

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 661

Chapter 661 Old Mrs Fuller Collapsed

Sonia took the folded blanket and spread it open, then draped it over Toby's resting form, but that wasn't the end of it; she asked Tom to turn up the thermostat, and it wasn't until after he had done so that she visibly relaxed.

Tom, on the other hand, was relieved and somewhat grateful to see her taking such tender care of Toby. This display was enough to prove that whatever Toby had done and sacrificed for Sonia was worth it, for she had repaid in kind.

Presently, Sonia was clueless as to Tom's passing thoughts as she sat down next to Toby. Her body was turned to the side as she gazed down at his sleeping profile.

The effects of Toby's overt wine drinking were evident in his flushed face, but there were gray shadows beneath his eyes that told her he had not slept a wink last night and had passed out from the alcohol alone.

She supposed she was grateful that he only downed red wine last night. If he had been on much harder stuff, then he would have ended up in the hospital at best and dead at worst.

The possibility of the latter made Sonia shudder.

Just then, her phone rang. She regained her composure and fished the phone out of her purse, only to see that it was a call from Rose. She's probably desperate to know if Toby is okay, she

thought, then answered the call without missing a beat.

“Grandma.”

“Sonia,” Rose’s voice was full of worry as she asked, “did you manage to see Toby?”

Nodding, Sonia said grimly, “I did.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful news. How is he doing right now? Did he do anything impulsive?” Rose pressed anxiously, tightening her clutch on her cane.

Sonia looked down at Toby momentarily before explaining, “He got really drunk, but other than that, it doesn’t look like he’ll do anything impulsive just yet.”

“But he didn’t do anything at all aside from drinking?” Rose questioned, sounding incredulous. Toby had gone through quite the rough alcoholic phase back in the day, and if the liquor wasn’t enough to knock him out, he would start cutting himself. To hear that he had not resorted to self-harming this time and only stopped at getting drunk was surprising, and Rose couldn’t hide her disbelief.

“That’s right,” Sonia said with a nod. “Mr. Brown said that Toby likely passed out cold before he could hurt himself.”

“No, that’s impossible!” Rose stood up abruptly.

Sonia was a little taken aback by the ferocity of the old woman’s denial. “Grandma, what is it?”

All the color drained from Rose's face as she demanded, "Sonia, tell me what he drank."

"Red wine," Sonia answered matter-of-factly, without hesitation.

To the side, Tom faltered as he clenched his fists nervously. Oh, crap, Old Mrs. Fuller isn't like Miss Reed; there's no way she wouldn't know that it would take more than red wine to knock President Fuller out. But now that he has passed out cold from drinking red wine, Old Mrs. Fuller will definitely grow suspicious of this.

Sure enough, Rose clutched her phone even tighter when she heard Sonia's reply. "No, that can't be. Toby is a heavyweight, and it's impossible that red wine could knock him out. Sonia, is Tom with you right now?"

Sonia gave Tom a cursory glance. "Yes."

Rose's expression grew stormy as she bit out, "Hand him the phone. I need to speak with him right now."

"Alright, just a moment." Sonia pulled the phone away from her ear and passed it to Tom, saying, "Mr. Brown, Grandma would like to speak with you."

Knowing there was no escape from what was destined to come, Tom took a deep breath to calm his nerves. With a forced smile, he took the phone and greeted, "Old Mrs. Fuller." He walked out of the study to continue the rest of the phone conversation.

Meanwhile, Sonia was a little baffled by his leaving, not understanding why he had to take the call outside. However, she did not dwell on this and instead raked her fingers through Toby's hair to comb it into submission. Then, she got onto her feet and went into the bathroom to fetch a basin of water so that she could give Toby's face a good wiping.

Out on the balcony, Tom surreptitiously closed the balcony doors behind him. Having gone out of Sonia's earshot, he loosened up enough to answer Rose's question forthrightly, saying, "Old Mrs. Fuller, President Fuller has, indeed, passed out from drinking red wine alone."

"Stop spewing lies, Tom," Rose warned darkly on the other line, her face twisting even more. "Toby can't possibly get drunk on red wine alone, so why don't you tell me the truth? Does he have a secret stash of hard liquor?"

"No," Tom said solemnly, shaking his head. "Old Mrs. Fuller, I promise you he does not have a secret stash anywhere."

"Then why don't you explain to me how he managed to get drunk?" Rose demanded sharply.

"Well..." Looking down at the top of his shoes, Tom wasn't quite sure how he was supposed to answer. He didn't know if he should be the one to break the news on Toby's current condition, and if he did break such news, he didn't know how Rose was going to take it.

Suddenly caught between a rock and a hard place, Tom had no idea what he should do.

“Well, what? Out with it!” Rose demanded impatiently, not at all aware of his dilemma.

A sigh of resignation escaped Tom, and at last, he decided to tell the truth about Toby’s condition. If I don’t tell her now, she’ll still find out about it eventually. “Old Mrs. Fuller, I’m going to be frank with you, but you have to be mentally prepared for the truth,” he said calmly and slowly.

Rose frowned, a grave look passing over her wizened face.

“Mentally prepared?”

“Yes.”

“What in the world has happened? Why would I need to be mentally prepared?” she urged. She was confused, but she was sharp-witted enough to sense that something was off. In a trembling voice, she asked, “Tom, come right out with the truth and tell me if something has happened to Toby.”

“Yes,” Tom said again with a firm nod. “President Fuller’s heart is... failing. I think it’s precisely because of this that red wine was sufficient to knock him out.”

There was no response on the other line, only the sound of shattering glass. Upon hearing this alarming noise, Tom blanched and quickly shouted, “Old Mrs. Fuller? Old Mrs. Fuller!”

He started to panic. What if Old Mrs. Fuller fainted because she couldn’t take the news? If that’s the case, then I’d be in a world of trouble. She’s old enough as it is, and if she collapses this time only to never wake again, I...

Not daring to continue his chain of thought, he gripped his phone tightly and shouted into it, “Old Mrs. Fuller!”

Just then, he heard speaking voices, but it wasn't from Rose. Rather, it was Mary.

On the other side, Mary had propped Rose in an upright position on the couch, and while holding her limp frame in her arms, she cried frantically, “Old Mrs. Fuller, wake up! Please wake up!” Tears of panic sprang to her eyes, but there was nary a response from Rose.

Having heard Mary's disembodied cries over the phone, Tom could guess just how badly Rose was doing right now. She really has collapsed. Now things are getting worse!

Stiffly, he pulled the phone away from his ear and sullenly called for an ambulance to be dispatched to where Rose was. Then, he returned to the study and handed the phone back to Sonia, anxiously saying, “Miss Reed, I'll leave President Fuller in your care for now. I'm afraid I must be getting back to the old manor.”

Sonia saw the look on his face, and upon hearing that he would be leaving for the old manor, she felt a lump form in her throat. “Did something happen to Grandma?”

“I believe she has fainted.”

“What?” Sonia's voice rose in pitch as she demanded, “She fainted? H-How did that happen? She was fine just moments ago!”

“It’s all my fault. I told her something I shouldn’t have,” he confessed, patting his cheek like he was berating himself. “I would never have said anything if I’d known this would happen.” He shouldn’t have thought that he could break the news of Toby’s deteriorating condition to Rose, even if it were on the assumption that she would find out about it eventually. He had given himself such presumptuous and false reassurance, and now he was truly and deeply regretting it.

Rose’s condition aside, Tom would have a hard time explaining to Toby once he sobered up.

He was pulled out of his thoughts when Sonia asked with a frown, “What did you tell her?”

