

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 826

Chapter 826 Toby Looks Hilarious

Toby instinctively loosened his grip. "What's wrong?"

At this moment, Sonia's face was red as she whispered, "Someone's staring at us."

A look of realization appeared on his face.

And here I thought she didn't want to be near me, but it looks like she just didn't want others to see us like this.

Toby ruffled Sonia's hair gently, after which he looked up and turned to the higher executives staring at them before giving them an indifferent look. "The meeting has ended. Are you all not going to excuse yourselves?"

Upon hearing that, all of them caught on that they were in the way of the lovebirds, so they chuckled in embarrassment.

"We are leaving now."

"Yeah. Let's not disturb President Fuller and Miss Reed any longer."

Those who said that were employees from Sonia's side, as they sincerely hoped for those two to be in a good relationship.

If Sonia and Toby were in a good relationship, Paradigm Co. could always rely on Fuller Group, and these people's interests would be secured.

In no time, all of the higher executives hurried off the meeting room.

Nevertheless, humans were curious by nature, especially the locals.

Although all the higher executives left in a rush, they turned around to glance in Sonia and Toby's direction after walking a distance away.

Upon seeing them hugging each other, a few of them were satisfied, while a few others' facial expressions soured.

Of course, Toby and Sonia, who were completely engrossed with each other, couldn't be bothered by any of their reactions.

At this moment, Sonia was lying in Toby's arms obediently as she rested her head on his shoulder. "I thought you wouldn't get off work so early, so I started a meeting without

informing you about it. If I had known earlier, I would have told you about it so that you didn't have to wait for me."

"It's alright." Toby ruffled her smooth hair gently. "I didn't inform you that I'm getting off work on time because I wanted to give you a surprise."

"So we were both not thoughtful enough." Sonia looked up at him while he chuckled. "Well, that's a good thing because it adds on to surprises occasionally."

"You're right." Sonia chuckled as well.

They embraced each other for a while before heading to the elevator hand-in-hand. When they got back to Sonia's office, Toby let go of her hand and looked at her before asking, "Are you going to continue with your work?"

Sonia shook her head. "Nah. I did initially have some work scheduled. I was thinking I could stay a little longer to finish my work since you were busy recently and had been working overtime and coming home late. However, now that you're here, I'm obviously placing you as my priority. Well, I'm going to work on these tomorrow, as they're not really important. Shall we go back now?"

Toby's lips curled up as he was in a good mood. "Sure. Let's go home together."

"You'll have to wait for me for a moment. I have some things to tidy up."

"Sure." Toby nodded while Sonia headed to her desk to pack her stuff in preparation to clock off.

Just then, Toby started trailing behind her, following her everywhere she went, as if he was a duckling.

Although Sonia found his actions funny, she didn't stop him from doing so.

I guess I'll let him trail behind me if he wants to. Plus, it's kind of funny seeing a tall man like him trailing behind me.

A while later, Sonia tidied all her stuff and locked them in her drawer before she dusted her hands off.

Upon seeing that, Toby asked, "Are you done?"

She nodded. "Yes. We can leave after I grab my coat and handbag."

"Here." Toby took it upon himself to walk over to Sonia's coat rack to grab her coat and her handbag.

Just then, he slung Sonia's handbag over his shoulder before unfolding her beige coat and motioned for her to slip her arms into her coat.

At this moment, Sonia smiled and didn't refuse Toby's advances to help her to get into her coat. Instead, she slipped her arms into the sleeves and wore her coat with his help.

It's normal for a boyfriend to help his girlfriend to wear her coat, so why should I refuse his advancement? Besides, it's rare for something like this to happen, and he might get upset if I reject him.

Sure enough, Toby's mood lifted when Sonia wore her coat with his help.

While Sonia didn't notice the man's expression, she extended her hand toward the man after tying the belt around her waist with a knot. "You can hand me my bag now."

"It's fine." Toby pulled on the bag's strap before he shook his head. "I'll carry it for you."

Sonia raised her eyebrows. "Are you sure?"

Is he actually going to carry my handbag for me?!

Toby nodded seriously. "Of course."

Staring at the beige handbag slinging off the man's shoulder and his good-looking suit, Sonia couldn't help but feel bewildered as he looked mismatched.

It was already odd to see a man carrying a woman's handbag, not to mention a well-dressed and charismatic man carrying a feminine handbag. Those who didn't know who Toby was might even think that he was a twisted pervert.

