

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 230

Could this person have done more than just snatching my bag? Could he have attempted to murder me while I wasn't aware of it? Sonia wondered.

Tim had a degree in psychology, and he was naturally able to guess what was going on in Sonia's mind through observing her expression and her eyes. He had intended to keep some matters a secret, but she was too smart—she got it right before he told her anything.

"Tina got me to kill you in surgery when you last came to the hospital for an abortion. She wanted me to make it seem like an accident had occurred during surgery. However, I didn't do anything after I saw the red mole on your wrist." Tim appeared rather reluctant to look Sonia in the eye as he spoke.

"You b*stard!" Carl's eyes were bloodshot as he reached forward to grab Tim by the collar of his shirt. Tim didn't try to defend himself as Carl moved closer to strike him—he was willing to do anything to ensure that Sonia wouldn't get angry at him. He couldn't have his angel hate him.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

"Carl!" Sonia held onto Carl's arm. "Let go of him."

"He wanted to kill you, Sonia!" Carl didn't listen to her orders.

"I said, let go of him," she repeated in a firmer voice. Carl took one look at her eyes and knew that she wouldn't change her mind. After a few seconds of silence, Carl finally let go of Tim.

Sonia turned to glance at Tim, who was frowning as he tried to straighten his collar. "Would you have let me die in surgery if you hadn't seen the red mole on my wrist?" She knew that her question was pointless, but she wanted to hear his answer anyway.

Tim's lips twitched a little, and he couldn't meet her eyes when he finally spat out a one-worded answer. "...Yeah!"

"Hah..." Sonia let out a sneer before she walked past Tim and headed toward the elevator. Although she hadn't taken a particular liking to Tim, she had saved him in the past. She felt horrible when she found out that a life that she had saved actually paid her back by attempting to murder her. Sure, he didn't know that I was the one who saved him back then, but I'm still hurt by this incident.

"Wait for me, Sonia." Carl shot Tim a cold glare before he went chasing after Sonia. Tim didn't attempt to stop Sonia from leaving. Being a Doctor of Psychology, he understood that she had just experienced a significant shock and would need time to digest it.

It's all Tina's fault. If Tina hadn't taken my angel's place, I would've never made my angel sad. Just you wait, Tina! I'm going to torture you properly, and I'm going to turn you into the perfect model in my basement! Tim's eyes twinkled with greediness as he thought about it.

Powered by Hooligan Media

Meanwhile, Carl finally caught up with Sonia's footsteps once he got out of the hospital. "Are you okay, Sonia?" Carl gazed at her worriedly.

She lowered her head to stare at the red mole on her wrist. She didn't answer his question. How could she possibly be okay? She just found out about how close she had been to dying. After Sonia remained silent for a while more, Carl leaned in to give her a big hug. He rested his chin against her shoulder as he spoke in a tender and loving voice. "Don't worry, Sonia. I'm here with you, and I'll always protect you."

A warm, fuzzy sensation filled Sonia's heart. His words seemed to have rid of the sinister, cold feeling she had felt earlier. She patted his back gently. "Alright, I trust you. Why don't you let go of me now? I'm losing my breath because of how tight you're hugging me."

"Oh." Carl obediently let her go before looking down at her belly. An ambiguous look surfaced in his gaze. "What was the talk about you being pregnant, Sonia?" He had intended to ask the same question while they were in the room, but he hadn't wanted to interrupt Sonia while she was listening to Tim and Tina's conversation earlier.

Sonia rubbed a hand against her belly. "It was a night of rash decisions. That's all."

"And the child's father..." Carl muttered.

"I don't know who he is," Sonia replied as she massaged her temples.

Carl's gaze seemed to light up a little. "While we were in the room earlier, Tina mentioned something about wanting to get rid of the baby in your stomach, and she said it twice. Could the child in your belly belong to Toby?"

