

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 221

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Everyone shifted their gazes toward Tina, and she turned into the center of attention. Her first instinct was to hide behind Toby, but Toby forcefully pressed his hand against her shoulder in order to stop her from shrinking away. "Tina, you need to learn how to own up to the mistakes that you've made!"

Tina widened her eyes and glared at him with a look of disbelief on her face. She seemed to be blaming him for forcing her to admit her faults instead of offering help to her. A hateful look flashed in her eyes as she bit her lower lip. Although the look in her eyes only lasted for a split second, Toby froze as he caught her glaring at him. Does Tina hate me just because I didn't stand on her side?

"It seems like you know about it, President Fuller. I don't think I have to beat around the bush anymore then." Brenda took a sip of red wine before she continued, "I was on the second floor earlier, and I saw Miss Gray knocking against Miss Reed's arm with my very own eyes. Miss Reed didn't do anything at all—Miss Gray collapsed onto the ground on her own."

"In other words, Tina faked her own fall and went on to frame our baby for it, huh?" Charles started getting excited as he spoke.

Brenda nodded. "That's right." Both Zane and Carl heaved a sigh of relief once they heard Brenda's words. They were glad that she was on their side. Even Toby relaxed his firmly knitted eyebrows as he watched Sonia giving Brenda a sincere bow. "Thank you for speaking up for me."

"I'm not doing it entirely for you. I just don't like watching others pulling such nasty tricks on my turf," Brenda said with a smile. Tina's face turned beet red once she heard Brenda's words.

Even Titus's expression had turned sour, but he continued to grit his teeth and stuck to his guns. "That's not what the girl from the Stone Family saw. She saw Sonia pushing Tina with her own eyes!"

“Oh? Are you sure you saw it happen?” Brenda’s casual smile remained on her face as she turned toward Cynthia.

“I... I...” Cynthia appeared rather flustered. She hadn’t expected Brenda to be on the second floor. After glancing at Brenda, Cynthia turned back to look at Tina and Titus.

Tina gave Cynthia an encouraging nod. “Say it, Cynthia. Tell them that you saw it.”

“That’s right, Cynthia. Say it. You should just be honest since you saw it with your own eyes,” Titus added to show his support.

“I...” Cynthia stuttered for a moment. She felt especially pressured as she was surrounded by a bunch of individuals who were of greater status than she was. She finally broke into tears when she couldn’t handle it any longer. “I... I didn’t see it with my own eyes.”

“What?” Titus’s face fell. “You didn’t?”

Once more, a flash of hatred flickered in Tina’s eyes. F*ck! I can’t believe Cynthia betrayed me! Cynthia no longer had the guts to look at Titus and Tina, so she hung her head low as she spoke in an anxious tone. “I was angry at Sonia, so I wasn’t paying any attention to Tina. I only saw that she fell after I heard her screaming, but I didn’t see how she fell at all.”

“You—” Titus’s hands were trembling with fury. “Why did you say that you saw something, then?”

“Well, Tina’s my friend, so...” Cynthia muttered.

“So, you claimed that you saw something,” Sonia sneered. “It seems like you are Tina’s true friend, but I’m afraid Tina has never treated you like one,” she continued.

“What?” Cynthia shifted her gaze to Sonia. Even Toby quietly turned to look at Sonia after he heard what she had said.

The moment Tina sensed that something wasn’t right, she hastily concealed all the rage and hatred that she felt to put on a

dejected expression as she looked at Cynthia. Cynthia instantly forgot everything that Zane had said—she was overwhelmed by the guilt she felt for betraying her good friend. “I’m sorry, Tina. I...”

Tina turned away to avoid Cynthia’s gaze, and Cynthia looked at the floor in disappointment. Brenda merely shook her head as she watched this happen.

Meanwhile, Titus wasn’t prepared to give up on the matter. “Well, Cynthia might not have seen anything, but what about everyone else?” He glanced at the rest of the guests. “They claimed that they saw something as well.”

“What a stubborn mule,” Charles couldn’t stop himself from mumbling under his breath. Titus was close to losing his temper the moment he heard Charles’s words, but he controlled his anger the moment he thought about the fist earlier.

One of the guests got to his feet awkwardly. “Well, President Gray, we didn’t actually see anything. We just said that we saw something because we didn’t want to offend President Fuller in any way.”

“Pfft!” Charles and Zane burst into fits of laughter the moment they heard the guest’s words. Sonia and the more introverted Carl both tugged their lips upward as scornful looks formed on their faces. Toby was the only person whose expression had turned eerily grim. “So, you guys twisted the truth just because you all were afraid of offending me?”

“Miss Tina is your fiancée, after all,” the same guest replied meekly. Toby wanted to argue against that, but he didn’t know where to start. If Sonia has to be wrongfully blamed just because Tina is my fiancée, will the rest of these people stand up for the Gray Family whenever the Gray Family uses my name to do something in the future? Will the Grays receive support just because they are my in-laws? Toby realized he had been too lenient with the Gray Family at that moment. This isn’t going to work out!

