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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 223

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

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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?”

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“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 own their houses, or are they in Sonia’s house?

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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

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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.”

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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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