This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 475 - 476

Chapter 475 If You Want to Go After Her, Do It

"Conflict?" Sonia frowned puzzledly. "No."

"Are you sure?" Zane clearly refused to believe her, but she nodded solemnly. "Of course not. But why the question?"

"It's because of Toby's attitude just now. It was too out of the norm." Zane stared at the private dining room of the restaurant that Toby was dining at, squinted his eyes with a perplexed expression.

Sonia looked in the same direction. "Yeah, he was acting a little weird."

"Right?" Zane caressed his chin, looking like a pensive detective. "Normally, if he sees me walking close to you, he'd show up and wreak havoc around us because he wouldn't allow you to be with any other man. He didn't do that today. By the looks of it, he seemed happy to see us together."

Sonia remained silent but bit her lower lip anxiously, for she had observed everything Zane told her, and it made her uneasy.

"Is that why you guessed that there was a conflict between me and him?" she questioned as she clenched her fists.

He nodded. "That's right. If not, I can't explain why Toby would act in such a way."

"That's because he has let go," Sonia looked at the ground as she muttered.

Zane was taken aback. "Let go?"

"I said Toby has given up on me. He won't pursue me again." She clenched her fists even tighter.

At her reply, Zane's jaw almost dropped to the floor. "Are you serious?"

"Yes," Sonia answered curtly.

By now, Zane's mouth was wide open in shock. "How is that possible? Toby loves you so much. He's also pretty aggressive. Once he sets his eyes on something, he will never give up on it."

"It's definitely possible. He told me in person." Sonia stared at him.

Toby had told her the truth on the day he woke up from the coma. He said that he would not pursue her and ask her to be with him anymore.

For some reason, Sonia recalled his words vividly. She should have been elated when the man she hated decided to stop bugging her, yet she did not feel happy at all. In reality, she even felt a little depressed, accompanied by some bitterness and a hint of inexplicable emotions.

Upon seeing the serious look in Sonia's eyes, Zane finally believed that Toby had given up. However, the truth was more unbelievable and shocking for him.

"Did Toby really... give up? That's..." His mouth opened and closed intermittently. Even after a while, he could not calm down at all.

He had a hunch that something must have happened for Toby to do something as impossible as giving up on Sonia.

"Alright, Zane, it's late now. Gotta go." She lifted her wrist to check the time on the watch.

Zane tried to put aside the shock and beamed at her. "I'll send you home."

"It's okay. I'll hail a cab. You're heading in a different direction. If you send me home, it'd be too much trouble for you."

After that, she walked to the side of the road and hailed a cab. She went into the cab and waved at him. "Bye."

Her movement was quick and fluid, giving him no chance to object.

In the end, Zane could only sigh in defeat. "Goodbye then."

Sonia rolled up her windows. "Let's go."

"Sure." The cab driver shifted gears and cruised down the road.

Standing by the road and staring at the disappearing cab, Zane frowned as he fell into unreadable thoughts.

A moment later, he took out his phone and dialed Toby's number.

"What's up?" Toby's deep voice came from the other end.

Zane went back to his car and asked while he leaned on the car door, "Toby, did anything happen to you?"

"What do you mean?" Toby had changed into the striped patient robe in navy and white. He was seated on the sofa in his room and fired back the question with a frown.

Zane inhaled deeply. "I mean... Sonia told me you don't plan to pursue her anymore. Is that true?"

"Yeah." Toby nodded, admitting that he had made the statement before.

Zane tightened his grip on his phone. "But Toby, this is not you at all. You're not the type to give up easily. That's why I asked you if anything has happened to you that forced you to give her up?"

"Do these questions even matter?" Toby pursed his lips, and a mocking look flashed across his eyes. "I remember that you're into her, so you should be happy that I have given her up. Why are you interrogating me now? Do you want me to not give her up?"

"Of course not. I am glad you backed out because that means one less rival. My chances of winning her heart would be higher. But, Toby, you're my friend. You giving Sonia up, and my concern for you are two separate events. You can't put the two together. I understand you very well. You wouldn't have given up unless something had happened. Tell me, what has happened to you?" Zane urged him with furrowed brows.

Toby looked at his feet and muttered gently, "Nothing in particular happened. It's just that I've had enough, so I wanted to let go. Go ahead, and go after her if you love her. I won't get between you two."

With that, he hung up on Zane.

"Hello?! Hello?!" Zane yelled at his phone. When he received no reply, he checked his phone again only to realize that he was staring at his home screen. He almost jumped in anger. "Why is he always so annoying?"

