

### **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 137**

“Of course not. It’s not like you don’t have anything to eat. Your brother prepared a table full of dishes for you right there, so get back to where you came from and finish your meal.” Charles pointed at Toby and turned Tyler away.

Tyler glared at him and said, “I’m not talking to you, so who are you to answer me?”

“I am Sonia’s boyfriend, which is all the reason I need to answer your question.” Charles wrapped his arm around Sonia’s shoulders, to which the latter didn’t show any sign of resistance. When Sonia didn’t back away, Charles appeared to be even more complacent. “So, how is it going to be? Do you have a problem with that now?”

Tyler was piqued as he immediately turned his attention to Sonia and sympathetically begged her to let him eat. “Sonia, I’m really hungry now, so can I have some of your cooking? Pretty please.” He placed his palms together and put on a pitiful look on his face.

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At that moment, Tyler’s reaction reminded Sonia of a poodle she reared many years ago. Back in the day, the puppy would behave sympathetically by raising both of its front paws to beg for something to eat, just like what Tyler was doing. Therefore, Sonia’s pity eventually got the better of her as she pointed at the empty seat and said, “Alright, help yourself.”

“Yeah, you’re the best, Sonia!” Tyler happily scampered to the kitchen to grab himself a fork and spoon.

“Are you really going to let him eat, darling?” Charles looked at Sonia in disbelief, while Zane and Rebecca seemed to be as surprised as Toby did. After all, they all knew that she once said she would

make the Fuller Family pay for what they did to her. Therefore, they didn't understand why she'd let Tyler have her cooking.

"Yes, of course," Sonia answered.

"Why?" Charles knitted his eyebrows and asked. In the meantime, Toby pricked up his ears to listen closely because he was also curious to know how Sonia would answer Charles' question as well.

"It's nothing too complicated. The way he looked just reminded me of Bucky." Sonia smiled while the memories of the past filled her with nostalgia.

At the same time, Charles tried to recall how Bucky looked from a long time ago as he nodded in agreement. "Yeah, you're right indeed."

"Did you guys just talk about Bucky?" Toby suddenly stood up, asking with a desperate voice while fixing his gaze on Sonia with a tense look on his face.

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Wondering whether Toby was referring to the same 'Bucky' they were talking about, Sonia and Charles exchanged gazes with each other in confusion because they didn't understand why Toby was so agitated. Before both of them could tell him that Bucky was actually just a poodle, Tina suddenly bent over and buried her head under the table while coughing.

An anxious expression appeared on Toby's face as he patted her back and asked in a concerned manner, "How do you feel, Tina?"

"Toby, I'm feeling a little dizzy now. I guess I must have caught a cold, so would you please walk me to my room?" Tina gazed at the man with a pale face.

“Sure.” Toby nodded.

Tina thanked him with a weak voice as she heaved a sigh of relief on the inside. In fact, she had long known that Bucky was a poodle from Toby’s letters that she read earlier. Therefore, she was taken aback by his reaction when he heard Sonia suddenly mention Bucky. Because of that, she was grateful that she was able to interrupt their conversation and prevent them from going further about Bucky. Otherwise, Toby would know that the ‘Bucky’ he was asking was, in fact, the same poodle Sonia was referring to. If that happened, he would know that Sonia was the one who had been corresponding with him, as well as the one he truly loved.

“Where is my brother?” Tyler curiously asked when he returned from the kitchen with his silverware and saw Toby and Tina gone.

Charles responded by pointing upstairs. “They’re back to their room, so you should go back to yours too. Forget about the meal.”

“Why should I listen to you?!” Tyler rolled his eyes upward at Charles and proceeded to sit down, whereupon he started enjoying his meal.

As soon as he put the food into his mouth, he felt so touched that tears almost rolled down his face. “Now, this is what I call ‘food’,” Tyler exclaimed happily.

Nevertheless, his happiness didn’t last long when Sonia decided to rain on his parade after putting down her fork and knife. “Remember to wash the dish and clean the table when you’re done.”

“Why?” Tyler’s eyes widened in surprise.

