

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 117

“No,” the doctor answered with a shake of his head, which caused Sonia to sigh in relief.

That’s good to hear.

Judging from his serious expression, she almost believed that she had suffered from some terminal illness.

“What is the diagnosis then?” She looked at him and asked in concern.

The doctor placed Sonia’s report on the table. “I’m not too sure. How about this? You should get a checkup at the OB-GYN. Cases like yours usually fall under the purview of that department.”

“OB-GYN?” The corner of Sonia’s lips twitched in shock. Isn’t it just some abdomen pain? Why is he asking me to go to the OB-GYN?

“Yes, my diagnosis is that you’re pregnant. Hence the suggestion,” the doctor answered with a nod.

Her eyes wavered as her mind went blank. It took her quite a while to return to her senses before she croaked in a hoarse voice, “A-Am I pregnant?”

“I think so,” he replied.

Sonia stumbled for a little and felt the world spinning wildly around her. I’m pregnant. How could that be?

She stood up and took the report as she stumbled to the OB-GYN after having decided to go for a thorough checkup at the OB-GYN. What if I’m not pregnant? Maybe the doctor from the Gastroenterology Department misdiagnosed me.

The elevator doors slid open after a chime.

The moment Sonia walked out of the elevator, she looked around to confirm that the OB-GYN was on the left and hurried in that direction.

It so happened that Toby had just ended his call and was returning to the hospital. When he noticed Sonia disappearing around the corner, he could not help but narrow his eyes in suspicion. Why is she still here in the hospital?

“Toby.”

While he was deep in thought, he heard someone calling him from behind.

He spun around to see a doctor wearing his white coat and a sly smile on his face.

“What’s up?” Toby tucked his phone away and asked nonchalantly.

Tim pushed his glasses further up his nose and answered, “Tina is awake now and she wants to see you.”

“Got it.” Toby felt much more relieved as he hurried into the ward.

While staring at his friend disappearing down the corridor, Tim pursed his lips for a second before he adopted a smile and followed Toby into the room.

“Toby.” Tina was seated on the sofa and looked at him blankly. “Toby, Tim told me that I fainted. How did that happen?”

Upon hearing that, Toby instantly frowned. “Don’t you remember?”

She shook her head and pressed her temples. “No, I don’t. I can’t recall a thing.”

He looked at his feet with an expression that was hard to read. Soon, he asked her again, "How about the memories before you fainted? Do you recall any of them?"

Tina tilted her head to think before she shook her head again. "I can't recall that as well. The only thing I remember is that we made up in the morning. Nothing else. Toby, what happened to me?" She glanced at Toby in panic. "Why did I lose part of my memory? Do I have some terminal illness?"

Toby didn't reply; rather, he stared at her with such a deep look that it almost penetrated her mind for the truth.

"Toby?" A confused Tina called while she was suppressing her panic.

It was hard to discern the emotions in his voice. "Do you really not recall anything?"

This time around, before she could say anything, Tim interjected, "She really can't recall a thing."

Upon hearing the news, Toby's expression changed. Even though he had suspected Tina's answer, he would never doubt the veracity of Tim's account, for Tim was not only a friend, but a renowned surgeon. There was no way Tim would not lie to him.

"What happened? Why would she lose her memory?" He fixed his gaze on Tim while Tina turned to Tim in curiosity.

Tim unearthed his hands from the coat pockets to scratch the back of his head. "On this topic... I think it's best if we talk outside."

"Can't I listen?" Tina pouted in anger.

He merely smiled at her. "You better not know about it. Let's go, Toby. We'll talk outside."

After considering for around two seconds, Toby quickly agreed and exited the room before Tim.

Tim trotted behind Toby and before he left the room, he suddenly turned around to quickly wink at Tina.

She smiled and nodded in response.

Once he had received her tacit agreement, Tim turned around and closed the door to the ward.

“Tell me, what’s wrong?” Toby stopped in his tracks and questioned with a serious tone.

Tim took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and shook it. Then, he handed his friend a ciggy. “Do you want one?”

Toby did not even take a look at the cigarette that was offered to him.

After knowing Toby’s answer, Tim kept his cigarettes away and lit one for himself. He took a drag on it with great pleasure. “Tina is schizophrenic.”

“What?” Toby’s pupils shook upon hearing the shocking revelation.

Tim explained, “To be more specific, she is not only schizophrenic, but she is also suffering from dissociative identity disorder. She has a dark identity. To put it simply, she has a personality that drives her to commit wrongdoings.”

Toby tightly clenched his fists. “How did that happen?”

Tim puffed a ring of smoke. “Dissociative identity disorder is usually triggered by extremely traumatic events. Tina previously did not suffer from the disorder; we only observed that in her after she regained consciousness. Do you still recall that she almost went into shock and fell into a coma after learning you were married the moment she woke up? I assume that she must have developed dissociative identity disorder around that time.”

After learning about the truth behind Tina’s condition, Toby felt a gut-wrenching pain. Tina developed a dissociative identity disorder because of me and Sonia!

"I went through some articles earlier." Tim extinguished his cigarette. "This dark identity of hers has a strong hatred for your ex-wife, perhaps because your ex-wife took away what had belonged to Tina."

Toby frowned unhappily. "That has nothing to do with Sonia. It was my fault for not turning Tina down."

In short, he was the root of the problem.

A reflection flashed across Tim's glasses. "Toby, are you defending your ex-wife now?"

"That's enough. We are discussing Tina now. Why would you bring that up?" Toby impatiently pursed his lips.

Tim looked at him in the eye before flashing a smile. "You're right."

"About Tina's dark identity... Does it appear whenever she sees Sonia?"

Tim shrugged. "How would I know? Anyway, the identities usually surface when the owner feels threatened. Maybe your ex-wife has done something to Tina, causing her to develop a vindictive identity."

"That's impossible!" Toby blurted out without even thinking.

Tim narrowed his eyes. "And you said you weren't protecting your ex-wife."

"I am not. It's just because Sonia would never do something like that." Toby gave a cold reply.

He had a hunch that Sonia was innocent.

“Alright, if you say so.” Tim clasped his hands together as his tone took a serious turn. “This identity of hers has probably showed up for the first time, which is why she has lost all her recent memories. I’m worried that this particular identity would frequently surface if things don’t change.”

“Can it be treated?” Toby cast a glance at him.

Tim then nodded, “In the history of medicine, we have observed a number of cases where the dissociated identities have merged with the owner’s main identity. Since Tina’s new identity is a recent occurrence, there is a high chance that it could be merged with her primary one.”

“What should we do then?” Toby asked in seriousness.

Tim pushed the bridge of his glasses once again. “It’s simple. Try to keep her company, make her happy and definitely do your best to avoid her meeting your ex-wife or even to seeing you with your ex. As long as she is not agitated, her identity won’t resurface. Sooner or later, it will merge with her main.”

Although the explanation sounded crazy, Toby still took note of the suggestions. “Got it.”

“If that’s the case, I will get back to work now. I’ve just returned from an international trip. There is lots of work waiting for me.” Tim patted him on the shoulders before leaving.

Toby stood at the same spot and stared at the door in front of him with pursed lips.

Never would he have thought that Tina would be driven to the point of developing dissociative identity disorder. Her behavior toward Sonia in the past month could also be explained by the formation of her new identity. That was why she acted and talked differently from the letters she wrote to me after she regained consciousness!