

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

Chapter 461

Chapter 461 Making Her Angry

"Okay, go ahead." Charles waved his hand.

Sonia returned to her room and gathered her clothes before heading to the bathroom. Then, Charles walked to the couch and sat down, thereafter taking the remote control to turn on the TV. He decided that he would watch TV while waiting for her to emerge after her shower. After waiting for almost 10 minutes, he finally saw her coming out. Her hair was still wet from her shower and her cheeks were red. She was even in a daze, which caused him to have some thoughts about her.

His gaze darkened a little and he couldn't help but whistle. "Baby, are you trying to tempt me by coming out like this?"

She rolled her eyes at him. "How am I tempting you?"

"Are you not tempting me? You're fresh out of the shower. Don't you know that to a man, this is considered a fatal temptation? Baby, do you—"

Before Charles finished his words, Sonia had whacked him on the head with a doll, which caused him to fall onto the couch a grunt. Then, she clapped her hands. "Quit your nonsense! All right, I'll head to my room and blow dry my hair while you continue to watch TV."

After saying that, she opened the door and went into the room. He rubbed his forehead and sat up with gloom as he looked at the closed room door. It seemed that she still didn't understand his feelings; it wasn't as if he never hinted at her before that he had treated her more as a best friend. He wanted to have her as his beloved woman, but she never understood his hints. She always thought that he paid lip service and flirted with her only because he was joking around.

Of course, Charles had himself to blame for the cause of this situation because he never directly told Sonia that he fancied her. He lacked the courage and was too cowardly to do so. He was always worried that if he confessed his true feelings for her, they might not be able to remain as friends anymore. His mother noticed his concern and advised him to be brave enough to spill the beans in exchange for being together romantically—even if it meant the possibility of losing Sonia as a friend. Yet, he still couldn't bring himself to do it. Maybe that was why even though he was the first to meet her and spent the most time with her, she eventually fell in love with another man. However, if he had been braver and bolder, would he have had a different ending with her altogether?

"What's on your mind?" Sonia's voice shattered his deep thoughts.

Charles' eyes flickered for a moment before he shook himself to the present. "Nothing."

He smiled and looked toward her. Her hair was now blown dry and styled into a bun on top of her head while she wore light makeup. She was in a casual outfit and didn't look like a mature lady of twenty-six, but she resembled more like a fresh college graduate.

"You look beautiful in this." He turned off the TV and stood up to compliment her.

Sonia laughed. "Do you mean to say that my usual clothes don't look perfect on me?"

"That's not true. I just wanted to say that your attire today makes you look a lot more approachable. Your usual style gives off an aura of a strong and capable woman," Charles commented as he shoved his hands in the pockets of his pants.

"I can't help it." She lifted her purse. "My looks are soft and not intimidating enough, so I can only exercise an effort into my clothes to make myself look dominant. Otherwise, I can't control the people in the company."

"That's true." He nodded.

"Well, let's go." With that, she turned around and was about to pull the suitcase when Charles extended his hand.

"I'll do it," he offered.

As a result, Sonia allowed him to take the suitcase. The two of them then drove directly to the toll plaza on the turnpike out of the city after leaving the house. Her phone rang a short while later and she took it out, only to be surprised that the call was from Toby.

Charles noticed it from the corner of his eye and asked, "Who is it?"

"Toby." She didn't hide the device and allowed him to take a look instead.

Then, he pursed his lips before replying, "What is he calling for?"

"I'm not sure. I won't know until I answer it." With that, she answered the phone.

Toby's low voice soon came. "Have you left yet?"

Sonia grunted. "I've just left. President Fuller, is there something wrong?"

"It's not a big deal, but if Carl contacts you afterward and mentions Declan's whereabouts to you, will you please tell me about it?"

On the other end of the phone, he stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window of the ward, gazing at the leaves falling from a tree and leaving only the bare branches behind.

She nodded in reply. "Yes, but—"

"What's wrong?" When Toby heard the nervousness in her tone, his face tightened with a trace of worry in his eyes.

"Nothing." Sonia shook her head. "It's just that I'm not sure if Carl will contact me or talk to me about Declan's whereabouts now."

"Why is that so? Did you and Carl have a falling out?" He raised his eyebrows.

Sonia rubbed her brow. "No, it's Carl. He... He is suffering from dissociative identity disorder."

"What?" Toby looked stunned before he grew solemn. "You mean to say that the current Carl is of another personality?"

