

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 621

At this moment, the pot on the stove suddenly began to rattle. Its contents had begun to boil and caused the lid to rise with the steam.

Sonia heard the noise and quickly paused in her actions as she glanced at the stove. "The soup is done."

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"What do I do?" Toby asked.

Pointing at the knob on the stove, she told him, "Turn off the fire, stir the soup with the ladle, and set the pot aside for later."

"Alright, I'll do it." With that, he walked to the stove.

As if she suddenly thought of something, she blurted out, "You only need to stir it. I'll move the pot later."

Ultimately, it was the same reasoning as before—with only one working arm, there was no way he would be able to move the pot to another place.

Knowing that Sonia was right, Toby didn't repudiate her and only responded with an 'okay' before he turned off the stove.

After that, he picked up the ladle next to the stove and went to remove the lid off the pot.

Unfortunately, because he didn't have much culinary experience, he wasn't careful in avoiding the steam as he lifted the lid. As a result, the vapor from the boiling water scalded his wrist.

At once, Toby let out a muffled grunt as his brow furrowed in pain.

Hearing the noise he made, Sonia hurried forward to check on him. "What's the matter?"

He calmly set the pot aside. "Nothing."

"Really?" She squinted in skepticism, clearly not believing his words.

After all, she had definitely heard him grunting in pain.

However, Toby only averted his gaze as something flashed through his eyes. As he lacked the courage to look at her, he insisted, "Yes, really."

"I don't believe you." There was no way Sonia wouldn't be able to tell that he felt guilty. Pursing her lips, she demanded, "Tell me what happened or I'll examine you myself."

Her stern expression and serious tone of voice meant he had no choice but to surrender. So, he lifted his right hand and exposed his wrist to her.

Sonia instantly could tell what had happened from the red patch on his originally pale skin. "You burned yourself?" she asked in dismay.

With a lowered head, Toby awkwardly coughed once to admit the fact.

A mystified Sonia questioned, "How did you burn yourself?"

“From the steam,” he answered, glancing back at the stove.

At that point, she was both amused and exasperated as she said, “Alright, I see you don’t know how to do anything apart from plucking vegetables. I think it’s best that you leave the kitchen then. I’m afraid the more you help me, the busier I will be and the more you’ll be injured.”

Toby lowered his head in shame. “My apologies...”

He never thought he would be so useless that he would be unable to help even with the menial chores in the kitchen.

Upon reading his expression, she could understand that he felt downcast.

After all, he had leaped at the chance to help her, only to cause more trouble for her than lightening her load. It was natural that he would feel upset, as if he had disappointed her.

However, in truth, Sonia didn’t feel disappointed.

It was excusable for Toby not to know these things.

Moreover, she was already comforted by the thought that he had taken the initiative to help out.

“Don’t overthink it. I believe that you won’t be like this once your arm has fully healed,” Sonia assured as she patted his arm in comfort.

As Toby glanced down at his arm, his heart filled with hope once again.

Yes, it wasn’t that he couldn’t do anything well; it was just that his arm hadn’t fully healed yet.

Moreover, he could learn to do the things that he didn’t know how to do.

There was no doubt that he would be able to help her with some things in the future.

At the same time, he discovered that working with her in the kitchen or elsewhere made him elated. It was something he loved doing and he found it extremely satisfying.

“Come with me to treat your burn,” Sonia spoke again.

Since she had suffered quite a few burns herself when she first started learning how to cook, she was well aware of what it felt like.

There was no doubt that Toby’s wrist prickled with pain at the moment.

He sheepishly followed her out of the kitchen.

After asking him on the couch, Sonia went back to her room and pulled out a family first-aid kit.

As she carried it back into the living room, she placed it on the coffee table before bending down to open the kit and searching through it for the medications she needed.

“Show me your wrist,” she instructed him as she opened the pack of cotton swabs.

Toby obediently did as instructed and extended his forearm to expose his wrist.

First, Sonia dabbed the cotton swab in rubbing alcohol and applied it on his burn wound to disinfect it.

Then, she pulled out a bottle of cold spray and squirted some on his injury.

The moment the cold spray touched Toby’s skin, the pain on his wrist dissipated and it was replaced with a comfortable, icy feeling. Then, his furrowed brows relaxed in relief.

Upon seeing that, Sonia chuckled before tearing a burn dressing from its packaging and applying it on the wound. "Don't get it wet and you'll have to leave the dressing on for a few hours. Your burn wound will be gone by tomorrow morning."

While withdrawing his hand to look at the treated injury with a tender expression, Toby nodded. "I understand."

"You can sit here and watch some TV then. I'll go and finish making dinner. We'll be able to eat soon." She closed the first-aid kit and stood up.

By now, it was past 9:00PM and she couldn't afford to delay any more.

If she did, it would be extremely late by the time they were to eat.

Knowing that it was best that he did not help in the kitchen for the fear of causing her even more trouble, Toby remained on the couch after she spoke and responded, "Go on, then. I'll wait for you."

After acknowledging his reply, Sonia went back into the kitchen.

Soon, the sound of vegetables being sauteed could be heard coming from the kitchen.

Making use of this opportunity, he pulled out his cell phone and called Tom.

Tom hadn't rested for the night at the moment and he was instead working late in his own study.

He was extremely busy because the Fuller Group was delving into new territories lately.

Technically speaking, as both the company president and the chairman of the board, Toby should have been the busiest one. After all, many things required his approval as the decision maker during the course of breaking into a new field.

Yet, the complete opposite was true—Toby was now the least busy person in the entire Fuller Group.

In his attempt to accompany Sonia, he had pushed many of his responsibilities onto his subordinates, with Tom being the most hapless one.

That was why Tom was still busy at work at this moment.

When Tom heard his cell phone ringing, he combed his hair with his fingers before putting down his pen to grab his phone to look at the caller ID. Ah, it is my exploitative boss!

It meant bad news for Toby to call at this time!

After swearing internally at Toby, Tom finally answered the phone with a polite smile. “Good evening, President Fuller.”

“Find me a chef tomorrow,” Toby instructed.

A confused Tom asked, “A chef? Are you intending to replace the chef at the Fuller Residence?”

“No, I need you to find me a personal chef so that I can learn from him,” Toby clarified.

After nearly choking to death on his own saliva, Tom spluttered, “T-To what? Cook?”

“Yes.”

As the corners of his mouth twitched, Tom continued, “Why would you think of learning that out of the blue?”

“That’s not something you should be asking. Just do as I say. Once you have found the chef, ask him to go to my office at noon every day to teach me,” Toby instructed sternly.

That was the only free time he would have to learn such a thing.

Every other hour of his day had to be spent working or keeping Sonia company.

However, he was good at learning and two hours around noon each day was enough for him. He truly believed that it wouldn’t take too long before he became a talented man who was not just skilled at work but in the kitchen as well.

By that time, Sonia would surely be pleasantly surprised to have him prepare a full meal for her.

The thought filled Toby’s heart with anticipation.

Of course, when he heard Toby bidding him to stay out of it, Tom could only roll his eyes in speechlessness.

Did Toby think that Tom still didn’t understand who he was by now?

There was only one person for whom Toby would suddenly wish to learn to cook for.

Nobody apart from Sonia had the ability to make him learn something so unimportant.