“You... you guys...” Titus hadn’t expected the rest of the guests to lie about what they saw with Tina and Sonia just for the sake of pleasing Toby. In his bout of fury, Titus felt his vision turning dark

as he nearly fainted. His insides were filled with hatred for the guests, Cynthia, and even Tina, who had rebelled against him. He had the desire to defend himself, but he didn't have the ability to gain control over the whole crowd. He had huge plans but lacked capabilities!

"What else would you like to say, Mr. Gray? If you wish to go on, I can always pull out the surveillance tapes." Brenda gave Titus a smile. Titus clenched his fists as he felt his throat turning dry. "There's no need for that, Brenda. It's entirely our fault—we had misunderstood Miss Reed. Hurry and apologize, Tina," he uttered.

As much as Tina didn't want to do so, she had already embarrassed herself enough that day. Everyone was shooting judgmental gazes toward her—she'd only make herself look worse if she refused to provide an apology. She therefore had no choice but to apologize to Sonia, and she did so in a reluctant tone.

Sonia grinned. "I think you owe Miss Brenda an apology, Miss Gray. You didn't just disrupt the whole event by attempting to frame me; you also showed up in the wrong outfit."

The wrong outfit? Everyone turned to look at Tina's dress immediately. Those who were a little smarter snickered as they quickly realized what Sonia meant. Some of the other guests wore looks of confusion on their faces as they couldn't understand what was going on—Charles and Zane were among this group.

Carl, on the other hand, belonged to the smarter group that understood what was going on. Toby was part of that group as well, and he pressed his thin lips together before he spoke. "Who was the one who arranged for you to wear this, Tina?"

"What's wrong with my outfit?" Tina clearly didn't comprehend the situation.

Sonia smiled. "There's nothing wrong with your dress, though I can't say the same for the fur shawl on your shoulder and the purse in your hands."

"That's right." Brenda's expression dimmed. "This is the second reason I'm chasing you out of here. Our theme for today's event is the protection of wildlife—all my other guests are dressed appropriately, but you showed up with a fur shawl over your

shoulders and a purse made with alligator skin in your hands. Are you trying to embarrass us?"

Titus gasped the moment he heard Brenda's words. "Hurry up and tell me who was the one who arranged this outfit for you!" he shouted at Tina angrily. Titus hadn't noticed anything earlier, but now, he realized that his rebellious daughter had shown up in an outfit that went against the whole theme of the event. He was fuming.

"I didn't have a stylist, so I styled myself... No. It was her! Sonia's the one who's trying to make me look bad!" Tina seemed to recall something at the very last moment and pointed at Sonia.

Everyone's eyes fell on Sonia once more. "Stop talking nonsense, Tina." Toby frowned.

"I'm not talking nonsense! She was really the one who told me to wear this!" Tina stomped her foot in anger.

Titus found a reason to attack Sonia once more. "Hah. So you were the one!"

Charles and the rest were just about to speak up when Sonia stopped them from doing so.

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"Are you saying that it's my fault?" Sonia sniggered. "Why don't you explain how I made you dress up in this, then? Could I have gone over to your place just to force you into your dress?"

"You weren't at my house. You were at the clothing store!" Tina clenched her fists as she spoke.

The smile on Sonia's face grew wider. "Oh? Are you talking about the store where you got this outfit? I don't remember making you dress up this way at the store."

"You and Rebecca were the ones who said that this dress went well with the fur shawl and this purse. That was why I—" Before Tina could finish speaking, Sonia clutched her stomach and burst into laughter. "Pfft!" Charles, Zane, and Carl laughed along with her. Even Brenda shook her head with a mocking grin on her face.

Toby, Titus, and Cynthia were the only ones who didn't have smiles on their faces. Weariness spread across Toby's face as he massaged the space between his brows. Cynthia held her head low the whole time, and Titus looked as if he was ready to disappear into a hole in the ground. How could I have a daughter as idiotic as her?! he thought.

"What are you guys laughing about?!" Tina dug her nails into her palms as she glared fiercely and Sonia and the rest.

Charles had to massage his cheeks as they were sore from laughing. "It's nothing. We're just laughing because we haven't met someone as dumb as you. You picked this outfit just because my darling said that those pieces went well together. Are you brainless or something?" he asked.

"We wouldn't get to see her in this outfit if she had a brain, right?" Carl's voice was gentle, but his gaze was icy-cold.

"You guys... You..." Tina's entire body was trembling madly. Toby placed a hand over her shoulder and tightened his grip around her. "That's enough, Tina. Stop causing trouble."

