

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 660

Upon hearing Tom's voice from down the hallway, Sonia immediately walked out of the bedroom and headed in the direction of the study.

She came to a stop at the doorway, and Tom gestured into the study as he said grimly, "President Fuller is in there, Miss Reed."

Sonia muttered something in acknowledgment, then poked her head into the room, only to see Toby sitting slumped on the ground with his back against the desk. His head was lowered, hiding the expression on his face, and she couldn't tell if he was asleep or passed out.

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She pursed her lips and walked over to him warily, then saw how he looked up close.

The shirt he wore was wrinkled, and his necktie hung loosely around the collar. There were even pinkish and yellowish stains on his white shirt that became evidence of his rough night of drinking. She noted gravely how even his hair was mussed, and at that moment, he looked as miserable and unkempt as a weathered vagabond.

Sonia felt her heart twist at the sight of him. In two long strides, she came to a stop next to him and was immediately assaulted by the pungent scent of alcohol that wafted off him; it pricked her nose and brought tears to her eyes in record time.

Frowning, she resisted the urge to turn away from the overpowering scent, then crouched down to help Toby onto his feet.

As of now, his eyes were tightly shut, and his brows furrowed. He looked to have fallen into an uneasy sleep and had detached himself from the rest of the world.

Sonia patted his face lightly, calling out frantically, "Toby? Hey, wake up!" However, there was no response from him, and if she hadn't put a finger under his nose to make sure he was breathing, she would have thought he had died in his sleep.

Behind her, Tom was assessing Toby's condition. Having seen the latter's lack of response, he pointed out, "President Fuller is most likely wasted."

Sonia hummed. "Probably. It's no surprise, given the amount of alcohol he consumed. I guess it's fortunate that the wine he took wasn't too strong. Otherwise, we might have lost him!"

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She grew furious and unsettled as she thought about the bottles she had seen scattered around the living room. While she was worried about how his body was going to purge that much alcohol, she was also outraged by how he had taken all that wine without first considering his own health.

Tom sighed. "You know, President Fuller used to dabble in much stronger stuff like whiskey or Louis XIII. There was one year where he got acute alcohol poisoning and had to get his stomach pumped at the hospital to save his life. Old Mrs. Fuller confiscated his entire liquor collection after that, then forbade the cellar to deliver liquor to him ever again. President Fuller probably knew how much of a fright he gave Old Mrs. Fuller, so he never bought hard liquor again, settling instead for red wines with lower alcohol contents."

"Oh, I see," Sonia said quietly with a nod.

"But..."

Seeing how Tom suddenly grew reluctant to speak, she allowed Toby to rest his head on her shoulder, then addressed Tom, "But what?"

Tom pinched the space between his brows. "It's more likely than not that President Fuller decided to drink away his sorrows today, hoping that the alcohol would be enough to numb him. There was a time when hard liquor was all he needed to numb the pain, but toward the end, when the alcohol wasn't enough of an escape for him, he turned to self-harming to lessen his agony."

"So you're telling me that his self-harming tendencies weren't there at the beginning?" she asked, gazing down at the man in her arms.

Nodding, Tom explained, "Yes, that's right. The self-harming only started after Old Mrs. Fuller stopped him from drinking hard liquor."

"I understand now." Sonia chewed on her lip, then carefully laid Toby down on the floor. "Mr. Brown, could you please check and see if there are any wounds on him that we should tend to while I cook him some hangover soup?"

"Of course." Having replied, Tom immediately went over to inspect Toby.

Sonia tried to smooth out the tufts and spikes of Toby's mussed hair as much as she could, then straightened up. She walked out the door and headed into the kitchen, leaving Tom and Toby in the study.

Having ascertained that there were no wounds on Toby's body, Tom heaved him up from the floor and helped him over to the couch, then sighed as he looked at the unconscious man in resignation.

In truth, with Toby's high tolerance for alcohol, it would take more than a few bottles of wine to knock him out like this. And yet, here we are. I guess President Fuller just couldn't take the sadness and the grief anymore, and the wine actually caused his body to go into overdrive. Under normal circumstances, he would have harmed himself instead of lying unconscious on the floor.

A little over ten minutes had passed when Sonia returned with a bowl of hangover soup. Her eyes fell upon Toby's unmoving figure on the couch, and as she set the tray down, she asked Tom anxiously, "Well, how is he? Did he hurt himself?"

“You can rest easy, Miss Reed. President Fuller did not hurt himself, and I think it’s because he passed out before he could do anything impulsive,” Tom replied with a somber shake of his head.

Sonia sighed in relief at this. “Okay, that’s good news, isn’t it? Here, help me hoist him up so I can feed him some soup.”

“Okay,” Tom said readily. He came over and helped propped Toby up.

Taking up the bowl of hangover soup, Sonia perched on the edge of the couch and brought a spoonful of soup to her lips, thereafter blowing on it to cool it off. Then, she passed the spoon to Toby’s lips.

However, it was as if his lips had been sealed shut, for there was no way for her to prod them open with the spoon. At last, the soup spilled over the corner of his mouth, and the spoon was clean once more.

“That won’t do, Miss Reed. I don’t think you can feed him if this goes on,” Tom pointed out with a frown when he saw this.

She pursed her lips and put the spoon back into the bowl. He’s right, I can’t feed Toby like this, but I must. Toby had consumed too much wine, and if she couldn’t feed him the hangover soup to purge the alcohol from his stomach, then he would suffer more much later. At this point, there’s only one way for me to do this, but...

Sonia glanced up at Tom as a conflicted look flickered in her eyes, but it disappeared just as quickly, replaced instead by a steely gleam.

Forget it. Desperate times call for desperate matters, and I can’t be bothered with decency now that saving Toby is of utmost priority. With that in mind, she raised the bowl and tipped her head back, taking a mouthful of the soup.

Upon seeing this, Tom froze and muttered in shock, “Miss Reed, did you—”

She ignored him as she set the bowl down on the coffee table, then reached out to pull Toby toward her. Leaning forward, she dipped her head and pressed her lips to Toby's, prying them open with the tip of her tongue. Having done so, she began to feed the soup slowly into his mouth.

As Tom watched this, his jaw dropped wide open. Heavens, this might just work! He realized belatedly that Sonia had only taken the soup so she could feed Toby like this. While the process was astonishing at first, he had to admit that this remained the best option to get some hangover soup into Toby's system.

Under Tom's watchful gaze, Sonia successfully siphoned the soup through Toby's lips. She lifted her head afterward, her red lips parting from Toby's as she made to repeat the process.

At the sight of her reaching for the bowl, Tom hurriedly picked it up and handed it over to her. "Here you go, Miss Reed."

She was stunned for a moment. Then, seemingly flustered, she smiled and took the bowl of soup. "Thank you."

"Don't thank me; you're doing this for President Fuller," he answered with a dismissive wave of his hand, his gaze fixed on Toby.

Sonia managed a smile, then hummed firmly in response before she tipped her head back and took another mouthful of hangover soup, then promptly leaned down to feed Toby once more. She repeated the process several times until the bowl was clean.

Placing the bowl down, Sonia let out a long, weary sigh.

Tom, on the other hand, leaped to his feet and helped Toby over to the couch once more.

While smoothing out her hair, Sonia asked, "Is there a blanket you could drape over him? We need to keep him warm while he's still unconscious. It'll take a bit of time before the hangover soup works its magic."

“Yes, I’ll go get the blanket right away,” Tom said, nodding earnestly before leaving the study and making his way into Toby’s walk-in wardrobe.

It didn’t take long for him to return with the blanket, which he handed over to Sonia promptly.