

## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

### Chapter 451 The Lifespan of the Heart

"And exactly what are we proceeding with here?" Asher raked his fingers through his hair, frustration bubbling up in him as he snapped, "Spread the memo and have everyone place this on hold for now. The last thing we need is for her to find out about this."

"Yes, sir," the assistant responded with a nod before he respectfully retreated out of the room.

Now that he was alone in the office once again, Asher shoved everything off his desk in a fit of rage, his face and neck turning crimson as his blood boiled.

He had initially planned on using Charles as a scapegoat by luring Charles into making a critical mistake in Paradigm Co. during Sonia's absence. That way, he would finally have an excuse to force Sonia into surrendering her authority over the company.

After all, Charles' supervisory role in Paradigm Co. was only good on paper; it would be more accurate to say that he was an outsourced assistant.

For her to delegate control over the company to an outsourced assistant like him would definitely get on the nerves of the board of directors, who were constantly wary of his presence and so-called management.

With the existing animosity toward Charles, it would only take a slight mistake on his part for the company to turn against Sonia for her apparent lack of judgment. If that came to pass, Asher could easily demand to have her share of control over the company.

However, just as Asher was about to set the plan into motion, Sonia's abrupt return stymied it.

Now that she was back, Charles would no longer have a reason to stay in Paradigm Co. as her substitute, thereby rendering Asher's plan completely redundant!

As things were, Asher would have to wait for the next suitable moment to come around before he could plan on taking down Sonia.

Meanwhile, Sonia was back in her office, completely unaware of his antics and how her return had hampered his schemes. She yanked her swivel chair out and took a seat before she placed her purse on the desk.

Daphne, on the other hand, was standing across the room with a folder in her arms as she greeted pleasantly, "Welcome back, President Reed."

"Thank you," Sonia replied with a quick smile as she opened her laptop.

"Oh, by the way, President Reed, Miss Harper from the finance department has tendered her resignation this morning," Daphne informed dutifully while she produced the letter from her folder and handed it over to Sonia.

Sonia took it and said, "I already know about Rebecca's resignation; she called me this morning, as a matter of fact. For the time being, I'd like you to step in to manage the finance department until further notice."

"Yes, President Reed," Daphne answered while closing the folder.

As she penned Rebecca's resignation letter with her signature as a sign of acceptance and returned it to Daphne, Sonia added, "Also, I need you to drop by human resources later and have them see whether there's anyone in the industry who is suited for the role of head of finance. If there is, ask human resources to forward the candidate's details to me."

The head of the finance department was an important position that came with heavy responsibilities. Sonia did not want to risk hiring someone inexperienced, but she couldn't promote anyone within the company either, at least not while Asher's supporters were still roaming around in the departments. She couldn't guarantee that whoever she chose to assume the duties of head of finance wouldn't be on Asher's side.

With that in mind, Sonia knew that she could only hunt among those in the industry to take over Rebecca's place. She hoped to poach someone qualified, but in the event it was impossible, she would rather cultivate one suited for the role, even if it was time-consuming to do so.

Regardless of how things could turn out, she was determined not to allow any one of Asher's supporters to become the next head of finance. As long as it concerned a position as crucial as this, it was a risky gamble.

"Very well, President Reed," Daphne agreed with a polite nod.

Sonia took one of the folders from her desk and began to sift through it. "Well, that's all for now, I suppose. You can get back to work."

"Yes, ma'am." After having said that, Daphne turned to leave the office.

Then, Sonia began to peruse the documents that had piled up on her desk. She wrapped up work earlier than usual that afternoon and asked the driver to drop her off at First Hospital.

Coincidentally, in the VIP ward of First Hospital, Toby let out a dry cough as his eyes finally fluttered open.

He felt like ages ago when he last saw light and now, the blinding lights aggressively greeted him as soon as he opened his eyes. It wasn't until after a while that he finally adjusted and became accustomed to it.

Tom was smoking outside the hospital room, but when he heard sounds from the other side of the door, he froze. Then, he snubbed out the remaining half of his cigarette and tossed it away before hurrying into the room.

"President Fuller!" He called out in surprise when he saw that the man lying on the bed was awake.

Toby turned to glance at him in acknowledgement. "Tom."

“Yes, I’m right here, President Fuller.” Tom rushed over to the bed. There was undeniable relief and happiness in his voice as he continued, “This is wonderful, President Fuller! You’re finally awake after blacking out for three, four days!”

“Three, four days?” Toby repeated with a frown, clearly bewildered that he was unconscious for so long. All he remembered was that he ran a temperature after spending the night in the cave. He felt his body temperature rising at midnight and it seemed to have worsened before he finally passed out. However, he hadn’t expected that he would remain unconscious for three or four days.

When did I become so weak? He gravely pursed his lips, obviously upset by how feeble he was. While gripping the sheets beneath him, he started to prop himself up.

At the sight of this, Tom panicked and quickly stopped the man from rising up. “Don’t move, President Fuller, or the wounds on your back will tear open. More importantly, you need to be on bed rest until your internal organs heal.”

“My internal organs?” Toby narrowed his eyes. “What’s wrong with my internal organs?”

Before Tom could answer, Tim’s voice interrupted from the doorway, “Maybe I should be the one explaining it since I’m a doctor and my words carry professional weight on this point.”

Toby and Tom looked over at him simultaneously.

Tim had shown up in such a quiet manner that neither Toby nor Tom noticed him. At the current moment, Tim was currently toying with his scalpel as he leaned against the doorframe.

As he met their curious gaze, Tim adjusted his glasses and straightened his posture. He kept his scalpel in his pocket as he walked into the room and when his gaze fell on the left side of Toby’s chest, he explained, “There were signs of blunt force trauma to your body. You sustained wounds on your back, but that’s the least of your worries, I’m afraid. We found a slight tear in your liver and spleen, but the worst of all these is your heart.”

“My heart?” Toby’s eyes widened at this and he almost instinctively placed his hand on top of his chest. “What’s wrong with my heart?”

“Your heart—”

Tim was about to answer when Tom suddenly clenched his fists and interrupted hastily, “Don’t say any further, Dr. Lancaster.”

“Why not?” Toby demanded, his face grim as he shot Tom an unhappy look.

Tom avoided his gaze and said ruefully, “I’m sorry, President Fuller, but you’re better off not knowing the details. I don’t think you can take it.”

“You think I can’t take it?” Toby’s eyes became dangerous slits as he barked icily, “What do you take me for? Am I some weakling who can’t handle the truth? Besides, this is my heart we’re talking about, so I’m well within my rights to know what has happened!”

“I didn’t mean anything by that, President Fuller. I just—”

“That’s enough! Keep quiet, Tom!” Toby ordered in a thunderous voice. After having done so, he turned his attention to Tim. “Come on, tell me what’s wrong with my heart.”

“Just remember that you’re the one who wanted an answer,” Tim pointed out with a shrug. A somber look passed over his features as he added, “Your heart is weaker than the average person, what with the heart transplant you did and all, but the blunt force trauma I mentioned earlier has caused a tear in your valve, which significantly shortens the lifespan of the heart.”

When he was done speaking, he looked at Toby and awaited some form of response.

It was astonishing that Toby remained as impassive as ever. He seemed unaffected and unsurprised by the fact that the lifespan of his heart was significantly shorter than it had started out with.

Even Tim was a little taken aback by Toby’s indifference. He’s so calm that he’s making me feel uneasy. How can he be so unfazed by this?

In truth, Toby wasn’t so much unfazed as he was mentally ready for this. As it turned out, his guess had been correct.

From the very moment Tom had interrupted Tim so brusquely when the subject of Toby’s heart was brought up, Toby suspected that there was bad news about his heart.

Following that, Toby didn’t think Tim’s explanation was all that surprising.

In fact, whatever Tim said only seemed to solidify what Toby had expected all along. His words merely made it feel like the dust had finally settled.

Toby lowered his gaze, which made his emotions indecipherable. Upon seeing this, Tom thought that the man was in shock. “President Fuller...” he called out in worry. “Are you okay?”

Something flashed in Toby’s eyes as he looked up and answered, “I’m fine.” Then, he turned to address Tim as he gestured to his own chest while asking, “How long do I have before this heart gives out?”

#### Chapter 452 Toby’s Decision

Tim had his hands in the pockets of his white coat as he commented, “According to the cardiology department, the heart will last you another three years, give or take.”

“Three years...” Toby clenched his fists in aggravation. How did my lifespan shorten by so much in such little time? It’s supposed to last as long as the average person’s heart.

“Yes, three years. So, if you want to keep on living after that, you’re going to have to search for a suitable heart within these three years for your transplant,” Tim affirmed as he signed with three fingers.

When he heard this, Tom’s eyes reddened. “How do you suggest we do that? President Fuller’s body and blood type are as rare as they are specific. It could take ages before we look for another heart that is compatible with the rest of his organs! If it’s such a walk in the park, then it wouldn’t have taken twenty-four years for him to locate a heart in the first place. So, don’t tell me that he can find the perfect donor in three years because it’s just nonsense!”

“Then, my hands are as tied as yours. If the right donor doesn’t come along in the next three years, Toby’s heart will wither out and he can do nothing else but wait for death to knock on his door,” Tim pointed out nonchalantly, putting his hands out like he was leaving all up to fate.

Upon seeing this, Tom grew incensed and demanded, “What the hell are you even saying? Aren’t you a doctor? How can you talk about a patient’s imminent death so casually?”

“And what would you rather hear me say?” Tim impassively gazed at the assistant. “I’m a doctor, not a walking organ procurement organization. No doctor can perform a miracle on him without first obtaining a compatible heart for the transplant, so whatever I said were only matters of fact.”

