

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 479

After learning that Sonia had made him some soup, Toby was seen with his eyes lighting up. Deep down, he felt over the moon but decided to suppress his happiness while tightening his grip around his phone.

I mustn't accept her soup! This is nothing different from refusing to see Sonia since I've decided to stay away from her.

Toby was certain that Sonia would never know he was trying to distance himself from her if he accepted her soup. Thus, she would keep delivering him soup again and again, yet he wasn't sure if he could turn her down every single time. In the face of his own question, it didn't take him long to figure out the answer.

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No, I'm sure I won't be able to make myself turn her away. In fact, which man in this world would ever reject something the woman he loves gives him?

Knowing it would eventually become a joke if he accepted Sonia's advances, Toby told himself that he must never accept the soup. After all, he had made up his mind to cut ties with her from the beginning, or it would only become harder for him to leave her if he went soft on himself.

At the thought of that, Toby closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. A few moments later, he opened his eyes, in which what was only left was his determination. "Tom." Toby grabbed the telephone and dialed the intercom to reach Tom in his office.

At that moment, Tom was busy with his work when he heard the telephone ringing. He then put down his pen and answered the call. "President Fuller."

“Sonia left me some soup at the front desk. Please collect and return it to her. Then, tell her to stop wasting her time on all this nonsense because I won’t accept anything she gives me.” Toby hung up the call as soon as he finished his sentence.

In the meantime, Tom was left hanging with the telephone in his hand. When his eyes fell upon the stack of documents lying in front of him, he curled his lips upward, thinking he would probably need to stay up late for work.

Upon hanging up the phone, he bitterly patted his face with a smile and stood up before walking away from the office. An hour later, he arrived at Paradigm Co. with the thermal flask, where Sonia was in the middle of a meeting.

Soon, Daphne opened the door and entered the meeting room. “President Reed.”

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“What’s the matter?” Sonia put her hand up, gesturing to everyone in the meeting to briefly pause as she looked at her secretary and asked.

Meanwhile, Daphne looked around the meeting room and walked closer to Sonia, whereupon she bent over and whispered to her ear, “Mr. Brown is here.”

“Tom? What’s he doing here?” Sonia raised her eyebrows in confusion.

Daphne shook her head. “It beats me, but according to the receptionist at the front desk, he seems to be holding a thermal flask.”

Sonia curled her lips and smiled, knowing what Tom was here for. I bet he came because Toby told him to return the thermal flask to me. She then pointed at her own laptop and said, “Please take him to my office. I’ll be done here in a minute.”

As Daphne replied with an affirmative hum and excused herself, Sonia kept herself together and turned her attention back to the meeting. "Alright, let's resume our discussion."

After Sonia's words reached every corner in the meeting room, the atmosphere in the space was once again filled with a stern aura for over ten minutes until the meeting was over. Then, Sonia shut down her laptop and left the meeting room for her office. As soon as she opened the door, Tom immediately stood up and greeted her in an estranged manner. "Miss Reed."

"Hello, Tom." Sonia nodded and walked toward her desk, but when she got there, she spotted the thermal flask and was about to say something.

Nonetheless, Tom beat her to it and said, "Miss Reed, I have been told by President Fuller to return you the soup you made him."

When Sonia heard the man's response, her facial expression stiffened. What does he mean? Did Toby just tell Tom to return the soup I made for him to me? Wait a second... She pursed her lips and grabbed the handle of the thermal flask before lifting it.

Oh gosh! This feels as heavy as it was when I first made the soup this morning. That means he didn't even take a single sip at all.

Sonia held the handle of the thermal flask even tighter and asked uneasily, "Why? Why didn't he finish the soup?"

"Well, I guess he probably doesn't like it." Tom adjusted his glasses while giving the lady an answer.

"He doesn't like it?" Sonia looked at Tom in disbelief, recalling the time she first started taking care of Toby. She told him that when he got better, she'd make him soup because it helped with recovery. In fact, she could still remember how he looked forward to having a sip of that soup, so there was no way she would believe Toby didn't like the chicken soup she made. Like hell I'm going to buy that!

In the meantime, Tom was, of course, able to see through Sonia's disbelief, as he didn't think his explanation was convincing enough. After all, Toby was so in love with Sonia that he would be more than happy to munch on dog treats as long as it was she who prepared them.

Thus, Tom didn't feel surprised that Sonia didn't buy his story, but nonetheless, he had no choice but to tell her what Toby wanted him to. "Yes, Miss Reed. President Fuller made it clear that he doesn't like your soup. In fact, he even told you not to make any more soup for him because he isn't going to accept it. At the same time, he wants you to stop looking for him." Tom fixed his eyes on Sonia, passing on Toby's message to her.

Sonia felt as if someone was squeezing her heart when she heard Tom's reply. She then clenched her fist and asked, "What does he mean by that? What does he mean when he says he won't accept my soup? Why does he want me to stop looking for him? I haven't even repaid his kindness..."

"President Fuller says he doesn't need you to repay him. Since saving you was his own initiative, he never really wanted anything in return. In the meantime, he promises to leave you alone forever, as he will forget about winning your heart again. So, you can rest assured knowing that you won't have to worry about being stuck with him because he will be out of your hair forever and ever," Tom replied with a calm look on his face.

Sonia bit her lip, feeling a stab of pain in her heart. While it was true that she should be happy about being free from Toby's annoyance and disturbance, she somehow didn't feel comfortable about the news.

Meanwhile, Tom, who noticed Sonia's broody silence, nodded at her and turned around to walk away.

It wasn't until Sonia heard the footsteps that she snapped out of her trance and called to Tom. "Wait a second!"

"Is there anything else, Miss Reed?" Tom stopped in his tracks and looked back at her.

Sonia took a deep breath while clenching her fists. "I want to know why Toby is suddenly pushing me away from looking after him." Although she didn't bother to find out more about Toby's decision to stay away from her because she couldn't care less about it anyway, she wanted to know why he wouldn't let her take care of him.

On the other hand, Tom didn't seem surprised to hear her question, as Sonia's bewilderment was anticipated due to Toby's dramatically unexpected decision.

Tom adjusted his glasses and gave a formal answer. "Actually, the reason is simple. President Fuller thinks you're so tough that he doesn't see his chances of winning your heart over. Therefore, he came to a decision to let you go, and he is starting it by staying away from you, which is why he won't allow you to take care of him. Do you have any other questions, Miss Reed?"

Sonia puckered her lips in silence for a few moments, whereupon she replied with a hard-to-decipher tone, "No, that's all." Although it seemed reasonable for Toby to distance himself from Sonia because he wanted to cut ties with her, Sonia had doubts about Toby's asserted intention because she somehow had a feeling that there was more than met the eye.

After all, Toby's unexpected change in his attitude happened so suddenly that it got Sonia wondering what she had done to make him want to cut ties with her. He seemed to be acting normal yesterday, but why has he changed so much right now? If he had really wanted to give up on us, he would have done it a long time ago.

"Well, if there isn't any other question, I suppose I should get going right now." Tom smiled politely and walked away.