

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 104

Grace saw the glimmer in Charles' eyes, but when it dimmed, she couldn't help but prod him in the head. "Why are you always so caught up with your own thoughts? You're too cowardly, and that's why you missed Sonia."

"It's not my fault," Charles grumbled plaintively.

She rolled her eyes at him. "Oh, so whose fault is it then? If you had just been bold enough to pursue Sonia romantically, then the both of you might have ended up together from the get-go."

"It's not as simple as you think," he countered, lowering his eyes as he let out a bitter chuckle. "Not every girl could take their guy best friend as a boyfriend, you know."

"Okay, so how would you know she won't be able to take it if you never asked in the first place?" Grace pursed her lips in displeasure.

Charles gulped, unsure if he had the answer to his mother's question.

With an impatient and dismissive wave of her hand, Grace barked, "Very well. Get out of the kitchen. You're only going to get in my way if you stay here."

His eyes widened. "You were the one who asked me to come in here, remember?" he argued exasperatedly, only to be ignored and pushed out of the kitchen.

"That kid's hopeless, and it doesn't help that he's afraid of everything. If only he could just man up a little!" She shook her head in frustration. "Looks like I'm going to have to take things into my own hands instead. It's time to set my son up with the girl of his dreams!" Having thought of this, she pulled out her phone and called a number. "Hi, Alaric. Didn't you say you have an equestrian facility?"

"That's right. What about it?" A middle-aged man's bright and cheery voice spoke up on the other line.

Grace beamed. "Do you think I could have it for the weekend? I only need it for two days, and it's crucial because I'm trying to set my son up with my future daughter-in-law."

She had plans to trick Sonia and Charles into going horseback riding together, and she would create little nerve-wracking moments for them along the way.

Charles and Sonia's chemistry might blossom into fireworks by the time they were through with horseback riding.

However, Grace's bubble burst when Alaric explained apologetically, "I'm afraid that's not possible. The facility's been booked for the weekend."

She frowned when she heard this. Disgruntled, she thought grimly, Which insolent fool has beaten me to it? "How many of them are there?" she pressed.

Alaric chuckled as he replied, "Just two. It seems as if they're planning for a date."

"Well, two isn't a crowd at all." Her eyes lit up with a brilliant idea. "Do you think you could squeeze two more in for the weekend? Maybe you could talk to your current guests and tell them that my son and my future daughter-in-law won't bother them at all!"

"Well..." He grew a little uneasy at the suggestion.

Sensing his reluctance, she put a hand on her hip and said darkly, "Have you forgotten how I've helped you out in the past, Alaric?"

It was only upon hearing this that Alaric broke into a breezy smile. Chuckling good-naturedly, he said, "Alright, you got me. I suppose I'll just have to be thick-skinned and put on my persuasive charm. I'll talk to my guests about this, okay?"

"Now that's the right attitude to have." Appeased, Grace hung up the phone and beckoned Charles and Sonia to join her at the dining table.

After the meal, Sonia patted her stomach, which bulged slightly under her shirt. She sprawled on the couch in a daze as she remarked, "Your culinary skills are as impressive as ever, Mrs. Lane."

Grace grinned at the compliment, and her eyes turned into crescents. "If you think my culinary skills are great, then you ought to drop by with Charles more often and have meals with us."

"Okay," Sonia agreed, nodding earnestly. "Your offer is too good to resist, Mrs. Lane."

"Well, I'm not asking you to resist it at all! I love cooking, and Charles and Curtis are almost never at home. There isn't a point cooking if there isn't anyone around to appreciate it," Grace complained.

Charles rolled his eyes when he heard this and paused in peeling the apple. "That's unfair, Mom. You're the one who always goes out shopping and traveling. You can't seriously blame Dad and me when you barely have time to cook for us."

"Don't interrupt our conversation, you punk. I'd hit you if I could," Grace warned through gritted teeth, clenching her fist and making as though she would punch him for real.

Charles immediately dropped the apple in his hand and leaped away from her, narrowly dodging her attack.

Even as he did so, he sang mischievously, "You can't hit me."

