

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 381

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Sonia knew what he was thinking, since she was thinking the same thing as well. She asked in disbelief, "So you're saying I'm not the real Sonia? I got switched out with the real deal?"

Charles held the steering wheel tightly. "I don't know, but I'm sure you're not the same baby I saw the first time I went to your place."

"Impossible. That's impossible." Sonia clenched her fists, her body shaking. "If I'm not Sonia, then who am I?" I can't be a fake, can I?

Charles stopped his car by the roadside. "Calm down, babe. It might not be as bad as we think."

"Then what is the truth?" Sonia's eyes glossed over. "Charles, you know I'm not the same baby you saw, don't you?"

"I—" Charles paused, but he couldn't say anything.

Sonia bit her lip. "See? You can't even say no. That's what you're thinking, aren't you? Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm not Sonia. The culprit said my birthmark is a threat to her. In other words, she might be the real Sonia."

Charles sighed. "Fine, I'll say it. I think you were switched out, but that doesn't mean you aren't the real Sonia. I mean, your parents should have noticed the birthmark. It's too obvious. The two of you look different as well but your parents said nothing to that, so I was thinking maybe the two of you were switched at birth, and your parents found out, so they switched back."

"I—" Sonia was petrified. That's a possibility. Dad and Mom should have realized it if I was a fake, but they loved me all the same. Same goes for grandpa. In other words, I'm their real daughter. Maybe Charles is right. Maybe I was switched at birth and was switched back again.

"But then why did the culprit say I'm a threat to her?" Sonia frowned. Something still felt off, but she couldn't put a finger on it. Naturally, she was annoyed.

Charles scratched his head. "I have no idea, but let's calm down. We'll know the truth once we catch her."

"Yeah, I guess so, but I still want to find out if I'm the real Sonia. I want to know if I'm my parents' real daughter."

"Do you really have to?" Charles looked at her.

Sonia stared at the ground. "Yes. It'll give me peace of mind."

"How are you planning to look into this then?"

"I'll start from the records twenty-six years ago. If the culprit was switched at birth like I did, the hospital must have the records hidden somewhere."

Charles nodded. "True. But you were born in Norfolk, so are you going to make a trip to Norfolk?"

"Of course. Besides, I did say I would attend Carl's show." She touched her eyes. "I can't see a thing, but I'm not going back on my word."

"When are you going then?" Charles asked.

"Tomorrow. Daphne already got me my flight ticket and hotel room two days ago," Sonia said.

Charles looked troubled. "Tomorrow? I can't go then. It's my grandpa's death anniversary, and the whole family's going to visit his grave."

"No problem. I'll ask Rebecca to go with me." Sonia smiled.

Rebecca was strong enough to protect Sonia, so Charles wasn't worried. "That's good. With her there, there's nothing to worry about."

"Yep. Call me once your employee comes up with the portrait tomorrow," Sonia said.

Charles gave her an OK gesture. "Sure. Now let's go back to the hospital."

It was twelve when they came back to the hospital.

Charles got Sonia her lunch and told the caretaker to take good care of her before he left.

Sonia and Douglas were having their lunch when Sonia's phone rang.

The caretaker quickly handed the phone to her. "Miss Reed, it's from someone called Zane."

"It's uncle!" Douglas' eyes glinted, and he looked happy.

Sonia patted his head. "Take the call then, Douglas."

"You take it, auntie. He's calling you. He would have called me if he wanted to talk to me." Douglas pouted.

I know Uncle Zane very well. He only cares about you, not me.

Sonia shook her head in amusement after hearing Douglas' complaint. "Zane." She took the call.

"Where are you, Sonia? I went to your company, but the receptionist said you've been MIA for two days. Are you at Bayside Residence?" Zane asked.

Sonia put her spoon down. "No. I'm in the hospital, and Douglas is here too. You can come pick him up if you want."

She told him the hospital's address.

"The hospital? Are you sick?" Zane was standing at Paradigm Co.'s reception area, his eyes widening nervously.

Sonia hung up without answering him.

Douglas looked at her. "Is uncle coming, auntie?"

"Yes, he'll be here in a while. Finish your lunch." Sonia put her phone aside and went back to her lunch.

Back at Paradigm Co., Zane looked at his phone and sighed bitterly. So Douglas has been useless. Sonia is still as cold as ever. He kept his phone in his pocket and left for Trifecta Hospital, arriving about an hour later.

Douglas ran up to him and held his leg. "You're here, uncle."

"Yep. I'm back." He patted the boy's head, but his eyes never shifted from Sonia.

Sonia was leaning against her bed with her eyes closed, as if she was asleep.

He went up to her and called, "Sonia."

Sonia opened her eyes and turned to him. "You're here. Take Douglas home. He's been missing you."

"Sure. Thanks for taking care of him," Zane said apologetically.

Sonia shook her head. "It's the other way around, actually. He fills my glass up and calls the doctor whenever I need it. He's a good boy."

Douglas blushed from the praise, then he hid behind Zane's leg shyly.

Zane looked at the bandage on Sonia's head. "Sonia, did you hurt your head? How did this happen?"

Sonia touched the bandage. "Just an accident."

"No it's not. Some witch knocked her out and blinded her," Douglas popped his head out from behind Zane and grumbled.

Zane said sharply, "You're blinded? Sonia, you—"

"It's not as serious as you think. Just temporary," Sonia answered.

She seems calm. Not even sad at all, so it must be true. Zane heaved a sigh of relief.

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"Thank god." Zane patted his chest in relief. "Who did this?"

"No idea. We're still looking into it, but we should have the results tomorrow," Sonia answered.

Zane sighed regrettably. "I see. Here I thought I could help."

