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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 457 - 458

Chapter 457 The Act of Spoon-Feeding

Sonia rolled her eyes at Charles. "Look, do whatever you want to, but you'll have to wait a bit if you insist on having dinner here because the chowder is off-limits."

He pouted like a child. "Fine, I guess I'll let him have the chowder, seeing as he risked death to save you and all that."

"That's more like it," she said with a grin. "Now, sit down while I whip up a couple of dishes. It'll only take a moment."

"Okay." Charles nodded and headed for the couch.

Sonia, on the other hand, wore her apron once more and returned to the kitchen where she resumed her cooking.

True to her words, it didn't take long for the dishes to be done. They pulled their own chairs at the dining table and got ready to dig in.

He had only just picked up his utensils when he suddenly asked, "By the way, baby, I saw the suitcase next to the coffee table. Are you going on a trip?"

"Not exactly. I'm making a trip to my grandfather's country house," she answered after swallowing a mouthful of food.

With a curious gaze, he probed, "Well, what are you going there for?"

"To help my grandfather look for his journal."

"Oh, is that it? Then, maybe I should go back with you," he offered after taking a spoonful of one of the dishes.

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Sonia eyed him with suspicion. "You don't have to tag along."

"Of course I do. I can be your driver. The muscles on your back have yet to heal and driving on your own would be torture; you'll only return feeling worse. I'm offering my companionship as a matter of precaution and it'd also ease my worries," Charles explained cheerily.

As though she was reminded of her injuries, she reached to feel her back. A gentle prod was all it took to make a sharp ache flare up on her back. She knew that there was no way she could make a three-hour drive down to the countryside and back to the city again; sitting down for hours on end would make her back shrivel up in pain. Besides, her driver had taken the next day off in light of his daughter's birthday.

Since things were already at this stage, Sonia was left with no choice but to look for a new driver for her trip. "In that case, you can come along. We leave at 9:00AM tomorrow," she said as she took a sip of soup.

Charles nodded eagerly. "Great, so that's settled. I'll pick you up tomorrow morning."

"Okay," she replied.

When dinner was done and over with, the both of them left Sonia's apartment. After having exited the gated area of Bayside Residence, she turned down his offer to drop her off at the hospital. The drive from her place to the First Hospital was forty minutes, which seemed manageable to her.

Upon seeing how stubborn she was, he knew better than to try and dissuade her. However, just as she had opened her car door and was about to slide into the driver's seat, he suddenly said, "Hey, baby?"

"What is it?" She held the edge of the door and gave him a look of askance.

There was a hard edge to his features as he warned, "Take care that Toby doesn't try to have his way with you while you're looking after him."

She sputtered at this. "What's going on in that mind of yours, Charles? I wouldn't just let him have his way with me!"

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"I'm serious, baby. You have to watch your back. Toby still hasn't given up on you and now that he's saved you from death, I wouldn't put it past him to use your gratitude as leverage and ask you for some strange favor. You and I both know you wouldn't turn him down if that were to happen because you owe him one."

Upon hearing this, Sonia frowned, but she regained her composure in the next second and flashed a quick smile at Charles. "He's not like that. I know him and he's not such a low-life that he'd resort to something like that."

This wouldn't be the first time she owed Toby a favor, after all, given that he had helped her out with the bank loan that racked up to billions and the project collaborations.

He could have used those as valid reasons to force her into returning his favor in whatever way he pleased and she would have been cornered. However, he never did and she was firm in her stance that it wasn't in his nature to do something as underhanded as that.

At the sight of her nonchalance, Charles sighed in resignation. "Fine, then. I rest my case. Anyway, just keep your guard up around him and remember that I'm just one call away if you run into trouble."

"Got it," she said with a reassuring nod before waving goodbye at him as she ducked into the car and drove away.

Forty minutes later, she arrived outside Toby's room. The door was closed, but she picked up on muffled speaking voices coming from the other side, which meant Toby was likely engaged in a phone call.

Sonia raised a hand and knocked on the door. It opened the next moment to reveal a middle-aged woman wearing a caretaker's uniform on the other side. The woman gave Sonia a polite smile and asked, "Hello, Miss. How may I help you?"

