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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 515 - 516

Chapter 515 We're Not Suited for Each Other

"What makes me think so?" Sonia laughed out of annoyance. "How dare you ask me that question? You were the one who told me you're letting go, and you were the one who told me to stay out of your sight. Yet, you said all those words in front of the crowd earlier. You're contradicting yourself! Aren't you making a fool out of me? What have I ever done to you, Toby? Why do you have to treat me like this?" She clenched her fist and pounded her chest while howling at him.

His lips trembled as he spoke, and his voice sounded guiltier and meeker than before. "I'm sorry. It's true that I said those words, but I swear I have a reason."

"Oh? A reason?" Sonia took a sharp inhale to calm herself down. "Okay. Tell me the reason, then."

Toby lowered his gaze as he didn't know how to respond to her. If he directly told her that he said all of those words because his heart was failing after he attempted to save her... He knew that someone like Sonia would be crushed by the guilt she felt. She might even rush off to the hospital to check if she was a good match as a donor... How could he tell her the truth?

A hint of disappointment flashed in Sonia's gaze when she saw that Toby wasn't willing to explain himself. "You're always like that," she uttered with a scoff. "You get me curious, and then you decide not to tell me the truth. You're disgusting, Toby!"

Disgusting? Toby's face turned pale as he clenched his fists and glared at her. He was trembling slightly. "Did you just call me disgusting?"

Sonia's eyes glinted. She regretted her words the moment they slipped out of her mouth, and she immediately realized that she had been a little too harsh to him. Ultimately, she shouldn't have said such a thing to him after all that he had done for her. However, she couldn't contain the anger in her chest—she was furious that he had hidden everything from her.

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After massaging her brows, she turned to look at him apologetically. "I'm sorry I went overboard with my words. However, I'm genuinely disappointed by you. I don't know what your reason is, but if you've decided to let go of me, then you should just stick to your resolution. You shouldn't go against your words. What you're doing now makes me feel like I'm a toy—you throw me aside when you're in a bad mood, and you pick me up when you're happy."

She shifted her gaze to look at him. "Did you know, Toby? From letting go of me to regretting your decision and coming back to me, you've always made these decisions on your own. You've never cared about my feelings. I dare say that you've never respected me!" After finishing her words, she turned to leave.

However, Toby parted his long legs and reached his right arm out to stop her. He wrapped an arm around her waist and hugged her from the back. Sonia froze. "You..."

"I promise I'm not playing with your feelings." Toby lowered his head and buried his face into her neck. "I've never treated you as a toy. I had been too rash when I decided to let go of you, and it's my fault for going against my words now. I admit that I've done all of these without considering your feelings, but I can promise you that I'm doing all of this for your own good."

Sonia scoffed in anger. "For my own good, huh? You don't need to tell me such things. I'm not touched at all—I just feel like you're emotionally blackmailing me. There are tons of people who will claim that they're doing things for your own good, but they end up doing things that hurt you. When you say that you're doing it for my good, do you really think it has been good for me? Do you think that's what I want?"

"..." Toby's pupils shrank as he fell silent for a moment. It was true that he had never considered this aspect. All along, he believed that he was being thoughtful by shouldering all the burden and ensuring that she lived a stress-free life. However, he had never wondered if that was what she wanted.

Sonia lifted her chin to look at the clear dark sky that was free of stars and the moon. "You were right to let go of me, Toby. We have never been a good match. Our educational background, values, and personalities... We have nothing in common." With that said, Sonia looked down and removed Toby's arm from her waist before she walked off without turning back.

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Toby didn't go after her. He merely stood in his spot as he watched her disappear down the corridor. His lips were pressed into a thin line. Did she say we have nothing in common? That's impossible. We wouldn't have been pen-pals for so many years if we didn't have things in common.

"I think Sonia's right." Suddenly, a pleasant and clear voice came from behind Toby, followed by the sound of a lighter's click. Toby frowned as he turned to look at the woman behind him. She had just started smoking a cigarette. "Do you think we aren't a good match, Emily?"

"No, that's not what I meant." Emily swayed her forefinger as she walked over. "I was referring to what she said earlier. She said that you didn't respect her and that you made decisions on your own without asking for her opinion. I agree with that." Emily flicked the ash off her cigarette as she spat a mouthful of smoke in Toby's face.

Toby turned his head away and waved to disperse the smoke. "I'll pack your stuff up and send you back to Fredburg if you exhale smoke in my direction again," he grumbled.

In an instant, Emily's haughty aura was replaced by a meek and spineless one. "Please don't take this to heart, Toby. I was wrong. I won't do that again," she uttered in an attempt to please him. He merely scoffed without responding to her.