Tom shook his head tiredly. “Please don’t ask me that, Miss Reed. I can’t say any more about the matter. I’ve already caused Old Mrs. Fuller to faint out of shock, and I can’t imagine what would happen if you... Forget it. Look, I can’t dawdle here any longer; I have to go back and check on Old Mrs. Fuller. I’ll leave everything here to you.”

As worried as Sonia was about Rose, she knew that she couldn’t leave Toby here unattended. With a grave nod, she said, “Very well. I’ll take care of Toby, don’t worry. Please go and check on Grandma, and call me if anything else happens.”

“Alright.” With that, Tom turned to brisk-walk out of the study and left the apartment.

Left alone with Toby, Sonia stared at him and clasped his hand tightly, murmuring, “Did anything happen to you that I should know about? Why did Grandma faint when she heard about it?”

Alas, her question went unanswered, for Toby never did stir from his wine-induced slumber. Little did she know that he was presently trapped in a seemingly endless nightmare, only it would be more accurate to call it a recollection of his traumatic past.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 662

Chapter 662 A Mysterious Apology

Right now, Toby was dreaming of his past.

He was going upstairs like he usually would in the mornings so that he could call his mother for breakfast. Normally, all he would have to do was knock on her bedroom door, and she would open it with a gentle smile on her face, one that was reserved for him.

This time, however, the door remained shut no matter how incessantly he was knocking on it. When the door didn't seem like it would open any time soon, he started to sense something wrong.

Without wasting another moment, he called for one of the household staff to unlock his mother's bedroom door with a spare key. But instead of a warm smile, what greeted him as soon as the door swung open was the strong scent of blood. As he walked in, he realized that the coppery smell was coming from the adjoining bathroom.

The color drained from his face as he slowed in his tracks, but when fear seized him, he barreled toward the bathroom like a madman.

The bathroom door had been left ajar, and when he skidded to a stop at the doorway, the horrific sight within instantly came into view.

His mother hung by the side of the bathtub, her face and body splattered with blood. Slumped on the ground, she was holding a razor in one hand while the other was submerged in the water-filled tub.

The water in the bathtub had been colored red by her blood, while she had already gone cold and lifeless.

The bloody scene was burned into the back of Toby's mind ever since, only to resurface every year on his mother's death anniversary so that it could torture his soul and remind him of his devastating loss.

There were even times when the scene would evolve into an entirely non-existent one, like right now, where he dreamed of his dead mother suddenly rising to her feet and slowly walking over to him. She was covered in her own blood as she questioned him hauntingly, "Why was I made to carry you in the first place?"

She went on to accuse him of being the reason why she was trapped within the Fuller Family, kept from pursuing her own true love. Then, as he stood there frozen, she reached out her blood-stained claws and strangled him.

Toby woke up in shock, his bloodshot eyes snapping wide open, and his breathing came out ragged.

Jumping at his sudden awakening, Sonia didn't recover from the shock for a while, and when she did, she lowered her head as she gently patted his face. "Toby, what's wrong?"

It was as if Toby couldn't hear her at all. His pupils were dilated as he stared up at the ceiling in terror, and his lips moved like he was saying something.

Bending down, Sonia put her ear close to his lips and finally heard him mutter, "I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

Sorry? She frowned, confusion filling her eyes. Why is he apologizing? And to whom?

She glanced at him worriedly and realized that he was having something like night terrors, and his thoughts were not of his own conscious mind. She quickly reached for his shoulders and shook him, yelling, "Toby, wake up! Wake up, please!"

She couldn't let him stay in this trance for too long, or it would start taking a toll on his mind. He has to snap out of it and regain his thoughts.

Perhaps her shaking did the work, for Toby's pupils started to constrict back to their normal size, and his gaze was slowly focusing on Sonia instead of the ceiling. He stared at her in a daze, and after a couple of seconds, he muttered weakly, "S-Sonia?"

He sounded hoarse, his voice so unpleasant that it reminded Sonia distinctly of the quack of an old duck. All the alcohol he had taken had obviously fried his vocal cords, and she couldn't help but grow angry at him as she let go of his shoulders, snapping sarcastically, "Seeing as you recognized me, I gather that you've sobered up a bit."

"What are you doing here?" he asked groggily, pressing his hand to his forehead as he made to sit up on the couch. But weakness overcame him, and he couldn't even lift his neck, let alone find the strength to sit up.

At the sight of this, Sonia put her hands on his shoulders to keep him lying down on the couch. "Okay, that's enough of moving. Just lie down and stay still." Having said this, she rolled her eyes at him exasperatedly and demanded, "It was only yesterday when you guessed that I'd come, and didn't I also tell you not to turn your phone off two days ago? You promised me, but you went ahead and turned it off anyway! If it weren't for the reason that you were knocked out today, I would have broken up with you right here and now for having kept your phone off!"

Usually, Toby would have leaped to admit his fault and tried to cheer her up as soon as he heard any mention of a break-up, but as things were, he simply wasn't in the mood.

He closed his eyes and raised his arm, then let it fall over his eyes as he kept quiet.

Sonia's heart twisted when she saw him looking so forlorn, and she couldn't help empathizing with him. After all, she had lost

her parents as well, but his loss was a far more bitter tale than hers, so much so that anyone would afford him sympathy.

His father had been murdered at a hotel, while his mother took her own life. However, Toby had been the one to discover the horrific aftermath of the second incident when he was only a child.

As for Sonia, she had been too young to remember anything when her mother passed away from illness. While the death upset her, she didn't feel devastated. Her father's death had come about during her adult years, and she had mourned him, but by then, she was already strong enough emotionally to grow out of the grief.

Toby, however, was different. His mother's suicide had been so sudden that no one could have possibly seen it coming; more importantly, he was the first to discover her body, and that would have scarred any child at such a tender age.

With that in mind, Sonia abruptly leaned forward and wrapped her arms around Toby, burying her face into the curve of his neck as she murmured anxiously, "Did you know you almost gave me a panic attack, Toby?"

He hadn't expected her to embrace him so suddenly and merely lowered his gaze to look at her.

She looked up at him with red-rimmed eyes. "Did you know that Grandma told me about how you'd get really sentimental and unhinged on this day every year? She even warned me that you would resort to self-harm if you were left to your own devices. Can you imagine how frantic and terrified I was when I couldn't

get through your phone? I was so scared that I was too late, that I'd come into this apartment and find your lifeless body!"

Upon hearing the crack in her quivering voice, Toby realized that he had truly scared her to her wits' end. He raised his arm and gently patted her back, muttering hoarsely, "I'm sorry..."

"Oh, are you feeling contrite now?" She reached out her hands and cupped his face, pointing out in mock anger, "Don't just apologize to me; you still have to say sorry to Grandma and Mr. Brown. They were worried sick about you, terrified that you'd do something impulsive. Thank goodness..." Her expression softened as compassion flooded her eyes. "Thank goodness I got here in time, and thank the heavens that you got too drunk to hurt yourself. Otherwise, you would have ended up lying in a hospital bed instead of on this couch."

Toby looked down as something flashed in his eyes, and he said nothing.

It wasn't so much that he hadn't had the time to hurt himself before the drinks knocked him out, as it was the fact that his body had given in without warning. He had only been a couple bottles of wine in when his heart started feeling like it was burning, and he passed out from the pain.

Indeed, he had collapsed not because he was drunk but because of his failing heart.

Even now, he could still feel a stabbing ache in his heart, but he couldn't let Sonia know about it.

When Sonia saw the pensive and sullen look on his face, she sighed in resignation, then stared into his eyes as she suggested gently, “Toby, how about if we go and see a therapist?”

