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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 741 - 750

Chapter 741 Move

Sonia knew what he was talking about, and she was shocked. "You're saying she still thinks I'm Rina? That's why she acted that way?"

Toby nodded. "No other explanation fits the bill. That's probably why she changed her attitude."

Sonia thought about it for a while. "You're right. I can't think of any other explanation for this. Julia hated my guts until today, but I bet they know how ludicrous their suspicion is now. The real Rina is right beside them, after all. They should have known I'm not the real Rina."

"Titus has probably gotten over it and knows you're not Rina, but not Julia. Like I said, she still thinks you're Rina. Women are always more sentimental when it comes to matters like this, especially when said woman is a mother." Toby looked at her.

He was still hiding something from her. Even if Julia knew Sonia wasn't her daughter, the thought that she could be Rina wouldn't be that easy to wipe out once it had formed. Every time she saw Sonia, she would be reminded of that thought, and she would act weird around Sonia. For example, she would be concerned about her situation.

If this went on, Julia would care more about Sonia, and she might even think of Sonia as her own daughter, for blood bonds were always mysterious. When that time came, Julia would suspect that Sonia was Rina again.

Sonia didn't know what he was thinking. She agreed with his analysis, and she nodded. "You're right. Women are always more sentimental than men are. I can see why Julia acted so weird around me."

Toby had mixed feelings about the matter, so he changed the topic. "And what did Taylor say to you?"

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She pouted. "Even weirder stuff. She asked me if I think I'm Rina or something."

Toby's face fell. "She really said that?" What was she doing? Isn't she worried Sonia might suspect something?

Sonia nodded. "Yeah. She told me all that because she's jealous."

"Is that so?" Toby squinted.

Sonia sneered. "She told me that Titus suspects that I might be Rina after he watched the press conference, and she asked me that because she's worried I might take her place and dupe the Grays so I can take revenge on them. Something must be wrong with her." She pointed at the side of her head speechlessly. "How on earth did she come up with that idea?"

Toby was silent for a while. He never thought Taylor could actually come up with a good explanation for such a blatant lie, and Sonia bought it. Toby looked at her. I don't blame Sonia. She wouldn't think she was the real Rina, nor would she even have that idea in the first place. She has to believe Taylor. Even if she knows Taylor is lying, she mustn't expose her. "Don't take what she said to heart."

"I know. I don't care about stupid stuff like that." She smiled.

Toby grunted, then he asked, "Did she ask you any other question?" Like if you have a red mark or a birthmark? If she does, then it's going to be trouble.

Fortunately, Sonia shook her head. "No."

Toby heaved a sigh of relief in silence. "Good to hear."

Sonia looked at him curiously. "You sound relieved that they didn't ask me anything else. Are you hiding something from me?"

"No." Toby put on a calm look and held her hand. "I'm just worried Julia might ask you some hard questions and mock you," he said calmly.

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“Don’t worry. She didn’t do that this time.” Sonia shrugged. “And since she cared about me for some reason, I didn’t argue back like I always did. It’s the first time we got along peacefully, and honestly, it feels fine.”

She truly felt it was fine. Even if she didn’t argue with Julia, staying with her enemy in a confined space would still be a bad experience for her, but not this time. She didn’t feel any animosity from Julia, nor was there any tension in the air. She just felt awkward, and she had mixed feelings about it. Overall, it was a nice experience, and she didn’t feel uncomfortable.

Sonia was wondering why she could get along with Julia that one time. When Toby saw her expression, he pursed his lips. Sonia didn’t know the reason, but he did. They’re mother and daughter. Actual mother and daughter. They know nothing about this, but the bond is there. It’s a magical thing. Even if two brothers were separated from birth and had no idea they had a sibling, they’d still feel close to their brother if they saw each other one day.

That was how powerful bonds were. That was why Sonia could get along well with Julia and didn’t even argue with her. However, he couldn’t tell her that. He knew it was unfair to her, but it was for her own good. Besides, he wasn’t planning on hiding it from her forever. He would tell her who she really was once Titus was dead. Once he passed away, the Grays would be no more, and he wouldn’t have to worry about her breaking down because of her identity in the feud between the Grays and Reeds.

Sonia noticed Toby spacing out again, and she stared at him as she placed her left cheek in her hand. “You spaced out again.”

Toby quickly snapped out of it.

Sonia was about to ask him what he was thinking about and why he spaced out twice, but then the divider rolled down, and Tom looked at them in the rear-view mirror. “We’re here, sir, Miss Reed.”

“That’s fast.” She forgot about her questions and rolled the window down, and she saw Bayside Residence standing not far away.

“I kept talking to you and didn’t pay attention.” She rolled the window back up.

Toby chuckled. “That means I’m all you think about.”

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"You think too highly of yourself." She rolled her eyes, but she didn't refute that.

Toby beamed.

Sonia noticed the look in his eyes, and she felt embarrassed, then she turned away. "I'll get out now." She got out of the car right away.

Toby opened the door on his side and got out, then he told Tom, "Take the luggage up."

Tom just got out of the car as well. "Yes," he said, then he went to the trunk.

Sonia was curious. "What luggage?"

Toby didn't answer, so Tom did it for him. "It's Mr. Fuller's. There's his clothes and necessities. He said you won't move to his place so soon, so that's why he opted to move to your place instead. I had to pack his stuff. Two crates of it."

Tom took two gigantic luggage out of the trunk. The luggage reached Sonia's waist, and when she saw it, the corner of her lip twitched. "You really think of my place as your home, huh?"

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 742

Chapter 742 Key Card

She didn't even say he could move in with her, but he was already prepared to stay under the same roof with her.

Toby chuckled. "Well, your place is my place, right? Since it's also my place, I get to live in it too, no? So let's skip all the formalities."

"Don't you think my place is cramped? Can you get used to it?" Sonia crossed her arms and looked at him.

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Toby smiled. "Yes. As long as it's with you, I can take it no matter how cramped it is."

Sonia smiled. "You might be lying to me though." She had to say that she was happy Toby would do it for her.

"I won't. I always tell you the truth. I wouldn't have moved here otherwise." He looked at Tom—who was holding the luggage—and he nodded. "Take it upstairs."

"Yes, sir," Tom answered.

Toby looked away and held Sonia's hand. "Let's go. He can do it himself."

"A minute." Instead of going in with him, Sonia looked back at the luggage. "Are they heavy, Tom? If they are, I—"

He knew what she was about to say, so he waved her off. "It's alright, Miss Reed. I can do this alone."

"Really?" Sonia pointed at the luggage.

Before Tom could answer, Toby pushed her hand down. "There are wheels under the luggage. He doesn't need to hold them all the time. If he can't even do this, I would have wasted my money on him." He shot Tom a cold look.

Tom cursed silently, but outwardly, he was smiling. "Mr. Fuller is right. Don't worry about me, Miss Reed." I'll pick Miss Reed any day of the week. She's so much friendlier than this demon.

Since Tom wasn't insisting, Sonia nodded. "I see. Thank you then, Tom."

"It's nothing. It's my job." Tom let one luggage go and adjusted his glasses.

"Let's go." Toby didn't want to waste any more time in the parking lot. He wanted to go up, so he held her hand and went to the elevator.

Sonia could see that he was in a hurry, and she shook her head in amusement. "Slow down."

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Toby said nothing, but he slowed down.

It didn't take them long to come back to her home. She took her card out and swiped it on the electronic lock, and the door opened. She was about to put her card back into her handbag, but she realized that Toby was looking at her hand, and she looked up at him.

He didn't realize she was looking at him, and his gaze was still locked on the card she was holding. He wanted to say something, but he stopped himself. Sonia arched her eyebrow, and she laughed. It's so obvious what he wants. "Give me your hand," she crossed her arms and commanded.

Toby was curious, but he raised his hand as she said. "Why?"

Instead of answering, she kept commanding, "Open it. Palm up."

Toby did as he was told, and she stopped crossing her arms, then she put the white card in his hand, much to his surprise. "This is..."

"Oh, you don't want it?" Sonia smiled at Toby, who was dumbfounded. "You kept staring at it, and I thought you wanted it. Well, if you don't want it, then I'll take it back."

She extended her hand and pretended she would take it back.

The moment she did, Toby held the card tightly and pulled his hand back, then he kept it in his suit's pocket and patted it carefully. Sonia was watching as he did so. "I want this. Since you gave it to me, then it's mine." A smile curled his lips, and he looked obviously delighted.

