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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Novel

Chapter 501 - 502

Chapter 501 Toby's Evening Gown

Despite saying so, Vincent's tone of voice was filled with uncertainty, and he couldn't conceal it at all. It was evident that Vincent was worried—he believed that Toby would eventually investigate and find out about their plan. Vincent was merely trying to comfort and fool himself with his reassuring words.

At that moment, the maid ran over to Vincent and Lily. "President McRae, Fuller Group's president's assistant, Mr. Brown, is here to see you," she uttered.

Vincent's heart sank when he heard the words 'Fuller Group', and the muscles on his rugged face trembled as he spoke. "What did you say? Who's here?"

"Daddy!" Lily grabbed onto Vincent's hand in fear.

"President Fuller's assistant, Mr. Brown," the maid repeated. Vincent's expression turned grim once he made sure that he hadn't heard the wrong name earlier. All of a sudden, he got to his feet and paced back and forth beside the couch. "What's he doing here? Why is he here?" Vincent balled his fists as he muttered.

"Mr. Brown said that he's here to seek justice on behalf of President Fuller." The maid looked up and gave Vincent a careful gaze. "He said that you and Lily were plotting against President Fuller..."

Bang! Before the maid finished her sentence, Vincent collapsed back onto the couch. "He knows about it, Dad. He knows!" Lily was so terrified that her entire being was shaking. As Vincent parted his lips to speak, anger began seeping out of his being. "I heard what the maid said!" he growled as he glared at Lily with his bloodshot eyes.

"Would you like to see Mr. Brown now, President McRae? He's just behind the door," the maid uttered.

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Vincent's fists were still tightly clenched. "Why would I want to see him? Tell him that I'm not interested in meeting anyone. I don't know anything about plotting against President Fuller—"

"I'm afraid I won't be able to go along with your orders since I'm already here, President McRae. I guess you have no choice but to see me." Tom walked in with a grin on his face, a security guard and lawyer following behind him. The friendly smile on Tom's face looked like the devil's grin to both Vincent and Lily. Both of them were too stunned to do anything.

Vincent hadn't planned to meet Tom—he wanted to avoid Tom to keep him and his daughter safe. However, he hadn't expected Tom to invite himself into the room. Gone were his hopes of being able to escape! After that, Tom had a conversation with both father and daughter. Both the McRaes looked as if their souls had escaped their bodies—they sat on the couch and stayed still for a long while after Tom left.

Tom, on the other hand, took a glance at the signed papers in his hands as he smiled and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. He looked like a fox who had just caught his meal of the day. About an hour later, Tom arrived at Toby's condominium.

"I've settled things with the McRaes, President Fuller. Vincent agreed to sign the documents, and someone will short sell all of his company's stocks soon. Then, the McRaes will disappear from Seafield." Tom handed the documents over for Toby to take a look.

Toby took it over, but he didn't read it at all. "I got it," he uttered as he tossed the documents onto the coffee table. Typically, the McRaes' tiny act of plotting against Toby wouldn't have resulted in such a huge punishment for them. However, when Tom was doing his research on the rumors, he found out that the McRaes traded Paradigm Co.'s shares during the company's lowest point.

Six years ago, Vincent gathered some funds and attempted to short sell the last of Paradigm Co.'s stocks when he realized how unsteady the company was. He figured that he would suck up the last bit of Paradigm Co.'s funds. However, Vincent's capital wasn't big enough, so Paradigm Co. managed to survive, albeit barely. Yet, Henry was still burdened by debt, and he still killed himself in the end. I don't understand why Henry killed himself over unpaid debts, but I'm sure that Vincent played an indirect role in Henry's death.

This time, Tom decided to destroy the McRae Group, partially also because he wanted to avenge the death of Sonia's father. Otherwise, Sonia might never know that she had

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enemies other than the Gray Family. “There’s something else, President Fuller.” Tom didn’t seem to mind that Toby hadn’t even glanced at the documents. The papers weren’t going to disappear, so Toby could see them anytime.

