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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 621 - 630

Chapter 621 Toby Caused Even More Trouble

Clatter! Clatter!

At this moment, the pot on the stove suddenly began to rattle. Its contents had begun to boil and caused the lid to rise with the steam.

Sonia heard the noise and quickly paused in her actions as she glanced at the stove. “The soup is done.”

“What do I do?” Toby asked.

Pointing at the knob on the stove, she told him, “Turn off the fire, stir the soup with the ladle, and set the pot aside for later.”

“Alright, I’ll do it.” With that, he walked to the stove.

As if she suddenly thought of something, she blurted out, “You only need to stir it. I’ll move the pot later.”

Ultimately, it was the same reasoning as before—with only one working arm, there was no way he would be able to move the pot to another place.

Knowing that Sonia was right, Toby didn’t repudiate her and only responded with an ‘okay’ before he turned off the stove.

After that, he picked up the ladle next to the stove and went to remove the lid off the pot.

Unfortunately, because he didn’t have much culinary experience, he wasn’t careful in avoiding the steam as he lifted the lid. As a result, the vapor from the boiling water scalded his wrist.

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At once, Toby let out a muffled grunt as his brow furrowed in pain.

Hearing the noise he made, Sonia hurried forward to check on him. "What's the matter?"

He calmly set the pot aside. "Nothing."

"Really?" She squinted in skepticism, clearly not believing his words.

After all, she had definitely heard him grunting in pain.

However, Toby only averted his gaze as something flashed through his eyes. As he lacked the courage to look at her, he insisted, "Yes, really."

"I don't believe you." There was no way Sonia wouldn't be able to tell that he felt guilty. Pursing her lips, she demanded, "Tell me what happened or I'll examine you myself."

Her stern expression and serious tone of voice meant he had no choice but to surrender. So, he lifted his right hand and exposed his wrist to her.

Sonia instantly could tell what had happened from the red patch on his originally pale skin. "You burned yourself?" she asked in dismay.

With a lowered head, Toby awkwardly coughed once to admit the fact.

A mystified Sonia questioned, "How did you burn yourself?"

"From the steam," he answered, glancing back at the stove.

At that point, she was both amused and exasperated as she said, "Alright, I see you don't know how to do anything apart from plucking vegetables. I think it's best that you leave the kitchen then. I'm afraid the more you help me, the busier I will be and the more you'll be injured."

Toby lowered his head in shame. "My apologies..."

He never thought he would be so useless that he would be unable to help even with the menial chores in the kitchen.

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Upon reading his expression, she could understand that he felt downcast.

After all, he had leaped at the chance to help her, only to cause more trouble for her than lightening her load. It was natural that he would feel upset, as if he had disappointed her.

However, in truth, Sonia didn't feel disappointed.

It was excusable for Toby not to know these things.

Moreover, she was already comforted by the thought that he had taken the initiative to help out.

"Don't overthink it. I believe that you won't be like this once your arm has fully healed," Sonia assured as she patted his arm in comfort.

As Toby glanced down at his arm, his heart filled with hope once again.

Yes, it wasn't that he couldn't do anything well; it was just that his arm hadn't fully healed yet.

Moreover, he could learn to do the things that he didn't know how to do.

There was no doubt that he would be able to help her with some things in the future.

At the same time, he discovered that working with her in the kitchen or elsewhere made him elated. It was something he loved doing and he found it extremely satisfying.

"Come with me to treat your burn," Sonia spoke again.

Since she had suffered quite a few burns herself when she first started learning how to cook, she was well aware of what it felt like.

There was no doubt that Toby's wrist prickled with pain at the moment.

He sheepishly followed her out of the kitchen.

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After asking him on the couch, Sonia went back to her room and pulled out a family first-aid kit.

As she carried it back into the living room, she placed it on the coffee table before bending down to open the kit and searching through it for the medications she needed.

“Show me your wrist,” she instructed him as she opened the pack of cotton swabs.

Toby obediently did as instructed and extended his forearm to expose his wrist.

First, Sonia dabbed the cotton swab in rubbing alcohol and applied it on his burn wound to disinfect it.

Then, she pulled out a bottle of cold spray and squirted some on his injury.

The moment the cold spray touched Toby’s skin, the pain on his wrist dissipated and it was replaced with a comfortable, icy feeling. Then, his furrowed brows relaxed in relief.

Upon seeing that, Sonia chuckled before tearing a burn dressing from its packaging and applying it on the wound. “Don’t get it wet and you’ll have to leave the dressing on for a few hours. Your burn wound will be gone by tomorrow morning.”

While withdrawing his hand to look at the treated injury with a tender expression, Toby nodded. “I understand.”

“You can sit here and watch some TV then. I’ll go and finish making dinner. We’ll be able to eat soon.” She closed the first-aid kit and stood up.

By now, it was past 9:00PM and she couldn’t afford to delay any more.

If she did, it would be extremely late by the time they were to eat.

Knowing that it was best that he did not help in the kitchen for the fear of causing her even more trouble, Toby remained on the couch after she spoke and responded, “Go on, then. I’ll wait for you.”

After acknowledging his reply, Sonia went back into the kitchen.

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Soon, the sound of vegetables being sauteed could be heard coming from the kitchen.

Making use of this opportunity, he pulled out his cell phone and called Tom.

Tom hadn't rested for the night at the moment and he was instead working late in his own study.

He was extremely busy because the Fuller Group was delving into new territories lately.

Technically speaking, as both the company president and the chairman of the board, Toby should have been the busiest one. After all, many things required his approval as the decision maker during the course of breaking into a new field.

Yet, the complete opposite was true—Toby was now the least busy person in the entire Fuller Group.

In his attempt to accompany Sonia, he had pushed many of his responsibilities onto his subordinates, with Tom being the most hapless one.

That was why Tom was still busy at work at this moment.

When Tom heard his cell phone ringing, he combed his hair with his fingers before putting down his pen to grab his phone to look at the caller ID. Ah, it is my exploitative boss!

It meant bad news for Toby to call at this time!

After swearing internally at Toby, Tom finally answered the phone with a polite smile. "Good evening, President Fuller."

"Find me a chef tomorrow," Toby instructed.

A confused Tom asked, "A chef? Are you intending to replace the chef at the Fuller Residence?"

"No, I need you to find me a personal chef so that I can learn from him," Toby clarified.

After nearly choking to death on his own saliva, Tom spluttered, "T-To what? Cook?"

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“Yes.”

As the corners of his mouth twitched, Tom continued, “Why would you think of learning that out of the blue?”

“That’s not something you should be asking. Just do as I say. Once you have found the chef, ask him to go to my office at noon every day to teach me,” Toby instructed sternly.

That was the only free time he would have to learn such a thing.

Every other hour of his day had to be spent working or keeping Sonia company.

However, he was good at learning and two hours around noon each day was enough for him. He truly believed that it wouldn’t take too long before he became a talented man who was not just skilled at work but in the kitchen as well.

By that time, Sonia would surely be pleasantly surprised to have him prepare a full meal for her.

The thought filled Toby’s heart with anticipation.

Of course, when he heard Toby bidding him to stay out of it, Tom could only roll his eyes in speechlessness.

Did Toby think that Tom still didn’t understand who he was by now?

There was only one person for whom Toby would suddenly wish to learn to cook for.

Nobody apart from Sonia had the ability to make him learn something so unimportant.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 622

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Chapter 622 Acting Pitiful

Although he understood the crux of the matter, Tom didn't play his hand. He instead pushed his glasses up his nose as he replied, "Understood, President Fuller. I'll have it arranged."

With a grunt of acknowledgement, Toby hung up.

Sonia had dinner ready soon enough. Therefore, he stood up and walked into the kitchen to help her carry the dishes. Although he wasn't good at anything else, he still managed to set the food on the table. At least the plates weren't as slippery as the bowl.

Due to the lack of ingredients, Sonia only made three different types of vegetable dishes and a soup. Although the meal seemed simple, Toby had no intention of disliking it. If anything, he liked it more than the exquisite dishes he usually ate that were made by Michelin-starred chefs. That was because he could feel her affection for him through the home cooked food in front of him.

On the opposite side of the table was Sonia, who saw him staring at the dishes and making no move to take his cutlery. Suspecting that he thought that her dishes were too plain, she said with some embarrassment, "Um, tonight's food is quite simple, but you—"

"No!" Toby shook his head slightly. "The food tonight looks delicious."

"You don't think it's too vegetarian?" she asked while regarding him.