Right then, Sonia couldn't help but purse her lips to avoid laughing as she looked at Toby, who was carrying her handbag. If it weren't for the fact that she was worried that his pride would get hurt if she started laughing, she wouldn't have refrained from doing so.

At that instance, Sonia was really struggling not to laugh.

"Sure. You can carry my handbag if you insist on doing so. I'll take this chance to relax, then," she cleared her throat before saying and covered her mouth so that Toby couldn't see the smile on her face.

Not noticing Sonia's reaction, Toby pushed the strap of the handbag on his shoulder before humming in acknowledgment. "Let's go."

"Alright." Sonia lowered her gaze to mask the smile in her eyes.

Then, the two of them left the office, one after another.

Right after they left the office, the door to the secretaries and assistants' office next door opened as well. Following that, a few secretaries and assistants came out of the office along with their bags, as it was already time to get off work.

When they noticed Sonia and Toby, all of them halted before greeting them. "Miss Reed, President Fuller."

While Toby didn't react to them, Sonia smiled gently at them. "Hey guys, do get home safely."

"Alright, Miss Reed," they nodded before replying with a smile.

Just then, Sonia looked away and held onto Toby's arm before they started heading toward the elevator while the others stared at their retreating figures in awe.

Suddenly, one of the assistants' eyes widened before their mouth fell open in disbelief when they noticed Toby carrying a woman's handbag. "Look at that."

"What?" the person next to them asked in confusion.

The assistant pointed to Toby's left. "Look at that. President Fuller is carrying a woman's handbag. That must be Miss Reed's."

Surely, all of them noticed the beige handbag when they looked in the direction that the assistant pointed.

Upon seeing the bag and staring at Toby's large build as well as the suit that he was wearing, they glanced at each other before breaking into laughter at the same time.

"Oh my goodness! President Fuller looks hilarious carrying that tiny handbag!"

"I know, right? It doesn't fit his image at all."

"Still, that's much a caring move. Although knowing that others might make fun of him, he still helps Miss Reed to carry her handbag. Looks like President Fuller really loves Miss Reed. I'm so jealous of her."

"Who isn't, though?"

The few secretaries and assistants gathered around and exclaimed among each other, staring in the direction where Sonia and Toby left together.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 827

Chapter 827 Remember to Wake Me Up

It only went to show that Toby, with Sonia's purse slung over his shoulder, was a hilarious sight indeed, and those who were fortunate enough to witness this moment were either wide-eyed with surprise or pressing their lips together to keep from laughing.

There were even some standing a little further away from the scene who took out their phones and snapped pictures, emboldened by the distance and the low likelihood of getting caught. After that, they excitedly shared the pictures with their respective work groups.

It didn't take long before the pictures of Toby with a woman's purse slung around him began to circulate among the employees, and naturally, they all laughed at this comical sight.

The entire Paradigm Co. was buzzing like it was New Year's as everyone pored over the funny pictures.

Being the chairman, Sonia was not in the employees' various group chats, but she saw the pictures of Toby in the executive group anyway. After all, the world was never short of gossip-mongers, and it was only par for the course that something as hilarious and bombastic as this would make its way from the employees' group text to the executives'.

As Sonia gazed at the picture of Toby walking alongside her with her purse slung over his shoulder, she couldn't help but sputter and burst into laughter.

Next to her in the driver's seat, Toby had already started the car and was ready to pull away from the curb when he heard her laugh. He put a hand on the steering wheel and turned to look at her in askance. "What are you laughing at?"

Sonia quickly flipped her phone screen-down on her thigh, then met his eyes. Amusement glittered in her gaze, and her cheeks were flushed. She shook her head and said in a voice that quivered with repressed laughter, "Oh, nothing, just a funny picture on the internet."

She didn't even consider showing him the picture, knowing that he would only sulk if he saw that he had become the joke of the day.

Toby narrowed his eyes skeptically. "A funny picture?"

"Yeah," she replied as she deftly locked her phone.

His gaze fell upon the phone. "Show me the picture, then."

"I've already turned my phone off," Sonia said as she showed him the black screen of her phone to prove a point. Then, she quickly set it aside and changed the subject. "Okay, forget about all that, because it's not as important as getting home so I can finally eat. I'm starving." As she said this, she patted her stomach.

Upon hearing this, Toby naturally abandoned the subject of the funny picture and nodded as he said, "Sit tight."