“A therapist?” He parted his lips as he said the words several more times, like he was trying them out.

She nodded. “That’s right, a therapist. You turn into a different person on the same day every year, and I think it’s because you have a disorder. You witnessed the traumatic aftermath of your own mother’s suicide, and with you being so emotionally scarred at a young age, you become unhinged as a coping mechanism this time each year. If we see a therapist about this, then maybe you could get professional guidance that will help you work through all these, or it could help you leave the past behind. It might even help you come to terms with whatever you witnessed as a child. Eventually, you’ll get better.”

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Chapter 663 Deep-Seated Trauma

“No, I won’t,” Toby said weakly with a shake of his head. He knew that he had issues, too, but he didn’t think these were issues that could go away with therapy.

Sonia frowned unhappily when she heard this and countered by saying, “Why not? And how would you know you won’t get better until you’ve tried it?”

He closed his eyes tiredly. “My mom, she... She regretted giving birth to me...”

“What?” Sonia froze at first, then eyed him in bewilderment. “Did you just say your mom regretted giving birth to you?”

He said nothing, but his silence was an affirmation.

She shook her head incredulously. “That can’t be right. No, that’s impossible! How would you know your mom regretted giving birth to you? Grandma told me that you were really close with your mom and that she was gentle.”

A woman who could earn such praise from Rose couldn’t possibly have regretted giving birth to Toby, but as Sonia assessed the expression on his face, she didn’t think he was lying at all. So what in the world is going on here?

Toby still had his eyes closed, and he did not utter a single word.

Seeing him like this only made her worry more. She leaned closer to him and pleaded, “Tell me, Toby. You can talk to me about anything; I’ll be your most faithful listener. Don’t keep it all inside, or it’ll only make you spiral deeper. Grandma and I really care about you, and we all want to see you walk away from your past and embrace your usual self. If you don’t talk to us or try to overcome the trauma, it’ll only make us worry about you more, and we won’t ever get a peace of mind. Do you really want to see Grandma and I running around like headless chickens every year because of you? Don’t forget that Grandma isn’t getting any younger.”

She didn’t tell him that Rose had collapsed. Given his current state, Rose’s predicament would only add to his burdens. I’ll wait until he feels better, Sonia thought.

Having heard Sonia's words, Toby parted his lips, and he had to admit that his current state would indeed make everyone around him worry incessantly. More importantly, Rose really wasn't getting any younger, and with each passing day, her body grew more feeble. The doctor even mentioned that she might only have a few good years left in her.

"The night my mom took her own life..." he whispered, finally willing to speak as he opened his eyes.

Sonia stared at him intently. "Yes?"

"That night, she drank a lot. I had no idea why she drank that much, but I kept her company anyway. It wasn't until she got really wasted when she held me in her arms and told me a bunch of stuff..." He trailed off as he fixed his hollow gaze on the ceiling. "My mom cried about Connor's upcoming marriage, and she told me that she would have run away with Connor had she not been pregnant with me at the time. She told me that she only stayed because she was pregnant with me."

"She..." Sonia faltered a little, then pressed, "So you think that she regretted having you because she told you this?"

His eyelashes fluttered for a bit as he dwelled on his own thoughts. "Back then, I had no idea who Connor was, but I knew my mom didn't love my dad. She didn't want to marry my dad, but she chose to stay in the Fuller Family because of me, and she stayed married to my father for the same reason. I was secretly happy when she told me this, until the next morning when I found her body. From there on, my nightmare began to torture me, and it's been this way for over a decade. In my dreams, I would relive the moment I discovered her body, or I'd dream that

she was strangling me with blood-soaked hands. She would ask me why I was born in the first place, and why I got in the way of her happiness.”

Sonia bit down hard on her lower lip, bristling as she urged, “Those are only dreams; they can’t hurt you because they aren’t real.”

“I know that, but what my mom had conveyed to me on the night she took her own life had been her true feelings.” The light in his eyes looked as if it was extinguished as he gazed at Sonia.

“Because of these dreams, I realized that my birth was the reason why my mom couldn’t pursue her own happiness. My existence tethered her to the Fuller Family and kept her from escaping; I practically pushed my mom into taking her own life.”

Taken aback by this, Sonia immediately understood that Toby’s deep-seated trauma had not been a result of his witnessing his mother’s suicide but of his belief that he was the reason for her death.

“No, that’s not true!” She shook her head vehemently. “Toby, don’t even for a second believe that you caused your mom’s death, and your mom never once thought of you as a burden. Listen to me carefully: you only think that you had anything to do with your mom’s suicide because those dreams told you so, and you were convinced at a young age that that was the truth. However, your mom could never mean what she said that night. You were her son, and there was no way she regretted having you, let alone think of you as a burden.”

If I were in her shoes, and even if I were in love with another man, I would never regret having a child with another man. As far as Sonia was concerned, any sensible woman ought to know that children were innocent, that she shouldn't take her resentment out on these children.

When Toby heard this, something glimmered in his eyes, but it disappeared just as quickly as she shook his head. "You're not her; you can't possibly know what her thoughts were."

"No, I know," she said solemnly, grabbing his hand tightly in hers as she gave him a firm nod. "Toby, I truly believe in what I said. I have heard many stories of you and your mother from Grandma. She said your mom was a gentle person who loved you as a mother should, even though she never loved your father. But she chose to take up her responsibility as a mother for your sake, and I don't think she ever regretted having you. She only said what she did out of sentiment, musings on what could have been if she had taken another road in life. That was not regret, because if it was, she wouldn't have said 'what if' but told you right there and then that she regretted giving birth to you."

Toby's eyes widened slightly, but he didn't get to interject as Sonia went on to say, "Also, if she truly did regret having you and thought of you as something that kept her from pursuing her own happiness, then she wouldn't have loved you the way she did. She never would have been a good mother to you. On that note, Toby, I conclude that you are only so affected by her words because of those nightmares. What you should be aware of is that those nightmares are not reality but a manifestation of your childhood trauma. So please, Toby, forget about those words and leave the past behind, okay?"

A bitter smile curved on his lips. “It’s been over ten years since the nightmares started. I can’t just stop having them, you know.”

“I know, but you’ll have to try and move forward, won’t you?” she pressed. A sudden thought crossed her mind, and she rose from the couch to walk to the side of the room, whereupon she retrieved a paper bag and walked back to him.

Under his curious gaze, she reached into the bag and pulled out something.

It was a scarf, a black one.

Just then, Toby’s eyes widened when he remembered asking her to knit him a scarf the day before. “Is that—”

“This is the scarf you asked me to make. I stayed up all night just to finish knitting it,” she said as she opened up the scarf and draped it over his nape. “Not bad. It actually looks really good on you.”

She had planned on giving him the scarf on his birthday, but after learning of his shift in personality today, she decided to bring it over, hoping that it might help in soothing him or something like that.

Presently, Toby raised a hand and sunk his fingers into the soft fabric of the scarf hanging from his neck. He could pick up a faint, pleasant scent and realized that it was Sonia’s fragrance.

He couldn’t help but tighten his grip on the scarf, then buried his head into the soft yarn.

At the sight of this, Sonia added, “It was meant to be your birthday gift, but now that I’ve given it to you in advance, I’ll just have to get you something else on the actual day itself.”

“This is good enough,” he replied, still holding the scarf as he stared at her appreciatively, clearly moved by the gift.

She poured him another glass of warm water. “Would you like some water?”

He shook his head. “No, thanks.”