"I'm here to see President Fuller. I brought him dinner," Sonia informed, showing the woman the thermal flask that she was carrying.

Realization immediately dawned upon the caretaker. "Oh, you must be Miss Reed."

An astonished Sonia asked, "You know me?"

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The caretaker smiled and nodded in earnest. "Yes. When I came in to attend to Mr. Fuller earlier, he told me that a young lady will be dropping by with his dinner and that I was to let her in without any question."

"I see," Sonia responded after hearing the explanation. So, he told the caretaker about me in advance.

"Please come in, Miss Reed. Mr. Fuller has been waiting for you for a while now," the caretaker ushered as she stepped to the side to make way for Sonia.

Sonia raised a brow. "A while?"

"That's right. He sent me out to the balcony ten minutes ago to see if there was any 'pretty young lady with a thermal flask' approaching the ward," the caretaker confessed with good humor.

"My goodness." Sonia laughed. "Thank you for taking the trouble."

She figured Toby was really ravenous if he had been so desperate for her arrival. Then again, it was drawing close to 8:00PM and she was admittedly late.

As such, with the thermal flask in hand, she walked into the hospital ward.

At first glance, he was leaning against the headboard with his eyes closed, seemingly asleep. However, she knew for a fact that he was wide awake because it had only been moments ago that she heard him speaking on the phone.

She carefully tread over to his bed before she placed the thermal flask on the beside table as quietly as possible. Then, she softly called out his name. "President Fuller."

The sound of her voice appeared to have awakened him whereby he turned to fix his gaze on her as he said, "Oh, you're here."

"Yes, I am." Sonia nodded apologetically. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I made some chicken chowder and mincemeat pie and don't worry, it's all low-sodium. Here, see if you like them."

As she said this, she opened up the flask and proceeded to ladle the chowder into a bowl.

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Toby took in her gesture and his features softened as he replied, "I'll like anything you make."

She froze when she heard this, but just as quickly, she brushed it off and went on to heap chowder into the bowl. After having done so, she handed the bowl over to him. "Careful, it's still hot."

Then, Toby propped himself up with one arm and having straightened his posture, he graciously took the bowl and responded, "Thank you."

However, it wasn't until after he had taken the bowl that they both realized his other arm wasn't indisposible. Needless to say, he couldn't handle his utensils and simultaneously hold his bowl with just one hand.

He exchanged a look with Sonia, which caused the atmosphere to instantly grow awkward.

A few seconds later, a somewhat embarrassed Sonia cleared her throat and offered hesitantly, "I-I guess I could just—"

"I'll get down from bed," Toby interrupted, moving to put his bowl on the bedside table.

However, Sonia stopped him from doing so and cautioned, "No, it won't do you any good to move around so liberally right now. Why don't I spoon-feed you instead?"

He stiffened at this as he was surprised by her offer. Turning to darkly gaze at her, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you hearing yourself? You want to spoon-feed me?"

"Yes," she answered, a little defensive. "What's wrong with that?"

When he saw how unaffected she was, Toby knew that she hadn't quite caught the problem that could arise from the offer. Since he was entertained by the idea, he let out a low chuckle and pointed out, "In case you haven't noticed, Sonia, spoon-feeding someone is a rather intimate gesture. Are you sure you want to go through with it?"

Sonia gaped at him. True enough, she hadn't thought about the underlying intimacy of her offer at all. Although she was flustered by this, she couldn't bring herself to take the offer back or it would just seem plain cruel.

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Or worse, it would seem like there was some spark between them that she was trying to ignore.

After considering all these, she finally took a deep breath and looked at Toby's arm, which was wrapped in a sling. "You're the patient and I'm your caretaker. It's only normal that I spoon-feed you and there's no intimacy here whatsoever. Now, open your mouth, President Fuller."

She took up the bowl that he had placed on the bedside table earlier before she brought a spoonful of chowder to her lips, blowing on it to cool it before feeding it to him.

Toby watched her with endearment and he glanced at the chowder in front of him, which smelled delicious. At last, he parted his lips like Sonia told him to.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 458

Chapter 458 Toby's Plan

After having fed Toby a mouthful of chowder, Sonia placed the spoon aside and asked expectantly, "What do you think?"