"Toby... They've gone overboard with their words, and you still think that I'm the one causing trouble. Why aren't you on my side at all?" Tina widened her eyes as she looked at him resentfully. Titus wasn't pleased with Toby's actions either.

Toby pressed his lips together and was about to say something when Sonia spoke up. Checking her nails, she said, "Look, Miss Gray, I did tell Rebecca about how the dress, the fur shawl, and the purse made from alligator skin looked good together while we were at the store. However, I never suggested you wear it. We're enemies—why would I give you any suggestions? I hadn't

expected you to eavesdrop on our conversation, and I hadn't expected you to wear the same exact outfit to this event."

"Stop talking nonsense. You and Rebecca were speaking so loudly that day—it's obvious that you were trying to get me to overhear your conversation. What do you mean when you say that I was eavesdropping? You guys were clearly setting up a trap for me to walk into it!" Tina cried at the top of her lungs.

Zane rolled his eyes. "Do you have any proof? If you don't, then you should shut up. You're the one who was dumb enough to go along with what others said, and you dug your own grave in the end."

"You—" Tina started.

"That's enough!" Brenda frowned as she interrupted Tina. "This is my turf—you can go back to the Gray Residence if you want to throw a tantrum. Alright. Please get Miss and Mr. Gray to leave my party now. They are not welcome here."

"Yes, ma'am." A few waiters who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere nodded as they gestured for Tina and Titus to head to the exit.

As much as Titus was fuming on the inside, he decided that he already had enough embarrassment for that day. He no longer wanted to stay at the party, so he forced a smile as he bid goodbye. "We'll stop bothering you now, Miss Brenda. Goodbye. Come on, Tina."

"Dad!" Tina wasn't quite done yet, but Titus grabbed her arm and tugged her away from Toby. After sending Toby a fierce glare, Titus forcefully dragged Tina out of the hall. They'd only embarrass themselves even more if they didn't leave then.

"Sh*t, they left just like that. They didn't even apologize to you, baby." Charles pouted.

Sonia smiled. "I don't need an apology from them. Anyway, they really embarrassed themselves today. I'm sure we'll get to see some hilarious stuff about them on the Internet tomorrow."

“That’s true.” Charles chuckled as he thought about their misfortune. Toby glanced at Charles and frowned a little, but he didn’t say anything in the end.

“You’re the daughter of the Stone Family, aren’t you?” Brenda turned her focus toward Cynthia all of a sudden.

Cynthia raised her head bashfully. “Y-Yes. Oliver Stone is my father.”

“You’re a pretty loyal friend, but you aren’t too smart, are you? Tina was using you as her weapon, and you didn’t even realize it,” Brenda commented flatly. Charles and Zane chuckled while blood rushed to Cynthia’s cheeks. A well-respected senior just called me dumb. I’d rather she stab me in the chest right now, Cynthia thought.

“Well, you should leave as well. I don’t recall inviting anyone from the Stone Family, so the girl from the Gray Family must have brought you over. In that case, you have no reason to stay since the Grays have left.” Brenda waved her hand as she gave out her orders.

Cynthia nodded hastily and grunted in agreement before she strode toward the exit with her gaze fixed on the ground. Everyone will know about Tina after today, and I’ll be involved as well. I’m sure half of the town will be laughing at me tomorrow.

“Let’s leave since everyone’s heading off.” Charles put his palms behind his head and rested on it as he spoke. Carl took a glance at Sonia’s dress. “Your dress has some wine stains on it. You should get changed.”

“I can’t leave just yet. I need to meet someone for a talk later,” Zane uttered as he let out a regretful sigh. Charles beamed happily when he heard this. “You can take your time. There’s no rush. You can have the talk until next year if you wish to.”

Charles patted Zane on the shoulder. I wish Zane would never show up beside my darling ever again. I can clearly tell that he’s interested in my darling. She only needs Carl and me by her side—Zane doesn’t have to be around. We don’t have enough of my darling’s attention to share it with him.

Zane chuckled and pushed Charles's hand away. After bidding goodbye to Brenda, Sonia, Toby, and the rest, Zane headed to the lounge where he was supposed to meet someone.

"It's late now, Miss Brenda. I guess we should make a move too. I'm sorry that we ruined your party tonight." Sonia gave Brenda a sincere apology along with a bow.

Brenda giggled. "To be honest, I was angry at first. However, after I saw how calm and composed you seemed the whole time, I realized how much I admired you. You should head off now. Drive safe."

"Alright." Sonia, Charles, and Carl left together after Sonia shook Brenda's hand. As Sonia walked past Toby, she didn't bother to glance at him at all—it was almost like he didn't exist in her world.

Toby felt a hollow sensation in his chest, and he subconsciously raised his hand up in an attempt to hold onto her and stop her from leaving. However, he didn't manage to touch her, and she eventually disappeared from his sight. Toby lowered his gaze and curled his fist up while lowering his hand.