Emily knew that he wasn't actually angry, but she threw the rest of her cigarette onto the ground before putting it out with her heels. She returned to her usual strong, independent persona once more. "You're my cousin, and I know you well. You grew up in a well-respected family, and you hold a high status in society. That naturally turns you into someone who doesn't consider the opinions of others when you encounter an issue—you'd often feel like you can solve it on your own."

"What's wrong with that?" Toby pressed his lips together. He couldn't understand what he had done wrong or why Sonia had such a huge reaction earlier. She even thought I was emotionally blackmailing her.

"You're not doing anything wrong," Emily said as she looked at him. "But that only applies to your subordinates. It's true that you can neglect your staff members' feelings as a boss, and you can make your own decisions during such times, but Sonia isn't your subordinate. She's your lover and someone who's on the same level as you are. You can't make decisions for her, and you can't always come to your own conclusions. You need to know if she wants the same thing that you do. If she doesn't want something, then all that you're doing is hurting

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and disrespecting her. You should give this some thought.” Emily patted his shoulder before she pulled another cigarette out, then walked off with the cigarette between her lips.

After hearing her words, Toby lowered his gaze thoughtfully. I think I get what she’s saying. She’s telling me that I should consider Sonia’s point of view before I try doing something for Sonia. It’s true—all the times I’ve done things for Sonia or kept secrets from her, I’ve never once thought about how she might feel. That explains why she’s so furious. It seems like I made a mistake this time.

Toby let out a long sigh before he walked in the direction Sonia had left earlier. He believed he owed her an apology. However, when he returned to the hall, he realized that Sonia was nowhere to be seen. Where is she? he wondered as he frowned.

“President Fuller.” Tom walked over to him.

Toby glanced up to see his assistant. “Great timing. Have you seen Sonia?”

Tom nodded. “Yeah. Charles just arrived, and the both of them went to the balcony.” Tom pointed at a spot behind Toby, and Toby turned to see Charles and Sonia standing on the balcony behind him.

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Chapter 516 Charles’ Selfishness

Both man and woman were standing in front of the railing, and they had their backs turned against Toby. Toby couldn’t see their faces, so he couldn’t tell what they were talking about. However, when he realized that both of them had kept a distance of more than ten inches between each other, his expression softened a little.

“When did Charles arrive?” Toby asked coldly.

Tom took a glance at his wristwatch before answering. “About ten minutes ago.”

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Toby nodded. "Why are you looking for me?"

"Old Mrs. Fuller wants you to go over," Tom explained.

"I'll go to her now. I want you to stay here and keep an eye on them. If Charles gets any closer to Sonia, I want you to separate them from each other," Toby ordered.

The corner of Tom's lips twitched when he heard Toby's words. Can you stop acting like a kid, President Fuller? Of course, Tom didn't reveal his true opinions and merely pushed his glasses up his nose as he agreed to Toby's request. "I got it, President Fuller." Toby took one last glance at Sonia and Charles before he walked off to look for Rose.

Meanwhile, on the balcony, Charles swirled his wine glass as he looked at the dejected woman whose gaze was fixed on the floor. "What is it? Are you in a bad mood?" he asked worriedly. "I told you so much, but you barely responded to what I said."

"Yeah, I'm in a pretty bad mood." Sonia clinked glasses with him before she raised her head to sip her drink. Charles turned around to rest both his arms against the balcony's railing. "What is it?"

Sonia looked at the view from the balcony. "It's nothing. I just think that feelings are the least reliable thing in this world," she uttered.

Charles was about to take a sip of his drink, but his actions came to a halt when he heard what she said. "Are you talking about romantic feelings?"

"Yeah." Sonia nodded. "I told you that Toby wanted to let go of me before this, right? He changed his mind tonight, and he said that he'd wait for me. Don't you think his feelings for me are a total joke, Charles?" He gives up on me when he wants to, and he changes his mind when he wants to. What do I mean to him?

The smile on Charles' face turned stiff as he tightened his grip on his glass. "It does sound like a joke. What about you? What do you think about all of this?"

"Me?"

"Yeah. Did you agree to date him or something?"

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Sonia took another sip of her drink. "Why would I agree to anything? I don't love him. I'm just angry because I feel like he's playing with my feelings."

"That's great." Charles heaved a sigh of relief. She hasn't realized that she's in love with Toby yet. I'm afraid she will eventually realize this about herself. When that happens, I'll lose my chance again.

"That's great?!" Sonia turned to face Charles as she glared at him puzzledly. "Did you say that it's great for him to play with my feelings?"

Charles hastily shook his head and waved his hand frantically. "No, no! That's not what I meant. I mean, it's great that you didn't agree to date him," Charles explained.

"Really?" Sonia gave him a side-eye.

