

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 458

After having fed Toby a mouthful of chowder, Sonia placed the spoon aside and asked expectantly, "What do you think?"

"It's delicious," he said after he swallowed the chowder to give her a reassuring nod.

She broke into a smile. "Good. I'm glad." Glad that all the stock-brewing, the dicing, the simmering and the stirring are all worth this moment of praise, she thought. Then, she brought another spoonful of chowder to his lips and prompted, "Here, have some more."

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And just like that, the both of them fell into a rhythm and before they knew it, the bowl was practically polished clean.

Sonia rose from her seat and asked, "Would you like another bowl?"

Toby shook his head. "No, thanks. I'm full."

"Already?" She glanced at the empty bowl in her hand and frowned slightly. "You barely ate, though!" More importantly, the bowl she used was a small one and there couldn't have been much chowder in it to fill him up so quickly, not while he was a man with a six-foot-three build.

"I'm actually full," he insisted calmly as he took the mouthwash the caretaker had given him. "They gave me another bottle of IV after you left in the afternoon. Apparently, the fluid contains some substance that makes one feel a little bloated."

“Oh, okay.” Sonia nodded at this new information. “Well then, I won’t try to force-feed you. I’ll keep the rest of the chowder in the fridge, so maybe you can get the caretaker to heat it up for you for breakfast tomorrow.”

“Alright,” Toby replied.

She brought the flask into the kitchenette of the suite and returned to the room after she had kept everything in place.

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Upon seeing that he was the only one in the room, she glanced around and asked, “Where’s the caretaker?”

“I let her off her shift,” he explained with a book in his good hand.

As she walked over to his bed, she pressed, “What are you going to do at night if you let her off early like this?”

“My legs are completely fine and I’m perfectly capable of being on my own for the night,” he said matter-of-factly as he looked up at her.

Now that she saw his point, Sonia nodded. After dusting off her hands, she began to make her way to where she had left her purse.

At the sight of this, Toby’s gaze darkened. “Are you leaving?”

“I should be. I mean, it’s already 9:00PM,” she pointed out as she took her purse and checked her belongings.

He cast aside the book in his hand and asked, “Would you mind staying here for a while longer?”

“Why?” She cast him a bewildered look.

“I figured we could talk for a bit. A friendly chat.” He steadily met her gaze. “Please?”

She glanced at the time and after a moment of hesitation, she relented. Nodding in agreement, she said, “Very well, but I must leave at 10:00PM. I need to get some sleep before my trip to the countryside tomorrow morning.”

“Okay.” A satisfied smile pulled on Toby’s lips.

Sonia placed her purse down and took her seat once more next to the bed. He had asked that she stay for a chat, but in all honesty, it was more of a crash course on business management than a casual conversation.

The whole time, he spared not one second on pleasantries as he divulged business management tips to her and taught her the best way to navigate the tough commercial world. He even touched on the ideal direction that Paradigm Co. should take in terms of corporate growth and the various industries that the company should invest in.

Initially, he had wanted to coach her on these things over the course of a hopefully developing friendship, but following the drastic shortening of his lifespan, he now only had three good years, during which his body would slowly wear out just to keep him alive.

At this point, Toby no longer had enough time to be her mentor and guide her through life in the industry. He had to teach her everything he knew before his body started to give out.

The business world was cruel; it would mercilessly chew and spit Sonia out as every one of its nooks and crevices was marked with scheme. She was still green, so there was no way she could understand how dark and twisted the industry could be.

If he could continue living, she would never have to discover how terrifying the industry was. He would have shielded her from all of it and kept her rose-colored glasses intact even if the industry rained bullets on it.

Alas, the chances of him staying alive after three years were too slim for there to be room for hope. He was destined to wither away and leave her unprotected, but he would do whatever he could to make her stronger. Going forward, she would be on her own as she tried to survive the industry.

Meanwhile, Sonia was admittedly taken aback by Toby's sudden coaching. She couldn't shake the feeling that he was urgently trying to make her absorb all his pointers, like he was leaving her with them.

However, she brushed off such thoughts and paid attention, clinging to his every word.

These were valuable notes that defined his career in the business industry, the very same ones that helped him to thrive and survive. Experiences like his were hard to come by, much less be narrated in person, and she didn't want to miss out on any detail.

Time ticked by, and soon, it was 11:00PM.

