

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 383

[/ This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)
This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 383

Suddenly, someone opened the door, and in came Mrs. Taters. When she saw what was happening, she almost gasped in surprise. "Mr. Fuller, you're—"

Toby frowned. Obviously, he was annoyed by her suddenly coming in. He reluctantly straightened his back and looked at her, then put his finger against his lips. "Don't wake her up."

It was then that Mrs. Taters noticed Sonia was asleep, and she nodded.

Toby got off the bed and went toward the caretaker, then took out his wallet and gave her some money. "Don't tell anyone what you saw."

Mrs. Taters took the money happily, beaming. "Don't worry, sir. I saw nothing."

"Good." Toby put his wallet away and nodded. "And come back sooner after you leave. Stay with her at all times. It scares her when she can't see anything. Do that and I'll pay you."

"I'll do that, sir. I will," Mrs. Taters promised immediately, worried that Toby might take his word back if she hesitated for a moment longer.

Toby grunted and left. He could feel his back searing because of the wound reopening, so he needed the doctor to patch it up quickly.

.....

Sonia went through the paperwork for discharge the next day and got ready to fly to Norfolk. Mrs. Taters was packing her things while she was on the couch calling Carl. When she called him earlier, the line was engaged, and she didn't know where he was. Because of what happened over the last few days, she didn't call him, so she wondered if she could reach him now.

She called him again and put the phone to her ear. This time, the line was no longer engaged, and she smiled in delight. But her happiness didn't last long, since nobody picked up. He might have missed the call. Or he did it on purpose. Sonia leaned toward the latter.

After all, she did text Carl and told him to call her if he saw the message. Now that the call went through, that meant Carl saw the message, but he didn't call her. In other words, he didn't want to contact her.

Sonia was upset by that, of course. She felt that it was unfair for her, but she was also worried. It was unfair because she was the victim, but now Carl was acting like he was the victim, and he wanted the real victim, aka her, to apologize to him. On the other hand, she was worried because she didn't know what he had been up to over the last few years. In the end, she sighed.

It was then someone knocked, and Rebecca popped in. "I'm here, Miss Reed." She smiled.

Sonia looked in her direction. She couldn't see Rebecca, but that didn't stop her from smiling. "Come in."

Rebecca came in. "You look worried, Miss Reed. Is something on your mind?"

"Carl. He's not taking my call." Sonia shook her phone and smiled bitterly.

"I see. I heard what happened. He's just a man child—a crazy and obsessed one at that. Never date him, Miss Reed. It'll be an unfair relationship. You'll have to take care of his feelings 24/7. One misstep and he'll disappear or do something annoying. It's tiring to be with someone like that."

Being a professional bodyguard trained her to see through people. Carl might look like a soft-spoken and polite young man, but under that façade, a monster lay in wait.

Sonia was amused by what Rebecca said. "What are you talking about? I will never date him. He's just like a brother to me, and that will never change."

"That's good to hear. Just don't date him, because he doesn't know how to love someone. His love is sick and suffocating. It's probably because of what happened when he was a kid." Rebecca sighed. He used to be a sweet young boy, but his trash parents made him into a twisted man. This is a cruel joke.

"Something happened when he was a kid?" Sonia squinted. "How do you know what happened when he was a kid?"

"Um..." Oops. Made a slip of the tongue. Rebecca quickly came up with an excuse and lied, "He told me about it. I thought he's the guy I was looking for, so I talked about it with him." That was close. If she tells him I looked into his past, he's going to be mad at me.

"I see." Sonia nodded. She didn't want to suspect Rebecca of lying, so she said nothing more.

Rebecca heaved a sigh of relief and switched the subject to Sonia's eyes. "You told me you can't see for the time being. Is that true?" She leaned closer to take a look at Sonia's eyes.

Sonia touched her eyes. "Yes. So I'll be counting on you for the next couple of days."

“Leave it all to me,” Rebecca promised.

At that moment, Mrs. Taters closed Sonia’s luggage. “I’ve finished packing your things, Miss Reed.”

“Then it’s time to leave.” Sonia stood up.

Rebecca quickly helped her onto the wheelchair and pushed her out of the room, while Mrs. Taters followed behind with the luggage in tow.

Rebecca’s car was in the hospital’s car park. After Sonia got in, they drove toward the airport.

The moment she left, Toby came to her room. When he realized that the bed was made and that Mrs. Taters was cleaning the room, his face fell. “Where is Sonia?”