Sonia covered her mouth and chuckled. "It's just a key card. Do you have to be so happy about it?"

He looked at her. "Of course. You gave me your home's key, so that means you acknowledge me, and you're saying I can move in. Of course I'm happy. I'm keeping this card well."

"If I didn't know better, I would have thought you're taking it as a family heirloom." Sonia was amused.

He gave me his place's key two days ago, but I wasn't even this excited.

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Even though Sonia was just teasing him, Toby actually patted the key card and thought about it. "Family heirloom?"

Sonia had a bad feeling about it, and the corner of her lips twitched. "You're getting some ideas, aren't you?"

He nodded seriously. "That's a good idea. I can consider it."

Sonia was horrified. "Please don't. Stop considering it. It was just a joke. It's just a card, so there's no value in passing it down."

"There is." Toby was still looking serious. "I can tell our kids that this is proof that their parents finally started living together. And they can tell their kids about it."

Sonia was dumbfounded, then she went into her home, sighing. She was half amused, half annoyed. "Kids and grandkids? You sure know how to joke, Toby." How did he even come up with that?

Toby went in after her. "What are you talking about?"

"It's nothing. Just put your luggage down. I'll make dinner." She placed her handbag down and picked the apron up from the chair at the dining table. She started tying it up, and Toby went over to help her. She didn't say no, and she let her hands go.

Toby tied her apron up and answered, "Tom can do that. I'll help you with dinner."

"You?" Sonia quickly turned around. "You want to help?"

"Yes." Toby nodded.

Sonia looked at him. "Are you sure?"

"Naturally." He nodded again.

Sonia suddenly laughed. "Forget it. The last time you helped—"

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Before she could finish, he suddenly held her shoulder and turned her around so that she was facing him. A while of silence later, Toby looked away first, since he was feeling embarrassed from the look Sonia was giving him. He coughed awkwardly, then he said, "I lied last time. I was only starting to cook so I couldn't help much, but now, I've mastered a lot of cuisines, so I can do it. I can make dinner tonight, and you can see how I do. Is that fine?"

Sonia arched an eyebrow. "Are you for real?"

"Of course." He arched his eyebrow as well. "I was planning on cooking for you after I've fully mastered the skills of culinary. It was supposed to be a surprise, but I can't wait any longer."

Since he wanted to prove himself, Sonia wouldn't take the chance away from him. She untied her apron and handed it to him. "Alright. You do it then. I'm looking forward to tonight's dinner."

"You won't be disappointed." Toby smiled and took the apron from her. He was confident in his repertoire, and he knew he would really surprise her.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 743

Chapter 743 Toby's Cooking

When Sonia heard how confident Toby sounded, she couldn't help but feel a growing sense of anticipation for the outcome. "Okay, I trust you. Turn around," she uttered with a smile.

"What is it?" Toby was puzzled. When Sonia pointed at the apron in his hand, he finally understood what she meant. His eyes lit up a little as he turned to face his back against her. She took the apron from him before tying it around his waist. Once she was done, she gave him a pat on the back. "Alright. You may head to the kitchen for your duties now, Mr. Fuller."

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"I'll go now!" Toby nodded before marching to the kitchen. Sonia chuckled as she watched him leave. Moments later, she shouted for him as she recalled something. "Do you need my help, Mr. Fuller?"

"No." Toby waved his arm without turning around. "I can do it on my own." He was worried that she might laugh at him if he made a mistake, so he figured that it'd be better for him to get his work done behind closed doors. Even if he made a mistake, he'd be able to fix things without having her catch him. He didn't want her to think that he was bluffing.

Sonia shrugged when Toby rejected her offer to help. "Okay then. I'll help you with your luggage," she offered.

"Okay," Toby called out from the kitchen. She smiled as she turned around and headed toward the bedroom. When she got there, she found Tom squatting on the ground with two huge luggages in front of him. He had opened both the luggages, but he was squatting in front of them without moving. He looked like he was contemplating something.

When Tom heard the sound of footsteps, he turned around to find Sonia behind him. "Miss Reed," he greeted as he hastily got to his feet and smiled.

"Tom, what were you..."

Tom let out a bitter laugh as he scratched the back of his head. "Well, you see, Miss Reed... Didn't President Fuller ask me to unpack his luggage earlier? I wanted to do that, but this is your room and not his. I'm a man, so..."

"Ah, I see." Sonia chuckled when she understood what Tom meant. "We left you in a tough situation there. You can go get some rest; I'll unpack his luggage for him." Tom's right. This is my room, and all my things are here. Tom's an outsider, and he might accidentally see some of my stuff while he's unpacking for Toby. There might even be some secret items lying around! It's no wonder Tom seemed so clueless for a while. It makes sense that he would squat around without knowing how to start unpacking.

A look of pure relief appeared on Tom's face when he heard Sonia's words. He immediately pressed his palms together as a gesture of gratitude. "Thank you, Miss Reed. Sorry for troubling you."

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"It's no trouble at all." Sonia shook her head lightly. Once Tom hurried out of the room, Sonia went to the spot where Tom had been squatting. She got into the same position as Tom had been in before she scanned Toby's luggages to see what he had brought. After seeing all that he had brought, Sonia pressed her palm against her forehead.

Hmm, although two luggages don't seem like they can fit a lot, there's practically everything that Toby needs in here. His daily items, his clothes, his accessories... I'll have to empty out an entire wardrobe for all his stuff. At that thought, Sonia looked up to stare at the wall opposite her. The wall was about 65 feet wide, and the entire stretch was actually her wardrobe.

Sonia was a woman, after all—she had a lot of clothes, accessories, bags and so on. Since Sonia lived in her condominium and hadn't moved back into the Reed Residence, she no longer had a walk-in wardrobe. Instead, she had a long stretch of wardrobe that lay hidden behind the walls. However, most of the space had been taken up by her items, so it would require some amount of effort for her to empty out some space for Toby.

Sonia rubbed her cheeks as she thought about how tiring it would be to move all the items out of her wardrobe. However, she eventually got up to open the cupboards to figure out which spaces to clear. After taking a long look at her whole wardrobe, she decided that it would be easier to move her bags and accessories elsewhere. She therefore decided that she would empty out that space for Toby's items.

Upon coming to that decision, Sonia rolled her sleeves up and got to work immediately. More than one hour had passed when she finally finished clearing her bags and accessories out to make space for Toby's clothes and other items. Sonia hadn't stopped for a break throughout the whole hour, and she only realized how much her body ached after she was done with her task.

With one hand massaging her back, Sonia shuffled over to her bed before she sat down. The wardrobe was right in front of her, and she felt a sudden surge of satisfaction when she saw all of Toby's clothes and items on the left side while hers remained on the right.

Initially, Sonia assumed that it'd feel like someone had invaded her territory when she first saw Toby's items hanging around in her closet. However, when she saw her clothes hanging beside Toby's, she realized that she didn't feel invaded at all. In fact, it felt rather nice. She wondered if Toby felt the same way when he arranged for his wardrobe to be shared with her in the past.

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As she was caught up in her thoughts, she heard someone knocking on the door from outside. "Food's ready, Little Leaf." Sonia got to her feet when she heard the man's voice. "Okay! I'm coming."

"Okay." Toby was silent after that. She bent down and gathered his luggages before dragging one in each hand to leave the room. The moment she opened the door, she found the man standing in front of her. "What are you doing?" Sonia was shocked. She patted her chest as she stared at the man grumpily. "Are you a doorman or something?"

"I was waiting for you," he uttered before pressing his lips together. Then, his gaze fell on the luggages in her hands. "What are those?"

"I emptied your luggage, and these bags don't fit in the room, so I thought I'd keep them in the study." Sonia patted the bags as she spoke. He reached his arm over to take the bags from her. "I should be the one doing these things," he uttered before bringing both the luggages toward the study.

She tagged along behind him and looked around the house to see that they were the only two people at home. "Where's Tom?" she asked.

Toby opened the study door. "I told him to go home," he replied.

"Why didn't you get him to stay for a meal?" Sonia uttered while looking at Toby's back.

All of a sudden, the man halted his footsteps and paused before turning around. "Why would I tell him to stay? I prepared this meal for you—how could I allow someone else to enjoy my food? Have you seen an employer preparing a meal for his staff?"

Sonia shook her head. "I guess not."

