

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 451

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Chapter 451 The Lifespan of the Heart

“And exactly what are we proceeding with here?” Asher raked his fingers through his hair, frustration bubbling up in him as he snapped, “Spread the memo and have everyone place this on hold for now. The last thing we need is for her to find out about this.”

“Yes, sir,” the assistant responded with a nod before he respectfully retreated out of the room.

Now that he was alone in the office once again, Asher shoved everything off his desk in a fit of rage, his face and neck turning crimson as his blood boiled.

He had initially planned on using Charles as a scapegoat by luring Charles into making a critical mistake in Paradigm Co. during Sonia’s absence. That way, he would finally have an excuse to force Sonia into surrendering her authority over the company.

After all, Charles’ supervisory role in Paradigm Co. was only good on paper; it would be more accurate to say that he was an outsourced assistant.

For her to delegate control over the company to an outsourced assistant like him would definitely get on the nerves of the board of directors, who were constantly wary of his presence and so-called management.

With the existing animosity toward Charles, it would only take a slight mistake on his part for the company to turn against Sonia for her apparent lack of judgment. If that came to pass, Asher could easily demand to have her share of control over the company.

However, just as Asher was about to set the plan into motion, Sonia’s abrupt return stymied it.

Now that she was back, Charles would no longer have a reason to stay in Paradigm Co. as her substitute, thereby rendering Asher’s plan completely redundant!

As things were, Asher would have to wait for the next suitable moment to come around before he could plan on taking down Sonia.

Meanwhile, Sonia was back in her office, completely unaware of his antics and how her return had hampered his schemes. She yanked her swivel chair out and took a seat before she placed her purse on the desk.

Daphne, on the other hand, was standing across the room with a folder in her arms as she greeted pleasantly, "Welcome back, President Reed."

"Thank you," Sonia replied with a quick smile as she opened her laptop.

"Oh, by the way, President Reed, Miss Harper from the finance department has tendered her resignation this morning," Daphne informed dutifully while she produced the letter from her folder and handed it over to Sonia.

Sonia took it and said, "I already know about Rebecca's resignation; she called me this morning, as a matter of fact. For the time being, I'd like you to step in to manage the finance department until further notice."

"Yes, President Reed," Daphne answered while closing the folder.

As she penned Rebecca's resignation letter with her signature as a sign of acceptance and returned it to Daphne, Sonia added, "Also, I need you to drop by human resources later and have them see whether there's anyone in the industry who is suited for the role of head of finance. If there is, ask human resources to forward the candidate's details to me."

The head of the finance department was an important position that came with heavy responsibilities. Sonia did not want to risk hiring someone inexperienced, but she couldn't promote anyone within the company either, at least not while Asher's supporters were still roaming around in the departments. She couldn't guarantee that whoever she chose to assume the duties of head of finance wouldn't be on Asher's side.

With that in mind, Sonia knew that she could only hunt among those in the industry to take over Rebecca's place. She hoped to poach someone qualified, but in the event it was impossible, she would rather cultivate one suited for the role, even if it was time-consuming to do so.

Regardless of how things could turn out, she was determined not to allow any one of Asher's supporters to become the next head of finance. As long as it concerned a position as crucial as this, it was a risky gamble.

"Very well, President Reed," Daphne agreed with a polite nod.

Sonia took one of the folders from her desk and began to sift through it. "Well, that's all for now, I suppose. You can get back to work."

"Yes, ma'am." After having said that, Daphne turned to leave the office.

Then, Sonia began to peruse the documents that had piled up on her desk. She wrapped up work earlier than usual that afternoon and asked the driver to drop her off at First Hospital.

Coincidentally, in the VIP ward of First Hospital, Toby let out a dry cough as his eyes finally fluttered open.

He felt like ages ago when he last saw light and now, the blinding lights aggressively greeted him as soon as he opened his eyes. It wasn't until after a while that he finally adjusted and became accustomed to it.

Tom was smoking outside the hospital room, but when he heard sounds from the other side of the door, he froze. Then, he snubbed out the remaining half of his cigarette and tossed it away before hurrying into the room.

"President Fuller!" He called out in surprise when he saw that the man lying on the bed was awake.

Toby turned to glance at him in acknowledgement. "Tom."

"Yes, I'm right here, President Fuller." Tom rushed over to the bed. There was undeniable relief and happiness in his voice as he continued, "This is wonderful, President Fuller! You're finally awake after blacking out for three, four days!"

"Three, four days?" Toby repeated with a frown, clearly bewildered that he was unconscious for so long. All he remembered was that he ran a temperature after spending the night in the cave. He felt his body temperature rising at midnight and it seemed to have worsened before he finally passed out. However, he hadn't expected that he would remain unconscious for three or four days.

When did I become so weak? He gravely pursed his lips, obviously upset by how feeble he was. While gripping the sheets beneath him, he started to prop himself up.