“You—”

“That’s enough!” Toby massaged the space between his brows and grimly said, “Back off, Tom. He’s right; no one can save me if we don’t get a compatible heart donor in the next three years. Death really is imminent.”

“I know, but I just don’t like how he put it,” Tom snapped as he glowered at Tim angrily.

Tim slid his glasses up his nose bridge as he pointed out flatly, “If you don’t like the way I have described it or if you find that I was way too brusque with my words, go and help your boss to find the perfect heart donor instead of hovering here picking arguments with me. Every day for the next three years is a day he spends fighting for his life, and for what it’s worth, that might be all the living he gets to do before his heart collapses. Maybe you guys would get lucky in the end, and the perfect heart would come along to save your boss from the brink of death. That’s all I have to say. Goodbye for now.”

With that, he turned to leave.

However, Toby called out to stop him in his tracks, “Hey, wait a minute.”

“Yes, President Fuller?” Tim halted before he could walk out the door and cast Toby a sidelong glance.

Toby pursed his lips. “You can’t let anyone know about this. If word gets out that I have a heart problem—”

Tim interrupted, “You don’t have to worry about word getting out. I’m a doctor, so it’s a given that I’ll remain reticent about your condition. Besides, it’s not as if I’m dying to spread the news. I didn’t even tell Sonia when she asked about you yesterday, right, Mr. Brown?”

Tom scoffed at this. The only reason why you didn’t say anything to Sonia was because I stopped you, he thought sourly.

“Sonia?” Toby stiffened at this. He couldn’t hide how flustered he was when he demanded, “How is she doing now?”

“Ask him.” Tim jerked his chin in Tom’s direction and added pointedly as he walked out of the room, “He knows best.”

Now Tim was gone, Toby and Tom were alone again in the hospital room.

Upon receiving a look of askance from Toby, Tom had no choice but to elaborate, "Sonia's fine. She's dandy. I mean, how could she not be after you saved her?"

As he picked up on the snide tones, Toby frowned and asked unhappily, "What, do you have something against Sonia?"

Tom had never intended to hide his displeasure toward Sonia and now that Toby had asked, he was more than ready to admit it. "Yes, I do have something against her. You've been injured way too many times because of her. I won't talk about what happened in the past, but this time, your heart will wither in three years' time because you risked your life to save hers. Am I supposed to congratulate her for surviving at your expense?"

"I'm going to let this go on account of the fact that you've been loyal to me all these years and that you're speaking up for my own good, but I swear I won't forgive you the next time you decide to badmouth Sonia in front of me." Toby eyed his assistant coldly.

Tom's eyes widened to the size of saucers as he gaped at Toby incredulously. "President Fuller?"

"Sonia has nothing to do with this incident," Toby explained somberly. "I was the one who voluntarily jumped off the cliff to save her, so your rage toward her is obviously unjustified. You usually have more sense than to blame everything on her like this."

When he heard this, Tom opened and closed his mouth like a fish. He snapped out of his daze a moment later and muttered numbly, "My apologies, President Fuller."

Toby waved his hand dismissively. "It's fine. We'll let the matter drop now and I don't want you bringing it up again or grumbling about Sonia either, am I clear?"

"Yes, sir." Tom nodded despite his reluctance, lowering his gaze.

The vein near Toby's temple throbbed to signal his weariness and he rubbed it as he asked, "Where's Sonia now?"

"She was discharged this morning. She's fine and probably at Paradigm Co. right now," Tom answered.

With a brief hum, Toby noted, "As long as she's fine. Remember, she can't learn about my heart issue, do you understand?"

He might have jumped off the cliff on his own will, but if Sonia found out about it, she would blame herself and think that she was the reason for his current predicament. She can't ever find out about this. It's for her own good.

"Don't worry, President Fuller. I never planned on telling her anyway," Tom solemnly assured. That much was true. He had no intention of telling Sonia about Toby's injuries, not because he was worried that she would blame herself, but more along the lines of worrying that Toby wouldn't be able to take the hit if she were to confront him about it.

However, now that Toby was aware of the extent of his injuries and calmly accepted his substantially shortened lifespan, it longer mattered.

On the other hand, Toby didn't know the real reason why Tom was keeping this a secret from her. He didn't actually care, as long as she remained oblivious to news of his injuries.

"You'll have to keep this from my mom, my grandma and Tyler as well. I don't want them to worry either," Toby reminded him as an afterthought as he leaned against the headboard.

Tom nodded. "I know, President Fuller. I didn't tell Old Mrs. Fuller and the others in the household, not even about how you jumped off a cliff to save Miss Reed. I didn't breathe a word to the public either; so, as far as they are concerned, you're on a business trip. If word gets out, the company and the market would take a great hit and the press would have a field day making headlines out of your cliff-jumping endeavors."

"You've done well," Toby praised.

A little tremor worked its way into Tom's voice as he promised, "I'll find the perfect heart for you, President Fuller. You'll keep on living. I swear."

The perfect heart, huh? The corner of Toby's lips curled into a half-smile as he commented, "In that case, I wish you all the best."

He sounded optimistic enough, but such words were good for offering empty solaces. Deep down, they both knew that the chances of coming across a compatible heart for a transplant were slim to none.

"How's Tyler doing in the competition?" Toby asked after the thought crossed his mind.

Tom paused for a while before replying, "The U17 Cross-Country Championships that Young Master Tyler took part in has ended and he was able to secure our country a ticket for the FIBA Basketball World Cup. The first round of preliminaries are underway as we speak."

Toby hummed in response. With a small nod of acknowledgement, he lowered his gaze in thought and said, "When the Basketball World Cup is over, pull Tyler out of the team and have him transferred to an elite prep school."

"President Fuller?" Tom looked aghast when he registered this. What does President Fuller mean by this? Is he already making arrangements for Young Master Tyler to take over his duties now that he knows he won't have much longer to live?

Toby knew why his plan would come as a shock to Tom. As he pursed his lips, he changed the subject instead of elaborating further, "Right, why don't you tell me how Sonia and I returned to Seafield?"

"I brought a rescue team with me and found the both of you in some villager's home," Tom explained sullenly. He knew that Toby was intentionally changing the subject, which only served to confirm his suspicions that Toby planned on training Tyler to be his successor.

Tom was more than understanding of this, but it didn't mean he could accept it. Doesn't President Fuller have the slightest bit of faith that he will be able to continue living? It's no easy feat to search for a heart donor, but there's still hope for a miracle, isn't there?

"A villager's home?" Toby repeated, his eyes glimmering with doubt. That doesn't make sense, he thought. We were supposed to be found in the cave.

## Chapter 453 Declan's Whereabouts

"Yes," Tom confirmed with a nod. "Using the scraps of fabric and footprints you and Miss Reed left behind, I led the rescue team on a search. We happened to run into a villager who had a doctor in tow and I went up to them, asking whether they'd seen you and Miss Reed after showing them your photos. Surprisingly, the villager informed me that the both of you were put up in her home and she was bringing the doctor to attend to your injuries."

Only the heavens knew how overwhelmed with relief Tom was when he saw the lake at the bottom of the mountain.

He knew that the trajectory of the fall from the cliff would be a straight line, based on the person's weight, unless there was a landslide or a strong gust of wind that manipulated physics.

As such, when he came across the lake, he knew for sure that Toby and Sonia were still alive. Following that, he asked the rescue team to search the surrounding area for any trails or clues that Toby and Sonia could have left behind.

Sure enough, the team eventually found the fabric from her cloth. At that point, Tom was sure that she had intentionally left behind the fabric. From there, he traced their path to the cave where he came upon Sonia and Toby's clothes, but they were gone.

It was then that he realized he was too late; Sonia and Toby had already left, so he urged the rest of the team to search the area surrounding the cave. At last, they managed to uncover footprints that led them to the missing duo.

After having heard the explanation, Toby slowly nodded in comprehension. "I see."

Tom went on to add, "When we found you, you were running a high fever. If the villager hadn't asked a doctor to attend to you in time, the fever might have..."

The fever might have caused some serious damage. Tom had left this unsaid, but Toby more or less picked up on it.

He gave Tom a withering look and drawled icily, "The villager might have found me a doctor, but Sonia was the one who saved my life. She carried me down the mountain in time before you and your team arrived; heaven knows how long that would have taken."

Upon hearing this, Tom opened his mouth and closed it again, suddenly at a loss for words. He knew Toby had a point. If Sonia hadn't found the villager in time, Tom and the rescue team would have arrived to find Toby delirious from the fever.

He distinctly remembered the villager telling him that Sonia was carrying Toby on her back when she asked for help. Toby had already passed out by then and she was so drained from carrying him that she collapsed in exhaustion.

At that moment, Tom finally understood why they had only found a single set of footprints on the mountain trails.

"I'm sorry for having spoken out of turn, President Fuller," Tom admitted sheepishly and apologetically bowed his head.



Toby waved his hand to brush this incident off. "Have you thanked the villager who helped us?"

"I have," Tom answered.

After humming in response, Toby added, "There was a driver who helped us as well and I'd like to thank him for it." With that, he recited the license plate number to Tom.

The moment that Tom took down the number, he asked, "President Fuller, how exactly did this driver help you?"

"He gave us a lead on how Sonia had been taken up the mountains and he bravely stopped Declan and his henchmen," Toby explained with a small smile.

"I see," Tom acknowledged with a nod. "I'll have someone look for him after this."

"Speaking of which, did Declan and his men get caught?" Toby pressed, his eyes narrowing into dangerous slits.