“Okay, I wasn’t actually giving you a choice. You have to drink this. I mean, do you even hear how terrible your voice sounds right now?” she asked with a frown.

If it weren’t for the fact that he had alcohol in his stomach, she would have made him a honey drink for his irritated throat.

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Chapter 664 Man-Child

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

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

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

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

At the sight of this, Sonia pressed, “Headache?”

He hummed wearily in response.

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

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

Sonia couldn’t bring herself to stay mad at him when she saw how worn-out and upset he looked. Her expression softened as she muttered, “Forget it. What matters is that you don’t try to reenact this incident. You nearly scared me to death, and I don’t think my heart can take another shock like this; I certainly don’t want to have all my senses on alert this time each year.”

Toby stared at her with despair in his eyes. “I’m sorry...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Away,” was all he replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She bent over and set the tray down.

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

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 665

Chapter 665 Tobykins

Sonia couldn't help but smile when she saw how happy Toby was at her return. "Yes, I'm back. See, I made good on my word and didn't leave at all, and I came back on time."

He hummed contentedly in response.

She pulled up a chair next to the couch and sat down. “Can you get up?”

“No,” he said, looking at her piteously as he shook his head.

She sighed, then reached out a hand. “Come on. I’ll help you up.”

He put his hand in hers, and as soon as she had a firm grasp on him, she pulled him into an upright position on the couch. “Okay, hold still, and don’t fall back again.”

“Okay,” he said, nodding like an obedient little boy.

He was behaving so well that Sonia couldn’t resist ruffling his hair affectionately. “You know, Tobykins, I didn’t think you’d be so much more fun during a hangover.”

“Tobykins?” he repeated with a raise of his brow as he eyed her inquisitively. The next moment, he grimaced and demanded unhappily, “Who is Tobykins? Are you seeing someone else?”

His voice was loud, and he looked at her like she was the biggest heartbreaker in the city. She tried to keep from sputtering as she asked, “What are you talking about? Who’s seeing someone else?”

“You!” he replied furiously, glowering at her.

She blinked, then pointed at herself. “And who am I seeing?”

Incensed, he pursed his lips, and his eyes were red as he grumbled, “Tobykins!”

“Well...” Sonia felt the corner of her lips twitch at the accusation. I’m seeing someone else by the name of Tobykins? Okay, well, as things are, I can’t say he’s wrong. She put a palm to her forehead as she looked at him incredulously and said, “I swear it’s like you’ve lost half a mind, Toby. You do realize that you’re Tobykins, don’t you?”

This seemed like news to him as he stiffened. “I’m Tobykins?”

“Mm-hmm,” Sonia replied with a slow nod.

Once again, his face darkened as he argued, “You’re lying to me. My name is Toby, not Tobykins.”

“Tobykins is a nickname I gave you,” she answered through gritted teeth, rolling her eyes at him.

It was only then that he understood that he really was Tobykins. As his anger subsided, he gazed at Sonia blearily and asked, “But why am I Tobykins? I’m not a kid anymore.”

“Why?” Sonia was highly entertained by this exchange.

“Because you’re behaving like a kid right now, of course. Toby, I really want to see how you’d react after you sober up and recall every single childish thing you said and did today. I bet you’d wish a hole could open up in the ground and swallow you up.”

“Huh?” Toby was clearly too drunk to comprehend her words, and his confusion was evident on his face.

She waved her hand dismissively. “You know what? It’s fine. I don’t even know why I bothered telling you all this in the first place; it’s not like you can understand what I’m saying. We should eat.”

Having said that, she took up a bowl of chowder from the tray and placed it carefully in Toby’s hands. “Take care not to spill it.” My goodness, it’s like I’m actually fussing over a little kid right now. Here’s to hoping he won’t spill the chowder.

Toby was truly on his best behavior as he carefully held the bowl in his palms. Sonia could tell that he had a firm grasp on the bowl, and when she was sure that he wouldn’t tip the bowl on one side and spill the chowder, she loosened up and took her own bowl of chowder.

She was already starving as it was, having gone without food for the whole morning while she was fussing over him. Hours had passed since then, and now she felt so hollow she might just shrink into herself.

Stirring her chowder with her spoon, she began to take small mouthfuls of it, but that was when she sensed Toby staring at her without once eating his own chowder.

She put the spoon down and glanced at him with a raised brow. “Are you going to keep staring at me like that, or are you going to eat?”

He looked like he was about to say something, but he did not utter a single word.

She sighed. “What is it? Don’t you know how to feed yourself?”

Toby stared at her and stayed stubbornly mute. This only made her feel more exasperated. Kids are cute, and that's an understatement, but heaven help me. I have no idea what they're thinking! Sometimes, one would find oneself rendered helpless by children and their strange demeanor.

Like right now.

In resignation, she put down her own bowl and reached for his instead, taking it out of his hands as she scooped up some chowder and brought it to his lips. "Say, 'ah'."

He did as he was told and opened his mouth, and she spooned the chowder into it.

He chewed twice, then swallowed. Amused by this, Sonia prompted, "Could it be that you're just trying to get me to wait on you hand and foot instead of doing these things on your own, Toby? Do you actually see yourself as a kid?"

"No," he replied with a small shake of his head.

"You know what, don't even bother arguing with me," she said with a roll of her eyes, then brought yet another spoonful of chowder to his lips.

He opened his mouth just as obediently as he had the first time, making it clear that he wanted her to spoon-feed him. Resigned, she sighed and fed him each mouthful. It wasn't as if she had a choice; if she refused to feed him, he would stare at her with wide puppy eyes, which was her weakness. More importantly, he was her man, and she couldn't bear to let him starve.

When the chowder had been polished off, Sonia set the bowl aside and handed him a glass of water. “It’s for you to rinse your mouth.”

He took the glass of water and proceeded to rinse his mouth without needing any assistance. When he looked like he was about to be done, she raised a small basin for him to spit out the water, which he did without objection.

After that, she handed him a tissue so he could wipe his mouth, but this time, he somehow became inept again and waited for her to do it for him instead, staring at her once more with childish helplessness.

Frustration seized her. “Okay, you know what, Toby? I think I’ve figured you out. You may look like a hapless kid right now, but your thoughts are clear enough for you to decide which chore you’d like to do on your own and which you’d prefer to have others do for you.”

Like feeding you chowder, which happens to be a chore that he’d prefer someone else do for him, and I’m the only other person available at his service.

However, when it came to rinsing his mouth, he knew that there was no way she could have helped him and resorted to doing it on his own.

Right now, wiping his mouth was, once again, a chore that he could elect to have someone else do for him.

He was a manipulative child stuck in a grown man’s body.

Alas, he feigned innocence now, as if he couldn't understand why Sonia was upset at him, and there was a groggy look in his eyes as he gazed at her. "Hmm?"

She felt the corner of her mouth twitch once more in anger. Screw this, she thought belligerently. Why do I bother talking sense to a hungover person? I'll wait until he sobers up before I get even with him!

Rubbing her temples tiredly, she heaved a sigh and wiped the corners of his mouth for him. It was only after she was done cleaning him up that he lay back down on the couch.

Now that he had settled down, Sonia finally had the time and the liberty to enjoy her lukewarm chowder, and while she ate, Toby kept his eyes on her.

She swallowed her mouthful of chowder and asked, "Maybe you should take a nap now that your stomach is full. Sleep off the alcohol, and you'd feel much better when you wake up."

However, he shook his head stubbornly, implying that he had no intention to sleep whatsoever, even though he was already dozing off and was only keeping his eyes open by sheer determination.

