

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 412

As though he sensed Sonia's displeasure, Toby cleared his throat and lowered his gaze before lying through his teeth, "She mentioned something about an emergency at her company, and she's probably outside taking their call now."

"Oh." Sonia lifted her chin in a half-hearted nod. "I see." Fine then, I guess I shouldn't be too hard on her if it really is about an emergency.

Now that he had successfully convinced her, he looked up and asked, "So, can I walk you over to the couch now?"

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She pursed her lips and did not answer—it was her way of acceding.

He took her by the arm once more and helped her over to the sofa, whereupon he sat down and added, "By the way, it's nearly noon and I've ordered lunch. Perhaps you'd like to join me for a meal?"

As proud as she was, she was about to refuse his offer when her stomach grumbled before she could even get her words out. Her hand fluttered over her stomach as blood rushed to her face. She stuttered in embarrassment, "I-I..."

Sonia couldn't believe how her stomach had betrayed her by exposing her hunger. If I say no to him, he'll take it personally. A tired sigh escaped her as she thought about this and lowered her pride. Then, she tucked her hair behind her ear as she replied lamely, "I guess I'll take you up on your offer, President Fuller. Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me; it's only a meal," Toby countered with mild amusement, the corner of his lips curling into a triumphant smirk.

He'd like to think that she was accepting of him in the absence of an outward rejection and this thought cheered him up to no end.

To one side, Wanda was secretly cheering him on as well, but her enthusiasm was quickly replaced by disappointment when she saw that Sonia's sullen expression did not mirror Toby's excitement. She could tell that Sonia's previous feelings of affection for the man were still kept under lock and key. Don't despair, Young Master Toby! She'll turn around in no time if you keep this up!

Soon, someone knocked on the door to the lounge, but as Wanda made to open it, he shot her a look that stopped her in her tracks.

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She withdrew the step that she had taken and remembered that she was supposed to be 'taking a call outside'. It meant she couldn't possibly open the door.

Presently, Toby stood up and headed for the door. "I'll get it. I think lunch is here."

True enough, it took him mere moments before he returned to the sofa with carrier bags loaded with containers of takeout, which he set up on the coffee table in front of Sonia.

She could pick out the various aromas and immediately knew what kind of dishes he ordered for lunch, though she had to admit she was a little bewildered by it, considering how these dishes were her favorites.

"Did you—" She spun to where Toby was next to her, and while her lips twitched, no words came out.

He was putting food on a disposable plate for her when he heard her speak. As he looked at her, he clarified, "Did you say something?"

“These dishes—”

“Are all your favorites,” he finished his sentence for her like he had read her mind. Then, he thought of something else and added, “Just to reassure you, I never ordered any of these for Tina.”

A skeptical Sonia raised a brow. “Funnily enough, I don’t believe you.”

“I know, but it’s the truth. Tina was really careful with her diet after she woke up from her coma, so I never ordered these for her. That said, I did get her the mango and all other mango dishes that they had on the menu. Sorry about that,” he elaborated in a gravelly tone.

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly. “What are you apologizing for? It’s not like I’m the only one who loves mangos; surely many around the world are fans of the tropical fruit. Besides, I don’t have the exclusive privilege to enjoy mangos either, so you can order them for whoever you want.”

“I get what you mean, but as far as I’m concerned, you have the exclusive privilege and that has never changed. It’s just that I used to view Tina as you, which was why I ordered the mangos for her only to discover that she was allergic to them.” He took the utensils and placed them in Sonia’s hands.

Sonia held the utensils for a while before she slowly asked, “I’ve been wondering for a while now—how did you even confuse Tina for me? I mean, I know that there are people who mistake others for someone whom they know, and it’s not uncommon, but to go six years without even realizing that you’ve made a mistake? That’s—”

She let out a mocking laugh and did not continue, although Toby knew what she would have said. He looked down with a self-effacing smile. “If I told you I was hypnotized, which was why I couldn’t tell Tina was putting on an act all along, would you believe me?”

“Are you telling me someone had the audacity to hypnotize a man as powerful as you, President Fuller?” She countered sarcastically. Hypnotized? This guy’s getting more and more creative!

Toby could see the cynical look on her face and he suppressed a bitter laugh. Of course she wouldn't believe me. "Okay, let's just leave it at that. We should probably dig in, seeing as you're hungry." He carefully passed her the plate of food. "I took a bit of everything. Bon appétit."

In truth, he wanted to spoon-feed her, but he knew that she would rather starve than to allow that to happen, so he forcefully dismissed the idea. He still harbored hope for their relationship and when things weren't quite so frosty between them, perhaps he would obtain the green light to spoon-feed her.

Since she was oblivious to his thoughts, Sonia quietly dug into her meal.

On the other hand, he had his elbow propped on his knee while resting his chin on his hand as he slightly leaned forward to watch her eat. Seeing her enjoy her meal—one which he had painstakingly prepared for her—gave him a sense of satisfaction.

Across from them was Wanda watching the scene with a gratified smile, and she could feel hot tears pricking her eyes. It made her feel as if she was being transported to the memories of six years ago when he was kind and had a gentle smile at all times. Could it be that Young Master Toby is slowly shedding his icy demeanor and returning to his old self?

The possibility of this made her lift her arm and use her sleeve to dab at the tears, which threatened to roll down from the corners of her eyes.

Sonia was halfway through her meal when she realized that she had yet to hear a single rustle from Toby's end. She put down her utensils and asked, "Aren't you going to eat?"

Toby straightened his arms and looked away from her. "I will now."

He took his own plate of food and began to eat. If she could tell I wasn't eating even while she was bulldozing through her food, that means she cares about me, right? His question had no answer, but it offered him warm solace all the same and his heart melted at the unconfirmed sentiment.

At this moment, her phone rang. She put her utensils down again and reached slowly for her phone. Toby caught a glimpse of the name flashing on the screen and a cold look flashed in his eyes as he said, "It's Zane."

Upon hearing this, Sonia grew somber and relied on muscle memory to answer the call. "Zane, do you have the results?"

There was no answer on the other line, only the sound of heavy breathing.

The silence only made Sonia more anxious as she clutched her phone tightly. "Zane, are you there?"

"I'm here," Zane replied hoarsely.

She bit on her lip. "Why didn't you say anything just now?"

On the other end of the phone, he was staring at the test results in his hand with a lump in his throat. He tightened his grip on it, nearly crumpling the papers as he took a deep breath and answered calmly, "Sonia... The results are out, but they aren't what we hoped for."

"What do you mean?" Her eyes widened and her mouth parted in surprise as horror seized her. "Are you saying that Taylor—"

"She's not Hal and Greta's daughter, but Titus and Julia's. All the facilities showed the same results," he interrupted with a frustrated sneer.

"That's not possible!" Sonia was so shocked that she rose to her feet in a rush. "She has to be Hal and Greta's daughter!"

Next to her, Toby registered her reaction and his knuckles turned white as he tightened his grip on his utensils. He lowered his gaze to shield the guilt in his eyes.

Zane was still on the other line as he heaved a long sigh of resignation. “I also thought so, seeing how she and Hal share such a strong resemblance. There’s no way they aren’t biologically related and Hal even said that he saw with his own eyes that his wife delivered Taylor. And yet, the test results say differently. What kind of sorcery is this?”