Toby gave a small smile as he answered, "Of course not. It's better to eat light late in the evening, anyway. Besides, as I have said before, I like whatever you make. Now, dig in." With that, he began to ladle some food for himself.

Upon seeing him moving, Sonia finally relaxed. At first, when she thought that he had disliked the dishes that she prepared, she was about to ask him to make do. Now that he seemed fine with them, she felt better.

"I'll make you something better next time." Sonia picked up her utensils and prepared to start eating.

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When Toby heard her words, his eyes brightened. "When will the next time be? Can it be tomorrow evening?" He would have a reason to stay through this method.

Not knowing what Toby was thinking and only seeing how hopeful he was, Sonia opened her mouth and found that she couldn't say no to him. Thus, she finally nodded. "Sure."

As Toby was satisfied with her reply, the corners of his lips curled upward into a faint smile.

After dinner, Sonia took the tableware and tossed them into the dishwasher for the machine to wash them. Then, she got ready to take a shower.

When she was about to leave the kitchen after loading the dishwasher, he stopped her. "Where should I sleep, Sonia?"

As she eyed the pajamas on him and noting the late hour, she dismissed the idea of chasing him out of the apartment and only pinched the bridge of her nose before saying, "The couch, as usual."

Instantly, the light in Toby's eyes dimmed. When Sonia saw that, her mouth twitched. "You're not thinking of sleeping in my room, are you?"

Her place was a small two-room apartment. One of the rooms was her bedroom and the other was a guest room that she had converted into a study and thus could not house any humans. For him to be disappointed about sleeping on the couch meant that he no doubt wanted to sleep with her in the master bedroom.

Seeing as Sonia had already guessed his objective, Toby only lifted his gaze to meet her eyes before asking in a low voice, "May I?"

"Of course not." She glared at him. She was already being gracious enough by allowing him to stay. Yet, he was still trying to finagle his way into her bedroom.

A dejected Toby looked at the floor without saying anything. His demeanor made Sonia squint at him. "Don't think I'll become softhearted just because you're acting like this."

Did he think she couldn't tell he was pretending to feel bad so he could gain her sympathy and get her to relax her stance? Never did she think he would stoop so low as to act pitiful.

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After all, it was an impossibility in the past. She wouldn't even have dared to consider that he had this side to him. Yet, it was truly happening in front of her right now.

Yet, Sonia was very aware at the same time that Toby was only acting like this because she was the one he was currently facing. For her, he would change how he used to behave to commit some truly astonishing actions. The particular way that he acted around her was only for her. Thus, she was moved in a certain sense.

Of course, being moved was one thing. They hadn't officially reconciled yet and she had to stick to her principles by not letting him sleep with her.

Seeing that Sonia saw through him, Toby became genuinely dejected this time. However, she only returned to her room, pulled a pillow and a blanket, and carried them to the couch. "Alright, I'm going to take a shower. You can make your own bed, right?"

He hummed in agreement.

After Sonia nodded, she continued, "In that case, please go ahead. I'm going to shower now."

"Okay." Toby inclined his head.

As she carried her pajamas, she headed into the bathroom. Meanwhile, he unfolded the couch into a bed and began to spread the sheets. As he did so, he eyed Sonia's bedroom with a strange light glinting in his eyes.

It didn't matter that she refused to let him inside. He could do just what he had done previously and sneak in after she had fallen asleep. A single shut door wouldn't stop him. At that thought, he became much quicker at setting up the bed.

Just as he finished making the bed, a cell phone suddenly started ringing behind him. When Toby turned to look, he discovered that Sonia's phone was vibrating on top of the coffee table. At this point, he couldn't help frowning. Who was calling her so late at night?

An irate Toby then reached down to grab her phone. His furrowed brow relaxed upon reading the caller ID. It was him!

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Toby had nothing to fear from this person. This person was an emotionless freak and Toby didn't find it worrisome for Sonia to be friends with him. At any rate, it was a good thing that it wasn't a love rival.

"Tim's calling," Toby shouted toward the bathroom.

When Sonia heard that, she answered, "Help me to answer the call. It must be about Jessica."

"Okay," he replied joyfully. For her to allow him to answer the call on her behalf meant not only that she trusted him but that she was announcing his identity to the outside world. It made him elated indeed.

And so, he put the phone to his ear and answered, "Yes?"

At the other end of the line, Tim paused for a moment when he heard a man's voice instead of Sonia's. Then, he moved his phone to the front to ensure that he hadn't dialed the wrong number. Yet, upon doing so, he found that he had indeed called the right number. As he returned the phone back to his ear, he asked, "Who are you?"

"It's me." Toby pursed his lips unhappily.

Tim recognized Toby's voice this time and made such an astonished expression that his glasses nearly slipped off his nose. "Toby? What are you doing there?"

"Why can't I be here?" Toby countered with a smirk, not bothering to hide the smugness in his voice.

While raising his eyebrow, Tim pointed out, "It's so late now. You must be at Sonia's place if you're answering my call on her phone."

"That's right." The smugness in Toby's voice became even more evident.

As he pushed his glasses back up his nose, Tim guessed boldly, "Have you gotten back together with Sonia?"

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“Not yet, but it’ll happen soon,” Toby answered bluntly without lying. After all, he and Sonia were indeed reuniting soon and he naturally saw no need to lie about such a thing.

With a huff, Tim asked, “Should I congratulate you for her forgiveness then?”

“I don’t mind. You can tell me that now,” Toby answered lazily, crossing his legs.

Rolling his eyes, Tim answered, “I’m joking. Do you think I’d really do that? Now, where’s Sonia? Give the phone to her. I have something to discuss with her.”

“She’s busy right now and asked me to answer the phone on her behalf. You can just tell me whatever you need to talk to her about. I’ll pass the message along to her,” Toby told him lightly, picking up the mug of tea on the coffee table to take a sip.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 623

Chapter 623 Sonia’s Choice

“Really?” Tim asked with narrowed eyes, clearly a bit suspicious.

An unhappy Toby lifted his chin. “If you don’t believe me, you can cross-check with her later.”

“Well, since you’re saying that, I’ll explain it to you then.” At this point, Tim sobered and twirled his scalpel in between his fingers. “I assume you know about Sonia sending the woman named Jessica Reed to me for egg retrieval.”

“Yeah.” Toby inclined his head.

As Tim twirled the scalpel even faster, he continued, “I won’t beat around the bush then. I had the gynecology department conduct a detailed inspection of her body. Her reproductive system is a bit special wherein we cannot retrieve any eggs from it.”

“What do you mean by that?” Toby frowned.

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"It means she's a premature baby," Tim answered. "Her reproductive system isn't fully developed and her eggs are too weak to be viable once they're taken out of her uterus. So, there's no way to send them abroad for in-vitro fertilization."

At that point, Toby pursed his lips as he never knew Jessica had such an illness. "Are there any solutions?" he asked in a low voice.

Leaning back in his chair, Tim replied, "While I don't know why Sonia is insistent on having a child with Jessica's genes, there is a solution if she's hellbent on doing so. The solution is to have Jessica carry the pregnancy herself so that the eggs won't have to be retrieved for in-vitro fertilization. Only then will her eggs be useful."

While running a finger along the rim of his mug, Toby processed Tim's words. "I see. I'll let Sonia know and see where she plans to go from there."

"Alright. You go ahead then." Tim nodded. "But I have to warn you both that it won't be easy for this woman to get pregnant either. As I said, her reproductive system isn't fully developed and she's going to need a long period of recuperation and a second complete puberty before her body can successfully carry a child."

"How long would that take?" Toby cut to the chase.

After a moment of thought, Tim answered, "At least half a year, based on the report from the gynecology department. Furthermore, even if she manages to get pregnant, she'll have to remain bedridden or risk miscarrying."

"I see." Toby then coolly asked, "She doesn't know about your examination, does she?"

"She passed out like a pig. How would she have found out?" Tim placed the scalpel away. "Relax. Sonia had me carry out everything on that woman in secret."

"Good." Toby relaxed.

After a few more words to each other, both men hung up.

Right at this moment, Sonia exited the bathroom while drying her hair.

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As he watched her emerge fragrant and pink-cheeked like a lotus flower, his eyes darkened and his Adam's apple bobbed before he asked hoarsely, "Done?"

Not noticing his strange behavior, she walked over to sit in the armchair opposite him. "What did Tim say?"

Toby lowered his lids and averted his gaze.

What he was afraid of was that if he stared at her for too long, he wouldn't be able to resist her.