She looked up. “Hello, Mr. Fuller.”

“Where is Sonia?” Toby clenched his fists, his voice sounding panicked.

Worried, Mrs. Taters answered, “She was discharged.”

“What?” Toby was shaken. “Discharged? She’s still hurt! Why was she discharged?”

She knew he was angry and worried, so she explained, “Miss Reed wants to attend some fashion show in Norfolk.”

“Fashion show?” Toby’s veins popped. She can’t even see. How is she supposed to attend a fashion show? Toby knew she had no interest in any fashion show. The only reason she was going must be because of Carl. Carl was the only model among her circle of friends. If it wasn’t for him, Sonia wouldn’t have gone to that show. Why does she care about Carl so much? She’s still hurt! Toby exited Sonia’s ward, looking absolutely furious. He took his phone out and called Tom.

“Sir!” Tom picked up the phone almost immediately.

“Prepare my jet. I’m going to Norfolk,” Toby told him.

“Huh?” Tom was surprised to hear that. “Do you have any business there?”

“No.”

“Then why are you—”

“Shut up and just do it. Pick me up from the hospital once you’re done.” Toby frowned impatiently.

Tom couldn't go against his orders, so he shrugged. "I understand. Right away, sir."

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 384

[/ This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)
This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 384

Toby grunted and hung up.

Two hours went by after that. By then, Sonia had landed in Norfolk. Rebecca pushed her out and hailed a ride to go to their hotel.

Daphne had gotten them a business suite with two rooms. The smaller room came with a bed too, and now Rebecca was staying in it. Sonia couldn't see the room, but since it was a smaller one, it must be cramped, so she smiled sheepishly at Rebecca. "Sorry for having you stay in that room, Rebecca."

"It's fine." Rebecca sat on her bed, swinging her legs. "It's still fine. I like it, actually. I'm just staying for a night or two, so it's no big deal. I've stayed in smaller rooms. Heck, I've slept in the wilds before, so it's nothing."

Sonia was relieved to hear that.

Rebecca looked at the time. "It's still early. The show's starting at night, so do you want to get some rest?"

"Sure. I'm getting dizzy anyway." Sonia massaged her temples.

"I'll help you to your bed." Rebecca stood up and went toward her.

After Sonia had fallen asleep, Rebecca tiptoed out of the room and called Carl.

Carl picked up a moment later. "What is it?" He sounded hoarse.

"Miss Reed's here in Norfolk." Rebecca stopped before the elevator.

Carl had just finished his rehearsal and was taking a break in the spectator seat. When he heard that, he stopped wiping his sweat off. "She's here?"

"Yes. She's here for your show. You invited her, didn't you? She would never go back on her word, so here she is. But why didn't you take her call?" Rebecca pressed the elevator's button.

Carl stared down at the floor. "No reason."

Rebecca snorted. "As if. I know you're afraid. You don't know how to face her, do you? You're a twisted man who wants her all for yourself, but on the other hand, you're holding that urge down. That's why you're acting like a child and running away from her. Isn't that exhausting?"

Carl's face fell, for Rebecca hit the bullseye. "Enough. What are you getting at?"

Rebecca pursed her lips. "Miss Reed doesn't blame you for what happened back then, so stop hiding. She's worried for you. And she's the victim here, not you. How could you let her worry about you? Grow up, Master Carl."

Carl was visibly upset at that point. "You're in no position to lecture me, Rebecca."

Rebecca rolled her eyes. "I am not lecturing you. This is just a reminder. See a therapist, will you? At this rate, you'll end up going out of control and hurting Miss Reed. And here's another thing. When you see her tonight, you have to stay calm no matter what, get it?"

"What? Why? What happened to her?" Carl gripped his phone tightly, noticing that something was wrong.

Rebecca sighed. "I can't tell you yet because I don't want to ruin your show. You'll find out after your show's done. The elevator's here, so talk later." She hung up without saying another word, as if Carl wasn't the boss she needed to respect. Well, he wasn't her boss in public. He was only her boss if they were in the Hayes residence.

Carl looked at his phone's home screen and squinted. He was just about to hack into the system and find out what happened to Sonia when his manager came over. "The second rehearsal's starting, Carl. You need to get into position."

The manager took his phone and pushed him toward the runway's entrance.

When night came, Rebecca took Sonia to the fashion runway.

The runway was packed with a lot of people, including the leaders of the fashion world, celebrities, renowned fashion critics, and also lots of reporters.