A rueful Tom shook his head and reported, "I'm sorry, President Fuller, but he escaped. The chopper that he boarded apparently had aviation clearance to fly out of Seafield, but ours took off from the helipad atop the company building at the very last minute, so we couldn't make the arrangements to fly out of Seafield. All we could do was watch Declan abscond in a plane out of the city."

One could easily drive around the country as long as it did not involve international border-crossing, but the same couldn't be said for flying. There had to be an aviation clearance for all flights into and out of a specific city or a district. If the aircraft wasn't authorized to fly out of Seafield, then the military could be deputized to shoot down the said plane.

It was something that Toby was naturally well aware of, so he did not blame Tom for failing to go after Declan. He merely pressed his lips into a grim line and asked darkly, "Does that mean we've lost track of Declan?"

"Yes," Tom replied stiffly. "I've been trying to look into his whereabouts for the past few days, though; I have dispatched our men to Westsashire and even contacted the military there, but it seems that Declan's aircraft didn't enter the Westsashire airspace. My guess is that he flew out of Seafield and headed somewhere else, but the location is still unknown for now."

"Didn't you get the Westsashire military to contact the air force from other districts and cities? Any foreign aircrafts that enter their airspace would be automatically under the military's radar," Toby pointed out, his brows knitted together.

"Of course I did," Tom countered, pushing his glasses. "Old Master Fuller was the reason why my request for the Westsashire military to contact other air force bases was approved in the first place. However, the answer that the Westmanshire military received from all the other bases was the same: Declan's aircraft was not detected within their respective airspace, which means that he is basically missing."

"Missing?" Toby scoffed. A shadow passed over his face as he snapped, "It's not as if paranormal forces are at work here. How does a chopper just go missing like that? I think it's highly possible that Declan

parachuted off the chopper the moment he flew out of Seafield, which explains why his aircraft was not detected at all.”

“If that were to be true, then the manhunt for Declan would only become all the more challenging.” Tom looked grave as he said, “Assuming that he parachuted off the chopper, he might have switched to other modes of transportation and sneaked his way abroad.”

The chances of Declan staying in the country were slim. He had pushed Sonia off a cliff, the same one in which Toby jumped from to save her. Regardless of whether Toby was dead or alive at this rate, Declan knew that the Fullers would hunt him down and make him pay for his actions. The idea of becoming the Fuller Family’s subject of torture was more than enough to dissuade him from remaining in the country; he would be as good as dead if he didn’t leave.

“Contact every airline and look into all the inbound as well as outbound flights for all international countries,” Toby ordered coldly.

Tom straightened up. “Yes, sir. I’ll get on it right away!”

With that, he turned and walked toward the door, but he had only just opened it when his gaze met Sonia’s. Her hand was in mid-air, as if she was ready to knock.

Sonia hadn’t expected the door to open before she could knock. She hurriedly lowered her hand and respectfully nodded at him while greeting, “Mr. Brown.”

He kept his eyes on her as he asked plainly, “Are you here to see President Fuller, Miss Reed?”

“Yes,” she replied stoically with a nod. She had noted the less than friendly tone in Tom’s voice and didn’t think it wise to dish out more pleasantries.

While stepping aside to let her pass through the doorway, Tom noted, “Come on in. President Fuller is already awake.”

“He is?” She gasped, her eyes widening in surprise.

“That’s right.” He nodded.

“Oh, that’s wonderful!” Sonia clasped her hands together as she exclaimed in delight.

Tom observed her expression before his lips curled in dissatisfaction. If I didn’t know better, I would think she was really in love with President Fuller. However, he did know better and as such, he brushed past her with an impassive look on his face.

She waited until he was further down the hallway before she slipped into Toby’s room. While closing the door behind her, she called out gently at the man leaning against the headboard with his eyes closed, “President Fuller.”

When he heard her voice, Toby’s eyes fluttered open. For a moment, joy flickered over his features, but it was quickly replaced by his usual indifference as he watched the approaching woman, though his voice was soft as he greeted, “You’re here.”

“Yes, I’m here to see you,” Sonia quipped, coming to a stop next to his bed.

He pointed at the chair across the room and said, "Please sit."

"Thank you." She turned to glance at the chair and pulled it over to the bedside. It was only after she sat down that she began to appraise him.

He still looked a little pale, but not quite as ghastly as when she first saw him after she regained consciousness. She would like to think that he was recovering well. At the thought of this, she asked tentatively, "So, how are you feeling now?"

Chapter 454 A Call From Leonard

Toby gazed at her steadily as he answered, "I'm feeling okay."

Even though he meant to reassure her, Sonia was regardlessly worried. "Are you sure? Do you feel lightheaded? And your arm—"

"I'm fine, really. Stop worrying," he interrupted as he insisted that he was alright.

She parted her lips, but she wasn't sure what else to say.

At that moment, he asked, "How about you? Tom told me that you collapsed after you carried me down the mountain. Were you hurt?"

"I'm alright now." She shook her head.

As she had only sprained her back, she would recover soon enough, but the same couldn't be said for him. The injuries to his head and back aside, his arm would take at least half a year to be fully recovered. All in all, he was in far worse shape than her.

"That's a relief," he noted after he was sure that she was telling the truth. With a nod, he went on to say, "Thank you for carrying me out of the cave and down the mountain. If you hadn't, then I might have turned delirious from the fever."

Sonia met his gaze solemnly and pointed out, "I should be the one thanking you instead. If you hadn't stepped in, Carl and I might not even be alive right now. I owe you one for this, not the other way round." Then, she abruptly changed the subject by asking, "By the way, what are you craving for?"

"Craving?" Toby raised a brow.

"That's right. You only landed in this sorry state because of me, so it's only right for me to stay and take care of you until you're back in good health. You can let me know everything that you're craving for and I'll whip them up in the kitchen for you as a token of my gratitude," she declared.

However, he shook his head in rejection. "No, you don't have to take care of me. I have a caretaker."

"This is different." Sonia stood up and looked at him gravely. "I can't just sit by and do nothing after you risked your life to save mine, or I'll end up feeling guilty. Let me stay and take care of you, President Fuller. Think of it as easing my conscience." After having said this, she bowed at him out of respect.

Upon seeing this, Toby frowned and reached out so he could prompt her to straighten up. His left arm was the closest to her, but unfortunately it was the same arm that he had injured. He could use his right

arm, which was the only one at his disposal for the time being, but it required him to flip to his side just to reach her.

As things were, his body could barely move, let alone allow him to flip on his side. More importantly, he had seen the stubborn glint in her eyes and he knew that with her will of steel, she would not budge unless he agreed to her terms.

Ah, whatever, I'll let her have her way, he told himself. As he pinched his brows in frustration, he asked glumly, "You really want to take care of me?"

"Yes." Sonia straightened up to look at him. "You're my responsibility now and if I just leave you on your own, that would make me a heartless monster, wouldn't it?"

Upon hearing this, Toby broke into a low chuckle. Then, resuming his somber self once more, he said patiently, "Listen to me, Sonia. Taking care of me means having to spend an insane amount of time next to me for an indefinite period and last I checked, you hate my guts. Are you really serious about this? You can back out of it now; I'm giving you the privilege because I don't want you renegeing on this decision of yours."

"I won't regret it, much less renege on it," she promised without any hesitation as she shook her head slightly to deny the possibility of her going back on her word. "Besides, I don't hate your guts, at least not anymore."

The hatred she felt toward him dissipated the moment he jumped off the cliff after her. His arm had already been badly injured, but he held onto her as tightly as he could and refused to let her go. That was enough to make her change her mind about him—respect him, even.

"I'm glad to hear this from you. The pain is worth it if it meant you've stopped hating me," Toby said half-jokingly as he gazed at her. A comfortable silence was about to set in when he suddenly said, "Sonia."

Sonia met his obsidian orbs. "What is it?"

"Can we start afresh as friends?" he asked slowly.

She frowned at this. Friends? He wants to be friends with his ex-wife? That makes for a rather awkward relationship, doesn't it? As far as she was concerned, it was impossible for a formerly married couple to remain friends after their divorce. However, looking at Toby and his wounds now, she could not bring herself to turn him down. A couple of beats later, she finally relented and nodded in agreement. "Okay."

He flashed an appreciative smile. "That's good enough for me. I won't ask more of you and I'd like it if you could stay with me as a friend for the rest of my life."

I would probably never be able to find a compatible heart for a transplant, which means I'll only have three short years to live. Someone like me can't possibly give Sonia the happiness she deserves even if I succeed in romantically pursuing her; I'd only become a burden to her in the end. With that in mind, Toby decided that a platonic relationship with Sonia was the best option he had.

When Sonia heard this, her eyes widened. What does he mean when he said he wouldn't ask more of me? Is he giving up on the idea of us being together because he's losing hope?

She lowered her gaze as she pondered on this. For some reason, she was beginning to feel unsettled, but she subconsciously brushed it off. She hardly even noticed the twinge of sadness that suddenly crept up on her because it faded the next second as she poured a glass of water for him. "A little early to be so sentimental about life, don't you think? You're only thirty and there's still plenty of life in you."

If she were to overlook the first half of his statement, the second half bore a cryptic undertone that made it sound like he was saying his last words.

Something glistened in her eyes as he took the glass of water from her. "Okay, let's just leave the conversation at that. I need to use the restroom now. Mind giving me a hand?"

"Of course." She nodded and readily helped him down from the bed.

As Toby didn't sustain any injuries to his legs, he could walk to the bathroom without any hassle, although Sonia had to help him hold up the bottle of IV fluid. As such, she stood patiently outside the door while he used the restroom and when he was done, she walked with him back to the bed whereupon she proceeded to hang the bottle on the IV stand.

