

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 651

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 651 A Healed Elbow

After her body stiffened for a split second, she then proceeded to slowly stand up and replied cowardly, "I'm sorry President Fuller. I-It was a hot-headed decision on my part. I just couldn't bear to see Dad suffering this much. That's why I said those words to Miss Reed; it was all under the heat of the moment. I really did not mean anything by it!"

"Whether it was on purpose or not, I believe you and I know the truth. You don't want Titus to die because you think that upon his death, everything you have now will turn into dust. That's why you, who wants Titus to live more than anyone else, wanted Sonia to save him when you happened to bump into her." A light smirk appeared on Toby's face as he exposed Rina's hypocrisy without batting an eyelid.

Shuffling backward, Rina wanted to explain that it was not the case but upon looking into his emotionless eyes, she felt an invisible force choking her again, making her unable to make a sound.

Then, Toby took out a decorative handkerchief from his chest pocket and wiped his hand that he used to choke her nonchalantly. "You should be glad that you did not tell Sonia her real identity. Otherwise, I would've killed you on the spot just now."

The mere thought of Sonia breaking down due to learning about her real identity made Toby's heart twinge in pain. He just could not accept such an outcome.

Fortunately, the woman in front of him was too greedy and did not want to give up on her current status. If she wasn't, things would have gotten out of hand.

Hearing the words 'killed you on the spot' made Rina's body go cold as her eyes showed extreme fear.

Turned out that Toby actually had the intent to kill her just now. She was truly hanging onto her life by a thread because back then, she nearly failed to hold it in about the truth of Sonia's origin.

That was to say, if she hadn't reacted in time and had let slip the truth, she would currently be...

Not daring to venture further into her imagination, Rina bowed profusely. "I know I'm in the wrong, President Fuller. I really regret my words and I swear I will never do it again!"

Throwing away his handkerchief, Toby warned, "Remember your words now. If you dare to set your sights on Sonia's kidney, you will be the first to die. Bottom feeders like you who crawled up often cherish their lives the most. I assume you understand what I'm saying?"

The sudden turnaround from poor to rich had caused Rina's mentality to change along with it.

She had seen prosperity like never before, lavishness the old Rina would not even begin to comprehend. That was why she wanted to continue to live more than anyone. Only by living could she continue to enjoy all these. If she died, all of these would be meaningless.

For this kind of people, death was always the best threat.

As expected, once Rina heard that Toby would kill her, she nodded repeatedly, as if nodding any slower might cost her her life. “Yes, yes, I fully understand. I will never do it again. I will leave Miss Reed alone from now on.”

Pursing his lips, Toby said, “I will not believe what you just said based on your word. From now on, I will have my people watch you all day. If you have any funny ideas...”

Although Toby did not finish his sentence, it was clear what he alluded to.

However, Rina did not think that he would be so ruthless as to send people to keep tabs on herself.

Once that happened, she really would have her hands tied.

Something flashed across her gaze as she lowered her eyes. In an almost inaudible voice, she whispered, “Yes. I understand, President Fuller.”

Without further ado, Toby turned around and left.

His goal in coming here was just to give her a warning and nothing else.

Even if he wanted to take it further, he would not choose to do it in a hospital. After leaving, he could still call on Tom to teach her a lesson.

Toby was not such a generous person as to let Rina off with such a simple warning after she wanted Sonia to give up a kidney.

Returning to outside of the CT room, Toby found Sonia playing a game on her phone.

Hearing the footsteps and the familiar scent emanating from the man, she put down her phone and raised her head. “You’re back?”

On his way back, Toby had already composed his emotions, which was why when he faced Sonia again, there was only gentleness on his face. The cold attitude from dealing with Rina was nowhere to be found.

“Yes.” Nodding, he sat down by her side.

Looking at him, Sonia asked, “What took you so long? Is there something wrong with the company? If so, you can go deal with that first. I can wait for the report here and I’ll call you when it’s done.”

“There’s no need,” Toby said as he tucked her hair that had fallen to the side when tilted her head while gaming just now. Gently, he replied, “There’s nothing wrong with the company. It’s just that the call dragged on for a bit.”

“I see.” Not suspecting anything, Sonia nodded and stopped questioning him.

Then, the door to the CT room opened and Tim came out wearing a lab coat. He had one of his hands inside one pocket and the other holding a folder. His big, wide strides paired with his coat as it flowed at a beautiful rhythm were candy for the eyes.

If not for his extremely cold gaze telling people explicitly that he was not one to be trifled with, he would be an exceptionally charming man.

“Are the results out, Dr. Lancaster?” Sonia stood up as she asked, her voice full of concern.

Seeing Sonia so nervous about the report made Toby smile as he stood up too but instead of looking at Tim, Toby looked at Sonia as he just could not get enough of her.

Seeing Toby being so pathetic made Tim's eyes flash with a hint of disdain toward the other man. However, it vanished in the blink of an eye.

This is a man who is trapped in love. What a stupid look to have!

Fortunately for Tim, he was not in love with anyone. Otherwise, the thought of having such a dumb look like Toby would make the former want to torture himself.

"The results are out." Blocking out such thoughts, Tim nodded slightly.

Sonia's gaze landed onto the file in his hands. "What's the outcome? Is his elbow healing nicely?"

Looking toward Toby, Tim clutched the file under his armpit as he took out the scalpel he usually played with from his lab coat pocket. In a swift motion, he slashed the strap that was dangling from Toby's neck.

At that moment, the strap that supported Toby's left arm broke, causing his left arm to swing downward.

Seeing this gave Sonia a good fright, and she quickly held Toby's left arm up. She was afraid that the abrupt motion might have caused problems for the still-damaged arm.

"Dr. Lancaster, what are you—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Toby used his right hand to gently pat her back. “It’s alright. Since he did that, it means that my elbow must be almost healed by now and I don’t need to keep it on a strap anymore.”

“Really?” Sonia’s eyes shined as she looked at Tim hopefully.

After twirling his scalpel, he put it back into his pocket and replied, “He’s right; otherwise, I wouldn’t have done that.”

With that, he handed over the file to Toby. “Take a look—this is his CT scan. The bones in his elbow are healing up nicely. Although it hasn’t fully healed, he does not need to support it anymore and he can perform simple rehabilitation. In short, as long as you don’t lift heavy stuff and don’t exert too large of a motion, it should be no problem.”

Hearing that made Sonia’s face light up. “That’s good news! Do you hear that, Toby? As long as you don’t lift heavy things and don’t exert your left arm too much, your arm should be fine!”

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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 652 He Has Emotions

Sonia looked at Toby’s left arm before patting it gently. Then, he moved his arm a little before asking with a soft voice, “I heard it all, but I’m not sure if I can remember everything, so, Sonia, can you supervise me after this?”

“Supervise you?”

“Yeah.” Toby nodded. “Supervise me to prevent me from lifting heavy objects or doing strenuous exercises so that my arm can heal faster.”

Right then, Sonia’s lips moved slightly, as if she wanted to say something. Meanwhile, Tim, who was standing at a side, commented nonchalantly, “Supervise? I think he just wants you to accompany him more after this.”

Immediately, the warm look on Toby’s face disappeared and was replaced by a disdainful look before he gave Tim a dark look. “No one would think that you’re mute if you don’t talk.”

Nevertheless, Tim shrugged in an unfazed manner. “I just don’t want her to get tricked by you.”

At this moment, Toby was so pissed off that he wanted to punch Tim. How is this trickery when it is just harmless flirting between a couple? What can a person who is single know about this?!

Staring at those two throwing snarky remarks at each other, Sonia massaged her temples as she didn’t know how to react. “Alright. Stop fighting with each other.” Then, she turned toward Tim and thanked him. “Dr. Lancaster, thank you for your kindness, but I knew what he was trying to say.”

Sonia wasn’t a fool, and it was impossible for her not to realize that Toby just wanted her company. Although Toby didn’t make himself clear and asked her to ‘supervise’ him instead, she didn’t feel like she was lied to because such was common among couples.

Sometimes, beating around the bush could sound way more flirtatious than being straightforward, and that was the fun of being in love.

However, Tim had never been in a relationship, so he didn't understand how things worked in a relationship.

Nevertheless, Sonia was still touched by his kind gestures for not wanting her to be tricked.

“You knew?” Tim was shocked while Sonia hummed in agreement. “Of course.”

Toby put his arm around Sonia's shoulder before giving Tim a disdainful look. “How does it feel to fail in kissing a*s?”

Right then, Tim's mouth twitched a little before he went quiet while Sonia jabbed the man next to her with her elbow and motioned for him to shut up before she gave Tim an apologetic smile. “I'm sorry, Dr. Lancaster. He's—”

“It's fine.” Tim waved them off. “I really don't understand what people are thinking about when they're in a relationship. Why can't you guys be straightforward? Why must you guys beat around the bush and be all ambiguous? Thank god I lack emotions. Else, I would have been so annoyed.”

After being diagnosed with antisocial and affectionless personality disorder when he was a child, Tim had been treated badly by his parents as well as the people around him. They'd even call him an emotionless monster at times.