At the sight of this, Tom panicked and quickly stopped the man from rising up. "Don't move, President Fuller, or the wounds on your back will tear open. More importantly, you need to be on bed rest until your internal organs heal."

"My internal organs?" Toby narrowed his eyes. "What's wrong with my internal organs?"

Before Tom could answer, Tim's voice interrupted from the doorway, "Maybe I should be the one explaining it since I'm a doctor and my words carry professional weight on this point."

Toby and Tom looked over at him simultaneously.

Tim had shown up in such a quiet manner that neither Toby nor Tom noticed him. At the current moment, Tim was currently toying with his scalpel as he leaned against the doorframe.

As he met their curious gaze, Tim adjusted his glasses and straightened his posture. He kept his scalpel in his pocket as he walked into the room and when his gaze fell on the left side of Toby's chest, he explained, "There were signs of blunt force trauma to your body. You sustained wounds on your back, but that's the least of your worries, I'm afraid. We found a slight tear in your liver and spleen, but the worst of all these is your heart."

"My heart?" Toby's eyes widened at this and he almost instinctively placed his hand on top of his chest. "What's wrong with my heart?"

"Your heart—"

Tim was about to answer when Tom suddenly clenched his fists and interrupted hastily, "Don't say any further, Dr. Lancaster."

"Why not?" Toby demanded, his face grim as he shot Tom an unhappy look.

Tom avoided his gaze and said ruefully, "I'm sorry, President Fuller, but you're better off not knowing the details. I don't think you can take it."

"You think I can't take it?" Toby's eyes became dangerous slits as he barked icily, "What do you take me for? Am I some weakling who can't handle the truth? Besides, this is my heart we're talking about, so I'm well within my rights to know what has happened!"

"I didn't mean anything by that, President Fuller. I just—"

"That's enough! Keep quiet, Tom!" Toby ordered in a thunderous voice. After having done so, he turned his attention to Tim. "Come on, tell me what's wrong with my heart."

"Just remember that you're the one who wanted an answer," Tim pointed out with a shrug. A somber look passed over his features as he added, "Your heart is weaker than the average person, what with the heart transplant you did and all, but the blunt force trauma I mentioned earlier has caused a tear in your valve, which significantly shortens the lifespan of the heart."

When he was done speaking, he looked at Toby and awaited some form of response.

It was astonishing that Toby remained as impassive as ever. He seemed unaffected and unsurprised by the fact that the lifespan of his heart was significantly shorter than it had started out with.

Even Tim was a little taken aback by Toby's indifference. He's so calm that he's making me feel uneasy. How can he be so unfazed by this?

In truth, Toby wasn't so much unfazed as he was mentally ready for this. As it turned out, his guess had been correct.

From the very moment Tom had interrupted Tim so brusquely when the subject of Toby's heart was brought up, Toby suspected that there was bad news about his heart.

Following that, Toby didn't think Tim's explanation was all that surprising.

In fact, whatever Tim said only seemed to solidify what Toby had expected all along. His words merely made it feel like the dust had finally settled.

Toby lowered his gaze, which made his emotions indecipherable. Upon seeing this, Tom thought that the man was in shock. "President Fuller..." he called out in worry. "Are you okay?"

Something flashed in Toby's eyes as he looked up and answered, "I'm fine." Then, he turned to address Tim as he gestured to his own chest while asking, "How long do I have before this heart gives out?"

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Tim had his hands in the pockets of his white coat as he commented, "According to the cardiology department, the heart will last you another three years, give or take."

"Three years..." Toby clenched his fists in aggravation. How did my lifespan shorten by so much in such little time? It's supposed to last as long as the average person's heart.

"Yes, three years. So, if you want to keep on living after that, you're going to have to search for a suitable heart within these three years for your transplant," Tim affirmed as he signed with three fingers.

When he heard this, Tom's eyes reddened. "How do you suggest we do that? President Fuller's body and blood type are as rare as they are specific. It could take ages before we look for another heart that is compatible with the rest of his organs! If it's such a walk in the park, then it wouldn't have taken twenty-four years for him to locate a heart in the first place. So, don't tell me that he can find the perfect donor in three years because it's just nonsense!"

"Then, my hands are as tied as yours. If the right donor doesn't come along in the next three years, Toby's heart will wither out and he can do nothing else but wait for death to knock on his door," Tim pointed out nonchalantly, putting his hands out like he was leaving all up to fate.

Upon seeing this, Tom grew incensed and demanded, "What the hell are you even saying? Aren't you a doctor? How can you talk about a patient's imminent death so casually?"

"And what would you rather hear me say?" Tim impassively gazed at the assistant. "I'm a doctor, not a walking organ procurement organization. No doctor can perform a miracle on him without first obtaining a compatible heart for the transplant, so whatever I said were only matters of fact."

“You—”

“That’s enough!” Toby massaged the space between his brows and grimly said, “Back off, Tom. He’s right; no one can save me if we don’t get a compatible heart donor in the next three years. Death really is imminent.”