“Why?” Sonia ambiguously gazed at him and answered his question, saying, “Because each of us contributed to making this meal. I cooked the dishes while Rebecca rinsed the vegetables; Charles took care of the seasoning while Zane scraped away the fish scale for cooking. Therefore, you’re going to have to pull your weight around in exchange for this meal.”

“I...” Tyler looked down and said, “Alright, I get it.”

Sonia looked at the few strands of hair on Tyler's head and rubbed it with her hand. "Good boy."

Tyler's face blushed. "Are you treating me as a kid?"

"Whatever you say." Sonia stood up from her seat and headed upstairs to her room.

At the same time, Charles and the rest began to leave the table when they were done with their meals. By the time they were gone, Tyler was left alone at the table as he poured all the dishes onto his plate and indulged himself in the delicious meal.

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In the middle of the night, Sonia suddenly felt thirsty, so she got off her bed and headed to the kettle on the table to pour herself a glass of water, only to realize it was empty. Helpless, she reluctantly decided to step out of the room and head downstairs to quench her thirst. At that moment, there was no longer thunder, although it continued to rain. As the howling wind blew, it sent chills down Sonia's spine and made her hair stand on end so much that she kept rubbing her arms with her palms.

In that instant, the lights above Sonia's head suddenly went out just when the entire mansion was engulfed by darkness. Wondering what was wrong, Sonia subconsciously held onto the railing beside her as she didn't dare to move a muscle. After all, she couldn't see anything in the dark, which would probably expose her to risks of getting hurt as she might fall down from the stairs or bump herself into something. "Charles. Charles?" Sonia called out with a trembling voice, hoping Charles could hear her and come to her aid.

At that moment, she regretted not bringing her phone along with her when she left her room, otherwise she wouldn't have been stranded in the dark with her phone's flashlight. Soon, the door was open, whereupon footsteps were heard and accompanied by a ray of light that seemed to be coming from a cell phone.

At the sight of the light, Sonia felt much more relieved, her body feeling less tense. She then looked at the person who was approaching her and asked, "Is that you, Charles?" While the person was shining on the floor with the flashlight, the poor lighting made it even harder for her to make out their appearance. Thus, she wasn't sure whether it was Charles who came for her.

When Toby heard how Sonia mistook him for Charles, his face darkened. How on earth do I look like Charles?

"It's me," Toby puckered his lips and said.

"President Fuller? Why are you here?" Sonia sounded surprised.

"What's wrong? Are you disappointed?" Toby pursed his lips unhappily.

Sonia shook her head and replied, "Not really. Just a little surprised."

Amidst the terrifying darkness, Sonia was grateful that someone came to her aid, no matter who it was. Nonetheless, she was surprised that her voice woke Toby instead of Charles up.

"I heard your voice, so I came out to check on you," Toby answered. In fact, he wasn't in a deep sleep because of his hunger, so he woke up to her voice with expected ease. Even though she had called out to Charles to help, he would also come out to investigate what was wrong anyway.

"I see." Sonia nodded to show acknowledgement.

"What are you doing here in the middle of the night?" Toby looked at her.

"I wanted to grab myself a glass of water, but the power went out downstairs before I could do so," Sonia bitterly answered.

Toby responded with an affirmative hum and said, "In that case, I'll go after you and shine through the way ahead."

"You're going to shine through the way ahead for me?" Sonia raised her eyebrows and looked at him, but due to the bright light, she could only make out the silhouette of his face.

“Yeah, do you have a problem with that?” Toby jutted his chin and asked.

“Oh, of course not. Thanks.” Sonia slightly nodded at him while expressing her gratitude. Although she was stunned by his kindness, she didn’t see a reason to turn down his help. Thus, she held onto the railing next to her and slowly descended the stairs while Toby walked behind her and held the flashlight high up in the air.

Soon, both of them arrived at the living room, whereupon Sonia stood in front of the desk and shook the kettle to hear whether there was water inside. After making sure there was water in the kettle, she smiled as Toby stood beside her and looked at her with a darkened gaze.

“By the way, do you need a glass of water too?” Sonia turned around and looked at Toby, nearly forgetting about him when she was pouring herself a glass of water.