Brenda happened to witness this scene, so she questioned him with a smile. "I've heard about you and Miss Reed's divorce in the past. People say that you left Miss Reed because you no longer had feelings for her. However, that doesn't seem to be the case, huh?"

Toby stuck his hand into his pocket as he parted his thin lips to reply to Brenda. "Stop kidding, Miss Brenda. There's no such thing. Tina's the only one I love." Me, having feelings for Sonia? How could that be possible? Toby pressed his lips together as he swallowed the hint of emotion that seemed to have been caught in his throat. He completely denied what Brenda had said about him.

She raised an eyebrow as she put on an amused smirk. "Is that so? I guess I was wrong, then. My apologies."

"No worries," he replied faintly. She took another sip of her wine. "Come to think of it, how did you and Miss Gray fall in love, President Fuller? Miss Gray was comatose for six years, and I'm sure you didn't know her before that, did you?"

"I knew Tina a long time ago," Toby said with a shake of his head. "It's been more than ten years now, but we started as penpals. I only officially met her six years ago."

"I see," Brenda said as she nodded thoughtfully. She smiled before she continued with her words. "I'm still really curious, President Fuller. How did you fall in love with Miss Gray?"

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Toby's lips twitched a little. He intended to say that he had fallen for Tina because of the lovely traits that he had seen through her letters to him. However, he couldn't seem to bring himself to utter the words even though they were at the tip of his tongue. Does Tina really have good traits? Her alter ego doesn't have it, obviously.

But it seems like I can't find any good traits even in her original person. All I can think of are the negative things like her pettiness and stinginess. The Tina I know today is nothing like the lively, kind, and perfect Tina I met through the letters.

I sometimes feel like I can no longer love her. However, I swore even before I met Tina in person that I would make sure she would be happy for the rest of her life. So, I will not give up on her even if I feel like I can't love her anymore. Unless... Tina wasn't the one who wrote to me at all. Could that be possible?

A self-deprecating look flashed across Toby's eyes for a brief moment, and he took a glass of red wine from the waiter's tray before he replied to Brenda, "I love her because I love her. There's no need for a reason."

"I apologize for being so blunt, but an outstanding man like you shouldn't fall for someone like Miss Gray. Furthermore, I'm sure you're able to see what sort of person she is, President Fuller." Brenda moved her wine glass in circles as she smiled at Toby.

Toby sucked his lips inward. "I do. But I've made a promise to Tina."

"You sure place a lot of weight on your promises, President Fuller. However, I still hope that you can leave Miss Gray as she's not a good fit for you. She doesn't match up to your standards, and she's nothing in comparison to your ex-wife. More importantly, she might end up causing even bigger troubles someday. I think you should really consider my words, President Fuller." Brenda left after finishing her sentence.

Brenda only bothered to speak up because of her gratitude toward Rose. When Brenda was younger and had been bullied by her grandmother, it was Rose who had stepped forth to help her. That was why Brenda wanted to return the favor by giving Toby some advice. However, whether or not Toby listened to her words was completely up to him.

Toby's gaze darkened as he watched Brenda walking off. He looked as if he was contemplating something. A while later, he finished his red wine and pulled his phone out to send Sonia a text. 'I'm sorry about tonight.'

Sonia was in the car, and she had been talking to Charles and Carl when her phone rang. She pulled it out and took a glance before frowning. Carl, who was driving, noticed the annoyance on her face through the rearview mirror. "Who is it, Sonia?"

"Toby," she replied.

Charles, who was sitting in the passenger's seat, turned around abruptly. "Why is he looking for you?"

"I don't know. He just sent me a text. Let me read it," Sonia said as she opened Toby's message. She sneered when she saw the short text from Toby. Upon seeing that, Charles snatched her phone over curiously, but he merely rolled his eyes after he saw the text. "He's apologizing on behalf of Tina again, isn't he? He has been apologizing for her so frequently in the past few months. I'm sick of it even if he isn't! Let me reply to this for you, darling." Charles began to type as he spoke. "If you truly feel like you've wronged me, then why don't you send Tina to jail? That would prove the sincerity of your apologies. Right now, you're saying sorry without

doing anything. I don't need an insincere apology like this. You should keep your useless apologies to yourself! Send!" Charles mumbled the text out as he typed.

"How is it, darling? It's not too bad, right?" Charles returned the phone to Sonia.

"Not bad at all," she replied in an encouraging tone. Charles looked positively happy when he heard that. Carl rolled his eyes at Charles before he hastily joined the conversation. "I can do the same thing, Sonia."

"I trust that you'd do a good job, but I'd rather you focus on driving now. Stop looking at other places! It's dangerous for you to do that." Sonia patted the back of the driver's seat.

Carl let out a timid "Okay". Charles shot him a boastful grin, but Carl couldn't be bothered to respond.