“I know, but I just don’t like how he put it,” Tom snapped as he glowered at Tim angrily.

Tim slid his glasses up his nose bridge as he pointed out flatly, “If you don’t like the way I have described it or if you find that I was way too brusque with my words, go and help your boss to find the perfect heart donor instead of hovering here picking arguments with me. Every day for the next three years is a day he spends fighting for his life, and for what it’s worth, that might be all the living he gets to do before his heart collapses. Maybe you guys would get lucky in the end, and the perfect heart would come along to save your boss from the brink of death. That’s all I have to say. Goodbye for now.”

With that, he turned to leave.

However, Toby called out to stop him in his tracks, “Hey, wait a minute.”

“Yes, President Fuller?” Tim halted before he could walk out the door and cast Toby a sidelong glance.

Toby pursed his lips. “You can’t let anyone know about this. If word gets out that I have a heart problem—”

Tim interrupted, “You don’t have to worry about word getting out. I’m a doctor, so it’s a given that I’ll remain reticent about your condition. Besides, it’s not as if I’m dying to spread the news. I didn’t even tell Sonia when she asked about you yesterday, right, Mr. Brown?”

Tom scoffed at this. The only reason why you didn’t say anything to Sonia was because I stopped you, he thought sourly.

“Sonia?” Toby stiffened at this. He couldn’t hide how flustered he was when he demanded, “How is she doing now?”

“Ask him.” Tim jerked his chin in Tom’s direction and added pointedly as he walked out of the room, “He knows best.”

Now Tim was gone, Toby and Tom were alone again in the hospital room.

Upon receiving a look of askance from Toby, Tom had no choice but to elaborate, “Sonia’s fine. She’s dandy. I mean, how could she not be after you saved her?”

As he picked up on the snide tones, Toby frowned and asked unhappily, “What, do you have something against Sonia?”

Tom had never intended to hide his displeasure toward Sonia and now that Toby had asked, he was more than ready to admit it. "Yes, I do have something against her. You've been injured way too many times because of her. I won't talk about what happened in the past, but this time, your heart will wither in three years' time because you risked your life to save hers. Am I supposed to congratulate her for surviving at your expense?"

"I'm going to let this go on account of the fact that you've been loyal to me all these years and that you're speaking up for my own good, but I swear I won't forgive you the next time you decide to badmouth Sonia in front of me." Toby eyed his assistant coldly.

Tom's eyes widened to the size of saucers as he gaped at Toby incredulously. "President Fuller?"

"Sonia has nothing to do with this incident," Toby explained somberly. "I was the one who voluntarily jumped off the cliff to save her, so your rage toward her is obviously unjustified. You usually have more sense than to blame everything on her like this."

When he heard this, Tom opened and closed his mouth like a fish. He snapped out of his daze a moment later and muttered numbly, "My apologies, President Fuller."

Toby waved his hand dismissively. "It's fine. We'll let the matter drop now and I don't want you bringing it up again or grumbling about Sonia either, am I clear?"

"Yes, sir." Tom nodded despite his reluctance, lowering his gaze.

The vein near Toby's temple throbbed to signal his weariness and he rubbed it as he asked, "Where's Sonia now?"

"She was discharged this morning. She's fine and probably at Paradigm Co. right now," Tom answered.

With a brief hum, Toby noted, "As long as she's fine. Remember, she can't learn about my heart issue, do you understand?"

He might have jumped off the cliff on his own will, but if Sonia found out about it, she would blame herself and think that she was the reason for his current predicament. She can't ever find out about this. It's for her own good.

"Don't worry, President Fuller. I never planned on telling her anyway," Tom solemnly assured. That much was true. He had no intention of telling Sonia about Toby's injuries, not because he was worried that she would blame herself, but more along the lines of worrying that Toby wouldn't be able to take the hit if she were to confront him about it.

However, now that Toby was aware of the extent of his injuries and calmly accepted his substantially shortened lifespan, it longer mattered.

On the other hand, Toby didn't know the real reason why Tom was keeping this a secret from her. He didn't actually care, as long as she remained oblivious to news of his injuries.

"You'll have to keep this from my mom, my grandma and Tyler as well. I don't want them to worry either," Toby reminded him as an afterthought as he leaned against the headboard.

Tom nodded. "I know, President Fuller. I didn't tell Old Mrs. Fuller and the others in the household, not even about how you jumped off a cliff to save Miss Reed. I didn't breathe a word to the public either; so, as far as they are concerned, you're on a business trip. If word gets out, the company and the market would take a great hit and the press would have a field day making headlines out of your cliff-jumping endeavors."

"You've done well," Toby praised.

A little tremor worked its way into Tom's voice as he promised, "I'll find the perfect heart for you, President Fuller. You'll keep on living. I swear."

The perfect heart, huh? The corner of Toby's lips curled into a half-smile as he commented, "In that case, I wish you all the best."

He sounded optimistic enough, but such words were good for offering empty solaces. Deep down, they both knew that the chances of coming across a compatible heart for a transplant were slim to none.