"Yeah." She leaned against her seat and looked out the window with some confusion. "I don't understand the current Carl at all and I don't even know how to get along with him, so even if I ask, I'm afraid he wouldn't tell me."

Toby did not speak as his eyebrows furrowed. How could Carl suddenly suffer from dissociative identity disorder? Although he knew that Carl had a psychological disorder in which there was a possibility of Carl suffering from a split personality disorder, he never expected that it would occur at this crucial time.

Most importantly, Toby had no idea whether Carl's other personality bore the memories of his original self and whether he still had his hacking skills. If not, even if he had sent people to keep an eye on Carl, they would not be able to find Declan.

As he narrowed his eyes, Toby opened his mouth again to ask, "What is his current personality like?"

Sonia recalled the Carl that she saw two days ago and bit her lip. "I'm not sure, but I'm certain that the current Carl is extremely dark. He's the kind of person who doesn't know what he will do next."

Toby pursed his thin lips and suggested, "It seems to be an extremely dangerous personality. In that case, don't follow what I just said. Don't ask Carl about Declan even if he really contacts you. Stay away from him and don't let him hurt you."

"I know." She nodded.

Then, he replied, "That's good. I have nothing more to say. Swing by early tomorrow, though, as I want to..."

"Hmm?" When she heard him trailing off as if he wanted to say something but decided against it, she couldn't help but be slightly puzzled. "President Fuller, were you going to say something?"

"No. That's it for now. Take care on the road," Toby reminded her before he hung up.

A frowning Sonia lowered the phone from her ear before she stared at the phone screen that had returned to the main menu. Her pink lips couldn't help but purse a little. What the hell did he want to say? This kind of behavior from him is really frustrating.

As she placed the phone into her bag with discomfort, she placed her hand on the window lock and turned to look out of the window with annoyance.

Charles glanced at her and asked, "Baby, did Toby make you angry?"

Her back stiffened for a moment, but she quickly returned to her natural state and answered indifferently, "No, why should I be angry at him?"

"Really?" Now that he took advantage of the red traffic light, he turned to look at her. "You look obviously angry after you spoke to him, though. So if it was not Toby who angered you, who else could it be?"

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Chapter 462 I Won't Fall in Love With Him

Sonia looked at Charles' dark eyes that seemed to be able to see through her. Finally, as she couldn't lie, she could only admit the truth. "Okay, I admit that I am a little angry at him. Charles, do all men like to speak halfway?"

"What do you mean?" Charles blinked.

She removed her hand from the window lock. "It means that you guys obviously want to say something, but when you say things halfway through, you suddenly stop after arousing other people's curiosity."

"So, that's it? You're upset over this little thing?" The corners of his mouth twitched.

"I just feel like I was being made fun of." She pursed her lips.

He looked at her with a serious expression. "Baby, don't you think you've been a little off these past two days?"

"Huh?" Sonia froze. "What's wrong?"

"It's about Toby." Charles gripped the steering wheel and continued, "Since your divorce, your attitude toward Toby has always been indifferent. No matter what he did to catch your attention, you never bothered about him. However, for the past two days, haven't you noticed that your mood swings are stronger when it's about Toby and you're much more concerned about him?"

When she heard this, her heart skipped a beat as she turned her gaze toward Charles. "How is it possible, Charles? You've misread the situation."

"I didn't. I'm sure of what I noticed. The evidence has also revealed itself just now." He pointed at her phone. "Before, even if Toby spoke halfway and what he said aroused your curiosity, you wouldn't be angry. You would only think he was crazy because you didn't care about him. That's why you weren't upset, but you've chosen to be angry now. What does this mean? It means that you're starting to care about him."

Sonia's pupils contracted for a moment. I care about Toby? No, this can't be! I no longer harbor any feelings for him since a long time ago, so how could I possibly care about him?

As she thought about this, she took a deep breath to calm her inner turmoil before she said with a cold face, "Charles, I don't care about him. It's possible that I've been paying a tad bit too much attention to him for the past two days, but that's because he saved me, so my attitude toward him has naturally changed somewhat. If I still treated him indifferently like before, wouldn't I be an ungrateful woman?"

"Yes, Toby saved you. As your benefactor, you indeed should not be indifferent to him, but this does not mean that you need to care so much about him either. Sonia, are you using your kindness again to cover up the fact that you have started to care about Toby?" Charles stared at her closely, as if he wanted to see through her.

