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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 203

Before Zane could speak up for himself, Douglas barreled toward Sonia and wrapped his arms around her waist, thereafter whining, "Aunt Sonia, Uncle Zane was pinching me!"

Sonia's eyes narrowed into dangerous slits as she surveyed Zane reproachfully.

Zane was quick to raise his hands, as though the gesture was symbolic of his innocence. "No, I did not! Why would I pinch the little guy? I was only teasing him."

"Teasing him, you say? So, why are his cheeks all red?" Her heart twisted as she soothingly caressed Douglas' face, which was pink from the pinches. Then, she accusingly addressed Zane, "You're just like Toby."

At the mention of Toby, the playful glimmer in Zane's eyes dimmed. "Toby?! What did he do?"

She rolled her eyes in exasperation and explained witheringly, "He practically kneaded Douglas' cheeks until they were red last night. It's always brute force when it comes to you men."

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His brows furrowed. “He kneaded Douglas’ face? Does that mean the both of you met Toby after I left last night?”

Sonia handed a spoon to Douglas and pulled up a chair at the table. “That’s right. Douglas was hungry, so I brought him out for food. We then ran into Toby at the restaurant. When Douglas needed to use the restroom, I was too embarrassed to bring him into the men’s room, so Toby brought him instead.”

“Oh, okay.” Zane nodded in understanding.

Meanwhile, Douglas was taking his oatmeal when he suddenly piped up, “Mr. Toby was hurt too.”

“Hurt?” Zane could not hide his shock as he looked over at Sonia. “How did that happen?”

She pinched the space between her brows in exhaustion as she began to narrate what had happened the night before.

After he heard the whole story, he rubbed his face and remarked, “There must have been some kind of jinx on you guys. I mean, the chances of stuff like this happening are practically slim-to-none otherwise!”

A rueful smile played on Sonia’s lips. “Believe me, I know.” She thought they had been rather unlucky as well.

“You’re fortunate to have escaped unscathed,” he pointed out with a lopsided smile, his eyes meeting hers.

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The corners of her lips slightly tipped up. "That's only because Toby shielded me and was hurt instead. I'm still thinking about how I should thank him for it." She didn't want to show up at his place to deliver her thanks in person. If she did, a certain lunatic named Tina might very well unleash chaos once more.

As though he read Sonia's mind, Zane took a bite of the pancake and casually responded, "That should be easy. It's not as if you were the one who forced him into saving you. Why don't you rustle up a get-well-soon hamper or something and have someone send it over to him?"

"A get-well-soon hamper?"

"Yeah." Zane nodded emphatically. "The man had injured his foot. I'd say that's a good excuse to send him a hamper."

Sonia found this suggestion a rather sensible one and after she sipped her milk, she agreed with it. "I guess that works. I'll have someone make the arrangements later."

When breakfast was over, the three of them left the apartment.

Upon arriving downstairs, he took Douglas by the hand and stood in front of his car. Then, he glanced over at her meaningfully as he said, "Thanks for taking care of Douglas last night."

"It's no big deal." She stepped forward and ruffled Douglas' hair affectionately. With a small laugh, she added, "Besides, I like hanging out with Douglas."

"I like hanging out with you too, Aunt Sonia. Can I come by again soon?" Douglas lifted his face and blinked his pair of sparkling eyes at her.

"Of course you can," she promised, nodding in affirmation.

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Upon hearing their exchange, Zane felt the wheels in his mind turn. He grinned at Douglas as he interjected, "Don't you worry. I can drop you off here whenever I have the time."

Douglas resisted the urge to roll his eyes at his own uncle. I know you're just trying to use me as an excuse to see Aunt Sonia, you sly man. However, given how much he wanted Zane to triumph in his romantic pursuit, he refrained from calling the older man's bluff.

"By the way, are you going to the hospital for the operation today?" Zane's gaze flickered over to Sonia's lower abdomen.

Her smile faded as she suppressed her heartache. A strained hum then escaped her before she answered, "Yes, I'll be going this afternoon."

"In that case, I'll be there and I won't take no for an answer. I know Charles will be present as well, but maybe I could lend an extra helping hand or something. Better to be safe than sorry, right?" he offered compassionately.

Sonia was mildly amused by his insistence. "Okay, then. You may come."

"It's settled then." Zane waved his hand at her. "Right, I'll be taking Douglas home now. See you later."

Douglas brought his little hand up and waved goodbye at Sonia too. "Bye, Aunt Sonia."

"Bye, Douglas," she responded with a warm smile.