"It's fine. Just take Douglas home. He's been staying with me at the hospital for a while now. Didn't even eat or sleep well. It's not good for a kid, so just take him home and let him rest."

Zane knew Sonia just wanted him to leave, so he nodded despondently. "I see. I'll come tomorrow then. Douglas, say goodbye to a... Miss Sonia."

"Goodbye, auntie." Douglas waved at her.

Sonia couldn't see him, but she waved as well.

Zane took Douglas and left, leaving Sonia alone. The sudden silence scared her, especially when she was blind. The more time passed, the worse her fear got, for she never knew who might come in her ward the next second. It could be someone like Titus, and if he did come, she would be dead in no time.

"Anyone there?" Sonia asked. She wanted to call the caretaker back.

The caretaker left after Zane came, but she had been missing since. Where is she? Sonia wouldn't be so afraid with her around. At least she'd know who her visitor was.

"Mrs. Taters? Mrs. Taters!" Sonia held her blanket, calling out to her caretaker loudly.

Just then, a familiar deep voice sounded. "What is it?"

Toby! Sonia's eyes widened, but her fear dissipated. She heaved a sigh of relief and shook her head. "I'm fine. I'm just scared because I'm alone, and I can't see anything. I wanted to get Mrs. Taters back, but she isn't here. Good thing you came though."

She had to say she was reliant on Toby at the moment. At least he was a familiar face, so with him here, she didn't have to face the darkness alone.

Toby paused for a moment when Sonia said it was a good thing he was there, then he felt delighted, and his wound didn't feel as painful anymore. He went up to her and stopped beside her bed. "Don't worry. I'll be here with you."

Sonia wanted to say he could leave after Mrs. Taters came back, but then she realized it'd make her look like a jerk, so she kept quiet about it.

Toby got a chair and sat down. "So? Did you get anything?"

Sonia knew he was talking about Alice, and she squinted. "Yes, and it's shocking. Alice's just a scapegoat. The real culprit is still at large."

"What?" Toby's face fell. "She's just a scapegoat?"

"Yes. She has a son who has leukemia, so she needs a lot of money for his treatment. That's why she became a scapegoat. As long as she doesn't reveal the true culprit and insists that she's the sole attacker, the culprit would pay for her son's treatment." She shook her head sorrowfully.

Toby sneered. "Who is the culprit?"

"No idea. She doesn't know either. All she knows is what the culprit looks like. Charles will get a sketch artist to draw the portrait tomorrow," Sonia answered.

Toby's face hardened. He wanted to say something, but Sonia's phone rang. When he turned around and saw that the caller was Charles, he got visibly annoyed. But in the end, he handed the phone to her. "It's Charles."

"Thanks." Sonia took the call. "What is it, Charles?"

"Baby, the detective called me just now. They found out everything about Alice. She wasn't lying. Her son is leukemic, but he doesn't know she's his mother. She didn't tell him about it either," Charles said.

Sonia arched her eyebrow. "Why?"

"Because she dumped the boy when he was diagnosed with leukemia after he was born. Ten years later, her whole family got into a car crash during a vacation, and everyone died except for her. However, she didn't get away unscathed. She became barren, but then she found out her son was still alive, but she never revealed herself to him because she feels guilty about dumping him."

"I see." Sonia looked at Toby. "No wonder she didn't tell you who the true culprit was when you were threatening her with her family back at the police station. She was obviously scared, but I guess she never thought we would find out that she has a son."

"Who are you talking to, babe?" Charles asked dubiously.

"Toby," Sonia answered honestly.

"What? You're talking to Toby?" Charles leaped up. "He went over to your place again?"

Sonia laughed. "He's in the ward next door. Stop dwelling over it and tell me if there's anything else I should know. Is her son's treatment paid for?"

"No." Charles shook his head. "The detective asked the staff at the hospital, but they said they never received any money for her son's treatment."

Sonia raised her chin. "So the culprit didn't keep her promise?"

"Yes. She might pay after Alice is convicted. Or she might never." Charles shrugged.

Sonia pinched the area between her brows. "Okay, keep me updated. See you later, Charles." She put her phone down.

Toby extended his hand. "Give it to me. I'll hang up for you. You can't see anyway."

"Thanks." Sonia handed it over without insisting.

After he took the phone, Toby looked at the call and smiled coolly before hanging up. Then, he put the phone beside her and looked at her. "So how are you going to deal with Alice?" Since she's just a scapegoat, it'd be bad to use her as a guinea pig.

Sonia held her forehead. "Honestly, I have no idea. I'll tell Tim to stop the drug test. We'll decide again when the real culprit is captured."

"Sounds like a plan." Toby nodded.

Sonia nodded and yawned.

Since she was getting tired, Toby said gently, "Sleepy?"

"Yeah, I am."

"Go to sleep then. I'll keep watch," Toby said.

Sonia wanted to refuse, but Toby said, "You're scared of being alone, don't you? You wouldn't have called for the caretaker otherwise."

"I—" He saw through me. Sonia wanted to defend herself, but she couldn't find the words.

Toby looked at her gently. "Just get to sleep. I'll leave after the caretaker comes back."

Sonia stopped refusing him. After all, her head was still injured, and after going around that morning, she was already getting drowsy. It was taking everything she had just to stay up, but she was losing it. "Thanks for that, then." She smiled sheepishly.

Toby helped her lie down on the bed. "No problem. Just go to sleep." He then tucked her in.

"Okay." Sonia closed her eyes and drifted to sleep a short while later.

Once she was sound asleep, Toby looked at her quietly, but something glinted in his eyes. A moment later, he leaned over and kissed her forehead.