

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 457

Sonia rolled her eyes at Charles. "Look, do whatever you want to, but you'll have to wait a bit if you insist on having dinner here because the chowder is off-limits."

He pouted like a child. "Fine, I guess I'll let him have the chowder, seeing as he risked death to save you and all that."

"That's more like it," she said with a grin. "Now, sit down while I whip up a couple of dishes. It'll only take a moment."

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"Okay." Charles nodded and headed for the couch.

Sonia, on the other hand, wore her apron once more and returned to the kitchen where she resumed her cooking.

True to her words, it didn't take long for the dishes to be done. They pulled their own chairs at the dining table and got ready to dig in.

He had only just picked up his utensils when he suddenly asked, "By the way, baby, I saw the suitcase next to the coffee table. Are you going on a trip?"

"Not exactly. I'm making a trip to my grandfather's country house," she answered after swallowing a mouthful of food.

With a curious gaze, he probed, “Well, what are you going there for?”

“To help my grandfather look for his journal.”

“Oh, is that it? Then, maybe I should go back with you,” he offered after taking a spoonful of one of the dishes.

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Sonia eyed him with suspicion. “You don’t have to tag along.”

“Of course I do. I can be your driver. The muscles on your back have yet to heal and driving on your own would be torture; you’ll only return feeling worse. I’m offering my companionship as a matter of precaution and it’d also ease my worries,” Charles explained cheerily.

As though she was reminded of her injuries, she reached to feel her back. A gentle prod was all it took to make a sharp ache flare up on her back. She knew that there was no way she could make a three-hour drive down to the countryside and back to the city again; sitting down for hours on end would make her back shrivel up in pain. Besides, her driver had taken the next day off in light of his daughter’s birthday.

Since things were already at this stage, Sonia was left with no choice but to look for a new driver for her trip. “In that case, you can come along. We leave at 9:00AM tomorrow,” she said as she took a sip of soup.

Charles nodded eagerly. “Great, so that’s settled. I’ll pick you up tomorrow morning.”

“Okay,” she replied.

When dinner was done and over with, the both of them left Sonia’s apartment. After having exited the gated area of Bayside Residence, she turned down his offer to drop her off at the hospital. The drive from her place to the First Hospital was forty minutes, which seemed manageable to her.

Upon seeing how stubborn she was, he knew better than to try and dissuade her. However, just as she had opened her car door and was about to slide into the driver's seat, he suddenly said, "Hey, baby?"

"What is it?" She held the edge of the door and gave him a look of askance.

There was a hard edge to his features as he warned, "Take care that Toby doesn't try to have his way with you while you're looking after him."

She sputtered at this. "What's going on in that mind of yours, Charles? I wouldn't just let him have his way with me!"

"I'm serious, baby. You have to watch your back. Toby still hasn't given up on you and now that he's saved you from death, I wouldn't put it past him to use your gratitude as leverage and ask you for some strange favor. You and I both know you wouldn't turn him down if that were to happen because you owe him one."

Upon hearing this, Sonia frowned, but she regained her composure in the next second and flashed a quick smile at Charles. "He's not like that. I know him and he's not such a low-life that he'd resort to something like that."

This wouldn't be the first time she owed Toby a favor, after all, given that he had helped her out with the bank loan that racked up to billions and the project collaborations.

He could have used those as valid reasons to force her into returning his favor in whatever way he pleased and she would have been cornered. However, he never did and she was firm in her stance that it wasn't in his nature to do something as underhanded as that.

At the sight of her nonchalance, Charles sighed in resignation. "Fine, then. I rest my case. Anyway, just keep your guard up around him and remember that I'm just one call away if you run into trouble."

"Got it," she said with a reassuring nod before waving goodbye at him as she ducked into the car and drove away.

Forty minutes later, she arrived outside Toby's room. The door was closed, but she picked up on muffled speaking voices coming from the other side, which meant Toby was likely engaged in a phone call.

Sonia raised a hand and knocked on the door. It opened the next moment to reveal a middle-aged woman wearing a caretaker's uniform on the other side. The woman gave Sonia a polite smile and asked, "Hello, Miss. How may I help you?"