Zane and Douglas left in their car seconds later and she did not stay in place for long. After having checked the time, she drove to Paradigm Co.

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As soon as Sonia arrived at the company, Daphne trailed after her and said, "President Reed, here is today's schedule." With that, the secretary began to detail the agenda lined up for Sonia.

Sonia took the schedule over and perused it while she walked.

Upon browsing the list, she handed it back to Daphne and announced, "I'll be going to the hospital later, so cancel the afternoon line-up, seeing as there's nothing important anyway. Also, I'll have to see the schedule for the next couple of days."

She would be staying in the hospital for a few days following the operation, which meant she would have to reorganize her upcoming schedule and push back a couple of unimportant meetings.

Daphne nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

Sonia had only just opened the door to her office when she turned and asked, "By the way, could you rustle up a get-well-soon hamper? Make sure to pack it with goodies, preferably for someone who needs a treat after injuring their feet. Have it delivered to President Fuller of Fuller Group and charge it to my personal account."

"President Fuller?" Daphne could not hide her surprise. Is President Reed trying to patch things up with President Fuller by sending him a surprise hamper?

When Sonia noticed Daphne's expression, she knew instantly that Daphne misread her intentions. Sonia lowered her gaze and explained vaguely, "He's hurt. Given that he's our biggest collaborator, not to mention the man in charge of the alternative energy technology project, we should offer him our kindest wishes and concern as a matter of courtesy."

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"I see." Daphne was in a daze as she nodded her head while the wild guesses she made immediately dissipated.

At the sight of this, Sonia found herself heaving a quiet sigh of relief. However, she maintained her composure as she waved her hand, dismissing her secretary with a breezy, "You may leave now."

"Yes, of course. Right away." Daphne nodded once and turned to leave.

Sonia watched with darkened eyes as Daphne left her office. She had not elaborated on the cause of Toby's injury precisely because she wanted to prevent Daphne from overthinking.

After all, it would be hard to explain why Sonia was hanging out with her ex-husband at the amusement park—and at night, no less. Even if she were to say that the meeting had been purely coincidental, there was no telling whether Daphne would truly believe her. Indeed, the girl might say otherwise, but she would be skeptical all the same.

As she brushed away those thoughts, Sonia pulled out her chair and sat down before she buried herself in her work.

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Over at Fuller Group, word of Toby's injury, which unfortunately could not be kept a secret, spread like wildfire throughout the office building.

He had arrived at work that morning in a wheelchair and discretion was a luxury not afforded to him after everyone had witnessed his less-than-flamboyant entrance.

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As news of this broke out, other companies caught wind of it and were eager to show their concern. Countless calls were made and dozens of get-well-soon hampers were sent to him.

Tom had only just seen the clients out the door when he was stopped in his tracks by the receptionist, who called out for him. "What is it?" he asked curiously as he walked up to the front desk.

The receptionist gestured toward the intricately-wrapped hampers in which were expensive goodies. "Mr. Brown, a director from yet another company has had this gift delivered."

He glanced at the hamper and its extravagant contents before he grimaced, "Didn't we just announce on our website that all gifts are politely declined? And here we have another hamper to pile onto the others that we have yet to sort through."

"Maybe the sender missed our announcement," the receptionist guessed with a shrug.

Tom adjusted his glasses. "Very well, then. Who's the sender? Which company is he or she from?"

"Paradigm Co.," she replied flatly.

"Paradigm Co.?! " he repeated in bewilderment.

The receptionist nodded. "That's right."

He straightened his posture and grew somber before he responded briskly, "Okay, hand me the note and I'll have the hamper sent up."

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“Got it.” The receptionist was new at her job and she had no idea of the importance Paradigm Co. connoted. With that being said, she did not question Tom when she saw how serious he was and handed him the gift note without further delay.

He took it from her and scanned the inscription. Then, he shoved it into his pocket before picking up the hamper and hurrying toward the elevator.

It didn’t take long for Tom to arrive at the presidential office, where he entered after knocking on the door.

Toby looked up at that moment with a frown when he registered the hamper in Tom’s arms. Clearly disgruntled by the presence of yet another gift, he snapped, “Didn’t I say to stop bringing these gifts up to my office? Bring it over to the finance department and have them figure out the cost so that we can return the sender’s favor.”

“This one is different, though,” Tom countered as the light reflected off his spectacles.

Toby suspiciously narrowed his eyes. “How so?”

“This hamper is from Miss Reed,” Tom clarified, peering earnestly at Toby’s expression. When he saw the displeasure on Toby’s face being replaced by mild surprise, he suppressed the urge to grin impishly.

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