After all, he was a virile man with the woman he loved seated temptingly opposite him. It was impossible for him not to have any impulse to ravage her.

However, he knew she would not agree to have sex with him.

Therefore, he was willing to respect her wishes and wait for her.

Before Sonia was ready, he wouldn't do anything but show her some light affection.

Toby finally picked up his already-cold tea and took a sip to suppress the heat in his body before answering with a slight cough, "Jessica's test results are out."

Following that, he related the contents of the phone conversation in detail to her, leaving nothing out.

After Sonia listened to the contents, her hair-drying motions abruptly stopped. "I didn't know she had such a condition."

"Tim says she does, at any rate." He spun his mug.

As she pursed her lips, she continued, "It's my fault for oversimplifying the situation. At first, I thought she was extremely healthy and never knew her reproductive system wasn't fully developed."

Toby asked while placing his mug down. "Is Jessica really a premature baby?"

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Sonia nodded. "Yes, and come to think of it, her mother, Sandra, did it to her."

"Oh?" He raised his eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

At that, her expression darkened slightly. "When I was five, my father gave me a villa. Sandra found out about it and was extremely upset. She believed that everything he owned was to be their joint property once they were married, so she took issue with him buying me a villa."

"Hence, she caused a premature birth so that he would take the villa back from you and transfer it to her name," Toby guessed with his brows furrowed.

Sonia shook her head. "No, the villa wasn't the only issue here. What she wanted was to banish me from the household so that she could have everything my family owned."

"What?" Toby's face sank.

With a sneer, she continued, "The truth was that the villa incident made her feel like I was the biggest threat to her and the child in her stomach. She believed that as long as I was there, she and the child would have one less portion of the inheritance, and so, taking the opportunity while my father wasn't home, she purposely fell in front of me and blamed me for pushing her over and causing her to go into early labor. She wanted my father to believe that I had been so vicious since young that I couldn't even tolerate my own stepmother and step siblings. She wanted him to abhor me so much that he would send me away."

The more Toby listened, the uglier his expression became and an intimidating aura soon started to emanate from his body.

Seeing that he was angry on her behalf, Sonia chuckled and refilled his mug with hot water. "All of that is in the past now. I'm no longer angry, so you needn't be angry either."

"I feel bad for you." Giving Sonia a sympathetic look, he asked, "Why didn't you write to me about this?"

While pouring herself a mug of tea, she told him, "They picked on me so much when I was young that I couldn't have told you everything. So, I picked a few random incidents to write to you about."

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"I see." As Toby held his mug, he pressed, "What happened after that? How was this matter resolved?"

Sonia pursed her lips in disdain. "At first, Sandra thought she could successfully get my father to send me away by doing what she did. What she didn't know was that there was video surveillance at home exposing her plot. Not only did she fail to achieve her goal, she was locked up by my father and had all her bank cards frozen. Her life became even worse than what it was before she married into the Reed Family. It was what made her utterly loathe me and brainwash Jessica into thinking that I had pushed her and caused Jessica to be born ailing and two months early. In truth, when Jessica was young, she was indeed very sickly due to being a premature baby. However, as Sandra's daughter, she never questioned Sandra's lie, and that's one of the reasons why she doesn't want to see me."

It was only that she hadn't foreseen Jessica's premature birth resulting in an underdeveloped reproductive system.

"Shameless tricks from a shameless duo," he muttered with disgust.

Sonia laughed after being amused by his comments.

"By the way, where do you plan to go from here?" Toby asked, looking at her. "Are you not intending to have children, or are you going to do what Tim has suggested and have Jessica pregnant?"

As she chewed on her bottom lip, she answered, "I have to have children."

"So, you're going for the second option?"

Sonia hummed in agreement. "For the time being, that's the only solution."

To continue the heritage of the Reed Family, she had to have Jessica bear a child no matter the cost.

That was the only thing she could do for the Reed Family now.

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“Discuss things with Tim tomorrow then so that he can arrange for someone to treat Jessica’s body.” Toby pulled the blow dryer out from under the coffee table and handed it to Sonia.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 624

Chapter 624 Let Me Hug You for a While

As she reached out to take the blow-dryer, Sonia concurred, “That’s what I’m thinking as well.”

“Alright, dry your hair before you get some rest then. Don’t catch a cold,” Toby exhorted.

After acknowledging his words with a hum, she stood up and stepped aside to dry her hair.

As she did so, he rested his head on his hand and watched her, never looking away for a second.

Now that she was unnerved by his stare, Sonia paused in her movements and asked, “Why are you staring at me?”

“Because you’re good-looking,” Toby answered earnestly as he sat up straight.

His unexpected compliment made her blush. “What a strange one you are.”

With that, she turned away to ignore him before he could say anything lewder.

All of a sudden, he stood up and walked to her.

As he stood behind her, he raised a hand and caught hold of the blow-dryer in her hand.

Once again, Sonia froze. “What are you doing?”

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“Let me help you dry your hair.” With that, Toby pulled the blow-dryer from her grip.

She immediately turned around with an outstretched arm as she intended to snatch the blow-dryer back. “There’s no need. I can do something like this by myself.”

“It’s okay. You helped me to dry my hair earlier in the afternoon, so it’s only fair for me to help you blow dry your hair.”

After saying that, he pressed on the button for hot air, which caused the blow-dryer to whirl again and leaving her with no opportunity to refuse.

Noting Toby’s insistence and not knowing what else to do, Sonia turned around and allowed him to do as he pleased.

Now that he stood behind her, he was a head taller than her. Thus, it was extremely easy for him to dry her hair. Even if he currently had only one functional arm, he could complete the task in a breeze.

Both of them remained silent as he helped her, and for a period of time, the noise of the blow-dryer was the only sound in the spacious living room.

It wasn’t until Toby was satisfied that Sonia’s hair was completely dry some ten minutes later that he turned off the blow-dryer and set it aside, saying gently, “It’s done.”

She lifted a hand in response and ran her fingers through her hair. Sure enough, her head was dry. As she was about to turn around and thank him, she suddenly felt something warm pressing against her back.

It was his chest.

Following that, he wrapped his arms around her from behind and tightened his grip on her waist to rest his chin on her shoulder. Then, he sniffed her neck and murmured hoarsely, “You smell lovely.”

All of sudden, Sonia felt incredibly tense, especially after hearing what he said.

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That was because she suddenly once recalled watching a show on television where the leading characters stood in the same position as them now—the man held the woman from behind and told her that she smelled lovely—before they slept together.

Therefore, she was petrified that Toby's actions would resemble what the man from the show did.

Thinking of that, she took a deep breath and said with a grave face and in a stern tone, "You best behave yourself, Toby. I'm not going to have sex with you."

Upon hearing that, Toby instantly knew that she had misunderstood his intentions. With a slight raise of his eyebrow, he chuckled. "Relax, I'll behave myself. Our relationship isn't at that point yet, so I won't do anything that troubles you. I simply wish to hold you."

Sonia immediately let out a sigh of relief at his response.

It was a good thing he had no intention of having sex with her.

After all, if he truly wanted to get to it, she was no opponent of his and would have no way of resisting him.

Fortunately, he wasn't such a man. Given the case, she wasn't opposed to letting him hold her for a while.

And so, Sonia turned her head slightly to glance at him from the corner of her eye. "Alright. Just for a while."

Toby lowered his head and brushed his lips across her hair while agreeing, "Okay."

Not saying anything more, she turned back and saw how well they matched each other from the reflection in the floor-to-ceiling windows. She had to admit that their silhouette looked rather attractive indeed.

As she realized what she was thinking, she blushed once again and lowered her head to reveal the fair skin of her nape.

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Meanwhile, Toby nearly went cross-eyed from staring at her nape but could not bear to look away. He even thought about biting on her skin so that he could leave his own imprint on her.

However, he knew that she would be maddened if he had done such a thing.

Thus, he decided to resist the urge because he would be able to openly leave his mark wherever he wanted on her body in the future.

After being hugged for a few minutes, Sonia decided that she had enough and she bent her arm to nudge his waist with her elbow. "Are you done? Can you let go of me now?"

Although Toby was still somewhat reluctant, he respected her wishes and released her.

As she pulled away from him, she walked forward for a bit before turning to look at him. "It's getting late. You should get some rest. I'm tired as well. I'll see you tomorrow. Goodnight."

At that point, she waved awkwardly.

He nodded. "Goodnight. Rest well."

After giving him a smile, she headed toward her own room.

Of course his eyes followed her movement all the way until she opened the door, went inside, and closed the door. It was only then did he sit down and produce his cell phone to surf the web while he silently kept one eye on the time and calculated when she would fall asleep.