Zane clawed at his hair impatiently and put his phone down, after which he got in his car. It took a while for him to digest the situation and make sense of things, but his brows remained knitted as he seemed to ponder on some matters.

I have a hunch that things are not as simple as it seems. Something tells me that something bad must have happened to Toby. Hmm...

He unlocked his phone to make another call, after which came the voice of a sleepy person yawning. "Mr. Coleman, are you looking for me?"

"Yes, I have something that I need you to look into," Zane explained with a straight face.

The man could sense the gravity of the matter from his voice. He sobered up and replied in a serious tone, "Please go ahead."

"I want you to secretly probe into what's happening to Toby lately," Zane requested.

As a sign of agreement, the man nodded. "Sure, Mr. Coleman. I'll come back with the results in two days."

"Okay." Zane ended the call.

In the hospital, Toby threw his phone aside and leaned into the sofa, after which he covered his eyes with his right arm.

The room was thick with the air of loneliness because no one knew how much it pained him to talk about letting go of Sonia to Zane.

Had it not been for his heart issues, he would not have pushed the woman he loved into the arms of another man.

"President Fuller." At that moment, Tom pushed the door open and entered.

Toby took his hand off his eyes and sat up to look at him. "Has everything been taken care of?"

"Yes." Tom nodded.

Toby nodded approvingly as well. Next, he stood up. "Take care of my discharge procedure after this."

"What?" Tom was taken aback and gave him an astonished stare. "President Fuller, are you leaving the hospital?"

"Yeah." He walked to the patient's bed, and Tom followed nervously behind him. "But why? Your wound is not fully healed yet. It's not the time to leave."

"Home recovery makes no difference." He sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed his forehead. "Most importantly, I don't want Sonia to take care of me anymore."

"Why?" Tom had many questions in mind.

From the start, President Fuller was happy when Miss Reed had promised to take care of him because he could have more time with her.

Why did he change his mind now?

Toby pursed his lips and explained coolly, "I have let go of her. Of course, I should stop being too close to her."

Hearing that, Tom immediately understood what was going on as he silently lamented the couple's fate.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 476

Chapter 476 Giving Her the Cold Shoulder

I bet President Fuller believes that it's best to let Miss Reed, considering he only has three years left to live. He's even distancing himself from her.

He's worried that the proximity between them might affect her adversely. What if she falls for him again as time grows? If the president passed away later, she'd be left in pain.

Losing a loved one is devastating, let alone a rekindled love.

Tom believed that was the worry Toby had in mind, which drove him to start distancing himself from Sonia.

"Okay, President Fuller. Got it. I'll deal with the discharge procedure soon." Tom agreed to his request with a sigh.

Toby waved at him. "Go."

"Right." Tom turned around and left the room.

On the same night, Toby got discharged from the hospital and stayed at an apartment downtown, where he would undergo his recovery before returning to the Fuller Residence.

However, Sonia was kept in the dark about all his plans.

The next morning, Sonia visited him at the hospital with the soup she had made. Yet she was shocked to find another patient instead of Toby in the room. She stood rooted to the spot in disbelief.

What's going on? Where is Toby?

"Miss!" Sonia stopped the nurse who was passing by with a cart and asked her, "May I check with you the whereabouts of the patient in this room?"

The nurse shot her a puzzled look. "Isn't he in there right now?"

"No, I wasn't referring to him. I mean Toby Fuller," Sonia frowned and replied.

The nurse had a sudden realization and answered, "Mr. Fuller was discharged last night."

"What? He left the hospital?" Sonia was shaken to the core.

The nurse nodded. "Yes, he left the hospital at midnight."

"At midnight!" Sonia bit her lip anxiously.

That means he got discharged right after we ran into each other at the restaurant.

"Miss, why did he want to be discharged? He hasn't fully recovered from his injury, has he?" She held on to the nurse and interrogated her.

The nurse shook her head. "I don't know the reason behind it. Yes, he has not fully recovered to be discharged, but home recovery is an option. That's why we approved his request."

"Ah, I see." Knowing that she had run into a dead-end, Sonia forced a smile and let go of the nurse.

Once the nurse's arm was freed, she pushed the cart forward and went about her day.

Sonia looked at the name tag on the door that was no longer displaying Toby's name. She pursed her red lips before walking to the elevator.

At the garden outside the patient ward building, she took a seat on a bench and made a call to Toby.

He did not pick up instantly like before. It took him a while before he took her call.

His chilly voice came from the other end. "What's the matter?"

