

### **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 365**

Watching his tiny figure from the back, Sonia smiled even wider, and soon, he returned from the washroom. He even showed his hands to her so she could check if he had cleaned it. After she complimented him, saying that he had cleaned it well, only then did he drop his hands happily.

They left Paradigm Co. and she drove home to Bayside Residence together with him. In the midst of making dinner, she realized that she had run out of salt in the kitchen and wanted to buy some from the convenience store in the neighborhood.

Taking off her apron, she walked out of the kitchen and spoke to Douglas, who was watching TV on the couch in the living room. "Douglas, I'm going downstairs to buy some salt. Be good and stay at home, then open the door for me when I'm back later, okay?"

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"Sure, Aunt Sonia," he replied, spinning his head around.

"Good boy." She walked toward the door, and he followed to send her out.

After putting on shoes, she recalled something and reminded Douglas, "Also, regardless if I'm the person who presses the doorbell later, you shouldn't open the door straight away. Use the intercom camera to check the person outside the door. Do you get it?"

What if someone else comes while I'm out? I am worried, having a child alone at home.

"Don't worry, Aunt Sonia. I know what to do." Standing on the step at the entrance, he waved goodbye to Sonia, who stroked his small head before heading out.

After she bought the salt, the sky had turned even darker compared to the time when she left the apartment. With the salt in her hand, she walked toward her apartment building on the street, which seemed especially quiet without many people around. This was basically dinner time for the people in the neighborhood and not the time for evening walks yet.

Sonia walked for a while, and suddenly, she felt someone following her. Stopping in her tracks, she turned around and looked behind, but she didn't see anyone or anything.

With a frown, she wondered, Was it just my illusion? Without pondering over it further, she turned her head around and continued walking forward. I'll reach my apartment building after passing by this building.

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However, barely a few steps later, she once again felt that someone was stalking her. This time, she was sure that it wasn't her own illusion anymore; somebody was really following her because she heard the sounds of footsteps. Although it was light, she had really heard it.

Her body turned stiff as her hands and feet started to turn cold, but she dared not stop and quickened her pace instead. Unexpectedly, the footsteps behind her sped up as well because she could hear the sounds of the footsteps becoming heavy and hurried.

She didn't know who was following her nor what motive this person had; all she knew was that it couldn't be anything good. In addition, the sounds of those footsteps sent panic and fear through her.

Her scalp was tingling numb, and she had goosebumps all over her body; besides, her hand that was holding the salt had turned clammy. Even her legs were shaking and turning into jelly.

She didn't want to stay outside anymore; she just wanted to get back to her apartment as quickly as possible. Only then could she escape from the person behind her and feel safe.

At the thought of this, her pace broke into a sprint, and she dashed toward her apartment building. Despite that, the person behind gave chase, and she could hear the distance drawing closer between them.

I can't out-run this person! she realized and panicked. "Help! Somebody—"

Before she could finish, a thick stick raised behind her and hit her hard on her head.

Wham!

A crisp sound echoed, and Sonia felt a sharp pain on the back of her head. Then, she rolled her eyes and passed out on the spot.

Staring at Sonia, who was slumped on the ground, the person seemed to be in shock and staggered backward. Energy drained from those tightened hands, and the thick stick in those hands fell to the ground with a loud clang.

Hearing this sound, the person felt weak and crumpled to the ground, breathing heavily as their body quivered. With a hat, mask, and sunnies on, the person's hair and face was covered tightly while they wore oversized clothes to hide their figure beneath. Even the shoes this person was wearing were sport shoes which were clearly heightened.

Under such a disguise, nobody could tell if this was a man or a woman.

After a while, this person seemed to have awakened from their shock and panic, speaking in a voice which was neither feminine nor masculine. "I'm sorry. I really am..."

With that, the person scrambled up, held Sonia under their arms, and dragged her toward the apartment building in front of them until they were inside the emergency stairwell of the building. Dropping Sonia, they then closed the door and took a deep breath before whisking out a small fruit knife from the pocket of their jacket.

Lowering their body next to her, the person raised their left hand with the palm side up. Then, they pulled out the knife from the sheath and drew it closer to her wrist slowly. The whole while, this person's hand was shivering, showing just how nervous they were. Within seconds, the tip of the knife reached the red mole on Sonia's wrist.

Behind the sunnies, they shut their eyes and took a deep breath. With a surge of determination, they pierced the knife into her skin and cut out the red mole with the tip of the knife little by little.

The whole process took about ten minutes.

After making sure that the red mole was gone from her wrist and only a patch of bloody mess was in its place, the person let out a sigh of relief, whereupon they picked up the sheath and slid the knife back in without even cleaning it. Then, they quickly fled from the scene.

Barely a few seconds had passed after this person had left when Sonia's phone started to ring, but she had already passed out, so of course she couldn't pick it up.

Meanwhile, in her apartment, Douglas listened intently on his smartwatch, but nobody picked up his call, and his little brows knitted tightly together. When the call reached a dead dial tone, he murmured, "It's been so long. Why isn't Aunt Sonia back yet?"

He had been to the convenience store before. It was on the ground floor of the third building, and he remembered very well that it wasn't far from here because Sonia had brought him there to buy milk in the morning.

It's been so long, he thought. Aunt Sonia should be back by now, but she's still not back yet, and she didn't even pick up her phone. Where exactly did she go? Worried, he decided to wait for her downstairs and hopped off the couch. After switching off the TV, he grabbed the access card on the coffee table and left the apartment.

Two minutes later, he reached the ground floor. First, he stood at the entrance of the building and peered outside, trying to see if Sonia was around. At this time, there was already a growing number of people around the neighborhood. These were the people who were out for an evening walk after they already had their dinner.

When he didn't see any signs of Sonia after peering around, he called her number again, and exactly at the same time, a phone rang. He immediately recognized that as Sonia's ringtone because he had heard it in her office during daytime.

Delight washed over his face, and he turned toward the source of the ringtone. Even when he saw that it was coming from the emergency stairwell, he ran forward happily without any hesitation.

However, when he reached the emergency stairwell and saw Sonia on the ground, his face froze and he broke into tears. "Aunt Sonia..."

Outside, Charles had just entered the building holding a huge bag of freshly picked pears, thinking to surprise Sonia with it, but he stopped in his tracks upon hearing Douglas' cries.

What's happening? Why is a child crying? And he's crying while calling his aunt... Has there been an accident? Charles thought and marched over while asking loudly, "Hey, kid, do you need help?"

In the stairwell, Douglas stopped crying when he heard him. Sniffling, he answered anxiously, "Sir, please save my aunt!"

Just as I had thought, there has been an accident! Charles thought and quickened his pace. Within a couple of steps, he was in the stairwell as well, and just when he was about to ask what happened to Douglas' aunt, he saw Sonia lying on the floor. Instantly, his face fell, and the bag of pears in his hand scattered across the floor. "Darling!"