

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 677**

“That’s right. It was the only way I could give you the Ocean’s Heart without anyone getting the wrong idea about it,” Toby explained slowly as he tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear. “And it just so happened that you were stepping up to take over Paradigm Co.. I knew you needed a lot of resources to rebuild the company and I had hoped that you would sell the Ocean’s Heart to raise the funds to save Paradigm Co., but you never did.”

“I couldn’t just sell something as precious as that. Who knows what others might think of me if I had done so? I would much rather donate it for charity. At least that would sound better on paper,” Sonia answered as she absentmindedly played with his hand.

He froze when he heard this. “You donated the Ocean’s Heart?”

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She nodded, a little embarrassed to be confronted about this. “Yeah, I got Charles to arrange for the donation, but he never went through with it. He kept the necklace instead, which was why I could return it to you the other day. If the donation had gone through as planned, I... I would never have been able to give it back to you.”

As such, she was grateful that Charles had never donated the necklace as per her request; otherwise, both the ring and the Ocean’s Heart would have been lost forever.

Upon hearing this, Toby pressed his lips in displeasure. “I gave you that necklace so that you could sell it off and get the funds you needed to pull through tough times. How could you have decided to donate it?”

“I’m sorry,” Sonia apologized. She knew she had been wrong to make arrangements for the donation and she felt increasingly apologetic now as she tugged on Toby’s hand, saying coquettishly, “We were so

at odds with one another back then and I thought I had no choice, but things turned out okay anyway, right? The Ocean's Heart is still with you."

"My mom's already worn it, though, so I can't possibly give it back to you." His hand grazed her bare neck as he murmured, "I'll give you something else in the future and this time, don't you even dare to think about donating it."

"Okay," she promised solemnly with a nod. "I won't."

"Good." While he was satisfied with her answer, his hand lingered on her neck and he didn't look like he was going to withdraw it anytime soon as he caressed her bare skin in an almost absentminded manner.

He loved how warm her neck was and how her soft, supple skin felt beneath his fingers. He couldn't stop running his hand along the curve of her collarbone.

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Staring at Sonia's neck, Toby couldn't help but think how good it might feel to kiss it, seeing as to how touching it was already making him restless.

At the thought of this, his gaze darkened as it zoned in on her neck and his head slowly inched forward. His actions made him look like a predator about to pounce.

Sonia, on the other hand, felt his warm breath stirring the sensitive skin of her nape. She looked up at that precise moment to see the man's chiseled face looming close to hers and the both of them were only separated by mere inches.

When she registered the lust and hunger in his eyes, she panicked and quickly brought her hand up, thereafter blocking his face as she said, "Don't even think about it, Toby."

He shuddered and snapped out of his reverie.

When Toby realized that he was peering through her fingers, which were spread over his features, a pitiful look surfaced on his handsome face. "Sonia, I—"

"No," she interrupted, already knowing what he was going to say and do. Blushing furiously, she averted her gaze as she enunciated, "Not right now."

"Then, when? We've already made up, haven't we?" he argued, not willing to back down without a fight. Anyone could tell how much he wanted to claim her as his own. Previously, he had been suppressing his desires at bay out of respect for her, seeing as they weren't official until recently. However, now that they were a couple again, he figured that there were a couple of bedroom things that they most definitely should explore.

Presently, she let out a dry cough and turned away from him while muttering hesitantly, "Not for the time being, okay? I... I'm on my period."

Sonia wasn't lying; she really was on her period. More importantly, she hadn't mentally prepared herself for such intimate acts just yet, and she couldn't very well go all the way with him if she didn't have the time and space to give herself a pep talk.

Disappointment flashed in Toby's eyes when he heard her reason, but it disappeared just as quickly as he said placidly, "Fine, we'll revisit this conversation when your period is over."

He had been patient and understanding for so long that a few more days of waiting couldn't hurt him.