Nevertheless, Tim couldn't understand how he was emotionless until he grew up and noticed the invisible bond between the people around him that could make them closer to each other. At that moment, he realized he had no emotions and couldn't sense any emotions or humanistic bonds.

From then onward, he harbored a great interest in the idea of relationships. He was eager to know how a relationship worked and how it could draw humans together. Hence, he focused his research on relationships after his undergraduate studies and found out that there was not just one type of relationship. Instead, there were many types of relationships.

As Tim continued researching, he got more confused and felt that relationships were complicated to the point of incomprehension, so he dropped his research.

Tim knew that continuing his research would only bring to naught, as he had no emotions, and his studies wouldn't bear any fruits. Hence, he couldn't understand that what Toby said to Sonia just now was just a way of him flirting instead of tricking her.

"Dr. Lancaster, who said that you're emotionless? You do have emotions," Sonia said to Tim.

Immediately, Tim's pupils constricted a little. "What did you just say? Did you just say that I have emotions?"

"That's right." Sonia nodded. "Your protection toward me is a type of emotion. If you don't feel any emotions, why are you so protective of me?"

She had heard of rumors of Tim, as his nickname, Demon Tim, was a notorious one. Everyone in the field knew that an emotionless freak came out from the famous medical family, the Lancaster Family.

At first, Sonia genuinely believed that Tim was emotionless, as she couldn't sense any respect toward life or law from him after all. However, she realized that he might not be emotionless after seeing how he took

care of Tina and herself, coming to the conclusion that he only harbored emotions toward certain people.

Still, Sonia was sure that Tim's feelings toward her weren't love or friendship. Instead, he looked up to her as if she was his gospel, a goddess, perhaps. Considering Tim's childhood, she believed he looked up to her because she had once saved him. It was Sonia who made Tim realize that there were people that didn't hate the demon.

"Are you for real? I... actually have emotions?" Tim pointed at himself. The man, who was usually smart and calculating, suddenly had a confused look on his face.

Right then, Sonia hummed in acknowledgment. "Of course. Although you act indifferent around people, that doesn't mean that you're emotionless. You're not the monster others call you to be."

Upon hearing that, Tim felt his heart skip a beat before his gaze landed on Sonia. Immediately, Toby got annoyed and grabbed Sonia's hand before pulling her behind him and taking a step forward to block her from Tim. Then, he stared at Tim coldly. "Have you stared enough?"

Yet, Tim ignored him before he lowered his gaze and chuckled. "This is the first time someone told me I'm not a monster. Sonia, you're really an angel."

He went into a pond when he was a kid. As the cold pond water slowly drowned him, he could only struggle and shout for help as he didn't know how to swim.

Despite many adults and kids his age walking past him, not one person was willing to stop by to save him. Instead, all of them gave him a

disgusted look and left quickly, as if they would be murdered by a monster if they didn't.

Yet, what they did not know was that Tim wasn't interested in ordinary people like them. He could only get excited by being able to control the life of people who were extremely sinful. Still, no one gave him the chance to tell them that.

As Tim was slowly losing his strength and was starting to drown at the bottom of the pond, an angel appeared. Sonia found a wooden stick and pushed it toward him for him to grab it before pulling him up and saving him.

At that moment, Tim suddenly realized that he wasn't hated by everyone. At least, there was actually a person who didn't look at him with hate-filled eyes but worried ones instead.

It was right then that he swore to protect Sonia forever. She was the one who showed him color in the world he had once accepted to be monotonous. Losing her was, to him, losing the only patch of color in the black and white world.

Sometimes, Tim would wonder if he wasn't emotionless, would he have been head over heels for her. When Sonia told him he actually had emotions, it became clear to him that his feelings toward her weren't one of love or friendship but something rare.

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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 653 Are You Still Coming Over Tonight ?

Even so, Tim remained content. At least he wasn't entirely emotionless.

“Angel?” Sonia’s head peaked out behind Toby’s back curiously when she heard how Tim addressed her.

Right when she wanted to ask Tim why he’d given her such an intimate nickname, a large palm appeared before her head and pushed her back.

“Be obedient and stay in the back. Stop moving or looking around, please.” Toby turned around and told her.

Upon hearing that, Sonia felt her mouth twitch a little, and she really felt like laughing.

They were both well aware that he just didn’t want Tim to look at her, as Tim was staring at her intently after her question. What a possessive man. It’s not as if Tim will fall in love with me. What’s the point of doing so?

Still, Sonia obediently stayed behind Toby’s back and stopped moving as she respected his feelings. After all, it was better to go along with a jealous man, as it would be harder to appease them if they got even more jealous.

When Toby saw Sonia going along with his request, he nodded before turning around with satisfaction. Then, he removed all traces of emotions on his face and stared at Tim coldly. “Why are you giving her weird nicknames now? Stop calling her that from now on.”

Even if Sonia is an angel, I’m the only one allowed to call her that. She’s my angel and no one else’s.

Tim looked up before replying coldly, “Who are you to tell me what to do?”

Toby harrumphed. “Of course, I can tell you what to do. If I get Sonia to ask you to stop, would you not listen to her?”

He knew Tim was nice to Sonia not because of love but because Sonia was his lifesaver. If it weren't so, he wouldn't have allowed Tim to get closer to Sonia.

Still, that doesn't mean they could be this close!

Upon hearing Toby's words, Tim pursed his lips and went quiet.

Now that Toby and Sonia were almost together, Sonia would accept it if Toby really wanted Sonia to ask Tim to stop.

At the same time, Tim could only agree with Sonia's request, as he didn't want to disappoint her. In other words, Toby would still be the winner in the end. This was Tim's first time feeling aggrieved as he stared at Toby with a distant glint in his eyes.

However, Toby wasn't afraid of him at all. Instead, he felt very pleased and delighted as the corner of his lips turned up because he had won.

Tim will never call Sonia such an intimate nickname anymore.

“Sonia, we should leave now.” Right then, Toby turned around and grabbed Sonia's hand.

Staring at the pleased expression on Toby's face, Sonia felt like laughing as she shook her head. “Why are you so childish?”

Toby was confused. “What do you mean?”

“Nothing. Let's go.” Sonia smiled before shaking her head.

It was better if Sonia didn't explain that his action to get Tim to stop calling her an angel was childish. If she told him about it, it would be hard to see him like this anymore. After all, she found him cute this way.

At the thought of that, Sonia turned toward Tim. "Dr. Lancaster, we shall leave now. Goodbye."

"Goodbye." Tim nodded.

Then, Sonia and Toby turned around and headed to the elevator.

When they left the hospital, Sonia noticed Jessica, who was wearing a hospital gown and sitting on a bench in the garden not far away from her, in the midst of a call. Involuntarily, she paused a little in her steps.

Following her gaze, Toby narrowed his eyes when he noticed Jessica as well. "Should we head over?"

Sonia went quiet for a few seconds before she shook her head in the end. "Let's go. We can just ask Dr. Lancaster if we want to know about her condition. There's no need to approach her ourselves, and I'd really prefer not to have an argument now. Since this is a hospital, it will be impolite if we do so."

Toby chuckled lightly. "I'll go along with whatever you decide to do."

"Let's go." When Sonia reached out to hold his hand, his eyes widened a little as a delighted look appeared on his face.

Even though she wasn't looking at him, she could sense that he was in a good mood and couldn't help but chuckle softly.

Is he really that happy because I took the initiative to hold his hand? Is he really so easily satisfied?

The two of them left the hospital and got into the car. After getting into the car, Sonia received a call from Daphne and started talking about work matters, while Toby took his phone out and started discussing something as well. About two minutes later, he kept his phone and started the car engine.

An hour later, Toby finally sent Sonia back to Paradigm Co.

When Sonia unfastened her seatbelt and wanted to get out of the car, she suddenly thought of something and turned toward the man. “By the way, are you still... coming over to mine tonight?”

During these three days, Toby had been spending the night at Sonia’s. Even if she hadn’t invited him to stay over officially, he’d always find ways to stay over at hers.

Hence, it was possible that he might go over to hers tonight as well. If that was so, Sonia figured she should go for a grocery run, as there was nothing left to cook at home after all.

Upon hearing her question, Toby had his gaze brightened immediately. “Is that an invitation?”

A guilty look flashed past Sonia’s eyes before it disappeared, and she cleared her throat before answering, “Of course not. I’m just asking.”

Staring at Sonia’s nervous look, Toby laughed a little. “Fine. I’ll take it as an invitation, anyway. Usually, I’d go over happily, but I won’t be going over this time. Tomorrow...”

He lowered his gaze before the atmosphere in the car became tense as his voice became weird. “I have something to do tomorrow.”

Right when Sonia wanted to ask what was going on, she suddenly recalled something.

It was Toby's mother's death anniversary tomorrow.

At the thought of Rose's enjoyment, Sonia took a deep breath and calmed herself down. Then, she acted as if she didn't know anything and asked in a calm manner, "Where are you staying tonight, then? I heard that you hadn't been returning to the Fuller residence lately."

Toby nodded slightly. "I've been staying at my flat at Skylark Tower during these few months, as it is closer to my company."

Besides, he chose to stay there back then, seeing how it was also near Sonia's place. At this moment, Sonia made a mental note of the name of the place where Toby was staying and planned to visit him tomorrow.