She had only just dusted her hands off when her phone rang. "I have to take this," she told Toby as she pulled out the ringing device and glanced at the phone screen, only to be pleasantly surprised to see Leonard's number flashing on it.

Toby, however, frowned when he saw her visibly brighten up over the phone call. He wondered who could be calling her and why she looked so happy about it.

Not wanting to keep Leonard waiting on the other line, Sonia answered the call immediately.

"Grandpa?"

Upon hearing the way she addressed the person on the other line, Toby instantly felt the mild jealousy in him go out. Oh, it's just someone older. All is well, then.

"Sonia," Leonard greeted affably over the phone.

Almost immediately, tears sprang to her eyes as she whined childishly, "Have you finally thought of me, Grandpa? I haven't received any calls from you in the past four months and you know I have no way of reaching you if you don't ring me up on your own accord."

She knew that couldn't be helped. He was an archaeologist and that landed him in the oddest corners of the world most of the time. He was almost always exploring some abandoned site in the mountains or a historical tomb, places where cellular signal was practically unheard of. It was impossible for her to call him on a whim.

As if sensing her disgruntlement, Leonard chuckled ruefully and placated, "I'm sorry, Sonia, but you know how I'm tied up with this job of mine."

"I know. I'm not angry with you or anything. By the way, Grandpa, I have excellent news: Paradigm Co. is finally back on track!"

Leonard could not hide his surprise. "Oh? Back on track? That's a really quick comeback!"

He was no businessman, but even he understood how dire the situation in Paradigm Co. had been and he thought it was impossible for the company to recover from the setback within four months.

Sonia nodded earnestly. "It is a little quick, but I guess we had a stroke of luck."

As she said this, she shot Toby a meaningful look. Indeed, he was the stroke of luck that Paradigm Co. needed.

If it wasn't for his collaboration with Paradigm Co. or his generous act of paying off the billions in company debt, the company would still be in turmoil.

When he sensed that she was referring to him by the words 'stroke of luck', Toby raised his brow in mild surprise and he was a little taken aback.

Me? Stroke of luck? Did she actually just say I'm the stroke of luck her company needed? He thought that she would bring up Carl, Charles or even Zane, but from the expression on her face, he was clearly the one she had been referring to. As a result, he couldn't keep from smiling and instantly perked up.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the phone, Leonard chuckled in relief at the good news and commented, "I see, but you must give yourself some credit, Sonia. A stroke of luck will do little to help if you weren't capable to begin with; you wouldn't have been able to steer Paradigm Co. back on track within four months otherwise. From the looks of it, handing the company over to you was the best decision on my part. With you holding the reins, I have nothing to worry about."

#### Chapter 455 Personal Chef

Upon hearing Leonard's affirmation, Sonia felt as if her heart was settled after hearing his words and a surge of warmth coursed through her as she said, "Thank you for the compliments, Grandpa. Anyway, did you call me out of the blue because your expedition is ending?"

"Oh, it's too soon for that. A large-scale expedition like this would take at least a year and a half before we can wrap things up. We've only just managed to clear out the passageway that leads to the tomb chamber and we won't be studying the chamber until tomorrow. I called you up because I was wondering whether you could swing by the old house and mail me the archaeology journal I have in my study."

"Oh, of course. When do you need it? Should I mail it over as soon as I find it?" she asked.

Leonard's country house was, as per its namesake, out in the countryside. It would take a three-hour drive for her to get there, but if he was desperate for the journal, she could make the journey now and arrive at the house by nightfall.

"No, there's no hurry. Just have it mailed over by this week; I'll send you the address later," he replied with a chuckle.

She nodded. "Got it. In that case, I'll drive to the country house tomorrow."

Following this, Sonia and Leonard continued to exchange their recent anecdotes before each reluctantly hung up the phone. Upon ending the call, she noticed Toby staring at her and she felt inexplicably compelled to elaborate, "That was my grandfather."

"I know," Toby said with a nod. "I never heard you mention your grandfather."

She slid her phone into her bag. "My grandfather's an archaeologist who spends a better part of the year exploring historical sites in remote areas. Plus, he tends to keep a low profile, so there is nothing much I can say about him."

He hummed in response. "What did he ask you to do?"

"Mail him some journal on archaeology," she frankly answered.

At this moment, a knock came from the door.

Sonia turned to glance at the doorway, only to see a doctor whom she had never met before standing there with a nurse in tow.

"President Fuller, it's time for your check-up," the nurse reminded Toby with a compassionate look thrown his way.

Toby recognized the doctor next to her as someone from the cardiology department and something flashed in his eyes as he turned to address Sonia, "Why don't you head out first, Sonia?"

Since she never suspected him, she figured that he only wanted her to leave so that the doctor could perform the check-up. She nodded in compliance and replied, "Okay. It's getting late and I should return to get started on your dinner. What do you feel like having?"

"Mr. Fuller can only have plain, simple food for now," the doctor interjected hastily, afraid that Toby might seize the chance to order food that would hinder his recovery.

When the cardiologist interrupted, Toby shot him a dark look.

The doctor turned to look at the nurse for help as he was baffled by Toby's sudden hostility. However, instead of empathy, the nurse gave an exaggerated eye-roll, as if to say, You should learn to read the room. Can't you see how Mr. Fuller's eyes lit up when this lady asked him about dinner? You just had to go and ruin it for him by putting your foot in where it's not needed, huh. Serve you right for getting a death glare from him.

Sonia saw the unspoken exchange between the doctor and the nurse and she couldn't help but sputter as she said, "Well, whatever the doctor says goes. I'm sure your stomach will appreciate some hot chowder and a slice of mincemeat pie. I'll go easy on the salt, of course."

"Alright then. It's your call," Toby replied as he retracted his icy gaze from the cardiologist and resumed his warm demeanor with Sonia.

Frankly speaking, he was really craving for her beef bourguignon. He recalled her making it once; they had only just gotten married and it was her first time in the kitchen. She had attempted the beef bourguignon and the aroma that wafted through the kitchen was something heavenly.

Unfortunately, as he was hypnotized back then and couldn't recognize her as the one whom he loved, he never bothered sampling it, regardless of how aromatic and enticing the dish had been. The scent of it lingered in the back of his memory, reminding him of what he had missed out on.

Presently, he wanted nothing more than to taste that recipe. In fact, he desperately hoped that three years was enough time for him to try all the dishes Sonia had made for him back in the day. He could leave in peace if that dream were to come true.

Alas, that dream was pushed back before Toby could even begin to realize it, for the doctor had decided to butt in at the wrong time.

On a brighter note, Sonia was going to personally make him chowder and mincemeat pie, so Toby found solace in that. As of now, he had no choice but to patiently wait for the beef bourguignon.

"Chowder and mincemeat pie, then." Sonia nodded with an air of finality. "Alright, I'll take my leave now. I'll see you tonight."

"Okay. Have a safe trip home," Toby said, jerking his chin to casually bid goodbye.

She left and closed the door behind her.

Meanwhile, in the hospital room, it was only after he heard the door click shut that he shed his friendly facade and resumed his usual cold indifference. "You may proceed," he said in clear tones as he gazed icily at the doctor.

He began to unbutton the loose shirt on him to reveal the toned muscles of his chest.

At the sight of this, the cardiologist pulled out his stethoscope and went on to conduct a regular check-up on Toby's heart.

The nurse, on the other hand, opened the patient's record book and noted all the necessary details.

Once the check-up was done, the doctor kept his equipment away and pulled off his gloves before dutifully saying, "Mr. Fuller, your heart is doing well for now, all things considered. As time goes on, it will begin to struggle to keep up with the rest of your body, and at that point, you'll start to feel worn out and exhausted. You may also experience shortness of breath and you'll find yourself having to dial back on rigorous forms of exercise. You have to stay away from all things that might stress your body; otherwise, you could very well collapse."

"I know," a stoic Toby replied as he pulled the front of his shirt to button it up. He sounded calm, so unfazed that it was almost like his heart problem was someone else's.

After being bewildered by this, the doctor briefly wondered whether blue bloods had a higher threshold for panic.

"Why don't you be blunt with me and tell me the chances of me finding a new heart at this point?" Toby asked, eyeing the doctor steadily after he had buttoned up his shirt.

The doctor paused in thought before he responded, "I'm sorry, Mr. Fuller. I don't want to lie to you, and honestly speaking, the chances of finding the perfect heart donor are really low. Things wouldn't be so pessimistic if you had the same body and blood type as the average person, but on account of your



rather specific biological profile, it's almost impossible for you to look for a compatible heart donor. Unless, of course, we're talking about your donor being a blood relative."

After having said all this, he cast a furtive glance at Toby to see whether he had offended Toby, but just one look was all it took to make his heart leap to his throat.

At the current moment, Toby looked close to murderous. He was grimacing, which meant that he was exceptionally exasperated. His gaze was arctic as he glowered apathetically at the doctor and hissed, "Whatever you said just now, make sure you never repeat it."

In terms of compatibility, the heart from a blood relative was indeed the ideal choice for a transplant. However, the only blood relatives Toby had right now were his grandmother and Tyler and he certainly did not want them to give up their hearts for him. That would make him as savage as an animal.

"Yes, of course, I'm sorry, Mr. Fuller. I promise I'll never spout such things again," the cardiologist urgently apologized, immediately realizing that he had said something wrong.

Toby waved his hand imperiously. "You may leave."

"Yes, sir." The doctor exchanged a nervous look with the nurse before both of them respectfully left the room.