Somewhere during the conversation, Sonia had forgotten that she was supposed to return home at 10.00PM and as it is, she was already fast asleep with her head resting on her arms.

Toby glanced down at her and called out softly, "Sonia?"

Her lips twitched, but he could tell she was sleeping soundly, for she did not wake up at all.

She looked so peaceful when she slept that he couldn't bring himself to stir her awake. Glancing around the room, he saw the jacket she had hung up on the rack next to the bed. He lifted the covers off and reached to grab the jacket, then draped it over Sonia's back.

If it weren't for the fact that one of his arms was busted, he would have carried her into the adjoining room meant for caretakers who stayed over the night and let Sonia rest in a proper bed.

At the thought of this, his eyes fell on the cast on his arm and a rueful, imperceptible sigh escaped him.

After having made sure that the jacket wouldn't fall off her shoulders, Toby reached out to move her hair out of her face so that she could breathe better while she slept.

He had only just done all this when the door to the hospital room opened. Tom came bustling in with documents in hand and greeted instantly, "President Fuller, I—"

However, before Tom could finish speaking, Toby shot him a freezing look that made him clamp his mouth shut. He had no idea what he did wrong at first, but thankfully, he snapped out of his confusion in time to notice Sonia's sleeping frame as she slouched over the bed. At that moment, he finally understood the warning look in Toby's eyes.

As it turned out, his loud greeting had almost woken Sonia up.

"Sorry, President Fuller," Tom whispered apologetically as he tread lightly over to the bed. "I didn't know Miss Reed was here."

Toby retracted his icy gaze and decided to go easy on his assistant. "Carry her into the adjoining room. She'll only strain her back if she keeps sleeping like this."

"Me? Carry her?" Tom pointed at himself in shock, thinking that he must have heard Toby wrong.

"Well, I obviously can't do it since I only have one functioning arm at the moment," Toby responded sarcastically. He understood Tom's concern, but it wasn't as if he liked seeing anyone touch Sonia either. Beggars can't be choosers. If I could, I would have carried her myself.

Tom's gaze fell on the cast on Toby's arm. Suddenly at a loss for words, he set the documents aside and gingerly proceeded to carry Sonia.

"Be gentle, so you don't wake her," Toby warned again, the timber in his voice more prominent this time.

Tom mumbled begrudgingly, "I'm already as gentle as can be."

“Come out as soon as you’ve placed her on the bed. I don’t want you hovering there.” With that, Toby flapped his hand, urging Tom to carry Sonia into the room at once.

In a show of obedience, Tom agreeably did as he was told and headed for the adjoining room with Sonia in his arms.

On the other hand, Toby turned to stare after his assistant like he would do something bad to Sonia.

Aware that Toby was staring daggers at him, Tom felt a chill run down his spine. He didn’t dawdle in the adjoining room and it only took him a minute to place Sonia on the bed and pull the covers over her. Having done this, he hurried out of the room.

It was only then did the hostility leave Toby’s gaze. “So, what are you doing here at such a late hour?” he asked Tom.

Now that they were about to discuss something serious, Tom picked up the documents that he had brought in earlier and reported, “Well, we have just heard from all the international airports and none of them saw Declan’s aircraft landing on any of their tracks.”

“None?” Toby’s expression grew somber.

Tom nodded. “None at all.”

“Have you looked into the possibility of fake identities?” Toby asked, his eyes searching Tom’s face.

While shaking his head, Tom explained, “I did consider the possibility that Declan and his men would be using fake identities for boarding, but in the end, I thought it was unlikely. These days, fake identities are less foolproof than they once were, and with Carl being a hacker, he must have already perused through the passenger records at all the major airports. He would have known and made a move as soon as Declan and his men used fake identities for boarding. It’s more likely that Declan didn’t even board a plane at all and that he’s hiding out somewhere.”

Toby lifted his chin. “I seem to recall there being ferry ports in Seafield. Am I right?”

“Yes.” Tom nodded. When he belatedly realized what Toby insinuated, he asked incredulously, “President Fuller, do you think Declan has smuggled his way out of Seafield through a ferry port?”

“If he wants to cross international borders, smuggling out from a ferry port would be his safest bet and he wouldn’t be easily caught too. The probability of him using this to his advantage is high,” Toby deduced with narrowed eyes.