

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 726**

“No. I’ll stay here with you.” Toby went to the couch and took a seat.

Sonia didn’t chase him out, and she went back to her desk. “Sure. As long as you’re not bored out of your mind.”

“Do I look like the kind of guy who gets bored easily?” Toby poured a cup of tea for himself and smiled.

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Sonia smiled at him, but she said nothing. Then, she made a call.

When Toby saw her putting her phone against her ear, he rubbed the side of the cup. “Who are you calling?”

Since the call hadn’t gone through yet, Sonia took a second to answer, “Charles.”

Toby frowned. “Lane?”

“Yes.”

“Why are you calling him?” He sounded jealous. He knew Charles had given up on Sonia, but he knew the guy still had feelings for her, and that alone made Toby dislike him.

Sonia knew why Toby's face fell, and she shook her head. "I want to thank him. He's the first one who tried to clear my name right after Jessica launched her smear campaign. Oh, and Zane too, so I'll have to thank him later. Stop getting jealous."

Toby grunted and stayed quiet. Fine. I'll let this one slide because they helped her. Despite him thinking that, he still stared at Sonia and listened closely in case the conversation got out of hand.

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Sonia felt his gaze, and she knew why he was looking. She shook her head in amusement.

Charles heard her laughter, and he was confused. "Why are you laughing, Sonia?" Did I crack a joke or something? I don't think I did.

Sonia waved her hand. "It's nothing. I was just amused because I saw a childish guy doing something stupid."

"A childish guy?" Charles was even more confused now. "Who is it?"

"Doesn't matter." Sonia wasn't about to tell him it was Toby.

Since she wasn't spilling, Charles shrugged and stopped asking.

Toby realized that Sonia was calling him childish, and he arched his eyebrow. Does she think I'm a childish guy?

Sonia made some small talk and was about to hang up so she could call Zane, but then Charles remembered something, and he stopped her seriously. "Oh, right. Sonia. You need to hear this."

Sonia put her phone back against her ear, and she turned serious as well. "What is it, Charles?"

“Someone from the hospital in Norfolk called me. You know, the place where your parents’ daughter was born.”

“Yes, and?” Sonia nodded.

Charles squinted. “The guy told me that Titus sent someone to snoop around about your mother’s case twenty-six years ago.”

“What?” Sonia’s face fell. “Why would Titus want to find out about that?”

When Toby overheard that, he stopped sipping his tea and went over to her. “What happened?”

Sonia shook her head quietly and waited for Charles to answer her.

Charles shook his head as well. “No idea. The guy said Titus’ lackey only asked about your mother’s child’s basic info and left, so I don’t know what he’s up to.”

“I see.” She bit her lip.

Charles continued, “I think he must be up to something. Titus must be planning a conspiracy, or else he would have no reason to snoop around. Be careful, Sonia.”

“I will.” Sonia smiled. “Thanks for the heads up.”

Charles waved his hand. “It’s nothing. We’re friends, right? Call me if you need anything. I’ll help if I can.”

Sonia was about to answer, but Toby—who had been listening in—interrupted with a dark look on his face, “No need. She has me. And you aren’t useful enough, really.”

The corner of her lips twitched, and she shot him a glare. "What are you doing?"

"It's the truth." Toby smiled.

When Charles heard his voice, he paused for a moment, but when he realized who it was, he stood up angrily. "Toby! Why are you there?"

"Why can't I be here?" Toby placed one hand on Sonia's shoulder and the other on the back of her chair. From the front, it looked like he was hugging her, and he looked smug. "I am her lover. If I can't be here, who else can? You?"

"Why you..." Charles stomped his foot angrily. "Don't get smug, Toby. You weren't even around when I met Sonia."

Toby looked ahead and answered languidly, "So? Not like you can have her in the end."

Charles was annoyed, but he could say nothing to that.

Sonia leaned forward and held her forehead in resignation. These men are in their thirties and they're the bosses of their own companies, but now they're arguing like kids, and they sound so childish. How amusing.

Toby didn't know Sonia just called him childish again, and he was busy basking in his glory of winning the argument. Of course he was delighted, for Charles was his romantic rival, and he won. Toby massaged his forehead and told Charles arrogantly, "Alright, we're going to be very busy, and we don't have time to waste. Goodbye."

Charles froze up, then he held the phone tightly. "Hey, wait a minute," he quickly said. "What are you two going to do? I'm not going to let you do anything funny to her, you hear me? You hear me, Toby?"

Toby could imagine how panicked Charles must be. He must be dying to come over right now. He took Sonia's phone and retorted coldly, "Charles, what Little Leaf and I will do is between us. It's none of your business. You're just an outsider."

Charles was fuming. "Little Leaf? You called her Little Leaf?"

Toby caressed Sonia's hair and retorted nonchalantly, "So?"

Charles clenched his fist. "So? So that's what her parents call her. You don't have the right to call her that."

"I'm sorry, but I do, and Little Leaf allowed it." Toby's smile was broadening.

Charles was shocked. "What? She allowed it?" She told him her nickname and allowed him to call her that?

"That is right." He held a lock of her hair and kissed it.

Charles was silent. He did try to call her Little Leaf back then, but she refused. She said that nickname was only reserved for her parents, so he changed and called her 'baby' instead. He thought she would lock her nickname away forever after her parents' death, but he never thought she would allow Toby to call her that after six years. So this is the difference between someone who's loved, and someone who's not.