

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 371

Once he saw that his words had been properly conveyed, Tom pushed Toby to the next ward and left Charles alone to process the situation.

Charles, on the other hand, digested Tom's words for two whole minutes before he regained his senses. By then, Toby and Tom were no longer in front of him.

"F*ck!" Charles stomped his feet.

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Toby Fuller, you son of a b*tch! How shameless could you be! Charles thought to himself. He knew very well that Toby tried to transfer Sonia to his hospital but couldn't, so he transferred himself over instead.

Cunning fox. This is simply outrageous! Charles was trembling with anger, but there was nothing he could do at this point. After all, what happened, happened, so what more could he do now? He couldn't chase Toby away, could he?

Besides, this was not his hospital, and he really had no ability whatsoever to chase Toby out of here.

The only thing he could do now was to tell the nurses not to open the door for Toby after he left. The last thing he wanted was to give Toby any chances to meet or contact Sonia.

Thinking of this, Charles immediately turned around and quickly entered the ward.

After getting the caretaker's repeated assurances that no one other than the nurses would be allowed in, only was he able to leave in peace.

Shortly after he left, Toby changed into the patient gown and asked Tom to push him to Sonia's ward.

Upon arrival, Tom raised his hand and knocked on the door.

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The caretaker walked behind the door and looked at Tom through the glass on the door. "Who are you?"

"Hello, I am Tom, and my boss here is Miss Reed's..." Mid-sentence, Tom frowned, not knowing how to express Toby's identity.

Ex-husband? President Fuller would definitely not be happy about it, Tom thought to himself.

Boyfriend? Nope.

Friend...?

Does Miss Reed recognize President Fuller as a friend? Probably not!

Besides, President Fuller definitely doesn't want to be only 'friends' with Miss Reed, so his identity...

Just when Tom was about to throw the ball back to Toby and let the latter clarify his identity himself, the caretaker on the other end of the door suddenly looked vigilant. "You are Tom? Then is your boss Toby?"

“Oh, yes! How do you know?” Tom was surprised.

Hearing that, the caretaker waved her hands dismissively. “Leave at once! I won’t open the door for you. Mr. Lane has given me strict orders to keep you out, and no one except the medical staff is allowed to come in. So, please leave!”

After saying this, the caretaker turned around and left.

Seeing that, Tom and Toby looked at each other.

Never would Toby have thought that Charles would give such an order to the caretaker.

For a long time, Toby’s expression was gloomy.

Tom touched the tip of his nose and asked, “President Fuller, why don’t we go back?”

“No.” Toby raised his hand.

He was already here, so why should he leave?

“Go. Bring a nurse over here,” Toby squinted and instructed Tom.

The caretaker said that she could only open the door if there were medical staff, right?

Then I’ll bring the medical staff over.

Tom’s eyes lit up. Upon hearing Toby, he immediately understood what Toby meant. He then released the armrest of the wheelchair and went to search for nurses.

Soon, Tom came back with a nurse.

As soon as they arrived, Tom knocked on the door again.

The caretaker came to the door, but as soon as she saw Tom's face, her expression sank, and she was about to leave again.

But right then, Tom pulled the nurse over to the door.

Looking at the nurse, the caretaker was stunned, and she looked a little helpless.

So should I open the door or not?

Mr. Lane said I should open the door when there are medical staff.

However, if I open the door, those two people behind the nurse would definitely barge in as well...

The caretaker scratched her scalp from helplessness—she was at a loss as for what to do.

Outside the door, Tom saw that the nurse still hadn't opened the door. The smile on his face faded, and he said solemnly, "Well, the nurse is here, so why aren't you opening up? She is here to check on Miss Reed. If the checkup is delayed because you refuse to open the door, are you going to be responsible if anything happens?"

The pressure on the caretaker was piling on and on. Soon, she no longer hesitated and hurriedly opened the door.

If something went wrong, she couldn't afford to be responsible over this, so it was better to just let them in.

She could always tell Mr. Lane that they never came in should he bring the matter up tomorrow.

Upon that thought, the caretaker opened up the door and stepped aside.

Tom wheeled Toby in, and when he passed by the caretaker, he did not forget to praise her, "You've made the right choice."

What a joke. The caretaker rolled her eyes. She didn't make any choices; he obviously threatened her!

Not daring to say anything, the caretaker shut the door behind them.

Although the nurse was basically used as an access card by Tom, she still took a serious look at Sonia's condition before leaving.

Tom also left together, and when he left, he took the caretaker out with him.

As for Douglas, he was just a child who fell asleep on the sofa, so he didn't really affect Toby and Sonia's alone time.

Toby sat down beside Sonia's hospital bed, and his gaze fell gently on her face.

This was the first time he had stayed by her side and looked at her so quietly.

This was also the only time she would neither alienate him nor resist him.

Toby stretched out his hand to hold Sonia's, then he lowered his head and kissed the back of her hand lightly.

Her hand was very cold, so Toby didn't hold it for long before putting it back under the blanket.

After that, Toby only stayed with her silently and looked at her.

It was not until midnight that Tom finally called him away.

During the few hours with Sonia, Toby felt more relaxed and calmed than ever before.

At the same time, he also knew that that was when he was the closest to her.

The night passed slowly.

Finally, Sonia woke up at noon the next day.

When she woke up, Charles was leaning on the edge of the hospital bed with his back facing Sonia while being on the phone.

Hearing a muffled voice, Charles was stunned at first, then he quickly put down his phone and turned his head in surprise.

Seeing Sonia's eyes open, he smiled happily. "Darling! Great! You're awake!"

Sonia blinked. "Charles?"

"Yes. It's me." Charles reached out and grabbed her hand.

Sonia felt him and breathed a sigh of relief. "Charles, where am I?"

"You're in the hospital," Charles replied strangely.

This room was already a ward at a glance. Why couldn't she even recognize where she was?

"Oh, by the way, Darling, are you feeling any discomfort? I'll call the doctor right away," Charles didn't think much of it and asked again.

Sonia rubbed her temples. “I feel dizzy and nauseated, and my mind is heavy, as if everything around me is spinning.”

Hearing this, Charles was immediately nervous, and he quickly pressed the emergency button on the bedside.

Sonia looked at the dark ceiling and asked in confusion, “Charles, isn’t it night time already? Why didn’t you turn on the lights?”

Smash!

Immediately, the glass in Charles’ hands slipped out and shattered on the ground; the water in the glass splashed on the ground, making his trousers wet.

However, Charles couldn’t care less about his trousers now—he hurried to her bedside and looked down at Sonia, his voice a little panicked. “Darling, what did you just say? You’re saying it’s night time now?”

“Yeah. What’s wrong?” Sonia blinked in confusion.

Charles looked at her still and non-dilated pupils while his face gradually turned pale. With his trembling hands, he reached out and waved in front of her eyes.

Sonia didn’t respond.

Charles took a step back in shock. It took a long while before he found his voice and said dryly, “Sonia... i-it’s daytime now...”

The air around them quieted down all of a sudden.

The doubts on Sonia’s face also slowly solidified.

After a long time, she raised her hand and put it in front of her, wanting to check if she was really blind.

However, after holding it up for a long time, she didn't see anything—all she saw was pitch-black darkness.

At this moment, Sonia could no longer deceive herself.

She really couldn't see anything!

The fear of blindness surging into her heart, Sonia's body trembled, and tears rolled down involuntarily.

She was now terrified and at a loss of what to do.

After all, what could a blind person do?

She couldn't see anything now, so how could she even develop Paradigm into an empire? How could she get her revenge?

At this point, she probably wouldn't even be able to tell even if the enemy was just standing in front of her!