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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 455 - 456

Chapter 455 Personal Chef

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At this moment, a knock came from the door.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sonia saw the unspoken exchange between the doctor and the nurse and she couldn't help but sputter as she said, "Well, whatever the doctor says goes. I'm sure your stomach will

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appreciate some hot chowder and a slice of mincemeat pie. I'll go easy on the salt, of course."

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

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

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

Presently, he wanted nothing more than to taste that recipe. In fact, he desperately hoped that three years was enough time for him to try all the dishes Sonia had made for him back in the day. He could leave in peace if that dream were to come true.

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

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

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

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

She left and closed the door behind her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Toby hummed in acknowledgement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 456

Chapter 456 A Man of Honor

Judging by the indifference and cold hostility with which Sonia had usually treated Toby, it was odd to think that she would offer to make him dinner now. More to the point, it wasn't the first time he had injured himself while saving her, but she never bothered to thank him with such fervor before, much less offer to make dinner for him. The very idea of it would leave one in a state of disbelief.

Toby noticed the surprised look on Tom's face and knew what he thought. An amused smirk tipped up on the corner of Toby's lips and he sounded supremely pleased as he gloated, "Of course it's in her nature to do so and she won't stop at dinner. She'll personally take care of me for the rest of my recovery process."

"Are you serious?" Tom's jaw dropped as his eyes bulged to the size of saucers.

Toby threw him a withering look. "Why would I make this up?"

That question was enough to render Tom speechless. Of course he wouldn't make this up. He wouldn't get anything from lying to me, which means Miss Reed actually will take care of him! At that thought, he hesitantly asked, "President Fuller, did you suggest this proposition, or did she—"

"She offered it on her own accord," Toby brusquely interrupted.

Tom rubbed his chin while pondering on this. "I guess she's doing this out of gratitude for you after you saved her from certain death. So, what's the plan now, President Fuller?"

"What are you talking about?" Toby asked with narrowed eyes.

Tom stared like the answer was obvious. "I'm talking about your chance at reconciling with Miss Reed, of course! Isn't this the perfect opportunity that you've been waiting for? You've never risked your life to save hers before, but this time, you did so. It's a heart-rending and

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moving tale of your bravado! The fact that Miss Reed has willingly offered to nurse you back to health just goes to show that she doesn't hate you anymore; she owes you a really huge favor and you could press on that advantage and ask her to marry you again. There's no way she wouldn't agree!"

It went without saying that a chance like this was extraordinarily rare and if Toby were to act on it now, he would most definitely succeed.

However, he had never once considered this and even as he listened to Tom's suggestion, he remained impassive. Instead, he countered impassively, "I won't do it."

A baffled Tom demanded, "Why not?" He couldn't understand why Toby wasn't taking the chance to reconcile with Sonia, even though Toby had risked his life to save hers, which, if anything, was a testimony of his love for her.

Toby slowly reached for a document from the stack of papers and flipped through it. "If I were to do that, it would be tantamount to emotional blackmail. I would never resort to such underhanded methods; if I wanted her back, I would pursue her boldly and honorably until she comes back to me on her own accord. Anything else less than that would only make me a scum."

Then, he paused and shot Tom a deadly look. "Moreover, using her gratitude to my advantage would only reignite her hatred for me. Even if she were to agree to marry me again, we'll end up with nothing but grudges between us, which is far from what I want. Do you understand?"

Upon hearing the displeasure in Toby's voice, Tom bowed his head in apology. "I'm sorry for not having considered all these, President Fuller."

"Indeed. Don't bring this up again," Toby warned flatly as he opened the cap of his fountain pen.

"Yes, sir," Tom agreed with a solemn nod.

Then, Toby signed his name on the document with habitual grace and asked, "By the way, any word on Carl?"

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“That guy?” Disgruntlement flashed in Tom’s eyes as he answered, “He retired from the fashion industry and returned to Westsanshire.”

“Westsanshire?” Toby had opened another folder from the stack, but upon hearing his assistant’s answer, he paused and looked up at Tom. “When did that happen?”

“Just yesterday morning. I expect we’ll hear about the return of the real Young Master Hayes in the business industry soon enough.”

As he twisted his pen, Toby asked, “Does that mean Carl has gone back with the intention of taking his place as the rightful heir to the Hayes Family fortune?”

