

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 456

Judging by the indifference and cold hostility with which Sonia had usually treated Toby, it was odd to think that she would offer to make him dinner now. More to the point, it wasn't the first time he had injured himself while saving her, but she never bothered to thank him with such fervor before, much less offer to make dinner for him. The very idea of it would leave one in a state of disbelief.

Toby noticed the surprised look on Tom's face and knew what he thought. An amused smirk tipped up on the corner of Toby's lips and he sounded supremely pleased as he gloated, "Of course it's in her nature to do so and she won't stop at dinner. She'll personally take care of me for the rest of my recovery process."

"Are you serious?" Tom's jaw dropped as his eyes bulged to the size of saucers.

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Toby threw him a withering look. "Why would I make this up?"

That question was enough to render Tom speechless. Of course he wouldn't make this up. He wouldn't get anything from lying to me, which means Miss Reed actually will take care of him! At that thought, he hesitantly asked, "President Fuller, did you suggest this proposition, or did she—"

"She offered it on her own accord," Toby brusquely interrupted.

Tom rubbed his chin while pondering on this. "I guess she's doing this out of gratitude for you after you saved her from certain death. So, what's the plan now, President Fuller?"

"What are you talking about?" Toby asked with narrowed eyes.

Tom stared like the answer was obvious. "I'm talking about your chance at reconciling with Miss Reed, of course! Isn't this the perfect opportunity that you've been waiting for? You've never risked your life to save hers before, but this time, you did so. It's a heart-rending and moving tale of your bravado! The fact that Miss Reed has willingly offered to nurse you back to health just goes to show that she doesn't hate you anymore; she owes you a really huge favor and you could press on that advantage and ask her to marry you again. There's no way she wouldn't agree!"

It went without saying that a chance like this was extraordinarily rare and if Toby were to act on it now, he would most definitely succeed.

However, he had never once considered this and even as he listened to Tom's suggestion, he remained impassive. Instead, he countered impassively, "I won't do it."

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A baffled Tom demanded, "Why not?" He couldn't understand why Toby wasn't taking the chance to reconcile with Sonia, even though Toby had risked his life to save hers, which, if anything, was a testimony of his love for her.

Toby slowly reached for a document from the stack of papers and flipped through it. "If I were to do that, it would be tantamount to emotional blackmail. I would never resort to such underhanded methods; if I wanted her back, I would pursue her boldly and honorably until she comes back to me on her own accord. Anything else less than that would only make me a scum."

Then, he paused and shot Tom a deadly look. "Moreover, using her gratitude to my advantage would only reignite her hatred for me. Even if she were to agree to marry me again, we'll end up with nothing but grudges between us, which is far from what I want. Do you understand?"

Upon hearing the displeasure in Toby's voice, Tom bowed his head in apology. "I'm sorry for not having considered all these, President Fuller."

"Indeed. Don't bring this up again," Toby warned flatly as he opened the cap of his fountain pen.

“Yes, sir,” Tom agreed with a solemn nod.

Then, Toby signed his name on the document with habitual grace and asked, “By the way, any word on Carl?”

“That guy?” Disgruntlement flashed in Tom’s eyes as he answered, “He retired from the fashion industry and returned to Westsashire.”

“Westsashire?” Toby had opened another folder from the stack, but upon hearing his assistant’s answer, he paused and looked up at Tom. “When did that happen?”

“Just yesterday morning. I expect we’ll hear about the return of the real Young Master Hayes in the business industry soon enough.”

As he twisted his pen, Toby asked, “Does that mean Carl has gone back with the intention of taking his place as the rightful heir to the Hayes Family fortune?”

“Most probably,” Tom affirmed. “Whatever Declan has done this time in pursuit of the Hayes Family’s fortune must have angered Carl to no end. At this rate, Carl wouldn’t stop until he’s brought down Declan and the other illegitimate children of the Hayes Family.”

“Carl will definitely track down Declan first. Keep an eye on him because if we do, then the chances of us locating Declan will be greater,” a somber Toby instructed.