Sonia, on the other hand, burst into laughter as she watched the slapstick comedy that was Charles and Grace. At that moment, the living room was warm with happy sentiments.

It wasn't long before the sky darkened. Sonia glanced at the time, and when she saw that it was nearly 8.00PM, she excused herself courteously.

Grace invited her to stay the night, but she turned it down nonetheless.

"Charles, go drop her home," Grace urged as she shoved her son forward.

"I was going to do that anyway," Charles muttered. He grabbed the car keys from the coffee table and said, "Come on, darling, let's go."

Sonia nodded as she hummed in response, then waved at Grace jovially. "Goodbye, Mrs. Lane."

"Goodbye." Grace waved back.

Sonia tailed after Charles as they walked out of the villa. Then, they got in the car and drove away.

When they pulled up outside Bayside Residence an hour later, Sonia unfastened her seatbelt and opened the car door. "I'll get going now."

"Okay," Charles answered breezily.

Sonia closed the door and rounded the car, thereafter heading straight for the building.

At the same time, Charles received a message from Grace, which read, 'Charles, I've set up a date for you and Sonia at Alaric's equestrian facility. Alaric knows all about it, and the room in the villa has been set aside for the both of you, too. I believe that you'll get the girl of your dreams, Charles. Good luck!'

His lips twitched when he read the text.

The woman had decided to play matchmaker after all. A date, however... There was a glimmer in his eyes as he rolled down the car window, and when he saw that Sonia was about to go into the lobby, he tightened his fists and summoned all the courage he had, then called out, "Baby!"

Sonia stopped in her tracks and turned around. "Yes?"

He took a deep breath and tried to school his features into his usual, nonchalant smile so that she couldn't tell how nervous he was. "My mom just texted and said we should head over to Alaric's equestrian facility this weekend."

“Huh?” She couldn’t quite hear what he had said, given how softly he had spoken.

He raked his fingers through his hair and decidedly opened the car door, then took long strides toward her. When he came to a stop in front of her, he repeated his words from earlier. “My mom booked Alaric’s equestrian facility for horseback riding, but she’s going to Europe for a shopping trip on the same weekend, and she asked that we take her slot instead. She doesn’t want the deposit to go to waste.”

He dared not meet Sonia’s eyes as he said this, afraid that she might see through his lies.

However, she did not pay attention to him and was completely enamored with the thought of horseback riding. Her eyes lit up as she nodded and said, “Okay.”

She couldn’t remember the last time she had gone horseback riding. It seemed as if she had given up on the hobby after her marriage with Toby.

Now that she thought about it, she could not believe how stupid she had been to give up on her hobbies just to keep a man who did not love her.

“Great. I’ll pick you up this weekend,” Charles replied happily, secretly letting out a breath of relief.

She hummed in response. “Alright, I should get back home now.”

He nodded. “Go on, then.” However, just as she was about to turn on her heels, a sudden thought crossed his mind, and he called out to stop her, “Wait.”

“What is it?” She glanced at him in askance.

He averted her gaze as he mumbled, “There’s something on your head.”

“What?” She raised her hand and gently dusted the top of her head. “No, there isn’t.”

“You missed it. Here, stop moving. I’ll get it for you,” Charles offered.

“Fine,” she said, relenting as she stood unmoving.

He reached out for the top of her head and stepped closer to her, bridging the gap between them as he dipped his head. His lips were close to brushing against her forehead.

But just as his lips were about to touch her skin, she asked suddenly, “Did you get it yet?”

He stopped in time and gave her a tight smile. “Yeah, I did.”

He withdrew his hand and stepped backward, returning to his initial position as he heaved a quiet, bitter sigh. He couldn’t help but mourn over what could have happened.

I was so close to kissing her on the forehead. But this is probably for the best; what if I kissed her, and she refused to go horseback riding with me this weekend?

Meanwhile, in the idling black sedan across the road, Toby’s face was glum as he stared at the two figures standing by the building entrance. His fists clenched on top of his thighs as he felt anger thrumming in his veins.

For some reason, he couldn’t help the murderous rage he felt for Charles when he thought about how the latter kissed Sonia.

Toby pursed his lips, then barked icily, “Go!”