

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 455

Upon hearing Leonard's affirmation, Sonia felt as if her heart was settled after hearing his words and a surge of warmth coursed through her as she said, "Thank you for the compliments, Grandpa. Anyway, did you call me out of the blue because your expedition is ending?"

"Oh, it's too soon for that. A large-scale expedition like this would take at least a year and a half before we can wrap things up. We've only just managed to clear out the passageway that leads to the tomb chamber and we won't be studying the chamber until tomorrow. I called you up because I was wondering whether you could swing by the old house and mail me the archaeology journal I have in my study."

"Oh, of course. When do you need it? Should I mail it over as soon as I find it?" she asked.

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Leonard's country house was, as per its namesake, out in the countryside. It would take a three-hour drive for her to get there, but if he was desperate for the journal, she could make the journey now and arrive at the house by nightfall.

"No, there's no hurry. Just have it mailed over by this week; I'll send you the address later," he replied with a chuckle.

She nodded. "Got it. In that case, I'll drive to the country house tomorrow."

Following this, Sonia and Leonard continued to exchange their recent anecdotes before each reluctantly hung up the phone. Upon ending the call, she noticed Toby staring at her and she felt inexplicably compelled to elaborate, "That was my grandfather."

"I know," Toby said with a nod. "I never heard you mention your grandfather."

She slid her phone into her bag. "My grandfather's an archaeologist who spends a better part of the year exploring historical sites in remote areas. Plus, he tends to keep a low profile, so there is nothing much I can say about him."

He hummed in response. "What did he ask you to do?"

"Mail him some journal on archaeology," she frankly answered.

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At this moment, a knock came from the door.

Sonia turned to glance at the doorway, only to see a doctor whom she had never met before standing there with a nurse in tow.

"President Fuller, it's time for your check-up," the nurse reminded Toby with a compassionate look thrown his way.

Toby recognized the doctor next to her as someone from the cardiology department and something flashed in his eyes as he turned to address Sonia, "Why don't you head out first, Sonia?"

Since she never suspected him, she figured that he only wanted her to leave so that the doctor could perform the check-up. She nodded in compliance and replied, "Okay. It's getting late and I should return to get started on your dinner. What do you feel like having?"

"Mr. Fuller can only have plain, simple food for now," the doctor interjected hastily, afraid that Toby might seize the chance to order food that would hinder his recovery.

When the cardiologist interrupted, Toby shot him a dark look.

The doctor turned to look at the nurse for help as he was baffled by Toby's sudden hostility. However, instead of empathy, the nurse gave an exaggerated eye-roll, as if to say, You should learn to read the room. Can't you see how Mr. Fuller's eyes lit up when this lady asked him about dinner? You just had to go and ruin it for him by putting your foot in where it's not needed, huh. Serve you right for getting a death glare from him.

Sonia saw the unspoken exchange between the doctor and the nurse and she couldn't help but sputter as she said, "Well, whatever the doctor says goes. I'm sure your stomach will appreciate some hot chowder and a slice of mincemeat pie. I'll go easy on the salt, of course."

"Alright then. It's your call," Toby replied as he retracted his icy gaze from the cardiologist and resumed his warm demeanor with Sonia.

Frankly speaking, he was really craving for her beef bourguignon. He recalled her making it once; they had only just gotten married and it was her first time in the kitchen. She had attempted the beef bourguignon and the aroma that wafted through the kitchen was something heavenly.

Unfortunately, as he was hypnotized back then and couldn't recognize her as the one whom he loved, he never bothered sampling it, regardless of how aromatic and enticing the dish had been. The scent of it lingered in the back of his memory, reminding him of what he had missed out on.

Presently, he wanted nothing more than to taste that recipe. In fact, he desperately hoped that three years was enough time for him to try all the dishes Sonia had made for him back in the day. He could leave in peace if that dream were to come true.

Alas, that dream was pushed back before Toby could even begin to realize it, for the doctor had decided to butt in at the wrong time.