They had only just gone out when Tom returned. "President Fuller, I've given out the instructions accordingly and I'm sure we'll hear back from all the international airports on the matter of Declan's aircraft in no time," he reported as he stepped into the room with documents in hand.

Toby hummed in acknowledgement.

Tom handed the documents over and added, "These documents require your signature, President Fuller. You can browse through them when you have the time."

"Just leave them there," Toby said flatly as he pointed at the top of the headboard.

After doing what he was told to do, Tom then briefly scanned the room. A grim look came into his eyes when he saw that Toby was on his own. "President Fuller, has Miss Reed left?"

"She went home to make me dinner," Toby explained, his features softening at the mention of Sonia.

"Dinner?" Tom repeated in surprise, his eyes wide.

"That's right." Toby nodded smugly. "What, are you surprised?"

"Of course I am." There was no point in denying his shock, so Tom adjusted his glasses and pointed out matter-of-factly, "It's not in Miss Reed's nature to voluntarily make dinner for you."

#### Chapter 456 A Man of Honor

Judging by the indifference and cold hostility with which Sonia had usually treated Toby, it was odd to think that she would offer to make him dinner now. More to the point, it wasn't the first time he had injured himself while saving her, but she never bothered to thank him with such fervor before, much less offer to make dinner for him. The very idea of it would leave one in a state of disbelief.

Toby noticed the surprised look on Tom's face and knew what he thought. An amused smirk tipped up on the corner of Toby's lips and he sounded supremely pleased as he gloated, "Of course it's in her nature to do so and she won't stop at dinner. She'll personally take care of me for the rest of my recovery process."

"Are you serious?" Tom's jaw dropped as his eyes bulged to the size of saucers.

Toby threw him a withering look. "Why would I make this up?"

That question was enough to render Tom speechless. Of course he wouldn't make this up. He wouldn't get anything from lying to me, which means Miss Reed actually will take care of him! At that thought, he hesitantly asked, "President Fuller, did you suggest this proposition, or did she—"

"She offered it on her own accord," Toby brusquely interrupted.

Tom rubbed his chin while pondering on this. "I guess she's doing this out of gratitude for you after you saved her from certain death. So, what's the plan now, President Fuller?"

"What are you talking about?" Toby asked with narrowed eyes.

Tom stared like the answer was obvious. "I'm talking about your chance at reconciling with Miss Reed, of course! Isn't this the perfect opportunity that you've been waiting for? You've never risked your life to save hers before, but this time, you did so. It's a heart-rending and moving tale of your bravado! The fact that Miss Reed has willingly offered to nurse you back to health just goes to show that she doesn't hate you anymore; she owes you a really huge favor and you could press on that advantage and ask her to marry you again. There's no way she wouldn't agree!"

It went without saying that a chance like this was extraordinarily rare and if Toby were to act on it now, he would most definitely succeed.

However, he had never once considered this and even as he listened to Tom's suggestion, he remained impassive. Instead, he countered impassively, "I won't do it."

A baffled Tom demanded, "Why not?" He couldn't understand why Toby wasn't taking the chance to reconcile with Sonia, even though Toby had risked his life to save hers, which, if anything, was a testimony of his love for her.

Toby slowly reached for a document from the stack of papers and flipped through it. "If I were to do that, it would be tantamount to emotional blackmail. I would never resort to such underhanded methods; if I wanted her back, I would pursue her boldly and honorably until she comes back to me on her own accord. Anything else less than that would only make me a scum."

Then, he paused and shot Tom a deadly look. "Moreover, using her gratitude to my advantage would only reignite her hatred for me. Even if she were to agree to marry me again, we'll end up with nothing but grudges between us, which is far from what I want. Do you understand?"

Upon hearing the displeasure in Toby's voice, Tom bowed his head in apology. "I'm sorry for not having considered all these, President Fuller."

"Indeed. Don't bring this up again," Toby warned flatly as he opened the cap of his fountain pen.

“Yes, sir,” Tom agreed with a solemn nod.

Then, Toby signed his name on the document with habitual grace and asked, “By the way, any word on Carl?”

“That guy?” Disgruntlement flashed in Tom’s eyes as he answered, “He retired from the fashion industry and returned to Westsashire.”

“Westsashire?” Toby had opened another folder from the stack, but upon hearing his assistant’s answer, he paused and looked up at Tom. “When did that happen?”

“Just yesterday morning. I expect we’ll hear about the return of the real Young Master Hayes in the business industry soon enough.”

As he twisted his pen, Toby asked, “Does that mean Carl has gone back with the intention of taking his place as the rightful heir to the Hayes Family fortune?”

“Most probably,” Tom affirmed. “Whatever Declan has done this time in pursuit of the Hayes Family’s fortune must have angered Carl to no end. At this rate, Carl wouldn’t stop until he’s brought down Declan and the other illegitimate children of the Hayes Family.”

“Carl will definitely track down Declan first. Keep an eye on him because if we do, then the chances of us locating Declan will be greater,” a somber Toby instructed.

“Why would you say that, President Fuller?” Tom pressed as he gazed at Toby in bewilderment.

As he looked up, Toby asked, “Remember the top hacker who has been helping Sonia all this while?”

“Of course I do. You’re talking about Fox Eyes, aren’t you? The one who kidnapped Tina and led the Triforce Enterprise to lose five hundred million?”

“That’s the one, and Fox Eyes is none other than Carl himself,” Toby explained.

Tom gasped audibly. “How is that possible? We suspected he was Fox Eyes and we even looked into it, but the investigation showed differently.”

“Hiding one’s identity and personal information is but child’s play for a hacker,” Toby drawled sardonically as he read the document in hand.

A stunned Tom was silent for a moment. Then, he drew in a breath and found his voice again. “So, we have played into his hands after all. Don’t worry, President Fuller, I’ll have someone keep an eye on Carl.” Carl is a hacker, and he’ll likely track down Declan before we do. As long as we have eyes on him, we’ll have as good a chance at finding Declan as he does.

“Alright, you’re dismissed. You can come back for these documents tonight,” Toby ordered.

Tom straightened his posture and bowed respectfully as he excused himself, “Very well, sir. I’ll be taking my leave now.” With that, he turned to walk out of the room.

Meanwhile, at Bayside Residence, Sonia was wearing an apron as she stood at the kitchen stove with a porcelain ladle in hand to stir the chicken chowder simmering in the pot.

A hearty bowl of chicken chowder was a product of attention and she needed to stir it while it cooked or it would stick and crust over the bottom of the pot.

At this moment, the doorbell rang and pulled her out of her chef's trance. She threw a quick glance at the chicken chowder and decided that it was almost done. After turning off the stove, she walked out of the kitchen and toward the threshold where she asked into the intercom, "Who is it?"

Charles' voice sounded from the device. "It's me, Sonia."

Upon hearing this, Sonia opened the door and was greeted by the sight of Charles weighed down by carrier bags of supplements. A smile twitched on her lips as she asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Evidently to see you and also to bring you a couple of things," he announced. Then, he handed the carrier bags over to her and said, "Here you go. These are all the supplements that are supposed to help with muscle recovery. Give them a try."

Now that she was amused by his gesture, Sonia was torn between accepting the bags and refusing them, but she knew that choosing the latter would only prompt Charles to shove them into her hands. Oh, whatever, I'll just take them. "Thanks," she responded cheerily as she grabbed the bags of supplements.

Suddenly, Charles sniffed the air in the room. "Something smells good. Are you cooking, baby?"

"I am," she replied as she took out a pair of flip-flops from the shoe cabinet for him. "Come on in."

He bent over to change out of his loafers and into the flip-flops before he followed Sonia into the apartment. After that, he rubbed his hands together greedily and mused, "Looks like I came at the right time! So, tell me what's for dinner today, baby."

"There's no menu, at least not while dinner isn't ready," Sonia answered as she placed the supplements on the coffee table.

He raised a brow. "What, no dinner? Then, what's with the delightful smell coming from the kitchen? It smells like chicken chowder and... Is that butter? Are you making mincemeat pie?"

Visibly taken aback by his deduction, Sonia gasped. "You must have the nose of a bloodhound! You can tell what I'm cooking just by sniffing the air?"

Charles chuckled, looking proud of himself. "Well, of course! My keen sense of smell is a force to be reckoned with, so don't even think about lying to me." He wagged his index finger. "Now that I think about it, I haven't had chicken chowder for a while. Could you get me a bowl of it, baby?"

"Nope," she said firmly. "I didn't make enough to spare you a bowl of it."

"Aw, why?" he whined, feigning dejection.

"Because the chowder's for Toby," she answered bluntly.

"What?" The look of mock exasperation on his face instantly disappeared as he regarded Sonia with a serious gaze. "Baby, are you actually going to take care of him?"

"Did you think I was joking about it?"

He nodded grimly. "I really did."

#### Chapter 457 The Act of Spoon-Feeding

Sonia rolled her eyes at Charles. "Look, do whatever you want to, but you'll have to wait a bit if you insist on having dinner here because the chowder is off-limits."

He pouted like a child. "Fine, I guess I'll let him have the chowder, seeing as he risked death to save you and all that."

"That's more like it," she said with a grin. "Now, sit down while I whip up a couple of dishes. It'll only take a moment."

"Okay." Charles nodded and headed for the couch.

Sonia, on the other hand, wore her apron once more and returned to the kitchen where she resumed her cooking.

True to her words, it didn't take long for the dishes to be done. They pulled their own chairs at the dining table and got ready to dig in.