She hummed in response. "I'm all strapped in," she declared while clutching her seatbelt.

It was only then that he released the brakes and steered the car away from the curb.

When Sonia saw that he had willingly dropped the matter of the picture and that he had his eyes on the road while he drove, she let out a sigh of relief. She subtly clicked into her phone once more and found the picture, then saved it.

A picture this hilarious could very well be the only one of its kind, and if she didn't save it now, it would be her loss, seeing as there would be no carbon copies. She would hate to miss out on owning such a special memento.

Who knows? I might even pull it up to cheer myself up on a bad day.

At the thought of this, she carefully stored the image on her phone and set up a password for it so that Toby wouldn't snoop around and come across it. She knew he would throw a fit for sure if he ever saw it.

After she was done setting up the password, she smiled in satisfaction and shoved her phone into her bag, then let out a small yawn.

Toby caught sight out of the corner of his eyes, so he pointed out gently, saying, "We'll be hitting traffic soon, so it might take a while before we get home. Take a nap if you're tired. I can wake you up when we arrive." Sleep now so you won't be tired later, he thought as his gaze darkened.

Oblivious to his devilish thoughts, Sonia massaged her temples and glanced at the view up ahead. He was right when he said that they would be hitting traffic soon. She could see that it would be a slow crawl from this point forward, and there was no telling how long it would take for them to get back to Bayside Residence. As such, she nodded and said, "Okay, I'll take a nap. Remember to wake me up when we get home, and don't try to carry me up, either. I don't want you putting any more strain on your arm before it heals completely."

He nodded obediently in agreement. "Got it."

She let out another yawn and reclined her seat, then lay in a lounging position as she closed her eyes. Before long, she was fast asleep.

Toby glanced over at her side profile while she slept. He took his hand off the steering wheel and reached for her face, then caressed it softly.

As if sensing someone touching her, Sonia frowned and reached up semi-consciously to swat his hand away, and her lips parted as she mumbled, "Don't... That tickles..."

Her voice was thick and soft with sleep, like a down feather that brushed over the edge of Toby's ears. He stiffened and raised his hand to pinch his ear to ease the sudden, ticklish sensation, then turned to see Sonia flipping on her side. She was now facing the passenger seat window.

At the sight of this, he chuckled and let her be. He retracted his hand and elegantly unbuttoned his suit jacket, then shrugged it off. He shook it out to straighten the fabric, after which he carefully draped it over Sonia's sleeping frame and brushed her hair away from her delicate face. It was only after that that he straightened up in his seat, refastened his seatbelt, and proceeded to drive.

There was no telling how much time had passed before they finally parked outside Bayside Residence.

It was already nightfall, and upon their arrival, Toby tenderly stirred Sonia from sleep.

She rubbed her eyes groggily and took in the confined space of the car. Registering where she was, she sat up slowly and asked, "Are we here?" She wasn't entirely awake just yet, and her voice was still soft and hoarse from sleep.

"We are."

Nodding, he turned on the lights in the car, and at once, the dimness inside the vehicle was replaced by a much-welcomed brightness.

Sonia peered out the windshield, and she knew that they were home when she saw that they were in the familiar parking lot. She unbuckled her seatbelt and turned to flash a smile at Toby. "I'm glad you decided to wake me up instead of carrying me up into the apartment like you usually do."

He shrugged. "I figured you would only wake up and lecture me if I did the latter."

She rubbed her stiff neck and said, "Good to know you're aware of it. I couldn't care less if your arm was perfectly fine and you insisted on carrying me up, but seeing as you're still recovering, I wouldn't want to live with the guilt of worsening your injury."

“As if I would make you feel guilty if that ever happened,” he pointed out solemnly as he met her gaze.

She rolled her eyes at him. “Even if you don’t, my conscience would make sure I drown in guilt. Now, what time is it?” As she asked, she raised her arm and glanced at her watch. “Oh, it’s almost 9.00PM.” She seemed stunned by this. “I didn’t think it’d be this late. Were we stuck in traffic for long?”

He nodded. “Kind of.”

She put her arm down as realization dawned upon her. “It’s no wonder I’m starving, then. Come on, let’s get out of the car.”

Toby hummed in response and got out of the car at the same time she did.

After closing the car door, Sonia shrugged off his suit jacket and draped it over her arm. When she saw him rounding the vehicle to meet her, she handed the jacket to him.

