

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 529

“Babe, what are you doing?” Charles didn’t expect Sonia to react so aggressively over a slip of paper. She snatched it away and hid it behind her, as if the slip was some sordid secret she didn’t want anyone to find out.

Sonia knew she was overreacting and could cause some misunderstanding, so she stared down apologetically. “Sorry, Charles. You can’t read this.”

“Why can’t I?” Charles put his hands down and looked at her.

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Sonia started explaining, “Because—”

Charles interrupted, “Because it was left by Toby, right?”

Sonia was surprised, and her head shot up. “How did you—”

“You want to know how I found out, right?” Charles smiled self-deprecatingly.

Sonia gulped, but she said nothing. Yes.

He clenched his fists. “It’s a guess, and it’s not hard. Tina’s ‘suicide’ happened around midnight last night. Toby was with you then, so he must have sent you home. I don’t even need to guess who bought you the breakfast and wrote a message to you. Toby came over this morning again, didn’t he?”

Sonia's eyes glinted. Well, that's mostly correct. The only incorrect thing is the time Toby came over. He did not come over this morning. In fact, he never left. "Charles. Actually..."

Sonia wanted to say something, but Charles waved her off and forced a smile. "Let's not talk about this. You should eat, and I'll take you to Paradigm Co. after that. I have something to do there today."

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"You want me to eat the breakfast he bought?" Sonia looked at him, surprised.

Charles nodded. "Why not?"

"Well..." Sonia said, "You don't like Toby, and you never wanted me to take anything from him, so it doesn't feel right hearing you telling me to eat something he bought."

"You just woke up, and you haven't eaten anything yet. Plus, you have a free set of breakfast here, so take advantage of it. Besides..." He stared down to hide the sadness within his eyes. He muttered, "You wouldn't throw it away even if I told you to. You can't do it." The last part was barely a whisper.

Sonia heard him mumbling, but she couldn't hear it clearly, so she tilted her head sideways curiously. "What are you mumbling about, Charles?"

"Nothing. Dig in. I'm going to use the bathroom." He then made his way there.

Sonia looked at him. She thought he was acting weirdly, but she didn't think too much about it. She took out the slip from behind her back and read the message on it. 'I'm going now. The breakfast is on the table. If it's still hot when you see it, just eat it. But if it's not, then reheat it.'

The handwriting belonged to Toby alright. His font had always been strong and unique. Anyone would be able to recognize his handwriting at a glance. As Sonia read the message, she pouted. "I'm not stupid. Of course I know I can't eat cold food. I don't need you to tell me that."

She was grumbling, but a smile had crept onto her face. Sonia folded the slip and put it in her pocket. She went to check on the breakfast and was surprised to find out that it was still warm. It's still warm? So it hasn't been long since he left.

Sonia sat down and opened the bag of food. It was almost a feast because there was mushroom soup, croissant, BLT sandwich, and a box of milk. Sonia smacked her forehead in amusement. "Did he buy everything in the shop?" She shook her head and stirred the soup before taking a sip. At the same time, she texted Toby on Messenger, 'Thanks for the breakfast.'

Sonia locked her phone and was about to put it aside after texting him that. She thought he must be busy working at the moment, but much to her surprise, her phone beeped the moment she put it down. Well, that was fast. She was stunned for a moment, but she quickly took the phone and opened the Messenger app without even thinking.

Toby texted, 'You're awake.'

Sonia rolled her eyes. 'I can't text you otherwise.'

Toby was in a meeting and sitting in the main seat as usual. When he saw her reply, he chuckled. I can imagine the look on her face when she said that. The more he thought about it, the bigger his smile became.

When the top brass heard his chuckle, they looked at him. They were horrified to see their boss smiling, as if it was something that should never happen. He's smiling! Mr. Fuller is smiling at his phone!

"Hey, does anyone have any idea what happened to Mr. Fuller?"

"Isn't it obvious? He's in love."

“Whoa? Really? With whom?”

The top brass shook their heads as none of them knew the answer to that.

Toby had no idea his subordinates were gossiping about him, and he texted back quickly, ‘Do you like it?’

Sonia looked at the soup before her. ‘It’s decent.’

She didn’t refuse his breakfast because she had agreed that he could woo her, and giving a potential partner breakfast was a part of that. So, she had no reason to say no.

Toby looked at his phone gently. ‘Good. Finish your breakfast. I have a meeting to finish, so talk to you later.’

Sonia texted an OK emoji. ‘Sure. But are you free this afternoon?’

Afternoon? Toby sat up straighter. ‘Do you need anything this afternoon?’ Is she going to ask me out on a date? Toby became visibly excited.

Sonia put her spoon down. ‘Nothing much. I want to give the accessories back to you.’ She was going to send one of her employees to do it, but then she thought it would be irresponsible of her. It was an expensive item, so if her employee broke or lost it, she wouldn’t have enough money to compensate him. I’ll do it myself. It’s safer that way.

Sonia’s reply made Toby frown. He wanted to say there was no need for that, since he never planned on taking it back. But then he realized she wasn’t the kind of person to keep it. If he forced her to do that, it would get on her nerves and ruin their already precarious relationship.

I should let her give it back to me. Actually, I can give it to her again once we get back together. Once he made up his mind, he replied, ‘Sure. Come over this afternoon. I’ll be waiting in the office.’

Sonia sent him an OK emoji again.

Toby didn't reply to that. It was about time to stop texting and focus on his meeting.

Sonia put her phone down and went back to her breakfast.

When Charles came back out of the bathroom and noticed the smile on her face, the light in his eyes dimmed. "You seem really happy, babe." Is it because of breakfast? I guess so. After all, the guy she loves bought it for her.

Sonia didn't know what he was thinking, so she touched her face. "Do I, really?"

"You do." Charles went over to her.

Sonia put her hand down. "It's probably the weather. It's nice today."

"Is that so?" Charles could see that she was lying, but he didn't expose her. It would only make things awkward if he said anything about it.

They left together after Sonia finished breakfast. Daphne called her to talk about work while Sonia was on the way there. While Sonia talked, she looked out the window. Eventually, she realized something was off, so she stared in the rear-view mirror for a while before turning around.

Charles noticed what she was doing, but he was perplexed. "What is it, babe?"

Sonia turned back around and hung up, then squinted into the rear-view mirror. "Charles, I might be imagining things, but I think this car behind us is tailing us."