Toby decided that it was enough time and he pulled back the covers to sit up. When he looked at his wristwatch, he discovered that it was already 1:00AM. Surely she would be asleep by this time?

As he stared at Sonia's room door, his eyes flashed unreadably.

After that, he stood up, padded over to her room, and quietly opened the door.

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The interior of the room was dark and silent. There was only a sliver of light from the nearby streetlamp spilling in from the floor-to-ceiling window to give him a vague idea of what the room looked like.

From his position, Toby could see a lump on the bed that was undoubtedly Sonia.

As he had anticipated, she was indeed asleep.

Toby finally relaxed and went toward the foot of the bed before circling to the other side to lift back the covers to lie down. Just like before, he pulled her into his arms and closed his eyes.

By now, he was already tired, and with the woman of his dreams in his arms, he fell asleep almost immediately.

Not long after he fell asleep, Sonia moved.

Since it wasn't comfortable for her to be in the same position for too long, she prepared to turn over.

Yet, she discovered that she was unable to turn over—as if there was something holding her down and trapping her in a small space, preventing her from moving.

What on earth was it?

Sonia immediately jerked back to consciousness and opened her eyes.

The interior of the room was currently still dark and she couldn't see anything. However, that didn't stop her from reaching down to see what on earth had trapped her.

The moment she did so, she found a hand that didn't belong to her on her waist.

The hand was well-defined and much larger than hers—clearly, it was a man's hand.

Since there was only one man in her apartment, it was as plain as day to her whose hand it was.

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After figuring out that it was Toby who had her trapped, Sonia scowled bitterly.

How could he have the courage to sneak into her room after she fell asleep and climb into her bed?

For him to be unresponsive when she was now touching him obviously meant he had fallen asleep.

Based on that fact alone, she could tell Toby had been in her room for quite a while.

And yet, Sonia hadn't felt anything!

If he'd been a criminal, she wouldn't even have known how she died.

Pursing her lips, Sonia considered kicking him out of bed to teach him a lesson. Perhaps, in the future, he wouldn't be so bold.

Yet, right as she prepared to do so, she found herself unable to land the kick.

It was because her heart was already softening at the memory of his slightly tired face earlier in that afternoon.

She smiled sadly in resignation over her own softheartedness.

This man was destined to be the biggest bane of her life.

Ever since she had met him, she no longer had any rationality to speak of.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 625

Chapter 625 Toby's Flaunting

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Forget it, Sonia thought at this point. I'll allow him to stay since he's so tired, but I'll deal with him once he wakes up tomorrow.

Yes, that's how kind she was!

After she removed her hand from Toby's back, she rested it behind her head and closed her eyes once more.

Now that she knew she was being held down by a familiar person rather than a strange object, she relaxed enough to soon fall asleep again.

Moreover, after she fell asleep, she even subconsciously shrank back into his embrace, nuzzling the back of her head against his chest until she found a comfortable position before finally settling.

The night passed gradually.

The next morning, as dawn broke, Toby woke up and opened his eyes.

Although the room was still dim, he could more or less see now.

At this point, he lowered his head to look tenderly at the woman sound asleep in his arms.

If it weren't for the fact that he had to get up and leave the room now, he wouldn't go. Oh, how he wished he could stay there until she woke up in his arms and they could wash up and have breakfast together.

Even thinking about it now made him understand that those days would be glorious.

Yet, they couldn't happen. At least, it wouldn't happen right now.

He still had to resist!

After peering down at Sonia's quietly sleeping visage, Toby lowered his head and pressed a kiss on her cheek before pulling back the covers to get out of bed and leave the room.

He left so silently that it was as if he never entered.

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Yet, what he didn't know was that he had already been discovered the previous night.

Right after leaving her room, he returned to the living room and lay on the couch as he had done so previously before making a call to Tom to have Tom deliver some clothes and breakfast.

Ever since Tom had figured out last night that Toby was staying at Sonia's, he was already aware that Toby would contact him in the morning.

Thus, in order to wait for Toby's phone call, he had taken the initiative to arise much earlier in the morning instead of sleeping in until his usual time for waking up.

Sure enough, not long after he woke up, the phone rang right on cue.

After making the call, Toby went to the bathroom to wash up.

When he emerged after finishing up, he found Sonia sitting on the couch and staring gravely at him.

Her heavy gaze made him feel inexplicably guilty.

While walking to the armchair opposite her, he slowed down before pouring her a cup of water and asked, "Why are you up so early?"

Instead of taking the proffered cup, Sonia crossed her arms and continued to glare at him with an air of wanting to get even.

And just like that, the sense of foreboding in Toby's heart increased.

As his eyes flashed, he asked tentatively, "What's the matter? Why are you looking at me like that?"

She surely couldn't have found out that he sneaked into her room last night, could she?

That was impossible! She was already asleep by the time he went in and by the time he exited her room, she was not yet awake. When he left, he even made sure to remove all traces of himself. As such, she couldn't have known about his presence.

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Hence, she had to be glaring at him for another reason!

The thought soothed Toby's unease.

Yet, in the next second, Sonia's words were enough to send the heart that he had calmed moments ago into his throat again.

Crossing her legs, Sonia gave the intentionally casual man in front of her a cold smile before asking slowly, "Did you go into my room last night?"

As his pupils shrank and his spine stiffened, his heart began to race.

So, she knew after all!

How could she have found out?

Lowering his gaze, Toby racked his brain for a way to gloss over the situation.

However, since Sonia could plainly read his intentions on his face, she couldn't help rolling her eyes and saying, "Enough. Don't try and search for a way to deny the accusation. I already found you in my bed last night when I woke up in the middle of the night."

The words instantly made his expression change.

So, that was how she found out—she had woken up in the middle of the night.

It looked like he had no way of evading the truth any longer.

Even Toby had the decency to blush when his action of sneaking into her bed had been discovered. After glancing at her, he coughed lightly, "I'm sorry."

Sonia uncrossed her legs. "Tell me why you sneaked into my room last night then."

"I didn't want to sleep on the couch," Toby replied after sitting opposite her.

She raised her eyebrow. "So, because you didn't want to sleep on the couch, you thought you could enter my room and take my bed from me?"

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"I didn't go and snatch your bed," he answered earnestly, looking at her.

Narrowing her eyes at him, she asked, "Why else would you sneak into my room and sleep in my bed?"

"I. Wanted. To. Sleep. With. You," he emphasized confidently, straightening up.

Sonia's eyes widened. "You..."

She clearly hadn't expected that his true aim was not to sleep in the bed but with her!

Instantly, she reddened with amusement and exasperation.

Then, Toby continued, "I knew you wouldn't agree to it, so I—"

"So, you sneaked in." Sonia looked at him in astonishment.

Pursing his lips, he mumbled, "That was the only way I could stay."

A speechless Sonia stared at him as the corners of her mouth twitched.

Very well, he was changing her perception of him once again.

At first, she thought he was already showing some truly astonishing changes by becoming bolder in his speech.

However, it was only now that she knew it was nothing in comparison to sneaking into her room and climbing into her bed.

Who knew what even more shocking things he could do in the future?

Perhaps she wouldn't even be surprised any longer by then.

"Are you mad at me, Sonia?" Toby asked, peeking at her with his head lowered.

In response, Sonia rubbed her temples and rolled her eyes at him. "What do you think?"

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"I don't think you're mad," he answered with a sparkle in his eyes.

She probed in doubt, "Why don't you think so?"

With that, Toby's lips curled into a smug smile. "If you were mad, why didn't you kick me out of the room when you discovered me last night? You allowed me to stay instead, so you can't be mad at me since you acquiesced to letting me stay."

Sonia's expression changed just like that. She never thought he would have guessed the truth.

Of course, that didn't mean she wasn't somewhat annoyed to have her thoughts read by him.

As she stood up, she pointed at the door and shouted with a red face, "Who acquiesced? I was only too lazy to move because I was exhausted! Stop making up stories for yourself and get lost!"

Then, she stalked back to her room and slammed the door after her.

Her behavior only made Toby chuckle.

After all, she told him to leave only for her to leave first.

Ding dong!

Right then, the doorbell in the entranceway rang.

Guessing that it was likely Tom, he smoothed his wrinkled pajamas and walked to the entranceway to open the door.

Sure enough, it was Tom standing outside.

There were two bags in his hands, but before he could pass them over, he couldn't help exclaim in astonishment at Toby's pajamas, "Did you buy a set of pajamas just to stay at Miss Reed's place, President Fuller?"