However, he pushed the jacket back to her and said, “Wear it. You’ll only catch a chill if you give it back to me now.”

“No, I won’t.” She shook her head and handed him the jacket with more insistence. “You’re the one wearing a waistcoat and shirt, so there’s a higher chance of you catching the chill than me. Put your jacket on, and no, I don’t believe that a big, strong man like you won’t catch a cold. Some women might believe it, but I’m not that gullible. Humans are susceptible to the cold weather no matter the gender, so come on, pull on the jacket,” she said with a steely edge to her voice, looking as if she would not take no for an answer.

Toby raised a brow at her and let out a low chuckle, then grabbed the jacket. “Okay, fine, I’ll wear it.”

He knew she was only worried that he would get sick, and he would much rather do as he was told than make her worry.

When Sonia saw that he had pulled on the jacket, she smiled in satisfaction and said, “Right, let’s go home now.”

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 828

Chapter 828 A Heartwarming Dinner

Toby hummed in response as he buttoned up his jacket and said, “Let’s go.”

Sonia took a step forward, but perhaps she was hungry and still groggy from her nap because she wobbled on her feet. She had only just tried to walk when her legs caved under her weight, and she toppled forward like a house of cards.

At the sight of this, Toby's expression froze. He didn't bother with the last two buttons on his suit jacket as he reached out to grab Sonia's arm, then pulled her forcefully upward and into his embrace.

The next second, Sonia found herself pressed against his sturdy chest, and she appeared to be in a daze. The fact that she had nearly fallen clearly scared her.

Toby held onto her gently. He had one arm around her waist and a hand patting her back softly as he asked anxiously, "Are you okay?"

She nodded feebly. "I'm fine."

"What happened just now?" he asked as he gripped her shoulders and put some distance between them so he could look at her.

She let out a slow breath. Having regained composure, she replied calmly, "I was hungry, and I guess all my strength drained out of me because one moment I was standing and the next I was swaying. You saw what happened after that."

Upon hearing her explanation, Toby nodded, then glanced down at her feet. "Did you sprain your ankle?"

She was wearing heels, and she could have sprained her ankle from a stumble like the one earlier. While he didn't hear the sound of popping bones that usually accompanied a sprain, he wasn't taking any chances.

"No," Sonia answered with a smile. She shook her head good-naturedly when she saw how anxious he looked and added, "My ankles are perfectly fine. I promise." As she said this, she made it a point to turn her ankle this way and that. When she was done with the right ankle, she proceeded to do the same with the left, and at last, she stood still.

Toby was no longer as worried when he saw that she was unhurt. Nodding slightly, he said, "Alright then. Come on, let's get back to the apartment. You're hungry, aren't you?"

"I am," she replied.

And just like that, Toby put his arm around her waist and helped her over to the elevators.

Sonia, on the other hand, was kind of hoping that he would let her go so that they didn't have to hobble, as two so often did when they were glued at the hips. However, seeing

as he was so convinced she would fall if he let go, she didn't have the heart to decline his gesture.

They didn't have to hobble around for long before they reached the apartment.

Sonia set her purse down and grabbed the apron from the living room, then pulled it over herself as she made her way into the kitchen to get started on dinner.

But she had only just stepped through the kitchen doorway when Toby grabbed her arm and said, "You don't have to cook tonight. It's late, and you're so famished you can barely walk. I'll make dinner instead."

When she saw how serious he looked, she did not insist on making dinner and handed him the apron instead as she conceded, "Very well, then. You get to have the kitchen."

"Dinner will be ready in just a moment," he promised as he took the apron, then gave her a gentle stroke on the head before he headed into the kitchen.

She reached up to smooth her hair and let out an amused laugh, then turned to walk into the living room. She sat down on the couch and watched some television while waiting for the man in the kitchen to serve dinner.

Ten minutes later, Toby was still making dinner, and Sonia was waiting for him patiently when her phone suddenly rang.

She put the TV show on pause and set the remote control down, then picked up her phone. After glancing at the caller ID, she put the call through and greeted, "Hello?"

"Hello, Miss Reed. We're calling from the atelier," a woman's voice said pleasantly on the other line.

Sonia nodded. "Yes, I know. This is a rather late hour for you to be calling. Is there something I can help you with?"

"Well, we're actually calling to inform you that the evening dress you ordered has already been shipped over from Milan. May I know when you would be free to drop by for a fitting so we can see what alterations need to be made?"