Sonia's heart sputtered for a moment before she clenched her fists and retorted, "Of course not."

He narrowed his eyes. "Really?"

An angry Sonia retorted, "I don't care whether you believe me or not. Charles, you're not my father, so don't interrogate me like I'm a suspect!"

Upon hearing the anger in her tone, Charles was also aware that he had overstepped his boundaries, so he hastily apologized, "Sorry, baby, I have no malice against you. I am also worried about you falling in love with Toby again, so that's why—"

"Why do you think I'll fall in love with him again?" she asked with a frown.

With a sigh, he elaborated, "It's because of the change in your attitude toward Toby over the past two days as well as him being your savior. He risked his life to save you, and that's the easiest way to move a person's heart. I don't believe for once that your heart felt nothing when you saw Toby jumping off the cliff at that time."

Sonia's lips twitched, but she couldn't form the words to reply. Indeed, she was greatly shocked; the fact that not everyone would be able to jump off a cliff in spite of risking their own lives just to save someone else moved her. Carl, who proclaimed that he loved her, couldn't bring himself to do it whereas Toby also said that he loved her and proved it through his actions. So, how could she not feel something inside her?

Upon seeing that she did not speak, Charles sighed and added, "Look, even you yourself can't deny that you felt something after seeing Toby jumping off the cliff. Therefore, Sonia, I'm extremely worried that you'll fall in love with him again. It wasn't easy for you to leave the Fuller Family and your misery, so I don't want history to repeat itself where your old wounds are reopened."

In reality, he had such a thought. He did not want her to go back to the Fuller Family again and back to that 6 years of terrible life where she didn't live like a human being. She now had a successful career wherein she was driven to succeed and to watch her standing in the dazzling spotlight was amazing. Of course, he was a little selfish; he didn't want her to fall in love with Toby again because that would mean they would reconcile and he would again lose the possibility of being with her romantically.

Not knowing what Charles was thinking, Sonia lowered her eyes and said flatly, "I will not love Toby again. He has hurt me once, so why would I be so silly as to get hurt a second time? Thus, you don't have to worry."

"Baby, are you telling the truth?" he asked with slightly bright eyes.

Her throat moved. "Mm."

"That's good." He smiled. "Baby, remember what you said today that you won't fall in love with Toby, so you mustn't fall in love with him."

Sonia raised her eyes and looked at him. "Of course!"

"Now that you've said so, I'm relieved. Well, sit tight. We're off again." The red light finally turned green, so Charles began to drive again.

As she lowered her head, she hid the expression on her face while her hands clenched tighter. Even if he hadn't reminded her, she would not fall in love with Toby either. Absolutely not!

Although she had such a thought, Sonia inexplicably felt that she was in a dilemma. As to why she had such a feeling, she couldn't understand and didn't want to either. Her intuition hinted that it was best not to comprehend because she could lose control of everything as a result...

It was at 2:00 PM when they finally arrived at Leonard Hudson's country house situated in an ancient and sprawling estate with multiple courtyards. According to what Leonard had said, as his grandfather was a high-ranking official to the king, this estate was the king's reward to his grandfather and it later became their family's ancestral home.

Charles looked at the ancient mansion and marveled, "Baby, your grandfather's country house is actually a historical place! However, it's a bit dated and many areas are dilapidated, so it needs to be repaired. Otherwise, people won't be able to live here in another 2 years' time."

Sonia produced the key that was given to her by her grandfather a few years ago. As she unlocked the door, she replied, "Grandpa has been working at the major ancient tombs, so he's rarely at home. That's why the old manor has decayed so quickly. Anyway, I'll arrange for someone to repair it. When Grandpa retires, he can live peacefully here."

Strangely enough, if someone had lived in an old manor like this, the house would not decay. However, if no one lived there, the house would decay exceptionally fast and might even collapse in a short time.

"This place is awesome. The environment is excellent, and the air is also wonderful. It makes me want to retire here." He stroked his chin and surveyed the surroundings.

She laughed. "Then, I'm afraid you'll have to wait a few more decades. The door is open, so come on in."

After removing the key from its aperture, she pushed the door in. The door had not been opened for a long time, so it creaked when it swung open with a creepy sound like those heard in horror films.

Charles retreated his neck and rubbed his arms while saying, "Baby, it's cold in here. There is no ghost, right?"

Sonia glanced at him coolly. "You are the ghost! If you are afraid, don't come in then."

With that, she took a big step into the house.