

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 386

But his delight was short-lived. When he saw the bandage on Sonia's head, he realized why Rebecca told him not to get mad when he saw Sonia. That must be why. He clenched his fists and stared down to hide the murder brewing in his eyes. Luckily, he made sure to do that subtly so no audience noticed it, or he'd make the next day's headlines. After he made a pose at the end of the runway, he walked back up the runway.

Rebecca leaned closer to Sonia. "He was upset when he saw your wound, miss. Yes, he tried to hide it, but it didn't escape me."

Sonia sighed. "It's fine. We'll just tell him the truth." She knew Carl would be unhappy about it, so she was already prepared.

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Carl went to the waiting room after the show.

His manager handed him a bottle of water. "Have some water, Carl."

Carl ignored him. After he came in, he shoved all the makeup items on the table away and they fell onto the ground, attracting everyone's gazes.

"What happened, Carl?" a model asked.

Carl ignored the model. He was staring down, trying to control his desire for murder. Who hurt her? If I know who did this, I will kill them. His face was contorted with rage.

His manager quickly stood in front of him in case someone took his pictures. It will be troublesome if he makes the headlines. "What happened, Carl? Why are you so mad?" the manager tilted his head, whispering.

Carl took a deep breath and contained his rage. "Nothing," he answered calmly.

"That didn't look like nothing to me. You didn't even bother to hide your true self. Obviously—"

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Before he could finish, a crew member announced, "Alright, models." He clapped his hands. "It's time for the closing ceremony. Get in line and be ready for it."

The manager had no choice but to swallow his words and told Carl, "Let's finish this, Carl. And remember to stay calm. Do not let anyone take any photos of your true self, or we'll get thrown through the wringer tomorrow."

Carl's eyes glinted. "I know." He massaged his temples to fully calm down and went onto the stage.

Back in the audience, Rebecca held her phone up to photograph Carl during the closing ceremony, while Sonia waited beside her in silence.

The ceremony ended in a while, and the model went offstage while the audience gave them a standing ovation.

Rebecca propped Sonia up.

After they clapped, Rebecca asked, "Are we going to see Carl, miss?"

Sonia nodded. "Of course. Let's go."

Rebecca returned Sonia's phone to her and helped her backstage, but they didn't go further once they were there. They wanted to wait for Carl, and luckily for them, his manager came out shortly after.

The manager knew Sonia, for he had seen her before, so he greeted, "Hi, Miss Reed. Here to see Carl's show?"

"Yes. He invited me." Sonia smiled.

The manager thought something was off with Sonia, but he couldn't put a finger on it. "Are you here to see Carl?"

"Yes. Can you call him for me?" Sonia asked.

"Sure," the manager agreed. "Give me a moment."

"Thank you." Sonia smiled.

The manager went into the makeup room to call Carl out, and he came out after a couple of minutes.

He had changed out of his show attire, but his makeup was still on, making him look like a handsome vampire in the medieval times. "Sonia." Carl came up to her and greeted her quietly.

"Hi. And here I thought you didn't want to see me."

"I would never," Carl denied.

Sonia snorted. "As if. You didn't even take my calls. Of course you don't want to see me."

"I—" Carl was at a loss for words. It took him a while before answering, "I just didn't know how I should face you. I can't face you. You probably hate me and are angry at me after what I did. I know you won't forgive me, so—"

"It's in the past now. I don't hate you, nor am I angry at you. I forgive you." Sonia sighed.

Carl's eyes shone, and he looked ecstatic. "You're forgiving me, Sonia?"

"Yes." She nodded.

Carl held her hands with a trembling one. "Is it true? You don't blame me for it?"

"Yes, but..." Sonia pulled her hand away. "But you'd better not do anything like that again, you hear me?" she said solemnly.

Darkness swirled within Carl's eyes, but he said, "I won't do it ever again."

"Good to hear." Sonia smiled. "And I found out about your condition."

Carl's face froze. "Y-You know about that?"

"Yes. So listen to me and get a therapist," Sonia advised him genuinely.

Carl squinted at her for a while and looked downward. "Of course."

"Good boy." Sonia patted his arm. He was right beside her, so she didn't need to see to know where his arm was.

At the same time, Rebecca smirked and mouthed, 'You're just saying that so she won't nag at you. You won't see a therapist, right?'

Carl managed to get what she said so he shot her a warning glare, but he retracted it after a moment, worried that Sonia might see it.

Rebecca rolled her eyes. She wanted to tell him to relax since Sonia couldn't see. But in the end, she decided to let him find out about it himself.

"What happened to your head, Sonia?" Carl looked at the bandage coldly, but he was worried for Sonia.

Sonia touched the bandage. "Some madman got to me," she answered calmly.

"Who?" Carl asked.

"Stop asking, Carl. I'll handle this myself. We should go now. Someone might be coming through soon."

Carl was angry that she was keeping it a secret and he clenched his fists, but he had promised he wouldn't do anything outrageous, so he loosened them up. "Let's go to my room. Every model here has one."

"Sure." Sonia nodded and extended her hand.

Carl wondered why she was doing that, but then he got his answer. Rebecca went to hold Sonia.

Sonia waved her hand across the air as if to see if there was a wall. Once she confirmed there wasn't a wall there, she put her hand down.

Carl was shocked and shaken to see that. "Sonia, what happened to your eyes?"

"I can't see, but it's only temporary," Sonia answered honestly. She knew she couldn't hide it for too long from Carl.

Carl held her face. "You can't see? Why? How? What happened?"