

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 380

“Don’t mention it. Get on with your business.” Tim waved his hand and closed his eyes to rest.

“Thanks.” Sonia patted Charles. “Get me closer, Charles.”

“Alright.” Charles pushed her closer to Alice.

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Sonia touched Alice’s face and leaned closer to her. “Tell me, Alice. Who’s the one you care about the most?” she whispered like a succubus.

“My son,” Alice answered slowly.

Sonia squinted. “Is that so? Did you attack Sonia for him then?”

“I did not attack Sonia,” Alice said.

Sonia’s eyes widened in surprise. “You didn’t?”

Charles and Tim were surprised as well. She said she attacked Sonia back when her testimony was taken at the police station, so why the change? There’s no way she can lie under hypnosis, so that means she did not tell the truth then.

"I did not. The one who attacked Sonia was her," Alice answered.

Sonia clenched her fists. "Who is she? And why did you say you attacked Sonia despite never doing so?"

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"I don't know. She never told me her name. But I do know what she looks like. She came to me and said she must get rid of the red birthmark on Sonia's wrist, since it's a threat to her. Then, she gave me some money for my son's operation and asked me to be a scapegoat." Alice revealed something shocking.

Charles gasped. "She's just a scapegoat? Unbelievable."

Sonia was thunderstruck as well. She thought Alice was bought out by someone, but the truth was much worse than that. She was shaking with fury, for the culprit was still at large. After all, she did get a scapegoat to do her dirty work. So she's going to attack me again. "Why did she say that my birthmark would threaten her? Is there something about my birthmark?" Sonia bit her lips.

"I don't know. She never told me. All I know is that the birthmark will threaten her," Alice whispered.

Charles rubbed his chin in realization. "No wonder she didn't answer me then. She doesn't know either."

Sonia took a deep breath. "So why did you say you're taking the culprit's place because he's the most important person to you?"

"Because I don't want anyone to find out I have a son. That's why I said that. That'll make you guys think that I attacked Sonia because of her, and not my son," Alice answered.

Charles sneered. "Smart."

"What happened to your son?" Sonia asked.

“He has leukemia and needs a lot of money for his treatment. That’s why she came to me. Promised that she’d pay for my son’s treatment if I became her scapegoat.”

“I see.” Charles sighed. “She can’t tell us who the culprit is because her son depends on the money. She has to insist that she’s the attacker. If the cops find out she’s innocent, her son is done for even if the culprit isn’t arrested.”

Sonia’s eyes glinted. “A sad story, but that doesn’t excuse her crime.”

“True.” Charles nodded.

Sonia looked at Alice again. “You said you saw the woman, so tell us how she looks.” If we know what the culprit looks like, we can get her in no time flat.

Alice started describing the woman. “She’s about the same height and weight as me. Not really fair, and she looks like a girl next door. She was wearing some fancy clothes though.”

“Fancy clothes. Must be someone rich or powerful,” Charles said.

Sonia pursed her lips. “Go into detail.” A girl next door? That does not narrow it down much.

“Details...” Alice frowned as she tried to come up with the best description. A while later, she said, “Her lips are thin, but her nose is quite wide. She has beautiful round eyes.”

“Any special traits then? Like a mole or a beauty mark?”

“No.”

Sonia went silent. No special traits. That’ll make the search a lot harder. We barely have any lead.

“I wish we could have gotten that description down on paper.” Charles pulled his hair.

Sonia's eyes glinted. "Good idea. We can get an artist to draw the suspect. That's what the cops always do. They get an artist to make a portrait based on the victim's description of the suspect if they have no leads."

Charles clapped his hands. "Nice. I have an employee who's a great artist. Makes great portraits too. I can get him to help us out, but this might have to wait until tomorrow."

"Sure. I'll hypnotize her again tomorrow." Tim suddenly opened his eyes.

Sonia nodded. "Sounds like a plan. We'll be counting on you, doctor."

"Sure. You can leave her with me." Tim looked at Alice coldly.

"Can do," Sonia said.

Charles took her back to Trifecta Hospital after that, since they were running out of time. On their way back, Sonia kept caressing her bandaged wrist, deep in her thoughts.

Charles kept glancing at her. Finally, he said, "Alright, babe. Don't overthink. Once we get the culprit, you'll know everything."

Sonia forced a smile. "I know. I'm just surprised that there's more to my birthmark than I thought. I mean, I have had it since I was born, and all this time, I thought it was just a regular birthmark."

"Hm, now that you brought it up, I remember something strange." Charles had a bizarre look on his face.

Sonia couldn't see it, but she could imagine how he looked. "What is it?"

"It's about that birthmark." Charles made a turn and went down memory lane. "I'm four years older than you are, so I've seen you when you were a baby, and I remember everything clearly. You were five

months old when I first saw you. My mom brought me to your place and I was curious about you, so I stayed by the crib.”

“And?” Sonia blinked.

“And you held my hand. Your hands were really soft and cute, but I didn’t see any birthmark on either of your wrists. You didn’t have it back then.” Charles frowned.

Sonia was surprised. “What? I didn’t have the birthmark?”

Charles nodded. “Yes, and I’m sure about it. I was already four years old, so I can remember things. The next time I saw you, you were six months old, and by then, you already got your birthmark. Weirdly enough, you looked different too, but since I was a kid, I didn’t think too much about it. Now? Now I suspect that there’s more to this than we thought.”

Babies might change as they grow, but not birthmarks. Nobody would suddenly get a birthmark out of nowhere, but Sonia did. In other words, the truth was obvious. The baby he saw the second time was not the same person he saw the first time.