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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 130

Toby averted his gaze when he met Sonia's clear and icy one, seemingly terrified that she might see through him. He looked elsewhere as he pointed out, "You shouldn't go horseback riding when you're this pale and sick!"

Upon hearing this, everyone turned to glance at Sonia's face.

Charles was the first to speak up. "He's right, darling. You really do look a bit pale. Are you still feeling the after-effects of carsickness?"

Sonia patted her own face self-consciously. "Am I really that pale?"

"Just a little bit," Rebecca replied.

Sonia gave a small laugh. "Well then, I should be fine enough to ride a horse."

Toby's brows furrowed when he heard this, and there was a disapproving look etched on his face. As it turned out, she had very little regard for her pregnancy. Surely taking care of the baby is more important than riding a horse!

Just as he was about to forcefully keep her from horseback riding, Charles interjected, suggesting, "Darling, perhaps you should go back and get some rest. You can always ride a horse the next time. We wouldn't want you to get another dizzy spell, would we?"

Toby nodded imperceptibly at this, pleased that Charles was being sensible this time instead of indulging Sonia's every whim like he usually did.

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However, Sonia was adamant as she grinned and said, “Come on, I’m perfectly fine! Besides, what’s the point of going back now that I’m already here? Relax, I won’t get my horse to break into a gallop—I’ll keep it on a gentle and steady trot instead.”

“Very well, then,” Charles agreed, having assessed that her suggestion was feasible enough. Then, he led her toward the stables where they could pick out their horses.

Meanwhile, Toby stared after them, and his face grew dark and somber.

For a moment there, he had been convinced that Charles was a sensible person, but the latter proved him wrong at the first chance he got. Seething, Toby thought, What does she see in a soft and fickle guy like him?

At the riding track in the distance, Tyler cupped his hands around his mouth as he called out to his brother, “Toby, come over here and let’s race!”

Toby gave his foolish brother an indifferent look before completely ignoring them, then got on his own horse to trot over to the other side of the tracks.

It didn’t take long for Sonia and Charles to pick out their horses.

Sonia was dressed in red jodhpurs, which juxtaposed beautifully with the gorgeous white mare she had picked out from the stables. It was hard for anyone not to take a picture of the visuals she presented.

At that moment, Zane came toward her on his horse and let out a low whistle. “Not bad. Who could have known that you’d look so beguiling in that outfit?”

Tyler, on the other hand, was not particularly good with words, so he complimented lamely, “You look good, Sonia.”

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That being said, simple compliments were often the most sincere, so even if Sonia had washed her hands off the Fuller Family, she still flashed Tyler a warm smile as she quipped, "You have good taste, kid."

Tyler visibly perked up at this. Sonia's finally speaking to me!

Not too far away, Toby was seated on his saddle as he watched the three of them engage in friendly conversation. He couldn't help the bitterness that surged through him, and he was seized with an impulse to drive both Zane and Tyler away from Sonia.

Just then, Charles rode out on the horse he had chosen and headed for a race with Zane, Tyler, and Rebecca.

Meanwhile, not wanting to get in the way of their race, Sonia led her horse toward the other side of the tracks.

She couldn't remember the last time she had ridden a horse, and she was getting rusty. She couldn't even manage to get up on the saddle the first time, having nearly toppled over by accident.

At the sight of this, Toby frowned and rode over. "Grab onto the saddle at the same time you mount your foot on the stirrup, then as you spring, remember to swing your right leg over the cantle."

Sonia turned to glare at him. "Are you actually telling me how to mount my horse?"

He did not deny this. "Try it for yourself."

She remained silent for a beat or two but did not refuse to follow his instructions.

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Seeing as she was here for horseback riding anyway, it would be great if she could get a free coaching session in the process. As such, she did not feel self-conscious at all.

She recalled what he had just told her and did as she was instructed.