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Snorting at his assistant, Toby boasted without concealing the pride in his voice, "I didn't buy them. Sonia bought them for me."

Upon saying that, he gave Tom a side-eye.

The corners of Tom's mouth twitched because for some reason, he felt that Toby was judging him for being single. Maybe I'm mistaken? President Fuller wouldn't make fun of me like that.

Seeing Tom at the entranceway spacing out, Toby couldn't help frowning as he asked, "Why are you dumbly standing there? Where are the things I asked for?"

Now that Tom returned to his senses, he passed the two bags over. "Here."

Grunting in reply, Toby accepted the bags before slamming the door shut.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 626

Chapter 626 Tim's Support

After the door slammed shut in his face, Tom couldn't help lifting a hand to check on his nose.

Well, Toby clearly had no intention of allowing him in.

Nevertheless, Tom was fine with that because he didn't need to enter the unit as he had no wish to become the third wheel.

Shrugging his shoulders, he headed toward the elevator.

Inside the apartment, Toby toted the two bags into the living area.

As he placed the bags down, Sonia emerged from her room.

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She was already done with washing up and changing her clothes by now. Looking down at the things he placed on the dinner table, she asked curiously, "What are those?"

"Breakfast," he answered while pointing at one of the bags. "I had Tom deliver it."

She quietly nodded to indicate her understanding.

As Toby watched her, he asked, "May I borrow your room for a while?"

"What for?" Sonia blinked in confusion.

He lifted the other bag. "To change."

After flicking her gaze to the bag, she retorted with a pout, "Don't you already know how to sneak into my room, anyway? You might as well just enter since you want to use it now. Why are you asking for my permission?"

Hearing the sarcasm in her voice, he coughed lightly through pursed lips. "What if I don't sneak in next time?"

He could boldly go in!

"Do you still think there'll be a next time?" Sonia glared at him.

A grimacing Toby refrained from answering.

That was because he knew he couldn't fan the flames any further. He had no idea how to placate her if he had truly ticked her off.

Once he shut up, she sighed. "Alright, forget it. Quickly go."

With that, she waved a hand to indicate for him to hurry up and get changed.

Only then did Toby hum in reply and carry the clothes into her room.

Soon, he was dressed and by the time he emerged, Sonia had already dished out the breakfast on the table.

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As Toby walked over, he pulled out a chair and sat down to have breakfast with her.

It was halfway through the meal when Sonia's cell phone rang.

Putting down the fork in her hand, she picked up her cell phone to look at the caller ID.

With his eyes fixed on the phone, he asked, "Who's calling?"

"Tim," she answered honestly after swallowing.

Only then did Toby's expression relax.

There wouldn't be an issue if Tim was the one calling.

At any rate, Toby didn't care as long as it wasn't a call from a love rival.

As such, he lowered his head and continued to eat.

On the other hand, Sonia placed her phone to her ear and answered the call. "Dr. Lancaster."

At the other end of the line, when Tim heard her voice, he deliberately teased, "Why isn't Toby the one answering?"

Glancing at Toby, she answered, "He's eating breakfast."

In astonishment, Tim raised his eyebrow. "Whoa, he's still there?"

"Yes," Sonia answered.

Setting his phone on speaker mode, Tim set his phone down before removing his glasses from his nose to pull out a microfiber cloth. As he cleaned his glasses, he said, "Looks like he was telling me the truth last night. You two really are about to get back together."

Pursing her lips, she answered, "More or less. He's done a lot for me and is being true to me now, so... I'm willing to take the step to trust him one more time and try things out with him."

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Opposite her was Toby, who after hearing her words, placed his fork down. Then, he deeply stared at her while tenderly saying, "Thank you, Sonia."

Thank you for still being willing to trust me.

As she understood his meaning, she moved the phone away from her ear to say, "You should be grateful that you were hypnotized, or I wouldn't have forgiven you so easily."

He agreed with a chuckle. "Yes, I'm glad for that as well."

After looking away, Sonia placed the phone back to her ear.

At the other end of the line was Tim, who continued with his earlier words. "Well, I wish you both happiness since you're willing to try things out with him once again. Of course, if he mistreats you again in the future, you can always let me know. I have plenty of methods to deal with him in a way that leaves no trace, ensuring that he completely disappears from this world."

She couldn't help shuddering at his words, but still, her heart warmed.

After all, he was doing this for her sake.

"If that's the case, thank you, Dr. Lancaster," Sonia responded with a soft laugh.

No matter how Toby would treat her in the future, she wouldn't hand him over to Tim—after all, murder was illegal.

Nevertheless, she was still grateful for Tim's sentiment.

When he saw Sonia thanking Tim, Toby couldn't help asking, "What is he saying?"

In reply, she smiled meaningfully at Toby. "You won't want to know."

After all, it was a threat to make him disappear.

It would be a miracle if he wasn't irritated by those words.

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Sonia's refusal to tell him made Tony squint unreadably at her.

Nonetheless, she ignored him and returned to business with Tim. "By the way, Dr. Lancaster, are you calling me at this time because Jessica is awake?"

She couldn't think of any other reason why he would call her.

That was because he never contacted her out of the blue. He would usually only reach out to her if they had business to talk about.

Wearing his newly cleaned glasses again, Tim replied, "Yep, she woke up and loudly cursed you in the hospital room. Since I found it hard to listen to, I gave her another sedative. She's now unconscious once again."

Sonia grimaced in speechlessness.

Sure enough, that was his style.

However, she still had to commend him for a job well done!

"I apologize for the trouble," she apologized with some embarrassment.

After all, she had troubled him.

Sending the witless Jessica to him was equivalent to causing him trouble.

However, he answered as his glasses flashed, "It's no trouble. If anything, I should be the one to thank you."

A surprised Sonia raised her eyebrow. "Oh? Why is that?"

"As I told you, I gave her a sedative."

She nodded. "Right."

Tim laughed sinisterly. "That sedative was newly developed by my hospital's clinical research center. At present, it has only been tested on animals. Due to the recent lack of

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volunteers, clinical trials involving humans have been delayed. Since the sedative's side effects are unknown, the hospital patients aren't willing to take the plunge, so I tested it out on Jessica. For now, it seems to be working well. I don't know what side effects it'll have on her yet, but at any rate, she won't die."

Once again, Sonia grimaced.

It seemed he had turned Jessica into a guinea pig.

However, as he said, it didn't matter as long as she didn't die. Side effects were nothing more than a minor inconvenience.

At the end of the day, Jessica was an evil woman who had committed patricide. She was at least making some contributions to society and the medical industry this way.

Pulling out a scalpel and playing with it again, Tim continued, "By the way, did Toby pass along what I told him yesterday evening?"

Inclining her head and glancing at Toby, Sonia answered, "Yes."

For his part, Toby only added sausages to her plate.

While he didn't know what she and Tim were talking about, he could guess from her glance that they were talking about him.

"If that's the case, you already know that we have no way of retrieving Jessica's eggs. Are you still intending to have her deliver a child?" Tim was spinning the scalpel so quickly that it was leaving an afterimage.

Pursing her lips, Sonia answered seriously, "Of course. I want her to produce an heir to the Reed Family."

"Why don't you produce one yourself?" Tim couldn't understand. "It's not like you can't give birth. In a few years, your children with Toby will be heirs to the Reed Family as well. Why do you want to take the long road and force Jessica to give birth?"

The phrase 'your children with Toby' caused a wave of sadness to surge in her heart.

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It made her remember the child she had miscarried a while ago.

In the past, before she fell in love with Toby again and the child had even formed into a fetus, she never really felt attached to it. Although she had indeed mourned for a couple of days when she first miscarried, she had quickly recovered to her normal state.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 627

Chapter 627 Sonia's Regret

However, now that Sonia was once again in love with Toby, the place where the miscarried child held in her heart naturally grew as well.

Thus, when she thought about the child, she felt somewhat upset.

There was even a measure of regret—the regret that she hadn't protected the child well enough.

If she had, would her stomach have grown by now?

As Sonia lowered her head and felt her flat stomach, her mood dropped all of a sudden.

Toby immediately set his fork aside. "What's wrong?"

Her eyes flashed and she shook her head. "I'm fine."

In response, he narrowed his eyes, clearly not believing her.

After all, her mood had suddenly changed from one of calmness to a depressive one.

It was obvious Tim had said something that affected her mood.

