

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 503

Guilt crept into Charles' heart when he realized that Sonia had visited so many places and made so many calls just to get to him. He lowered his head and pouted for a while before he spoke. "I'm sorry, darling. I..."

"Well, tell me—what's going on?" Sonia raised her hand to stop him as she didn't want to hear an apology. Charles' gaze flickered for a moment before he sat back down on the swing and hooked his arms around the metal chains. "It's nothing much," he uttered in a dejected tone. "I just think that I'm a really useless person. I'm a grown man now, but I don't think I'm acting like one. I just wanted to take a stroll because I was troubled by these thoughts."

"Is that all?" Sonia narrowed her gaze. It was evident that she didn't trust his words. Her suspicions made complete sense—Charles had only told her part of the truth, after all. Sonia wanted to understand his abrupt change of emotions, yet he didn't manage to provide her with a direct answer. He merely brushed her question off by saying that he was a useless man.

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But... He's not telling me why he feels like a useless man, Sonia thought. This is giving me a headache, but I know that he's not doing it on purpose. He probably has his reasons for talking in circles.

Indeed, Charles avoided her gaze as he let out a casual yawn. "Of course that's all..." His voice grew softer toward the end of his sentence, and he eventually lowered his head and pressed his lips together.

Sonia let out a sigh before she sat down on the swing beside him. She had checked to ensure that the swings were clean, so she wasn't worried about dirtying her clothes. Once she sat down, she held the metal chains and kicked her feet against the floor to send her swing backward. With her head leaning against the metal chain, she said softly, "This place hasn't changed at all. It's just the way it used to be."

Charles smiled. "Of course. I've spent the last six years taking care of this spot just to ensure that it stays exactly the same. I'm sure some of the facilities here would have been ruined if I hadn't been taking care of it."

"Why did you take such good care of this spot?" Sonia looked at the man beside her.

"Because... This is our secret hideout, and it's a special and meaningful place to us. That's why I felt the need to protect it," Charles let go of the metal chains as he explained himself.

A guilty smile formed on Sonia's lips after she heard what Charles said. "You're right. Well, I don't think I have the right to say that it's special to me. I nearly forgot about this place until today."

Charles looked up at the sky. "I know. You stopped coming here after you got married to Toby, and I've never heard you talk about this place after that. Eventually, I assumed that you had forgotten about this park entirely. It's completely fine—this was our secret hideout when we were kids, but we aren't kids anymore now, are we? We don't need a secret hideout anymore. Anyway, you managed to recall this spot in the end, right?" After finishing his words, he shifted his gaze to look at Sonia.

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She giggled. "How often have you been coming here in the past six years? Do you come here a lot?"

"I think so." Charles nodded. "I come here when I'm tired or if I miss someone."

"If you miss someone? Who's that someone?" Sonia asked in an inquisitive tone.

He simply looked at her without saying anything. "Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked puzzledly.

“It’s nothing.” Charles scoffed at himself before he turned away from her. Charles, Charles... You know how slow Sonia can be when it comes to romantic relationships. If you don’t give her a direct explanation, she will never know that you’re in love with her—she would never even consider that possibility! If you think that she’ll understand your feelings when you look deep into her eyes, then you must be dreaming! he thought to himself.

Charles was well aware of the situation he was in, and he knew that he was supposed to express his feelings to Sonia in a straightforward manner. However, the words never seem to be able to leave the tip of his tongue. All the fear and anxiety within him stopped him from taking action, and it turned him into a loser. He was destined to lose to Toby.

Both of them lingered around the park for nearly 30 minutes. They had a few brief conversations in between periods of silence, but an awkward atmosphere hung in the air the whole time. Their interactions differed from their usual manner of interacting, and Sonia felt both exasperated and helpless when she realized that she couldn’t do anything to change it.

Eventually, the skies turned dark. “It’s getting late. Let’s go home, Charles,” Sonia uttered as she stood up.

Charles took a glance at the skies. “Okay. Let’s go.” Both of them stepped out of the park to the spot where Sonia had parked her car. When she arrived at her car, she realized that Charles’ car was nowhere to be seen. “Where’s your ride?” she asked.

“I got my assistant to send me over, and I told him to leave after that, so I don’t have a ride,” he uttered while shrugging.

The corner of Sonia’s lips twitched as she shot him a glare. “Well, get in, then. I’ll drive home, and then you can take my car back to your place.”

“Let me drive you back.” Charles reached out for her keys. Sonia didn’t protest and tossed her keys over to him, and he unlocked the car. Beep! Both of them got in, and Charles began to drive toward Bayside Residence. There was some traffic on the way back, so it took nearly two hours for them to arrive at Sonia’s place. It was 9.00PM by the time they got there.

Charles stopped the car by the side of the road, and Sonia walked toward her condominium after she got out and waved goodbye. As Charles stared at her figure, he tightened his grip on the steering wheel. He seemed as if he was trying to get his emotions under control. After a few seconds, he loosened his grip and took a deep breath before he flung the car door open and ran toward the woman.

He sprinted over to Sonia, so it only took him a few steps to reach her. Sonia could sense someone coming close to her, and she was just about to turn around when she felt someone grabbing her arm. Right after that, she felt her wrist being tugged hard. Her body was forced to turn in the direction of the tug, and she tripped on her own feet before falling into a soft and warm embrace.

It's Charles! Sonia couldn't comprehend the meaning of Charles' actions, but she stayed still and allowed him to wrap his arms tightly around her. He had hugged her a little too tightly, so Sonia's arms began to ache after a while. She finally returned to her senses before pushing him away gently. "Can you let go of me now, Charles?"

It seemed as if Charles hadn't heard her voice at all—he continued to hug her without loosening his grip. Right then, Sonia noticed that his body was shaking. She stopped trying to wriggle out of his arms, and she lifted a hand to pat his back instead. "What is it, Charles?" Charles remained silent as he buried his head into her shoulder.

Meanwhile, Toby lowered the window of his Mercedes-Benz to fix his cold glare on the man and woman who were tangled up in a tight hug. A dark shadow loomed over his face as he tightened his grip on the delicate gift box that he had prepared. The gift box was made of cardboard, but its original shape was no longer visible under Toby's powerful grip—the distorted box was a reflection of the uneasiness and rage in Toby's heart.

Tom was seated in the driver's seat, and he could see Toby's sour expression in the rearview mirror. A bitter smile spread across Tom's face when he sensed the threatening aura that surrounded Toby's figure. Gosh. I hadn't expected President Fuller and me to witness such an awful scene. President Fuller spent his whole afternoon trying to make a decision, and he finally decided that he would come here to meet Miss Reed and fix things with her. We've waited for nearly four hours just for her to come home. I can't believe she showed up with Charles! It's fine if Charles just happened to be with her, but I can't believe they're hugging each other. This looks like more than just a friendly hug. Both of them are hugging each other so tightly, and they've been hugging for a while now. She's patting his back, and he's burying his head into her shoulder. This looks like the sort of hug that couples would give each other! Did the both of them get together? Tom immediately spun around to look at his boss once that question popped into his head.

Toby lowered his gaze to conceal the blistering storm of rage in his eyes. He rolled the window up and threw the gift box on the empty seat beside him before he shut his eyes. "Drive."

"Where should I go, President Fuller?" Tom asked.