Unfortunately, she did not mount the horse successfully. There was a slight mishap when she tried to flip her right leg over the cantle—her hamstring was tight, and her right leg hung awkwardly on the saddle. Worst of all, she could not retract her leg, either. Before she knew it, she lost her center of gravity and began to topple backward.

Toby's expression shifted when he saw this, and he dismounted his horse, thereafter reaching out his arm to catch the falling woman.

Sonia had thought that she might fall onto the field below, and she was gearing up for the impact. However, the pain she had been expecting did not come, and she could even detect the faint scent of peppermint around her.

She opened her eyes doubtfully, and only then did she realize that Toby was carrying her bridal-style.

Blood rushed to her face instantly. "L-Let me go right now!"

Toby lowered his head and registered the embarrassed look on her face. Amusement glittered in his eyes as he bent over to put her down on the ground, but he did not draw back his hand from where it rested in the curve of her waist. "Get a steady footing and I'll propel you up onto the horse."

"Huh?" She gaped at him with wide eyes. "You'll propel me up?"

He hummed stoically in response, then said, "Put your left foot on the stirrup."

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She did as she was told.

“Grab onto the saddle,” he continued, and again, she did not defy him.

He let go of her waist and lowered himself slightly, then cupped her rump with one hand while lifting her right leg up with the other, working to propel her onto the saddle.

She was flustered and embarrassed at his blatant gestures.

She turned her head to address the man behind her in a low voice, “H-Hey, do you mind taking your right hand off?”

Toby glanced at the right hand in question, which was placed firmly on her butt in his effort to support her mounting the horse. Struck by sudden comprehension, he raised a brow.

Truth be told, he had been engrossed with helping her mount the horse, and he paid no attention to how the position of his hand might be considered inappropriate.

But now that he had noticed it, he ought to let go, though admittedly, he did not want to give up on this intimacy.

Alas, he could not keep his hand on her backside without eliciting harsh admonishment, so he placed it on her thigh instead.

It was only after that that Sonia let out a breath of relief, and with his aid, she clambered over the saddle.

Behind the tracks, Tina had only just come out of the restroom not too far away and was looking for Toby when she caught this scene.

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Her eyes turned red with jealousy when she saw Toby and Sonia getting close to each other on the tracks. I knew that he can't help being drawn to Sonia whenever she shows up around him.

Then, she glanced down at the small vial in her hand, and a menacing smile twisted her features.

I didn't manage to kill Sonia and that mongrel she's carrying when I pushed her down the stairs last time. I'll be sure to kill her this time around!

With a cold scoff, Tina glared at Toby and Sonia once more before turning to head for the lounge. Along the way, she opened the vial in her hand and poured out a small and black cube-like object, then lobbed it across the tracks.

Having done this, she dusted off her hands and smirked, thereafter proceeded forward.

On the tracks, Sonia and Toby were both oblivious to the fact that Tina had seen them together.

With her efforts and Toby's guidance, Sonia finally managed to get onto the saddle.

"Whew! That was tiring work!" She gripped the reins and let out a huge breath.

When Toby heard this, he wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. Tiring work, indeed, he thought dryly.

"Thanks a lot, President Fuller," Sonia said cheerily as she flashed him a smile—one that was not of mockery or disdain. This was a sincere smile that showed her utmost gratitude.

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For a moment, Toby fell into a daze.

He hadn't seen her smile like this for what felt like a long time, not even after their divorce. He didn't think he would get to see it again.

His heart skipped a beat as he gulped convulsively, then he lowered his gaze and replied hoarsely, "It's nothing."

She stared ahead at the field and did not notice anything strange about him. "Well then, President Fuller, I shall go horseback riding now."

He hummed in response and nodded once.

Within seconds, her heels dug into her horse's sides, and the mare began to pick up into a slow trot.

Upon seeing that Sonia was riding the horse at a slow pace and that she was not jostling too vigorously on the saddle, Toby felt his worries dissipate.

Nothing would happen at the pace she's going. With that reassurance in mind, he mounted his horse as well and rode back to the lounge.

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