"Oh, the dress!" Sonia hit her head with her palm when she heard the woman's explanation. Now that she remembered, she gave an embarrassed laugh. "I nearly forgot about that dress. I can come by the atelier tomorrow afternoon for the fitting."

After she had received the invitation from the mall the other day, she asked Daphne to place an order for an evening dress for her. Some time had passed since then, long enough for her to push this matter to the back of her mind, where it would have inevitably dwelled forever had it not been for the call from the atelier.

Presently, the woman on the other line said with a polite laugh, "Well, in that case, Miss Reed, we'll see you tomorrow at the atelier."

Sonia hummed in response. "Okay."

When the call ended, she put her phone down.

Just then, a savory scent came up from behind her. She turned around to see Toby bringing a tray out from the kitchen, and on it were two large bowls of something.

He was standing, and she was sitting, so from her vantage point, she couldn't see what was in the bowls until Toby bent over to put the tray on the coffee table in front of her. She peered at the familiar coloring of the soup-like substance in the bowls. Is that borscht?

The borscht was a rich red in color with potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables peeking out. She could even see the slices of beetroot that had given the soup its distinct auburn-ish coloring. On top of the soup was a dollop of sour cream garnished with dill. The savory scent she had picked up on earlier must be from the sour cream.

A bright smile stretched across her face as she stared at the two bowls of soup and exclaimed, "Wow, you actually made borscht!"

Toby handed her a spoon and said, "Well, you were hungry, and I didn't think I had time to make anything fancy. Borscht happened to be the quickest dish I could think of when I saw beetroot in the fridge. It's a simple fare, so I hope you won't mind."

Sonia shook her head to dismiss his self-invalidation. "No, it's not a simple fare at all. You made this from scratch, and this bowl of borscht is filled with your sentiments. There is no way it's a simple fare, and I happen to love borscht."

With that, she stirred the sour cream into the soup and picked up a spoonful of the concoction, then blew on it to cool it off for a bit before taking a hearty sip. At once, her eyes lit up, and she gave him an earnest thumbs-up. "This is delicious! Hey, your culinary skills are improving!"

Toby gave her a lopsided grin. "Of course. I am a man who is constantly improving, after all."

More importantly, there was no one else he would cook for, and if he wanted to make sure she ate well, he was going to have to pick up proper cooking skills.

She beamed at him. "Aren't you a modest one?"

"I'm just stating facts," he pointed out solemnly as he looked at her.

She nodded. "Yes, yes, you're factual and constantly improving. Come on, it's already late, and you're probably hungry as well. Also, you made this borscht, and you should definitely try your own cooking."

Toby chuckled at the way her eyes sparkled when she praised his cooking and nodded as he said, "Alright."

They ate their dinner in comfortable silence, and neither one made conversation. The only sound that filled the living room was the slurping that accompanied their eating.

It was a comical sight indeed to see two civilized persons abandon eating at the dining table in favor of eating at the coffee table.

Every time they bent their heads to welcome the next mouthful of borscht, they would quite literally be head-to-head with each other. There were several times when they bent so far down that they knocked heads, and while it wasn't painful, the thud that came from it was still audible.

After each knock, they would look up and meet eyes, then exchange amused smiles before they went on eating. Then, they would knock heads again, and exchange an amused look and a smile, and this process repeated itself several times until they finally polished off their bowls of soup.

Sonia set her spoon down and leaned into the couch, practically lying on it as she patted her stomach. Her eyes were heavily lidded as a contented smile spread over her delicate face.

She was completely surprised by how wonderful the borscht had tasted. The flavors were all there, and Toby's company only made the dinner all the better. She had so heartily slurped up the soup that she felt like she might burst now, and as she lay there on the couch, she didn't think she would ever consider moving again.

She wasn't the only one feeling this way, for Toby looked like he was happily stuffed from dinner, too.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 829

Chapter 829 Sneaking Into the Bathroom

When he was growing up, Toby received a strict education. He had to follow a set of rules in every part of his life, and eating was no exception. He had three meals with a certain amount of food a day at a scheduled hour—no more, no less.

As a result, he would always stop eating when he was 80 percent full. He never ate until he was entirely satisfied, so feeling bloated after cleaning his plate was a first for him.

When he was about 80 percent full, his rationality told him to put down his cutlery and stop eating. However, when he saw how much Sonia enjoyed her food, he didn't feel like stopping either, so he went on and finished the meal with her.

