

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 206

Regardless of what Tim's doubts were, Tina was still his savior. Even if she had somehow turned into a wicked person, he was bound by his promise that he would fulfill all her wishes.

At that thought, he regained his composure and nodded as he replied, "I understand. I'll make the arrangements immediately."

He hung up the call and kept his phone away. Then, he headed toward the OB-GYN.

Meanwhile, it wasn't long before the nurse informed Sonia that the operation theater was ready for her surgery. Sonia stood up and eyed the doors to the operation theater. At that moment, she became reluctant to take another step forward.

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Douglas' cherubic little face flashed in her mind and she thought about how sweetly he had called out for her. He made her realize how adorable children could be.

Besides, she was close to turning 27 and most women of her age were already mothers.

If she had consummated her marriage to Toby like any other woman, then her child would be of the same age and possibly cuter than Douglas.

Perhaps she would have boldly stepped into the operation theater without any hesitation if she never spent time with a toddler beforehand. However, now that she had done so, she was now tortured by her dilemma.

She clutched her lower abdomen and bit on her lip, growing more reluctant with every passing minute. At the sight of this, Charles walked up to her and asked gently, "Baby, what's wrong?"

"Yeah, Sonia. What's wrong?" Not wanting to lose out on showing his concern for Sonia, Zane rose from his seat in the waiting area and strode up next to her.

Sonia drew in a deep breath and did not try to deny her doubts as she confessed her thoughts, "I... I don't really want to lose this child."

Upon hearing this, Charles and Zane exchanged a meaningful look.

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Charles was the first to speak up. "Why the sudden change of mind?"

Zane was also looking at her as he waited for her answer.

She looked down and muttered, "Maybe it's because I'm not brave enough to do it."

"I understand completely," he solemnly responded. "After all, we're talking about a living thing here. As the operation theater has already been set up, Sonia, it's too late for you to back out of this now. You can't keep the baby."

He liked Sonia, but that didn't mean he liked the idea of her carrying someone else's baby and he would much rather if the child disappeared altogether.

Charles shared the same sentiment, and he nodded as he added, "That's right, darling. Think about what you said about not loving the baby and how you didn't love the father. You shouldn't keep the child only

to let him suffer in this lifetime, given how he would be an illegitimate child who would neither be acknowledged nor loved by his parents.”

Sonia’s fingers slowly curled over where the baby bump should be.

She knew Charles and Zane were speaking sense. It had been decided from the very beginning that she would not retain her pregnancy. How can I allow this child to suffer scorn and disdain from the world just because of my affection for Douglas?

With that in mind, she managed a feeble smile, which stretched out thinly on her pale face as she said, “You guys are right. Thanks for reminding me of why I’m doing this. I’ll head in now.”

When both men heard that she would not be changing her mind on this operation, they let out quiet breaths of relief.

“Okay, we’ll be waiting for you out here,” Charles assured warmly as he patted Sonia on the shoulder.

She forced another tight smile and hummed in response before she pushed open the doors to the operation theater.

Not long after she went in, a doctor and a couple of nurses followed as well.

The doctor who led the small team of nurses was dressed in green scrubs, complete with a matching cap and mask. However, Zane couldn’t help but stare at him in suspicion as he rubbed his chin.

“What’s up with you?” Charles noticed Zane’s demeanor and asked.

Zane’s gaze lingered on the closing doors of the operation theater as he remarked, “I think I’ve seen that doctor somewhere before. He looks kind of familiar.”

Charles did not find anything strange about that. “We probably saw him earlier when we came.”

“You’re right.” Zane nodded when he couldn’t quite place a finger on where he had seen the doctor beforehand and gave up trying to remember. Without another word, he sauntered over to the chairs and sat down.

At this moment, the sound of a moving wheelchair sounded from down the hallway.

Charles and Zane looked over at the same time, only to be surprised when they were greeted by the sight of Tom wheeling Toby toward them.

“Hey, Toby,” Zane drawled with a tone that was heavy with implication.

Toby merely nodded in response.

The strange atmosphere that suddenly settled between the parties was lost on Charles, whose brows furrowed as he demanded unhappily, “What are you doing here, Toby?”

Toby cast him a brief and impassive look without answering. Then, he addressed Zane, “Has Sonia gone in?”