"How's Tyler doing in the competition?" Toby asked after the thought crossed his mind.

Tom paused for a while before replying, "The U17 Cross-Country Championships that Young Master Tyler took part in has ended and he was able to secure our country a ticket for the FIBA Basketball World Cup. The first round of preliminaries are underway as we speak."

Toby hummed in response. With a small nod of acknowledgement, he lowered his gaze in thought and said, "When the Basketball World Cup is over, pull Tyler out of the team and have him transferred to an elite prep school."

"President Fuller?" Tom looked aghast when he registered this. What does President Fuller mean by this? Is he already making arrangements for Young Master Tyler to take over his duties now that he knows he won't have much longer to live?

Toby knew why his plan would come as a shock to Tom. As he pursed his lips, he changed the subject instead of elaborating further, "Right, why don't you tell me how Sonia and I returned to Seafield?"

"I brought a rescue team with me and found the both of you in some villager's home," Tom explained sullenly. He knew that Toby was intentionally changing

the subject, which only served to confirm his suspicions that Toby planned on training Tyler to be his successor.

Tom was more than understanding of this, but it didn't mean he could accept it. Doesn't President Fuller have the slightest bit of faith that he will be able to continue living? It's no easy feat to search for a heart donor, but there's still hope for a miracle, isn't there?

"A villager's home?" Toby repeated, his eyes glimmering with doubt. That doesn't make sense, he thought. We were supposed to be found in the cave.

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"Yes," Tom confirmed with a nod. "Using the scraps of fabric and footprints you and Miss Reed left behind, I led the rescue team on a search. We happened to run into a villager who had a doctor in tow and I went up to them, asking whether they'd seen you and Miss Reed after showing them your photos. Surprisingly, the villager informed me that the both of you were put up in her home and she was bringing the doctor to attend to your injuries."

Only the heavens knew how overwhelmed with relief Tom was when he saw the lake at the bottom of the mountain.

He knew that the trajectory of the fall from the cliff would be a straight line, based on the person's weight, unless there was a landslide or a strong gust of wind that manipulated physics.

As such, when he came across the lake, he knew for sure that Toby and Sonia were still alive. Following that, he asked the rescue team to search the surrounding area for any trails or clues that Toby and Sonia could have left behind.

Sure enough, the team eventually found the fabric from her cloth. At that point, Tom was sure that she had intentionally left behind the fabric. From there, he traced their path to the cave where he came upon Sonia and Toby's clothes, but they were gone.

It was then that he realized he was too late; Sonia and Toby had already left, so he urged the rest of the team to search the area surrounding the cave. At last, they managed to uncover footprints that led them to the missing duo.

After having heard the explanation, Toby slowly nodded in comprehension. "I see."

Tom went on to add, "When we found you, you were running a high fever. If the villager hadn't asked a doctor to attend to you in time, the fever might have..."

The fever might have caused some serious damage. Tom had left this unsaid, but Toby more or less picked up on it.

He gave Tom a withering look and drawled icily, "The villager might have found me a doctor, but Sonia was the one who saved my life. She carried me down the mountain in time before you and your team arrived; heaven knows how long that would have taken."

Upon hearing this, Tom opened his mouth and closed it again, suddenly at a loss for words. He knew Toby had a point. If Sonia hadn't found the villager in time, Tom and the rescue team would have arrived to find Toby delirious from the fever.

He distinctly remembered the villager telling him that Sonia was carrying Toby on her back when she asked for help. Toby had already passed out by then and she was so drained from carrying him that she collapsed in exhaustion.

At that moment, Tom finally understood why they had only found a single set of footprints on the mountain trails.

"I'm sorry for having spoken out of turn, President Fuller," Tom admitted sheepishly and apologetically bowed his head.

Toby waved his hand to brush this incident off. "Have you thanked the villager who helped us?"

"I have," Tom answered.

After humming in response, Toby added, "There was a driver who helped us as well and I'd like to thank him for it." With that, he recited the license plate number to Tom.

The moment that Tom took down the number, he asked, "President Fuller, how exactly did this driver help you?"

"He gave us a lead on how Sonia had been taken up the mountains and he bravely stopped Declan and his henchmen," Toby explained with a small smile.

"I see," Tom acknowledged with a nod. "I'll have someone look for him after this."

"Speaking of which, did Declan and his men get caught?" Toby pressed, his eyes narrowing into dangerous slits.

A rueful Tom shook his head and reported, "I'm sorry, President Fuller, but he escaped. The chopper that he boarded apparently had aviation clearance to fly out of Seafield, but ours took off from the helipad atop the company building at

the very last minute, so we couldn't make the arrangements to fly out of Seafield. All we could do was watch Declan abscond in a plane out of the city."

One could easily drive around the country as long as it did not involve international border-crossing, but the same couldn't be said for flying. There had to be an aviation clearance for all flights into and out of a specific city or a district. If the aircraft wasn't authorized to fly out of Seafield, then the military could be deputized to shoot down the said plane.

