

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 390

A moment later, he unclasped his hand and made a call.

At the same time, Sonia had come back to her room. Since she finally got rid of her big baggage after the trip, she looked happier than ever.

Rebecca noticed that she was humming as well, and she smiled. "You seem happy, miss."

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

"Of course." Sonia nodded. She was happy to find out that she was no imposter.

Rebecca was infected by Sonia's cheeriness. When she looked at the time and realized it was noon, she went to call the hotel staff. "Are you hungry, miss? I'll get us some room service."

"Sure. But get an extra." Sonia blinked.

Rebecca wondered why she wanted to do that. "Why? There's just the two of us."

"It's for Toby." Sonia pursed her lips. "He gave you back the money you gave him this morning, didn't he? Let's just buy him lunch. He can't give that back, can he?"

Rebecca smiled. "True. I don't know what he likes to eat, but you do, right?" She might not love Toby now, but she used to, so she must still know what he likes to eat.

Sonia didn't give her a straight answer. All she did was give her the names of the dishes. Rebecca made a note and called the receptionist to order room service. Half an hour later, the staff member took the cart to the presidential suite.

Tom opened the door, and he was surprised to see the lunch cart. "We didn't order this." He and Toby were going to go out later for a meal. The person in charge of the Norfolk branch wanted to treat them, so he didn't make any orders. Why did they send room service?

Powered by Hooligan Media

The staff member smiled. "Miss Reed ordered this for Mr. Fuller."

"Miss Reed did?" Tom's eyes shone.

"Yes."

"I see. Give me the cart. I'll take it inside." Tom quickly took over.

The staff member gave it to him and left. Tom immediately took it inside, and he could already imagine the look on Toby's face when he saw it. "Sir." Tom came to the study and knocked. "Miss Reed ordered you lunch."

Toby was in an online meeting with the branch company's person in charge. When he heard what Tom said, he was stunned for a moment, then he closed his laptop and strode toward the door. Sonia got me lunch? Toby was beaming when he opened the door.

After he saw the cart behind Tom, Toby was obviously excited and overjoyed, but he pretended to be calm and collected. "Sonia ordered this for me, you say?"

"Yes." Tom nodded. "Are you happy, sir?" He chuckled.

Toby smiled. "Maybe." He knew why Sonia got him lunch. It's probably because of the breakfast. She doesn't want to owe me. That made him uncomfortable, but he was still happy anyway, since he could pretend that Sonia ordered it specifically for him and not because she wanted to pay him back.

Tom rolled his eyes silently when Toby pretended to be calm despite the fact that his joy was overflowing. "Should I send this to the table for you, sir?" He pointed at the dining table.

Toby waved him down. "I'll do it alone." He then pushed the cart and went toward the dining table.

Tom followed him as Toby pushed the cart around, and he chuckled inwardly. For some reason, he had a feeling he and Toby had switched positions. At that very moment, he was like the boss who had nothing to do, while Toby was the busy assistant. It's nice being the boss. After they came to the dining table, Tom helped Toby set the table up. When Tom took the lids away and saw the food inside, he was surprised. "It's your favorite food, sir."

Toby looked at the food gently. "I know." He noticed that the moment he saw it. So she still remembers.

"You must be really happy now, sir." Tom gave him a sardonic look.

Toby looked at him and just sat down without even giving Tom an answer. "Tell Stephen that I won't be there for lunch." Toby picked up his fork and spoon.

"Yes." Tom nodded. With Miss Reed ordering his lunch, of course everyone else's lunch is taking a backseat. Tom texted Stephen about it. After the text was sent, he sat down and was about to dig in.

Toby's face fell. "What are you doing?" he asked coldly.

"Digging in," Tom answered matter-of-factly.

"Who said you could eat this?" Toby's voice turned even colder.

Tom blinked at him. "Miss Reed, of course. It's obvious this is a lunch for two. There are even two sets of cutleries. She had me in mind as well."

Toby sneered. "Even if that's the case, you're still not eating this."

"Why?" Tom stared at him in disbelief.

Toby leaned against the chair. "Because it's all mine," he declared bossily. "If you want to eat, go get your own room service. This table here is exclusive."

Tom's lips twitched. He knew his boss was just being territorial about the lunch and was selfish about it. "But you can't finish it alone. It would be a waste if you threw the rest away. That would be an insult to Miss Reed." Tom snickered. He must let me eat now that I've said that. I'm starving.

"Why should I throw it away? I can save it for dinner." Toby looked at him calmly.

"But then you'll be eating leftovers," Tom said.

"I don't care." Toby looked up proudly.

Tom had nothing to say to that, but he was impressed. Toby would never have leftovers for dinner, but he was willing to eat leftovers just because his lover was the one who ordered the food. He had to say he was impressed. He can really go the extra mile just to get her back. All the more impressive when someone like him does it for the sake of love. Pity Miss Reed won't get back with him even if he did this. Tom took a last look at the table of food before leaving in annoyance. So you want me to get my room service? Fine. I'll get the priciest one, and you'll pay for it.

...

Carl came to the hotel to see Sonia after work was done for the day. Just when Sonia was chatting happily with him, Rebecca came in guffawing like a maniac.

The both of them stopped talking and looked at her. Sonia couldn't see, but it didn't stop her from asking, "What happened, Rebecca? Why are you laughing like that?"

"It's not me. It's—" Before she could finish, Rebecca burst into laughter again.

Carl frowned. "Can you stop laughing?" he asked impatiently.

"Sorry. It's not my fault, but this is just too funny. Someone just died from embarrassment." She wiped the tears away from the corner of her eyes. "Just when I came back, I saw Tom dragging a doctor in with him."

"And?" Sonia arched her eyebrow.