As for his unit number and house floor, she still hadn't planned to ask him about it yet, as her intentions might be revealed if she asked too many questions.

Sonia was afraid that Toby might stay somewhere else and hide somewhere no one would know if he found out she wanted to accompany him for his mother's death anniversary. After all, he would be at his weakest on that day, and he might not want Sonia to see him like that.

Hence, Sonia could only ask simpler questions and get more details from the people around him tomorrow. At the thought of that, Sonia closed her eyes and recomposed herself. "I see. Well, I'll be leaving now. Drive safe on your journey back to the company."

"Sonia," Toby suddenly called out.

Immediately, Sonia's hand pulled back from the door handle. "Yes?"

“Can you give me a kiss before you leave?” Toby was staring at Sonia with his dark eyes. “Just the cheek will do. Maybe your kiss will be able to give me enough power to get through my difficulties.”

Sonia’s heart skipped a beat.

She knew really well what Toby was trying to say, and he meant that he would have the courage to face tomorrow on his own if she gave him a kiss.

It seems like he knows how he will react tomorrow.

Staring at Toby’s expectant face, Sonia moved her lips a little. Nevertheless, she ended up not saying anything before she opened her arms and hugged Toby.

Right then, Toby was stunned. “Sonia, you—”

It was obvious that he didn’t expect Sonia to hug him, as he only asked if she could kiss him.

I guess this is a pleasant surprise?

At the thought of that, Toby chuckled softly before he reached out to pat Sonia’s back. Then, he turned his face toward her ear and asked gently, “What’s wrong?”

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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 654 Thrown Gift

Regardless of Toby’s question, Sonia said nothing and merely hugged him tighter. From her memories, he used to be ever so gentle, but he had

become a cold and demanding man now. Despite his extreme personality change, it didn't seem like he had moments of weakness.

However, the truth was, he did. The strong man that looked as if he had no weakness actually had a fatal weakness. It was hard to imagine how much impact witnessing his mother's death had on him, causing his entire temperament to go through a drastic change during his mother's death anniversary.

If his trauma couldn't be resolved, he would still have to repeat this for the upcoming years of his life.

If any of Toby's enemies or Fuller Group's competitors found out about this, they might take advantage of it, and that might be fatal for Toby as well. At that thought, Sonia sympathized with Toby even more.

Upon sensing that, Toby had his gaze darkened a little before he returned to normal and used his chin to rub against her shoulder while whispering, "Don't worry. I'll be fine."

What Toby meant was that he would get through tomorrow safely and wouldn't get into any troubles.

When Sonia heard him, she immediately realized that Toby had already guessed why she suddenly got depressed and hugged him.

Initially, she was still worried that Toby might lose it if he learned that she knew about his mother's death anniversary, but his reaction was surprisingly calm.

It seemed like Toby didn't mind Sonia knowing about his mother's death anniversary and his personality change during that day. This showed that Sonia's act to probe his action previously wasn't necessary at all.

In fact, Toby might have also guessed that she would look for him during his mother's death anniversary.

It's good that Toby didn't drop me hints to not go over to his place when he already knew what I was trying to do. This means that he won't mind me going over or seeing him tomorrow.

In that case, Sonia wouldn't have to worry about Toby reacting badly if she went to look for him tomorrow. Right then, she let go of Toby and looked at him for a long while. "I hope so."

After that, she lifted her chin and planted a kiss on the man's cheek. "I've given you what you wanted. I'll be leaving now."

Then, Sonia opened the car door and got out while Toby, who was still sitting in the car, touched the side of his cheek that Sonia kissed before chuckling lightly.

Rolling his car window down, he then shouted at the woman walking toward Paradigm Co., "Sonia!"

At this moment, Sonia stopped walking and turned around before giving Toby a smile. "What's wrong?"

She had a warm smile on her face, enough to make her look like a tiny sun and brighten up sadness. Still, Toby shook his head slightly. "It's nothing. I just felt like calling out for you."

Sonia rolled her eyes at him. "How childish can you get? Alright. You should leave now in case of a traffic jam later on."

After saying that, she waved and motioned for the man to leave quickly while he hummed in acknowledgment. “Alright. I’ll be leaving now.”

“Yeah.”

“I’m really leaving now!” Toby declared again while Sonia felt like laughing. “Just go.”

Tony pursed his lips and rolled up the car window reluctantly before he finally drove away.

Meanwhile, Sonia stood there and continued waving at him before his car completely disappeared out of her sight. Then, she put her hand down and turned around before she started heading toward Paradigm Co..

When she got to the top floor, she took her office smart card out and wanted to get into her office.

However, she suddenly noticed that the secretary’s office next to her was wide open when she got near her office, and Daphne was sitting inside with a conflicted frown.

Placing her smart card down, she reached out to knock on the secretary’s office door.

When Daphne, who was in her office, heard knocking sounds and looked up to see Sonia, she quickly stood up. “Chairman Reed, you’re back!”

Sonia smiled before nodding and entering the office.

At this moment, every other secretary and personal assistant in the office quickly stood up and greeted Sonia while she returned their gesture with a smile. “Just continue working. You guys don’t have to be bothered by my presence.”

“Alright.” All the secretaries and personal assistants sat back in their seats and continued working after hearing the comment while the chairperson herself headed toward Daphne.

Daphne quickly moved away to give Sonia her seat. “Have a seat, Chairman Reed.”

“It’s fine. I’ll be leaving in a bit.” Sonia shook her head to indicate that she wouldn’t be taking the seat, and Daphne sat back in her seat again. Since they were friends outside of work, it’d be natural for them to omit unnecessary pleasantries.

“Chairman Reed, do you need anything from me?” Daphne asked curiously while Sonia placed her hands against Daphne’s office desk. “I don’t have any work-related issues, but I’m just curious about your well-being because I noticed you looked depressed when I saw you from the outside just now.”

After Sonia’s question, Daphne’s gaze dimmed before she looked down.

Upon seeing that, Sonia got more worried. “Why don’t you tell me what happened? Let me know if you’re facing any difficulties, and I can help you out as much as possible.”

“It’s not like that.” Daphne shook her head. “Nothing happened to me. It’s just that I gave President Lane a scarf that I knitted, and I called him to ask if it suited him, but he threw it away.”

Ever since Sonia encouraged her to pursue Charles, she pondered about it and realized that her boss was right.

If Daphne couldn’t even take the initiative to pursue the person she liked, she shouldn’t expect their romance to blossom because it was impossible to get a response from merely crushing on someone.

Still, even if Daphne's crush wasn't reactive to her initiatives, at least she tried. Hence, she wouldn't have any regrets, as she would really regret not doing anything at all.

Despite that, she didn't expect something like this to happen after mustering the courage to give her crush a present for the very first time.

Nevertheless, Sonia was stunned when she heard Daphne and frowned. "What?! Charles threw your present away?"

"Yeah." Daphne nodded as loneliness and bitterness flashed past her eyes. "President Lane doesn't like me, so it's natural that he won't like the gifts that I give him too."

Daphne's face darkened immediately. "That's outrageous. He could have just returned the gift if he didn't like it instead of throwing it. How can he act like that? I need to talk to him."

"Don't do it, Chairman Reed." Daphne quickly grabbed Sonia by her arm and shook her head with a sad look. "Chairman Reed, please don't ask President Lane about this. Right now, he doesn't treat me like how he used to in the past and really hates me. If you confronted him about throwing the scarf, he would surely think that I complained to you and might hate me even more."

Daphne was rendered speechless.

Indeed, since she found out about Charles discarding Daphne's scarf through Daphne, he would surely think that Daphne was complaining to her if she confronted him

If that happened, Charles might despise Daphne even more.

“Chairman Reed...” Daphne felt uneasy, and her grip on Sonia’s arm tightened a little when Sonia remained silent. “Chairman Reed, are you still going to confront President Lane about this?”

When Sonia noticed the nervous and scared look on Daphne’s face, she couldn’t help but sigh. “I won’t confront him about it.”

Immediately, Daphne sighed in relief. “Thank you, Chairman Reed.”

Nevertheless, Sonia gave her a look. “Daphne, are you going to just go along with whatever Charles is going to do? He had already thrown the scarf that you’ve spent so much effort on, and you—”

“It’s fine.” Daphne forced a smile on her face. “President Lane hates me, so the chances of him throwing my gift would be higher than him returning it. I’ve already made mental preparation for it anyway.”

After pausing for a few seconds, Sonia poked Daphne’s forehead. “Are you dumb?”

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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 655 Toby’s Birthday

Meanwhile, Daphne smiled wryly as her head moved backward after getting poked. “A little. Still, people are fools for love, yes? I’m sure you’ve experienced this in the past as well, Chairman Reed.”

Sonia didn’t know what to say upon hearing that because Daphne was right. People were fools when they were in love, and she was indeed love drunk in the past too. Still, even when she recalled how much of a fool

she was in the past, she couldn't bring it upon herself to hate her past self.

Sonia's past self was her most innocent form, as she had never experienced any hardship yet, and all she could focus on was to love Toby and wait for her love to be reciprocated. Sometimes, she really missed her past self because her current self wasn't able to love a person so stubbornly any longer.