It was something that Toby was naturally well aware of, so he did not blame Tom for failing to go after Declan. He merely pressed his lips into a grim line and asked darkly, "Does that mean we've lost track of Declan?"

"Yes," Tom replied stiffly. "I've been trying to look into his whereabouts for the past few days, though; I have dispatched our men to Westsashire and even contacted the military there, but it seems that Declan's aircraft didn't enter the Westsashire airspace. My guess is that he flew out of Seafield and headed somewhere else, but the location is still unknown for now."

"Didn't you get the Westsashire military to contact the air force from other districts and cities? Any foreign aircrafts that enter their airspace would be automatically under the military's radar," Toby pointed out, his brows knitted together.

"Of course I did," Tom countered, pushing his glasses. "Old Master Fuller was the reason why my request for the Westsashire military to contact other air force bases was approved in the first place. However, the answer that the Westmanshire military received from all the other bases was the same: Declan's aircraft was not detected within their respective airspace, which means that he is basically missing."

"Missing?" Toby scoffed. A shadow passed over his face as he snapped, "It's not as if paranormal forces are at work here. How does a chopper just go missing like that? I think it's highly possible that Declan parachuted off the chopper the moment he flew out of Seafield, which explains why his aircraft was not detected at all."

"If that were to be true, then the manhunt for Declan would only become all the more challenging." Tom looked grave as he said, "Assuming that he parachuted off the chopper, he might have switched to other modes of transportation and sneaked his way abroad."

The chances of Declan staying in the country were slim. He had pushed Sonia off a cliff, the same one in which Toby jumped from to save her. Regardless of whether Toby was dead or alive at this rate, Declan knew that the Fullers would hunt him down and make him pay for his actions. The idea of becoming the Fuller Family's subject of torture was more than enough to dissuade him from remaining in the country; he would be as good as dead if he didn't leave.

"Contact every airline and look into all the inbound as well as outbound flights for all international countries," Toby ordered coldly.

Tom straightened up. "Yes, sir. I'll get on it right away!"

With that, he turned and walked toward the door, but he had only just opened it when his gaze met Sonia's. Her hand was in mid-air, as if she was ready to knock.

Sonia hadn't expected the door to open before she could knock. She hurriedly lowered her hand and respectfully nodded at him while greeting, "Mr. Brown."

He kept his eyes on her as he asked plainly, "Are you here to see President Fuller, Miss Reed?"

"Yes," she replied stoically with a nod. She had noted the less than friendly tone in Tom's voice and didn't think it wise to dish out more pleasantries.

While stepping aside to let her pass through the doorway, Tom noted, "Come on in. President Fuller is already awake."

"He is?" She gasped, her eyes widening in surprise.

"That's right." He nodded.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" Sonia clasped her hands together as she exclaimed in delight.

Tom observed her expression before his lips curled in dissatisfaction. If I didn't know better, I would think she was really in love with President Fuller. However, he did know better and as such, he brushed past her with an impassive look on his face.

She waited until he was further down the hallway before she slipped into Toby's room. While closing the door behind her, she called out gently at the man leaning against the headboard with his eyes closed, "President Fuller."

When he heard her voice, Toby's eyes fluttered open. For a moment, joy flickered over his features, but it was quickly replaced by his usual indifference as he watched the approaching woman, though his voice was soft as he greeted, "You're here."

"Yes, I'm here to see you," Sonia quipped, coming to a stop next to his bed.

He pointed at the chair across the room and said, "Please sit."

"Thank you." She turned to glance at the chair and pulled it over to the bedside. It was only after she sat down that she began to appraise him.

He still looked a little pale, but not quite as ghastly as when she first saw him after she regained consciousness. She would like to think that he was recovering well. At the thought of this, she asked tentatively, "So, how are you feeling now?"

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Toby gazed at her steadily as he answered, "I'm feeling okay."

Even though he meant to reassure her, Sonia was regardlessly worried. "Are you sure? Do you feel lightheaded? And your arm—"

"I'm fine, really. Stop worrying," he interrupted as he insisted that he was alright.

She parted her lips, but she wasn't sure what else to say.

At that moment, he asked, "How about you? Tom told me that you collapsed after you carried me down the mountain. Were you hurt?"

"I'm alright now." She shook her head.

As she had only sprained her back, she would recover soon enough, but the same couldn't be said for him. The injuries to his head and back aside, his arm would take at least half a year to be fully recovered. All in all, he was in far worse shape than her.

"That's a relief," he noted after he was sure that she was telling the truth. With a nod, he went on to say, "Thank you for carrying me out of the cave and down the mountain. If you hadn't, then I might have turned delirious from the fever."

Sonia met his gaze solemnly and pointed out, "I should be the one thanking you instead. If you hadn't stepped in, Carl and I might not even be alive right now. I owe you one for this, not the other way round." Then, she abruptly changed the subject by asking, "By the way, what are you craving for?"

