

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 664**

It was when Toby saw the serious and steely look in Sonia's eyes that he realized he had no choice but to take the water.

He brought his hand up to rub his temple tiredly, and after exerting quite a bit of strength, he managed to prop himself up on the couch. He took the glass, and under Sonia's watchful gaze, he gulped the water down without complaint.

Satisfied, she retracted her gaze, and no longer stared at him like he was a criminal.

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When he finished the water, he set the glass aside and shook his head slowly, feeling as if it had been stuffed full of cotton.

At the sight of this, Sonia pressed, "Headache?"

He hummed wearily in response.

She pursed her lips into a thin line of displeasure. "Well, serve you right for downing all that alcohol with such little concern for your own life."

Knowing that he was in the wrong this time, Toby lowered his head guiltily and stayed mute.

Sonia couldn't bring herself to stay mad at him when she saw how worn-out and upset he looked. Her expression softened as she muttered, "Forget it. What matters is that you don't try to reenact this

incident. You nearly scared me to death, and I don't think my heart can take another shock like this; I certainly don't want to have all my senses on alert this time each year."

Toby stared at her with despair in his eyes. "I'm sorry..."

"You don't have to apologize; no one could blame you for what happened," she said gently. "I understand why you would resort to such coping mechanisms in light of the situation, but I do hope you'd sort through these feelings before you spiral even further. Don't forget what I said earlier about you not being the cause of your mom's suicide. There's no need for you to invalidate yourself, because if you do, then who else could give you the affirmation you need?"

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Toby's eyes glistened like he was pondering her words.

She brought her hand up to his forehead and explained when she saw the confusion in his eyes, "Don't worry, I'm just checking to see if you're running a fever. You barely slept a wink last night, and coupled with the inordinate amount of wine you drank in this unheated space, I'm worried that you might have caught a cold or something. But judging by the look of things, you don't seem to be having a cold at all."

She put her hand down, then asked, "Maybe you'd like to get a bit of shut-eye?"

He was exhausted and completely drained of energy, not to mention his head felt like lead. He didn't think he could even put his feet on the ground. He wanted to sleep, but he was worried that if he did, she would leave. The thought of that made him shake his head and tell a harmless lie. "No, I'm not tired."

"As if," Sonia pointed out sardonically, rolling her eyes at his obvious fatigue.

Toby parted his lips to argue, but before he could say anything, his stomach beat him to it by giving a loud grumble.

He looked down at his own stomach and blinked, seemingly bewildered, as he asked, "It just made a noise."

She nearly laughed at this. "Yeah, and that noise indicates that you're hungry." It was nearly noon, and aside from his hardcore drinking last night, he didn't have much else to eat. Even Sonia was beginning to feel hungry, so she could only imagine the hollowness he felt in his stomach.

"Hungry?" he repeated slowly, like he had never heard of the word, and his confusion showed in his eyes.

Sonia felt her eye twitch as she assessed him and his rather stupid state. Maybe all that drink he had last night is finally getting to his head and meddling with his mind, which explains why he's in such a daze, as opposed to his usual sharp-witted self. Then again, she had to admit that there was something endearing about him when he behaved like this, which was a rare sight indeed.

She never once thought that Toby, on the edge of being completely hungover but still riding out the effects of his alcohol consumption, would be quite so interesting before sobriety caught up with him.

With an exasperated shake of her head, she put out her hands and pressed his shoulders so that she could ease him into a reclining position on the couch. "Okay, just be good and lie down here while I go into the kitchen to rustle up some food for you, that is if you even have ingredients in the fridge."

He had only had alcohol to drink last night with no other sustenance; it was a wonder that his stomach could still grumble at all.

Toby obediently lay back down on the couch, blinking at Sonia wearily and mutely, still in some kind of a stupor.

She took her hands off his shoulders and rearranged the scarf around his neck, then tucked him under the blanket before getting up to go into the kitchen.

However, she had only just taken a step when the man on the couch grabbed her by the wrist. She stopped in her tracks and turned to look at Toby curiously. "What is it?"

“Are you going to leave?” he asked, staring up at her instead of answering her question.