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Nonetheless, not knowing what Toby was thinking, Sonia only took a deep breath to steady herself before saying into the phone, "I haven't told you, Dr. Lancaster, but I'm actually not biologically related to the Reed Family. Thus, my descendants technically won't count as blood heirs to the Reed Family. Only Jessica's heritage will."

"I see," Tim exclaimed. "So, that's why you want Jessica to give birth."

At first, he had assumed she wanted to adopt her own sister's children because she considered her infertility.

He was even about to clarify with Sonia that it wasn't that she couldn't give birth; it was just that she wouldn't find it easy to fall pregnant during these two years.

Now, it looked like such an explanation wouldn't be necessary.

"Does that mean you intend to use the method I mentioned where Jessica would fall pregnant on her own?" Tim asked leisurely, leaning back in his chair.

Sonia hummed in agreement. "Yes, that's what I intend to do. I was about to call you to inform you about my decision in a bit, but you ended up calling me first."

"Alright. Since this is the method you've chosen, I'll contact the OB-GYN and have them figure out a way to treat Jessica's body as soon as possible so that she can be pregnant as early as possible. Do you have a candidate for the father's genes?" Tim asked.

Shaking her head, Sonia answered, "Not for now. My original plan was to look for an excellent candidate at a sperm bank abroad once I sent her genes over, but now that we can't retrieve her eggs, I might as well get things arranged when she can get pregnant."

There was no need to rush.

Lifting his chin, he answered, "That will do as well."

They only ended the call after settling on Jessica's future arrangements.

At that point, Toby poured Sonia a glass of warm milk while explaining, "Drink this. Your first glass has gone cold."

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Sonia accepted the glass after she put down her phone.

The milk gradually warmed her somewhat cold palms and she smiled at him. "Thank you."

"Hurry up and eat then. You were on the phone for so long that you've barely eaten anything," he chided gently and with jealousy.

Although the call came not from a love rival but Tim, he felt like Tim had spent too long on the phone with her.

It was to the point where he originally didn't have a problem with Tim, but he now did.

Upon hearing the odd tone in his voice and naturally being able to discern that he was jealous of Tim, Sonia couldn't help shaking her head in amusement.

Following that, she looked at the breakfast spread before her and reached out to take a croissant before dropping it on his plate.

After Toby lowered his head, he glanced at the pastry before looking back at Sonia with happiness in his eyes.

She was getting food for him.

"Are you still jealous?" she asked with her head propped against her hand.

He shook his head before taking a bite out of the croissant. "Nope."

He admitted that he was jealous earlier.

When Sonia noticed that he was now placated, she smiled slightly before lowering her head to continue with her meal.

After breakfast, she tidied the table.

While waiting for her, Toby went to sit on the couch and pulled out his phone to send Tim a message. 'What did you say to Sonia earlier to land her in such a strange mood?'

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At the other end of the line, Tim was playing a horror game on his phone. The sudden notification had caused him to marginally narrow his eyes before replying, 'She's in a strange mood? What happened?'

Toby's face darkened. 'Shouldn't you be asking yourself that? It was while you were talking to her that her mood suddenly became depressive. That's why I wanted to know what you said to her. If you truly aren't certain, you should tell me everything that you told her.'

With a snort, Tim wrote back, 'I said quite a bit.'

A scowling Toby then replied, 'That's fine. I have time and can wait. Now, hurry up and tell me!'

Pushing the glasses up his nose, Tim decided to relate the information via voice message rather than text.

Moments after that, Toby had received multiple voice messages, all reaching tens of seconds in length.

When he saw that the conversation had exceeded a minute in total, the vein in his temple pulsed. Having no interest in listening to Tim talk, he converted the voice messages to text once again.

After that, he began to peruse what Tim told Sonia in earnest to investigate what on earth had affected her.

In the end, Toby found that 90 percent of the conversation was about Jessica and that only a small portion was about something else—namely, Tim asking Sonia why she wouldn't give birth herself.

As Toby associated that part with Sonia's action of feeling her stomach, he could guess what had set her off.

It was more than likely she remembered about the child she miscarried.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have suddenly become sad and upset.

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It seemed... that she cared about the child, after all.

"Toby," Sonia suddenly spoke up behind him at this moment.

Toby quickly flipped his phone to the opposite side and turned to look at her. "Yes?"

As she hadn't noticed his actions, she grabbed her purse from the shelf and slung it over her shoulder. "We can go now."

"Okay." He stood up and followed her to the entranceway.

Once they arrived, she bent down to change her shoes.

As Toby stood next to her and watched her swapping footwear, he murmured, "Sonia."

"Hmm?" Sonia lifted her head to glance at him.

"You..." Toby spoke before abruptly stopping.

A confused Sonia probed, "What are you trying to say?"

Looking away, he said, "Nothing. I only wanted to ask if you aren't cold from wearing so little."

What Toby actually wanted to do was comfort her and reassure her that they would have other children in the future.

The lost child was the result of their failure as parents.

Of course, that didn't mean Toby never hated Carl.

Yet, at the same time, he knew that even if Carl hadn't poisoned Sonia, the child would still have been aborted.

As Toby had still been hypnotized at that time, he wasn't aware that he loved her and thus didn't care whether she aborted the child.

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Moreover, she didn't love him back then and thus wouldn't have kept a child biologically related to him.

That meant that, ultimately, the fault still lay with them as parents.

Now that he was back to normal and whole-heartedly focused on loving her without the influence of hypnosis, his affection for the child was increasing.

It was likely that Sonia, after having fallen in love with him again, was experiencing the same process of truly caring about the child now, which was why she was upset about losing the child.

It was just a pity that everything was too late.

Once Toby returned home, he would personally head to a church and offer a prayer for the child's soul to amend for his past mistakes.

Yes, he would do that even if he wasn't religious.

Meanwhile, Sonia squinted at Toby after hearing his question.

That was because she knew it wasn't what he intended to say.

Nevertheless, since he had changed his mind and wasn't willing to share his thoughts with her, she wouldn't push him. And so, she opened the door and stepped out. "Let's go."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 628

Chapter 628 Tom's Pain

"Alright." Toby nodded before following Sonia out.

More than 40 minutes later, they arrived at Paradigm Co..

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After getting out of the car, she went around the head of the car to the other side and knocked on Toby's car window. He then wound down the glass window.

She straightened her posture and said, "I'll leave now. You and Tom should hurry to the Fuller Group. Remember to drive slowly on the road and be careful."

"Don't worry, Miss Reed. I won't let anything happen to President Fuller." Tom, who was seated in front, turned around to answer Sonia.

Then, Toby coldly glared at him. "Did I ask you to speak?"

It was Sonia's reminder for him, but before he could even answer, he had been interrupted by Tom and was naturally upset as a result.

When he saw Toby's warning gaze, Tom understood that he had spoken too much, so he retracted his neck as he hurriedly turned his head to the front in his quest to be invisible. Fine, I'll keep my mouth shut and say nothing.

Seeing how nervous Tom was and how upset Toby looked while seated at the back seat, Sonia couldn't help but be amused. "Alright, that's enough. You two should hurry up and leave. It'll be rush hour in a little while, so you should beat the traffic while you still can."

Toby nodded slightly. "Okay. Tom, start the car."

"Yes," Tom replied from the front before starting the car engine.

Sonia suddenly thought of something, so she quickly placed her hand on Toby's window to prevent him from closing it. "Wait."

"What is it?" Toby asked as he removed his hand from the window buckle and looked at her.

She bit her lips and murmured, "Please don't... switch off your phone for the next two days."

She had promised Rose that she would accompany him on the anniversary of his mother's death because Rose told her before that he would behave in a strange manner on that day.

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Coincidentally, the anniversary happened to be in the coming two days. That was the reason why Sonia reminded him not to turn off his phone so that she could contact or locate him at any time.

However, Toby was confused by Sonia's request. "Why?"

She lowered her eyes. "Please don't ask me why. In short, just do as I say."

It was impossible for her to tell him that the anniversary of his mother's death was around the corner because she wasn't sure how he would react to it emotionally.

After staring at Sonia for a while, Toby finally nodded in agreement. "Alright."

She breathed a sigh of relief and smiled. "You better keep your promise."

"I never switch off my phone as it is always turned on 24 hours." He took out his phone and brandished it.

Sonia nodded. "That's great. Also, remember to keep your phone by your side at all times. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Toby replied.

"Alright. Since there's nothing else, I'm heading off. Bye!" She waved at the man before walking toward the entrance of Paradigm Co..

In the meantime, Toby stared at her back for a while until she entered the building. Then, he withdrew his gaze and wound up the car window before opening his thin lips. "Start the car."