The current Sonia was rational for that. Although she could still love, she would never allow herself to lose herself or her pride and turn into a mindless puppet for love. True love should be equal.

There's no power relation in a relationship, and true love means equality. Both parties should encourage and support each other. Should both of them stop loving each other, the separation should be mature and calm without hard feelings.

Sonia had made it clear to Toby that they were together now because they loved each other.

In the future, if any party stopped loving the other party, they should talk about it and break up peacefully instead of torturously tying each other down.

At the thought of that, Sonia patted Daphne's back. "You're right. I was a fool in the past, just like you, but my current self is definitely not one. Of course, I can't force you to change your mindset toward love now, as everyone has a different mindset during different phases of their life, and me forcing you to change will be self-defeating. Maybe you'll become someone like me one day after you experience enough pain in your relationship."

"Is that so?" A confused glint flashed past Daphne's eyes.

Knowing that Daphne didn't really understand what she was talking about, Sonia chuckled lightly. "Alright. You shouldn't think too much about it, and I won't ask Charles about this, so don't worry. It's just your thrown scarf. You—"

"I've already contacted my past colleagues and asked for their help to retrieve it," Daphne said timidly. "They'll probably send it back to me tomorrow."

"I see." Sonia nodded, indicating that she understood.

Then, she thought of something and asked again, "By the way, can I know why Charles hates you? Is it because you love him? Because that's a really ridiculous reason to hate a person. As someone who grew up with him, I understand his personality, and it's impossible for him to hate girls who like him."

After all, Charles was good-looking and came from an influential family, so his upbringing wasn't too bad.

Ever since he was a kid, he'd always had girls that liked him and confessed to him. Nevertheless, he would always reject them politely and return the gifts that they gave him politely. He'd never cause any of the rejected girls to feel embarrassed or uncomfortable.

Therefore, Charles had always had a good image in front of the ladies. Thus, Sonia was confused when she learned that Charles hated Daphne.

By right, Charles wouldn't have hated Daphne for confessing to him as she had been working as his secretary for years, and the two of them were friends as well.

Still, Sonia couldn't help but notice that Charles' attitude toward Daphne was really odd.

Upon hearing Sonia's question, Daphne panicked visibly before she quickly lowered her head to cover her nervous look. "M-Maybe, it's because I don't deserve him..."

After she spent the night together with Charles, his attitude toward her took a drastic change as he was disgusted at her for taking the opportunity to get into his bed.

Although she felt aggrieved and wanted to defend herself, she knew she did indeed have different ideas when she didn't push him away, causing them to have a physical relationship.

When Daphne thought about it now, she really regretted her actions. If she had pushed Charles away and stopped him back then, he wouldn't have hated her, even though he'd still not accept her.

At the thought of that, Daphne covered her face and started sobbing. "All of this is my fault. I asked for it..."

Nevertheless, Sonia narrowed her eyes when she saw Daphne's reaction. "What happened between you and Charles?"

Daphne sniffed before shaking her head. "Chairman Reed, can you stop asking me about that? I really can't tell you about it..."

Sonia sighed helplessly when she saw how much pain Daphne was in. "Alright. I'll stop asking you about it, and I won't confront Charles either. You can confide in me once you're ready, and I'll still be willing to be your listening ear."

"Thank you, Chairman Reed." Daphne stopped covering her face and forced a thankful smile while Sonia passed her a tissue paper. "You shouldn't thank me. Maybe I shouldn't have encouraged you to confess

to Charles; maybe things wouldn't end up like this for you if I hadn't done that."

"It's not like that." Daphne took the tissue paper and dried the corners of her eyes before whispering, "This isn't your fault, Chairman Reed. Even if you hadn't encouraged me to do so, President Lane and I'd still end up like this either way."

As Sonia only encouraged Daphne after what happened between her and Charles, what happened between them wasn't Sonia's fault.

Still, Sonia couldn't help but sigh helplessly, seeing Daphne's reaction, and went quiet.

Meanwhile, Daphne pursed her lips and took a deep breath. "Alright. I'm fine now, Chairman Reed. Thanks for comforting me. I've taken up so much of your time when you should have been busy with work. You should return to your work now."

Figuring out that Daphne didn't want to talk about her relationship with Charles any longer, Sonia could only go along and hummed in acknowledgment. "Sure, I'll return to my office now. I won't ask you or Charles about anything, and I'll leave you guys alone to deal with your problems. Of course, you can talk to me anytime you want if you need my help."

"Thank you, Chairman Reed." Daphne nodded.

Then, Sonia patted Daphne's back again before leaving. When she returned to her office, she sat down in her office chair and massaged her temples.

I really didn't expect Charles and Daphne's relationship to take such a complicated turn. From Charles' hatred toward Daphne and his action of

throwing away her gift, it seems like Daphne had really done something that crossed his line.

Still, Daphne's action to give Charles a present made Sonia recall something.

Toby's birthday is coming soon, too. Should I prepare a present for him?

Sonia tilted her head and pondered to herself, Should I get him a shirt? Maybe not, though! All of Toby's outfits are tailor made and cost up to millions. There's no way that I can buy him clothes when there's only about a million in my savings. If that's the case, maybe I can get him clothing accessories such as a necktie clip. Still, Toby doesn't need stuff like this, and he could also get items with better quality than the ones that I got him. In that case, it would be inappropriate for me to buy him these as well.

Although Sonia knew that Toby would wear what she gifted them, his competitors would surely make a joke out of him. They'd laugh at him for wearing cheap accessories and question Fuller Group's ability.

In short, Sonia couldn't allow Toby to get laughed at by others because of her presence.

Wouldn't that mean that I still don't know what to buy him?

Sonia scratched her head before sighing and taking her phone from the table. 'Are you there yet?' She tapped into the messaging app to send Toby a message.

Toby's reply came in quick. 'Just got down from the car.'

Right then, he closed his car door with a smile on his face before staring at his phone while heading to the elevator.

Initially, Toby wanted to text Sonia after he got out of his car, but he didn't expect Sonia to send him a text first.

Is this what they call telepathic?

On the other hand, Sonia leaned back when she saw Toby's reply.

"That's good to know. By the way, what kind of gifts do you like?"

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 656

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 656 A Funny Sticker

Gifts? Toby was stunned at first, then broke into a light chuckle as he asked through a voice note, "Why, are you thinking about getting me a present?"

"Your birthday's just around the corner," Sonia replied with a voice note of her own, nodding on the other end of the phone.

It was only upon hearing her question that he remembered his birthday was fast approaching. It was no wonder then that she asked him so abruptly about what he would like for a gift. A warm smile graced his lips as he replied, "Anything you get for me will be fine."

He didn't expect her to remember his birthday, let alone offer to buy him a gift for the occasion of her own accord. The thought of this cheered him up to no end, and the smile on his face widened into a grin.

The other Fuller Group employees who hung around the parking lot couldn't help but be shocked at the sight of Toby's kilowatt smile.

Everyone thought of him as a walking iceberg, and there were even senior members of the staff who claimed to never have seen Toby smile. In fact, his impassive demeanor seemed so consistent and unwavering that the senior staff thought he had a terminal condition that made him unable to smile.

However, they were now bearing witness to the extremely rare moment where Toby was smiling—no, grinning—and it was safe to say that they were all shocked.

That being said, Toby's face certainly lit up handsomely when he smiled. At that moment, it was as if his features had shed their usual indifference and took on a warmer edge instead. He must be in love, the employees who watched him thought in unison. They had seen the news from a couple of days ago, and they would wager that their guess was correct.

Meanwhile, Sonia was oblivious to what was happening on Toby's end. She brought her glass to her lips and took a sip of water, then said into her phone through yet another voice note, "Well, that's not a good enough answer. You have to tell me what you really want, or I won't be able to get you a gift at all. And for the record, you're not allowed to tell me to forget about the gift because then I'll be very unhappy."

Ever since their relationship became official, Toby had always been the one to give, but she never got the chance to return such favors. Now that his birthday was rolling around, she thought it would be the perfect excuse to get him a present.

Presently, Toby blinked as he listened to her voice note. I have to tell her what I really want? In actuality, he had no idea what he really wanted, either, because he already had everything, and he really did not plan on letting her buy him a present.

But he certainly didn't expect her to have the foresight to warn him off, claiming that she would be very unhappy with him if he were to refuse her offer of a gift.

Guess I have no choice in the matter. At the thought of this, he shook his head with good-natured exasperation, then chuckled as he said, "Let me think about it, and I'll get back to you on this."

When Sonia heard his answer, she nodded and replied through text, 'Okay.' When her message got through, she stared at the chat bubble in thought. Standing on its own, her reply seemed a little cold and distant. She quickly followed up with, 'I shall await your reply with bated breath!' Then, she attached a sticker of a ginger cat making heart hands—or rather, heart paws.

She blushed furiously at the sight of the sticker. This was the first time she had ever sent him such a bold and outwardly-affectionate sticker. She couldn't help being a little embarrassed and anxious about it.

On the other end of the conversation, Toby's eyes widened when he saw the sticker, and he was clearly surprised by it.

