

### **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 367**

At Bayside Residence, Charles was watching the surveillance tapes in the surveillance room when the cell phone in his pocket suddenly rang. He reckoned that it might be a call from Douglas, so he quickly fished it out and checked it. Sure enough, it was really a call from him, so he immediately picked it up. "Hey, kid. Is my darling out of the ER?"

"Yes, she's out," Douglas replied with reddened eyes while looking at Sonia, who was lying in bed with a ventilator.

Overjoyed, Charles exclaimed, "That's great! I'm coming over right now!" He hung up and turned to the staff in the surveillance room. "Make a copy of this surveillance tape for me. When the police arrive later, tell them that I'm at the hospital."

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"Yes, Mr. Lane," the staff said with a nod.

After grabbing the USB drive, he left briskly and arrived at the hospital after a while.

With the ward number Douglas told him, he found his way to Sonia's ward, where Douglas and a doctor were inside.

Stepping in, he immediately turned his attention to the bed, and his face fell when he saw Sonia. "Why is she on a ventilator?"

For a patient to be on a ventilator, it meant that they couldn't even breathe on their own, and usually, this happened to people who were on their deathbeds.

Is my darling going to... In a split second, his eyes turned bloodshot, and tears welled up as a great wave of sorrow washed over him.

“Darling...” Stumbling to the bedside, he extended his trembling hands and held Sonia’s cold hand before choking out, “Darling, don’t scare me. You’re still so young. How could you leave me alone, Darling? Open your eyes and look at me...”

As the doctor listened to him wailing sadly, he cast him a look of confusion. “Sir, did you get the wrong idea?”

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“What did I get wrong? Tell me: What did I misunderstand?” Charles yelled and continued to cry sadly.

The doctor rolled his eyes. “This lady is still alive.”

“I know she’s still alive, but for not much longer. She’s even on a ventilator now...” he trailed off, glancing at Sonia with eyes that were filled with grief.

“Goodness!” With a sigh, the doctor shook his head and added, “What I mean is, this lady is placed on the ventilator because she received serious trauma to the head, resulting in the lack of oxygen, and not because she’s dying. Do you get it?”

“Huh?” Charles blurted and stopped his cries abruptly, while Douglas burst into laughter. Ignoring him, he grabbed the doctor’s arm in agitation. “Doctor, are you telling the truth? My darling is fine?”

“She’s fine. A small part was cut out from her wrist, but the nerves and arteries were unaffected. Even though her head trauma is a little serious, it’s just a head concussion, and she’ll be fine once she’s awake,” the doctor answered, drawing his arm out of Charles’ grip.

Breathing out a huge sigh of relief, Charles finally seemed assured. "This is great. I thought that my darling..."

At the thought of how dumb he had acted minutes ago, his face burned bright red with embarrassment as the doctor left the room while shaking his head.

Standing next to him by Sonia's bedside, Douglas twisted his head to him and asked, "Sir, have you caught the bad guy?"

"Not yet," he answered with a dismayed look.

Although he had seen the person who knocked out Sonia when he went to check the surveillance tapes in Bayside Residence, he couldn't see clearly how the person looked because they had covered themselves tightly. Obviously, they didn't want to be recognized.

Hearing that the bad guy was not caught, Douglas pouted his lips in disappointment, and Charles said no more as they both kept vigil by Sonia's bedside quietly.

The next day, Charles gave Daphne a call, telling her that something happened to Sonia and that she wouldn't be going to the company. Hence, he asked her to bring all of Sonia's work to the hospital so that he could do it instead.

Knowing that Sonia was in the hospital, Daphne was a little worried. So after hanging up, she quickly went into Sonia's office to prepare the documents, preparing to visit her at the hospital.

When she had just rushed into Sonia's office, someone walked out of the secretary office next door.

At first, the person peered into Sonia's office. Then, she took out her cell phone and dialed a number.

At First World Hospital, Tom was reporting the company's affairs to Toby when his cell phone rang.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Toby said, "Pick it up."

“Alright,” Tom replied and fished out his phone.

His brows raised when he saw the caller ID, and he immediately turned to Toby. “President Fuller, it’s a call from the person we planted next to Miss Reed. Maybe something happened to Miss Reed, and that’s why she’s calling now.” Before Toby could even urge him, he picked up the call. “Hello?”

“Mr. Brown, I have bad news. I think President Reed is hospitalized,” the person on the other end of the line whispered.

“What?” Tom gasped in surprise. “Miss Reed is hospitalized?”

Toby’s irises shrank at his words. “What happened to Sonia?”

Tom merely shook his head in reply. “I’ll ask her.” Then, he raised the question into the phone and turned the call into loudspeaker mode.

The person who called answered, “I don’t know either. But I heard from Miss Daphne that President Reed isn’t able to deal with the documents, and all of it will be sent to the hospital so Mr. Lane can do it in her stead. So, it sounds quite serious.”

The muscles on Toby’s face turned rigid, and he pulled off his blanket. Seeing that, Tom hurriedly tried to stop him from getting out of the bed. “President Fuller, what are you doing?”

“I’m going to see her,” he answered solemnly.

“No, President Fuller.” Tom disagreed. “You’re injured as well and shouldn’t move about freely.”

“I said, I’m going to see her!” Sitting on the edge of the bed, Toby raised his gaze and gave him a determined, unyielding stare.

Staring into his sharp, steely eyes, Tom opened his mouth and finally agreed to his request. "Okay, I'll make the arrangements now. Please wait a moment, President Fuller."

He knew that no matter how anybody tried, they couldn't stop Toby's determination once he had made up his mind. In addition, this was a matter which concerned Sonia's safety, so it was even tougher to stop him.

As Toby loved Sonia so deeply, it would be impossible for him not to visit her when he found out that she was hospitalized. Even if this trip may rip open the wound on his back, he couldn't care less about that either.

Therefore, how could anyone stop a person who was so stubborn? It would be possible to stop him by force, but nobody would know what Toby would do afterward.

Sighing, Tom spun around and left the room to ask for a written approval to leave the hospital. On the way, he asked the person on the phone which hospital Sonia was in.

Soon, he returned with the approval slip and also a wheelchair. Actually, Toby's legs were fine and he could walk by himself, but while walking, it may cause the wound on his back to rip open. So, to lower the chances of that happening, it would be better to push him around rather than let him walk by himself.

Toby was aware of Tom's kind intentions, and he accepted it by slipping into the wheelchair.

When Tom pushed him out the door, they happened to run into Jean, who had just arrived with a food container.

Staring at them, she asked in a loud voice, "Toby, what are you doing?"

"Something came up and I need to leave the hospital for a while." After that, he tapped the armrest on the wheelchair, signaling for Tom to push him away as quickly as possible.

Naturally, Tom would do as instructed, but Jean was still asking as she stood rooted behind them, “Where are you going? Aren’t you going to have the soup I prepared for you?”

This time, Toby didn’t reply to her anymore because his mind was filled with thoughts of Sonia; he had no interest in having soup at all.

A little more than forty minutes later, they reached Sonia’s hospital, and after Tom found out her ward number from the reception, he pushed Toby toward the place.

The door of the ward was open, and there were voices coming from the room. Listening carefully, they recognized the voices as Charles and Tim’s.

With his brows furrowed tightly together, Toby thought, I can understand why Charles is here, but what’s Tim doing here as well? He’s not even a doctor here! Also, how did he find out that Sonia was hospitalized earlier than I did? Who told him about this?