

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 504

“Home,” Toby said icily. Tom raised an eyebrow upon hearing his boss. “Home? Aren’t you going to pass Miss Reed the evening gown?”

“Does she look like she needs an evening gown right now?” Half of Toby’s face was covered by a shadow as he glanced out the window. Tom didn’t have anything to say in response. He’s right. Miss Reed is busy being intimate with Charles right now—it’d be odd for President Fuller and me to go to her. In the end, Tom started driving without saying anything else.

Toby remained silent throughout the ride. There was a gloomy aura surrounding his figure, and it seemed to spread out across the entire vehicle. Tom couldn’t handle the heavy atmosphere in the car, and he loosened his necktie as he cleared his throat. “Were you really affected by Miss Reed and Mr. Lane’s actions earlier, President Fuller?” he asked.

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Toby narrowed his eyes. Of course I’m affected by their actions. Would anyone enjoy seeing their lover in another person’s arms? When Tom realized that Toby hadn’t responded to his question, he fixed his glasses before he continued talking. “Well, then... What are you planning to do if Miss Reed and Mr. Lane get together?”

A look of confusion flashed across Toby’s face as he thought about Tom’s question. What would I do if they got together? I’ve never considered this question. If this had happened before today, I would have come to terms with the truth. I would have accepted their relationship even if I knew that I would suffer for the rest of my life. All of this would’ve been possible if I didn’t have the desire to continue living. If I’m gone, I’d want Sonia to live a happy life—she’s going to be around a much longer time, after all.

But now that I’ve found the will to live, I can no longer have Sonia dating another man. Yet, if she does end up with another man, I can’t stop them or ruin their relationship. She’d hate me if I did that to her. Tom’s right—I really don’t know what to do now. I can’t allow her to be with someone else, yet I can’t ruin her relationship with another guy. I’m stuck in limbo—I can’t let go of her, but I can’t do anything to change her mind. This is so agonizing!

Tom let out a huge sigh when Toby didn't respond to him. After working with Toby for 12 years as his assistant, Tom was the one person—apart from Rose—who knew Toby the best. After taking a glance at Toby's expression, Tom quickly figured out what Toby was thinking about. It looks like I should start investigating Miss Reed and Charles' relationship. If they're really together, then I'm afraid President Fuller might lose his will to live once more. It'd be great news if they weren't actually dating.

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Meanwhile, on the ground floor of Bayside Residence, Charles continued hugging Sonia for a long while. A few passersby stole glances at them, and some passersby naturally assumed that they were a couple. "How sweet!" someone exclaimed. "They seem like a really loving couple," another one commented. Sonia's ears were burning with embarrassment when she heard such words.

She was worried that the misunderstanding would get out of hand, so she eventually pushed Charles away. The sudden force took him aback, and he stumbled backward before steadying himself. A mixture of emotions filled his gaze as he looked at the woman in front of him.

"What's the matter, Charles?" Sonia tilted her head sideways.

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Charles parted his lips as if he were about to speak, but no words came out of his mouth in the end. He merely shook his head before giving her a bitter smile. "It's nothing. It's late now. You should go home and get some rest."

"Are you really fine?" Sonia clearly didn't believe him. Charles had been acting weird the entire day, and Sonia was worried about him.

He gave her a reassuring nod. "I'm fine. Hurry up and go home." He waved goodbye.

Sonia let out a helpless sigh—she knew that Charles wasn't going to tell her the truth. "Okay. I'll go home now. You should head home too. Tell me when you're back, okay?"

"Okay." Charles nodded. Then, Sonia clutched her bag and turned around to walk toward the entrance of her condominium. Charles stood in his spot and watched as her figure gradually disappeared in the dark. He remained standing even after she was long gone, and he eventually reached into his pocket to pull out a box of cigarettes. After lighting a cigarette, he took a long drag before spitting the thick, white smoke out into the dark sky. The clumps of smoke covered his face, making it hard for anyone to read his expression.

Initially, Charles planned to confess to her tonight. He wanted to come clean with her before she realized that she was in love with Toby again. Perhaps she would agree to date me since we've been friends for so many years, he had thought. That was what made him run out of the car to hug her.

However, he was defeated by his own fears in the end. He simply didn't dare to confess to her. I'm afraid. What if she rejects me and tells me that she doesn't like me? Does that mean that we won't even be friends anymore? The moment I confess to her, our relationship will never be the same again. We'll never have the pure friendship that we have now—she'll feel guilty for rejecting me, and she might even avoid me in the future. If that goes on, then our friendship will gradually fade off... I don't want us to end up like that, so I'd rather keep quiet than tell her the truth.

Charles flicked his cigarette onto the ground as he let out a scoff. I think I'm the most useless man in this world. I'm afraid of everything, and I overthink every single scenario. That's why I'm such a failure! That night, all three of them—Toby, Charles, and Sonia—couldn't seem to sleep well. Each of them had their own worries.

The next morning, Sonia arrived at Paradigm Co. feeling more exhausted than ever. She felt like her soul had been sucked out of her body, and she couldn't stop yawning as she sat in her office. When Daphne entered to collect some documents, she quickly realized the eyebags under Sonia's eyes. "Did you not get enough rest last night, President Reed?" Daphne asked in a concerned tone.

Sonia lifted her coffee cup as she gave Daphne a faint smile. "I guess," Sonia muttered.

"Do you want to get some rest in the lounge area? There isn't much to do in the office today," Daphne uttered.

Sonia shook her head. "It's fine. I have some errands to run—I need to buy an evening gown at the mall."

"An evening gown?" Daphne raised her eyebrow. "Are you attending a party, President Reed?"

"Yeah. It's Grandma's 80th birthday," Sonia replied with a nod. Upon hearing Sonia's words, Daphne recalled that Rose's birthday was coming up.

"You can cancel all of my schedules for today afternoon—none of them are important, anyway. If you have any documents that you need me to sign, you can leave them in the office. You can deal with the rest of the paperwork." Sonia lowered her coffee cup as she handed out her orders.

"Okay, President Reed. I'll excuse myself now," Daphne said as she gave Sonia a polite nod.

"Sure," Sonia replied. Daphne leaned over to carry all the documents that she had to handle before she turned and left the room.

After Sonia had lunch, she stepped out of Paradigm Co. and headed to the mall nearby. She wanted to purchase an evening gown that would go well with the accessories that Rose had gifted her. While Sonia was browsing through evening gowns in front of a rack, she heard the clicking sound of high heels approaching her. She assumed that it was another customer, so she didn't turn to look at all.

However, the sound got closer and closer to her, and a large figure eventually stopped right beside her. The figure reached an arm out to touch some of the evening gowns that hung on the rack in front of Sonia.

"It's been a while, Sonia." The figure initiated a conversation with Sonia, and she even knew Sonia's name. This caught Sonia by surprise. What a familiar voice! I feel like I've heard this voice somewhere, but I can't recall where. Sonia immediately let go of the evening gown that she had been holding before she turned to look at the person beside her.

Shock flashed in Sonia's gaze when her eyes landed on the familiar face of a person that she had some history with. However, Sonia quickly concealed the emotions on her face as she responded with a polite greeting. "Hello, Miss Stryder."

Melody lowered the evening gown she had been holding and turned to face Sonia. "You must be surprised to see me here, huh?"