Sonia made no effort to persuade him and decided to let him be. She would much prefer to keep him like this instead of having him run amok like Rose had described; she didn't think she could handle it if his self-harming tendencies were triggered.

Besides, the harder he tried to stay awake, the more he would wear himself out and eventually drift off into sleep.

At the thought of this, Sonia paid no attention to him and quietly finished her own chowder, thereafter setting the bowl down. She was just about to bring the tray out to the kitchen when the man on the couch, who had been silent all this while, suddenly said, “Stinks.”

“Excuse me?” She turned around to glower at him incredulously. Did he just say I stink?

He said softly, “I stink. I need a bath.”

She rolled her eyes. Okay, he was talking about himself. I got mad for no reason. Crossing her arms, she eyed him bemusedly as she countered, “Oh, so you do realize that you stink.”

Naturally, having consumed all that alcohol, he would now, over the course of the last few hours, carry with him the overpowering and rather assaulting stench of stale alcohol.

She had thought about letting him sober up before making him shower, but she certainly didn't expect him to think of his own scent as unbearable and thereafter demand a bath. Fine, I guess it'd be better for him to bathe before he sleeps.

She reached to pull him up from the couch. “Come on, I'll help you over to your room.”

He hummed in response and stood up from the couch, but there was no strength in his legs whatsoever. He could barely stand on his own two feet, which was why he was only upright for seconds before he toppled forward, dragging Sonia down with him.

In the end, he lay face-down on the floor while Sonia landed on his back with a startled cry.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 666

Chapter 666 The Peak of Frustration

With Toby to cushion her fall, Sonia felt no pain whatsoever, though her chin throbbed after colliding against his muscled back. She rubbed her chin as she scrambled off him, then reached to pull him up. “Toby, are you okay? Are you hurt?”

“Hmm?” Toby sat up gingerly on the floor and gazed at her in confusion.

She felt one of her eyes twitch. As it turned out, he didn’t even know what was going on, and he probably didn’t register his own fall. But judging from the looks of it, he doesn’t seem like he’s hurt at all. Besides, the floor is carpeted.

With that in mind, Sonia visibly relaxed and continued to help Toby out of the study, guiding him toward his bedroom.

He had no strength in his legs, and he staggered with each step until they finally, painstakingly, found themselves in the adjoining bathroom of his bedroom. Sonia didn’t think she had ever in her entire life been as exhausted as she was in the present. “Phew.” She let out a breath, then turned to address the man next to her, saying, “Okay, hold on to this!”

She jerked her chin in the direction of the bathroom sink.

Toby blinked at her stupidly. “Huh?”

She rolled her eyes, then enunciated through gritted teeth, “I said, put your hand on the edge of the sink so you can hold yourself up.”

“My hand?” He glanced down at his own hand for a few seconds, then tried to reach for the sink.

Relief washed over her when she saw that he was doing as told, but just as she was about to let go of his arm, he suddenly drew his hand back from the sink. He moved so quickly that she would have missed such a gesture had she blinked.

The corner of her mouth twitched a little in exasperation as she asked, “What’s wrong with you, Toby? Did the sink electrocute you or something?”

“It’s cold,” Toby answered stiffly, pursing his lips.

The onset of a migraine was starting to attack Sonia as she grumbled, “I know the sink is cold, but I don’t see how that’s a reason for you to not hold onto it. Surely you aren’t so fragile as to shrink away from cold porcelain. Are you a man or not?”

“I am,” he replied matter-of-factly with a nod.

She could choke on frustration. “Well, you answered pretty quickly to that. Okay, that’s enough dilly-dallying. Hold onto the sink now.”

“No, it’s cold!” he whined as he shook his head, adamant in his stance.

Sonia's eyes fluttered close, and with great determination, she suppressed the rage that bubbled up in her. Don't get mad, don't get mad, she chanted in her mind like a mantra. He's a ten-year-old kid right now. You mustn't get mad at him. Listen up, Sonia Reed, if you get riled up by a brat, you'd only end up losing.

As she told herself this, she suddenly realized just how blatantly oblivious she had been to the trials that came with caring for children, particularly the man-child who was currently in her charge. In fact, she had never quite experienced the peak of exhaustion and frustration as she did now.

All in all, she came to the sore conclusion that even Douglas had been easier to deal with than Tobykins.

Pinching the space between her brows, Sonia glowered at the man darkly as she warned, "Toby Fuller, I'll only say this one more time: put your hand on that sink, or I'll leave now and never speak to you ever again."

Toby's eyes widened at this, and he quickly gave in to the threat, putting his hand on the sink right away. Looking over at Sonia helplessly, he grumbled, "Okay, okay, I'll put my hand here. Don't go."

She heaved another sigh. "For heavens' sake, why must I become the villain before you would listen to me?"

He lowered his head without saying anything, behaving much like a dejected child who had just been told off.

She couldn't help seeing the comical side of this, though she was still frustrated. He looks like I'm about to drag him into a slaughterhouse. "Alright, now just keep holding onto that sink and plant your feet firmly on the ground, okay?" She slowly let go of his arm. "Don't say I didn't warn you if you fall over later. There's no carpet here to break your fall; you're going to end up hurt."

"Okay..." he mumbled begrudgingly.

She shook her head, then turned toward the bathtub.

She came to a stop before the bathtub and took in its extravagance. It was large enough that it could accommodate five or six persons at the same time. She resisted the urge to snort as she thought rather disparagingly, My, he certainly knows how to indulge. I didn't even have such luxuries when the Reed Family was in its heyday.

Not pondering any more on this, she turned on the tap and drew a hot bath for Toby to soak in. As the water ran, she returned to Toby's side and said, "Stay here for a bit while I get your clothes."

He hummed once more in response.

She cast a furtive glance at his hand, and after making sure that he had a firm enough grip on the sink to not topple over, she ventured out of the bathroom and headed for his walk-in wardrobe.

Having arrived in the wardrobe space, she made a beeline for the rack where his sleepwear collection was stored and mindlessly picked out a set of pajamas for him, thereafter going over to his undergarment selection.

She found the neatly folded boxer briefs in one of the many drawers, and instinctively blushed as she selected one at random. Unceremoniously shoving it into the folds of the pajamas in her arm, she hastily closed the drawer and went back to the bathroom.

Tony's eyes lit up when he saw her figure re-enter the bathroom. Cheerily, he greeted, "You're back."

"Yes, I am," she said with a nod. Placing the change of clothes into the hamper, she went over to hold his arm and helped him over to the bathtub. "Okay, get into the bath, and you can go to sleep when you're done."

He hummed again and then lifted his leg so he could crawl into the tub.

Alarmed by this, Sonia pulled his arm to stop him. "Hey, what are you doing?"

He was puzzled as he blinked and replied without much thought, "Taking a bath."

She pressed a palm to her forehead. "How are you going to do that if you're still wearing your clothes?"

He tipped his head to the side as though questioning why bathing while fully clothed was impossible. She pulled a face that

suggested she was trying hard to keep her frustration from getting the better of her; with forced patience, she explained, “Toby, listen to me: you cannot step into the bath while you’re fully clothed, okay? So take off your clothes and go into the tub, and when you’re done with the bath, change into the clothes I put in your hamper.”

He looked over in the direction she was pointing at and noticed the hamper where she had put his pajamas.

Upon sensing his comprehension, she raked her fingers through her hair like an aggrieved parent and said, “Alright, you just take your time with the bath. I’ll be waiting for you outside.”

“Don’t go,” he said, holding onto her arm urgently.

She halted in her steps. “Is there anything else you need me to do for you?”

“Take off my clothes for me.” He was looking at her earnestly as he said this.

