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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 483

Chapter 483 Won't Kill Myself

Even Charles' jaw dropped. He was at a loss for words, but a storm was raging within him, and he couldn't calm down. I can't believe it. Mr. and Mrs. Reed aren't her real parents! They adopted her? That's straight out of a soap opera. And Sonia even went to Norfolk to find out the truth. When she thought she was their real daughter, she was so happy, but now... Charles was worried when he saw how crestfallen Sonia looked. "Babe..."

"Grace." Sonia suddenly stood up and held the box firmly. "What is inside this box?"

Grace shook her head. "I have no idea. It's your mother's gift to you, so I have never opened it. You'll have to find out for yourself after you go home."

Sonia said nothing.

Grace held her hand. "Don't think too much about it, Sonia. You'll come to accept it. Let's have dinner." She took Sonia and went to the dining room.

Charles looked at them, then at the box Sonia left on the table. In the end, he clenched his fists and went with them.

It was not an enjoyable dinner for Sonia at all. Her mind was somewhere else, and even Grace and Charles were deathly silent. Because of that, the dinner was a silent affair, save for the chewing sounds and the clanging of cutlery. The whole atmosphere was rather somber.

Curtis had no idea what happened, but he disliked the atmosphere. He put his bowl down and was about to speak, but Grace noticed it, so she squinted dangerously at him, telling him to shut up. Curtis was afraid of his wife, so he went back to his dinner silently after receiving that death glare.

The dinner lasted for what seemed like a lifetime for Sonia, but it ended eventually.

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She took the box and said goodbye to the Lanes before going to the villa's entrance.

Grace quickly told Charles, "Send her off. She can't drive in that state."

"You don't have to tell me twice." Charles rushed ahead. When he came out, he saw Sonia almost tripping over herself, since she wasn't watching where she was going. He got tense and ran over to her, then pulled her back up before she could fall. "Are you alright, babe?" he asked nervously.

Sonia blinked and looked at him, but her eyes were dead. Finally, she shook her head. "I'm fine. I'll be going home now," she answered hoarsely as she took her car keys out and poked her door.

Charles arched his eyebrow, worried about her. "Do you know what you're doing, babe?"

Sonia kept poking the door, as if she didn't hear him.

Charles couldn't take it anymore, so he took her car keys. "Let me do it, babe. You're in no condition to drive. You even got the keys wrong. I can't let you drive like that, so I'll take you home. Get in." He pressed a button and unlocked the doors.

Sonia pursed her lips, but she said nothing and went to the passenger seat, for she knew she wasn't fit enough to drive.

They left the villa area a short while later and rejoined the metropolis. They were headed to Bayside Residence, and Sonia was silent the whole way through.

Charles kept glancing at her from the corner of his eye. He tried to say something while they were on the way, but he shut his mouth and said nothing in the end.

When they arrived at Bayside Residence, Sonia got out of the car and went to her apartment complex with the box in hand. Charles suddenly got out of the car and stood beside it. "Wait a minute, Sonia," he called out to her.

Sonia stopped, but she didn't look back. "Yes?" she asked.

Charles went up to her and stopped two steps away. "Babe, what happened earlier, it's..."

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Sonia suddenly turned around and forced a smile. "I know what you want to say. You want me to accept my true identity so I won't go crazy over it and kill myself, right?"

"You got it." He scratched his head sheepishly.

"Yes, I did," Sonia said. "You weren't being subtle about it, so it was easy."

"So, babe, you won't kill yourself, right?"

She turned around and closed her eyes. "Don't worry, I won't. I just need some time to calm down. After all, the news is a bit too much for me to process. Go home, Charles. I need to be alone for some time," Sonia said, sounding exhausted.

Charles could understand her need to be alone and process this piece of news, so he nodded. "Sure. I'll be back tomorrow morning."

"Okay," Sonia answered curtly before she went ahead.

Charles stood right there to see her off. Once she went into the elevator, he went back to his car.

But the moment he did, someone suddenly stopped him. "Mr. Fuller wants to have a word with you, Mr. Lane."

Charles stopped and frowned at Tom. "You? It's late. Why are you here?"

"It's not your concern, Mr. Lane. Come with me, please," Tom said calmly as he adjusted his glasses.

Charles snorted. "Do you think I'll go with you just because you asked me to? That's a bit presumptuous, don't you think?"

Tom squinted. "So you're refusing, I assume?"

"Yes." He puffed out his chest. "If he wants to talk to me, then he should come here himself, not the other way around. Since he's not coming, I'm not going."

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"Is that so? Well, looks like I'll have to take you by force." Tom pounded his fists together and inched closer to Charles.

Charles' face fell, and he tensed up as he retreated. "What are you doing? If you're even thinking about laying a finger on me, I—"

Before he could finish, Tom disappeared like a flash and reappeared behind him. Then, he quickly grabbed Charles' hands and pulled his arms behind him.

Charles' face contorted in pain, and he turned around. "F*ck you, Tom. I'm not letting this go easily! Just you wait! I'll kill you the moment I get the chance."

"You won't ever get that chance then." Tom looked down and scoffed at him.

Charles trembled with rage. "Why you little..."

"Stop complaining and come with me, Mr. Lane," Tom interjected and took him to a street nearby. Eventually, they came to a black Benz.

The backseat window was rolled down, revealing Toby's pale but handsome face. He had changed his car to a humble Benz just in case Sonia recognized his Maybach.

Toby turned his head slightly, and Tom released Charles. "He's here, sir."

Toby grunted and looked at Charles.

Charles was swinging his arm around when he realized Toby was looking at him. "Why did you get Tom to take me here, Fuller? What do you want?" He shot Toby a glare.

