

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 670

Besides, Sonia herself also had things hidden from him. Hearing Sonia's words, Tom suddenly breathed a huge sigh of relief. "Thank you, Miss Reed, for understanding."

"It's nothing." Sonia shook her head. "You just watch Grandma over there and call me immediately if anything happens. If Toby wakes up, I will also directly convey to him what happened to Grandma. Tonight, I will not go back." She was going to stay and keep Toby company. After all, there were still more than ten hours until sunrise. It was impossible for Toby to sleep through the next day, so what if he did something stupid again after she left?

"Okay, I will. I'll trouble you to take care of President Fuller then, Miss Reed." Tom nodded in response.

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Sonia waved her hand, saying, "It's nothing. It's only right I take care of him, since I had promised Grandma to be by his side."

"Okay, then. Miss Reed, I'll hang up now." Tom saw Mary was moving something in the ward and wanted to go over to help.

But Sonia suddenly called out to him, "Wait a minute, Tom."

Tom stopped. "Is there anything else?"

"I want you to help me find a psychiatrist. Toby has a big change in temperament on this date every year because there is something wrong with his psyche. So, he must receive psychological treatment; otherwise, it will be like this again every year in the future, which is not a good thing for him." Sonia spoke with the utmost seriousness.

She did not tell Tom that Toby's real issue was because he felt that his birth was what prevented his mother from leaving the Fuller Family and pursuing her own happiness, leading to her final desperate suicide. He believed that his existence killed his mother and that he himself was the murderer. As for Tom and his grandmother, they thought that Toby's trauma was witnessing the scene of his mother's suicide.

Since, for over ten years, Toby had not told anyone that his real issue was not what Tom, his grandmother, and the others thought, then naturally, Sonia would not tell others for him. In her opinion, these things were better for him to tell others himself. After all, when the day came that he could tell others himself, it meant that he had finally let the past go.

"Miss Reed, I know what you mean. I am also aware that this is a psychological trauma that President Fuller is suffering, which would be terrible to be left unresolved. However, it is not that I have not found a psychiatrist for President Fuller. I, and Old Mrs. Fuller, have looked for psychiatrists for President Fuller, but he had refused all of them. President Fuller is not willing to accept psychological counseling." Tom smiled bitterly.

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Sonia was not the least bit surprised by Tom's answer and expected it. If Toby had accepted psychological counseling long ago, he might have already let go of the past, and it would not last until now. Therefore, it was obvious that he had never received counseling.

"It's okay. Just contact one on behalf of me. I will make Toby obediently go see a psychiatrist." Sonia pursed her thin lips.

Tom's eyes widened in surprise. "Miss Reed, what method do you have to make President Fuller behave?"

"Break up," Sonia lightly opened her red lips and intoned.

Tom immediately sucked in a breath. "This method is indeed excellent, Miss Reed. You're really something to hit the nail on the head."

President Fuller loves Miss Reed so much and finally impresses her after much begging in order to make her get back together with him. During this time, he has been arrogant and looks at me with a condescending look. Yes, a condescending look because I'm single. Before this, I thought that I was wrong, but after several times, I'm sure that I'm right. He has indeed been looking at me full of contempt for being thirty and unattached.

Of course, Tom was naturally very angry in his heart. After all, what was wrong with being single?

I'm not like President Fuller, who goes and loses a good wife and then chases her back later. What right does he have to be contemptuous of me?

Although Tom was angry in his heart, on the surface, he dared not show his emotions the slightest and pretended not to see them. Therefore, he knew very well that Toby, who liked to show off that he was taken, would care very much about the matter with Sonia.

Once Sonia threatened to break up and not get back together, Toby certainly would not be able to accept it. Thus, he would definitely behave and see a psychiatrist. Thinking of this, Tom could not help but gloat and laugh.

It'd be such a rare scene to behold! Miss Reed threatens to break up because President Fuller refuses to see a psychiatrist!

At the other end of the phone, Sonia was embarrassed while listening to Tom complimenting her. "There's no choice. In order to make him accept mental help, I'll have to use whatever I have up my sleeves. Otherwise, it would be too troublesome."

"That's right."

Tom nodded, then seriously continued, "Okay, I will contact a good psychiatrist, then notify you. You can then help persuade President Fuller to accept treatment."

“Mm.” Sonia agreed. After that, she spoke to Tom some more and hung up the phone. Originally, she intended to directly ask Tim to treat Toby. But then she thought about it and realized that Tim’s main profession was a surgeon, and he was so busy all day that he might not have much time to treat Toby. So, in the end, she settled for the second-best and let Tom arrange it in the end.

Let’s hope everything goes well.

Sonia put down her phone and stood up, ready to go to the kitchen to make some soup for Toby to drink when he woke up and sent some to the hospital for Rose. When she came to the kitchen, she opened the refrigerator and found fresh chicken in the fridge. Hence, she decided to make chicken soup. She prepared the chicken and put the unwanted parts into a bowl, ready to throw it away.

However, when she opened the food waste bin and saw the dark, unpleasant-smelling pile of ingredients inside, she realized that all that was a bunch of wasted ingredients. At that, she suddenly fell into deep thought. These ingredients were probably not thrown away by a professional chef, right?

If so, then this chef would die of shame from wasting ingredients. Thus, this must be done by a newbie just learning to cook because that was also what she did back then. As such, it was self-evident who actually threw these things out.

After dumping the unwanted things in the bowl into the trash, Sonia looked up at the kitchen door, as if she could see the drunken man sleeping in the other room through the kitchen door.

He must have done it! Just what was he doing, spoiling the ingredients for nothing? He couldn’t be learning how to cook, could he?

Thinking of this possibility, Sonia couldn’t help but raise her eyebrows, then felt that it was a preposterous thought. It was only possible that Toby just had a whim and wanted to try his hand at cooking and wasn’t really trying to learn it properly.

Without much thought, Sonia washed the bowl, lifted the garbage bag, and went out to take out the garbage. She had just opened the door when she was shocked at the sight of someone outside. The person was sitting in a wheelchair, wearing a very long black down jacket that almost covered the ankles.

As the whole body was wrapped tightly by the jacket and a hood that covered the head, it was hard to see if it was a man or a woman. Since the person appeared so mysteriously, Sonia jumped in fright. In any case, the person did not look like they had good intentions.

Narrowing her eyes, Sonia put her hand on the police alarm and stared at the person, asking cautiously, "Hello? Is there anything you need?"