"Exactly." Toby turned away before lifting his chin up. "He'll never get a chance to try my cooking. I'll only cook for you."

Sonia giggled. "Should I feel proud?"

"Don't you think you should feel proud?" Toby tilted his head to the side and gave her a sideways glance. Sonia nodded hastily. "Of course. I do feel proud right now. You're the

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Fuller Group's president, after all. You're a man who has consistently maintained his spot in the Top 5 of Forbes' World's Billionaire List, yet you're preparing a meal for me. I'm the only woman in the world who will get a chance to experience such treatment! If the public knows about this, all of the women who admire you will probably feel extremely jealous of me."

"It's good that you know." Toby scoffed. "So, you should keep your eye on me and cherish me to make sure that I don't get stolen by some other woman."

Sonia was laughing so hard that she had to bend over and clutch her belly. "You're really taking my words seriously, huh? Fine. Put the luggages aside so that we can eat. I'm waiting to have a taste of your cooking."

"Roger that!" Toby no longer took his sweet time when he heard that Sonia was eager to taste his cooking. He hastily kept the luggages away before walking out of the study. By then, Sonia was already standing beside the dining table with both her hands pressed against the table. She stared at the few dishes in front of her without looking away.

Toby walked over and hugged her from behind. "What do you think?"

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 744

Chapter 744 A Celebration

"This looks pretty good," Sonia uttered as she turned to look at the man whose face was directly beside hers.

"Really?" Toby turned to look at her as well. She nodded. "Yeah. The plating of the food might be rather odd, but the colors of the dishes look really good. For a beginner's standard, this deserves a thumbs up." Sonia stuck her thumb up in front of the man as she spoke. Initially, Sonia assumed that his dishes wouldn't be too great even if he put in the effort to learn cooking.

However, she just realized that she had gotten it wrong. Although she couldn't tell if the food was good until she tasted it, just the smell and the color of the dishes told her that it would

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taste average, if not amazing. Toby smirked when he saw how amazed Sonia seemed by his cooking. Then, he released his arm around her waist to pull one of the chairs back. He pulled her closer to the chair and pressed her shoulders to make her sit down before he handed her some cutlery. "Try it! Tell me how it tastes," he urged.

"Sure," Sonia replied with a smile. She was just as eager to taste the dishes, anyway. With her cutlery in her hands, Sonia glanced at the few dishes in front of her while contemplating which to try first. Fortunately, she had never been an indecisive individual, so she came to a conclusion pretty soon. She picked the dish that was the closest to her.

Toby had prepared a total of three dishes—an omelet, some grilled meat, and fried vegetables. All of these were some of the most commonly seen dishes in any household, but these weren't dishes that would typically appear in the Fuller Residence. The Fullers' chefs were Michelin star chefs who didn't necessarily specialize in such common dishes. Sonia was certain that Toby hadn't tasted regular food like these in the past.

After all, Tom would never get Toby such a simple meal even when they ate out. Most of the time, Tom would order meals from high-end restaurants. That explained why Sonia was so shocked when she first saw the dishes that Toby had prepared. However, upon further thought, Sonia realized how almost every beginner would start by preparing these basic dishes. She no longer felt as surprised after that.

In the end, Sonia chose to try the omelet first. Toby's eyes followed the egg in her spoon as she raised it to her mouth. "How is it?" Toby pulled out a chair beside her to sit down as he questioned her. Sonia didn't respond immediately—she was busy chewing on her food. After chewing for a while more, she turned to look at the man. His expression seemed as calm as usual, but Sonia could tell that he was rather nervous when she observed his actions a little more. Is he worried that I might say his cooking isn't good?

Sonia smiled at that thought. "I can't give you an answer since I only tried one of the dishes. I need to try the rest of them before giving you an answer."

"Fine. Continue eating," Toby ordered as he used his cutlery to scoop out portions of the two other dishes onto her plate. As Sonia proceeded with her taste-testing, Toby continued to stare at her. He no longer asked her how it tasted, but he frowned as he watched her finish the food on her plate. The anxiousness in his eyes seemed to increase with every passing moment.

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When she saw how nervous he seemed, she couldn't help but giggle. I think I might be the only person who can evoke such feelings of nervousness within this man. I have to say, I do feel pretty happy to watch him getting all worried over my opinion. It shows that he only gets emotional when it comes to things related to me.

After finishing the food on her plate, Sonia lowered her cutlery and wiped her mouth with a piece of tissue. "Sonia," Toby called. He was clearly asking for her to give him some comments. However, she pretended not to hear him calling her. Instead, she sipped on her glass of water while maintaining the suspense in the air.

At this point, Toby pressed his lips into a thin line before calling her with a deeper voice. "Sonia!"

She knew that he was getting impatient, so she laughed and broke the suspense. "Alright, alright," she uttered while giving his hand a squeeze. "I won't take my time anymore. Calm down, I'll talk now."

"Tell me!" Toby lifted his chin a little as he waited for her to speak. Sonia stared at him for a while before she held her thumb up once more. "This is pretty good!"

Toby felt a weight being lifted off his chest when he saw Sonia's thumb. Although he had some confidence in his cooking skills, he wasn't sure if Sonia would like it. Everyone had different tastes in food, after all. Fortunately, she seemed to enjoy his cooking in the end. As much as he wanted to control himself from grinning, he couldn't help but let out a smile.

In the end, he had to rest his chin on his palm in order to block Sonia's view of his lips. After clearing his throat, he spoke in an especially calm voice. "You can continue eating if you like it." Toby began scooping more portions of the food for her right after he finished speaking. The corner of Sonia's lips twitched when she saw the huge pile of food gathering on her plate—she didn't know what to feel at that point.

However, the man was on cloud nine at that point, and he didn't seem to consider the fact that she might not be able to finish her food. He continued piling food onto her plate until she reached her hand over to stop him. "That's enough. Stop giving me food. I won't be able to finish any more than what I have here. You don't want to waste this!"

Toby's hand halted mid-way as he raised an eyebrow and stared at her plate. Hmm, that does seem like a lot of food. I must have forgotten myself after she praised me earlier. I

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can't even think straight! That's why I kept piling food onto her plate. I hadn't expected her plate to be so full. He immediately lowered his cutleries. "I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention. It's fine. I'll eat whatever you can't finish, so it won't be a waste."

"Mark your words!" Sonia rested her head on her palm as she turned to laugh at him.

"Yeah," Toby uttered with a nod. Sonia held up her own cutleries before giving him some of the food on her plate. "This is yours, then. You prepared this, so I can't have it all on my own. You should eat more after working so hard on this."

"It wasn't hard work." Toby couldn't seem to stop himself from smiling. All of a sudden, Sonia got to her feet as she seemed to recall something. "What is it?" Toby looked up at her.

"I just recalled that I have another bottle of wine." Sonia put her cutleries aside. "Let's have a drink. It's your first time cooking for me, and I think you deserve a celebration." She headed off to take the wine, but Toby quickly held her hand. "It's fine. It's just a meal. There's no need for a celebration."

"Of course there is." Sonia eyed the man with a sincere look in her eyes. "I believe there are a lot of firsts which deserve to be celebrated. We're humans—we need some spark and romance in our lives, or life would get boring otherwise. This is also my way of showing you that I value your cooking," Sonia uttered before she pulled her arm away from his. Then, she flashed him a smile before hurrying over to the study.

Toby let out a deep chuckle when he saw her tiny figure moving away. The tenderness in his eyes seemed to spread into the air around him. What she had said made him extremely happy—she had highlighted that both men and women had the right to be valued and cherished. Sonia clearly cherished Toby's actions as she insisted on having a celebration when he had just prepared a simple meal.

He felt really touched by this. Soon enough, Sonia appeared with a bottle of red wine that was still sealed. "Let me do it," Toby urged as he took the bottle over.

"Sure." Sonia passed him the corkscrew. She didn't bother to insist on the job as she knew that it required a lot of strength to tug the cork out of the wine bottle. This is a man's job, she thought. While Toby worked on opening the bottle, he glanced at the label of the bottle. "This wine looks really good," he uttered in a surprised tone.

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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 745

Chapter 745 Extremely Expensive Wine

The wine was made out of the first batch of wild grapes that was grown in Cave Vineyard ten years ago. The first batch of wild grapes was a smaller batch that had produced less wine than the other batches, so there were only a total of 100 bottles of wine made. These were practically sold out the moment it was put on sale. Due to the limited availability of wine, the price of one bottle was extremely high. The first 50 bottles cost almost 5 million for one, while the remaining 50 bottles were a little cheaper—about 3 to 4 million each.