On the other end, Toby narrowed his eyes once he received Sonia's reply. He could immediately tell that it wasn't Sonia who had replied to his message. Ever since they had a divorce, Sonia was cold and distant toward him, so she'd only reply with a short text if he sent her anything. She would never bother typing such a long paragraph. So, was it Carl or Charles who had sent me this message? Where are they? How did one of these two guys use Sonia's phone to reply to me? Are they in their own houses, or are they in Sonia's house? Regardless of what the answers to his questions were, Toby felt an uneasy feeling in his chest. He was so frustrated that he felt like crushing his phone into pieces.

After pinching the bridge of his nose and suppressing the anger within him, he finally sent Sonia another text. 'Where's Sonia?'

Sonia raised a puzzled eyebrow the moment she received his text. I can't believe he could tell that I wasn't the one who sent that text. Well, so what if he could tell? Do I need to explain myself to him? Sonia sneered before she switched her cell phone off. She couldn't be bothered to read his texts anymore.

Meanwhile, Toby waited for a few minutes without getting any reply. He pressed his lips into a thin line when he finally understood that Sonia had no plans of replying to him. What is she

doing now? Why isn't she replying? Is she busy with Charles or Carl...

Thud! Toby's expression was livid as slammed the base of his wine glass against the table. All of a sudden, the neck of the wine glass shattered, and the glass shards sliced his palm open. A mixture of red wine and blood spilled all over the table.

A waiter who had been standing around hurried over to clean it up immediately. "Are you okay, President Fuller? I'll get you a doctor."

"It's fine." Toby got himself a tissue and pressed it against his wound without any expression on his face. It was almost as if he couldn't feel the pain at all. After cleaning his wound, he threw the tissue aside and pulled out a handkerchief from his chest pocket. He then wrapped it around his palm and tied a knot; he considered his wound treated after that. "I need to leave as I have some matters to deal with. Please help me pass the message to the hosts." With that, Toby stuck his hands into his pockets and strode out of the hall.

He couldn't picture what Sonia would do with Carl or Charles, and he felt the urge to resort to violence whenever he tried imagining them together. So, he had to go over to Sonia's just to take a look and check if she was up to something with Charles or Carl there. Toby sped over to Sonia's place.

When he was about to reach Bayside Residence, his phone rang. He knitted his brows in annoyance as he reached over to take his phone. "Hello?" He picked up the call without checking the caller ID.

"It's me, Toby." Titus's voice came from the other end of the line.

Toby steered the car with one hand while he held the phone with the other. "What is it, Titus?"

"I want you to come to visit Tina," Titus said with a long sigh.

"What's up with her?" Toby's tone sounded oddly calm. Even Titus froze when he heard this. What's going on? Shouldn't Toby be worried about Tina? Titus wondered. Why is he so calm?

However, Titus quickly decided that he was overthinking the situation. "It's about what occurred at the party, of course. Tina felt too embarrassed, so she locked herself in her room and has been crying since she got home. She refuses to come out even now. I'm worried that she might wear herself out from crying too much, so I had no choice but to give you a call to see if you can come over to comfort her a little. I was hoping you could apologize to her as well."

Toby frowned. "I understand if you want me to go over and comfort her, but why should I apologize to her? I don't think there's any reason for me to do that."

"What do you mean?!" Titus's expression turned stern. "Tina was mocked by Sonia and the rest of her gang at the party. As her fiancé, you failed to support your own partner. Don't you think you should apologize for that?"

A cold look formed on Toby's face once he heard Titus's words. Is this how all the members of the Gray Family think? They aren't admitting to their faults, and they even expect me to be on their side. How is it that I've never realized how... shameless these people are?!

"I think things were pretty clear tonight, Titus. It was obvious that Tina was trying to harm Sonia, and Tina was the one who put on the wrong outfit on her own. Since she made a mistake, she should learn to own up to it. As her fiancé, I can't just ignore her mistakes and protect her blindly. That wouldn't be love anymore. I'd just be causing more harm to her!" Toby growled.

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Titus nearly choked. He was aware of how problematic his words sounded, but he was the elder one in the conversation, so Toby shouldn't have blatantly called him out even though what he said was wrong. Does Toby still want to be with Tina or not?

Titus let out a displeased grunt. "Tina has made a ton of mistakes in the past, Toby. You've always been on her side even when she did other things to Sonia, and you were always the one to clean up

the mess for Tina. Don't you think it's a little too late to say that helping Tina is indirectly harming her now? That just means you've been harming her all along!"

Toby's pupils shrunk as he tightened his grip around his phone. He didn't respond immediately. Titus is right. Although everything that occurred to Sonia previously was the doing of Tina's alter ego, I had still minimized the alter ego's harm toward Sonia by comforting Tina's original personality when she cried. Now, Tina's alter ego is getting increasingly nasty, while Sonia is caught in a situation where she is the main target. I didn't just hurt Tina, but I've also brought harm upon Sonia.