"Yes," Tom replied and started the engine.

On the road, Tom hesitated several times and he finally couldn't help but look into the rearview mirror to ask, "President Fuller, why do you think Miss Reed said that to you just now? Why does she want you to always turn on your phone for the next two days and not let it leave your side?"

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Toby lowered his eyes without answering him. Why? It's probably because it's my mother's death anniversary. Otherwise, why would she ask me to do so only for the next two days and not any other day? Except this, I can't think of any other reasons. As to how she found out about the anniversary of my mother's death, I'm afraid that someone told her and I think I know who it was. Two nights ago, Grandma specially brought Sonia away to speak to her alone in the gazebo. It seems like that was what she told Sonia.

Tom, who was driving the car, saw that Toby had remained silent with a lowered head as if thinking about something, so he didn't disturb Toby and retracted his gaze to focus on driving.

Meanwhile, in Paradigm Co., Sonia arrived outside her office and Daphne was waiting for her there as usual. When she saw Sonia arriving, Daphne quickly approached and followed behind her to report the day's schedule.

Ever since Sonia became the company's chairman, the events that she needed to attend had more than doubled, which made her schedule extremely tight.

After listening to the entire schedule, she asked Daphne to cancel some of the unimportant ones, but the remaining meetings had still taken up her entire day.

Sonia didn't know whether it was pain or happiness.

The painful part was that she had no time to relax, but she was elated that the more she had to do in her schedule, the more familiar she would be in managing Paradigm Co..

After sitting down, she placed her bag on the desk and received her schedule from Daphne to have a look. Then, Sonia cast it aside and said, "I want you to inform the human resource department that Jessica will be taking a week's leave. Tell them to issue her a leave permit."

Of course Daphne understood why Sonia wanted to apply for leave on Jessica's behalf.

Considering how badly Jessica had kowtowed yesterday, it was no wonder that she needed to be hospitalized for a few days.

"I understand, Chairman Reed." Daphne pushed her glasses and smiled.

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Sonia understood what Daphne meant with her smile and beamed with her. "Alright, that's all for now. You can return to your work."

"Yes." Daphne nodded before leaving.

After she left, Sonia furrowed her brows and started working.

The phone beside her suddenly vibrated more than 10 minutes later.

She placed the pen in her hand down and picked up her device to realize that it was a text from Toby.

She clicked on it and saw a sentence: 'I've safely arrived at the company.'

With a faint smile, Sonia replied, 'As long as you are safe.'

Soon, Toby sent another text: 'Do you want to watch a movie tonight?'

Looking at his text, she raised her brow. It seems like he is still determined to watch a movie with me after I rejected his request yesterday. Fine. Since he is that determined, I'll just say yes.

As Sonia thought about it, she smiled before responding, 'Okay.'

On the other end, Toby's eyes were suddenly filled with joy when he read what she had replied. She has agreed to come with me.

Then, he put his phone down to take the landline. "Tom."

Tom, who was in the office next to Toby, had only just switched on his computer when he received Toby's call. "President Fuller, is there anything I can help with?"

"I want you to buy another two movie tickets like the ones yesterday," Toby ordered.

It was Tom's turn to raise his brows. "President Fuller, has Miss Reed agreed to watch a movie with you?"

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Toby grunted. "She rejected me yesterday because she wasn't free. Now that she's free today, of course she will agree to come along. What are you talking about?"

For some reason, Tom felt that Toby sounded as if there was an intention to call him a singleton.

He realized that when he included the word 'singleton' into what Toby had said to him just now, it didn't look out of place at all.

Maybe he wanted to call me a singleton, but since he is a well-refined man, he didn't say it explicitly. Tom's lips began to twitch. Fine, it's great that you are about to stop being a singleton! Sigh... It's great not to be a single person.

For 30 years since his birth, he had never found a girlfriend up until this point. Therefore, it was heartbreaking for him to see Toby, who was of the same age as him, about to remarry.

He felt all sorts of pain in his heart, but he still maintained a professional smile on the surface as he replied, "Alright, President Fuller. I know what to do. I'll help you reserve the tickets once I have finished my work in hand."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 629

Chapter 629 The Creepy Carl

A satisfied Toby replied, "I want you to change the time slightly to 8:00PM."

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I can look for Sonia at 6:00PM and bring her out for dinner. Then, we'll watch the movie at 8:00PM, which means that we'll be done at about 10:00PM. After that, I'll send her back to Bayside Residence and it'll almost be midnight when we arrive there. She should allow me to stay there for the night given how late it would be, right? His eyes flickered as he came up with a plan in his heart.

However, Tom didn't know about the plan and didn't feel anything suspicious about changing the time, so he nodded. "I'll get it done, President Fuller."

Toby returned the receiver to his landline before picking up his phone again to send a text to Sonia: 'I'll come and pick you up at 6:00PM before we have dinner together. I heard that there is a new French restaurant in Berthull and it sounds quite delicious.'

Sonia giggled and replied: 'Alright.'

After typing the text, she clicked on the send button.

However, the moment she sent the text, she received a phone call.

When Sonia saw who the caller was, shock immediately filled her face. It's from Carl.

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Ever since Carl's second personality occupied his body and he left Seafield for Westsashire, he had never contacted her and neither did she.

She didn't know how to interact with him afterward since she had no understanding of his second personality at all. The only thing she knew was that he wasn't a good person.

She resented interacting with such a person, so she always tried not to think about him.

However, he unexpectedly called her one month later.

Should I answer his call or not?

Looking at the name vibrating on the screen, Sonia bit her lower lip while her heart was full of doubts.

After all, she didn't know how to interact with the other personality, so she wouldn't know what to say later.

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Even so, after a moment of hesitation, Sonia finally decided to answer the call. What if the person calling me isn't his second personality? Instead, it's actually Carl who finally regained control of his body?

While holding onto that hope, she took a deep breath and clicked on the green button to answer, "Carl."

She tentatively uttered his name with a hint of caution in her voice.

After two seconds of silence on the other end, a man's creepy voice was heard instead. "Sonia, I'm Lucius Hayes. Compared to Carl, I like this name even more."

In short, he didn't wish to inherit the name that the idiot used for more than 20 years.

As for the name 'Lucius', it perfectly differentiated him from that idiotic Carl.

Listening to the tone of his voice, Sonia felt a surge of disappointment from her darkened heart as her expression slightly changed. Looks like my hopes are for nothing. Carl hasn't woken up to regain control of his body. The person calling me now is his second personality.

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This made her really upset, so she pursed her red lips and asked indifferently, "What can I help you with, Mr. Hayes?"

On the other end, Carl—or to be precise, Lucius was now standing in front of the French windows.

Hearing how Sonia had addressed him, he squinted his eyes as his expressions became a little gloomy. "Sonia, you were always so intimate when you called Carl. Why are you addressing me like I'm a stranger?"

She answered flatly, "It's simple because you are not Carl."

That was why she couldn't bring herself to treat Lucius with the same kind of attitude she used to treat Carl with before.

Lucius grunted. "That's really saddening, Sonia. Although I'm indeed not Carl, I'm also born in his body, so you can also treat me the same way, though."

"I'm sorry, I can't." Sonia immediately rejected him.

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The gloominess on his face spread, but he quickly composed himself and smiled bitterly as if nothing had happened. "You are so cruel, Sonia."

"Alright, Mr. Hayes. What is it that you want? If there's nothing else you want to say, I'm going to cut the call. I'm very busy at the moment and I don't have any time to waste on you," she uttered blandly while furrowing her beautiful brows.

She had nothing to say to his other personality.

Also, Lucius' personality was much shadier than Carl's, so Sonia didn't know what would happen if she continued to speak to Lucius.

"Sigh..." Lucius pretended to sigh in disappointment. "Forget about it. Since you don't want to catch up with me, so be it. I originally wanted to tell you how much I've missed you in the last month, Sonia. I also wanted to ask whether you miss me or not, but by the looks of it, you don't miss me at all, but it's fine as long as I do. Because of that, Sonia, I've prepared a gift for you. It's in your mailbox, so please take a look at it."

Sonia was utterly disgusted by what she heard.

Hearing him calling her by her name, she felt an uncomfortable turmoil inside her stomach.

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She was fine with Carl addressing her before, but she wasn't comfortable with Lucius. Is he intentionally trying to replace Carl? Also, I remember that when he first possessed Carl's body, he didn't call me by my name, so it is really weird that he's now addressing me as such.

