

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 622

Although he understood the crux of the matter, Tom didn't play his hand. He instead pushed his glasses up his nose as he replied, "Understood, President Fuller. I'll have it arranged."

With a grunt of acknowledgement, Toby hung up.

Sonia had dinner ready soon enough. Therefore, he stood up and walked into the kitchen to help her carry the dishes. Although he wasn't good at anything else, he still managed to set the food on the table. At least the plates weren't as slippery as the bowl.

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Due to the lack of ingredients, Sonia only made three different types of vegetable dishes and a soup. Although the meal seemed simple, Toby had no intention of disliking it. If anything, he liked it more than the exquisite dishes he usually ate that were made by Michelin-starred chefs. That was because he could feel her affection for him through the home cooked food in front of him.

On the opposite side of the table was Sonia, who saw him staring at the dishes and making no move to take his cutlery. Suspecting that he thought that her dishes were too plain, she said with some embarrassment, "Um, tonight's food is quite simple, but you—"

"No!" Toby shook his head slightly. "The food tonight looks delicious."

"You don't think it's too vegetarian?" she asked while regarding him.

Toby gave a small smile as he answered, "Of course not. It's better to eat light late in the evening, anyway. Besides, as I have said before, I like whatever you make. Now, dig in." With that, he began to ladle some food for himself.

Upon seeing him moving, Sonia finally relaxed. At first, when she thought that he had disliked the dishes that she prepared, she was about to ask him to make do. Now that he seemed fine with them, she felt better.

“I’ll make you something better next time.” Sonia picked up her utensils and prepared to start eating.

When Toby heard her words, his eyes brightened. “When will the next time be? Can it be tomorrow evening?” He would have a reason to stay through this method.

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Not knowing what Toby was thinking and only seeing how hopeful he was, Sonia opened her mouth and found that she couldn’t say no to him. Thus, she finally nodded. “Sure.”

As Toby was satisfied with her reply, the corners of his lips curled upward into a faint smile.

After dinner, Sonia took the tableware and tossed them into the dishwasher for the machine to wash them. Then, she got ready to take a shower.

When she was about to leave the kitchen after loading the dishwasher, he stopped her. “Where should I sleep, Sonia?”

As she eyed the pajamas on him and noting the late hour, she dismissed the idea of chasing him out of the apartment and only pinched the bridge of her nose before saying, “The couch, as usual.”

Instantly, the light in Toby’s eyes dimmed. When Sonia saw that, her mouth twitched. “You’re not thinking of sleeping in my room, are you?”

Her place was a small two-room apartment. One of the rooms was her bedroom and the other was a guest room that she had converted into a study and thus could not house any humans. For him to be

disappointed about sleeping on the couch meant that he no doubt wanted to sleep with her in the master bedroom.

Seeing as Sonia had already guessed his objective, Toby only lifted his gaze to meet her eyes before asking in a low voice, "May I?"

"Of course not." She glared at him. She was already being gracious enough by allowing him to stay. Yet, he was still trying to finagle his way into her bedroom.

A dejected Toby looked at the floor without saying anything. His demeanor made Sonia squint at him. "Don't think I'll become softhearted just because you're acting like this."

Did he think she couldn't tell he was pretending to feel bad so he could gain her sympathy and get her to relax her stance? Never did she think he would stoop so low as to act pitiful. After all, it was an impossibility in the past. She wouldn't even have dared to consider that he had this side to him. Yet, it was truly happening in front of her right now.

Yet, Sonia was very aware at the same time that Toby was only acting like this because she was the one he was currently facing. For her, he would change how he used to behave to commit some truly astonishing actions. The particular way that he acted around her was only for her. Thus, she was moved in a certain sense.

Of course, being moved was one thing. They hadn't officially reconciled yet and she had to stick to her principles by not letting him sleep with her.

Seeing that Sonia saw through him, Toby became genuinely dejected this time. However, she only returned to her room, pulled a pillow and a blanket, and carried them to the couch. "Alright, I'm going to take a shower. You can make your own bed, right?"

He hummed in agreement.

After Sonia nodded, she continued, "In that case, please go ahead. I'm going to shower now."

“Okay.” Toby inclined his head.

As she carried her pajamas, she headed into the bathroom. Meanwhile, he unfolded the couch into a bed and began to spread the sheets. As he did so, he eyed Sonia’s bedroom with a strange light glinting in his eyes.

It didn’t matter that she refused to let him inside. He could do just what he had done previously and sneak in after she had fallen asleep. A single shut door wouldn’t stop him. At that thought, he became much quicker at setting up the bed.

Just as he finished making the bed, a cell phone suddenly started ringing behind him. When Toby turned to look, he discovered that Sonia’s phone was vibrating on top of the coffee table. At this point, he couldn’t help frowning. Who was calling her so late at night?

An irate Toby then reached down to grab her phone. His furrowed brow relaxed upon reading the caller ID. It was him!

Toby had nothing to fear from this person. This person was an emotionless freak and Toby didn’t find it worrisome for Sonia to be friends with him. At any rate, it was a good thing that it wasn’t a love rival.

“Tim’s calling,” Toby shouted toward the bathroom.

When Sonia heard that, she answered, “Help me to answer the call. It must be about Jessica.”

“Okay,” he replied joyfully. For her to allow him to answer the call on her behalf meant not only that she trusted him but that she was announcing his identity to the outside world. It made him elated indeed.

And so, he put the phone to his ear and answered, “Yes?”

At the other end of the line, Tim paused for a moment when he heard a man’s voice instead of Sonia’s. Then, he moved his phone to the front to ensure that he hadn’t dialed the wrong number. Yet, upon doing so, he found that he had indeed called the right number. As he returned the phone back to his ear, he asked, “Who are you?”

"It's me." Toby pursed his lips unhappily.

Tim recognized Toby's voice this time and made such an astonished expression that his glasses nearly slipped off his nose. "Toby? What are you doing there?"

"Why can't I be here?" Toby countered with a smirk, not bothering to hide the smugness in his voice.

While raising his eyebrow, Tim pointed out, "It's so late now. You must be at Sonia's place if you're answering my call on her phone."

"That's right." The smugness in Toby's voice became even more evident.

As he pushed his glasses back up his nose, Tim guessed boldly, "Have you gotten back together with Sonia?"

"Not yet, but it'll happen soon," Toby answered bluntly without lying. After all, he and Sonia were indeed reuniting soon and he naturally saw no need to lie about such a thing.

With a huff, Tim asked, "Should I congratulate you for her forgiveness then?"

"I don't mind. You can tell me that now," Toby answered lazily, crossing his legs.

Rolling his eyes, Tim answered, "I'm joking. Do you think I'd really do that? Now, where's Sonia? Give the phone to her. I have something to discuss with her."

"She's busy right now and asked me to answer the phone on her behalf. You can just tell me whatever you need to talk to her about. I'll pass the message along to her," Toby told him lightly, picking up the mug of tea on the coffee table to take a sip.