Although the wine was pricey, there were also a lot of wealthy individuals who could afford it. Its sales weren't affected despite it being highly priced. Toby had first phoned Cave Vineyard to order ten bottles of the wine, but he had finished it a long time ago. Since this specific batch of wine was sold out right after it was released, and since the factory hadn't released much information about this wine to the public, most people weren't aware of the fact that the factory had ever produced this batch of wine.

Yet, Sonia had one of these exorbitantly-priced wine bottles with her. Toby wasn't looking down on Sonia—he simply knew that it was impossible for someone with her spending power to purchase this type of wine. That explained why he was so shocked to see her showing up with that wine bottle. Sonia had no idea what the man was thinking about, and she sat down while responding to his words. "It's not too bad. Apparently, this costs more than a million. My dad left it behind. He said that a friend had given it to him and that he had left it here because he couldn't bear to drink it. However, I'm not sure if it was really a friend who gave it to him. He's a huge fan of red wine, and he usually collects expensive wine, so it's possible that he was the one who bought it. Furthermore, I'm not sure how much this actually costs. I tried looking for this brand online, but I couldn't find any information about it. I would've thought my father had been conned if he wasn't someone who was relatively knowledgeable about wine. I might have thought that he paid all that money for an unknown wine brand." Sonia let out a smile at the thought of her father. Her eyes were filled with longing for the past.

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Eventually, Toby forced the cork out of the bottle and held a wine glass up to pour some of the red liquid into it. He passed the glass to Sonia. "I'm not sure if your father was the one who bought this wine, but I can tell you that he didn't lie about the price."

Sonia's hand trembled a little upon hearing the man's words. "Are you serious? Is it that expensive?"

"Of course." Toby poured a glass for himself before he sat down and swirled the wine glass in his hand. He took a sniff before he continued speaking. "There are only a total of 100 of these bottles in the world. The first 50 bottles cost 5 million, while the remaining 50 bottles cost about 3 to 4 million. Yours is probably..."

Toby reached over and spun the wine bottle around to check the number on the back of the bottle. He raised an eyebrow. "Your bottle says number 50. It's the 50th one."

"Does that mean that this was worth 5 million?" Sonia stared at the wine bottle before looking at the glass in her hand. She gulped after speaking in a shaky voice. Although her father had once boasted about owning a bottle of wine that was worth millions, she had never truly believed his words and had always assumed he was just exaggerating. Her father did have that bad habit, after all. However, she was shocked to hear that it was the actual price of the wine.

Sonia didn't consider the possibility of Toby lying to her since he had no reason to lie about such a thing. Toby chuckled when he saw the dumbfounded expression on Sonia's face. "Yes. This costs 5,000,000."

5,000,000... 5,000,000! Sonia hastily placed her glass down on the table. "I'm not drinking this anymore. This is so pricey; it probably costs at least 10,000 for every sip. It's such a shame to finish it. I don't even feel like I'm drinking alcohol—it feels like I'm swallowing money, and it makes me feel guilty. I should pour this back and replace the cork so that it can become some inheritance that I pass on to my nephews and nieces. Stop drinking," she ordered. Right after that, she reached her hand over to snatch the glass from Toby.

Although Sonia was also from a rich family, she had never tasted wine that cost more than 3 million. Even the wine that cost 3 million sounded too expensive to Sonia, let alone trying one that cost 5 million. Sonia felt like she couldn't take another sip of the liquid after hearing its price. Toby hadn't expected her to react in such a manner upon hearing the price. She

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attempted to pour the wine back into the bottle, and she even tried to snatch the wine away from him.

How could he allow her to do that? With Sonia's hand still reaching toward Toby's glass, he abruptly threw his head backward to pour the whole glass of wine down his throat. Sonia widened her eyes when she saw his actions. "Why did you drink it, Toby?"

"Isn't this wine meant for drinking?" Toby put down his wine glass before staring at her with an innocent look on his face. Sonia felt as if someone had stabbed her chest when she saw his empty glass. Her face was twisted into a frown as she felt a physical ache in her chest. "This isn't just any regular wine," she muttered while looking like she was about to burst into tears.

"Hmm? What sort of wine is it, then?" Toby rested his chin on his palm.

"This is extremely expensive wine!" Sonia let out a sob.

Toby lowered his head as he chuckled silently. "It's still wine regardless of how much it costs. Why are you feeling sorry for it?"

"You wouldn't mind drinking it since this isn't your wine," she uttered while glaring at him. "This is my wine... My..." Before she could finish her sentence, she wrapped her arms around the bottle of wine and brought it close to her while she sobbed.

Toby let out a soft sigh as he felt sorry to see her cry. He quickly leaned over to bring her into his arms before patting her on her back gently. "You're right that this isn't my wine, but I've bought the exact same type of wine before. I bought ten bottles then, and I finished all of them without feeling any sorrow or regret. So, you should stop feeling that way."

"You're richer than I am. Of course it doesn't hurt you to do such a thing," Sonia hissed grumpily.

Toby remained silent as he curled his lips a little. It seems like I've used the wrong way to comfort her. Well, that doesn't matter. He held the back of her head as he finally responded to her. "That may be true, but you should change your mindset and consider things from a different perspective."

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“What perspective?” Sonia looked up at him with her misery-filled eyes. Toby let out a laugh as he found this rather adorable. “Well, you should remember its expiration date. Although wine can be stored for long periods, it eventually expires. So, would it be a greater loss for a bottle of wine worth 5 million to be left until it expires, or for it to be finished by its owner?”

“...It’s a greater loss for it to expire without the owner tasting it, of course,” she replied after a while.

“Exactly my point! So, we’re drinking to ensure that it doesn’t get to its expiry date. If that happened, you would suffer a greater loss, wouldn’t you?” Toby’s eyes glinted as he spoke. After that, Sonia silently glanced at the red wine bottle in her arms, and she recognized a slight shift within her. It does seem like my heart no longer aches as much after hearing what Toby said to me.

Toby was paying attention to the changes in Sonia’s emotions the whole time, and he noticed that she had gradually begun to let go of the wine bottle in her hands. He could tell that her mind had been changed a little. Finally, he reached out and took the red wine bottle from her before placing it on the dining table again.

Although Sonia’s first instinct had been to protect the wine, she soon pulled her hands away after reflecting on Toby’s words. Soon after that, Toby placed the wine glass back in Sonia’s hands. “You should drink some since it’s open. It’d be a waste if you didn’t have it.”

Sonia looked at the glass that was filled with deep, red liquid that gave off a strong smell. She gave in in the end. He’s right. I wouldn’t be able to keep the wine for long even if I poured it back into the bottle. When that happens, I will suffer a greater loss. It’d be more than just losing 5 million; it’d also be losing the chance to taste good wine. I’d cry over this for the rest of my life.

At that thought, Sonia took a deep breath. Then, she threw her head back and gulped down the glass of wine.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 746

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Chapter 746 Liquid Courage

Sonia's movements had been bold and exaggerated when she first drank the wine, but Toby burst into laughter when he saw the way she scrunched up her face in response to the taste of the alcohol. "Slow down. You don't want to choke."

"I'm not going to choke!" Sonia placed the wine glass down with a loud clang before pushing it closer to him. "Give me another glass of that."

"Doesn't your heart ache over the price of the drink now?" Toby raised an eyebrow. She glared at him. "Of course my heart still aches, but I'd rather finish it than let it turn bad. Hurry and pour me another glass," she urged.

"Okay. I'll pour you another glass," he uttered after laughing for a while more. Then, he held the wine bottle up to refill her glass. Sonia let out a sigh as she held the wine glass up and glanced at the sparkling, red liquid inside. "It's all your fault. Why did you decide to prepare a meal out of nowhere?"

"What?" Toby was confused. "Did you say it's my fault?" How can it be my fault? he wondered.

"It's obviously your fault!" Sonia stomped her foot on the ground. "I wouldn't have thought of celebrating anything if you hadn't made me a meal. I wouldn't have recalled the existence of this red wine if I hadn't thought of celebrating anything. You wouldn't have gotten the chance to open this bottle if I hadn't thought of it. So, whose fault do you think it is?"