On a brighter note, Sonia was going to personally make him chowder and mincemeat pie, so Toby found solace in that. As of now, he had no choice but to patiently wait for the beef bourguignon.

"Chowder and mincemeat pie, then." Sonia nodded with an air of finality. "Alright, I'll take my leave now. I'll see you tonight."

“Okay. Have a safe trip home,” Toby said, jerking his chin to casually bid goodbye.

She left and closed the door behind her.

Meanwhile, in the hospital room, it was only after he heard the door click shut that he shed his friendly facade and resumed his usual cold indifference. “You may proceed,” he said in clear tones as he gazed icily at the doctor.

He began to unbutton the loose shirt on him to reveal the toned muscles of his chest.

At the sight of this, the cardiologist pulled out his stethoscope and went on to conduct a regular check-up on Toby’s heart.

The nurse, on the other hand, opened the patient’s record book and noted all the necessary details.

Once the check-up was done, the doctor kept his equipment away and pulled off his gloves before dutifully saying, “Mr. Fuller, your heart is doing well for now, all things considered. As time goes on, it will begin to struggle to keep up with the rest of your body, and at that point, you’ll start to feel worn out and exhausted. You may also experience shortness of breath and you’ll find yourself having to dial back on rigorous forms of exercise. You have to stay away from all things that might stress your body; otherwise, you could very well collapse.”

“I know,” a stoic Toby replied as he pulled the front of his shirt to button it up. He sounded calm, so unfazed that it was almost like his heart problem was someone else’s.

After being bewildered by this, the doctor briefly wondered whether blue bloods had a higher threshold for panic.

“Why don’t you be blunt with me and tell me the chances of me finding a new heart at this point?” Toby asked, eyeing the doctor steadily after he had buttoned up his shirt.

The doctor paused in thought before he responded, "I'm sorry, Mr. Fuller. I don't want to lie to you, and honestly speaking, the chances of finding the perfect heart donor are really low. Things wouldn't be so pessimistic if you had the same body and blood type as the average person, but on account of your rather specific biological profile, it's almost impossible for you to look for a compatible heart donor. Unless, of course, we're talking about your donor being a blood relative."

After having said all this, he cast a furtive glance at Toby to see whether he had offended Toby, but just one look was all it took to make his heart leap to his throat.

At the current moment, Toby looked close to murderous. He was grimacing, which meant that he was exceptionally exasperated. His gaze was arctic as he glowered apathetically at the doctor and hissed, "Whatever you said just now, make sure you never repeat it."

In terms of compatibility, the heart from a blood relative was indeed the ideal choice for a transplant. However, the only blood relatives Toby had right now were his grandmother and Tyler and he certainly did not want them to give up their hearts for him. That would make him as savage as an animal.

"Yes, of course, I'm sorry, Mr. Fuller. I promise I'll never spout such things again," the cardiologist urgently apologized, immediately realizing that he had said something wrong.

Toby waved his hand imperiously. "You may leave."

"Yes, sir." The doctor exchanged a nervous look with the nurse before both of them respectfully left the room.

They had only just gone out when Tom returned. "President Fuller, I've given out the instructions accordingly and I'm sure we'll hear back from all the international airports on the matter of Declan's aircraft in no time," he reported as he stepped into the room with documents in hand.

Toby hummed in acknowledgement.

Tom handed the documents over and added, "These documents require your signature, President Fuller. You can browse through them when you have the time."

“Just leave them there,” Toby said flatly as he pointed at the top of the headboard.

After doing what he was told to do, Tom then briefly scanned the room. A grim look came into his eyes when he saw that Toby was on his own. “President Fuller, has Miss Reed left?”

“She went home to make me dinner,” Toby explained, his features softening at the mention of Sonia.

“Dinner?” Tom repeated in surprise, his eyes wide.

“That’s right.” Toby nodded smugly. “What, are you surprised?”

“Of course I am.” There was no point in denying his shock, so Tom adjusted his glasses and pointed out matter-of-factly, “It’s not in Miss Reed’s nature to voluntarily make dinner for you.”