He composed himself just as quickly and let out a small laugh, thereafter saving the sticker and made to reply with one of his own. However, when he clicked into his own sticker collection, he fell silent, for he had no emojis or stickers other than the preset ones that came with the application.

As such, he found himself having to search through and download new stickers if he wanted to send one to Sonia. Thankfully, he could select the category of stickers he wanted in the application, and it didn't take him too long to find a whole bunch of stickers that more than adequately conveyed his affections for Sonia.

He scrolled through the catalog and finally settled on the one he thought was most adorable. Saving it into his collection, he promptly sent it to Sonia.

Sonia, on the other hand, had assumed that there would be no reply on his end after several minutes of inactivity. As of now, she had already set her phone aside and was drinking water from her glass.

She had only just taken a sip when her phone vibrated, and after seeing the incoming message, she placed her glass down and grabbed her phone.

Upon taking a glance, she sputtered, causing water to spray all over her screen before she doubled over in laughter. My goodness, I can't believe he actually sent me a sticker like that! It's so adorable that it's entirely at odds with his usual demeanor!

She tried to picture Toby choosing and sending the sticker, and it amused her so much that she couldn't stop laughing. With his appearance and carriage, she would associate him with a user of the conventional array of emojis, like the ones that came with the application. The sticker he used is more popular among girls, given how cute it is, and I can't believe he actually sent it to me! While Sonia found this comical, she also thought it was an endearing gesture on his part.

Having laughed so much that her stomach cramped, Sonia drew in a deep breath to calm herself. She wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes, then pulled out a piece of tissue to wipe dry her phone screen.

She wiped off the droplets, but as soon as she did, the sticker he sent looked even clearer than it had earlier. This time, she sputtered and burst into uncontrollable laughter.

She was certain that he couldn't possibly be a collector of stickers, and aside from the default emojis, there was nothing else on his phone that

could be as humorous as this sticker. As such, she came to the natural conclusion that he had, in his few minutes of inactivity, been searching for stickers and decided on this one.

Then, she thought about how serious he must have looked while hunting for stickers with which he could reply to her, and she felt a surge of warmth course through her, alongside renewed amusement.

After all, it was no easy feat for a man to be quite so serious about these things. Normally, they would go for the preset emojis in the application, which only made Toby's gesture all the more glorified.

"Must have been quite the challenge for you," Sonia mumbled affectionately, smiling as she shook her head and clicked on the sticker he sent, thereafter saving it.

Over at Fuller Group, Toby had only just stepped out of the elevator when he saw a couple of male assistants and secretaries huddling in the hallway.

The one standing in the center of the group was holding his scarf with a proud grin on his face, boasting, "I can't expect the lot of you pathetic single men to understand the meaning behind this! So what if the scarf is pink? It's a gorgeous shade that my wife picked out for me. I bet you're all just jealous!"

His gloating was met with rounds of scoffing and jesting as his peers rolled their eyes at him.

While this was happening, Toby stood in front of the elevator and narrowed his eyes inquisitively. His wife gave it to him? What could she have possibly given him to make him so happy? When he saw the small group of men getting rowdy, he pursed his lips and demanded icily, "What's going on here?"

When the secretaries and assistants heard his frigid voice, they broke apart immediately and fell in line, as though in a military encampment. They stared at Toby warily and greeted, “President Fuller.”

Darn it, when did President Fuller show up? And what timing! He caught us while we’re slacking off work. They all felt an impending sense of doom as they prepared themselves to either be fired or demoted.

Toby walked up to them with a somber expression, assessing them with his freezing gaze. The assistants and secretaries felt chills running up their spines, and they girded their loins as they waited for him to say something.

After a long, suffocating pause, Toby parted his lips and asked crisply, “You’re all just going to stand around here gossiping while work is piling up in your offices? Last I checked, lunchtime is over.”

“Sorry, President Fuller. We won’t do this again,” the men said shakily, bowing their heads apologetically.

Toby scoffed. “Your bonus will be docked this month. Now get back to work.”

“Yes, right away,” they responded hastily, all heaving quiet sighs of relief. As far as they were concerned, it was a miracle at all that they were only going to have their bonuses docked instead of getting demoted or fired on the spot.

With that in mind, they quickly spun on their heels and darted back into their offices.

As for the man with the scarf who had been a target of friendly jesting earlier, he was just about to go into his own office when Toby said, “You. Stop right there.”

The secretary felt all the color drain from his face, and he grew extremely anxious. Oh, no. Oh, crap. Is he going to punish me? It was no surprise that he would feel this way, seeing as he was the reason why the other male secretaries and assistants had slacked off in the first place. He had a terrifying inkling that Toby might punish him and make an example out of this.

When the other secretaries and assistants saw their peer getting called on by Toby, they shared the same premonition. Alas, all they could do was pray for the poor man, but they had no intention of staying to save him from misfortune.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 657

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 657 Hand-Knitted Scarf

The secretaries and assistants were worried that if they slowed down their pace, Toby would turn his attention to them as well. And woe be to them if that were to come to pass! As such, they hurried down the hallway, leaving their fallen colleague to deal with Toby's wrath.

Presently, the male secretary, Jacob, dared not meet Toby's gaze. He kept his head down, and he was trembling slightly. It was clear to see that he was intimidated by Toby.

Toby, however, lowered his gaze on the man as he asked placidly, "Did you say that your wife gave you a gift?"

Jacob was a little taken aback by this. He looked up, but instead of answering the question, he asked Toby skeptically, "President Fuller, did you stop me just to ask me that?"

Upon hearing Toby hum in affirmation, Jacob felt as if a weight had been lifted off his chest. All the anxiousness drained out of him, and as he was visibly relaxed, his body stopped trembling as well. Straightening up, he let out a quiet breath of relief and answered calmly, “Yes, President Fuller. My wife has recently picked up knitting and crocheting, and she decided to make me this scarf.”

As he said this, his hand reached for the pink scarf around his neck, and a lovesick grin spread across his face. Then, he eyed Toby earnestly as he asked, “What do you think of it, President Fuller?”

Toby did not reply, but as he stared at the scarf, he thought it looked like a rather jarring shade of pink. This guy’s not actually bragging about this to me, is he? Ha! What makes him think this is bragging material? It’s just a scarf from his lover, and what’s with that ridiculous grin he has on his face? For some reason, he felt challenged, and he was suddenly seized with the confidence that he, too, could get his lover to knit him a scarf.

A little indignant, Toby pursed his lips, and the air around him grew colder as he lied, “It looks decent on you. Now get back to work.”

“Yes, sir,” Jacob replied respectfully with a firm nod, then happily let go of the scarf as he turned to go into the office.

Toby, on the other hand, walked in the opposite direction toward his own office as well. While doing so, he texted Sonia. ‘I think I know what I want.’

Sonia was busy going through paperwork when she heard her phone chime with a new message. She reached for it and glanced at Toby’s text. Raising a brow, she called him instead of replying to him.

At the sight of her incoming call, Toby swiped his screen to put her through, then pressed the phone to his ear.

Sonia's firm and pleasant voice instantly filled the other line. "You said you know what you want, so come right out with it."

He pulled out his chair and sat down behind his desk, his thoughts lingering on the scarf around Jacob's neck and the smug grin on his face. "I want you to knit me a scarf," Toby said. Once she gives me a hand-knitted scarf, then I can put it on and brag around the office, too.

"Huh?" On the other end of the phone, Sonia was completely stunned when she registered Toby's answer. A scarf? A scarf hand-knitted by me? She clearly had not expected him to ask for something so specific and odd, to say the least.

She had thought of buying him an accessory piece even if he couldn't come up with an idea of what he would want for a gift, like a razor or a leather belt or something. Alas, little did she know that what he truly wanted for a birthday present was a scarf.

When he heard no response from her, he immediately grew unsettled. Lowering his gaze slightly, he asked, "You're not backing out of your offer now, are you?"

She shook her head. "No, of course not. It's just that, well, I'm curious as to what prompted you to want a scarf and a hand-knitted one from me, no less."

Frankly speaking, it was rare for most men to want a hand-knitted scarf from their girlfriends as a birthday present. This was especially true for men like Toby, who couldn't possibly want something as plain and humble as a scarf after the collection of designer goods he had amassed

over the years. As such, Sonia had a feeling that there was more to his surprising request than met the eye.

Sure enough, it didn't take long for Toby to confess a little sheepishly. "Someone was bragging about it to my face."

"Bragging?" she repeated, tipping her head to the side in confusion.

He hummed in response, then told her about the conversation he had had with Jacob out in the hallway earlier.

Having heard the full story, Sonia was bemused. "How is that considered bragging? He was probably just excited to regale everyone with anecdotes of his love life."

Toby pressed his lips into a thin line. "Yeah, but seeing as I don't have a scarf hand-knitted by my girlfriend, that would make me inferior and him the bragger."

She sighed and rubbed her temple with mock exasperation. "Okay, fine, he was bragging to your face. So because your subordinate has something that you don't, and he was showing it off in front of you, you decided that you would like to have a scarf to balance out the resentment you feel, is that it?"

Toby lifted his chin petulantly. "I'm the boss. How am I going to face my subordinates if I don't even have a love life as enriching as theirs? I need everyone to know that I have what they have, if not more. So, circling back to the topic, will you please knit me a scarf, Sonia?"