“Most probably,” Tom affirmed. “Whatever Declan has done this time in pursuit of the Hayes Family’s fortune must have angered Carl to no end. At this rate, Carl wouldn’t stop until he’s brought down Declan and the other illegitimate children of the Hayes Family.”

“Carl will definitely track down Declan first. Keep an eye on him because if we do, then the chances of us locating Declan will be greater,” a somber Toby instructed.

“Why would you say that, President Fuller?” Tom pressed as he gazed at Toby in bewilderment.

As he looked up, Toby asked, “Remember the top hacker who has been helping Sonia all this while?”

“Of course I do. You’re talking about Fox Eyes, aren’t you? The one who kidnapped Tina and led the Triforce Enterprise to lose five hundred million?”

“That’s the one, and Fox Eyes is none other than Carl himself,” Toby explained.

Tom gasped audibly. “How is that possible? We suspected he was Fox Eyes and we even looked into it, but the investigation showed differently.”

“Hiding one’s identity and personal information is but child’s play for a hacker,” Toby drawled sardonically as he read the document in hand.

A stunned Tom was silent for a moment. Then, he drew in a breath and found his voice again. “So, we have played into his hands after all. Don’t worry, President Fuller, I’ll have

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someone keep an eye on Carl.” Carl is a hacker, and he’ll likely track down Declan before we do. As long as we have eyes on him, we’ll have as good a chance at finding Declan as he does.

“Alright, you’re dismissed. You can come back for these documents tonight,” Toby ordered.

Tom straightened his posture and bowed respectfully as he excused himself, “Very well, sir. I’ll be taking my leave now.” With that, he turned to walk out of the room.

Meanwhile, at Bayside Residence, Sonia was wearing an apron as she stood at the kitchen stove with a porcelain ladle in hand to stir the chicken chowder simmering in the pot.

A hearty bowl of chicken chowder was a product of attention and she needed to stir it while it cooked or it would stick and crust over the bottom of the pot.

At this moment, the doorbell rang and pulled her out of her chef’s trance. She threw a quick glance at the chicken chowder and decided that it was almost done. After turning off the stove, she walked out of the kitchen and toward the threshold where she asked into the intercom, “Who is it?”

Charles’ voice sounded from the device. “It’s me, Sonia.”

Upon hearing this, Sonia opened the door and was greeted by the sight of Charles weighed down by carrier bags of supplements. A smile twitched on her lips as she asked, “What are you doing here?”

“Evidently to see you and also to bring you a couple of things,” he announced. Then, he handed the carrier bags over to her and said, “Here you go. These are all the supplements that are supposed to help with muscle recovery. Give them a try.”

Now that she was amused by his gesture, Sonia was torn between accepting the bags and refusing them, but she knew that choosing the latter would only prompt Charles to shove them into her hands. Oh, whatever, I’ll just take them. “Thanks,” she responded cheerily as she grabbed the bags of supplements.

Suddenly, Charles sniffed the air in the room. “Something smells good. Are you cooking, baby?”

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"I am," she replied as she took out a pair of flip-flops from the shoe cabinet for him. "Come on in."

He bent over to change out of his loafers and into the flip-flops before he followed Sonia into the apartment. After that, he rubbed his hands together greedily and mused, "Looks like I came at the right time! So, tell me what's for dinner today, baby."

"There's no menu, at least not while dinner isn't ready," Sonia answered as she placed the supplements on the coffee table.

He raised a brow. "What, no dinner? Then, what's with the delightful smell coming from the kitchen? It smells like chicken chowder and... Is that butter? Are you making mincemeat pie?"

Visibly taken aback by his deduction, Sonia gasped. "You must have the nose of a bloodhound! You can tell what I'm cooking just by sniffing the air?"

Charles chuckled, looking proud of himself. "Well, of course! My keen sense of smell is a force to be reckoned with, so don't even think about lying to me." He wagged his index finger. "Now that I think about it, I haven't had chicken chowder for a while. Could you get me a bowl of it, baby?"

"Nope," she said firmly. "I didn't make enough to spare you a bowl of it."

"Aw, why?" he whined, feigning dejection.

"Because the chowder's for Toby," she answered bluntly.

"What?" The look of mock exasperation on his face instantly disappeared as he regarded Sonia with a serious gaze. "Baby, are you actually going to take care of him?"

"Did you think I was joking about it?"

He nodded grimly. "I really did."

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