“What is it?” Toby massaged the space between his eyebrows before he turned around to pour himself a glass of water. Tom, who was standing beside him, responded in a polite tone, “Old Mrs. Fuller’s 80th birthday party is happening in two days, and the evening gown you bought for Sonia has arrived. It’s at the customs now. Should I send it over to Miss Reed?”

Upon hearing Tom’s words, Toby paused halfway while sipping his water. He looked up at his assistant and recalled that he had indeed purchased an evening gown for Sonia. With his brows knitted, Toby thought, I would have definitely used someone else’s name to send the dress over to Sonia before today. But now that I don’t want to die, and now that I want to be with her... I don’t want to send her gifts using someone else’s name.

After thinking for a while more, Toby realized that Sonia might not take the gift if he sent it over with his own name. I was too harsh with my words previously. I didn’t just say that she was bad at taking care of me; I even told her never to show up in front of me ever again. Toby massaged his temples as he felt a surge of regret in his chest. I shouldn’t have given up on looking for a heart donor so soon, and I shouldn’t have tried to cut things off with Sonia. If I knew that I would eventually change my mind and decide not to accept my fate of death, I wouldn’t have made things so hard for myself.

Tom’s glasses glinted as he looked at Toby, who looked like there was a dark cloud hovering above his head. It didn’t take long for Tom to figure out what was going on in Toby’s mind, and Tom cleared his throat as he muttered a few words under his breath. “You deserve it!” Previously, Tom had already told Toby not to give up so easily. Tom’s advice had been to give the situation a little more thought before deciding, but Toby didn’t listen to him at all—that was why Toby was regretting his actions right now! Tom let out an exasperated sigh before he spoke. “Why don’t you just send the evening gown over, President Fuller?”

“What?” Toby turned to look at Tom as he wanted to know Tom’s rationale for saying so.

Tom shrugged. “Since you’ve decided not to allow fate to dictate your life, and since you’ve decided that you want to find a heart donor and continue living, then I’m sure you don’t want to grow any further apart from Miss Reed, right? You should be thinking of ways to get close to her, and to turn your relationship back to how it was like when you were admitted into the hospital. You know what you should be doing, but you don’t know how to achieve it, right?”

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Toby narrowed his gaze without saying much.

Tom knew that his guess had been right, so he continued speaking. “Well, your evening gown is the perfect way to go about this! Why don’t you send the evening gown over just to test Sonia’s current perception of the situation?”

Upon hearing these words, Toby raised his head and nodded a few times. “What you said makes a lot of sense. Let’s do that.”

“Okay. I’ll get someone to deliver it over from the customs,” Tom offered. “Go ahead,” Toby uttered with a nod. Tom nodded in return before he headed out of the office.

...

Sonia parked her car in Lane Corporation before she walked into the lobby. She rarely visited Charles’ office—it was Charles who often went to Paradigm Co. instead. Therefore, most of the staff members didn’t recognize her. While Charles usually headed straight to Sonia’s office when he visited Paradigm Co., Sonia had to register herself at the front desk.

“Hello, I’m here to see President Lane,” Sonia said to the admin at the front desk.

The admin pulled out a registration name list. “Hello, Miss. Please tell me your name, and I’ll schedule an appointment for you.”

“My name’s Sonia.” Sonia gave the admin her first name. Upon hearing Sonia’s name, the admin froze for a moment before she looked up to stare at Sonia. The admin looked as if she were trying to confirm her suspicions. After a few seconds, the admin put the registration name list away before she gave Sonia a warm smile. “You’re Miss Reed!” she uttered.

“Do you know me?” Sonia was somewhat taken aback.

The admin nodded. “President Lane ordered us to remember your name and face. We’re supposed to let you up to his office without having to inform him if you ever visit. Unfortunately, President Lane isn’t in his office now, Miss Reed.”

“He’s not?” Sonia frowned. “Where is he, then?”

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Chapter 503

Chapter 503 Are They Together?

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.

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."

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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.

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

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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.

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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.

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