Toby was shocked and speechless upon hearing her explanation. This brat is so two-faced! I can't believe she's putting all of the blame on me. She's expecting me to deal with all the consequences on my own! Sure, I made the meal, and I suggested the idea itself, but I wasn't the one who suggested having a celebration, and I even tried to stop her when she brought it up. She's the one who insisted on bringing a bottle of wine here. Yet, it sounds like everything's my fault now. Great. Toby pressed his palm against his forehead while feeling sorry for himself.

Sonia seemed even more displeased when she saw Toby pressing his lips together with a contemplative look on his face. She smacked her palm against the table. "What is it? Are you unhappy now? Don't you think it's your fault?"

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Toby pursed his lips. So, she's forcing me to admit my wrongs, huh? "Fine, fine. It's my fault. It's all my fault!" Toby had no choice but to shoulder the burden of being wrong. He patted the woman's shoulder to calm her down. Forget it, he thought. Since she's my woman, I'm okay with taking all of the blame. I'll just have to coax her later. A man like me shouldn't get too petty about such matters, anyway.

Toby took a sip of his red wine at that thought. "You're lucky you're with me. I don't think anyone else would pamper you like this." He swirled the wine in his glass and looked at the red liquid before letting out a soft laugh. This was the first time he was being blamed for something he hadn't done, and he willingly accepted the blame. He was certain that no one would believe their ears if they found out about this.

Of course, Sonia knew what Toby meant by his words, and she knew how unreasonable she was being. But why does that matter? He's the man, right? What's wrong with taking the blame for me sometimes? Sonia responded with a stubborn scoff in Toby's face. "At least you know what's the right thing to do."

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Toby couldn't resist pinching her face. "Why didn't I know that you had this side to you in the past?"

She flicked his hand away. "There are tons of things you haven't realized. You don't even know how many sides of me there are."

"Oh?" He smirked. "Guess I'll have to continue digging deep into you, then."

"You can go ahead and do that. I'd like to see how much you can find about me." Sonia raised her glass and finished her wine once more. Again, she placed it in front of Toby to indicate that she wanted another glass. He frowned without making a move. "You should stop drinking," he uttered.

"No. I can't waste this." Sonia shook her head as she insisted on having another glass. Toby placed his large palm over her glass as he spoke. "You'll get drunk. This red wine's alcohol percentage is a little higher than the usual red wines. On top of that, your tolerance isn't that great, and you'll get drunk after a few glasses. Why don't you just listen to me and stop drinking? We can drink another day."

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“No.” Sonia felt oddly displeased when her lover stopped her from drinking, so she raised her sharp eyebrow before speaking in a coquettish tone. “I insist on drinking this! The alcohol tastes good. I’m not done drinking!”

“I don’t care.” Toby continued to reject her while he began keeping the wine bottle away. Sonia immediately pressed her palms against the table to stand up. “Don’t you dare, Toby! Don’t put it away, okay? Otherwise... I’ll...”

“Otherwise, what?” Toby stopped and turned to look at her. There was a gleam in his eyes that made his gaze seem rather mysterious.

Sonia blinked—she was at a loss for words. Soon enough, she came up with a reply. “Otherwise... I’ll start crying in front of you!” Then, she stuck her lower lip out and forced herself to start wailing. However, regardless of how much she tried to cry, she simply couldn’t squeeze the tears out of her eyes.

Toby was stunned by her actions. He had already been shocked when she smacked her palm against the table before that. The woman Toby knew wasn’t someone who would smack her palm against the table when she didn’t get to drink. Yet, that was exactly what she had just done. That was the reason Toby suspected that she was starting to get drunk. Perhaps her temper is coming out because she’s drunk. Now, as I’m watching her attempt to cry, I know for a fact that she’s drunk.

But Sonia wasn’t entirely wasted—she simply seemed rather tipsy. The slight tipsiness had turned her gentle and smart character into a more aggressive person who seemed livelier than her usual, day-to-day self. When Toby saw the confusion in Sonia’s eyes and the redness in her cheeks, he felt the urge to tease her more. “Didn’t you say that you wanted to cry for me? Why aren’t you crying yet?”

“I can’t do it...” She pouted while looking sorry for herself. He let out a deep chuckle that made his chest vibrate as he laughed. That was how funny she was to him. “I’ll return the wine to its place since you can’t seem to cry.” He began to act as if he was about to leave.

She immediately clung to his waist. “No! I told you I wanted more of it. You can’t take it away.”

“But you’re drunk,” he replied.

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"I'm not."

"You are!" Toby stared at the woman in his arms as he repeated himself in a patient tone. Sonia frowned and kept quiet for a while as if she were making sense of his words and checking if she were actually drunk. After a while more, Sonia looked up at the man with her gaze more confused than before. "Isn't that perfect? You're in luck. You can do whatever you want now," she muttered,

Toby's pupils narrowed, and his face darkened once he heard her. Sonia giggled. "I know. I know you've always wanted my body, and that it has been hard for you to control yourself all along. It was all because I couldn't get past my own views on this. You must have struggled to hold it in for so long. Today morning, in the meeting room, I sensed some changes in you, and I wanted to find an opportunity to hand myself over to you completely, but I didn't know how to do it, so I thought that drinking some wine would help us a little. At least I'd have a little more liquid courage then. I don't want to stay stagnant at this point and not go further with you."

Upon hearing her words, Toby's pupils trembled as his Adam's apple bobbed up and down once every 2 seconds. "So... The celebration was a lie, and you were just using it as an excuse to have some drinks? You wanted to get yourself drunk so that you could let me take control over your body, huh?"

"That sounds about right." Sonia rested her head against the man's chest as she listened to his rather elevated heartbeat. Her tone of voice made it clear that she was intoxicated. "But the celebration was real too. I'm killing two birds with one stone!" she insisted.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 747

Chapter 747 She's Finally Mine

At this point, Sonia let out a sudden laugh. "It's true when they say that alcohol builds your courage. I'm so much braver now, aren't I? I'd never say such things if I were sober."

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“Yeah. You do seem much more brave now.” Toby gently kept her in his arms. His heart was still racing from what just happened. I had no idea that she was already prepared to surrender herself to me. I can’t believe she drank alcohol just to gather the courage to let me know that she’s ready to let go of herself with me. Well, it is a pretty good idea, he thought.

“Well, why aren’t you doing anything yet?” Sonia didn’t know what the man was thinking, so she grabbed onto his necktie hanging in front of his chest. The slight stench of alcohol traveled through the air and into Toby’s nose as she continued speaking. “It took me a long time to decide to do this. I even went through with my plan to get drunk! What are you waiting for, Toby? I’m not that drunk now, and I’m sober enough to know what’s going on. Soon, I’ll be too sober to do anything with you. Why don’t you appreciate this opportunity?”

It was clear that Sonia was much braver when she was drunk—she was excited enough to urge him to get into bed with her. Toby’s gaze was as dark as the bottom of a well as he stared at Sonia, and he parted his lips to speak. “I’ll take this opportunity since you’re the one who offered yourself to me. However, I’m not a man without principles, and I don’t want to do anything to you while you’re drunk or unconscious. That’s taking advantage of someone. I want you to do it willingly, so I’d like to make sure that you’re currently sober and aware. Do you know what’s going on?”

“Are you looking down on me?” Sonia widened her eyes to glare at him. “Of course I know what’s going on. I might be tipsy, but I’m still clear-headed. I know what I’m saying and doing. Do you think I’d be able to hold such a proper conversation with you otherwise?”

“No!” Toby shook his head.

“Hmph. That solves your issue, doesn’t it? Don’t worry. I’m perfectly conscious of what I’m doing. I’m just a little more courageous than usual,” she uttered while patting herself on the chest. As she patted her chest, her soft breasts jiggled in response. Toby let out a gentle sigh as he felt beads of sweat forming on his forehead. This woman sure is getting really bold. She’d never do such a thing on a normal day. She’s not afraid to say or do anything now that she has the guts to do it, huh?

“You sure are killing me.” He lowered his head to let out a deep, airy whisper in Sonia’s ear. She let out a sly laugh when she understood what he meant. Then, Toby lifted her up and grabbed both her butt cheeks. She spread her legs open to hook them around his waist. To make sure that she wouldn’t fall, she looped her arms around his neck.

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Toby gulped as he lowered his gaze to stare at her. "Sonia, since you mentioned that you're conscious, I'll give you another chance. You can still change your mind now."