"What happened to Sonia?" Toby pursed his lips solemnly.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 484

Chapter 484 Replacement

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Toby noticed that something was off with Sonia after she got out of the car just now. Obviously, she was shaken, and he was worried something had happened to her.

Charles stopped swinging his arm around and sneered at Toby. "Hey, Fuller. I thought you had given up on her. You're staying away, aren't you? So why are you asking me all these questions? Decided you wouldn't give up after all?"

Toby's face darkened. "That's none of your business. You just need to answer my question—what happened to her?"

"Why should I? Since you have given up on her, whatever she does is none of your business. You have no right to question." Charles crossed his arms, thinking that Toby couldn't do anything if he refused to answer.

Toby squinted coldly. "Do you really think I can't find out for myself just because you refuse to talk, Lane?"

Charles was stunned. "What are you talking about?"

"I know she went to your place, so..." Toby whipped his phone out and made a call.

It went through a moment later, and a familiar voice said, "Hello, Mr. Fuller."

"Mom?" Charles was stunned that his own mother was taking the call. He looked at Toby incredulously. "How did you get my mom's number? And why are you guys staying in touch?"

Tom adjusted his glasses and smirked. "Oh, you don't know? Your mother and the madam used to go to the same college."

"My mother was his mother's college mate?" Charles' pitch rose. "Impossible!"

"But that's the truth." Tom shrugged. "Not only did they go to the same college, they were good friends as well. Your mother and the madam worked together to set up that beauty parlor, you know. But after the madam's demise, President Fuller inherited her share, so he's also your mother's business partner as well. That's why he has her number."

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The corner of Charles' lips twitched after hearing that explanation. "Holy cow. I never thought something like this would happen." And I had no idea about it.

Toby was surprised after hearing Grace recounting the incident earlier. "What? You told her about the truth?"

When Charles heard that, he went over and grabbed the edge of the window that was rolled down halfway. "You know Sonia isn't the Reeds' real daughter, Fuller?" He stared at Toby.

Toby ignored him as he continued, "I see. Thank you, then." After that, he put his phone down.

Charles gritted his teeth and repeated, "Fuller, you knew Sonia isn't the Reeds' real daughter, don't you?"

"None of your business." Toby looked at Tom. "Drive."

"Yes," Tom replied and pulled Charles away from the window.

Toby took the chance to roll the window back up.

"Don't go, Fuller!" Charles banged on the window. "Roll down the window and tell me the truth. How did you know Sonia is not the Reeds' real daughter? And when did you find out? Tell me, Fuller!"

Toby heard his questions, of course, but he ignored Charles and closed his eyes as he thought about something.

Tom got into the driver's seat and drove away despite Charles' angry protests.

Charles stomped his foot furiously when he was forced to bite the dust.

Tom looked in the rear-view mirror and saw Charles flailing his arms, and he smirked. However, that smirk faded quickly, then he looked at Toby's reflection in the side mirror. "Who would have thought Mrs. Lane knew about this as well. And she even told Miss Reed about it."

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Toby nodded. "That is indeed a surprise." He thought this secret was only known to Henry and Lina. Since they were long gone, nobody else would have found out about it. However, he never expected Grace to be one of those who knew about the truth, and she actually told Sonia about it. I wonder why she told Sonia.

Toby was frowning pensively. Tom noticed that, and after thinking about it for a while, he asked, "President Fuller, do you think Mrs. Lane told Miss Reed that the Grays are her real parents?"

"I don't think so." Toby shook his head. "I sounded her out just now, and she told me the Reeds got Sonia from an orphanage, so I guess she doesn't know that Henry took her from the Grays instead of the orphanage. Perhaps not even Lina knew about this."

"Henry kept the secret well then, since his own wife didn't know about it." Tom was surprised.

Toby pursed his lips. "I'm wondering why Henry kept Sonia and raised her like she was his own."

Tom nodded as well. "I have the same question. The Reeds and Grays were already enemies back then. Titus stole Paradigm's tech and almost bankrupted them, and he was behind the death of one of Henry's workers. That was why Henry took Miss Reed away and tried to kill her as an act of vengeance, but he stopped at the last possible moment and raised her himself. That's odd."

Toby tapped his finger against his knee, but he said nothing.

Tom suddenly asked, "Oh, right. Now that Miss Reed knows the truth, she must feel awful. Is it really okay if we just leave her alone?"

"I know Sonia well. She's upset and in pain, but she doesn't need our concern. All she needs is silence. This is her fight and hers alone. She must get through it herself, and nobody can help her. Any help we give is external and weak. It'll eventually wear off, so she must accept the truth herself. That's the only way she can recover, but I believe that she will get through this fairly quickly." Toby smiled calmly, but he had a confident look in his eyes.

Since Toby was so confident, Tom shrugged and said nothing.

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On the other hand, Sonia threw herself onto the couch after she came back, then she stared at the ceiling for the longest time before blinking. That was the only proof she was a human instead of a doll.

The things that Grace told her hit her hard. I'm not my parents' daughter. I'm just her replacement. My identity, the love I got, and even my name do not belong to me. She was nothing but a replacement for the dead baby. All she had now belonged to the real Sonia, and she was nothing but a stand in.

Her eyes turned red, and a drop of tear rolled down her cheek and fell onto the couch, drenching a small part of it. But then, from the corner of her eye, she saw the box she tossed onto the coffee table. Since it was her mother's keepsake, she quickly sat up and took the box to open it.

She wanted to know what was inside it, and why her mother left her this box. The box was opened shortly thereafter, but much to her surprise, there were no photos or DNA test results inside. Instead, there was a CD.

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