It was undeniable that when he had company who enjoyed eating so much, he could disregard all the past rules while having a hearty meal.

Rubbing his tummy, Toby stood up and offered, saying, "Go ahead and rest. I'll clean this up."

"It's fine." Sonia pressed his hands down and counter-offered by stating, "Let me. I'll take care of the dishes since you did the cooking. I can't let you do everything, so just sit back and relax. By the way, you don't look so good either."

With that, she stacked the plates and cutlery before carrying them to the kitchen.

To Sonia, a relationship should be mutual, and so was the same for cohabiting. A relationship between two individuals was about give-and-take, so having only one party blindly giving or receiving didn't feel right. Regardless of how great the relationship was, it would gradually wear away as time passed.

Therefore, it was critical that both parties put equal effort into maintaining the relationship, just as it was with co-living. It was only then that both could go strong for a long time.

Watching Sonia carrying the plates into the kitchen, Toby heaved a sigh before taking a seat.

Well, that came as a surprise. I didn't expect her to be able to tell that I wasn't feeling okay.

It was proven from that alone that she still cared for him. With that thought in mind, Toby lowered his head and chuckled lightly.

After a few minutes, Sonia, who had just cleared the table, came out with a first aid kit in her hand.

Toby was suddenly anxious when he saw the first aid kit. Straightening his back, he quickly inquired, "What happened? Where did you hurt yourself?"

Seeing his concerned look, Sonia couldn't help but feel warmth pooling in her heart. Shaking her head, she smiled. "Not me. You."

"Me?" Toby questioned with his brows raised.

Sonia returned to her seat and sat down before opening the first aid kit, saying, "Aren't you feeling bloated from overeating? Let me look for the antacid."

After saying that, she picked one of the medicine bottles and read the instructions. Unscrewing the lid, she poured three tablets into her hand and gave them to Toby. "Here. These are antacid medicines. Take it."

Looking at the tablets in her hand, he didn't reach over to take them. Instead, he grabbed her wrist and poured the tablets into his mouth. That wasn't all. Once all the tablets were poured into his mouth, he licked her palm deliberately.

Tickled by his licks, Sonia glared at him petulantly. "What are you doing?"

Toby chuckled in response. "Oops. Sorry."

The corners of Sonia's lips twitched. "The look on your face tells me otherwise."

Rolling her eyes at him, Sonia pulled her hand back and poured a glass of water for him. "Drink some water."

Toby hummed and didn't try anything else on her. This time, he took the glass and drank a sip of water to melt the bitter tablets in his mouth before swallowing them.

Sonia shut the lid of the first aid kit while uttering, "You shouldn't have eaten so much. Don't force yourself to eat so much anymore, alright? It's not worth it if you get an upset stomach."

"How do you know I can't eat much?" Toby inquired while holding the glass and staring at her.

Spreading her palms, Sonia replied, "You always control your portion for every meal, so it's not difficult to notice that you've eaten more than you usually do. If it weren't for that happy look of yours, I would've stopped you from eating."

She was indeed shocked to see that he had almost finished the whole bowl of borscht earlier, and she did intend to stop him.

His stomach could only hold a certain portion of food because he had always managed his meals.

The portion of the borscht he had eaten earlier exceeded his usual portion, so it made sense for him to have an upset stomach right now.

Moreover, he was obviously uncomfortable but refused to stop eating. Sonia was a little taken aback and wanted to stop him, but she held back after watching him enjoying the food.

Sonia was also aware of what made him so happy.

The reason was none other than him having the meal with her and watching her eating happily. It made him want to do the same.

What an innocent fool. I can't believe he did that! Haha!

"Don't do that anymore. You only suffer from it." Sonia looked at him.

Meeting her concerned gaze, Toby responded with a gentle look on his face, "Okay."

"Alright. Lie down here and take a rest. I think you'll be fine in a while after the medicine starts working." After that, Sonia carried the first aid kit into the kitchen and stored it. She then grabbed her clothes and went to the bathroom.

On the other hand, Toby sat on the sofa while his gaze was locked on her as she moved. Even after Sonia had entered the bathroom and closed the door, he couldn't peel his eyes off the frosted door.

Though he couldn't see the inside, he could see a graceful figure through the frosted door. The figure was currently putting her hands to the back of her head and tying her hair into a bun.

After that was done, the figure rested her hands in a crossover posture before lifting the hem of her shirt over her head, showing off her voluptuous figure.