Sensing the coldness in his tone, she felt rather uneasy.

What's wrong with him? Why the sudden cold shoulder?

They seemed to have traveled back to six years ago when he had treated her coldly. She couldn't help but frown at his attitude. "President Fuller, are you discharged from the hospital?"

"Yes." He nodded.

She placed the thermal container aside and questioned, "Why? Why didn't you inform me before you left?"

"That's my business. Why should I tell you about it?" he shot back sternly.

That almost made her choke, but she carried on, "Yes, that is your business, but I am responsible for you too. I am the reason you're in this condition now. I told you before that I'd take care of you until you recover. That's why you should have informed me when you left the hospital. How else am I going to look after you?"

"There's no need for that."

"What?" She was startled.

He lowered his eyes, his emotions hidden away as he responded in a hoarse voice, "I said you don't have to look after me in the future. I don't need your care anymore." With that, he hung up on her.

Aggrieved, Sonia stared at her phone.

What did he mean by that? The sudden cold shoulder and the refusal of my care... Did I offend him in some way?

She pressed her fingers against her palm and started to search her memory to find any chances of her offending Toby in the past two days. After a round of searching, she confirmed she had not gotten on his bad side in any way.

Instead, Toby started keeping a distance from her since last night.

Perhaps, his attitude change was triggered by the sight of me having dinner with Zane. No, that doesn't sound right at all. No matter how petty Toby is, he won't act out in such a manner.

After all, Toby had witnessed Sonia's close friendships with Carl and Charles before, and he was never affected. There must be other reasons.

Nevertheless, her resolution to repay his kindness could not be deterred. He could treat her with coldness and impatience, for she wouldn't be bothered.

She was only bothered when he tried to stop her from repaying his kindness. She had no intention of receiving his help time after time without showing gratitude.

Looking at the thermal container, Sonia took a deep breath and stood up. She planned to leave the hospital for the Fuller Group building. Right when she walked to the garden's exit with the container, she came to a halt after hearing a familiar voice.

Is that... Mrs. Gray?

Sonia reflexively slowed down and tiptoed as she turned to the right. Indeed, she found Julia standing behind a pot of flowers.

Julia had her back against Sonia and was talking on the phone.

"Please, Professor Sanders. Could you help us to ask around? Please help to look for a suitable kidney for my husband. He fainted from pain again today. If this keeps happening, I think it wouldn't be long until he has to be permanently warded." Julia sniffed and sobbed with a pleading tone.

Sonia raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Ah, I understand now. Mrs. Gray is pleading with a professor to look for a suitable kidney for Titus.

Soon, Sonia heard Julia's voice again, but there was some excitement in between her sobs. "That's great! Thank you, Professor Sanders. Sure, sure, I will wait patiently."

Sonia narrowed her eyes. Oh? Did the professor agree to find him a kidney? Looks like he has a wide network. I wonder who Professor Sanders is.

On the other hand, Julia was visibly relieved after getting Professor Sanders's promise to contact some of the organ banks that she had no access to. She tucked away her phone, wiped her eyes, and turned around with a smile.

Her smile froze when she noticed Sonia standing opposite her.

Soon, something occurred to Julia, and her expression fell. She glared at Sonia and barked, "Were you eavesdropping?"

Sonia shrugged. "No, I did not. You were speaking too loudly. It was hard not to overhear your conversation."

Julia's pupils wavered in agitation. "Did you really hear me talking? What did you overhear?"

Sonia's gaze flickered as she answered with a polite smile, "What else could I have overheard? I got here not long ago. I only heard you thanking some Professor Sanders and saying that you'd wait patiently."

"For real?" Julia clutched her phone tightly, shooting a suspicious stare at Sonia. That was her final sentence in the conversation. If that snippet was what Sonia had overheard, it should not bring her any issue.

However, Julia was not one to trust Sonia easily. I don't think Sonia is telling the truth. She might have heard more of the conversation.

"Why would I lie to you? What do I even get from lying?" Sonia rolled her eyes at Julia.

Julia stared at her for a while. After ascertaining that Sonia did not appear lying, she took Sonia's word and felt relieved.

Glad she did not overhear the rest of our conversation.

If Sonia had overheard the rest of the conversation, she would have guessed that Titus had kidney issues and needed a transplant.

At that time, Sonia might pounce on the opportunity to obstruct the kidney donation, and Titus would truly be done for.

"Well, I really hope that you did not lie to me. If I find out that you've lied to me, I will not let you off the hook," Julia threatened her while pointing at her nose.