With one hand pressed against her forehead like she was dealing with the onset of a migraine, she countered, "Of course I will, and I'm quite adept at knitting, too. But are you sure it's what you want? You have to know that the scarf isn't worth anything on the market."

“No,” he argued with a firm shake of his head. “Any scarf knitted by you is priceless to me.”

Her expression softened as she let out a small laugh. “In that case, it will be my honor to make you that scarf. What color would you like?”

Upon hearing her agreement to make him a scarf, Toby felt a rush of satisfaction course through him, and for a minute, he was on cloud nine. The fingers that twirled his pen quickened in light of his elation as he said, “I’m fine with any color. You decide.”

“Then black it is,” Sonia said with a decisive air after a moment of thought. “Black looks good on you.”

“Hmm.” He nodded, the smile on his face never once fading.

The rest of their conversation surrounded Sonia’s ideas on the knitting pattern and the length, width, and thickness of the scarf. It was only after the details had been settled that they each hung up the phone.

When the call ended, Toby set his phone down on his desk and leaned back into his seat, the atmosphere around him growing warm and easy.

At that moment, Tom walked in with a stack of files in hand. Upon seeing Toby’s insouciant stance, he adjusted his glasses and pointed out, “You look happy, President Fuller. Did something good happen?”

“Sonia’s going to knit me a scarf,” Toby answered as he glanced at Tom, and while he sounded blase, he was undeniably gloating.

Tom felt the corner of his lips twitch. He had the sudden urge to slap himself for being so nosy, and now Toby was rubbing his blooming relationship in his face. You asked for it, Tom chastised himself grimly.

As much as he wanted to wipe that smug grin off Toby's face, Tom maintained a courteous smile and feigned surprise as he said, "Oh, really? How wonderful! Congratulations, President Fuller."

Clearly enjoying this, Toby lifted his chin by just a fraction more as he drawled, "Oh, it's nothing. It's just a scarf."

A bitter chuckle threatened to escape Tom. Oh, just a scarf, you said? If you're going to pretend to care so little about this, then why don't you take back your damn bragging? Tom pursed his lips, then coughed as if to mask his own disgruntlement. He didn't want to continue on this topic with the obviously enamored Toby anymore, for it was getting more disheartening.

Changing the subject, Tom said, "Well, anyway, President Fuller, the departments have sent these over to be executed by you. I'll just leave them here." He pointed at Toby's desk, waiting for approval.

Toby nodded. "Go on, then."

"Alright." Tom put the documents down, then stepped back before saying, "If there isn't anything else you need my help with, I shall take my leave, President Fuller." He was worried that if he didn't leave the office now, he would only be in danger of hearing more of Toby and Sonia's lovey-dovey tidbits.

"Wait," Toby called out, stopping Tom in his tracks.

Tom winced, but he quickly recomposed himself and put on his standard salaryman smile. "Yes, President Fuller, is there anything I can help you with?"

Toby straightened up in his seat, suddenly serious. “Ask those men who have been dispatched to track down Declan to call off the search. There’s no longer the need for that.”

“Call off the search?” When Tom heard this, his face lit up with astonishment. “But why?”

“Sonia told me a few days ago that Carl has tortured Declan so badly that he no longer seemed human, and Carl doesn’t plan on stopping just yet. I’m afraid Declan will die sooner than we think if this goes on,” Toby answered gravely.

It was on the night before last, when Toby and Sonia returned to Bayside Residence after their movie date that she told him about Carl’s email.

If she hadn’t told him then, he would never have known that Carl had already taken care of Declan.

While Toby was a little unhappy that Carl beat him to torturing Declan, he had to admit that he agreed with Carl’s method of revenge. After all, Declan had nearly killed Sonia when he pushed her off the cliff, and he deserved the cruel punishment. If Toby were in Carl’s shoes, he didn’t think he would go easy on Declan, either.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 658

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 658 Scarf-Knitting

Truth be told, Toby might even prove to exact crueller vengeance upon Declan than Carl had.

Presently, Tom felt a chill run down his spine when he heard of what had happened to Declan. “I’ll have the men return right away,” he said, still a little stunned by this news. Looks like we severely underestimated how perverse Carl can be. He may look like a warm and affable young man, but his vengeance is bloody and ruthless.

Then again, Tom thought Declan deserved the punishment for having kidnapped Sonia and attempted to kill her in the first place. He knew how important Miss Reed was to Carl, but he went ahead and targeted her, anyway. Now he’s bearing the brunt of his own stupidity; his days are numbered, and rightfully so.

“By the way, how’s the investigation on Connor going?” Toby asked a little.

Tom adjusted his glasses. “He’s doing what he usually does—fishing, playing chess, and if he isn’t doing either of these, he won’t venture out of the villa at all. No odd behavior on his part has been reported thus far.”

Toby narrowed his eyes in thought, saying nothing. From how he looked at it, the oddest behavior of all was to have no odd behavior whatsoever.

Connor had been Toby’s mother’s first love, and they were rather devoted to one another back in their youth. Toby had even learned of Connor’s first and last visit to the Fuller Residence, whereupon he got into a dispute with Homer. While Toby never did uncover the cause of the dispute, he wagered that, judging by the way Connor had stormed off in a fit of rage, the man bore some intense grudges against Homer after the incident.

As such, Connor was the most likely suspect behind Homer’s murder.

More importantly, Connor was the head of the Salzburg Family and the chairman of Salzburg Group. However, he never once returned to the company to take charge of things and instead stayed home tending to his garden and going on fishing trips. Toby found this incredibly hard to believe.

At the thought of this, Toby lightly drummed his fingers against his desk, letting the rhythmic thumping fill the silent office. At last, he ordered somberly, “Continue keeping an eye on him. I refuse to believe that he will stay idle for long.”

If Connor really was the one behind Homer’s murder and the one who instigated Toby’s car accident, then surely the clues of his misdeeds would surface at some point.

“Yes, sir!” Tom stood to attention as a show of obedience.

Meanwhile, over at Paradigm Co., Sonia called Daphne into her office after putting her phone away.

Coming to a stop in front of Sonia’s desk, Daphne asked courteously, “Is there anything I can help you with, Chairman Reed?”

As of now, Daphne looked as if she had completely sorted through her feelings and returned to her usual self at work, which put some of Sonia’s worries at ease. Smiling, Sonia asked genially, “Daphne, where did you get the yarn from the scarf you made Charles?”

Upon hearing this, Daphne blinked in surprise and asked, “Chairman Reed, are you perhaps planning on knitting a scarf as well?”

“Yes,” Sonia answered with a nod. “Toby saw one of his subordinates wearing a scarf his wife made for him, and now he wants me to

hand-knit one for him, too. He said something about wanting to have whatever his subordinates have.”

Daphne couldn't help but sputter; amidst a small laugh, she pointed out, “How interesting of him to wish to compete with his subordinates, and on such strange matters as well.”

Sonia shook her head in good-natured exasperation. “Yeah, I didn't think a man who's thirty-one could be so childish, either. But since I can't dissuade him, I agreed to make him a scarf.”

“That's nice,” Daphne mused, eyeing Sonia enviously. President Fuller actually wants her to make a scarf for him, whereas President Lane just throws away whatever I give him.

The sheer difference in these two men's behavior was nearly insurmountable.

Upon catching the dejected look on Daphne's face, Sonia immediately knew what the girl was thinking about. The smile on her face slipped, replaced by an apologetic expression as she said quietly, “I'm sorry, Daphne. I shouldn't have brought this up.”

Charles had only just thrown away the scarf Daphne made for him recently, and here Sonia was being insensitive as she prattled on about knitting a scarf for Toby. I'm just adding salt to her wound at this point, Sonia thought in despair.

“It's alright, Chairman Reed.” Daphne flapped her hand dismissively, then smiled as she added, “I didn't really think much of it.” She knew plenty of couples who were present in her life, and if she were to get mad at everyone else's happiness, then she would have been thrown into the asylum by now for severe anger management issues.

“Really?” Sonia pressed fretfully.

Daphne nodded in affirmation. “Really.”

Sonia eyed her for a moment longer, and she wasn’t convinced that Daphne was unaffected until she saw how serious the latter looked. With a small sigh of relief, she said, “Well, I’m glad to know that.”

“So, you wanted to know where I got the yarn for my knitting, right, Chairman Reed?” Daphne asked, changing the topic.

Sonia hummed in response. “Yes, that’s right. I can’t remember the last time I knitted something, so I don’t really know where to get supplies. I could get them online, but the turnaround for the delivery would take days at the very least, and I don’t want to wait that long.”

“Oh, I see.” Daphne adjusted her black-framed glasses. “I bought the yarn at a shop not too far away from our company building. I happen to have a delivery to make later, so I could get the yarn for you if you’d like, Chairman Reed.”

“That would be really helpful of you, Daphne. Thank you,” Sonia agreed with a bright smile.

“It’s nothing.” Daphne waved her hand, then asked, “By the way, Chairman Reed, have you decided on the color of the yarn you’d like to get?”

“Black,” Sonia replied.

“Got it. I’ll be leaving now, then, Chairman Reed.” Daphne gestured toward the door.