Sonia did not respond to this because she couldn't be sure that she would be mentally prepared for bedroom endeavors even after her period had ended. She didn't want to make promises she couldn't keep; if she wasn't ready by then, it would be another disappointment for him, so she decided to say nothing at all.

"Let's just get on with dinner," she said, changing the subject.

He nodded and pulled her to sit down by the table before they carried on with their meal.

After that, Sonia cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher in the kitchen. Throughout the entire process, Toby followed her like a shadow, going wherever she did.

At first, she found it amusing, but she was slowly and dangerously getting irritated by it. She wasn't so much annoyed by the person as she was by his constant obstruction; she would fumble just to dodge him when he got in her way.

She had only just placed her clothes out on the line when she turned and, much to her exasperation, saw Toby looming over her like an overly-attached mastiff. "Toby, why in the world are you following me around?"

"Just because," he answered with a grin.

The corner of Sonia's lips twitched as she retorted, "What's that supposed to mean? Don't you have better things to do?"

"Of course I do," he replied nonchalantly as he nodded since he still had plenty of documents to peruse.

She massaged her temples wearily. "In that case, why don't you go and get those things done while leaving me alone?"

"But if I do, will you stay?" he asked curiously, his gaze burning into hers.

Raising a brow, she countered, "So, you're following me around because you don't want me to leave?"

When his silence translated into confirmation, she sputtered. "Toby, in case you haven't noticed, I'm currently doing my laundry because I have nothing to wear. Do you think I could leave without a spare change of clothes? What am I supposed to do? Walk out in these?"

Sonia looked down at the pajamas she was wearing, which had been altered to fit her for the night. While there was an athleisure edge to them, they couldn't possibly be passed off as actual athleisure wear.

If she were to wear them out, someone was bound to realize that she was wearing pajamas—men's pajamas, no less—and she would become the laughing stock. She might even find pictures of her circulating on the Internet tomorrow morning. All things considered, she thought it was pointless for her to take the risk, not while it meant inevitable ridicule.

Having heard what she said, Toby was elated.

He had been worried that she would insist on leaving after a while. After all, she wasn't as shameless as he was, and if he were over at her place, he would have tried to find a way to stay the night. Conversely, there was a high chance of Sonia leaving his place even though she already had dinner here, which was why he had followed her all this time while hoping he could pester her into staying.

Alas, she never thought about leaving at all.

At that moment, Toby brightened up instantly and he wanted to pat himself on the back for having pulled her into the bathtub. There was no finer drunken accomplishment than that, he thought proudly, and if that never happened, she would have gone home by now.

"I'll go and turn down the bed for you," he offered excitedly as he turned to hurry into the bedroom.

Sonia stared after him, nearly reaching out to stop him to ask whether he knew how to go about turning down the bed at all.

However, when she saw how eager and anxious he was, she decided to let him figure it out on his own. Nah, I'll just leave him be, seeing as he's so excited to do this for me. Besides, I can always turn down the bed later if he messes it up.

With that in mind, she brought the laundry hamper into the bathroom.

She had only just exited the bathroom when she heard her phone ringing in the living room. As she paced over, she picked up the phone to see that it was a call from Tim.

The frowning Sonia wondered why he was calling her at this hour.

Not pausing to think, she swiped toward the green icon to answer the call. "Dr. Lancaster," she greeted as she pressed the phone to her ear.

Tim's voice filled the other line as he said, "Sonia, Jessica's been wailing to get out of the hospital."

"What? She wants to leave?" She asked as her eyes narrowed.

He adjusted his glasses, seemingly unfazed as he elaborated, "Yes, and she's still hysterical now. She even destroyed a few of my equipment in the hospital room. If it weren't for the fact that you still have some use for her, I would have drawn out half of the blood in her body or taken one of her kidneys as compensation for the damage she has caused."

As far as he was concerned, Jessica was an insignificant small fry whom he could dispose of at any given moment, and he certainly had no qualms drawing out her blood or taking her kidney.