"It's delicious," he said after he swallowed the chowder to give her a reassuring nod.

She broke into a smile. "Good. I'm glad." Glad that all the stock-brewing, the dicing, the simmering and the stirring are all worth this moment of praise, she thought. Then, she brought another spoonful of chowder to his lips and prompted, "Here, have some more."

And just like that, the both of them fell into a rhythm and before they knew it, the bowl was practically polished clean.

Sonia rose from her seat and asked, "Would you like another bowl?"

Toby shook his head. "No, thanks. I'm full."

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“Already?” She glanced at the empty bowl in her hand and frowned slightly. “You barely ate, though!” More importantly, the bowl she used was a small one and there couldn’t have been much chowder in it to fill him up so quickly, not while he was a man with a six-foot-three build.

“I’m actually full,” he insisted calmly as he took the mouthwash the caretaker had given him. “They gave me another bottle of IV after you left in the afternoon. Apparently, the fluid contains some substance that makes one feel a little bloated.”

“Oh, okay.” Sonia nodded at this new information. “Well then, I won’t try to force-feed you. I’ll keep the rest of the chowder in the fridge, so maybe you can get the caretaker to heat it up for you for breakfast tomorrow.”

“Alright,” Toby replied.

She brought the flask into the kitchenette of the suite and returned to the room after she had kept everything in place.

Upon seeing that he was the only one in the room, she glanced around and asked, “Where’s the caretaker?”

“I let her off her shift,” he explained with a book in his good hand.

As she walked over to his bed, she pressed, “What are you going to do at night if you let her off early like this?”

“My legs are completely fine and I’m perfectly capable of being on my own for the night,” he said matter-of-factly as he looked up at her.

Now that she saw his point, Sonia nodded. After dusting off her hands, she began to make her way to where she had left her purse.

At the sight of this, Toby’s gaze darkened. “Are you leaving?”

“I should be. I mean, it’s already 9:00PM,” she pointed out as she took her purse and checked her belongings.

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He cast aside the book in his hand and asked, "Would you mind staying here for a while longer?"

"Why?" She cast him a bewildered look.

"I figured we could talk for a bit. A friendly chat." He steadily met her gaze. "Please?"

She glanced at the time and after a moment of hesitation, she relented. Nodding in agreement, she said, "Very well, but I must leave at 10:00PM. I need to get some sleep before my trip to the countryside tomorrow morning."

"Okay." A satisfied smile pulled on Toby's lips.

Sonia placed her purse down and took her seat once more next to the bed. He had asked that she stay for a chat, but in all honesty, it was more of a crash course on business management than a casual conversation.

The whole time, he spared not one second on pleasantries as he divulged business management tips to her and taught her the best way to navigate the tough commercial world. He even touched on the ideal direction that Paradigm Co. should take in terms of corporate growth and the various industries that the company should invest in.

Initially, he had wanted to coach her on these things over the course of a hopefully developing friendship, but following the drastic shortening of his lifespan, he now only had three good years, during which his body would slowly wear out just to keep him alive.

At this point, Toby no longer had enough time to be her mentor and guide her through life in the industry. He had to teach her everything he knew before his body started to give out.

The business world was cruel; it would mercilessly chew and spit Sonia out as every one of its nooks and crevices was marked with scheme. She was still green, so there was no way she could understand how dark and twisted the industry could be.

If he could continue living, she would never have to discover how terrifying the industry was. He would have shielded her from all of it and kept her rose-colored glasses intact even if the industry rained bullets on it.

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Alas, the chances of him staying alive after three years were too slim for there to be room for hope. He was destined to wither away and leave her unprotected, but he would do whatever he could to make her stronger. Going forward, she would be on her own as she tried to survive the industry.

Meanwhile, Sonia was admittedly taken aback by Toby's sudden coaching. She couldn't shake the feeling that he was urgently trying to make her absorb all his pointers, like he was leaving her with them.

However, she brushed off such thoughts and paid attention, clinging to his every word.

These were valuable notes that defined his career in the business industry, the very same ones that helped him to thrive and survive. Experiences like his were hard to come by, much less be narrated in person, and she didn't want to miss out on any detail.

Time ticked by, and soon, it was 11:00PM.