“Go ahead.” Sonia allowed her to leave after a small hum.

Daphne turned to leave, and before work ended that afternoon, Daphne returned with the ball of yarn for Sonia.

Sonia took out the yarn and examined it. It was pure sheep's yarn, soft and delicate to the touch. It would make for a rather comfortable scarf material.

Pleased, Sonia made a bank transfer to pay Daphne back for the yarn, then slung her purse over her shoulder and made her way home.

It was 6.30P.M by the time she arrived at Bayside Residence. She sauntered over to the kitchen and got started on a light dinner, after which she sat down on the couch and began to sort out the yarn for knitting.

It had been years since she last got into knitting, which explained why she was a little rusty now. It was an agonizingly slow process just for her to wind pieces of yarn over the needles.

Thankfully, she started to gain momentum after a while of handling the needles, and only then did the knitting process speed up.

Knitting wasn't actually difficult, and it didn't take up much time, either. If Sonia were to go on knitting like this, she might actually be done with the scarf by dawn.

There were even some who made quick work out of knitting, and they could be done within five or six hours.

And indeed, Sonia did stay up the entire night to finish knitting the scarf, and when daylight broke hazily over the city, she was done with a rather well-made piece of men's scarf.

She opened up the scarf and inspected it carefully. When she was sure that it was as flawless as it could be, she put it into a paper bag to keep until Toby's birthday.

She was just storing the scarf away when the sky darkened, and a torrential downpour, accompanied by a relentless breeze, quickly followed. The chilling breeze snaked through the open French windows, and Sonia shuddered as the air in the room grew cold.

She hurried over to close the windows, then let out a small sigh of relief. Just then, her phone rang.

Walking up to the couch, she bent over to take her phone from the coffee table. However, her expression stiffened when she saw the caller ID, and she didn't waste time answering the call.

Rose was on the other line, and as soon as the call went through, she pressed urgently, "Sonia, is Toby with you at the moment?"

"No," Sonia answered dutifully, shaking her head.

Rose grew frantic as she urged, "Then do you have any idea where he might be right now? I asked Jean, and she told me he didn't return to the Fuller Residence last night. I can't get through to him or his assistant, so I was hoping you would know."

Sonia started to panic when she heard how anxious Rose sounded, but she took a deep breath and tried to remain calm, then answered reassuringly, "Don't worry, Grandma. I have a feeling I know where he is. He's likely at Skylark Tower."

Having heard this, Rose broke into a relieved smile, and her worries dissipated as she patted her chest, prompting, "Well, you're probably

right. That's good to know. In that case, could you go over right now and check on him, Sonia? You have to save him if he's harmed himself, but if he hasn't yet, you must stop him at all costs. He wouldn't let any one of us get close to him, but maybe he would let you. Please, Sonia, you're the only one I can trust right now."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 659

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 659 Looking for Toby

Sonia rose from the couch and hurried into her bedroom while speaking into her phone, "Don't worry, Grandma, I know what to do. I'd have rushed over now, even if you didn't call me."

"That's great. Well, then, you should get going, Sonia. Remember to keep this old woman updated as soon as something happens," Rose said.

Sonia nodded. "Fret not, Grandma. I promise I'll call you."

"Alright. In that case, I'll leave Toby to you, and maybe you could talk to him for me, see if you can't bring him out of grieving over his mother's passing."

"I'll do my best," Sonia promised solemnly.

Rose hung up the phone in relief, and Mary came over with a cup of tea. Upon seeing the distressed expression on the older woman's face, Mary put on a comforting smile. "Now, do stop worrying, Old Mrs. Fuller. I'm sure that the Young Mistress will handle this without a hitch; she'd be the cure to Young Master Toby's heartache, if not the beacon of light that guides him out of his grief."

“Well, here’s to hoping,” Rose said wistfully as she took a sip of tea. With a sigh, she added, “It’s not so much that I don’t believe in Sonia’s capabilities that I am worried about Toby’s deep-seated trauma following his mother’s suicide. It’s not just something that he could be coaxed out of within a day.”

“But I firmly believe that if Young Master Toby were to open himself to the Young Mistress’ gentle counseling, his condition would improve greatly,” Mary prompted as she came up behind Rose and started to rub the latter’s shoulders.

Rose nodded tiredly. “I suppose you’re right. I just hope Sonia could get to Toby quickly enough to bring to fruition the results we hope for, otherwise...”

“Don’t trouble yourself, Old Mrs. Fuller. You have to have faith in the Young Mistress. I’m sure she’ll get to Young Master Toby just in time,” Mary interrupted the old woman’s worried chain of thought. “We all know how much he loves the Young Mistress, and by virtue of that alone, he will allow her to approach him.”

“Hopefully,” Rose muttered as she lowered her gaze, then blew on the tea in the cup before her.

Meanwhile, over at Bayside Residence, Sonia had put on a change of clothes and was grabbing an umbrella, ready to leave to find Toby.

She had only just opened the door when the icy air attacked her, biting at her skin and making her shudder. “The weather’s freezing,” she mumbled to herself, her face turning white in the cold as she rubbed the backs of her hands to keep warm.

As much as she wanted to slip back into the warmth of her apartment, she knew she didn't have a choice. She blew warm hair into her hands, then lifted her foot to step past the doorway.

However, she suddenly thought of something at the exact moment she put her foot out. Retracting her step, she spun on her heels and headed back into her bedroom, then came out again a minute later with a paper bag in hand. It was only then that she took the elevator down to the lobby, and while she walked, she called Toby's phone.

He had promised her that he wouldn't switch off his phone today, which meant she should be able to get through to him. Alas, an automated voice greeted her, informing her that the number she dialed was unavailable.

Anger and frustration coursed through her; she was angry that he had gone back on his word and frustrated that she had no idea of what was happening to him right now, given he wouldn't put her through.

Out of desperation, she could only call Tom. Fortunately, the call went through, and he greeted her politely. "Miss Reed."

"Mr. Brown, is Toby at Skylark Tower right now?" Sonia did not bother with pleasantries like she usually would. Instead, she went straight to the point, given that it was a matter of urgency. She was already worried about Toby, and her mind was far too preoccupied for her to remember her phone etiquette.

Upon hearing Sonia's question, Tom nodded frantically. "That's right. President Fuller has been at Skylark Tower since yesterday, and he never left. I'm waiting right below the tower, and I've already knocked several times, but he refused to open the door. I even tried calling Old Mrs. Fuller just now, but for some reason, I couldn't get through."

At that moment, Sonia realized why Rose had said she couldn't get through Tom's phone; it was likely that both their lines had been busy as they tried to call one another.

Presently, with Toby's location confirmed, Sonia felt her shoulders sag in relief. As long as he's at Skylark Tower and not somewhere remote that we don't know of. "Okay, got it. I'll be over right now."

"Alright, Miss Reed. I'll be waiting for you right here," Tom said, lighting up with surprise instantly when he heard that Sonia would be coming over. He and the rest of his team might not be able to see Toby, but that didn't mean Sonia couldn't. She has a special place in President Fuller's heart, after all.

"Okay, thanks. By the way, do you have the keys to his apartment?" Sonia asked.

Tom shook his head ruefully. "No. He rarely ever stays in Skylark Tower, so I don't have the keys to his apartment there."

"Right," she said with a soft hum. "In that case, I'm going to need you to find a locksmith."

"A locksmith?" he repeated in shock.

With a firm nod, she replied, "Yes, because neither of us has the key, and Toby refuses to open the door. So if we want to break in, we need a locksmith."

"But—"

"Don't argue with me right now, Tom. As things are, saving Toby is our utmost priority, and I promise I'll take responsibility if he gets mad at us

breaking in,” Sonia promised with a hand to her chest, as if she was taking an oath.

When Tom heard this, all his hesitation dissipated, and he nodded in agreement. “Roger that. I’ll make the arrangements right away.”

He knew Sonia was right. Even if Toby were to get angry over the matter of breaking into his apartment, his safety overrode that concern.

Moreover, Miss Reed promised that she would take responsibility if he were to throw a tantrum, and it’s highly unlikely that he’ll lash out at her. There’s nothing for me to worry about. As he hung up the phone, he felt reassured, and he wasted no time in hunting down a locksmith.

Sonia, on the other hand, entered the elevator, and she arrived at Skylark Tower within an hour’s time.

Tom was standing at the entrance of the building with a locksmith next to him, and at the sight of Sonia’s approaching figure, he put up an arm to wave at her. “Over here, Miss Reed!”

Sonia hurried over to join them at the entrance, whereupon Tom gestured toward the door courteously. “Please follow me, Miss Reed. I’ll bring you up to his apartment.”

“Thank you,” Sonia replied, nodding at him once as she tightened her hold on the paper bag in her hand.

Tom led the way, and she fell in step behind him while the locksmith traipsed after her.

A few minutes later, the three of them arrived at Toby’s apartment, which really was just the penthouse that occupied the entire top floor of the apartment building. As of now, Tom brought Sonia over to a large ornate door, then said, “We’re here.”

She nodded, then turned to look at the locksmith meaningfully. “We’ll let you get to work, sir.”