She was stunned for a moment, but she quickly chuckled and shook her head. "That's impossible. Wouldn't I know if the child belonged to him? Tina probably assumed that the child was a result of Toby impregnating me before our divorce. She's probably afraid that I'll use the child as my way back into the Fuller Family—that's why she's trying so hard to get me to lose the child." No one else knew that she and Toby hadn't engaged in any sexual relationships throughout their marriage, and she was certain that Toby wouldn't bring up such a matter during his relationship with Tina.

Furthermore, Sonia wasn't surprised that Tina found out about her pregnancy. Tina could've overheard something while Zane was talking to Toby, or Toby could've told her about it on his own. I'm guessing that was how she found out about me.

"Are you planning to keep the child, Sonia?" Carl tightened his fists as he posed this question.

Sonia shook her head. "Of course not. I'll get the abortion done outside the country once I'm done with my work here." She was too afraid to get it done locally—she had no choice but to do it in another country. She was certain that Tina wouldn't have any influence in a different country!

Carl relaxed his tight fists after he heard that Sonia didn't want to keep the baby, and he put on a smile on his face.

...

At the same time, Toby was dressed in a hospital gown as he rested his back against the inclined hospital bed. Tom was standing beside his bed while reporting all of the occurrences that followed the accident that had happened the night before. "Are you saying that the accident was all planned out?" Toby's face was pale, and he coughed a few times after speaking. His handsome features looked especially eerie as he wore a grim expression on his face.

Tom gave him a solemn nod. "Yeah. According to the surveillance tapes we got from the traffic control department, the same car had followed you ever since you left the party. It trailed you until you got close to Bayside Residence before it sped up and surpassed your car. Then, the car made a U-turn and came from the other direction to hit you from the front. However, that car isn't as sturdy as yours, so its entire front area was destroyed. The driver died on the spot," Tom explained.

"The driver is dead?" Toby froze for a second.

Tom nodded once more. "Yeah. The doctor's autopsy determined the driver's cause of death to be a sudden cardiac arrest. Even though the driver suffered severe injuries from the accident, the doctor also found high concentrations of stimulants in the driver's stomach. The driver probably had a cardiac arrest because his heart couldn't handle the excitement. I'm guessing that the driver had taken extra amounts of stimulants to boost his courage."

"Is that so?" Toby tugged his lips into a smirk. "Did you check for any reasons the driver might have to attack me?"

"I did. The driver is a regular guy who doesn't have anything against you, so I'm guessing that the driver is just a chess piece. Someone must have hired him to hit you, and there must be another murderer

hiding somewhere. Unfortunately, we couldn't get any information from the driver since he's already dead." Tom let out a long sigh.

Toby didn't seem too surprised by Tom's answer, and he gave out orders with the same blank expression on his face. "Continue searching, then. I want you to find the person responsible for this."

"Got it!" Tom nodded.

Toby massaged the space between his brows. "Did anything happen to the company while I was out?"

"There were some issues with the company stocks at first, but I managed to get that under control. Later that day, controversies of some random celeb surfaced on the internet, and the netizens and traders were distracted by it, so the company's stocks are back up at their usual value now."

"That's good." Toby shut his eyes and winced as he hit his palm against his own head. Tom grew worried as he saw this. "Are you okay, President Fuller? Are you not feeling well? Let me get the doctor."

Tom was about to press the bell when Toby opened his eyes to stop him. "There's no need for that. I'm fine. My head just hurts because some odd visions popped up in my head."

"Odd visions?" Tom was puzzled.

Toby pursed his lips. "It might be a side effect of getting hit in the head. It's no big deal." Tom let go of the matter when he saw that Toby seemed genuinely fine.

They were both surprised when they heard a knock on the door, and Tom went over to open it. When he saw Tina behind the door, he was about to greet her, but she pushed him aside and charged into the room. She didn't seem to care if Toby's injuries could handle it—she simply flung her arms over him as she began to tear up. "You're awake, Toby! That's great. You're finally awake."

The injuries on Toby's body were immediately torn open as a result of Tina's rough actions toward him. He let out a painful groan as cold sweat began to form on his forehead. His brows were squeezed together as he frowned in agony.