Rebecca took Sonia to her seat in the second row. It was a nice one, since it was right in front of the runway where one could see the models clearly, but it was a pity Sonia couldn't see at the moment. However, that didn't discourage Sonia. She handed her phone to Rebecca. "Rebecca, take Carl's photos. I'll take a look once I can see again."

"Sure." Rebecca took Sonia's phone and did as she asked.

"How much longer until it starts?" Sonia leaned back.

Rebecca looked at the time. "Ten more minutes."

Sonia grunted.

Toby leaned against the guardrail on the second floor, staring at Sonia. She couldn't see anything, but even so, Sonia looked excited, and that made him jealous.

Tom was right behind him, so he noticed his boss getting jealous. "Sir, why don't you just go down there?" He adjusted his glasses.

"No. Rebecca's gonna notice me. She'll think I followed her here, and that's going to make her dislike me more." Toby pursed his lips.

Tom rolled his eyes. But you did follow her here. Of course, he didn't say that out loud, or Toby would kill him. Tom coughed. "Sir, Dr. Lancaster has news. Mr. Lane's artist has come up with the culprit's portrait."

Toby swiveled. "What did you say? They know who's the culprit?"

"Yes." Tom nodded. "Dr. Lancaster called me half an hour ago."

"Who is it?" Toby tightened his grip on the guardrail.

Tom looked weird for a moment. "We all know her. It's the fake Rina."

"Impossible." Toby was shocked. "I thought you sent someone to keep an eye on her. They should have told me if anything happened. What are they doing?"

Tom looked down in shame. "This is all our fault. My men did follow her 24/7, but she switched out with Alice on the day Miss Reed was hurt, and they didn't notice it. They thought they still had Alice under watch, so that's why Miss Reed was hurt."

The men weren't to blame. Nobody knew Taylor wanted to hurt Sonia, and they never expected a switcheroo. Even if they did, they wouldn't have known that Taylor had switched out with Alice in the bathroom.

Toby closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again, there was nothing but murder in them. "I knew it. The moment I saw Taylor, I knew she was evil. She has a lot to hide, and I told Sonia to keep an eye out, but she didn't listen. Now she got hurt because of that."

"What should we do now, sir? Should we capture Taylor first?" Tom looked at him.

Toby squinted. "Not for now. Since I know Taylor's the culprit, Sonia should know it soon enough. Let's see what she'll do."

Taylor was the spy Sonia and Zane hired, but now the spy was planning on killing her employer, so Toby would leave her to Sonia and Zane. But if they refused to finish her off, Toby would be more than happy to take the job. He looked at Sonia

and saw Rebecca handing her a phone. Charles probably found out about it too and is calling her to tell her.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 385

[/ This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)
Chapter 385 The Complexity of Men

Toby was right.

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

"The portrait's done, babe," Charles said solemnly.

Sonia sat up straighter. "Really? Who's the culprit?" She couldn't see, so there was no point in sending her the portrait. Besides, she knew Charles must have looked into the culprit's identity the moment the portrait was done, so it was easier asking him for the answer.

"You know her too. It's Rina, the Grays' daughter," Charles answered more somberly than ever.

Sonia's eyes widened. "Impossible!" she answered reflexively. Taylor? That's impossible! That's the spy Zane and I hired!

"Why? Do you know her, babe?" Charles frowned in suspicion.

Sonia answered, "Yes. I'm sorry for keeping this a secret, but Rina isn't the Grays' daughter. She's a woman called Taylor. She's a spy Zane and I hired to keep an eye on the Grays."

"What?" Charles raised his voice. "You kept this thing a secret from me? That's huge!"

"Sorry, Charles." Sonia stared at the ground, embarrassed. She didn't divulge it to Charles because she didn't see the need to. After all, this was a grudge between her, the Colemans, and the Grays. It had nothing to do with the Lanes, so she didn't want to drag them into this. Besides, the fewer people who knew about it, the better. That would keep the chances of exposing Taylor to a minimum.

After Sonia apologized, Charles calmed down and thought about the reasons she kept it a secret. He could understand her stance, but it still made him uneasy, since he felt alienated. In the end, he pursed his lips. "Forget it. I can understand why you kept this a secret, but babe, the culprit really is R... I mean Taylor. I let

Alice see the portrait. She didn't admit it, but her expression told me everything I needed to know. Your spy betrayed you."

Sonia gripped her phone tightly, apparently still in shock. "Impossible..."