Seeing that, Toby could feel his eyes darken and Adam's apple bobbing up and down. He then grabbed hold of the sofa's arms and stood up before sauntering to the bathroom.

Once he was right outside the bathroom, the figure was done taking off her clothes. With one hand, she held onto the showerhead and started washing herself.

The sound of the rushing flow of water penetrated the frosted door and into Toby's ears. At that moment, Toby's eyes turned dark.

He then turned the doorknob lightly with one hand, and the door opened.

Having been staying alone in the past, Sonia never got used to locking doors because no one would barge in any way.

Though she was currently living with Toby, she kept the habit of not locking doors because she never expected him to enter while she showered.

Slowly, the door was pushed open by Toby. The bathroom was enveloped in mist and fragrance, and everything else in the bathroom entered Toby's line of sight.

Sonia was currently naked and standing under the showerhead with her back facing him. Water poured down her body from the huge showerhead above her while she held the small showerhead on her shoulder, giving her shoulders a little massage as she tilted her head sideways.

The whole day of work had burdened her shoulders, so during the shower, she splashed hot water on her shoulders as a form of massage to relieve the soreness. It became a habit for her to do it every time during a shower.

Perhaps Sonia was too focused on showering, or perhaps Toby was too quiet as he opened the door and walked toward her, but she didn't even realize the door was open and his figure was sneaking in.

It was only when Toby stood right behind her and reached out to hug her waist did she come to a shocking realization. She blurted a cry, and her whole body went stiff.

"Shh! Don't scream!" Toby immediately covered Sonia's mouth and leaned his head on her shoulders, uttering in a raspy voice, "It's me."

"Huh?"

Toby?

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 830

Chapter 830 You're Getting Ahead of Yourself

Sonia was first stunned, but soon after, she became frustrated.

How could Toby sneak into the bathroom while I showered?! And here I thought some weirdo entered, but well, it's just him! Gosh, he gave me the shock of my life!

Sonia's cheeks quickly turned crimson as she slapped away Toby's hands, which were placed on her waist.

In response, Toby loosened his grip. Sonia then hurriedly took a step forward, widening the gap between them. Turning around, she tilted her head upward and looked at him.

His clothes were soaking wet due to the water flowing from the huge showerhead above them. Even his hair was damp and stuck onto his face and scalp.

However, he didn't look the least bit messy. Instead, his damp shirt clung to his body, punctuating his perfect body proportions.

Even as water dripped down his face, it only further accentuated his charm and sexiness. Men or women soaking wet looked equally enchanting.

At that moment, dreamy was the word to describe Toby. His dampened figure drained off his usual cold and aloof expression, bringing out the dreamy and delicate impression of him.

It was simply hard to tear one's eyes off of him. Watching the gorgeous being in front of her, Sonia couldn't help but be awestruck.

However, she was quick to return to her senses. This is no time to stare at a hot guy! He was the one who sneaked into the bathroom while she was showering!

I'm... nude! Argh!

After she realized there wasn't a single piece of clothing on her body, her already pink cheeks turned crimson.

After letting out another yelp, she quickly crouched down and wrapped herself with both hands, covering her body. Tilting her head up, she glared at Toby in embarrassment while yelling, "Why did you come in when I'm showering, Toby Fuller?! Get out!"

If she didn't have to cover herself up, she would have slapped his calves to chase him out.

Despite that, Toby stayed rooted to the spot while looking down at her. His Adam's apple bobbed a little, and his voice sounded raspy. "I'm here to take a shower too."

"You want to take a shower?" Sonia widened her eyes in disbelief.

"Mhm." Toby nodded in all seriousness.

Sonia's lips twitched as she questioned, "Do you think I'll buy that? Who on earth barges into the bathroom to shower when someone else is showering? Just get out already," she urged once again.

Regardless of her pushes, Toby didn't leave. Instead, he started unbuttoning his shirt.

Seeing that, Sonia could feel her heart skip a beat. "What are you doing, Toby?"

"Taking off my clothes to shower," replied Toby. "I'm being serious with you. I'm here to shower."

Upon hearing that, Sonia was furious. "Why do you want to shower when I'm showering? Get out! Do you hear me? Get out, Toby Fuller! Stop taking off your clothes. Get out!"

She was so anxious to the verge of crying, although they had hit the home run before.

But still, it was going to be the first time for them to be fully naked in the shower with each other!

