

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 329

Carl's thin lips moved, but he was unable to form the words even though it was exactly what he meant.

Sonia held the chair and sat down. "It was Toby who told me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have known about it. I always thought that it was purely platonic between us and I didn't expect you to actually..."

Although she did not finish her sentence, the meaning was obvious. Upon hearing this, he looked unhappy. So, it was Toby who told her, but it's for the best if he's the one who spilled the beans anyway. Now that she was aware of his true intentions, he wouldn't have to trouble himself and think on how to confess to her without scaring her off.

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"Toby is right. It's true that my feelings for you aren't platonic but romantic instead. It's also true that I poisoned you because I couldn't accept you carrying another man's child. However—" Carl looked at her and continued, "What I just said about not wanting you to be subjected to the ridicule of the outside world is also true, Sonia. I know I shouldn't have poisoned you, but I also didn't mean to hurt you. That medicine will only cause harm to the child in your belly, and not to you."

"Do you really think that you didn't hurt me?" Sonia smiled slightly. "No, you have. You actually broke my heart."

Then, she pointed to her heart. "You poisoned me. To me, not only did you snatch the child in my belly, it was a form of betrayal. Did you know that apart from Grandpa, the people whom I trust the most are you and Charles? Look at what happened—you poisoned me! If I do something in the future that you can't accept, are you going to do this to me again?"

He froze and he didn't say anything.

Upon seeing this, she felt disappointed because it looked like history would indeed repeat itself.

Carl also understood that his reaction had frightened Sonia, so he hastily said, "Sonia, I—"

"Okay. Carl, don't say anything. Why don't you head out first? I want to be on my own." She looked away and refused to gaze at him.

When he saw that she was being cold and distant, he panicked with a hint of desperation. However, he soon returned to his senses and recovered his composure. As he lowered his eyes, he responded, "Okay."

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Then, he turned around and walked toward the door with his head down, which made it impossible for anyone to see his facial expression. The door suddenly opened at this moment and he almost collided with the person outside. It was a fortunate thing that the person outside had reacted in time and took a step back.

Carl coldly glanced at the said person before he walked past the man and out the door.

When Tim looked at Carl's back, he raised his eyebrow while the corners of his mouth curled upward as he entered the ward. "I really didn't expect that the person who poisoned you turned out to be him," Tim quoted as he leaned against the wall by the door.

Sonia's eyelashes trembled. "You heard that?"

"Some of it." He lifted his chin.

She gave a bitter smile. "Yeah, I really didn't expect him to poison me."

Carl poisoning her was the same as him being unable to accept the child in her belly—it was something that she couldn't accept. Even if the poison hadn't done much harm to her, his ruthlessness still scared her. She suddenly realized that she really didn't understand him as a person at all. It was also true that the last time she swung by Jordain County to visit him was ten years ago; at that time, Carl was only 15 or 16 years old, which would be Tyler's age.

After all, people would grow up and mature—and this included Toby, Carl, and herself. It was simply a natural thing. On top of that, both she and Carl had been apart for ten years, so she had no idea what he endured in that period of time. Therefore, how could she possibly understand Carl at all? She was simply too arrogant to have thought that she knew him well.

While looking at Sonia's unhappy appearance, Tim pushed his glasses up his nose bridge. "Although I'm a little surprised that Carl poisoned you, I think it was something expected."

"What do you mean?" She raised her eyes to look at him.

Tim shoved his hands in the pockets of his white coat. "Didn't you know that Carl has serious psychological issues? He has an almost perverted sense of possession and control of those whom he likes, including people. As such, it's not surprising that he would do such a thing to you. In fact, he has already suppressed his tendency to be possessive and controlling when he did this."

When she heard this, it took several seconds for a totally confused Sonia to find her voice. "What are you saying? Carl has psychological issues?"

"It seems like you really didn't know about it." He shrugged.

She swallowed and shook her head. "I didn't know anything; I couldn't see that Carl had any psychological issues at all..."

"That's because he hides it well. What you see of him is just a disguise he wears. In fact, the real him is dark and morbid," Tim elaborated.

Sonia's heart was racing; she was obviously so stunned by the piece of news that Tim brought to the point where she couldn't calm down. She never knew that the Carl whom she saw wasn't actually his

true personality. In fact, she was still proud of the fact that she understood him when she had comprehended nothing.

“By the way, that reminds me!” As she suddenly thought of something, she tensed and looked at Tim. “You just said that Carl poisoned me after he intentionally suppressed his emotions, right? So, this means that if he didn’t suppress his desire to control me, would he have done something more serious than just poisoning me?”

“I suppose so. As for how serious it would be, you can search for what these people do to others on the Internet. It will certainly broaden your mind,” he answered with his glasses reflecting light.

She really went to search more about what Carl would have done on her phone and when she saw all the extreme behavior that such folks would do, she couldn’t help but shiver. “Is Carl’s psychological condition that serious?” She sucked a breath of cold air.

He finally stopped being casual and adopted a solemn tone. Don’t worry, I won’t let Carl hurt you. After all, folks like him can’t defeat psychopaths.”

“Huh?” Sonia tilted her head.

With a smile, Tim answered, “It’s nothing.”

He was born without empathy or fear, so he was seen as a psychopath and a monster. Indeed, he knew that he was a monster. He had a pathological mania for blood and human life was worthless to him. What made it worse was that he could do outrageous things to achieve a certain purpose.

As for Carl, he could not. Although the mentally ill would do almost the same things as the psychopaths, they had a weakness, which was the target of their obsession. Because psychopaths like Tim never had such weaknesses, he wouldn’t be defeated by Carl.

Sonia did not know what was in Tim’s mind. After she bit her lip, she hesitated before asking, “Dr. Lancaster, can this aspect of Carl’s psychological state be cured?”

Seeing that Tim was also a psychiatrist, he would have an answer, to which he nodded. "Of course, but only if he is willing to accept the treatment himself. If he is forced to do so, it will only be counterproductive and worsen his condition."

"I got it." Sonia rubbed her temples. "I'll try to convince him."

He shrugged. "You should go for it then. Okay, let me examine you."

Sonia grunted and returned to the hospital bed to lie down.

On the other hand, Toby had emerged from the conference room after taking care of things at the Fuller Group and fished out his phone to see whether she had called. After all, he had told her before he left that she could give him a buzz if there was anything she needed. As she was now in the hospital, there would be something that she needed. Thus, maybe she would contact him.

With this expectation in mind, he switched on his phone, after which a message from her popped up. His eyes brightened slightly for a moment and his unhappy mood caused by company matters suddenly improved. Then, he clicked on her message in a hurry to see what she had sent. It was merely a message about the transfer of money for the meal. Upon seeing this, his expression sank and his slightly improved mood dipped once again.