"Craving?" Toby raised a brow.

"That's right. You only landed in this sorry state because of me, so it's only right for me to stay and take care of you until you're back in good health. You can let me know everything that you're craving for and I'll whip them up in the kitchen for you as a token of my gratitude," she declared.

However, he shook his head in rejection. "No, you don't have to take care of me. I have a caretaker."

"This is different." Sonia stood up and looked at him gravely. "I can't just sit by and do nothing after you risked your life to save mine, or I'll end up feeling guilty. Let me stay and take care of you, President Fuller. Think of it as easing my conscience." After having said this, she bowed at him out of respect.

Upon seeing this, Toby frowned and reached out so he could prompt her to straighten up. His left arm was the closest to her, but unfortunately it was the same arm that he had injured. He could use his right arm, which was the only one at his disposal for the time being, but it required him to flip to his side just to reach her.

As things were, his body could barely move, let alone allow him to flip on his side. More importantly, he had seen the stubborn glint in her eyes and he knew that with her will of steel, she would not budge unless he agreed to her terms.

Ah, whatever, I'll let her have her way, he told himself. As he pinched his brows in frustration, he asked glumly, "You really want to take care of me?"

"Yes." Sonia straightened up to look at him. "You're my responsibility now and if I just leave you on your own, that would make me a heartless monster, wouldn't it?"

Upon hearing this, Toby broke into a low chuckle. Then, resuming his somber self once more, he said patiently, "Listen to me, Sonia. Taking care of me means having to spend an insane amount of time next to me for an indefinite period and last I checked, you hate my guts. Are you really serious about this? You can back out of it now; I'm giving you the privilege because I don't want you renegeing on this decision of yours."

"I won't regret it, much less renege on it," she promised without any hesitation as she shook her head slightly to deny the possibility of her going back on her word. "Besides, I don't hate your guts, at least not anymore."

The hatred she felt toward him dissipated the moment he jumped off the cliff after her. His arm had already been badly injured, but he held onto her as tightly as he could and refused to let her go. That was enough to make her change her mind about him—respect him, even.

"I'm glad to hear this from you. The pain is worth it if it meant you've stopped hating me," Toby said half-jokingly as he gazed at her. A comfortable silence was about to set in when he suddenly said, "Sonia."

Sonia met his obsidian orbs. "What is it?"

"Can we start afresh as friends?" he asked slowly.

She frowned at this. Friends? He wants to be friends with his ex-wife? That makes for a rather awkward relationship, doesn't it? As far as she was concerned, it was impossible for a formerly married couple to remain friends after their divorce. However, looking at Toby and his wounds now, she could not bring herself to

turn him down. A couple of beats later, she finally relented and nodded in agreement. "Okay."

He flashed an appreciative smile. "That's good enough for me. I won't ask more of you and I'd like it if you could stay with me as a friend for the rest of my life."

I would probably never be able to find a compatible heart for a transplant, which means I'll only have three short years to live. Someone like me can't possibly give Sonia the happiness she deserves even if I succeed in romantically pursuing her; I'd only become a burden to her in the end. With that in mind, Toby decided that a platonic relationship with Sonia was the best option he had.

When Sonia heard this, her eyes widened. What does he mean when he said he wouldn't ask more of me? Is he giving up on the idea of us being together because he's losing hope?

She lowered her gaze as she pondered on this. For some reason, she was beginning to feel unsettled, but she subconsciously brushed it off. She hardly even noticed the twinge of sadness that suddenly crept up on her because it faded the next second as she poured a glass of water for him. "A little early to be so sentimental about life, don't you think? You're only thirty and there's still plenty of life in you."

If she were to overlook the first half of his statement, the second half bore a cryptic undertone that made it sound like he was saying his last words.

Something glistened in her eyes as he took the glass of water from her. "Okay, let's just leave the conversation at that. I need to use the restroom now. Mind giving me a hand?"

"Of course." She nodded and readily helped him down from the bed.

As Toby didn't sustain any injuries to his legs, he could walk to the bathroom without any hassle, although Sonia had to help him hold up the bottle of IV fluid. As such, she stood patiently outside the door while he used the restroom and when he was done, she walked with him back to the bed whereupon she proceeded to hang the bottle on the IV stand.

She had only just dusted her hands off when her phone rang. "I have to take this," she told Toby as she pulled out the ringing device and glanced at the phone screen, only to be pleasantly surprised to see Leonard's number flashing on it.

Toby, however, frowned when he saw her visibly brighten up over the phone call. He wondered who could be calling her and why she looked so happy about it.

Not wanting to keep Leonard waiting on the other line, Sonia answered the call immediately. "Grandpa?"

Upon hearing the way she addressed the person on the other line, Toby instantly felt the mild jealousy in him go out. Oh, it's just someone older. All is well, then.

"Sonia," Leonard greeted affably over the phone.

Almost immediately, tears sprang to her eyes as she whined childishly, "Have you finally thought of me, Grandpa? I haven't received any calls from you in the past four months and you know I have no way of reaching you if you don't ring me up on your own accord."