"Yeah. I swear." Charles held up three fingers.

"Fine. I'll trust you for now. But I still think there's a hidden meaning in your words earlier," she uttered with a pout.

"How could that be possible?" Charles looked away sheepishly. "What else could my words mean? I genuinely think it's great that you didn't agree to date him. You should stop overthinking it, darling." He gulped a huge mouthful of red wine after that.

Sonia figured that she was being a little too sensitive, so she shifted her gaze and looked at her own wine glass. She remained silent for a few seconds before she parted her red lips to speak. "Charles, Toby mentioned that he had a reason for letting go of me previously. What do you think the reason was?"

Charles placed his empty glass at the side. "How should I know? Perhaps he didn't even mean what he said."

"You think he was just giving me an excuse?" Sonia looked at Charles.

Charles nodded. "Yeah. He decided to let you go previously but he's going against his own words now, so he definitely needs a seemingly valid reason to explain his previous actions. Maybe he just came up with an excuse because he couldn't find any better reason at that moment."

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"Is that so?" Sonia mumbled. Charles looked at her earnestly. "Of course. I'm a man—I understand the way other men think. Trust me, darling." He reached over to pat Sonia on the shoulder.

Tom, who had been watching from afar, widened his eyes when he realized that the time had come for him to do his job. He let out an exasperated sigh before he straightened his tie and walked toward the balcony. "Mr. Lane," Tom uttered as he walked over to the two people at the balcony.

The look on Charles' face darkened when he saw Tom. "What are you doing here? Did Toby send you here?"

"No. It was Mrs. Lane who told me to get you." Tom fixed his glasses as he responded in a calm tone. Charles froze upon hearing this. "My mom?"

"Yeah." Tom nodded.

"Why is my mom asking for me? And why did she tell you to come get me?" Charles frowned.

"I'm not sure about that. Why don't you go over to ask her yourself, Mr. Lane?" Tom's gaze landed on Charles' arm on Sonia's shoulder. "You should hurry over, Mr. Lane. I think it's a pretty urgent matter," Tom added.

"You should go ahead, Charles. Perhaps there's some sort of emergency," Sonia urged.

Charles nodded. "Alright. I'll go over to take a look, then. You—"

Sonia glanced at her watch before interrupting him. "It's getting late, so I should be heading back soon. I'll go give Grandma my wishes."

"Alright. I'm afraid I won't be able to send you off. I'm not leaving anytime soon because my dad wants to introduce me to a few people later." Charles rubbed his eyebrows as he spoke in a frustrated tone.

Sonia beamed. "It's good for you to meet new people. Well, you should go now."

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“Goodbye, then.” Charles lifted his hand to stroke Sonia’s hair. However, Tom immediately spoke up when he realized what Charles was trying to do. “Let’s hurry, Mr. Lane.”

“I don’t need you to remind me, you busybody.” Charles shot Tom a fierce glare. After that, he lowered his hand, which had just been inches away from Sonia’s head. He stuck his hands into his pocket before walking back into the hall.

As Tom watched Charles leave, he let out a soft sigh. President Fuller told me to keep an eye on Miss Reed and Charles—it’s my duty to keep them apart once Charles tries to make a move on Sonia. I guess my job here is done.

“Tom.” Sonia didn’t know what Tom was thinking about, and she walked over to interrupt his thoughts. “Where’s Grandma?”

“I can bring you to Old Mrs. Fuller if you’d like to see her, Miss Reed,” Tom offered.

“I hope that won’t be too much of a hassle.” Sonia nodded.

“It’s fine. Let’s go.” Tom gestured for Sonia to follow behind him, and they walked in the opposite direction of where Charles had gone.

At the same time, Rose was at the outdoor pavilion having tea with Toby. She took a glance at her precious grandson before she spoke. “Did you notice how Sonia seemed really worried about you when you saved her after Jean nearly knocked her down?”

Toby lowered his teacup and knitted his brows upon hearing his grandmother. “Yeah, I noticed.”

“I think Sonia has caught feelings for you once more.” Rose rubbed the dragon head of her walking stick as she continued. “I’ve always assumed that Sonia would never have feelings for you again after she got over you. I’m surprised that my assumptions were proven wrong. However, I’m really curious about how she started falling for you again. Did something happen recently? Is there something that I’m not aware of? When I saw Sonia last month, she was still filled with hatred for you, yet she seems to be attracted to you now. I’m sure something must have happened in between this period.”

“You sure are observant, Grandma.” Toby lifted the teapot to refill Rose’s cup. “There were some things that happened between us this month. However, I have no plans of telling you

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about the incident—I'd just like to keep it a secret forever. All you need to know is that Sonia has developed feelings for me once more."

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