"Not impossible. Let me guess. She comes from a poor, misogynistic family, doesn't she?" Charles asked.

"Yes."

"Of course she'd betray you." Charles sighed. "You and Zane overlooked something important—human greed. Think about it. You hired someone who grew up poor to act as a rich family's daughter. Once she has a taste of that kind of wealth, there's no way she can stay loyal to you."

"That's..." Sonia didn't want to believe it, but Charles was right. Taylor had a taste of unimaginable wealth, and she didn't want to let it go. However, that wouldn't be easy, since there were two people who would get in her way. Me and Zane. That reason was enough for Taylor to turn her back on them.

Ah, so that's why Alice said I'm a threat to the culprit. After all, I can expose her true identity, and that's a big threat. No wonder she attacked me, but why did she want to get rid of my birthmark? What does this have to do with her? That's still a mystery. Sonia pursed her lips.

Charles continued, "I had no idea Taylor was your spy. I thought she was really Rina and she attacked you to avenge Tina, but it turns out she only did it so she can stay as Rina forever. We must get her, babe."

"I know." Sonia stared at the ground. I've been far too kind, and far too naive. She thought Taylor was weak and could be easily controlled, but she never thought Taylor was just putting on an act. To make things worse, she had fooled Sonia and Zane, and now she had become a threat.

Sonia touched her bandage and blinked, her eyes glinting with murder. We can't undo our decision, but we can cut our losses. Taylor must go. "Charles, keep an eye on her, and don't let her know we found out she's the culprit. I'll handle it once I get back," Sonia said coldly.

Charles nodded. "Okay. Don't worry about it."

"Good. See you later. The show's beginning." Sonia put her phone down and handed it to Rebecca.

Rebecca looked at her. "What happened, miss?"

"It's nothing." Sonia shook her head. "Let's watch the show."

Rebecca didn't press her and shifted her attention to the runway.

Toby saw the whole thing, and he fell into his own thoughts.

Tom asked, "Sir, how will Miss Reed handle Taylor?"

Toby pursed his lips. "Not sure. We should keep an eye on it."

He then went to the waiting room.

Tom asked, "Aren't you watching, sir?"

"It's just a bunch of guys walking down a runway. Do you think those guys are better than me?" Toby glanced at Tom coldly.

Tom coughed. "No." Well, the boss is better than those models in terms of looks and figure. The models lose out when it comes to looks. Even the celebrities can't compare. Carl's the only contender, but the boss is more mature than he is. None of them is a match for the boss.

Toby nodded satisfactorily and entered the waiting room.

At the same time, the show was already halfway done.

Rebecca was reading through the list, then her eyes shone. "Carl's next, miss."

Sonia perked up. "Good. Finally."

"I'll turn the camera on. It'll take too long otherwise." Rebecca turned her phone's camera on and aimed it at the runway.

It was then that a slender man slowly walked down the runway.

Rebecca held the phone with one hand and shook Sonia's shoulder with another. "Carl's here, miss!"

"Yes, yes. Stop shaking me." Sonia was swaying and feeling dizzy from all the shaking.

After Rebecca took her hands off, Sonia sat up straighter and faced the runway. She couldn't see, but it didn't stop her. At least she had to show some support.

Carl was walking down the runway indifferently. He looked like he didn't care, but actually, he was scanning the audience for Sonia. When he saw her waving at her with a smile, his eyes shone with delight. She's really here!

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 386

[/ This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr](#)
This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 386

But his delight was short-lived. When he saw the bandage on Sonia's head, he realized why Rebecca told him not to get mad when he saw Sonia. That must be why. He clenched his fists and stared down to hide the murder brewing in his eyes. Luckily, he made sure to do that subtly so no audience noticed it, or he'd make the next day's headlines. After he made a pose at the end of the runway, he walked back up the runway.

Rebecca leaned closer to Sonia. "He was upset when he saw your wound, miss. Yes, he tried to hide it, but it didn't escape me."

Sonia sighed. "It's fine. We'll just tell him the truth." She knew Carl would be unhappy about it, so she was already prepared.

Carl went to the waiting room after the show.

His manager handed him a bottle of water. "Have some water, Carl."

Carl ignored him. After he came in, he shoved all the makeup items on the table away and they fell onto the ground, attracting everyone's gazes.

"What happened, Carl?" a model asked.

Carl ignored the model. He was staring down, trying to control his desire for murder. Who hurt her? If I know who did this, I will kill them. His face was contorted with rage.