Her eyes grew to the size of saucers. “I beg your pardon?” Did he just ask me to take his clothes off for him?

He took a deep breath, then repeated, “Take off my clothes for me.”

“No way!” Sonia was blushing furiously as she rejected him outright. “I can help you with plenty of other stuff, but not this! You have to take off your own clothes. I mean, why would you even ask me to do that for you?”

“I can’t do it myself,” he explained pathetically, gesturing to his leather belt as he stared at her helplessly.

Sonia felt as though she might have a stroke. “Toby, I’m not sure if you’re just really dumb or if the alcohol has turned you into a spoiled brat, but there is no way you can’t get out of those clothes, so why don’t you stop with the excuses and let go of me? I want to go out now.”

“No.” Toby tightened his grip on her arm, stubbornly holding her in place as he stared at her defiantly, as though telling her that she would not be stepping out of the bathroom until she helped him with his clothes.

She tried to move her arm, hoping that she could break free from his hold. However, she discovered that his grip grew tighter with each one of her movements, and she could not pull away no matter what.

Cornered, she loosened up so that he would, too.

She had to remember that she was dealing with someone who was badly drunk. She couldn’t reason with him, and there was a likelihood that her suggestions and gentle prompting would only fall upon deaf ears. With reverse psychology at work, he would only do the opposite of whatever she said and hold on tighter when she asked him to let go; but if she were to loosen up, then so would his vise-like grip on her.

True enough, as soon as he sensed no resistance on her part, his grip loosened up a little.

She glanced sideways at his hand, which was still clutching her arm. An idea flashed in her mind, and she quickly jabbed a finger toward the ceiling as she shouted, “Look, it’s a plane!”

Much to her disbelief, Toby actually fell for the trick and looked up.

When she saw this, she seized the opportunity to pull away from him, hoping that she could break away while he was still distracted.

However, he instantly reacted to her sudden movement and turned his attention back to her. This time, he tugged her backward forcefully.

But because his legs were too weak to hold him upright, his balance was already precarious as it was, and such a forceful backward tug resulted in the both of them toppling into the bathtub behind them.

With a loud splash, the water splattered everywhere as Toby and Sonia’s combined weight displaced it from the tub.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 667

Chapter 667 Help Me Take Off My Clothes

As for Sonia and Toby, the two sank to the bottom of the bathtub. Sonia hurriedly held her breath, so as not to choke on the water. But Toby had drunk too much wine and didn’t know what to do, so he foolishly opened his eyes and let the water go into his mouth and nose. When Sonia saw his face change, she knew he was choking on the water. After a quick frown, she hurriedly

reached out and lifted his chin, bringing him out of the bathwater.

After getting out of the water, Sonia coughed twice and hurriedly took a big breath of fresh air. However, Toby, who was beside her, was lying motionless by the edge of the bath. After Sonia took several deep breaths and felt her breathing gradually return to regular, she turned to check on Toby's condition. He was staring at the bathroom floor with his eyes open, appearing dazed.

Even though Sonia pushed him, he did not respond, as if he had lost his soul. Nevertheless, Sonia knew he had not lost his soul but had almost drowned and had not come back to his senses yet. Helplessly shaking her head, Sonia patted his back while muttering, "Toby, what do I owe you in my past life? Hurry up and open your mouth! Spit out the water you just swallowed."

She slightly increased the strength of her pats on his back, trying to force out the water he had swallowed. After a few more hard pats, Toby came back to his senses. His eyes gradually focused, and he also obediently opened his mouth. Soon, he spat out a few mouthfuls of water. When Sonia saw this, she stopped patting his back. As long as the water is out, I won't worry about water accumulating in his lungs and causing inflammation.

After doing this, Sonia leaned on the side of the bath, slightly panting in fatigue. Looking at the man also leaning on the side of the bath in frustration, she said, "Toby, you've tormented me so much within these few hours. I'm more tired than I've ever been in a year. When you sober up, you'll get it."

Toby blinked, then suddenly swam to her side and hugged her.
“Sonia...”

“You still remember my name?” Sonia pushed him, but he did not budge.

Next, Toby buried his head in her shoulder and called again,
“Sonia...”

“What?” Sonia wearily rolled her eyes.

“I don’t feel too well.” Toby rubbed her shoulder.

Sonia lifted her hand to push at his head, then asked, “Where? Are you sure you got all the water out of you?”

Then, Toby rubbed her hands. “My body feels weird and heavy!”

Finally, Sonia understood. Looking at the wet clothes on his body, she pursed her lips and said, “Your clothes are all wet and have stuck onto you; how could they not feel heavy? I feel the same too.”

She was dragged into the bath by him, so the clothes on her body were all wet and now stuck to her body too, making her feel very uncomfortable. If not for the fact that he was now a drunk and his IQ had regressed to about the IQ of a 10-year-old child, she would have beaten him up.

“What to do?” Toby held the clothes on his body and asked her how to get the wet clothes on his body off.

Sighing, Sonia replied, “What else can we do? We take them off and get into the bath.”

She pushed him away and stood up from the bathtub, saying, “You hurry up and take off your own clothes, then have your bath. I’m going out to get changed.”

Sonia was soaked from the fall, so she had to wear his clothes. Thinking of this, Sonia had just taken a step out of the bath when Toby took her hand again and pulled her back into the bath. The water once again splashed and drenched them both, causing Sonia’s dry face to get wet again. Sonia shut her eyes fiercely and then opened them again, shouting angrily at Toby, “Toby Fuller!”

This man! How dare he?! Why have I never seen him being so annoying before?

Toby stared at her with an innocent face. “What’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong? What the hell do you want?” Sonia’s chest rose and fell.

“I want to take a shower,” Toby lowered his head and replied.

It took a while for Sonia to calm down. “Since you want to take a shower, you can do it yourself. Why do you have to drag me in with you?”

“I don’t know how to undress; you help me undress.” Toby took her hand.

At that, Sonia fell silent. Okay, I get it now. He was determined to let her help him take his clothes off. Otherwise, he would never let her go.

Sonia took a deep breath, resisted the urge to shake him off and walk away, then held his face and squeezed it hard. “Toby, listen to me carefully. If you still want to mess me up after I undress you, I will really leave. You can try if you don’t believe me.”

“I will not,” Toby shook his head and whispered back.

The corner of Sonia’s mouth lifted as she replied, “It seems that your mind is still very clear. Knowing that I’m going to leave, you hurriedly stop acting crazy. I suspect you are sober now, and you’re just deliberately putting on an act.”

Toby looked at her with a calm gaze, the confusion in his eyes undisguised. Sonia was not sure whether he was sober for real, and she did not bother to think about it.

After releasing his face, she reached down to unbutton the buttons on his shirt. It was not the first time she had changed his clothes; she did it once before in the cave under the cliff, so she didn’t feel strange undressing him.

However, when it came to taking off the pants, her heart could no longer be calm. With trembling hands, Sonia reached out to Toby’s belt, then turned her head to the side, not wanting to look at something inappropriate.

Luckily, Toby was not too sober at the moment, so he just simply let her help himself undress without any other intention. Thus,

when Sonia turned her head to the side, he did not force her to turn around. Of course, if he was sober, he would have done so.

Sonia couldn't see Toby, so she took off his clothes without looking. As her hands were still trembling slightly, she couldn't help coming in contact with certain inappropriate places. When her fingertips grazed through a particular part, she drew her hand as if she was electrocuted. However, even though she retracted her hand, she'd accidentally touch him again. Frowning hard, Sonia had to desperately calm herself down and stop moving unnecessarily.