“Oh, you’re too formal, miss,” the locksmith said genially, waving off her courtesy. He had a toolbox slung over his shoulder, and having set it down on the floor next to him, he proceeded to take out his tools to break the lock. He made quick work of it, and the lock was opened in the blink of an eye.

At the sight of this, Sonia hastily pushed the door open, and as she did so, she saw something roll toward her, stopping just next to her foot.

She looked down to see that it was a now-empty bottle of red wine. Frowning, she bent over to pick up the bottle; there was not a single drop of wine left in the green glass bottle.

It was clear to see that Toby had spent the whole of last night downing an entire bottle of wine. The frown on her face deepened, and as she put the empty bottle on the shoe cabinet, she marched through the front door.

The moment she did, her senses were assaulted by the overpowering fumes of alcohol. What was more bewildering was the fact that there were a few more empty bottles of wine lying on the floor of the living room.

Which meant Toby had downed not only one but several bottles of red wine last night. And these might not be all of the wine he drank, Sonia thought gravely, her face twisting into an angry grimace. Was he actually planning on killing himself?

She surveyed the living room for a glimpse of Toby’s silhouette, but after looking around once, she saw that he was nowhere in sight.

More to the point, the penthouse was expansive and covered close to eight hundred square meters. It would take up a lot of her time just to search through each of the many bedrooms housed within this space.

Left helpless, Sonia called Tom in and asked that he search through some of the rooms while she did the others. The both of them began scurrying in and out of rooms, and finally, Tom found Toby in the study.

“Miss Reed, he’s over here!” Tom cried out to Sonia, who was in the other room down the hallway, while standing anxiously at the study’s doorway.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 660

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 660 Passed Out Cold

Upon hearing Tom’s voice from down the hallway, Sonia immediately walked out of the bedroom and headed in the direction of the study.

She came to a stop at the doorway, and Tom gestured into the study as he said grimly, “President Fuller is in there, Miss Reed.”

Sonia muttered something in acknowledgment, then poked her head into the room, only to see Toby sitting slumped on the ground with his back against the desk. His head was lowered, hiding the expression on his face, and she couldn’t tell if he was asleep or passed out.

She pursed her lips and walked over to him warily, then saw how he looked up close.

The shirt he wore was wrinkled, and his necktie hung loosely around the collar. There were even pinkish and yellowish stains on his white shirt that became evidence of his rough night of drinking. She noted gravely how even his hair was mussed, and at that moment, he looked as miserable and unkempt as a weathered vagabond.

Sonia felt her heart twist at the sight of him. In two long strides, she came to a stop next to him and was immediately assaulted by the pungent scent of alcohol that wafted off him; it pricked her nose and brought tears to her eyes in record time.

Frowning, she resisted the urge to turn away from the overpowering scent, then crouched down to help Toby onto his feet.

As of now, his eyes were tightly shut, and his brows furrowed. He looked to have fallen into an uneasy sleep and had detached himself from the rest of the world.

Sonia patted his face lightly, calling out frantically, "Toby? Hey, wake up!" However, there was no response from him, and if she hadn't put a finger under his nose to make sure he was breathing, she would have thought he had died in his sleep.

Behind her, Tom was assessing Toby's condition. Having seen the latter's lack of response, he pointed out, "President Fuller is most likely wasted."

Sonia hummed. "Probably. It's no surprise, given the amount of alcohol he consumed. I guess it's fortunate that the wine he took wasn't too strong. Otherwise, we might have lost him!"

She grew furious and unsettled as she thought about the bottles she had seen scattered around the living room. While she was worried about how

his body was going to purge that much alcohol, she was also outraged by how he had taken all that wine without first considering his own health.

Tom sighed. “You know, President Fuller used to dabble in much stronger stuff like whiskey or Louis XIII. There was one year where he got acute alcohol poisoning and had to get his stomach pumped at the hospital to save his life. Old Mrs. Fuller confiscated his entire liquor collection after that, then forbade the cellar to deliver liquor to him ever again. President Fuller probably knew how much of a fright he gave Old Mrs. Fuller, so he never bought hard liquor again, settling instead for red wines with lower alcohol contents.”

“Oh, I see,” Sonia said quietly with a nod.

“But...”

Seeing how Tom suddenly grew reluctant to speak, she allowed Toby to rest his head on her shoulder, then addressed Tom, “But what?”

Tom pinched the space between his brows. “It’s more likely than not that President Fuller decided to drink away his sorrows today, hoping that the alcohol would be enough to numb him. There was a time when hard liquor was all he needed to numb the pain, but toward the end, when the alcohol wasn’t enough of an escape for him, he turned to self-harming to lessen his agony.”

“So you’re telling me that his self-harming tendencies weren’t there at the beginning?” she asked, gazing down at the man in her arms.

Nodding, Tom explained, “Yes, that’s right. The self-harming only started after Old Mrs. Fuller stopped him from drinking hard liquor.”

“I understand now.” Sonia chewed on her lip, then carefully laid Toby down on the floor. “Mr. Brown, could you please check and see if there

are any wounds on him that we should tend to while I cook him some hangover soup?”

“Of course.” Having replied, Tom immediately went over to inspect Toby.

Sonia tried to smooth out the tufts and spikes of Toby’s mussed hair as much as she could, then straightened up. She walked out the door and headed into the kitchen, leaving Tom and Toby in the study.

Having ascertained that there were no wounds on Toby’s body, Tom heaved him up from the floor and helped him over to the couch, then sighed as he looked at the unconscious man in resignation.

In truth, with Toby’s high tolerance for alcohol, it would take more than a few bottles of wine to knock him out like this. And yet, here we are. I guess President Fuller just couldn’t take the sadness and the grief anymore, and the wine actually caused his body to go into overdrive. Under normal circumstances, he would have harmed himself instead of lying unconscious on the floor.

A little over ten minutes had passed when Sonia returned with a bowl of hangover soup. Her eyes fell upon Toby’s unmoving figure on the couch, and as she set the tray down, she asked Tom anxiously, “Well, how is he? Did he hurt himself?”

“You can rest easy, Miss Reed. President Fuller did not hurt himself, and I think it’s because he passed out before he could do anything impulsive,” Tom replied with a somber shake of his head.

Sonia sighed in relief at this. “Okay, that’s good news, isn’t it? Here, help me hoist him up so I can feed him some soup.”

“Okay,” Tom said readily. He came over and helped propped Toby up.

Taking up the bowl of hangover soup, Sonia perched on the edge of the couch and brought a spoonful of soup to her lips, thereafter blowing on it to cool it off. Then, she passed the spoon to Toby's lips.

However, it was as if his lips had been sealed shut, for there was no way for her to prod them open with the spoon. At last, the soup spilled over the corner of his mouth, and the spoon was clean once more.

"That won't do, Miss Reed. I don't think you can feed him if this goes on," Tom pointed out with a frown when he saw this.

She pursed her lips and put the spoon back into the bowl. He's right, I can't feed Toby like this, but I must. Toby had consumed too much wine, and if she couldn't feed him the hangover soup to purge the alcohol from his stomach, then he would suffer more much later. At this point, there's only one way for me to do this, but...

Sonia glanced up at Tom as a conflicted look flickered in her eyes, but it disappeared just as quickly, replaced instead by a steely gleam.

Forget it. Desperate times call for desperate matters, and I can't be bothered with decency now that saving Toby is of utmost priority. With that in mind, she raised the bowl and tipped her head back, taking a mouthful of the soup.

Upon seeing this, Tom froze and muttered in shock, "Miss Reed, did you—"

She ignored him as she set the bowl down on the coffee table, then reached out to pull Toby toward her. Leaning forward, she dipped her head and pressed her lips to Toby's, prying them open with the tip of her tongue. Having done so, she began to feed the soup slowly into his mouth.

As Tom watched this, his jaw dropped wide open. Heavens, this might just work! He realized belatedly that Sonia had only taken the soup so she could feed Toby like this. While the process was astonishing at first, he had to admit that this remained the best option to get some hangover soup into Toby's system.

Under Tom's watchful gaze, Sonia successfully siphoned the soup through Toby's lips. She lifted her head afterward, her red lips parting from Toby's as she made to repeat the process.

At the sight of her reaching for the bowl, Tom hurriedly picked it up and handed it over to her. "Here you go, Miss Reed."

She was stunned for a moment. Then, seemingly flustered, she smiled and took the bowl of soup. "Thank you."

"Don't thank me; you're doing this for President Fuller," he answered with a dismissive wave of his hand, his gaze fixed on Toby.

Sonia managed a smile, then hummed firmly in response before she tipped her head back and took another mouthful of hangover soup, then promptly leaned down to feed Toby once more. She repeated the process several times until the bowl was clean.

Placing the bowl down, Sonia let out a long, weary sigh.

Tom, on the other hand, leaped to his feet and helped Toby over to the couch once more.

While smoothing out her hair, Sonia asked, "Is there a blanket you could drape over him? We need to keep him warm while he's still unconscious. It'll take a bit of time before the hangover soup works its magic."

“Yes, I’ll go get the blanket right away,” Tom said, nodding earnestly before leaving the study and making his way into Toby’s walk-in wardrobe.

It didn’t take long for him to return with the blanket, which he handed over to Sonia promptly.