"You're right, Titus. Perhaps I should change how soft-hearted I've been toward Tina. Otherwise—" Before Toby could finish his sentence, a blaring horn sounded in front of him. Immediately after that, a blinding pair of high beams struck against his windshield.

The white light disrupted his vision, and Toby couldn't see anything in front of him. He knitted his brows as his expression turned grim. Then, he hastily calmed himself down and threw his phone aside to wind his window down to check the roads through his rearview mirror. He wanted to rely on his rearview mirror to find a spot by the side of the road where he could stop his car.

However, before he could turn the steering wheel, the car that had been shining its high beams in Toby's direction crashed directly into his car. Bang! A loud crash sounded as Toby's car shook wildly. His entire figure was thrown forward, and his forehead was split open as he slammed against the wheel. Red liquid covered his face instantly, and he lost consciousness soon after that.

On the other end of the line, Titus threw his phone aside angrily. "I can't believe Toby ended my call! Does he even respect me at all?" His face was sour.

"All right, all right. Is there a need to be so angry?" Julia poured him a cup of tea.

Titus took the drink and finished it before slamming the cup onto the table. "I'm his future father-in-law, and he ended my call

without even a simple goodbye. How am I supposed to be okay with that?

Other sons-in-law usually stick up to their wives' fathers, and they'd be terrified to offend their in-laws in any way. But what about him? He always shows that attitude of his when he's with us; he barely smiles at all! Have you ever seen a son-in-law like him?!"

Julia stroked Titus's chest to calm him down. "Toby has a relatively calm and distant personality. I'm sure you know that by now."

"His personality doesn't give him an excuse to be rude and end my call!" Titus brushed Julia's hand away and pulled his pants up as he sat down on the couch. "His attitude toward me makes me wonder if he truly loves Tina sometimes."

Tina was by the railings on the second floor, and she tightened her grip around the railing when she heard her father's words. A rather mysterious expression formed on her face. Meanwhile, Julia continued the conversation downstairs. "Pfft! What are you saying?"

Of course, Toby loves her. He said that he fell in love with her a long time ago. If it hadn't been for the Reeds that had barged in six years ago, Toby and Tina's marriage would've already happened a long time ago. Anyway, did Toby say that he's coming over?"

"He didn't say anything. I guess he isn't." Titus massaged the space between his brows.

Upstairs, Tina sank her teeth into her bottom lip.

What she had been the most worried about was finally happening. Toby didn't even offer to come and see me after he heard that I was crying. It's clear that he's starting to realize how I don't matter that much to him. If this goes on, he's going to end things with me before he even realizes that the one that he's in love with is Sonia. No. I have to do something about this.

Tina balled her fists in determination as she walked away from the railings and headed back to her own room.

At the other side of town, Sonia, Carl, and Charles had just finished their meal and had just arrived at Sonia's house when they heard sirens wailing and saw an ambulance rushing past them. When they looked at where the ambulance came from, they saw that there were a few police cars stopped by the side of the road. There was yellow tape surrounding the area, and there was a crowd forming around the space behind the yellow tape.

"What's going on?" Sonia mumbled as she lowered the window to look at the crowd.

"I think there was an accident," Carl replied. He looked away and handed Sonia's handbag to her after that. "It's late, Sonia. You should get some rest."

"Yeah, baby. Hurry up and go home," Charles said from the passenger's seat.

Sonia nodded. "I'll head up now." She then got out of the car and waved at both the men before she headed toward her condominium's entrance. Both Charles and Carl waited for her to get into the building before they drove off.

The next day, Sonia was awakened by Charles's call. Without opening her eyes, she stuck her arm out of her sheets to reach for her phone on the bedside table. Her muscle memory allowed her to pick the call up and place the phone against her ear. "Hello?" she answered in a raspy and lazy tone.

"I have good news, baby!" Charles's shrill voice rang beside her ear. The sharp sound hurt her eardrums, which immediately woke her up. She opened her eyes to sit up on her bed. While ruffling her messy hair, she responded in a cranky voice. "What good news is it? Why are you shouting?"

"Toby got into an accident," Charles replied in an excited tone.

She widened her eyes. "What did you just say? He got into an accident?"

"That's right. It was the accident we saw near your place last night." He nodded.

She crinkled her nose. "Hold on. I'm a little confused. Are you saying that the accident we witnessed last night was Toby's car?"

"That's right," he replied.

"Why would he get into an accident near my area?" Sonia was confused. Was Toby about to come over and see me last night?

"I don't know, but the news of his accident is all over the Internet, and there are tons of reporters waiting outside the hospital right now. They're trying to get more information on his injuries.

More importantly, the Fuller Group's stocks are fluctuating like crazy right now. What a joy!" Charles was dressed in a fancy shirt on the other end of the line, and he was smacking his own thighs excitedly.