"I'm not changing my mind!" Sonia shook her head furiously before she flashed him a silly grin. "I've always been curious about what it feels like, but I've just been too shy to let you know about this all along. Previously, I had been too drunk and someone had drugged me, so I wasn't conscious at all and had no idea what it felt like. I'm expecting you to do well tonight, Toby. You need to show me what the feeling's like, and if it's really as good as they say it is."

Toby was shocked by her words. Did she ask others about details regarding this matter?

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When Sonia saw him hugging her and zoning out without taking action, she pouted to show him an unhappy expression. "What's going on? Why are you zoning out? Do you want to do it or not?" She tapped him on the shoulder.

Toby's gaze refocused as he snapped out of his daze. When he saw that Sonia was annoyed by his lack of action, he let out a deep laugh. "Of course I want to do it. You're already rushing me to do it, right? If I don't take action now, you probably won't see me as a man anymore, right?"

"At least you know." Sonia scoffed. He narrowed his eyes a little. "Well, let me show you whether I'm a man or not." Upon finishing his words, he lowered his head to bite her lips. His kiss was especially harsh, perhaps because he wanted to punish her for what she said earlier. He bit and sucked on her lips, and he only became gentler when she began to whine in discomfort. Then, he continued to kiss her as he led her back to their room.

They went crazy that night. Toby was especially harsh in bed; perhaps it was because he finally managed to have the woman he loved. There were times when Sonia couldn't stand it any longer, and she tried to shrink away from him. Other times, she crawled to the edge of the bed to escape him. However, she never managed to escape in the end—Toby would hold her ankle and drag her back.

Sonia wailed and hit the man to get him to release her. However, the man didn't go easy on her even when he saw her crying and sobbing. Instead, he got rougher and rougher with her. Her teary-eyed look may seem pitiful in his eyes, but it only made him want to bully her more. He wanted to make her cry harder. Sonia had practically lost her voice by the second

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half of the night. Her eyes were extremely swollen, and she no longer had any tears left to cry. All she could do was whine and sob quietly.

By 4AM in the morning, Sonia was too tired to continue, but the man on top of her was still full of energy. It was almost as if he had an endless amount of energy. Sonia couldn't help but feel a tight feeling in her chest—she was filled with regret for deciding to surrender herself to the man. She was too tired to lift a finger, but she wouldn't have been in this state if she hadn't made the decision to surrender.

Although she enjoyed herself, it was also true that her entire body was drained and in pain. Was he this harsh with me in bed when we did it the last time? Was I this tired as well? Sonia let out a sob before speaking in a hoarse and weak voice. "Stop it, Toby. You... Stop it... I'm so tired. I really want to sleep..." She couldn't hold on for much longer. Yet, the man seemed like he wanted to go on.

When Toby finally stopped and lowered his head to look at the woman under him, he saw her panting with her eyes barely open. He reached over to push away the strands of hair that were stuck to her forehead because of her sweat. When he spoke, his voice was hoarse, but he didn't sound as weak as her. "Oh? Are you sleepy?"

"Mmm..." Sonia gave him a barely-visible nod. Toby lowered himself to kiss her red and swollen lips. "You can sleep if you want to, but you have to answer my question first."

Sonia felt the urge to cry. This man is a devil. I just told him that I wanted to sleep, yet he still wants me to answer his question?

Toby didn't know what was going on in Sonia's head. "Tell me—am I a man to you?"

Sonia's eyes shot wide open the moment she heard his question. I can't believe he still remembers what I said about him earlier. Was he especially harsh to me tonight just because he wanted me to answer this question? She genuinely felt like she was on the verge of tears. If she had known how vengeful the man was, she wouldn't have provoked him.

Toby shoved himself deeper into the woman when he saw her sobbing without answering his question. "Stop... Stop moving..." she groaned.

"Answer me, then. Am I a man or not?" Toby narrowed his eyes.

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Sonia sniffed before answering in a meek voice. "Yes. Yes, you are."

"Whose man am I?" he asked again. She felt even more sorry for herself. "Didn't you say that you were only going to ask me one question? This is the second..."

"It doesn't matter how many questions I ask. What matters is your answer." Toby gently ran his fingers across her flushed face. Her eyes glistened with tears as she opened them slightly to look at the man. "You're mine."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 748

Chapter 748 Tom's Best Wishes

The pitiful sight of the woman made Toby feel like torturing her even more than ever. However, he knew that she could no longer handle his harsh treatment, so he had no choice but to take a deep breath and suppress the urge to continue bullying her. He ran his hand across her burning face as he spoke in a deep voice. "Who do I belong to? Tell me your name. How am I supposed to know if you don't tell me your name?"

Sonia knew that the guy was trying to cause her trouble. If she wasn't so weak, she would definitely kick him off the bed!

"Hmm?" Toby lowered his head when he saw her eyes looking around the room for a while. "What are you thinking about?" He gave her a peck on the lips.

"Nothing much." Sonia looked away as she didn't want him to know what she was thinking. What if he can tell what I'm thinking about, and what if he decides to go on with me after this? But Toby stopped forcing her to answer his question when he saw her keeping quiet. Instead, he only got her to answer his previous question. "Tell me—who do I belong to? I'll let you rest after you answer me."

"How do I know if you're being honest? How do I know you won't make me answer another question?" Sonia bit her lip as she answered in a pitiful tone.

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He chuckled. "I won't. This is the last one. Trust me, alright?"

Sonia shifted her gaze to look at him. She kept staring at him as if she was trying to decide if she could trust him. In the end, she gave in when she thought about how tired she felt. She decided that she would trust the man once more. "You're Sonia's." Her swollen lips parted as she spoke softly.

Toby was rather disappointed at how soft her voice was, but he gave up on asking for her to repeat herself in a louder voice when he saw how tired she looked. Instead, he rubbed his forehead against hers as he spoke in a gentle voice. "Okay. Look, I kept my word, right? You can go to bed now. Thank you for tonight." He gave her another kiss on her lips before resting his hands on top of the woman's face to close her eyes.

When he finally released her, she felt her entire body relaxing. She no longer had to fight the sleepiness, and she allowed herself to close her eyes beneath the man's warm hand. After about two minutes, she fell asleep, snoring a little louder than usual as she was too tired.

Eventually, Toby removed his hand from Sonia's eyes to find her fast asleep. When he saw her flushed face and the hair that was stuck to her forehead due to her sweat, he felt as if his heart was about to melt. After that, he pulled the sheets off of him and picked his pants off the floor to put them on. He didn't put on a shirt, and he leaned down to pick the woman up before carrying her to the bathroom.

By the time he changed the bedsheets and showered both himself and Sonia, it was nearly sunrise. He tucked her into bed and took his phone from the bedside table to send Tom a text, telling him to contact Sonia's company to inform them that she was taking a day off. Once that was done, he got into bed and curled up beside the girl before falling asleep. The next day, he only woke up when he received a call at 2PM.

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The moment Toby opened his eyes, he immediately hurried to find the ringing phone before ending the call and turning to check on the woman beside him. He wanted to see if she had been awakened by the phone call. When he was certain that she was still fast asleep, he massaged his brows as he let out a sigh of relief and got out of bed. "It's 2PM already?" Toby frowned when he saw the time on his phone. He hadn't expected to sleep past noon. If it weren't for Tom's call, he might have slept for even longer. My quality of sleep does seem better when I have my lover in my arms.

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Toby lowered his phone to look at the sleeping woman with a tender and loving gaze. He knew that he had worn her out yesterday—that was probably why she hadn't woken up despite the loud ringing of his phone. By the looks of it, she is going to remain asleep for a while longer. I guess that's fine. I should just let her continue sleeping. After bending down to give her a kiss, Toby left the room to return Tom's call.

"What is it?" Toby walked over to the couch, where he sat down and poured himself a glass of water while talking on the phone. Tom was shocked to hear his boss's rough and rather sleepy voice from the other end of the line. "President Fuller, you didn't just wake up, did you?"

"Mhmm." Toby took a gulp of water to soothe his dry throat.

"Did you really just wake up?" Tom stared out of his office window, where the blinding sun—a rare sight during winter—hung high up in the sky. The sunlight reminded Tom that it was past 2PM in the afternoon. Yet, President Fuller just woke up... I... This is... Tom gulped. Is this the diligent workaholic that I know?