She knew that couldn't be helped. He was an archaeologist and that landed him in the oddest corners of the world most of the time. He was almost always exploring some abandoned site in the mountains or a historical tomb, places where cellular signal was practically unheard of. It was impossible for her to call him on a whim.

As if sensing her disgruntlement, Leonard chuckled ruefully and placated, "I'm sorry, Sonia, but you know how I'm tied up with this job of mine."

"I know. I'm not angry with you or anything. By the way, Grandpa, I have excellent news: Paradigm Co. is finally back on track!"

Leonard could not hide his surprise. "Oh? Back on track? That's a really quick comeback!"

He was no businessman, but even he understood how dire the situation in Paradigm Co. had been and he thought it was impossible for the company to recover from the setback within four months.

Sonia nodded earnestly. "It is a little quick, but I guess we had a stroke of luck."

As she said this, she shot Toby a meaningful look. Indeed, he was the stroke of luck that Paradigm Co. needed.

If it wasn't for his collaboration with Paradigm Co. or his generous act of paying off the billions in company debt, the company would still be in turmoil.

When he sensed that she was referring to him by the words 'stroke of luck', Toby raised his brow in mild surprise and he was a little taken aback.

Me? Stroke of luck? Did she actually just say I'm the stroke of luck her company needed? He thought that she would bring up Carl, Charles or even Zane, but from the expression on her face, he was clearly the one she had been referring to. As a result, he couldn't keep from smiling and instantly perked up.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the phone, Leonard chuckled in relief at the good news and commented, "I see, but you must give yourself some credit, Sonia. A stroke of luck will do little to help if you weren't capable to begin with; you wouldn't have been able to steer Paradigm Co. back on track within four months otherwise. From the looks of it, handing the company over to you was the best decision on my part. With you holding the reins, I have nothing to worry about."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 455

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Chapter 455 Personal Chef

Upon hearing Leonard's affirmation, Sonia felt as if her heart was settled after hearing his words and a surge of warmth coursed through her as she said, "Thank you for the compliments, Grandpa. Anyway, did you call me out of the blue because your expedition is ending?"

"Oh, it's too soon for that. A large-scale expedition like this would take at least a year and a half before we can wrap things up. We've only just managed to clear out the passageway that leads to the tomb chamber and we won't be studying the chamber until tomorrow. I called you up because I was wondering whether you could swing by the old house and mail me the archaeology journal I have in my study."

"Oh, of course. When do you need it? Should I mail it over as soon as I find it?" she asked.

Leonard's country house was, as per its namesake, out in the countryside. It would take a three-hour drive for her to get there, but if he was desperate for the journal, she could make the journey now and arrive at the house by nightfall.

"No, there's no hurry. Just have it mailed over by this week; I'll send you the address later," he replied with a chuckle.

She nodded. "Got it. In that case, I'll drive to the country house tomorrow."

Following this, Sonia and Leonard continued to exchange their recent anecdotes before each reluctantly hung up the phone. Upon ending the call, she noticed Toby staring at her and she felt inexplicably compelled to elaborate, "That was my grandfather."

"I know," Toby said with a nod. "I never heard you mention your grandfather."

She slid her phone into her bag. "My grandfather's an archaeologist who spends a better part of the year exploring historical sites in remote areas. Plus, he tends to keep a low profile, so there is nothing much I can say about him."

He hummed in response. "What did he ask you to do?"

"Mail him some journal on archaeology," she frankly answered.

At this moment, a knock came from the door.

Sonia turned to glance at the doorway, only to see a doctor whom she had never met before standing there with a nurse in tow.

“President Fuller, it’s time for your check-up,” the nurse reminded Toby with a compassionate look thrown his way.

Toby recognized the doctor next to her as someone from the cardiology department and something flashed in his eyes as he turned to address Sonia, “Why don’t you head out first, Sonia?”

Since she never suspected him, she figured that he only wanted her to leave so that the doctor could perform the check-up. She nodded in compliance and replied, “Okay. It’s getting late and I should return to get started on your dinner. What do you feel like having?”

“Mr. Fuller can only have plain, simple food for now,” the doctor interjected hastily, afraid that Toby might seize the chance to order food that would hinder his recovery.

When the cardiologist interrupted, Toby shot him a dark look.

The doctor turned to look at the nurse for help as he was baffled by Toby’s sudden hostility. However, instead of empathy, the nurse gave an exaggerated eye-roll, as if to say, You should learn to read the room. Can’t you see how Mr. Fuller’s eyes lit up when this lady asked him about dinner? You just had to go and ruin it for him by putting your foot in where it’s not needed, huh. Serve you right for getting a death glare from him.

Sonia saw the unspoken exchange between the doctor and the nurse and she couldn’t help but sputter as she said, “Well, whatever the doctor says goes. I’m sure your stomach will appreciate some hot chowder and a slice of mincemeat pie. I’ll go easy on the salt, of course.”

