

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 483

Even Charles' jaw dropped. He was at a loss for words, but a storm was raging within him, and he couldn't calm down. I can't believe it. Mr. and Mrs. Reed aren't her real parents! They adopted her? That's straight out of a soap opera. And Sonia even went to Norfolk to find out the truth. When she thought she was their real daughter, she was so happy, but now... Charles was worried when he saw how crestfallen Sonia looked. "Babe..."

"Grace." Sonia suddenly stood up and held the box firmly. "What is inside this box?"

Grace shook her head. "I have no idea. It's your mother's gift to you, so I have never opened it. You'll have to find out for yourself after you go home."

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

Sonia said nothing.

Grace held her hand. "Don't think too much about it, Sonia. You'll come to accept it. Let's have dinner." She took Sonia and went to the dining room.

Charles looked at them, then at the box Sonia left on the table. In the end, he clenched his fists and went with them.

It was not an enjoyable dinner for Sonia at all. Her mind was somewhere else, and even Grace and Charles were deathly silent. Because of that, the dinner was a silent affair, save for the chewing sounds and the clanging of cutlery. The whole atmosphere was rather somber.

Curtis had no idea what happened, but he disliked the atmosphere. He put his bowl down and was about to speak, but Grace noticed it, so she squinted dangerously at him, telling him to shut up. Curtis was afraid of his wife, so he went back to his dinner silently after receiving that death glare.

The dinner lasted for what seemed like a lifetime for Sonia, but it ended eventually.

She took the box and said goodbye to the Lanes before going to the villa's entrance.

Grace quickly told Charles, "Send her off. She can't drive in that state."

Powered by Hooligan Media

"You don't have to tell me twice." Charles rushed ahead. When he came out, he saw Sonia almost tripping over herself, since she wasn't watching where she was going. He got tense and ran over to her, then pulled her back up before she could fall. "Are you alright, babe?" he asked nervously.

Sonia blinked and looked at him, but her eyes were dead. Finally, she shook her head. "I'm fine. I'll be going home now," she answered hoarsely as she took her car keys out and poked her door.

Charles arched his eyebrow, worried about her. "Do you know what you're doing, babe?"

Sonia kept poking the door, as if she didn't hear him.

Charles couldn't take it anymore, so he took her car keys. "Let me do it, babe. You're in no condition to drive. You even got the keys wrong. I can't let you drive like that, so I'll take you home. Get in." He pressed a button and unlocked the doors.

Sonia pursed her lips, but she said nothing and went to the passenger seat, for she knew she wasn't fit enough to drive.

They left the villa area a short while later and rejoined the metropolis. They were headed to Bayside Residence, and Sonia was silent the whole way through.

Charles kept glancing at her from the corner of his eye. He tried to say something while they were on the way, but he shut his mouth and said nothing in the end.

When they arrived at Bayside Residence, Sonia got out of the car and went to her apartment complex with the box in hand. Charles suddenly got out of the car and stood beside it. "Wait a minute, Sonia," he called out to her.

Sonia stopped, but she didn't look back. "Yes?" she asked.

Charles went up to her and stopped two steps away. "Babe, what happened earlier, it's..."

Sonia suddenly turned around and forced a smile. "I know what you want to say. You want me to accept my true identity so I won't go crazy over it and kill myself, right?"

"You got it." He scratched his head sheepishly.

"Yes, I did," Sonia said. "You weren't being subtle about it, so it was easy."

"So, babe, you won't kill yourself, right?"

She turned around and closed her eyes. "Don't worry, I won't. I just need some time to calm down. After all, the news is a bit too much for me to process. Go home, Charles. I need to be alone for some time," Sonia said, sounding exhausted.

Charles could understand her need to be alone and process this piece of news, so he nodded. "Sure. I'll be back tomorrow morning."

"Okay," Sonia answered curtly before she went ahead.

Charles stood right there to see her off. Once she went into the elevator, he went back to his car.

But the moment he did, someone suddenly stopped him. "Mr. Fuller wants to have a word with you, Mr. Lane."

Charles stopped and frowned at Tom. "You? It's late. Why are you here?"

"It's not your concern, Mr. Lane. Come with me, please," Tom said calmly as he adjusted his glasses.

Charles snorted. "Do you think I'll go with you just because you asked me to? That's a bit presumptuous, don't you think?"

Tom squinted. "So you're refusing, I assume?"

"Yes." He puffed out his chest. "If he wants to talk to me, then he should come here himself, not the other way around. Since he's not coming, I'm not going."

"Is that so? Well, looks like I'll have to take you by force." Tom pounded his fists together and inched closer to Charles.

Charles' face fell, and he tensed up as he retreated. "What are you doing? If you're even thinking about laying a finger on me, I—"

Before he could finish, Tom disappeared like a flash and reappeared behind him. Then, he quickly grabbed Charles' hands and pulled his arms behind him.

Charles' face contorted in pain, and he turned around. "F*ck you, Tom. I'm not letting this go easily! Just you wait! I'll kill you the moment I get the chance."

"You won't ever get that chance then." Tom looked down and scoffed at him.

Charles trembled with rage. "Why you little..."

“Stop complaining and come with me, Mr. Lane,” Tom interjected and took him to a street nearby. Eventually, they came to a black Benz.

The backseat window was rolled down, revealing Toby’s pale but handsome face. He had changed his car to a humble Benz just in case Sonia recognized his Maybach.

Toby turned his head slightly, and Tom released Charles. “He’s here, sir.”

Toby grunted and looked at Charles.

Charles was swinging his arm around when he realized Toby was looking at him. “Why did you get Tom to take me here, Fuller? What do you want?” He shot Toby a glare.

“What happened to Sonia?” Toby pursed his lips solemnly.