

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 526**

Sonia's heart started pounding and her face was feeling hot, so she stared down and kept quiet.

Toby's smile broadened, and he tightened his hold on her feet.

Sonia could feel her feet touching his abs, so she squirmed and tried to pull back a little.

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"Don't move." Toby held her feet down and stopped her from pulling back.

Sonia froze up. "Um, you should let me go. I feel a bit weird."

"You'll have to get used to it then." He looked at her.

Sonia blinked and instinctively asked, "Why?"

Toby answered, "Because I'm going to do a lot of similar things to you, so you'll have to get used to this."

Sonia blushed. "You're talking like I'll accept everything you do to me."

"I'll try my best." He smiled. "I bet we will be a loving couple then."

She bit her lip. "You're dreaming again. I will never get together with you," she said nasally.

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Toby's eyes dimmed for a while, but they brightened up again quickly and he smiled. "Nobody knows what the future holds, but..."

"But what?" Sonia looked at him.

He answered, "Remember the bet we had?"

Sonia looked away and said, "Yes." Back then, he said he'd take her back, but she refused, so he proposed a bet. He wanted to see if he could make her fall for him again, and at that time, she said, "No. Not for my life."

"Why are you bringing that up now?" Sonia was perplexed.

Toby remembered something, and he stared down to hide the sadness in his eyes. "I want to change the terms. But just slightly."

"You want to change the terms?" Sonia was surprised.

Toby nodded. "Yes. The bet I proposed had no time limit, so this time I'm going to add one. How does three years sound?" He raised three fingers.

Sonia frowned. "Why three? Is there something special about that?" All time limits had some special meaning behind them, especially when a promise was involved. A bet was a kind of promise, so she wouldn't believe that Toby came up with it randomly. He could have gone with five years instead of three otherwise.

Toby didn't expect her to be so sharp. He didn't think she'd know there was a reason for that time limit, and he couldn't help but smile. "Nothing special. I just think it's the perfect time frame. Not too short, but not too long either."

"Is that so?" Sonia squinted. She didn't believe a word of what he said, and her hunch told her the truth was something else entirely. He's lying.

Toby nodded. "It's true. So how about it, Sonia? Three years. I'll do everything I can to make you fall for me again, so please don't reject my efforts. You won't if you really think you'll never fall for me, since well, whatever I do will be futile, right?"

Sonia pursed her lips. For some reason, she felt like Toby was issuing a challenge for her.

After a while of silence, Toby's eyes glinted, and he asked, "What shall it be, Sonia?"

Sonia thought about it for a few moments, and she finally nodded. "Fine. I accept the bet." I don't care if he was challenging me, but he got one thing right—I will never fall in love with him, so whatever he does is futile. I don't have to reject his advances, since I will never waver anyway.

"Alright. Now that you've agreed to it, so this bet is—"

Sonia raised her hand and stopped him. "Hold it for a second."

Toby looked at her. "What is it?"

"You didn't say what will happen if I still don't love you after three years have passed," Sonia said.

Toby said, "If that really happens, then this bet is off. I'll let you go then, and it'll be real. I'll not go against my word after a few days like what I did this time. I won't turn back. But if you really fall for me, let's get married."

Sonia clenched her fists. She didn't know how to respond to that, but when she noticed the longing and encouragement in his eyes, she got her answer, and she nodded. "Fine. If I really do fall for you in the end, I'll get back together with you, and we'll get married."

Toby's smile broadened. "Looks like I can start making plans for the wedding then." She's already fallen for me, but she doesn't know it yet. All I have to do now is guide her to realize her true feelings and accept them.

Sonia had no idea what Toby was thinking, but she rolled her eyes when he said he would start planning for the wedding. "Someone sounds confident."

"Of course. Because you're the source," Toby looked at her and gave her a hint.

Sonia frowned. "What are you talking about?"

Toby smiled and shifted the topic. "Get some sleep. You're probably tired. I'll wake you up once we get back to Bayside."

"It's fine. I'm not sleepy." Sonia shook her head.

She ate her words a few moments later. When they stopped in front of a red light, she leaned against the door, and a wave of sleepiness washed over her. Her eyelids became heavier and kept trying to shut themselves. Finally, they started to weigh too much for her to bear, and she fell asleep.

Her head was bobbing as the car cruised along the road. Toby looked at her, smiling lovingly. "Honestly, why do you have to be so stubborn? Can't you be honest?" Toby caressed her face as he mumbled to himself.

Sonia felt ticklish, and she grunted in protest.

Toby stopped disturbing her and pulled his hand back. "Sleep."

Sonia was indeed exhausted. She had worked during the day, gone to a banquet and drank a lot at night, and then she was tensed up by the news that Tina killed herself. It had been a long day, and it was taxing for her.

Even Toby was starting to get tired. He massaged his temples and told Tom, "Faster."

"Yes, sir," Tom answered and sped up.

They came to Bayside Residence a short while later. Tom parked the car under the complex and unbuckled himself. He got out of the car and came to the backseat to open the door.

Toby was bending over to slip Sonia's shoes over her feet.

Tom stood outside. "Do we need to wake her up, sir?"

"No." Toby shook his head and looked at Sonia who was sleeping soundly. I can't wake her up. She's just too beautiful. "You take her." He turned around to Tom after helping Sonia wear her shoes.

Tom pointed at himself in surprise. "Me?"

"Who else?" Toby raised his injured arm. If his arm was perfectly fine, he would never let any other man hold the woman he loved, not even Tom.