"Is anything the matter?" Toby didn't want to know the reason Tom was so shocked, so he phrased his question in a flat tone.

Tom hastily shook his head. "No, no. There's no issue at all."

Toby scoffed as he lowered his glass and changed the topic. "I texted you at 5AM this morning and got you to inform Paradigm Co. that Sonia won't be going to work today. Did you do it?"

"Of course. I'd never not follow your orders." Tom pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. Despite his polite and flattering tone of voice, Tom wore a stiff, icy smile on his face. He was furious about what happened at 5AM that morning. The sun wasn't out yet, and Tom had been dreaming about meeting a new girlfriend, but before he got to take a good look at the girlfriend's face, his work phone on his bedside table began to ring and vibrate like mad.

The loud noise had startled Tom, sending his imaginary girlfriend up into thin air. Tom had two phones, and the one that vibrated was the one he used only when he was contacting Toby. When he heard that phone ringing so early in the morning, he assumed that something huge and urgent must have happened to Toby. Tom didn't even attempt to recall what his girlfriend in his dream looked like and instantly picked the phone up to check his messages.

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However, he then realized that it was no big deal at all. Toby simply got him to apply for leaves for both Toby and Sonia as they weren't going to work the next day. Tsk! What's the big deal? Can't he just tell me that later? Why does he have to wake me up at 5AM to tell me about this? Despite feeling annoyed by the matter, Tom proceeded to fulfill his tasks once he woke up the next day.

Initially, Tom assumed that Toby and Sonia were taking a day off from both their workplaces because they wanted to go on a date. Tom was, therefore, shocked when he heard that both of them had slept through the entire morning. Wait... They slept? Tom widened his eyes as he seemed to realize something. If all they did was sleep, they couldn't have remained in bed until this hour. That means... President Fuller and Miss Reed...

Once Tom realized what was going on, he looked around his room before speaking into the phone with a careful tone. "President Fuller."

"Yes? What is it?" Toby frowned.

"Well..." Tom spread his lips into a perverted smile. "You and Miss Reed were up to something last night, weren't you?" As Toby's trusty assistant, Tom was well-aware of everything going on between Sonia and Toby. Although both of them were officially dating, Sonia hadn't gone beyond third base with Toby as she wasn't mentally prepared for it.

But considering the fact that both President Fuller and Miss Reed applied for leaves today, and considering that they just woke up, it's likely that they did something last night. That's why they're only waking up now.

Toby narrowed his eyes when he heard Tom's question. "Why are you asking me about this?" Although Toby didn't give Tom a solid answer, Tom knew his guess was right.

The perverted smile on Tom's face widened. "Oh, it's nothing. I just wanted to congratulate you. You've finally gotten what you wanted! Miss Reed is completely and utterly yours now."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 749

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Chapter 749 Jessica Wants to See You

Deep down, Tom was aware of Toby's insecurities even after Toby rekindled the old flames with Sonia, as she still appeared to reject him somehow. Therefore, he believed Toby should probably feel more uplifted and confident now that he had managed to win Sonia over completely.

As Tom had anticipated, Toby curled his lips upward upon hearing his congratulations. "Alright, that's enough. What's there to congratulate me for? After all, what we did was nothing uncommon," Toby said as he barely hid his complacency.

Tom rolled his eyes upward in a speechless manner but still responded with a smiling face. "Of course, President Fuller."

"By the way, why did you call up?" Toby asked and continued to say, "I told you I won't be in the office today, so don't bother looking for me for anything because I'll only be back to look into them tomorrow."

"I know, but I must tell you this because it's not about our company's affair but Jessica." Tom sounded serious.

As soon as Toby heard Jessica's name, he sat up straight and showed a keen interest. "Really? Jessica?"

"Yeah." Tom nodded. "I got a call from the police station this morning and was told that Jessica would like to see you."

"What?" Toby knitted his eyebrows. "She wants to see me?"

"Yeah."

"Are you sure Little Leaf is not the one she wants to see?" Toby had no idea why Jessica wanted to see him because there was nothing personal between him and her. Instead, he reckoned Sonia should be the one she wanted to see before going to jail.

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"I'm pretty sure it's not Miss Reed she wants to see because that was not what the officer said. In fact, I was surprised after confirming with the caller because you're indeed the one Jessica wants to see, not Sonia," Tom replied.

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Toby pursed his lips. "Alright, I heard you. By the way, did Jessica mention why she wanted to see me?"

"Yeah, she did." Tom nodded. "The police said Jessica wants to see you for something about Miss Reed, so I called to inform you about the matter." Tom knew Toby would be interested in learning anything about Sonia, or he would have turned Jessica down on his behalf in the first place.

After all, Jessica had nothing to do with Toby at all, and Tom wouldn't have mentioned her request to his boss. However, the situation became different when Sonia was involved.

"About Sonia?" Toby squinted warily. "Did she say what it was about?"

"No, she didn't, and the police weren't sure about it either. After all, Jessica's political rights were not stripped of her, and she has the right to maintain silence." Tom helplessly asked, "So, would you like to meet her, President Fuller?"

Toby grunted in a ponderous manner as he jutted his chin. "Tell the police I'll be there tomorrow. I want to hear what that lady has to say."

"Alright." Tom nodded and continued to say, "In that case, I'll hang up the call and leave you and Miss Reed to it, President Fuller. See you!" As soon as he finished his words, he immediately hung up the call, unlike his unusual response to end the call only after Toby did that.

Thinking he was doing Toby a favor by leaving him alone with Sonia, he doubted his boss would be angry with him. After all, he was aware that Toby would be blinded by his affection for Sonia as long as he was distracted by anything related to her. Therefore, he wasn't worried about angering him at all, and as it turned out, he was right about his intuition.

On the other hand, Toby instantly lightened up after hearing what Tom said, despite his initial irritation toward the latter's audacity to hang up on him. Well, Tom is still wise enough to choose his words carefully. Otherwise, he could just forget about the bonus this month.

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Toby grunted coldly and put his phone away, getting up from the bed, whereupon he planned to make Sonia some porridge in the kitchen before waking her up. Although he knew she was tired from what they did the night before and might hence be reluctant to wake up, he reckoned it was necessary for her to eat a little something for the sake of her health.

For that, Toby made his way to the kitchen and started getting down to work. With the cooking experience he had the night before, he found it easier to prepare food, although he only knew how to make a few simple dishes. By the time he was making porridge, it was already three-something in the afternoon.

Toby took a look at the time and realized it was about time to wake Sonia up, so he turned off the stove and took off his apron. When he arrived in the room, he saw Sonia still sleeping soundly, like a log. Thus, he trod carefully while making his way to the bed, where he sat down and gently shook Sonia's shoulder. "Wake up, Little Leaf."

Meanwhile, Sonia was still in her dream, in which she was happily flying in the sky until a huge palm appeared out of nowhere and nudged her, causing her to plummet to the ground. It was then that she woke up from her sleep in fright, screaming out loud while opening her eyes.

At the same time, Toby was awakened by her sudden scream as he was caught in a trance for two seconds before he asked, "Did you just have a nightmare?"

Sonia blinked and took a moment to calm herself down. Then, she glared at the man. "Yeah, you were the nightmare!"

Toby speechlessly curled his lips upward. "Why was I your nightmare?"

"You were the nightmare." Sonia grunted and said, "I was flying in the air until I got dragged down by someone's hand. The next moment, I woke up to the fall that felt so real, and this is all your fault!" Noticing the man's hand on her shoulder, Sonia was sure that Toby was the one who frightened and woke her up from her sleep. Whose fault is it if it's not his?

Seeing her bitter face, Toby was amused by her expression. "Alright. Alright, it's my bad. Okay, I'm sorry."

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"Hmph! That's more like it." Sonia grunted and chuckled, propping herself up with her arms. However, she had no memory of what happened the night before, so she sat up straight like she normally did, only to collapse onto the bed due to her sore body.

As her face turned pale, the soreness on every inch of her body seemed to be reminding her of something that she had just gone through. At that moment, she stared blankly at the ceiling, her eyes slowly filled with lust as the memories of what happened the night before, including how she felt, slowly flooded her mind. Soon, she was able to recall the fact that she intentionally made herself drunk, in order to muster the courage necessary to help her initiate her intimate approach with Toby.

What have I done? And Toby... He acted like an animal, a machine that could never get tired of torturing me. "Ugh!" The more Sonia dwelled on that matter, the more she felt angry and embarrassed about it. Soon, she grabbed the blanket and covered her head, as if she wanted to detach herself from the world.