Thinking of this, Sonia quickly calmed down. Then, she grabbed his underwear and pulled it down, then removed his pants. After taking his clothes off, Sonia hurriedly stood up from the bath and stepped out, turning her back on the man behind her and saying, "Okay, you quickly get into the bath. I'm going out first."

After saying that, without waiting for the man to respond, she hurriedly rushed out of the bathroom, leaving a trail of water behind her. Next, she went into Toby's room and found a new set of pajamas inside, ready to change into. His pajamas were huge, and on her body, it was like she was wearing a loose dress. Thus, she found a belt and put it around her waist so that the originally loose pajamas became a fashionable dress.

After changing her clothes, Sonia threw her soaked and dirty clothes into a clothes basket. Then, she took the basket and a blow dryer out of the room and went outside to blow dry her hair. It was already ten minutes later when her hair finally dried.

She walked in the bathroom's direction, ready to ask Toby if he had finished bathing. Since it had been so long, he should have been almost done. She came to the bathroom door, raised her hand, and knocked on the door. "Toby, are you done yet?"

However, there was no response from inside the door. Thinking that he might not have heard her, Sonia knocked and called out again. "Toby?"

There was still no response from inside. Frowning, Sonia put her ear to the door, trying to listen to the movements inside. However, there was no sound inside, which made her worried.

Has something bad happened?

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 668

Chapter 668 Sonia's Helplessness

Toby drank too much, and he had no strength left. In fact, he was so foolish that he didn't know how to swim up after going under the water in the bath.

Maybe he really slid to the bottom of the bath after I left. Maybe he drowned!

When Sonia thought of this, her heart sank, and her face turned pale. The next second, she quickly opened the door and rushed in. After entering, she didn't see the horrible scene she had imagined, but only saw Toby lying on the edge of the bathtub with his eyes closed like he was asleep.

Seeing this, Sonia breathed a sigh of relief and patted her heaving chest. Great, he didn't sink and drowned. That really scared me to death! But Toby's current situation is indeed worrying.

Rubbing her temples, Sonia walked over slowly, squatted by the edge of the bathtub, raised her hand, and then touched Toby's face lightly, confirming that he was indeed asleep and hadn't met with an accident. Only then did she feel relieved.

“Ugh, you can even fall asleep while taking a bath.” Sonia flicked Toby's forehead out of revenge. Immediately, Toby's forehead became red, showing that she had really hurt him. Serves him right for tormenting me for a few hours!

“Wake up, Toby. Wake up.” Sonia shook the man, trying to wake him up.

“Don't sleep here as you will catch a cold. Get up, put on your clothes and go to sleep in the room.”

However, Toby only moved a little and did not look like he had any intention of waking up at all. Sonia's hands were tired from shaking him, yet he didn't even flutter his eyelashes but simply slept on peacefully. This made Sonia feel a little helpless but also a little amused.

It seems that I really owed him in my last life, so in this life, I will be tortured by him to repay the debt. Oh well, I took off his clothes before, so it's not a big deal to put them on now for him. Isn't there a saying that whoever takes off the clothes is responsible for putting them on?

Sighing, Sonia rolled up her sleeves, grabbed Toby's armpits with both hands, and pulled him out of the bath. Toby was tall and big, so naturally, he couldn't be light. In addition, he was in a state of drunkenness and sleep, so Sonia felt he was much heavier than his actual weight.

Hence, to pull him out, she almost exerted all of her strength. Two minutes later, she finally succeeded in dragging him out, but because she ran out of strength, she couldn't stand firm after dragging him out and staggered back two steps. Finally, she fell back on her bottom on the cold ground with Toby in her lap.

Stunned, Sonia took a while to recover. She looked speechlessly at the floor behind her and then at the heavy naked man sitting in her lap.

What is this? How did things turn out like this?

She put one hand on the man's shoulder and the other on her forehead and suddenly laughed aloud, amused by the funny pose that they were in. After laughing for a while, Sonia took a long breath to calm down, put both hands on the man's back, brought the man up from the ground, and helped him to the bathroom door. Along the way, she tried to look straight ahead and not at the man so as not to see anything inappropriate.

However, in the room, when Sonia threw him on the bed, she glanced out of the corner of her eye and inevitably saw something inappropriate.

"Ugh!" Sonia's eyes widened as she gasped for breath, and her entire face turned red right to her neck.

“B*stard!” Sonia blushed and scolded Toby, then quickly covered her face and eyes before she turned away. At this point, her heart was beating so fast that it was about to leap out of her chest.

God, how could I see that thing?

Under her hands, Sonia’s face was full of annoyance and anger. Frowning, she regretted that she shouldn’t have glanced just now. However, what she just saw kept appearing in her mind. That thing is gigantic!

When she had sex with him the one time before, she was in a state of drunkenness and medication, so she knew little about what was happening and didn’t see his body, either. Now that she saw it, she was really taken aback.

He is really well endowed!

Thinking of that time when something as big as Toby’s manhood entered her body, Sonia felt that she was pretty impressive.

Hey, hey, what am I thinking? Calm down, calm down!

Sonia waved her hand and quickly banished the thoughts from her mind, then took a deep breath and hastened to the bathroom to get Toby’s pajamas. Soon, she came out holding Toby’s clothes and stood beside the bed with a somber expression, as if she was facing life and death. Because next, she was going to dress him, and dressing one was no better than undressing. Undressing was easier and could be done with eyes closed.

But she couldn't do that while dressing him because it was easy to button the wrong button with her eyes closed. Moreover, he had to wear underwear, and she had heard before about how men had to adjust their manhood while wearing underwear. So, with her eyes closed, how could she adjust? That also meant that she would not only look at Toby again, but also touch him. God, spare me!

Sonia closed her eyes, feeling like she wanted to cry. If only Tom is here now.

Although she thought so, she knew it was impossible. After all, she couldn't really wait for Tom to come back and let him help his boss get changed.

Who knows when Tom will come back?

Thus, Sonia pinched the bridge of her nose and let out a long sigh.

Forget it! I'll do it! I've seen it all, anyway! So what if I touch it? Besides, in the future, I can't avoid it.

Thinking of this, Sonia took a deep breath, and then got Toby's underwear out of the clothes in her arms, ready to put it on. She threw the other clothes aside and began to unfold his underwear.

After that, she held Toby's ankles and began to put the underwear on for him. When she reached his hips, she paused, as if she was readying herself. After a few seconds, she calmed her fast-beating heart and continued to pull his underwear up.

Finally, Sonia saw that thing again, and her face that was already red reddened even more now, and her breathing became much

more rapid. But this time, she didn't avoid it anymore. Although she was shy, she stared boldly at it.

After watching for a while, she curiously poked at it with her finger. When she realized what she had done, she hurriedly raised her head to prevent blood from flowing out of her nostrils.

God, I've just found out that I'm also a lustful person! How could I actually touch Toby's manhood on purpose... Sonia, nothing can save you now!

Sonia twitched the corners of her mouth, then lowered her head and continued to dress Toby. This time, she was calm and no longer nervous and shy like just now. After all, she had seen and touched it, so the novelty was gone, and she was no longer interested in it. Finally, Sonia successfully put Toby's pants on the man. She sighed in relief and sat on the bed to rest. Yes, rest. For her, putting Toby's pants on him was akin to fighting a battle, and her tired back was soaked with sweat.

Turning her head, Sonia glanced resentfully at the man who was still sleeping soundly on the bed and shook her head helplessly. "You're really my archenemy!"

