

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 32

Looking at Tyler's badly beaten face, Sonia sighed deeply and got into the car without further arguing with him.

Meanwhile, Tyler had not deemed himself an outsider at all as he started touching things in Sonia's car.

Sonia's car was a standard sedan, but because Tyler was very tall, he could only shrink his long legs below the seat. However, he still thought it was the car's problem. "What kind of lousy car is this? I can't even move my legs! Hey, why didn't you ask for a car when you and my brother were going through the divorce?"

"Just get out if you're not happy with it." Sonia didn't speak kindly to him as she didn't want to spoil him. "Go and sit in Toby's fancy car instead."

With that, Tyler stayed silent.

Soon, the car arrived at the parking lot in the basement of Bayside Residence. Seeing Sonia get out of the car, Tyler quickly jumped out and followed behind her. "I heard that the houses here are very expensive. Did you sell the Ocean's Heart to buy this property? Did Toby really not give you a single cent when you guys divorced? Hey, have you lost your mind? Even if you asked Toby for some money, no one would say anything about it."

Sonia ignored him and even deemed him absent. After arriving on her floor, she entered the house after scanning her fingerprint.

If not for Tyler's quick response, he would have been left outside the house. He was so annoyed that he felt like cursing Sonia but he knew he needed a place to sleep tonight, so he snorted and bit his tongue.

Seeing Sonia walk toward the kitchen, Tyler yelled at her, "I want beef noodles—two bowls!"

Although he detested Sonia, it was undeniable that Sonia had great cooking skills and he enjoyed her dishes. Back when Sonia was still at Fullers' Residence, she would prepare lunch for Tyler to bring to school. After Sonia had left the family, Jean had hired a chef who claimed to have worked in a five-star

hotel before. However, it turned out that his cooking was nasty and even Sonia's cooking was better than his.

"I'm going to make plain noodle soup—take it or leave it," Sonia said coldly without even turning around. "The first-aid kit is in the second drawer of the storeroom. Go get it yourself."

What the heck! This woman has simply divorced Toby, but why does it feel like she has become a totally different person?

After complaining about Sonia inwardly, Tyler reluctantly went to get the first-aid kit from the storeroom and sprayed the disinfectant at the wound on his face.

Sonia was still preparing dinner, so Tyler wandered around the apartment. He noticed that the guest room was empty while there were only Sonia's apparel and cosmetics in the master room—there was no trace of another man at all.

Could it be that the toyboy named Carl Lee does not stay here?

Tyler walked to the table beside the floor-to-ceiling window and found a laptop, some stationery, and a half-opened old metal box on the table. He glanced at the door before secretly opening the metal box. Inside the metal box was a pile of yellowed letters.

Out of curiosity, Tyler took one of the envelopes and opened it. After reading the content, he realized that Sonia was writing to a pen pal named 'John'. She shared interesting stories in life with him and asked him if his grandmother was well.

When Tyler saw the date at the bottom right corner of the letter, he mocked her with disdain, "Hmph! This b*tch did not focus on her studies and was dating on the web! How has she not been fooled yet?"

All this while, I wondered why Sonia had a big change in her personality after the divorce from my brother. It turns out that this is her true color—she has always been wild!

“Tyler Fuller.” Sonia’s impatient voice came forth from outside the bedroom. “I’ll give you ten seconds. If you don’t come over and have your noodles, I’ll throw it away.”

Damn! How dare this woman threaten me!

Cheesed off, Tyler simply stuffed the letter into his pocket and thought to himself, I have to let Toby see this and tell him that Sonia has engaged in web dating since she was in school.

When Tyler went to the kitchen, the beef noodle was still on the table, so he sat down and tucked away, thinking that Sonia was still sensible.

Meanwhile, Sonia sat down across from Tyler and asked, “Why did you fight with the others?”

“Mind your own business.”

“Sure, I shall mind my own business and ask Toby to come over then.” Sonia knocked the table with her finger and smiled faintly.

Hearing that, Tyler remained silent for a moment before he spoke up reluctantly. “There’s this girl in our class who always gets bullied by them. They even had the guts to cut her hair! I couldn’t just sit and watch anymore so I started throwing punches at them...”

However, it so happened that a police officer, who had just got off from work, passed by when they were fighting, so all of them ended up being detained in the police station.

“I didn’t know that you actually have a sense of justice,” Sonia said.

Because Tyler was bad-tempered and had always picked on Sonia when she was back in Fullers’ Residence, Sonia had never meddled with his affairs and would only leave it to Toby to handle.

Tyler pursed his lips. “I’m just frustrated to see a few guys bullying a girl.”

While eating, he asked Sonia, “By the way, I’ve wanted to ask this since just now—where’s the toyboy? Isn’t he staying with you?”

“Who?”

“The one named Carl Lee.” Tyler rolled his eyes and gabbled, “I went in your room just now but didn’t see any men’s clothes.”

Sonia was annoyed at Tyler, who pried her room even though he was just a guest. Lifting her head, she stared at Tyler and smirked. “There’s no one here named Carl Lee, but there is a toyboy within a stone’s throw.”

Within a stone’s throw? Startled, Tyler soon realized what Sonia meant upon seeing her staring fixedly at him, and he choked on the noodles.

“Shameless woman!” Tyler rebuked as his face turned red out of anger. “I’m only sixteen, and I’m your ex-husband’s brother! H-How dare you have such thoughts?!”

Sonia asked unaffectedly, “Isn’t that what you already think of me—a flirtatious woman?”

With that, Tyler was at a loss for words.

After dinner, Tyler refused to leave and inhabited the couch as he wanted to stay the night. Perceiving that she couldn’t chase him away, Sonia went to get her phone.

Tyler caught a glimpse of her dialing Toby’s number, so he pounced over to snatch her phone. “Hang up! Don’t call him.”

“If you refuse to leave, I’m going to ask Toby to come over.” Sonia dodged so that Tyler wouldn’t be able to snatch her phone.

“So—nia—”

“Calling me Sonia a hundred times isn’t going to help you. Leave now or I’ll ask Toby to come.”

Seeing the call had already been forwarded on the phone, Tyler pounced toward Sonia, snatched the phone from her, and hung up the call.

As Sonia did not expect that reaction from Tyler, she fell to the ground upon the pounce. Although the back of the couch was soft, she was in pain as she had knocked her head hard.

Tyler heaved a sigh of relief after hanging up the call. Then, he noticed Sonia, who was frowning after falling onto the couch. The hem of her sweater folded outward, exposing her fair, thin waist and...

“T.F.?” Tyler had sharp eyes and noticed the alphabets tattooed at the right side of Sonia’s waist.

He soon understood the meaning of this short form. Staring at Sonia in shock, he mumbled, “You... have Toby’s name tattooed on your waist?”

Just then, the doorbell rang.