

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 298**

“What?” Sonia frowned and turned to see where the voice was coming from, but before she could get a proper look at the commotion, her body was suddenly pulled into a rough embrace.

Toby had his arms wound tightly around her as he spun her toward the other side before a second later, the sound of glass breaking came from the space where Sonia had been standing earlier. It was then followed by an intense sizzling that mimicked the low buzz of an electric current.

At that moment, he let out a low grunt.

Upon hearing the pain in his voice, she looked up at him. As she was alarmed by the large beads of cold sweat on his forehead and his pallor, she urged, “What is it? Are you okay?”

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He released his grip on her without answering her and clamped his left hand over his right wrist by his side, which trembled slightly.

Her gaze fell on his right hand before her breath hitched as she stammered, “Y-Your hand—”

“My hand’s fine. What about you? Are you okay?” He looked up at her, his face pale as he appraised her anxiously and she could tell that the fear in his eyes were genuine.

She opened and closed her mouth, unable to describe her complicated emotions into words. Is he an idiot? His own hand is injured, but all he cares about is whether I’m okay!

Toby stiffened at her lack of response. “Are you hurt?”

Sonia shook her head. “No.”

He held his gaze on her for a few more beats; it was only after he was certain she was telling the truth that he let out a small sigh of relief. As he flashed her a feeble smile, he assured, “That’s good.”

“Good? What the hell are you talking about?” She bit on her lip as she glowered at him. “Look at your hand!”

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“It’s nothing,” he insisted.

Sonia pointed at his hand as an incredulous, humorless laugh escaped her. “Oh, it’s nothing?”

There was an open wound the size of a date on the back of his right hand. The skin looked like it had been peeled off from the mess that was blood and flesh; and the edges of the wound were erratic and burnt black—the result of a harsh corrosion.

Sonia could easily whittle down the list of potential substances capable of such erosion to one thing—acid!

At the thought of this, Sonia turned her icy gaze to the spot where she had been standing earlier. It didn’t take long for her to put two and two together when she saw how the corrosive substance had spilled all over the driver’s side of the car. The acid had eaten away at the paint on the car before dripping and pooling into a sizzling puddle on the tarmac.

As it turned out, the man who called her a wretched woman had flung a bottle of acid at her in an attempt to kill her on the spot. When Toby saw this, he instantly reacted by pulling her into his arms and shielding her from the acid. However, when the glass bottle landed on the car and shattered, a speck of acid could have splattered onto the back of his hand, hence the horrific burn that marked his skin.

In other words, had Toby not saved her in time, the bottle of acid would have spilled on her and its contents would have burned her alive.

If that happened, she could be lucky enough to survive, but her skin would have been disfigured beyond repair. She would then lock herself away forever to prevent anyone from seeing her in that state.

A surge of fear seized her as such thoughts flashed in her mind, but that was quickly replaced by an overwhelming rage.

She clenched her fists and her eyes rimmed red as she glared at the person who had hurled acid at her.

The culprit had been apprehended by the head of security. The perpetrator was an ordinary-looking man, and at the moment, there was a pair of gloves stuffed into his mouth to prevent him from speaking. Even so, the look on his face was menacing enough to make anyone's skin prickle in fright.

Sonia had no idea who he was, much less why he held such a wicked grudge against her. That didn't matter, though, because everything would come to light as soon as the police took over.

Meanwhile, the reporters not too far away had witnessed the entire incident as well as the audience watching the livestream. They were all mortified by the shocking turn of events.

They didn't think that someone would throw acid at Sonia. A dramatic event like this would only ever occur in soap operas, and yet here they were, bearing witness to it in reality. Before long, they came to the collective consensus that they must spread this groundbreaking news as quickly as they could.

On the other side of the parking lot, Sonia paid no mind to the crowd of bustling reporters and returned to Toby's side. Her brows were knitted tightly together as she gazed at his hand, and the look in her eyes was one that rivaled a growing tempest.

“Give me your keys,” she demanded hastily. “I have to drop you off at the hospital and I can’t drive my car.”