"I'm here to see President Fuller. I brought him dinner," Sonia informed, showing the woman the thermal flask that she was carrying.

Realization immediately dawned upon the caretaker. "Oh, you must be Miss Reed."

An astonished Sonia asked, "You know me?"

The caretaker smiled and nodded in earnest. "Yes. When I came in to attend to Mr. Fuller earlier, he told me that a young lady will be dropping by with his dinner and that I was to let her in without any question."

"I see," Sonia responded after hearing the explanation. So, he told the caretaker about me in advance.

"Please come in, Miss Reed. Mr. Fuller has been waiting for you for a while now," the caretaker ushered as she stepped to the side to make way for Sonia.

Sonia raised a brow. "A while?"

"That's right. He sent me out to the balcony ten minutes ago to see if there was any 'pretty young lady with a thermal flask' approaching the ward," the caretaker confessed with good humor.

"My goodness." Sonia laughed. "Thank you for taking the trouble."

She figured Toby was really ravenous if he had been so desperate for her arrival. Then again, it was drawing close to 8:00PM and she was admittedly late.

As such, with the thermal flask in hand, she walked into the hospital ward.

At first glance, he was leaning against the headboard with his eyes closed, seemingly asleep. However, she knew for a fact that he was wide awake because it had only been moments ago that she heard him speaking on the phone.

She carefully tread over to his bed before she placed the thermal flask on the beside table as quietly as possible. Then, she softly called out his name. "President Fuller."

The sound of her voice appeared to have awakened him whereby he turned to fix his gaze on her as he said, "Oh, you're here."

"Yes, I am." Sonia nodded apologetically. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I made some chicken chowder and mincemeat pie and don't worry, it's all low-sodium. Here, see if you like them."

As she said this, she opened up the flask and proceeded to ladle the chowder into a bowl.

Toby took in her gesture and his features softened as he replied, "I'll like anything you make."

She froze when she heard this, but just as quickly, she brushed it off and went on to heap chowder into the bowl. After having done so, she handed the bowl over to him. "Careful, it's still hot."

Then, Toby propped himself up with one arm and having straightened his posture, he graciously took the bowl and responded, "Thank you."

However, it wasn't until after he had taken the bowl that they both realized his other arm wasn't indisposable. Needless to say, he couldn't handle his utensils and simultaneously hold his bowl with just one hand.

He exchanged a look with Sonia, which caused the atmosphere to instantly grow awkward.

A few seconds later, a somewhat embarrassed Sonia cleared her throat and offered hesitantly, "I-I guess I could just—"

"I'll get down from bed," Toby interrupted, moving to put his bowl on the bedside table.

However, Sonia stopped him from doing so and cautioned, "No, it won't do you any good to move around so liberally right now. Why don't I spoon-feed you instead?"

He stiffened at this as he was surprised by her offer. Turning to darkly gaze at her, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you hearing yourself? You want to spoon-feed me?"

"Yes," she answered, a little defensive. "What's wrong with that?"

When he saw how unaffected she was, Toby knew that she hadn't quite caught the problem that could arise from the offer. Since he was entertained by the idea, he let out a low chuckle and pointed out, "In case you haven't noticed, Sonia, spoon-feeding someone is a rather intimate gesture. Are you sure you want to go through with it?"

Sonia gaped at him. True enough, she hadn't thought about the underlying intimacy of her offer at all. Although she was flustered by this, she couldn't bring herself to take the offer back or it would just seem plain cruel.

Or worse, it would seem like there was some spark between them that she was trying to ignore.

After considering all these, she finally took a deep breath and looked at Toby's arm, which was wrapped in a sling. "You're the patient and I'm your caretaker. It's only normal that I spoon-feed you and there's no intimacy here whatsoever. Now, open your mouth, President Fuller."

She took up the bowl that he had placed on the bedside table earlier before she brought a spoonful of chowder to her lips, blowing on it to cool it before feeding it to him.

Toby watched her with endearment and he glanced at the chowder in front of him, which smelled delicious. At last, he parted his lips like Sonia told him to.