Deep down, she couldn't believe she was the one who got drunk and started everything that happened after that. What made her even more ashamed was the fact that she provoked and encouraged Toby to proceed with their intimate moment, so she reckoned it was technically her own fault for what Toby did to her.

In the meantime, Toby was stunned when she saw Sonia covering herself. Wondering what was wrong with her, he reached out for her blanket to lift it. "What's wrong with you? Why are you burying yourself underneath the blanket? Come on, lighten up, and let go of the blanket."

"It's none of your business." Sonia wouldn't release her tight grip on her blanket, refusing to let the man lift it while her voice was so muffled under the sheets.

Toby furrowed his eyebrows. "I'm your lover, so whose business is it if it's none of mine? Therefore, listen to me and let go."

While Sonia was still reluctant to let go, Toby eventually stepped up his approach and pulled the blanket away from her. In that instant, Sonia was left staring at him with her eyes wide open, finding it hard to believe that he would be this straightforward. "You..."

Noticing Sonia's blushed cheeks and the embarrassment that filled her eyes, Toby suddenly understood why she wanted to stay hidden underneath the blanket, as he believed she was feeling shy about what happened the night before.

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"Alright, that's enough. What's there to be embarrassed about? It's not like we did something embarrassing." Toby tossed Sonia's blanket aside, keeping his head down while looking at the lady with a smile.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 750

Chapter 750 Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other

Sonia squirmed, disagreeing with Toby's words.

Who says it wasn't embarrassing? We're talking about the intimacy we had last night, so how was that not embarrassing?! Furthermore, I just sacrificed my first time technically, so there is no way I won't feel embarrassed about that. Moreover...

Sonia pulled on the collar of her pajamas, revealing her fair neck that would have looked otherwise perfect if it hadn't been for the reddish kissing marks. Then, she looked at her own collarbone with a blushed face, laying eyes on the hickeys before she gawked at the man beside her in annoyance. "Look at what you've done! This is completely unacceptable. How do you expect me to meet anyone like this?"

Noticing the marks that he had left on Sonia's body, Toby curled his lips upward and replied, "It's winter now, so all you have to do is just wear something with a high collar, and no one will be able to spot your hickeys. Furthermore, I'm not the only one who was being naughty."

"What?" Sonia straightened her spine, having a bad feeling on the inside. The next second, she saw Toby turning around and facing away from her.

"What are you doing?" Sonia asked the man in confusion.

Toby didn't respond as he only looked down and untied his sleeping robe, taking it off and revealing his muscular back. While Sonia had seen his bare back before, she hadn't forgotten how many scars were left by Rose's caning during her punishment.

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However, she quickly noticed a few fresh wounds on the man's back that ran from his shoulders all the way down to the birthmark on his waist besides the caning scars. As the wounds looked horrible, the milder ones were blue-black in color without any signs of bleeding, but the more severe ones resulted in his scraped skin with scabs on the surface.

Needless to say, Sonia was able to tell how Toby developed those wounds on his back. Upon noticing the cuts on the man's skin, she suspected that they were inflicted by someone who scratched him with her nails. Then, she immediately turned her attention to her fingernails and noticed blood stains on them. As what she saw suggested, she was the one who left the scratch marks on Toby's back.

No wonder he said he was not the only one who was being naughty because I inflicted those scratch marks on him while he covered my skin with hickeys all over. We're not so different, I guess.

At the sight of the scratch marks left on Toby's back, Sonia was rendered speechlessly awkward.

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Then, Toby slowly looked back at her, setting his eyes on her embarrassed look. After that, he chuckled and shrugged his shoulders a little, putting his sleeping robe back on before he turned around and stretched out his hand toward her. "Get up, girl. Aren't you hungry?"

Of course, I'm hungry. After a long night and the long sleep she had just had, Sonia felt so hungry that she barely had any strength left.

In fact, the reason she struggled to get up was because of her hunger, along with the soreness she was experiencing. Due to that, she extended her arm to seize Toby's hand.

As soon as the man held Sonia's hand, he flexed his arm a little and effortlessly got her out of bed. However, the moment Sonia's legs landed on the ground, she immediately went weak at the knees and fell forward.

Toby, who noticed the reaction, quickly caught her in his embrace to prevent her from falling, but even so, she still moaned in pain.

"What's wrong?" Toby looked down with a nervous look on his face.

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“Ouch! It hurts,” Sonia took a deep breath and tearfully said.

“Where does it hurt?” Toby asked anxiously.

Sonia bit her lip with her blushed cheeks without saying anything while Toby was able to tell where it hurt from her embarrassed look. In that instant, the man’s ears turned red as he awkwardly faked a cough and replied, “I’m sorry for what happened last night. I...”

“No! Don’t say it!” Sonia seemingly knew what he was going to say and quickly covered his mouth, cutting him short in an awkward manner.

Toby nodded, expressing his agreement not to say a word more as Sonia wished.

I must have gotten carried away when I finally got to share an intimate moment with her last night, which was why I forgot to be gentle. Oh man! I can still remember the miserable look on her face in the shower after that. The pain in there must have hurt her like hell. This was all my fault!

In the meantime, Sonia had no idea what was on Toby’s mind but decided to take her hands off his mouth after noticing his willingness to go along with her cheeks still blushing. Then, the man caught his breath a little and tried to carry her in his arms.

“What’re you doing?” Sonia appeared to be startled.

“You’re not feeling well, so don’t strain yourself with the walking. I’ll carry you,” Toby said as he carried her and walked out of the room.

“No. Let me down. Your arms are hurt.” Sonia sounded anxious.

Upon hearing her words, Toby felt helpless, yet flattered. “Don’t worry. My arms are recovering well, and I know what I’m doing, so I’ll be fine.”

In the face of the man’s serious response, Sonia eventually gave in and let him continue to carry her since his left arm seemed fine, not to mention the fact that she was already in his arms. Furthermore, she could barely walk without much strength left in her, while the burning sensation she felt in her crotch with each step she took only served to discourage

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her from walking. Frustrated and annoyed with that, she patted the man's shoulder impatiently. "This is all your fault."

Toby hissed in pain and smiled. "Are you blaming me now? What do you say if you get to punish me for that?"

"Hmm?" Sonia's eyes lit up as she reckoned Toby's suggestion was a good idea that had just piqued her interest. "Alright, how would you like to be punished, then?"

With mischief filling his eyes, Toby replied, "Do the same thing to me like what I did to you. Make me suffer so much that I can't walk."

"Are you serious?" Sonia was stunned.

"Of course!" Toby nodded seriously. "Isn't that fair?"

"Jeez!" Sonia rolled her eyes at the man with her face flustering in embarrassment. Fair? Like hell, that's fair! I'm still going to be at the losing end, even if I manage to make him suffer so badly that he can't walk.

Believing that women could never match men's physical strength, Sonia feared that her fate would be much worse if Toby had a problem walking. For that, she reckoned Toby was actually trying to take advantage of her with the excuse of his so-called punishment.

Hmph! Forget about it, Toby!

"I'm just kidding, so lighten up." Toby chuckled when Sonia caught on to what he was saying.

"You know you could be beaten to death for making such a lame joke, don't you?" Sonia then patted Toby's back, hurting the scratch marks on him, which caused him to moan in pain with a frown on his pale face.

"What's wrong with you?" Sonia seemed scared.

"Nothing. Just don't be scared," Toby responded with a deep voice.

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"That serves you right." Sonia seemingly understood Toby's meaning behind his words and grunted. Despite her mean reply, she still took her hand off his back and placed her grip around his neck playfully, showing her concern to Toby, who was aware of that.

Soon, Toby brought the lady to the dining table and sat her down. When Sonia saw the table full of dishes, the messy arrangement gave the man away and implied to her that he was the author of this masterpiece.

"Not bad." Sonia happily shook her leg, feeling warm on the inside to see the man she loved to cook for her.

Then, Toby placed the spoon in her hand and asked, "I specially prepared you some porridge. How does it taste?"

"Yeah." Sonia nodded with a smile and scooped a spoonful of porridge.

Toby looked at the lady, seemingly waiting to hear her comments. Nonetheless, Sonia reacted in a coy manner and said, "Well, I suppose it wasn't easy to screw up amidst the preparation of a simple dish, right?"

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