“Only a few moments ago,” Zane replied with a casual shrug.

As Toby’s hands were placed on the armrests of the wheelchair, he clenched his paws when he heard Zane’s answer.

Charles, on the other hand, was furious to see that Toby had intentionally ignored him but did not show Zane the same treatment. “What gives, Toby? I asked what the hell you are doing here.”

The divot between Toby’s brows reappeared, but he did not utter a word to Charles at all.

He knew better than to rise to the provocation, fully aware that Charles would derive nothing but joy from taunting him.

Sure enough, with his questions unanswered and presence ignored, Charles grew frustrated and left Toby alone. The next moment, he turned to seek clarification from Zane instead, “Hey, do you know what he’s doing here?”

“Isn’t it obvious? He’s here because he wants to know how Sonia’s surgery is going.” Zane gestured matter-of-factly at the operation theater.

Charles cast Toby a sideways glance and continued to say pointedly, “What does Sonia’s surgery have to do with him? He doesn’t need to be here. It’s not as if it’s his baby.”

Toby frowned at the sharp remark.

Zane, on the other hand, awkwardly cleared his throat. If only Charles knew that the baby really is Toby’s. He refrained from saying this and let out a lighthearted laugh as he placated, “Come on, Sonia’s his ex-wife. It’s only natural that he pays her a visit.”

“There is nothing natural about this,” Charles protested warily. “They no longer have a relationship now that their marriage is over, but now he’s suddenly here to see Sonia? He’s probably up to no good.”

Toby went on to ignore Charles as he lowered his gaze, effectively hiding the dark gleam in his eyes. He’s right. I have no relationship with Sonia now that we’ve divorced and after she terminates her pregnancy, we really would have nothing binding us anymore. That’s probably for the best. We’ll be back to square one. So, why do I still feel like someone has stabbed me in the heart?

As such thoughts flooded his headspace, he reached up to place a hand over his heart and the steady look in his eyes wavered.

On the other side of the doors, Sonia lay on the surgery table in the operation theater as one of the nurses walked up to her and injected the anesthesia into her arm.

Barely a few minutes had passed when the effects of the anesthesia kicked in—as Sonia began to feel drowsy and her eyelids weighed a ton, it didn’t take long for her to close her eyes and lose consciousness.

After having worn his surgical gloves, Tim approached the operation table and appraised her briefly.

This was his first time looking at her from such a close distance and he could understand why Tina was extremely jealous of Sonia. Sonia was beautiful, if not prettier than Tina, with delicately chiseled features.

He retracted his gaze and picked up the scalpel before he began to carefully sterilize it as he asked icily, "How's the anesthetic?"

The nurse answered hastily, "I did as per your instruction and only gave her enough anesthetic to last for 20 minutes. She would wake up after that and slowly regain her senses."

Tim hummed curtly to acknowledge this.

Tina had told him to allow Sonia to die a slow and agonizing death; the amount of anesthesia given to her would ensure that such a feat was possible. By the time she regained her bodily senses in 20 minutes, she would acutely feel the icy touch of the scalpel painfully slicing through her flesh.

The nurse who had injected the anesthesia could not understand Tim's motive and she was consternated as she asked, "Director Lancaster, why did you ask that we administer a light dosage of anesthesia? What if the patient regains consciousness in the middle of the operation—"

"The patient is allergic to anesthetic and the amount administered is the most she can take without any complications. I'll try to wrap up the surgery before she awakes," Tim interrupted her mid-sentence.

Upon hearing this, the nurse did not dwell on her doubts any longer. After all, he was the youngest surgeon to have made a name for himself both nationally and internationally. With a nod, she acceded to his explanation and responded, "I see."

"Right. Let's begin the surgery," he announced coldly as he fixed his eyes on Sonia.

Tim's icy voice matched the look in his eyes and it was almost like he didn't see her as a patient, but an animal about to be dissected for research purposes. There was not a trace of warmth nor emotion in his dark orbs. Even the nurses couldn't help but shiver at his impassive demeanor.

As the surgery began, the nurse lifted the green surgical drape away from Sonia's abdominal region.

It was at that moment when Tim noticed Sonia's hand over her abdomen and his brows drew together as he demanded, "What were you all doing when you administered the anesthesia? You should have made sure her hand wasn't obstructing the surgical area!"