His manager quickly stood in front of him in case someone took his pictures. It will be troublesome if he makes the headlines. "What happened, Carl? Why are you so mad?" the manager tilted his head, whispering.

Carl took a deep breath and contained his rage. "Nothing," he answered calmly.

"That didn't look like nothing to me. You didn't even bother to hide your true self. Obviously—"

Before he could finish, a crew member announced, "Alright, models." He clapped his hands. "It's time for the closing ceremony. Get in line and be ready for it."

The manager had no choice but to swallow his words and told Carl, "Let's finish this, Carl. And remember to stay calm. Do not let anyone take any photos of your true self, or we'll get thrown through the wringer tomorrow."

Carl's eyes glinted. "I know." He massaged his temples to fully calm down and went onto the stage.

Back in the audience, Rebecca held her phone up to photograph Carl during the closing ceremony, while Sonia waited beside her in silence.

The ceremony ended in a while, and the model went offstage while the audience gave them a standing ovation.

Rebecca propped Sonia up.

After they clapped, Rebecca asked, "Are we going to see Carl, miss?"

Sonia nodded. "Of course. Let's go."

Rebecca returned Sonia's phone to her and helped her backstage, but they didn't go further once they were there. They wanted to wait for Carl, and luckily for them, his manager came out shortly after.

The manager knew Sonia, for he had seen her before, so he greeted, "Hi, Miss Reed. Here to see Carl's show?"

"Yes. He invited me." Sonia smiled.

The manager thought something was off with Sonia, but he couldn't put a finger on it. "Are you here to see Carl?"

"Yes. Can you call him for me?" Sonia asked.

"Sure," the manager agreed. "Give me a moment."

"Thank you." Sonia smiled.

The manager went into the makeup room to call Carl out, and he came out after a couple of minutes.

He had changed out of his show attire, but his makeup was still on, making him look like a handsome vampire in the medieval times. "Sonia." Carl came up to her and greeted her quietly.

"Hi. And here I thought you didn't want to see me."

"I would never," Carl denied.

Sonia snorted. "As if. You didn't even take my calls. Of course you don't want to see me."

"I—" Carl was at a loss for words. It took him a while before answering, "I just didn't know how I should face you. I can't face you. You probably hate me and are angry at me after what I did. I know you won't forgive me, so—"

"It's in the past now. I don't hate you, nor am I angry at you. I forgive you." Sonia sighed.

Carl's eyes shone, and he looked ecstatic. "You're forgiving me, Sonia?"

"Yes." She nodded.

Carl held her hands with a trembling one. "Is it true? You don't blame me for it?"

"Yes, but..." Sonia pulled her hand away. "But you'd better not do anything like that again, you hear me?" she said solemnly.

Darkness swirled within Carl's eyes, but he said, "I won't do it ever again."

"Good to hear." Sonia smiled. "And I found out about your condition."

Carl's face froze. "Y-You know about that?"

"Yes. So listen to me and get a therapist," Sonia advised him genuinely.

Carl squinted at her for a while and looked downward. "Of course."

"Good boy." Sonia patted his arm. He was right beside her, so she didn't need to see to know where his arm was.

At the same time, Rebecca smirked and mouthed, 'You're just saying that so she won't nag at you. You won't see a therapist, right?'

Carl managed to get what she said so he shot her a warning glare, but he retracted it after a moment, worried that Sonia might see it.

Rebecca rolled her eyes. She wanted to tell him to relax since Sonia couldn't see. But in the end, she decided to let him find out about it himself.

"What happened to your head, Sonia?" Carl looked at the bandage coldly, but he was worried for Sonia.

Sonia touched the bandage. "Some madman got to me," she answered calmly.

"Who?" Carl asked.

"Stop asking, Carl. I'll handle this myself. We should go now. Someone might be coming through soon."

Carl was angry that she was keeping it a secret and he clenched his fists, but he had promised he wouldn't do anything outrageous, so he loosened them up. "Let's go to my room. Every model here has one."

"Sure." Sonia nodded and extended her hand.

Carl wondered why she was doing that, but then he got his answer. Rebecca went to hold Sonia.

Sonia waved her hand across the air as if to see if there was a wall. Once she confirmed there wasn't a wall there, she put her hand down.

Carl was shocked and shaken to see that. "Sonia, what happened to your eyes?"

"I can't see, but it's only temporary," Sonia answered honestly. She knew she couldn't hide it for too long from Carl.

Carl held her face. "You can't see? Why? How? What happened?"