“Alright then. It’s your call,” Toby replied as he retracted his icy gaze from the cardiologist and resumed his warm demeanor with Sonia.

Frankly speaking, he was really craving for her beef bourguignon. He recalled her making it once; they had only just gotten married and it was her first time in the kitchen. She had attempted the beef bourguignon and the aroma that wafted through the kitchen was something heavenly.

Unfortunately, as he was hypnotized back then and couldn’t recognize her as the one whom he loved, he never bothered sampling it, regardless of how aromatic and enticing the dish had been. The scent of it lingered in the back of his memory, reminding him of what he had missed out on.

Presently, he wanted nothing more than to taste that recipe. In fact, he desperately hoped that three years was enough time for him to try all the dishes

Sonia had made for him back in the day. He could leave in peace if that dream were to come true.

Alas, that dream was pushed back before Toby could even begin to realize it, for the doctor had decided to butt in at the wrong time.

On a brighter note, Sonia was going to personally make him chowder and mincemeat pie, so Toby found solace in that. As of now, he had no choice but to patiently wait for the beef bourguignon.

"Chowder and mincemeat pie, then." Sonia nodded with an air of finality. "Alright, I'll take my leave now. I'll see you tonight."

"Okay. Have a safe trip home," Toby said, jerking his chin to casually bid goodbye.

She left and closed the door behind her.

Meanwhile, in the hospital room, it was only after he heard the door click shut that he shed his friendly facade and resumed his usual cold indifference. "You may proceed," he said in clear tones as he gazed icily at the doctor.

He began to unbutton the loose shirt on him to reveal the toned muscles of his chest.

At the sight of this, the cardiologist pulled out his stethoscope and went on to conduct a regular check-up on Toby's heart.

The nurse, on the other hand, opened the patient's record book and noted all the necessary details.

Once the check-up was done, the doctor kept his equipment away and pulled off his gloves before dutifully saying, "Mr. Fuller, your heart is doing well for now, all things considered. As time goes on, it will begin to struggle to keep up with the rest of your body, and at that point, you'll start to feel worn out and exhausted. You may also experience shortness of breath and you'll find yourself having to dial back on rigorous forms of exercise. You have to stay away from all things that might stress your body; otherwise, you could very well collapse."

"I know," a stoic Toby replied as he pulled the front of his shirt to button it up. He sounded calm, so unfazed that it was almost like his heart problem was someone else's.

After being bewildered by this, the doctor briefly wondered whether blue bloods had a higher threshold for panic.

"Why don't you be blunt with me and tell me the chances of me finding a new heart at this point?" Toby asked, eyeing the doctor steadily after he had buttoned up his shirt.

The doctor paused in thought before he responded, "I'm sorry, Mr. Fuller. I don't want to lie to you, and honestly speaking, the chances of finding the perfect heart donor are really low. Things wouldn't be so pessimistic if you had the same body and blood type as the average person, but on account of your rather specific biological profile, it's almost impossible for you to look for a compatible heart donor. Unless, of course, we're talking about your donor being a blood relative."

After having said all this, he cast a furtive glance at Toby to see whether he had offended Toby, but just one look was all it took to make his heart leap to his throat.

At the current moment, Toby looked close to murderous. He was grimacing, which meant that he was exceptionally exasperated. His gaze was arctic as he glowered apathetically at the doctor and hissed, "Whatever you said just now, make sure you never repeat it."

In terms of compatibility, the heart from a blood relative was indeed the ideal choice for a transplant. However, the only blood relatives Toby had right now were his grandmother and Tyler and he certainly did not want them to give up their hearts for him. That would make him as savage as an animal.

"Yes, of course, I'm sorry, Mr. Fuller. I promise I'll never spout such things again," the cardiologist urgently apologized, immediately realizing that he had said something wrong.

Toby waved his hand imperiously. "You may leave."

"Yes, sir." The doctor exchanged a nervous look with the nurse before both of them respectfully left the room.

They had only just gone out when Tom returned. "President Fuller, I've given out the instructions accordingly and I'm sure we'll hear back from all the international airports on the matter of Declan's aircraft in no time," he reported as he stepped into the room with documents in hand.

Toby hummed in acknowledgement.

Tom handed the documents over and added, "These documents require your signature, President Fuller. You can browse through them when you have the time."

"Just leave them there," Toby said flatly as he pointed at the top of the headboard.

After doing what he was told to do, Tom then briefly scanned the room. A grim look came into his eyes when he saw that Toby was on his own. "President Fuller, has Miss Reed left?"

"She went home to make me dinner," Toby explained, his features softening at the mention of Sonia.

"Dinner?" Tom repeated in surprise, his eyes wide.

"That's right." Toby nodded smugly. "What, are you surprised?"

"Of course I am." There was no point in denying his shock, so Tom adjusted his glasses and pointed out matter-of-factly, "It's not in Miss Reed's nature to voluntarily make dinner for you."

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