

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 480

As Sonia looked at the thermos on the table, an indescribable feeling started welling up within her, choking her up. After what Toby did, she didn't know what she should do, nor did she have any idea how she could ever repay him. Should I just pretend this never happened? Should I never pay his kindness back just like Tom said? But if she didn't do that, she'd forever owe Toby a favor. She'd never be able to take that off her.

Sonia never liked owing anyone any favors. If she did owe a favor, she'd try her best to pay them back as soon as possible, or it would never sit right with her. She'd lose sleep over it as well. I have to repay his kindness, or I'll never live it down. But how should I do it? She sat down and massaged her forehead. I'm tired.

Suddenly, someone knocked on her door, breaking her train of thoughts. "Come in." She looked up.

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Charles opened the door and came in. "Are you busy, babe?"

"Why are you here?" She looked at him in surprise.

Charles went and sat across from her. "I'm waiting for you. Once you clock off, I'll take you home. I thought you promised we'd see my mom today."

"Oh, right. Almost forgot about that." Sonia smiled sheepishly.

"It's fine. That's why I'm here—to remind you." Charles waved her off, then noticed the thermos. "What is this, babe? Did you bring your own dinner?"

“No. This is some chicken soup for Toby.” Sonia shook her head.

The mere mention of Toby made Charles pout. “So it’s for him?”

“He’s hurt, and it’s just some soup.” Sonia looked at him.

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Charles leaned back and put his hands behind his head. “Hey, I’m not judging. Just saying I’m jealous, since you never make any soup for me.”

“He’s injured, but are you?” Sonia shot back. “If you were injured, I would also visit you and even make some soup if you wanted it.”

“Forget about it then. I like not being injured.” Charles chuckled.

Sonia poured him a glass of water. “And there you have it.”

Charles put his hands down and drank some water. “Are you going to take this to Toby at the hospital later? I can tell the cook to make dinner a bit later if you want.”

“No.” Sonia shook her head, and some thoughts popped up. “I don’t have to. He’s discharged, and he said he doesn’t need me to take care of him anymore.”

“Nice.” Charles’ eyes lit up, and he clapped. “That’ll take some weight off you.”

“It’s not the same thing.” She frowned. “I can relax if he told me to stop because he’s all better, but he isn’t.”

Charles suddenly realized something, and he rubbed his chin. "Odd." He had a weird look on his face. "That's not like him."

"Huh?" Sonia looked at him curiously.

Charles said, "Think about it, babe. He still loves you, and he wants you back. He would love it if you took care of him, so why is he saying no?"

"But that's the truth." Sonia looked at the thermos. He doesn't need me, and he returned the soup as well.

Charles nodded. "That's why I said something's wrong. I bet he has some plan because it's not like him. That, or he's gone cuckoo."

"You've gone cuckoo. Stop with the conspiracy theory." Sonia rolled her eyes.

Charles quickly said, "I'm not coming up with a conspiracy theory. Toby really looks like he's gone mad. Why else did he refuse your help? He's either mad, or he's playing hard to get."

"He's playing hard to get?" Sonia arched her eyebrow.

"Yeah," Charles said. "I mean, he's been trying to get you back, but you never gave him a chance, so this is his next plan. If he starts giving you the cold shoulder, you'll start to feel weird about it, and—"

"Enough with the guesses." Sonia smacked her forehead. "Do you think that's possible? Toby's not the kind of man who would pull this stunt, and besides, do you think I would care if he gave me the cold shoulder? I lived with it for six whole years."

"Um..." The corner of his lips twitched, and he had no argument left.

Sonia sighed. "Forget about all this. I'll ask him tomorrow." She looked at the time. "Come with me. I'll get something for your mother at the mall, then we'll go to your place."

"Coming." Charles stood up.

Sonia turned her PC off, took her shoulder bag, and left with him.

Back at Fuller Group, Tom was already in Toby's office. "I've sent her the thermos, sir. And I passed your message to her as well."

Toby tightened his grip on the mouse. "And? What did she say?"

"She's surprised, and also... felt a bit odd." Tom tried to remember her look.

"Odd?" Toby frowned. What kind of odd? "Did she agree to it?" Toby asked again.

Tom thought about it and shook his head. "She didn't say anything, but she looked like she was fine with it." She probably agreed to it tacitly. Miss Reed doesn't like the boss, so she'd be delighted if the boss didn't want her to take care of him.

"Is that so? That's great then." Toby nodded, but his voice was hoarse. He felt relieved after knowing Sonia wouldn't come anymore, but he was also hurt, for he was pushing away the woman he loved. "Has Mr. Hartman finished his business?" Toby pinched his nose.

Tom adjusted his glasses. "Not yet. He has too many accounts to handle, and some are still in the process of transitioning."

Toby grunted. "Tell him to get an interview at Paradigm Co. once he's done."

"Yes." Tom looked at him and thought, He really does love Miss Reed. Even though he's staying away from her, he's also trying to make her life easier secretly. Whatever she needs, he'll provide, and Mr. Hartman's one of them.

Mr. Hartman was one of the registered accountants in Fuller Group as well as one of the big three in the financial department. He had worked for the company for more than a decade, but once Toby found out that Sonia was looking for a CFO, he summoned Mr. Hartman to his office and told her to help Sonia.

He probably wants to help her out as much as he can with the time he has left. After he's gone, Miss Reed's life will still be a lot easier even without his protection. Sadly, she doesn't know anything about it.

Whenever he saw how much Toby was sacrificing for Sonia, Tom was seized by the urge to tell Sonia everything. He wanted to beg her to stay with Toby for the final years of his life. After all, he only had three years left to live because he saved Sonia. Even if she doesn't love him, she can pretend that she does. At least he won't die with any regrets. If the boss really dies, she can leave. She won't lose anything. However, he knew Toby would never let him do that. He'd rather suffer loneliness than have Sonia waste her life on him.