Sonia rubbed her temples. She was about to say something when her doorbell rang. "I'll speak to you later, Charles. Someone's outside my house," she uttered in place of her initial reply.

"Who is it?" Charles immediately turned alert. It's so early in the morning. Who could possibly visit Sonia apart from Zane or Carl?

"I don't know either. I'll go take a look. All right, goodbye." Sonia ended the call and threw her sheets aside to put on her slippers and open the door.

The moment she pulled the door open, she felt a firm slap across her face. Sonia was completely dazed by the sudden attack, and she pressed a palm against her own face as she stared at the person in front of her door. It was Jean, with a hideous expression on her face.

The single slap hadn't been enough for Jean, and she raised her hand to prepare for a second slap. Sonia hastily came to her senses and grabbed Jean's arm before returning an attack by slapping the other woman.

Smack! The loud slap sent Jean onto the ground. Sonia had clearly used all her strength in her slap. Jean was stunned as she couldn't

believe that she had been hit. It took her a while to return to her senses. Then, she clambered to her feet as she gritted her teeth and shouted, "Sonia, you b*tch! How dare you hit me?! I'm going to teach you a lesson!"

With her arms spread out, Jean charged toward Sonia's face. Sonia was already prepared for an attack, so she pulled out a feather duster that was on top of her shoe rack, which she sent directly toward Jean's face.

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Jean was no match against Sonia, who had a weapon in her hands. The visitor was soon wailing and crying as she tried her best to dodge Sonia's attacks. Sonia didn't show any sympathy for Jean's cries. Instead, she began to smack Jean even harder than before. It seemed as if Sonia wanted to release all of the resentment that she felt from the suffering that Jean had caused her in the past six years.

Sonia wore a cold smirk on her face as she struck Jean. "What's the big deal about me hitting you? Are there any rules that say that I can't do that? Do you think you're still my mother-in-law? You're nothing to me right now. You're just a crazy woman that I'd like to beat up."

"You... You..." Jean was shaking with anger. The moment she stayed still, Sonia struck Jean with her feather duster again, and Jean jumped behind because of the pain she felt.

In the end, Jean was too frightened to continue the fight; she simply cried and begged for Sonia to stop. Sonia was rather exhausted from the beating too, but she felt relatively satisfied when she saw how much of a mess Jean was in. Sonia knew her limits—she knew that she couldn't hit Jean for much longer. Thus, Sonia stopped in the end before she leaned against the shoe rack to catch her breath.

Jean was shocked. I didn't know that Sonia is such an aggressive person. She even dares to hit me now! Jean was starting to regret her decision to confront Sonia. At that moment, the elevator doors opened with a 'ding'. Tyler walked out, and his eyes lit up when he saw Sonia and Jean standing at the front door. "Sonia! Mom!" he called excitedly. Sonia glanced at him indifferently; she couldn't even be bothered to greet him.

On the other hand, Jean was extremely displeased by his actions. He's my son, and he chose to greet Sonia before greeting me. I can't believe he greeted that b*tch first! I'm so annoyed.

"Mom, didn't I tell you not to come over? You—" Tyler was halfway through his sentence when he finally realized that there was something odd about Jean. "What happened to your face, Mom? Why is it swollen?" he asked in surprise.

Jean's expression was twisted with anger as she answered his question. "She hit me, of course. She didn't just hit my face; she even used a feather duster against me. Look at all the injuries on me!" She rolled her sleeves up to show the marks on her arms. The red streaks were a shocking sight to the eyes.

A look of disbelief appeared on Tyler's face as he turned to glare at the woman who was resting her body against the shoe rack. "Did you really... hit my mother?" he asked with his eyes widened.

"What do you mean by 'really hit' me? She hit me! That's the only answer you need!" Jean spoke up in a displeased tone before Sonia could reply at all.

Meanwhile, Tyler ignored Jean's voice as he continued to fix his eyes on Sonia. "Why did you hit my mom, Sonia?"

Sonia played with her nails for a while before she responded in an icy tone. "Why? Is there a rule that says that I'm not allowed to fight back when your mother hits me?"

"Fight back?" Tyler was stunned for a moment, but he quickly turned to Jean. "Were you the one to start the fight, Mom?"

A hint of uneasiness flashed across Jean's eyes before she retorted loudly, "So what if I was the one who started hitting her first? She was the one who turned your brother this way. How could I not hit her? Furthermore, I only slapped her once, but she returned the slap and hit me—more than ten times—with the feather duster. This isn't over. I need to make a police report to sue her for assault and battery." She pointed straight at Sonia's nose.

Upon hearing this, Tyler got rather anxious. "Hurry up and apologize to my mother, Sonia." He didn't want Sonia to get into jail.

Sonia stared at Tyler with question marks floating all over her head. "Have you lost it? Why should I apologize to your mother?"

