

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 620**

Sonia nodded. "I'll just make some home cooked dishes then."

"Alright. I'll help you." Toby stood up.

As she stared suspiciously at him, she clarified, "You want to help me?"

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"Do you have a problem with that?" he countered.

"You've never been in the kitchen," Sonia pointed out while feeling the bowl in her hands. "Are you sure you'd be able to help?"

It wasn't that she looked down on him.

It was because he had led a comfortable life since birth and never had to engage in menial labor of any sort.

His hands had all along been made for fountain pens, not kitchen knives.

That was the reason why she truly didn't believe he could help.

Moreover, even Sonia had never done any housework when she was a young child. The only reason why she knew how to cook was because Jean had forced her to learn that skill during the six year marriage to Toby.

Before she married, she hadn't known how to cook either.

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As Toby heard the skepticism in Sonia's tone, he stiffened. "I can help."

As a man, he absolutely couldn't admit to not being able to do something.

Besides, while in Kosovo, he had learned how to make the hangover soup through the internet. That in itself could be counted as learning to cook.

Thus, he shouldn't have a problem helping out now... Right?

At any rate, that was what Toby thought.

Seeing how earnest he seemed, Sonia didn't second-guess him any longer.

After all, for him to boldly say such a thing meant he had to have some ability.

Not to mention, considering how much he knew and how well he did in other things, it ought to be no problem for him to help in the kitchen.

With that in mind, Sonia pointed in the direction of the kitchen and said, "Since you want to help, come along then."

After saying that, she headed toward the kitchen.

An eager Toby followed after her.

When they arrived at the kitchen, she pulled the ingredients for the dishes that they would make from the refrigerator.

First, she placed the squash onto the sink and thereafter, she left a bundle of sweet potato leaves on a plate and handed the plate to him.

Toby blankly stared at it. “Um—”

“Pluck the leaves.” Sonia pointed at the plate. “Once you have done so, put them back onto the plate.”

“Okay...” After he took the plate, he stared at the bundle of sweet potato leaves again, feeling utterly at a loss.

How on earth was he supposed to pluck these greens?

Weren't they already plucked?

How else was he supposed to pluck them?

Holding onto the plate, he stood there with his glassy eyes, not knowing what to do.

Seeing that he wasn't moving, a suspicious Sonia asked, “What's the matter?”

“Nothing. I'll go and pluck them outside,” Toby answered with his eyes lowered.

There was no way he could admit to not knowing how to pluck these greens.

He had bragged about his ability to help moments ago and here he was, stymied by the first task that she gave him. Not only was it embarrassing for him, but she might even be disappointed in him.

Thus, it would be better if he left the kitchen and secretly searched the internet for how to prepare these vegetables.

Toby was lucky in the sense that Sonia didn't suspect him of searching for an excuse to leave the kitchen because he didn't want her to know of his obliviousness.

Instead, she considered that the kitchen was quite small and indeed quite crowded with both of them inside. Hence, she nodded in agreement. "Go on. There's a trash bin outside; you can toss whatever is unwanted inside there."

"Okay," he answered before leaving with the plate.

Once he was back in the living area, he walked up to the dinner table and placed the plate on it before he produced his cell phone from the pocket of his pajama pants. After unlocking the phone, he took a picture of the leafy green on the plate and used the picture to search the web.

Soon enough, all the information he needed about this vegetable leaped out at him.

After reading through the introduction, Toby finally understood what Sonia meant about 'plucking' it.

He placed his phone aside as he grinned and began to pinch the leaves off the stalk.

A little more than 10 minutes later, he glanced down at his handiwork and smiled. It looks rather good. I'm sure Sonia would be satisfied?

After he stood up, Toby carried the plate back into the kitchen.

Sonia was prepping the squash inside the kitchen. Her movements were fluid and attractive; in a few short seconds, she had the entire squash sliced into neat, even cubes.

When she heard the sound of footsteps, she put down the knife in her hand and turned to see him entering with the plate. With a smile, she asked, "Are you finished?"

He nodded and grunted.

"Not bad. You were faster than I expected."

"How do you think I did?" he asked in an almost imperceptibly nervous and expectant tone as he returned the plate to her.

Although he thought he had done quite well, she might not have necessarily agreed with him.

Thus, his nervousness was inevitable.

At the same time, Toby also hoped that Sonia would be impressed with his work as she might praise him as well.

"Let me see." As she took the plate from him, she sifted through the leaves with her free hand before delivering her verdict with a raised eyebrow, "Not bad. You did well."

She was looking at him in pleasant surprise.

Toby had indeed done quite well. There were virtually no old stems and each leaf was quite evenly pinched off.

Clearly, he had put some heart into the work.

Now that he was relieved to receive Sonia's approval, he smiled even more broadly and looked subtly proud. "It's fine. I'm only doing as I usually do."

Her mouth twitched. “Not hesitating to accept the compliment, I see.”

A chuckling Toby continued, “Is there anything else you need help with?”

Tipping the leaves into the sink, Sonia turned on the tap and began to rinse them. As she rinsed, she jerked her chin at the nearby cabinet. “Get the plates, cutlery, and soup bowls out of there and place them in the disinfection cabinet to be disinfected.”

“Disinfection. Got it.” He nodded and walked over to open the cabinet.

There were many finely crafted sets of dinnerware inside, and for a moment, he was at a loss for which ones to remove.

After thinking for a while, he decided to select a random set.

So, he reached out for the set closest to him.

Alas, the moment he picked up a soup bowl, it slipped out of his grasp and fell to the floor under his stunned gaze.

Crash!

As it landed on the ground heavily, it shattered into multiple pieces with a crisp sound.

Moments after she heard the sound and figured out what had happened, Sonia quickly turned to glance at the shattered pieces of the broken bowl on the ground. In astonishment, she asked, “How did it break?”

Pursing his lips, Toby apologized, “I’m sorry. It was extremely slippery and I couldn’t hold it well with one hand, so it dropped.”

He hadn't thought that he would drop a bowl just by picking it up either.

By now, he was starting to suspect that he was truly incompetent.

"I see." Sonia nodded to indicate her understanding before regarding him with concern. "Are you injured then?"

"No." Toby shook his head before glancing at her and asking carefully, "You're not mad, are you?"

She tilted her head. "Why would I be mad?"

"Because I dropped your bowl." He pointed at the shattered pieces.

Sonia tittered. "It's just a bowl—nothing precious. I don't mind that you dropped it. Besides, it's my own fault for not considering that it would be difficult for you to carry out this task with an arm. So, even if I wanted to blame anyone, I can only blame myself. Alright, stand back. I'll sweep the pieces away."

"I'll do it." Toby moved to take over the job.

In his eyes, it was only reasonable for him to clear the mess since he was the one to break the bowl in the first place.

However, Sonia only waved him away. "It's better for me to do it since it won't be easy for you to do so with one arm. I'll be done soon."

With that, she pulled the broom and dustpan out from behind the door, after which she began to sweep the pieces into the dustpan.

As Toby stood aside, he lowered his head to regard his left arm with a sigh.

Who knew when it would make a full recovery?

Right now, he wished for nothing more than an immediate recovery. At least he would be able to help with some things rather than feeling completely useless.