She wasn't going to let him do whatever he wanted.

Watching Sonia hugging herself even more tightly like a ball, Toby halted his actions.

Though he stopped moving, the buttons on his shirt had all been undone.

His shirt was slightly left open, revealing his well-defined chest and abs. Any person would easily swoon over that sight.

After that, he crouched down to Sonia's eye level, asking, "Why? Don't you want to shower with me?"

Sonia glared at him in embarrassment.

What kind of nonsense is he spewing? I've never showered with someone else. A man at that!

It only made sense that Sonia would reject that idea. Though she didn't speak, Toby understood her thoughts.

Reaching his arms out, he grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his embrace. After a quick yelp, Sonia fell into his chest and was locked in his embrace.

This was the first time that Sonia was lying naked in his arms while he was clothed. The unfair circumstances made her blush even more. Instantly, she panicked and struggled to get out of his grip. "Let go, Toby! Do you hear me? I said, let go!"

Caressing her smooth back, Toby refused to let go. He then nibbled her earlobe and reassured, "Don't worry. We're just showering together. I've done that for you before, so what are you so afraid of? There's nothing to be embarrassed about."

Sonia was so enraged that her eyes turned red. "How is that the same?"

When he washed her up before, she was in a coma, so she didn't know what was going on. At that time, she was just like a rag doll. She didn't have any consciousness, so naturally, she didn't feel shy or embarrassed.

However, Sonia was entirely conscious at this moment. Being aware of whatever was going to happen only served to make her panic.

"There's not much difference." A tiny chuckle escaped Toby.

“We’ve done the deed, so is showering a big deal now? Come on. Get up. Aren’t your legs getting sore from crouching so long?”

After saying that, Toby got up and pulled her up together. At the same time, Sonia realized that he was determined to shower with her now, and there was no way he would leave this bathroom anymore.

Inhaling a deep breath, she tried to compose herself and look calm.

It was just like what he said. They had already done the most intimate thing that a couple could do, so showering together was nothing compared to two bodies intertwined with each other.

Well, now that I think of it, I did overreact a little. Does he think I’m a joke now? It’s just a shower! What’s there to be embarrassed about? Stop panicking! There’s no need to be shy!

It seemed that she was too conservative and narrow-minded compared to him.

Sonia shut her eyes and persuaded herself silently. At the same time, she was trying to calm herself down.

After a while, her tensed body finally loosened a little. Even the panicky and nervous feeling gradually dissipated.

She was no longer the flustered little deer caught in the headlights when Toby suddenly barged in.

He was right. They had reached the highest form of physical intimacy, and he also gave her a shower before. They had become the closest person to each other. On top of everything, there was no part of her body that he hadn’t seen before.

Therefore, there was no reason for her to be so nervous and shy. Being flustered in front of Toby, who didn’t even feel the slightest bit of shame, made her seem lower in status.

With that thought in mind, Sonia could finally compose herself. She could even look him in the eye now, though her cheeks were still flushed pink. It was a pretty sight for Toby to watch.

“Ready?” Toby inquired when he could feel Sonia’s body relax.

Sonia nodded in response and glared at him. “Ready. You trained another set of courage out of me.”

Sonia could then feel the vibration in Toby's chest as he chuckled lightly with a seductive voice. Smirking, he uttered, "That's because you're all shy."

"Hah! Do you think everyone is as brazen as you?" Sonia snorted in dismay, but that only served to trigger another laugh from Toby. "You're right. I'm a brazen man. So, Mrs. Fuller, may I ask you for a favor?"

Upon hearing that, Sonia widened her eyes and questioned, "What did you call me?"

"Mrs. Fuller," Toby repeated.

Pursing her lips, Sonia could feel the heat surging up her face again. "W-Who allowed you to call me Mrs. Fuller? Why are you talking nonsense?"

"I'm not talking nonsense." Toby blinked his eyes and looked at her with a serious expression.

"You will be Mrs. Fuller unless you don't want to marry me. But it's too late to refuse because I will drag you to the Civil Affairs Bureau and register our marriage. You are only allowed to marry me, my dear Mrs. Fuller."

Toby looked into her eyes with a gaze that was dead serious. If she rejected him, that would ruin his whole domineering stance.

After lifting her hand to hit him on the chest, Sonia quickly caressed the spot with a scar left from the surgery before questioning, "You're getting ahead of yourself. Aren't you afraid that I don't like someone so haughty?"