"I'm just worried that my mother might sue you if you don't say sorry now. If that happens, then you'd have to..." Tyler's voice faded off while he stomped his foot against the ground.

"Oh. So you're worried about me. Is that it?" Sonia raised an eyebrow as she teased the younger boy.

Blood rushed up into Tyler's cheeks as he hastily looked away. "I... I'm not worried about you. Just apologize to my mother before she calls the police."

Sonia crossed her arms in front of her as she let out a scoff. "Do you think your mother would let me go so easily if I just give her an apology?"

Jean scoffed haughtily when she heard Sonia's words. "At least you know me well!" Tyler was dazed for a while before he realized how innocent his thought process had been. That's true. Mom despises Sonia; she'd never let Sonia go just because Sonia apologized to her. What should we do now? Tyler clenched his fists as he couldn't seem to do anything apart from being anxious.

Although he was a tall and broad-shouldered boy, he was still a teenager who hadn't had the chance to be exposed to society. He felt himself panicking the moment he encountered a major issue like this; he didn't know what to do in such a situation.

Sonia found this rather amusing. This young boy is pretty adorable. It's hard for me to believe that a cheap and uncultured woman like Jean could give birth to a child like Tyler. "Alright. I don't think it's going to be possible for you to get the police to arrest me right now." Sonia covered her mouth as she let out a yawn.

Tyler's eyes lit up as he stared at her immediately. Does Sonia have a solution already?

Meanwhile, Jean stuck her lower lip out in annoyance. "Do you think it's not possible just because you say so? Do you think you're going to stop me from doing this?"

"I'm not going to stop you from anything. In fact, you're free to make a police report any time you wish to. However, I'm afraid that the one they might arrest is you," Sonia replied with a smile.

For some reason, Jean felt uneasy when she saw the smile on Sonia's face. "W-What do you mean by that?"

"It's simple. Firstly, you came over to my place and made the first move of attacking me. I can totally sue you for trespassing private property and assaulting me. In that case, my hits would all fall under the name of self-defense. The chances are that I'll be able to walk out free of any charges against me, whereas you will have to be detained." Sonia spread her arms open as she explained the situation.

Jean felt her heart pounding when she heard Sonia's words. This time, Jean's voice was no longer as firm as before; she sounded more flustered. "S-Stop trying to fool me. How is that possible?"

"Why don't you give it a try then?" Sonia gestured for Jean to go ahead with her plan.

Upon seeing that, Tyler hastily grabbed Jean's arm. "Don't do it, Mom. If it's true, then..." My mom will be the one who gets arrested if what Sonia said is true. I don't want Sonia arrested, but I don't want my mom to be arrested as well. I think it's best if this matter is settled right now.

Deep down, Jean was afraid of the consequences. However, she refused to comply so easily as she didn't want to embarrass herself. After thinking for a moment, she let out a cold scoff.

“Who do you think you are? Why should I give it a try just because you tell me to?”

Sonia understood that Jean was looking for ways to save herself from embarrassment, so she rolled her eyes before replying to the older woman. “It’s up to you. However, I’d like to know what actually brought you guys here.”

“How dare you ask this question!” Fury spread across Jean’s face again when she heard Sonia’s question. She glared at Sonia as if she were about to eat her up. “You’re the reason Toby got into an accident. You’re bad luck to us, you witch!” As she spoke, Jean began to raise her arms and aim for Sonia’s face.

Sonia narrowed her eyes as she lifted the feather duster in her hands once more. “Haven’t you had enough? Do you feel like getting another round of beating?” Her gaze was ice cold.

Jean shuddered slightly when she exchanged glances with Sonia. The woman could still feel the pain from the wounds on her body. She was forced to calm down, and she didn’t dare to make any rash actions again.

At the same time, Tyler had reached an arm out to stop Jean’s attack, but he pulled his hand back and glanced at Sonia in awe then. Sonia is way too good. My domineering, stubborn mother actually fell for Sonia’s words. This is just so shocking.

“It seems like you’ve calmed down.” Sonia lightly smacked the feather duster against her palm as she spoke. “Since that’s the case, then why don’t you explain what you just said? You said that I was the reason Toby got into an accident. Where is the proof? I can sue you for defamation if you don’t have the evidence.”

“Hmph. What proof do you need? Toby got into an accident here at the Bayside Residence, so you must have been the one who asked him out. You must have harmed him on purpose!” Jean pointed her finger at Sonia’s nose.

“Stop talking nonsense, Mom.” Tyler attempted to push his mother’s arm down, but she shoved him away and continued to point at Sonia. Sonia, on the other hand, raised her feather duster, and Jean instantly lowered her hand to hide it behind her back.

Sonia raised an eyebrow in amusement once she saw Jean's actions. It seems like Jean is really shocked by how I hit her earlier. She's practically conditioned to step back whenever she sees a feather duster.