Toby met her gaze and answered, “The keys are in my left pocket.”

She grew exasperated at his vague instructions, which were redundant and a waste of precious time, given how she was in a rush to get him to the doctor. “Do you mean the pocket of your pants or your coat?” she snapped.

He could tell that Sonia was frustrated. Since he did not dare to dawdle a fraction longer, he answered forthrightly, “Pants.”

After having gotten the exact location of his keys, Sonia rubbed the divot between her brows and reached into the left pocket of his pants.

Toby stiffened at this. He didn’t think she would actually reach for the keys herself. Seeing that his left hand was completely fine, he had assumed that she would allow him to get the keys out for her.

Presently, he was acutely aware that her hand was reaching deep into his pocket, and he could feel the softness and warmth of her paw through the thin fabric. His skin tickled where her fingers brushed over it. As a result, his thigh muscle twitched involuntarily and his gaze darkened.

Sonia felt this as well, and it was only after she met his dark, piercing gaze that she finally realized what she was doing.

Crap, I just shoved my hand into the pocket of his pants without thinking! She blushed all the way to the tips of her ears and she quickly grappled for the keys before withdrawing her hand. She looked the other way in embarrassment and averted his gaze. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to do that.”

She had been in such a hurry to grab the keys that she didn’t know how bold she was until it was too late.

Toby, on the other hand, swallowed convulsively and responded hoarsely, “It’s fine. Don’t dwell on it.”

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly at this and she hummed in response after a second.

That was how Toby knew she was still dwelling on it. He sighed a little and swiftly changed the subject. "Did you get the keys?"

"I did!" Grateful to move on from the embarrassing incident, Sonia opened up her palm to reveal the car keys with the Maybach logo embossed on it.

He nodded. "I leave the driving in your capable hands."

"Okay, but as for that man over there..." A freezing look passed over her delicate face as she glanced at the culprit, who was kneeling on the tarmac as the head of security held him in place.

There was an insidious gleam in Toby's eyes as he asked slowly, "Seeing as he came for you, what do you want to do with him?"

"Send him to the police station," Sonia replied coldly. "I want to know exactly who put him up to this!"

She had a feeling that Tina was the mastermind. The timeline made sense; the man had launched the acid attack soon after Tina's scathing livestream, which painted Tina as the most likely suspect.

It was obvious that Toby had the same thought as Sonia. He narrowed his eyes into dangerous slits and agreed, "Very well. I'll have my guards send him over to the station in a while."

Sonia hummed curtly in response. She pressed the key in her hand to unlock the car doors, and after the both of them entered the vehicle, she drove out of the parking lot without further delay.

Along the way, she called up Daphne and asked that Daphne make a copy of the security footage from the parking lot and have it delivered to the police station.

The security camera would have undoubtedly recorded the footage of the man hurling acid at Sonia and that was enough evidence to warrant his arrest.

After she hung up the call with Daphne, she dialed for the police and told them that she would be running late.

Given that she was only considered a person of interest and not an actual suspect in Tina's assault incident, the police were reasonable enough to allow the delay.

While this was happening, Toby sat in the passenger seat and kept his eyes on Sonia throughout. There was a look of admiration in his dark orbs as he watched her speak calmly with the police officers at the station and he had to admit that she had changed a lot since the days before their divorce.

She had grown into a polished and all-around capable woman.

As she sensed Toby's gaze on her, Sonia put down her phone and curiously glanced at him. "What are you looking at?"

"Nothing," he replied with an amused smile.

She couldn't help but feel that he was acting in a strange manner, but she did not press further. Since she had a car to maneuver, she fixed her eyes on the road once more without sparing her injured companion another thought.

A few minutes later, she parked the car at the side of the road and announced, "We're here. Let's get out of the car."

Toby unfastened his seatbelt with one hand and peered out the window. "This isn't the hospital."

"It's a clinic. The hospital is too far away and your hand is already trembling in pain, so I figured this is the best option we have," Sonia explained as a matter-of-factly.

He nodded and pushed the door open before he stepped out of the car.