“Why would you say that, President Fuller?” Tom pressed as he gazed at Toby in bewilderment.

As he looked up, Toby asked, “Remember the top hacker who has been helping Sonia all this while?”

“Of course I do. You’re talking about Fox Eyes, aren’t you? The one who kidnapped Tina and led the Triforce Enterprise to lose five hundred million?”

“That’s the one, and Fox Eyes is none other than Carl himself,” Toby explained.

Tom gasped audibly. “How is that possible? We suspected he was Fox Eyes and we even looked into it, but the investigation showed differently.”

“Hiding one’s identity and personal information is but child’s play for a hacker,” Toby drawled sardonically as he read the document in hand.

A stunned Tom was silent for a moment. Then, he drew in a breath and found his voice again. “So, we have played into his hands after all. Don’t worry, President Fuller, I’ll have someone keep an eye on Carl.” Carl is a hacker, and he’ll likely track down Declan before we do. As long as we have eyes on him, we’ll have as good a chance at finding Declan as he does.

“Alright, you’re dismissed. You can come back for these documents tonight,” Toby ordered.

Tom straightened his posture and bowed respectfully as he excused himself, “Very well, sir. I’ll be taking my leave now.” With that, he turned to walk out of the room.

Meanwhile, at Bayside Residence, Sonia was wearing an apron as she stood at the kitchen stove with a porcelain ladle in hand to stir the chicken chowder simmering in the pot.

A hearty bowl of chicken chowder was a product of attention and she needed to stir it while it cooked or it would stick and crust over the bottom of the pot.

At this moment, the doorbell rang and pulled her out of her chef’s trance. She threw a quick glance at the chicken chowder and decided that it was almost done. After turning off the stove, she walked out of the kitchen and toward the threshold where she asked into the intercom, “Who is it?”

Charles’ voice sounded from the device. “It’s me, Sonia.”

Upon hearing this, Sonia opened the door and was greeted by the sight of Charles weighed down by carrier bags of supplements. A smile twitched on her lips as she asked, “What are you doing here?”

“Evidently to see you and also to bring you a couple of things,” he announced. Then, he handed the carrier bags over to her and said, “Here you go. These are all the supplements that are supposed to help with muscle recovery. Give them a try.”

Now that she was amused by his gesture, Sonia was torn between accepting the bags and refusing them, but she knew that choosing the latter would only prompt Charles to shove them into her hands. Oh, whatever, I’ll just take them. “Thanks,” she responded cheerily as she grabbed the bags of supplements.

Suddenly, Charles sniffed the air in the room. “Something smells good. Are you cooking, baby?”

“I am,” she replied as she took out a pair of flip-flops from the shoe cabinet for him. “Come on in.”

He bent over to change out of his loafers and into the flip-flops before he followed Sonia into the apartment. After that, he rubbed his hands together greedily and mused, “Looks like I came at the right time! So, tell me what’s for dinner today, baby.”

“There’s no menu, at least not while dinner isn’t ready,” Sonia answered as she placed the supplements on the coffee table.

He raised a brow. “What, no dinner? Then, what’s with the delightful smell coming from the kitchen? It smells like chicken chowder and... Is that butter? Are you making mincemeat pie?”

Visibly taken aback by his deduction, Sonia gasped. “You must have the nose of a bloodhound! You can tell what I’m cooking just by sniffing the air?”

Charles chuckled, looking proud of himself. “Well, of course! My keen sense of smell is a force to be reckoned with, so don’t even think about lying to me.” He wagged his index finger. “Now that I think about it, I haven’t had chicken chowder for a while. Could you get me a bowl of it, baby?”

“Nope,” she said firmly. “I didn’t make enough to spare you a bowl of it.”

“Aw, why?” he whined, feigning dejection.

“Because the chowder’s for Toby,” she answered bluntly.

“What?” The look of mock exasperation on his face instantly disappeared as he regarded Sonia with a serious gaze. “Baby, are you actually going to take care of him?”

“Did you think I was joking about it?”