have the foresight to warn him off, claiming that she would be very unhappy with him if he were to refuse her offer of a gift.

Guess I have no choice in the matter. At the thought of this, he shook his head with good-natured exasperation, then chuckled as he said, "Let me think about it, and I'll get back to you on this."

When Sonia heard his answer, she nodded and replied through text, 'Okay.' When her message got through, she stared at the chat bubble in thought. Standing on its own, her reply seemed a little cold and distant. She quickly followed up with, 'I shall await your reply with bated breath!' Then, she attached a sticker of a ginger cat making heart hands—or rather, heart paws.

She blushed furiously at the sight of the sticker. This was the first time she had ever sent him such a bold and outwardly-affectionate sticker. She couldn't help being a little embarrassed and anxious about it.

On the other end of the conversation, Toby's eyes widened when he saw the sticker, and he was clearly surprised by it.

He composed himself just as quickly and let out a small laugh, thereafter saving the sticker and made to reply with one of his own. However, when he clicked into his own sticker collection, he fell silent, for he had no emojis or stickers other than the preset ones that came with the application.

As such, he found himself having to search through and download new stickers if he wanted to send one to Sonia. Thankfully, he could select the category of stickers he wanted in the application, and it didn't take him too long to find a whole bunch of stickers that more than adequately conveyed his affections for Sonia.

He scrolled through the catalog and finally settled on the one he thought was most adorable. Saving it into his collection, he promptly sent it to Sonia.

Sonia, on the other hand, had assumed that there would be no reply on his end after several minutes of inactivity. As of now, she had already set her phone aside and was drinking water from her glass.

She had only just taken a sip when her phone vibrated, and after seeing the incoming message, she placed her glass down and grabbed her phone.

Upon taking a glance, she sputtered, causing water to spray all over her screen before she doubled over in laughter. My goodness, I can't believe he actually sent me a sticker like that! It's so adorable that it's entirely at odds with his usual demeanor!

She tried to picture Toby choosing and sending the sticker, and it amused her so much that she couldn't stop laughing. With his appearance and carriage, she would associate him with a user of the conventional array of emojis, like the ones that came with the application. The sticker he used is more popular among girls, given how cute it is, and I can't believe he actually sent it to me! While Sonia found this comical, she also thought it was an endearing gesture on his part.

Having laughed so much that her stomach cramped, Sonia drew in a deep breath to calm herself. She wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes, then pulled out a piece of tissue to wipe dry her phone screen.

She wiped off the droplets, but as soon as she did, the sticker he sent looked even clearer than it had earlier. This time, she sputtered and burst into uncontrollable laughter.

She was certain that he couldn't possibly be a collector of stickers, and aside from the default emojis, there was nothing else on his phone that could be as humorous as this sticker. As such, she came to the natural conclusion that he had, in his few minutes of inactivity, been searching for stickers and decided on this one.

Then, she thought about how serious he must have looked while hunting for stickers with which he could reply to her, and she felt a surge of warmth course through her, alongside renewed amusement.

After all, it was no easy feat for a man to be quite so serious about these things. Normally, they would go for the preset emojis in the application, which only made Toby's gesture all the more glorified.

"Must have been quite the challenge for you," Sonia mumbled affectionately, smiling as she shook her head and clicked on the sticker he sent, thereafter saving it.

Over at Fuller Group, Toby had only just stepped out of the elevator when he saw a couple of male assistants and secretaries huddling in the hallway.

The one standing in the center of the group was holding his scarf with a proud grin on his face, boasting, "I can't expect the lot of you pathetic single men to understand the meaning behind this! So what if the scarf is pink? It's a gorgeous shade that my wife picked out for me. I bet you're all just jealous!"

His gloating was met with rounds of scoffing and jesting as his peers rolled their eyes at him.

While this was happening, Toby stood in front of the elevator and narrowed his eyes inquisitively. His wife gave it to him? What could she have possibly given him to make him so happy? When he saw the small group of men getting rowdy, he pursed his lips and demanded icily, "What's going on here?"

When the secretaries and assistants heard his frigid voice, they broke apart immediately and fell in line, as though in a military encampment. They stared at Toby warily and greeted, "President Fuller."

Darn it, when did President Fuller show up? And what timing! He caught us while we're slacking off work. They all felt an impending sense of doom as they prepared themselves to either be fired or demoted.

Toby walked up to them with a somber expression, assessing them with his freezing gaze. The assistants and secretaries felt chills running up their spines, and they girded their loins as they waited for him to say something.

After a long, suffocating pause, Toby parted his lips and asked crisply, "You're all just going to stand around here gossiping while work is piling up in your offices? Last I checked, lunchtime is over."

"Sorry, President Fuller. We won't do this again," the men said shakily, bowing their heads apologetically.

Toby scoffed. "Your bonus will be docked this month. Now get back to work."

"Yes, right away," they responded hastily, all heaving quiet sighs of relief. As far as they were concerned, it was a miracle at all that they were only going to have their bonuses docked instead of getting demoted or fired on the spot.

With that in mind, they quickly spun on their heels and darted back into their offices.

As for the man with the scarf who had been a target of friendly jesting earlier, he was just about to go into his own office when Toby said, "You. Stop right there."

The secretary felt all the color drain from his face, and he grew extremely anxious. Oh, no. Oh, crap. Is he going to punish me? It was no surprise that he would feel this way, seeing as he was the reason why the other male secretaries and assistants had slacked off in the first place. He had a terrifying inkling that Toby might punish him and make an example out of this.

When the other secretaries and assistants saw their peer getting called on by Toby, they shared the same premonition. Alas, all they could do was pray for the poor man, but they had no intention of staying to save him from misfortune.