Somewhere during the conversation, Sonia had forgotten that she was supposed to return home at 10.00PM and as it is, she was already fast asleep with her head resting on her arms.

Toby glanced down at her and called out softly, "Sonia?"

Her lips twitched, but he could tell she was sleeping soundly, for she did not wake up at all.

She looked so peaceful when she slept that he couldn't bring himself to stir her awake. Glancing around the room, he saw the jacket she had hung up on the rack next to the bed. He lifted the covers off and reached to grab the jacket, then draped it over Sonia's back.

If it weren't for the fact that one of his arms was busted, he would have carried her into the adjoining room meant for caretakers who stayed over the night and let Sonia rest in a proper bed.

At the thought of this, his eyes fell on the cast on his arm and a rueful, imperceptible sigh escaped him.

After having made sure that the jacket wouldn't fall off her shoulders, Toby reached out to move her hair out of her face so that she could breathe better while she slept.

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He had only just done all this when the door to the hospital room opened. Tom came bustling in with documents in hand and greeted instantly, "President Fuller, I—"

However, before Tom could finish speaking, Toby shot him a freezing look that made him clamp his mouth shut. He had no idea what he did wrong at first, but thankfully, he snapped out of his confusion in time to notice Sonia's sleeping frame as she slouched over the bed. At that moment, he finally understood the warning look in Toby's eyes.

As it turned out, his loud greeting had almost woken Sonia up.

"Sorry, President Fuller," Tom whispered apologetically as he tread lightly over to the bed. "I didn't know Miss Reed was here."

Toby retracted his icy gaze and decided to go easy on his assistant. "Carry her into the adjoining room. She'll only strain her back if she keeps sleeping like this."

"Me? Carry her?" Tom pointed at himself in shock, thinking that he must have heard Toby wrong.

"Well, I obviously can't do it since I only have one functioning arm at the moment," Toby responded sarcastically. He understood Tom's concern, but it wasn't as if he liked seeing anyone touch Sonia either. Beggars can't be choosers. If I could, I would have carried her myself.

Tom's gaze fell on the cast on Toby's arm. Suddenly at a loss for words, he set the documents aside and gingerly proceeded to carry Sonia.

"Be gentle, so you don't wake her," Toby warned again, the timber in his voice more prominent this time.

Tom mumbled begrudgingly, "I'm already as gentle as can be."

"Come out as soon as you've placed her on the bed. I don't want you hovering there." With that, Toby flapped his hand, urging Tom to carry Sonia into the room at once.

In a show of obedience, Tom agreeably did as he was told and headed for the adjoining room with Sonia in his arms.

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On the other hand, Toby turned to stare after his assistant like he would do something bad to Sonia.

Aware that Toby was staring daggers at him, Tom felt a chill run down his spine. He didn't dawdle in the adjoining room and it only took him a minute to place Sonia on the bed and pull the covers over her. Having done this, he hurried out of the room.

It was only then did the hostility leave Toby's gaze. "So, what are you doing here at such a late hour?" he asked Tom.

Now that they were about to discuss something serious, Tom picked up the documents that he had brought in earlier and reported, "Well, we have just heard from all the international airports and none of them saw Declan's aircraft landing on any of their tracks."

"None?" Toby's expression grew somber.

Tom nodded. "None at all."

"Have you looked into the possibility of fake identities?" Toby asked, his eyes searching Tom's face.

While shaking his head, Tom explained, "I did consider the possibility that Declan and his men would be using fake identities for boarding, but in the end, I thought it was unlikely. These days, fake identities are less foolproof than they once were, and with Carl being a hacker, he must have already perused through the passenger records at all the major airports. He would have known and made a move as soon as Declan and his men used fake identities for boarding. It's more likely that Declan didn't even board a plane at all and that he's hiding out somewhere."

Toby lifted his chin. "I seem to recall there being ferry ports in Seafield. Am I right?"

"Yes." Tom nodded. When he belatedly realized what Toby insinuated, he asked incredulously, "President Fuller, do you think Declan has smuggled his way out of Seafield through a ferry port?"

"If he wants to cross international borders, smuggling out from a ferry port would be his safest bet and he wouldn't be easily caught too. The probability of him using this to his advantage is high," Toby deduced with narrowed eyes.

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