Then, she stood up, picked up the pajamas on the side, and continued to put them on Toby. It was less stressful to change his shirt than pants, so Sonia quickly pulled his right arm into the right sleeve. When she came to his left arm, she halted.

"This is..."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 669

Chapter 669 His Wedding Ring

A ring? Why is he wearing a ring on his hand? This ring is also quite familiar. Could it be...

Sonia was taken aback, then she hurriedly dropped the sleeve in her hands and held Toby's left hand with both hands instead, spreading his fingers apart so that she could see the ring he was wearing on his ring finger more clearly. After looking at it for a while, she was finally sure that it was their wedding ring at that time. When did he put it on?

Sonia touched the men's wedding ring on Toby's finger, and her red lips pursed for a moment. She had gone to buy this ring herself at that time.

When they got married, Rose asked him to accompany Sonia to buy the ring, but at that time, he had no feelings for Sonia, so he refused to go ring shopping with her. In the end, she went alone. After looking over many pairs, she finally saw and bought this, then had their names engraved inside.

When the wedding came, the jeweler delivered the rings, and they exchanged them, but he took his off after the wedding and never wore it again. Although she was sad, she didn't insist on him wearing it because she knew that he did not love her. It was a compromise on his part to wear the ring for her at the wedding and not make her lose face on the spot, so she could not expect anything else.

Then, six years down the line, she did not see him put on the ring again until the time before the divorce. For some reason, he had

suddenly put it on again. However, he refused to let her approach him, so she could not see the ring specifically, so much so that she forgot what the men's ring that she had bought looked like.

If she hadn't remembered that this ring had the same main diamond as her ring, she wouldn't recognize the ring he was wearing now to be their wedding ring at that time.

Sonia looked at the sleeping man and then at the ring on the man's finger. She could guess why he was wearing the ring again. It was because of love and because they were going to be together again. Besides, she realized he had been wearing this ring for some time. When she looked at the ring, she saw the deep ring marks on his finger.

Thus, she believed that he had already worn it before his cast was removed. It was just that his hand had been in a cast for a long time, and she rarely paid attention to it, so she never realized it. Moreover, he didn't say anything about it.

How could he hold back for so long?

Sonia smiled with emotion, then tucked Toby's left arm into his sleeve before buttoning up his pajamas. Grabbing the quilt, she covered him up, leaned down, and gave him a kiss on the forehead. Next, she got up and walked toward the door of the room.

Get a good night's sleep. When you wake up, you can no longer be like you are today in such a drunken state. You should be spirited, and even if there is too much pain hidden in your heart, you absolutely can no longer show it like this. Otherwise, if

others find such a weakness in you, they will definitely plan to take advantage of it, and the consequences will be unimaginable. So, Toby, you must not be reckless anymore.

When Sonia came to the room door, she looked back at the man on the bed and went out, closing the door after her. She came to the living room and sat down on the sofa before calling Tom. The call soon got through, and Tom's voice came. "Miss Reed."

"Tom, how is Grandma now?" Sonia picked up the glass, took a sip of water, and asked with concern. It had been more than two hours since Rose had fainted, and she didn't know what the situation was now.

Tom stood outside the ward, looked at the old woman in the ward, and said, "Old Mrs. Fuller is fine. The doctor said she only fainted from sudden shock and stress. Now, she has calmed down and has fallen asleep."

When Tom came to the hospital, Rose had woken up once. She saw him and instantly grabbed him to demand about Toby's heart failure, and it was only after he explained the reason and said that Toby had found a heart donor, did she finally feel relieved to receive treatment and sleep.

Otherwise, Rose probably would have been worried sick. After all, she had already lost her husband, son, and daughter-in-law, so if Toby had no heart donor and had to pass in front of Rose, the old woman could never accept such an outcome.

“That’s great then.” Sonia did not know what Tom was thinking. Hearing that the old lady was no longer in trouble, she was greatly relieved.

“Right, Miss Reed. How is President Fuller doing now?” Tom pushed his glasses and asked.

Sonia glanced toward Toby’s room and smiled. “He is okay. He woke up for a while after you left, but because he drank a lot, he became rather childlike and annoying, but he has also fallen asleep by now.”

“Okay, that’s great.” Tom nodded and also felt relieved. As for what Sonia said about Toby being like a child, he thought that it was impossible. Toby was so wise and smart; how could he become childish when he was drunk? It must be fake news.

“Tom.” Sonia suddenly thought of something and narrowed her eyes. “What exactly did you say to Grandma that made her pass out? Was it about Toby?”

Tom didn’t expect that Sonia would suddenly be so perceptive and ask about this, so he was caught in a difficult position for a while, not knowing how to answer. Seeing that Tom was silent, Sonia thought that what she guessed was right, so she pursed her lips and said, “As expected, it was about Toby. What was it about? Did something happen to him that I don’t know about?”

“Um... No.”

The corners of Tom's mouth twitched, and Tom replied sheepishly, "I just told Old Mrs. Fuller that President Fuller drank too much alcohol, and she—"

"That's impossible!" Sonia's expression darkened. "Grandma knew that Toby would drink today and even prepared herself for the event that Toby might hurt himself today because she had experienced it before, so it is absolutely impossible that she would be so shocked by this that she fainted. It must be something else."

Tom was once again silent. Miss Reed is too shrewd. It seems that President Fuller would not be able to lie past her in the future.

"Um..." Tom scratched his head.

With some difficulty, he pleaded, "Miss Reed, please stop asking. I can't tell you about this matter. Old Mrs. Fuller fainted after I told her. What if you faint too after I tell you? This is not a risk I can't take, but you can rest assured that although this matter is a little hard to accept, the outcome is good. Besides, when this matter is over, you will know what happened even if we do not tell you by then. In short, President Fuller did not do anything wrong to anyone."

Hearing him say this, Sonia wrinkled her eyebrows tightly. "Why do I not understand? What is so serious about it that we can't accept, and we may even faint from the shock of hearing it? Yet the outcome is good? Why is it so complicated?"

Sonia felt her head spin as she tried to make sense of it.

Tom added with awkwardness, “Miss Reed, I know that it is difficult for you to understand now. In any case, I cannot tell you this matter, so if you honestly want to know, wait for President Fuller to wake up. Then, you can personally ask him and see if he will tell you. If he won’t, then I can’t either. But Miss Reed, even if he refuses to tell you, I also hope you can understand him because his present situation is horrible!”

Since Tom spoke with such heaviness in his tone, Sonia also realized that this matter was not simple. She looked at Toby’s room door and finally nodded. “I got it. Since you said that he did not do anything wrong to anyone, that’s enough.”

As long as Toby was not betraying her, she could accept that he was hiding something from her.

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

Chapter 670 The Mysterious Person

Besides, Sonia herself also had things hidden from him. Hearing Sonia’s words, Tom suddenly breathed a huge sigh of relief.

“Thank you, Miss Reed, for understanding.”

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

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

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

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

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

Tom stopped. “Is there anything else?”

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

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

Since, for over ten years, Toby had not told anyone that his real issue was not what Tom, his grandmother, and the others thought, then naturally, Sonia would not tell others for him. In her opinion, these things were better for him to tell others himself. After all,

when the day came that he could tell others himself, it meant that he had finally let the past go.

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

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

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

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

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

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

President Fuller loves Miss Reed so much and finally impresses her after much begging in order to make her get back together with him. During this time, he has been arrogant and looks at me with a condescending look. Yes, a condescending look because

I'm single. Before this, I thought that I was wrong, but after several times, I'm sure that I'm right. He has indeed been looking at me full of contempt for being thirty and unattached.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's right."

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

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

Let’s hope everything goes well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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