While ridiculing him inside her heart, Sonia asked coldly, "What did you send me?"

"Sonia, you'll know it when you see it. I promise that you'll definitely like it very much." Lucius looked at the plane that had just flown past through the French windows while a sinister light flashed across his eyes.

She furrowed her brows and clicked into her mailbox while holding the mouse.

Sure enough, there was an additional email from an unsaved contact, which should be Lucius.

As for how Lucius had discovered her email address, Sonia wasn't surprised at all. After all, Carl's memories were still embedded in his mind along with his hacking skills.

Therefore, it wasn't difficult for him to find out about her address.

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Sonia clicked on the email and found that the attachment had a large size as it showed several pictures.

Looking at the file, she was confused. What photos did he send me?

She clicked on the photos in suspicion and was instantly shocked by what she had seen. After letting out a scream, she rose from her chair and threw the mouse in her hand away.

With a pale face, she stood there and stared at the computer screen in fear. As her body, limbs and scalp began to tremble, she felt her heart skipping a beat. What is this?!

In the photo was a man who had his head shaved and his face slashed into a bloody mess by a knife to the point where it disfigured his looks. He was blindfolded and tied to the couch, making it difficult to establish whether he was dead or alive.

In the end, Sonia was so shocked by the photo that she couldn't help but vomit all over the desk.

She never expected the content of the photo to be this horrible and bloody. If she had known about it from the start, she wouldn't have clicked on it.

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Sadly, it was impossible for anyone to turn back time, but she could still choose not to look at the subsequent few photos because its content was definitely the same as this one.

When Lucius heard her vomiting on the other end, he revealed an evil smile before speaking, "Sonia, what's the problem? Don't you like my gift? Are you satisfied with it?"

Her expression immediately changed as she roared at the phone with red eyes, "Am I satisfied with it? Are you crazy? Did you send me this to scare me on purpose?"

He blinked with innocence. "How could you say that, Sonia? I didn't mean to scare you. I sent you this because I wanted to tell you that I've avenged you."

"Avenge me? What do you mean?" Sonia could feel the vein on her forehead throbbing as she had a bad feeling.

On the other end, Lucius chuckled with intention. "Sonia, can't you recognize the person in the photo?"

The person in the photo? She pursed her lips. Is he saying that I know the person in the photo?

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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 630

Chapter 630 Unbridled

As she thought about it, Sonia took a deep breath and mentally braced herself to endure the disgust when she carefully gazed at the computer screen to observe who the person was.

Although it was difficult to recognize the person's face, she could still tell that he was a man from the outline of his face.

However, the more she looked at his outline, the more familiar the person was. Where have I seen him before? Where?

She bit her nails and had a pensive look.

Suddenly, a feminine and beautiful face flashed through her mind.

As Sonia's face was filled with shock, she couldn't help but scream, "Declan!"

"Bingo!" On the other end, the smile on Lucius' face grew more malicious when he heard the name. "Sonia, you are so brilliant. I can't believe you recognize him that quickly."

She felt her heart numbing. "It really is Declan. Why did you... ruin his face like this?!"

"No! No! No!" Lucius wagged his index finger. "I didn't just ruin his face. I also broke all four of his limbs."

His voice was extremely gentle as if he was saying something normal, sending chills down Sonia's spine.

Usually, the calmer a person was after committing such a crime, the more terrifying that person was.

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Carl's other personality is a monster. Not only did he ruin Declan's face, he also amputated all the man's limbs. She didn't want to look at the next few photos, but they were probably images of Declan's amputated limbs.

Thinking about it, Sonia could feel her stomach churning again, so she quickly closed her mailbox and leaned against the corner of the table before retching again.

This time, it felt more intense because her entire face was red due to his discomfort. Even her eyes and neck had already turned the color of crimson.

As Lucius listened to her retching, he knew that she must have felt uncomfortable at that moment, but he didn't feel any remorse. Instead, he had a soothing smile because he intentionally sent those photos to her. Serves her right for treating me differently from that idiotic Carl. This shall serve as a small lesson to her.

Looking at the bustling city through the French window, he feigned concern as he asked, "Sonia, are you alright?"

Sonia gasped for air and roared, "You monster!"

He squinted his eyes with dangerous intent. "Oh, I'm a monster? Why am I a monster? Why are you saying that, Sonia? Don't you know that I'm avenging you?"

As expected, she is a biased woman. If Carl had done the same, I wouldn't be surprised that she wouldn't say the same thing to him.

"Are you not a monster?" An angry Sonia bit her lips. "What were you thinking when you did this to him?"

"I just told you, Sonia, that I am taking revenge for you." Lucius innocently blinked. "Don't forget what Declan did to you, Sonia. He pushed you down a cliff."

"Even if he did push me down a cliff, that is my problem. I can avenge myself and I don't need you to interfere." She tightly clenched her phone with both hands and yelled, "Also, if you wanted to avenge me, you could have just handed him over to the police and use the law to punish him. Why did you have to do it yourself?"

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Doesn't he know that he has broken the law? Of course I'm not concerned about him, but his body belongs to Carl. If he broke the law, it also means that it is Carl who broke the law. After all, in legal terms, there is no such thing as dual personality.

"Why should I hand him to the police?" He revealed a disdainful smile. "Wouldn't that be letting him off lightly?"

"You..." Sonia was infuriated by his words that her lips trembled. "You really are stubborn. Get lost. Leave and return the body to Carl!"

"Return it to Carl?" Lucius was completely enraged by her words and he no longer maintained that usual malicious smile on his face. Instead, it became morbidly cold. "Sonia, do you know what you are saying? What do you mean by returning this body to Carl? Carl and I were born out of this body, but he was born earlier than me and used it earlier than me. Does that mean this body is his alone? Let me tell you this. It wasn't easy for me to occupy this body, so I'll never return it to him because I'm also the owner of this body."

She was rendered speechless. He's right. Carl and him were both born out of this body, which means that they are both the co-owners. However, Lucius is way too evil and personalities like him shouldn't exist.

As she thought about it, Sonia gritted her teeth and uttered coldly, "It's okay if you don't want to return his body. I'll definitely wake Carl up one day. I can promise you that!"

"Sonia, you really are biased. All you care about is that idiot. Why can't you just treat me better?" Lucius chuckled.

"Because you don't deserve it!" she yelled coldly. "At least Carl would never do something as cruel as you did."

Listening to her, he suddenly laughed aloud as if he had just heard a joke. "I can tell that you don't know Carl that well. Indeed, that idiot's personality is not the same as mine, but we have something in common, which is that we are both cruel. Even if the person controlling the body was him and not me, he would still torture Declan in the same way that I did. Sonia, have you forgotten that he has even poisoned you before?"

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A pale Sonia was left speechless. That's correct. Since Carl has dared to poison me before, it's not out of the question that he wouldn't torture Declan. Does that mean I actually don't know Carl that well?

"Sonia, what's wrong? Cat got your tongue?" Lucius knew that he had rendered her speechless, so he mocked on purpose.

While biting her lower lip, she replied, "I have nothing to say to you. In short, I want you to send Declan to the hospital immediately and call the police. Stop torturing him yourself; otherwise—"

"Otherwise, what? Are you going to report me to the police?" He smirked.

Sonia squinted her eyes and answered, "If you don't do what I say, I'll definitely report you."

Instead of feeling scared, he laughed happily. "I don't think you will do that. After all, this body also belongs to Carl. If you report me, this body will be sent to prison, which means that Carl will also be imprisoned. Can you bring yourself to do such a thing?"

Her pupils dilated as she remained silent.

Can I? She lowered her eyes and thought about it for a long while before finally realizing that she couldn't bring herself to send Carl into prison. He suffered too much when he was a child, which caused his personality to become a bit extreme. I can always report Lucius and send him to prison, but what if Carl suddenly regains control of his body? If he finds out that I was the one who sent him to prison, he'll definitely be triggered emotionally, thinking that he was betrayed by someone whom he trusted. By then, I can't imagine what he will do.

As those thoughts came to mind, Sonia smiled bitterly and hung up the phone. After that, she sat down on the chair in exhaustion and rubbed her temple while remaining silent for a long while.

He now has me in his grasp. He knows that Carl is my weakness, so he has recklessly told me about torturing Declan and even dared me to report his actions to the police. He knows that I can't bring myself to report him, which is why he is so unbridled in front of me. All of this has occurred because he shares the same body as Carl. What can I do to bring Carl back?

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After she lowered her eyes and thought about it, she suddenly remembered a person, so she picked up her phone again to call a number.

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