He had only just picked up his utensils when he suddenly asked, "By the way, baby, I saw the suitcase next to the coffee table. Are you going on a trip?"

"Not exactly. I'm making a trip to my grandfather's country house," she answered after swallowing a mouthful of food.

With a curious gaze, he probed, "Well, what are you going there for?"

"To help my grandfather look for his journal."

"Oh, is that it? Then, maybe I should go back with you," he offered after taking a spoonful of one of the dishes.

Sonia eyed him with suspicion. "You don't have to tag along."

"Of course I do. I can be your driver. The muscles on your back have yet to heal and driving on your own would be torture; you'll only return feeling worse. I'm offering my companionship as a matter of precaution and it'd also ease my worries," Charles explained cheerily.

As though she was reminded of her injuries, she reached to feel her back. A gentle prod was all it took to make a sharp ache flare up on her back. She knew that there was no way she could make a three-hour drive down to the countryside and back to the city again; sitting down for hours on end would make her back shrivel up in pain. Besides, her driver had taken the next day off in light of his daughter's birthday.

Since things were already at this stage, Sonia was left with no choice but to look for a new driver for her trip. "In that case, you can come along. We leave at 9:00AM tomorrow," she said as she took a sip of soup.

Charles nodded eagerly. "Great, so that's settled. I'll pick you up tomorrow morning."

"Okay," she replied.

When dinner was done and over with, the both of them left Sonia's apartment. After having exited the gated area of Bayside Residence, she turned down his offer to drop her off at the hospital. The drive from her place to the First Hospital was forty minutes, which seemed manageable to her.

Upon seeing how stubborn she was, he knew better than to try and dissuade her. However, just as she had opened her car door and was about to slide into the driver's seat, he suddenly said, "Hey, baby?"

"What is it?" She held the edge of the door and gave him a look of askance.

There was a hard edge to his features as he warned, "Take care that Toby doesn't try to have his way with you while you're looking after him."

She sputtered at this. "What's going on in that mind of yours, Charles? I wouldn't just let him have his way with me!"

"I'm serious, baby. You have to watch your back. Toby still hasn't given up on you and now that he's saved you from death, I wouldn't put it past him to use your gratitude as leverage and ask you for some strange favor. You and I both know you wouldn't turn him down if that were to happen because you owe him one."

Upon hearing this, Sonia frowned, but she regained her composure in the next second and flashed a quick smile at Charles. "He's not like that. I know him and he's not such a low-life that he'd resort to something like that."

This wouldn't be the first time she owed Toby a favor, after all, given that he had helped her out with the bank loan that racked up to billions and the project collaborations.

He could have used those as valid reasons to force her into returning his favor in whatever way he pleased and she would have been cornered. However, he never did and she was firm in her stance that it wasn't in his nature to do something as underhanded as that.

At the sight of her nonchalance, Charles sighed in resignation. "Fine, then. I rest my case. Anyway, just keep your guard up around him and remember that I'm just one call away if you run into trouble."

"Got it," she said with a reassuring nod before waving goodbye at him as she ducked into the car and drove away.

Forty minutes later, she arrived outside Toby's room. The door was closed, but she picked up on muffled speaking voices coming from the other side, which meant Toby was likely engaged in a phone call.

Sonia raised a hand and knocked on the door. It opened the next moment to reveal a middle-aged woman wearing a caretaker's uniform on the other side. The woman gave Sonia a polite smile and asked, "Hello, Miss. How may I help you?"

"I'm here to see President Fuller. I brought him dinner," Sonia informed, showing the woman the thermal flask that she was carrying.

Realization immediately dawned upon the caretaker. "Oh, you must be Miss Reed."

An astonished Sonia asked, "You know me?"

The caretaker smiled and nodded in earnest. "Yes. When I came in to attend to Mr. Fuller earlier, he told me that a young lady will be dropping by with his dinner and that I was to let her in without any question."

"I see," Sonia responded after hearing the explanation. So, he told the caretaker about me in advance.

"Please come in, Miss Reed. Mr. Fuller has been waiting for you for a while now," the caretaker ushered as she stepped to the side to make way for Sonia.

Sonia raised a brow. "A while?"

"That's right. He sent me out to the balcony ten minutes ago to see if there was any 'pretty young lady with a thermal flask' approaching the ward," the caretaker confessed with good humor.

"My goodness." Sonia laughed. "Thank you for taking the trouble."

She figured Toby was really ravenous if he had been so desperate for her arrival. Then again, it was drawing close to 8:00PM and she was admittedly late.

As such, with the thermal flask in hand, she walked into the hospital ward.

At first glance, he was leaning against the headboard with his eyes closed, seemingly asleep. However, she knew for a fact that he was wide awake because it had only been moments ago that she heard him speaking on the phone.

She carefully tread over to his bed before she placed the thermal flask on the beside table as quietly as possible. Then, she softly called out his name. "President Fuller."

The sound of her voice appeared to have awakened him whereby he turned to fix his gaze on her as he said, "Oh, you're here."

"Yes, I am." Sonia nodded apologetically. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I made some chicken chowder and mincemeat pie and don't worry, it's all low-sodium. Here, see if you like them."

As she said this, she opened up the flask and proceeded to ladle the chowder into a bowl.

Toby took in her gesture and his features softened as he replied, "I'll like anything you make."

She froze when she heard this, but just as quickly, she brushed it off and went on to heap chowder into the bowl. After having done so, she handed the bowl over to him. "Careful, it's still hot."

Then, Toby propped himself up with one arm and having straightened his posture, he graciously took the bowl and responded, "Thank you."

However, it wasn't until after he had taken the bowl that they both realized his other arm wasn't indisposable. Needless to say, he couldn't handle his utensils and simultaneously hold his bowl with just one hand.

He exchanged a look with Sonia, which caused the atmosphere to instantly grow awkward.

A few seconds later, a somewhat embarrassed Sonia cleared her throat and offered hesitantly, "I-I guess I could just—"

“I’ll get down from bed,” Toby interrupted, moving to put his bowl on the bedside table.

However, Sonia stopped him from doing so and cautioned, “No, it won’t do you any good to move around so liberally right now. Why don’t I spoon-feed you instead?”

He stiffened at this as he was surprised by her offer. Turning to darkly gaze at her, he asked in a hoarse voice, “Are you hearing yourself? You want to spoon-feed me?”

“Yes,” she answered, a little defensive. “What’s wrong with that?”

When he saw how unaffected she was, Toby knew that she hadn’t quite caught the problem that could arise from the offer. Since he was entertained by the idea, he let out a low chuckle and pointed out, “In case you haven’t noticed, Sonia, spoon-feeding someone is a rather intimate gesture. Are you sure you want to go through with it?”

Sonia gaped at him. True enough, she hadn’t thought about the underlying intimacy of her offer at all. Although she was flustered by this, she couldn’t bring herself to take the offer back or it would just seem plain cruel.

Or worse, it would seem like there was some spark between them that she was trying to ignore.

After considering all these, she finally took a deep breath and looked at Toby’s arm, which was wrapped in a sling. “You’re the patient and I’m your caretaker. It’s only normal that I spoon-feed you and there’s no intimacy here whatsoever. Now, open your mouth, President Fuller.”

She took up the bowl that he had placed on the bedside table earlier before she brought a spoonful of chowder to her lips, blowing on it to cool it before feeding it to him.

Toby watched her with endearment and he glanced at the chowder in front of him, which smelled delicious. At last, he parted his lips like Sonia told him to.

#### Chapter 458 Toby’s Plan

After having fed Toby a mouthful of chowder, Sonia placed the spoon aside and asked expectantly, “What do you think?”

“It’s delicious,” he said after he swallowed the chowder to give her a reassuring nod.

She broke into a smile. “Good. I’m glad.” Glad that all the stock-brewing, the dicing, the simmering and the stirring are all worth this moment of praise, she thought. Then, she brought another spoonful of chowder to his lips and prompted, “Here, have some more.”

And just like that, the both of them fell into a rhythm and before they knew it, the bowl was practically polished clean.

Sonia rose from her seat and asked, “Would you like another bowl?”

Toby shook his head. “No, thanks. I’m full.”

“Already?” She glanced at the empty bowl in her hand and frowned slightly. “You barely ate, though!” More importantly, the bowl she used was a small one and there couldn’t have been much chowder in it to fill him up so quickly, not while he was a man with a six-foot-three build.



"I'm actually full," he insisted calmly as he took the mouthwash the caretaker had given him. "They gave me another bottle of IV after you left in the afternoon. Apparently, the fluid contains some substance that makes one feel a little bloated."

"Oh, okay." Sonia nodded at this new information. "Well then, I won't try to force-feed you. I'll keep the rest of the chowder in the fridge, so maybe you can get the caretaker to heat it up for you for breakfast tomorrow."

"Alright," Toby replied.

She brought the flask into the kitchenette of the suite and returned to the room after she had kept everything in place.

Upon seeing that he was the only one in the room, she glanced around and asked, "Where's the caretaker?"

"I let her off her shift," he explained with a book in his good hand.

As she walked over to his bed, she pressed, "What are you going to do at night if you let her off early like this?"

"My legs are completely fine and I'm perfectly capable of being on my own for the night," he said matter-of-factly as he looked up at her.

Now that she saw his point, Sonia nodded. After dusting off her hands, she began to make her way to where she had left her purse.

At the sight of this, Toby's gaze darkened. "Are you leaving?"

"I should be. I mean, it's already 9:00PM," she pointed out as she took her purse and checked her belongings.

He cast aside the book in his hand and asked, "Would you mind staying here for a while longer?"

"Why?" She cast him a bewildered look.

