

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 461**

“Okay, go ahead.” Charles waved his hand.

Sonia returned to her room and gathered her clothes before heading to the bathroom. Then, Charles walked to the couch and sat down, thereafter taking the remote control to turn on the TV. He decided that he would watch TV while waiting for her to emerge after her shower. After waiting for almost 10 minutes, he finally saw her coming out. Her hair was still wet from her shower and her cheeks were red. She was even in a daze, which caused him to have some thoughts about her.

His gaze darkened a little and he couldn't help but whistle. “Baby, are you trying to tempt me by coming out like this?”

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She rolled her eyes at him. “How am I tempting you?”

“Are you not tempting me? You're fresh out of the shower. Don't you know that to a man, this is considered a fatal temptation? Baby, do you—”

Before Charles finished his words, Sonia had whacked him on the head with a doll, which caused him to fall onto the couch a grunt. Then, she clapped her hands. “Quit your nonsense! All right, I'll head to my room and blow dry my hair while you continue to watch TV.”

After saying that, she opened the door and went into the room. He rubbed his forehead and sat up with gloom as he looked at the closed room door. It seemed that she still didn't understand his feelings; it wasn't as if he never hinted at her before that he had treated her more as a best friend. He wanted to have her as his beloved woman, but she never understood his hints. She always thought that he paid lip service and flirted with her only because he was joking around.

Of course, Charles had himself to blame for the cause of this situation because he never directly told Sonia that he fancied her. He lacked the courage and was too cowardly to do so. He was always worried that if he confessed his true feelings for her, they might not be able to remain as friends anymore. His mother noticed his concern and advised him to be brave enough to spill the beans in exchange for being together romantically—even if it meant the possibility of losing Sonia as a friend. Yet, he still couldn't bring himself to do it. Maybe that was why even though he was the first to meet her and spent the most time with her, she eventually fell in love with another man. However, if he had been braver and bolder, would he have had a different ending with her altogether?

“What’s on your mind?” Sonia’s voice shattered his deep thoughts.

Charles’ eyes flickered for a moment before he shook himself to the present. “Nothing.”

He smiled and looked toward her. Her hair was now blown dry and styled into a bun on top of her head while she wore light makeup. She was in a casual outfit and didn't look like a mature lady of twenty-six, but she resembled more like a fresh college graduate.

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“You look beautiful in this.” He turned off the TV and stood up to compliment her.

Sonia laughed. “Do you mean to say that my usual clothes don't look perfect on me?”

“That’s not true. I just wanted to say that your attire today makes you look a lot more approachable. Your usual style gives off an aura of a strong and capable woman,” Charles commented as he shoved his hands in the pockets of his pants.

“I can't help it.” She lifted her purse. “My looks are soft and not intimidating enough, so I can only exercise an effort into my clothes to make myself look dominant. Otherwise, I can't control the people in the company.”

“That’s true.” He nodded.

“Well, let’s go.” With that, she turned around and was about to pull the suitcase when Charles extended his hand.

“I’ll do it,” he offered.

As a result, Sonia allowed him to take the suitcase. The two of them then drove directly to the toll plaza on the turnpike out of the city after leaving the house. Her phone rang a short while later and she took it out, only to be surprised that the call was from Toby.

Charles noticed it from the corner of his eye and asked, “Who is it?”

“Toby.” She didn’t hide the device and allowed him to take a look instead.

Then, he pursed his lips before replying, “What is he calling for?”

“I’m not sure. I won’t know until I answer it.” With that, she answered the phone.

Toby’s low voice soon came. “Have you left yet?”

Sonia grunted. “I’ve just left. President Fuller, is there something wrong?”

“It’s not a big deal, but if Carl contacts you afterward and mentions Declan’s whereabouts to you, will you please tell me about it?”

On the other end of the phone, he stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window of the ward, gazing at the leaves falling from a tree and leaving only the bare branches behind.

She nodded in reply. "Yes, but—"

"What's wrong?" When Toby heard the nervousness in her tone, his face tightened with a trace of worry in his eyes.

"Nothing." Sonia shook her head. "It's just that I'm not sure if Carl will contact me or talk to me about Declan's whereabouts now."

"Why is that so? Did you and Carl have a falling out?" He raised his eyebrows.

Sonia rubbed her brow. "No, it's Carl. He... He is suffering from dissociative identity disorder."

"What?" Toby looked stunned before he grew solemn. "You mean to say that the current Carl is of another personality?"

"Yeah." She leaned against her seat and looked out the window with some confusion. "I don't understand the current Carl at all and I don't even know how to get along with him, so even if I ask, I'm afraid he wouldn't tell me."

Toby did not speak as his eyebrows furrowed. How could Carl suddenly suffer from dissociative identity disorder? Although he knew that Carl had a psychological disorder in which there was a possibility of Carl suffering from a split personality disorder, he never expected that it would occur at this crucial time.

Most importantly, Toby had no idea whether Carl's other personality bore the memories of his original self and whether he still had his hacking skills. If not, even if he had sent people to keep an eye on Carl, they would not be able to find Declan.

As he narrowed his eyes, Toby opened his mouth again to ask, "What is his current personality like?"

Sonia recalled the Carl that she saw two days ago and bit her lip. "I'm not sure, but I'm certain that the current Carl is extremely dark. He's the kind of person who doesn't know what he will do next."

Toby pursed his thin lips and suggested, "It seems to be an extremely dangerous personality. In that case, don't follow what I just said. Don't ask Carl about Declan even if he really contacts you. Stay away from him and don't let him hurt you."

"I know." She nodded.

Then, he replied, "That's good. I have nothing more to say. Swing by early tomorrow, though, as I want to..."

"Hmm?" When she heard him trailing off as if he wanted to say something but decided against it, she couldn't help but be slightly puzzled. "President Fuller, were you going to say something?"

"No. That's it for now. Take care on the road," Toby reminded her before he hung up.

A frowning Sonia lowered the phone from her ear before she stared at the phone screen that had returned to the main menu. Her pink lips couldn't help but purse a little. What the hell did he want to say? This kind of behavior from him is really frustrating.

As she placed the phone into her bag with discomfort, she placed her hand on the window lock and turned to look out of the window with annoyance.

Charles glanced at her and asked, "Baby, did Toby make you angry?"

Her back stiffened for a moment, but she quickly returned to her natural state and answered indifferently, "No, why should I be angry at him?"

"Really?" Now that he took advantage of the red traffic light, he turned to look at her. "You look obviously angry after you spoke to him, though. So if it was not Toby who angered you, who else could it be?"