

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 3

Charles was her childhood friend, a typical man born with a silver spoon.

Looking over at Sonia, Charles asked tentatively, “You’ve finally made up your mind?”

“I’ve never been so sure.” Sonia had a smile on her lips ever since she came out of the house.

She was already an exquisite and beautiful lady, and this smile seemed to clear away the haze that had been looming over her face for many years, causing her face to brighten up in an instant.

Charles sighed. “I thought you would never wake up for the rest of your life. I’d really been worried sick for you in the past six years. What do you even like about that sc*mbag anyway?”

Sonia nodded. “I know, right. Why was I so dumb?”

“Fortunately, you’ve opened your eyes now. Another six years with him, and you’d be old and wrinkly,” Charles continued jokingly. “I’ve already thought about it—if you got kicked out when you got old, I’d reluctantly marry you, then we’d be companions. I mean, we grew up together, after all,” he added.

Sonia rolled her eyes at him. “Shut your mouth.”

“By the way, this is the divorce agreement you told me to prepare. Take a look at it.”

After accepting the stack of documents, Sonia casually flipped through them. “I won’t take anything from Toby. I never owed him anything in the past, and I don’t want to end up owing him anything in the future.”

With that, she signed her name without hesitation.

Seeing that she was so happy, Charles couldn't help but smile and said, "Nice. No hesitation at all, huh?"

Sonia put away the pen and raised her eyebrows slightly. "Let's go to the People's Hospital."

"Okay, milady.

The top floor of the hospital was exclusive to VIP patients only.

After locating Room 1203, Sonia knocked on the door before she pressed the handrail and pushed the door open.

A pretty woman on the hospital bed seemed to have been startled by her; she was hiding in the quilt in horror with tears in her eyes, seemingly terrified of her.

Toby's face also sank, and his voice was as cold as ice. "Why are you here?"

Sonia took out the divorce agreement from her bag slowly and handed it to him. "Sign this, and I will leave immediately."

After Toby took a look, his face darkened a little, and his voice got even colder. "You want a divorce?"

"What do you think?" Sonia tugged her hair behind her ears and smiled softly, albeit looking rather estranged. "It must've been hard for you these six years. You'll be relieved from your suffering after signing this, won't you?"

Toby raised his eyebrows. His expression was extremely cold and solemn—he wasn't sure what trick she was trying to pull here.

At that moment, Tina called out to him weakly on the hospital bed, "Toby..."

This sounded like a hint.

Toby looked at Tina and then cast his gaze on Sonia's face again as his Adam's apple moved. "We'll talk about this when you get back. Go out first and don't disturb Tina."

Sonia smiled, but it didn't reach her eyes. "I'm serious. You are bringing Tina home anyway. Isn't it just right to get this over with immediately? I'll be out of your way."

"Sonia. Reed." His voice was freezing cold and heavy, as if he had reached his tolerance limit.

"Well, Tina is watching you. Is it possible that... you've grown to love me and don't want a divorce?" Sonia's lips curled up with an elegant and charming smile.

Tina looked at Toby pitifully, trying to read the man's mind. "What's wrong, Toby?"

Sonia only looked at him coldly, waiting for him to make a decision.

"Okay. I'll sign it." Toby pursed his lips, his face still extremely cold.

Sonia smiled with satisfaction. Holding the signed divorce agreement, she left happily—without any hesitation nor lingering attachments.

However, as soon as she got out of the ward, the tears from the corners of her eyes flowed endlessly.

Six years of marriage and eight years of love—all in vain.

Human hearts were all made of flesh; it would be a lie to say that she didn't feel saddened by this.

It felt like someone had pierced her heart over and over again with the tip of a needle, and it hurt like hell.