"I figured we could talk for a bit. A friendly chat." He steadily met her gaze. "Please?"

She glanced at the time and after a moment of hesitation, she relented. Nodding in agreement, she said, "Very well, but I must leave at 10:00PM. I need to get some sleep before my trip to the countryside tomorrow morning."

"Okay." A satisfied smile pulled on Toby's lips.

Sonia placed her purse down and took her seat once more next to the bed. He had asked that she stay for a chat, but in all honesty, it was more of a crash course on business management than a casual conversation.

The whole time, he spared not one second on pleasantries as he divulged business management tips to her and taught her the best way to navigate the tough commercial world. He even touched on the ideal direction that Paradigm Co. should take in terms of corporate growth and the various industries that the company should invest in.

Initially, he had wanted to coach her on these things over the course of a hopefully developing friendship, but following the drastic shortening of his lifespan, he now only had three good years, during which his body would slowly wear out just to keep him alive.

At this point, Toby no longer had enough time to be her mentor and guide her through life in the industry. He had to teach her everything he knew before his body started to give out.

The business world was cruel; it would mercilessly chew and spit Sonia out as every one of its nooks and crevices was marked with scheme. She was still green, so there was no way she could understand how dark and twisted the industry could be.

If he could continue living, she would never have to discover how terrifying the industry was. He would have shielded her from all of it and kept her rose-colored glasses intact even if the industry rained bullets on it.

Alas, the chances of him staying alive after three years were too slim for there to be room for hope. He was destined to wither away and leave her unprotected, but he would do whatever he could to make her stronger. Going forward, she would be on her own as she tried to survive the industry.

Meanwhile, Sonia was admittedly taken aback by Toby's sudden coaching. She couldn't shake the feeling that he was urgently trying to make her absorb all his pointers, like he was leaving her with them.

However, she brushed off such thoughts and paid attention, clinging to his every word.

These were valuable notes that defined his career in the business industry, the very same ones that helped him to thrive and survive. Experiences like his were hard to come by, much less be narrated in person, and she didn't want to miss out on any detail.

Time ticked by, and soon, it was 11:00PM.

Somewhere during the conversation, Sonia had forgotten that she was supposed to return home at 10:00PM and as it is, she was already fast asleep with her head resting on her arms.

Toby glanced down at her and called out softly, "Sonia?"

Her lips twitched, but he could tell she was sleeping soundly, for she did not wake up at all.

She looked so peaceful when she slept that he couldn't bring himself to stir her awake. Glancing around the room, he saw the jacket she had hung up on the rack next to the bed. He lifted the covers off and reached to grab the jacket, then draped it over Sonia's back.

If it weren't for the fact that one of his arms was busted, he would have carried her into the adjoining room meant for caretakers who stayed over the night and let Sonia rest in a proper bed.

At the thought of this, his eyes fell on the cast on his arm and a rueful, imperceptible sigh escaped him.

After having made sure that the jacket wouldn't fall off her shoulders, Toby reached out to move her hair out of her face so that she could breathe better while she slept.

He had only just done all this when the door to the hospital room opened. Tom came bustling in with documents in hand and greeted instantly, "President Fuller, I—"

However, before Tom could finish speaking, Toby shot him a freezing look that made him clamp his mouth shut. He had no idea what he did wrong at first, but thankfully, he snapped out of his confusion in time to notice Sonia's sleeping frame as she slouched over the bed. At that moment, he finally understood the warning look in Toby's eyes.

As it turned out, his loud greeting had almost woken Sonia up.

"Sorry, President Fuller," Tom whispered apologetically as he tread lightly over to the bed. "I didn't know Miss Reed was here."

Toby retracted his icy gaze and decided to go easy on his assistant. "Carry her into the adjoining room. She'll only strain her back if she keeps sleeping like this."

"Me? Carry her?" Tom pointed at himself in shock, thinking that he must have heard Toby wrong.

"Well, I obviously can't do it since I only have one functioning arm at the moment," Toby responded sarcastically. He understood Tom's concern, but it wasn't as if he liked seeing anyone touch Sonia either. Beggars can't be choosers. If I could, I would have carried her myself.

Tom's gaze fell on the cast on Toby's arm. Suddenly at a loss for words, he set the documents aside and gingerly proceeded to carry Sonia.

"Be gentle, so you don't wake her," Toby warned again, the timber in his voice more prominent this time.

Tom mumbled begrudgingly, "I'm already as gentle as can be."

"Come out as soon as you've placed her on the bed. I don't want you hovering there." With that, Toby flapped his hand, urging Tom to carry Sonia into the room at once.

In a show of obedience, Tom agreeably did as he was told and headed for the adjoining room with Sonia in his arms.

On the other hand, Toby turned to stare after his assistant like he would do something bad to Sonia.

Aware that Toby was staring daggers at him, Tom felt a chill run down his spine. He didn't dawdle in the adjoining room and it only took him a minute to place Sonia on the bed and pull the covers over her. Having done this, he hurried out of the room.

It was only then did the hostility leave Toby's gaze. "So, what are you doing here at such a late hour?" he asked Tom.

Now that they were about to discuss something serious, Tom picked up the documents that he had brought in earlier and reported, "Well, we have just heard from all the international airports and none of them saw Declan's aircraft landing on any of their tracks."

"None?" Toby's expression grew somber.

Tom nodded. "None at all."

"Have you looked into the possibility of fake identities?" Toby asked, his eyes searching Tom's face.

While shaking his head, Tom explained, "I did consider the possibility that Declan and his men would be using fake identities for boarding, but in the end, I thought it was unlikely. These days, fake identities are less foolproof than they once were, and with Carl being a hacker, he must have already perused through the passenger records at all the major airports. He would have known and made a move as soon as Declan and his men used fake identities for boarding. It's more likely that Declan didn't even board a plane at all and that he's hiding out somewhere."

Toby lifted his chin. "I seem to recall there being ferry ports in Seafield. Am I right?"

"Yes." Tom nodded. When he belatedly realized what Toby insinuated, he asked incredulously, "President Fuller, do you think Declan has smuggled his way out of Seafield through a ferry port?"

"If he wants to cross international borders, smuggling out from a ferry port would be his safest bet and he wouldn't be easily caught too. The probability of him using this to his advantage is high," Toby deduced with narrowed eyes.

Chapter 459 Be Nicer Toward Him

"If that's true, then we were a step too late from the beginning. It's possible that at this moment, Declan has already escaped abroad," Tom spoke with a heavy voice as his brows knitted.

Toby nodded. "Once Declan has gone abroad, it is almost impossible for us to find him."

After all, the world was so big, so who knew which country Declan went to? Although Toby was just as powerful and influential abroad, it was nothing like his home country. There wasn't much he could do once Declan had the intention to hide.

"That's right." Tom sighed.

Toby rubbed his fingers for a moment. "Have our people focus on Carl's next movements. If Carl sends someone out of East Melrose, then it is likely that he has found Declan."

"Yes, President Fuller." Tom nodded.

Then, Toby looked at the time. "Okay, you should make a move first. Come back tomorrow morning."

"Okay." Thus, Tom turned to leave.

Shortly after his assistant left, Toby lifted the covers off the bed, took Sonia's bag and walked toward the adjacent room. When he arrived at the door, he gently opened it. The lights in the room were switched off, but he didn't turn them on either. Instead, he took out his phone and walked in with gentle steps while relying on the light from the device's display screen.

Then, he stopped next to Sonia's bed and placed the bag by the bedside. As he lowered his head, he stared at the sleeping woman on the bed, his eyes filled both with passion and regret.

After what felt like eternity, Toby's legs went numb, so he bent down to lift the corner of the quilt. Then, he lay next to Sonia before he stretched out with his arm to gently embrace her. He drifted off to sleep moments after he closed his eyes.

Just after dawn the next morning, he woke up and opened his eyes. He turned to look at the woman asleep in his arms with gentle eyes before he raised his hand to ruffle her hair. Finally, he gently removed her hand on his waist before he lifted the quilt and got out of bed. With that, he quietly left the room without making any sound as if he had never entered the room.

2 hours later, Sonia woke up or rather, she was thrown awake by her ringing phone. She stretched out with a hand from under the covers with a frown and moved toward the headboard. As a result, she did not manage to get the phone, but she pushed down the bag left by Toby instead. Thus, the purse fell to the floor with a thud.

Now that she was startled by the sound, she was instantly awake. She opened her eyes and sat up while looking at the unfamiliar room, her mind confused for a moment. Where is this?

She couldn't think much about it because the phone in her bag that was now on the floor rang continuously, reminding her to answer the call. So, she hurriedly lifted the quilt and stepped on the carpet with her bare feet before bending down to retrieve her purse. Then, she found her phone within seconds. Since it was Charles calling her, she hastily answered, "Hi, Charles."

"Baby, where are you? Are you not at home?" Charles' anxious loud voice came from the phone.

Sonia combed her hair with her fingers and apologized, "Sorry, Charles. I'm not at home."

"You're not at home?!" At this moment, he was standing in front of her apartment door and asked with a frown. "Where did you go early in the morning? Don't forget that we have to drive to the countryside today."

"I didn't forget, but I don't know where I am now."

"What?! You don't know where you are?!" The corners of his mouth twitched.

She grunted and turned to look around the room. The room was not large; in fact, it was much smaller than her own room, but it came with all the furniture and things she would need. However, all of it was expensive, so it was obviously not an ordinary room either, but why was she here?

Sonia wrinkled her brows to think hard, but her mind had no memory of how she landed in this room. Instead, she remembered paying attention to Toby last night as he disclosed his experience of managing shopping malls. Then, as she listened...