She tipped her head to one side, a little baffled. “Where would I be going?”

“Away,” was all he replied.

Amusement colored her features. “I never said I was going away.”

“You didn’t, but you’re leaving now, aren’t you?” he asked hoarsely. He pressed his lips into a fine line, and she could hear the disappointment clear in his tone; he wasn’t even trying to hide his dejection, and he sounded like he was about to be abandoned.

Seeing this, Sonia patted the back of his hand and explained patiently, “No, I’m not going away. I’m just going to make you something to eat.”

“I don’t believe you.” Now his lips looked thin and grim as he added accusingly, “You’re lying to me. You’re going to leave as soon as you step out that door, just like my mom; one day, she promised to bring me out for a meal, and the next, she was gone.”

Stunned by this, Sonia took a second to recover. With a sigh, she elaborated solemnly, “I’m not lying to you, and I promise I won’t leave. I’m just going into the kitchen to make you some food, and I’ll be back before you know it. Don’t worry; I’ve always kept my promises. Would you like me to swear or take an oath before you?” She put up a hand and made to swear with utmost seriousness. “I’m going into the kitchen, and I will be back here as soon as I’m done. If I don’t keep my word, then I shall stay and take care of you every day for the next foreseeable period. How about that?”

Toby’s eyes widened, then he blinked as he asked, “Really?”

“Really!” She gave him a firm, reassuring nod.

He stared at her as if to figure out if she could be trusted. After what felt like a long moment of debate with himself, he slowly released her wrist and kept his gaze on her as he said, “Fine, then you may go. But you have to come back soon because I’ll be here waiting for you.”

“Yes, I’ll be back in a flash,” Sonia promised with a grave nod.

She was beginning to understand that under the influence of alcohol, his mind had regressed to the state it had been in when he was around ten years old, which was about the same time when his mother had taken her own life.

So his coping mechanism is to literally transform into his ten-year-old self after getting wasted, but what’s most surprising is that a ten-year-old Toby is actually pretty adorable.

With superhuman self-control, she kept herself from reaching out to pinch the man’s cheeks. Dismissing the impulse, she turned away from the couch and left the study under his wary gaze.

Presently, she headed into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. She had expected to be greeted by empty shelves and compartments, given that Toby had never stepped foot into any kitchen, much less cooked, but she was astonished to see that the fridge was fully stocked. In fact, most of the ingredients looked fresh.

A little stunned by the revelation, she couldn’t help casting a brief glance in the direction of the study. No way, she thought, blinking. Does he actually know how to cook?

She took out a packet of vegetables and looked it over in wonder, unable to imagine Toby cooking. After all, he was completely hapless in the kitchen when he had dropped by Bayside Residence the other day, and he had no idea how to operate a kitchen.

Besides, he was the head of the Fuller Family and the president of Fuller Group. With all those responsibilities weighing down on him and filling up his schedule, it wasn’t as if he had the luxury of picking up culinary skills on the side.

Without dwelling further on this, Sonia put the packet of vegetables into the sink and rummaged through the other ingredients until she came upon chicken breast slices. Inspiration dawned upon her, and she decided to cook a chicken chowder with a green salad on the side.

Toby had had too much to drink, and everything else in the fridge didn't seem to make for hearty hangover-cure recipes. She figured that a well-seasoned bowl of chowder was just what he needed, not to mention it would be easy on his stomach.

She spent about half an hour in the kitchen just rustling up the meal. When she was done, she ladled the chowder into two separate bowls and placed them onto a tray, thereafter proceeding toward the study.

I wonder if he's asleep now. The door to the study was left ajar, for she hadn't closed it all the way just now. Without having to reach for the doorknob, she made her way through with ease.

She quietly walked over to the couch. She assumed that Toby had drifted off into sleep, but much to her surprise, he was wide awake, and his eyes were fixed on the ceiling as if he was in a trance.

She bent over and set the tray down.

Upon hearing the sound of her movements, Toby blinked out of his reverie and finally returned to his senses. He turned his gaze away from the ceiling and focused on the woman next to him, then looked delighted as he exclaimed, "You came back!"