Her eyes widened as she realized something and she hurriedly walked toward the door. "Charles, wait. Let me confirm."

After saying that, she arrived at the door and opened it. The moment it was opened, the familiar hospital bed and patient appeared in her vision and she immediately understood that her guess was right—she was indeed in the companion room of Toby's ward.

Soon, Sonia gradually understood why she was here and why she couldn't remember what happened after listening to Toby talking last night. It was because she fell asleep and he had someone bring her into this companion room. Now that she thought about it, she suddenly breathed a huge sigh of relief as her nervousness about being in an unfamiliar environment gradually dissipated. She placed the phone to her ear again. "Charles, I know where I am now. I am at the hospital."

At the other end of the phone, Charles wrinkled his eyebrows. "Baby, you're not at Toby's ward, are you?"

"Mm." Sonia nodded and did not deny it.

He pursed his lips and asked, "You didn't come back after you went there last night, right?"

Upon hearing that, she opened her mouth, but nothing came out.

Then, he gritted his teeth. "Baby, was it Toby who told you to stay?"

"No." She shook her head. "I fell asleep and that's why I didn't go back."

She fell asleep? Charles felt guilty about having wronged Toby and softened his attitude. "Okay, did he do anything to you then?"

It was enough to make Sonia laugh aloud. "What are you thinking? He is a patient at a hospital. What can he do to me?"

"That's not necessarily the case. He just can't use one arm; the other one is fine," he muttered sullenly.

A helpless Sonia shook her head. "Okay Charles, I know you have a negative opinion of him, but there is no need to think so badly of him. After all, he saved me and Carl, so I hope you will be nicer toward him."

"I know. My attitude is better toward him now. If it were before, I would have whacked him." Charles huffed before he asked, "Baby, when will you be back?"

Thus, she looked at the time. Since it was already 8:00 AM, she opened her mouth to say, "I'll be right back."

"Okay, then I'll wait for you."

"Mm."

The call ended, so she kept her phone away and walked out of the companion room. Outside the ward, Toby heard footsteps and opened his eyes before he sat up with one hand propped on the bed underneath him. "Was it Charles?"

Sonia was still cautiously walking, trying to be as quiet as possible when she suddenly heard his voice. Now that she was startled, she subconsciously stopped and patted her chest in shock. "You weren't asleep?"

"I woke up long ago, but I heard you talking on the phone, so I did not disturb you." Toby smiled gently at her.

She lowered her hand. "I see."

He opened his mouth to apologize, "I'm sorry for scaring you."

"It's okay." Sonia gently shook her head.

Toby looked at her and confessed, "I heard about the call earlier."

Then, she turned to him. “And?”

As she didn’t say bad things about him during her conversation with Charles, she remained calm without any need to be nervous.

With the slight curve of his lips, Toby responded, “I was happy to hear that you told Charles to treat me better.” Does this mean that she is now feeling differently about me and is beginning to understand that the real me is actually better than the hypnotized me?

When she saw the faint joy in his eyes, Sonia inexplicably felt better. However, she didn’t show it on her face; she merely pursed her mouth and probed, “Why are you so happy about this? I’m just telling the truth.”

Chapter 460 Don’t Want to Say Goodbye

“Of course, I’m happy. This is the first time I’ve heard you defend me in front of Charles and the others.” Toby spoke as he leaned against the headboard.

Sonia’s eyes flashed for a moment before she lowered her eyelids. “You are my benefactor, so I naturally have to defend you; otherwise, I would be inhuman.”

“Just a benefactor?” He looked at her.

Her heart skipped a beat whereby her eyelids drooped even lower. “What else?”

He merely stared at her and didn’t say anything else. It was only a long while later that he gently opened his thin lips and said, “Well, I’m okay with being your benefactor too. Let’s have our breakfast first.”

Then, he pointed to the Thermos flask at the bedside, which was what the caregiver had bought earlier in the morning. Sonia turned her head to look before she nodded and walked over to open the container. Afterward, she divided the breakfast into two portions—one for Toby and the other for herself. She didn’t start digging in, but rather she picked up Toby’s portion and sat by his bedside, ready to feed him like she did last night. However, he refused the offer by gently blocking the spoon while saying, “You should eat first and feed me after that.”

“Is there any difference?” a suspicious Sonia asked.

His thin lips moved slightly as he explained, “I don’t want you to be hungry.”

As she heard these words, something moved in her heart whereby she began to look at him in a complicated way. While maintaining her hold on the spoon in her hand, she moved her lips, but took her time to respond. “I’m okay; I’m not ravenous. Besides, you’re the patient, so you should eat first.”

“I’m a man,” Toby suddenly proclaimed.

Sonia tilted her head, not quite comprehending what he meant. It’s just breakfast. What is the relevance of that to his gender?

While staring at the confusion in her eyes, he smiled lightly. “I mean, I’m a patient, but I’m also a man. And as a man, ladies first is a basic etiquette, which is why you should fill your stomach first.”

“Um—”

She wanted to reply, but he interrupted, "Listen to me."

Since Toby's tone carried a hint of dominance, Sonia finally agreed. "Okay then."

She picked up the spoon to take her share and proceeded to dig in. However, she never meant to finish it, which was why after she took a bite, she placed the bowl down and went to take his container again.

When he saw this, his eyebrows twitched. "You're—"

Sonia scooped a spoonful of food and brought it to his lips. "I'll take a bite and feed you a spoonful, so that we can eat together and no one will go hungry. Isn't that good?"

Toby froze for a moment as he obviously was never expecting her to think of this solution. For a moment, he couldn't help but laugh. "It's a good idea, but don't you find it troublesome?"

"If I thought it was troublesome, I wouldn't have come to take care of you. Now, open your mouth," she ordered after slightly smiling.

Thus, he did as he was told. The two of them took nearly 20 minutes to finish their breakfast together through this method. Since she had to constantly change bowls, it was highly likely the most tiring breakfast that she ever had, but instead of feeling exhausted, her heart felt happy. How is it possible to feel happy just from eating such light and tasteless food? I'm probably bewitched.

Upon thinking of this, she shook her head.

When Toby saw this, he asked with concern, "What's wrong? Are you uncomfortable?"

"No." Sonia hurriedly stopped shaking her head.

He was still worried. "Did you not sleep well last night?"

When she heard him mentioning about last night, she suddenly thought of something and looked at him. "President Fuller, you had someone carry me into the room last night, right? Thank you, though."

"It's nothing; it's not a big deal." Toby waved his hand.

Sonia packed the Thermos flask and said, "It's late, President Fuller. I'll take my leave for today and see you tomorrow."

Then, she took her bag. He knew where she was headed to and merely nodded. "Go, but be careful on the way and be safe."

"I will." Sonia smiled and waved at him as she walked toward the door while Toby watched her leaving. She also felt his gaze on her all the time. If it were before, she wouldn't have turned back even though she knew he was looking at her, but she couldn't ignore it now.

He was her benefactor and if she deliberately ignored him, she would feel ungrateful and guilty. So, after she went out, she stopped slightly before turning to him with a smile. "Bye!"

Toby was startled as he obviously wasn't expecting her to turn to bid him adieu. He had subconsciously wanted to say goodbye, but he thought better of it and simply nodded as a response.



Not thinking that there was anything wrong, Sonia turned and left after receiving his response. The moment she walked out, Toby stretched out with his hand in a desire to call her back. In the end, he resisted from doing so and lowered his hand. Without a suitable heart, he could only live 3 years. During this period of time, each passing day meant that the days in which he would be able to see was also reduced. Therefore, he didn't want to say goodbye to her because he was afraid he would never see her again...

He had longed to have her by his side, so that he could see all the time during these 3 years, but he couldn't bring himself to do that because it only meant confining her and not loving her.

Outside the hospital, Sonia suddenly panicked for no reason when she arrived at the car. She wasn't sure why, but she felt uneasy. Then, she suddenly saw someone before her eyes narrowed—it was the police officer guarding Tina. As she watched the female police officer carrying her breakfast in front of her, Sonia then remembered that Tina was still admitted in the special hospital ward reserved for prisoners and yet to be sent to the women's prison.

Now that she counted the days, 20 days had passed and there were still 10 days left. In 10 days' time, Tina would be formally imprisoned once the court order allowing her to remain out of prison was over. When the time came, Sonia could meet Tina as well.

As she thought about it, Sonia raised her head to look at the special ward of the hospital before she drove away.

40 minutes later, she arrived at Bayside Residence. When Charles saw her coming out of the elevator, he immediately stood up at the entrance of her apartment. He pursed his lips and grumbled, "Baby, you're finally back. Do you know how long I've been waiting for you here? If it weren't for the fact that your apartment is up here, passers-by would probably have seen me sitting here like a silly person and my reputation would be ruined."

Sonia looked at his exaggerated unhappiness before she apologized and laughed. "Sorry, Charles, I'm late."

"Forget it. I voluntarily waited for you anyway, so I forgive you." He waved his hand before allowing her to pass.

"Quickly open the door."

She nodded and opened the door with her fingerprint.

Soon, he followed her inside. "Right baby, have you eaten breakfast? If not, I'll head down and buy it now."

"I've already eaten," Sonia answered while changing her shoes. "Toby's caregiver bought breakfast."

An annoyed Charles commented, "You are becoming more approving of him. I mean, you didn't even refuse his breakfast."

Upon hearing these words, she paused for a moment before quickly recovering. As she hung the bag on the shelf, she replied, "It's just breakfast. Charles, wait for me in the living room. I'll shower and change my clothes. We should be able to leave soon."

