

### **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 383**

Suddenly, someone opened the door, and in came Mrs. Taters. When she saw what was happening, she almost gasped in surprise. "Mr. Fuller, you're—"

Toby frowned. Obviously, he was annoyed by her suddenly coming in. He reluctantly straightened his back and looked at her, then put his finger against his lips. "Don't wake her up."

It was then that Mrs. Taters noticed Sonia was asleep, and she nodded.

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Toby got off the bed and went toward the caretaker, then took out his wallet and gave her some money. "Don't tell anyone what you saw."

Mrs. Taters took the money happily, beaming. "Don't worry, sir. I saw nothing."

"Good." Toby put his wallet away and nodded. "And come back sooner after you leave. Stay with her at all times. It scares her when she can't see anything. Do that and I'll pay you."

"I'll do that, sir. I will," Mrs. Taters promised immediately, worried that Toby might take his word back if she hesitated for a moment longer.

Toby grunted and left. He could feel his back searing because of the wound reopening, so he needed the doctor to patch it up quickly.

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Sonia went through the paperwork for discharge the next day and got ready to fly to Norfolk. Mrs. Taters was packing her things while she was on the couch calling Carl. When she called him earlier, the line was engaged, and she didn't know where he was. Because of what happened over the last few days, she didn't call him, so she wondered if she could reach him now.

She called him again and put the phone to her ear. This time, the line was no longer engaged, and she smiled in delight. But her happiness didn't last long, since nobody picked up. He might have missed the call. Or he did it on purpose. Sonia leaned toward the latter.

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After all, she did text Carl and told him to call her if he saw the message. Now that the call went through, that meant Carl saw the message, but he didn't call her. In other words, he didn't want to contact her.

Sonia was upset by that, of course. She felt that it was unfair for her, but she was also worried. It was unfair because she was the victim, but now Carl was acting like he was the victim, and he wanted the real victim, aka her, to apologize to him. On the other hand, she was worried because she didn't know what he had been up to over the last few years. In the end, she sighed.

It was then someone knocked, and Rebecca popped in. "I'm here, Miss Reed." She smiled.

Sonia looked in her direction. She couldn't see Rebecca, but that didn't stop her from smiling. "Come in."

Rebecca came in. "You look worried, Miss Reed. Is something on your mind?"

"Carl. He's not taking my call." Sonia shook her phone and smiled bitterly.

“I see. I heard what happened. He’s just a man child—a crazy and obsessed one at that. Never date him, Miss Reed. It’ll be an unfair relationship. You’ll have to take care of his feelings 24/7. One misstep and he’ll disappear or do something annoying. It’s tiring to be with someone like that.”

Being a professional bodyguard trained her to see through people. Carl might look like a soft-spoken and polite young man, but under that façade, a monster lay in wait.

Sonia was amused by what Rebecca said. “What are you talking about? I will never date him. He’s just like a brother to me, and that will never change.”

“That’s good to hear. Just don’t date him, because he doesn’t know how to love someone. His love is sick and suffocating. It’s probably because of what happened when he was a kid.” Rebecca sighed. He used to be a sweet young boy, but his trash parents made him into a twisted man. This is a cruel joke.

“Something happened when he was a kid?” Sonia squinted. “How do you know what happened when he was a kid?”

“Um...” Oops. Made a slip of the tongue. Rebecca quickly came up with an excuse and lied, “He told me about it. I thought he’s the guy I was looking for, so I talked about it with him.” That was close. If she tells him I looked into his past, he’s going to be mad at me.

“I see.” Sonia nodded. She didn’t want to suspect Rebecca of lying, so she said nothing more.

Rebecca heaved a sigh of relief and switched the subject to Sonia’s eyes. “You told me you can’t see for the time being. Is that true?” She leaned closer to take a look at Sonia’s eyes.

Sonia touched her eyes. “Yes. So I’ll be counting on you for the next couple of days.”

“Leave it all to me,” Rebecca promised.

At that moment, Mrs. Taters closed Sonia’s luggage. “I’ve finished packing your things, Miss Reed.”

“Then it’s time to leave.” Sonia stood up.

Rebecca quickly helped her onto the wheelchair and pushed her out of the room, while Mrs. Taters followed behind with the luggage in tow.

Rebecca’s car was in the hospital’s car park. After Sonia got in, they drove toward the airport.

The moment she left, Toby came to her room. When he realized that the bed was made and that Mrs. Tates was cleaning the room, his face fell. “Where is Sonia?”

She looked up. “Hello, Mr. Fuller.”

“Where is Sonia?” Toby clenched his fists, his voice sounding panicked.

Worried, Mrs. Taters answered, “She was discharged.”

“What?” Toby was shaken. “Discharged? She’s still hurt! Why was she discharged?”

She knew he was angry and worried, so she explained, “Miss Reed wants to attend some fashion show in Norfolk.”

“Fashion show?” Toby’s veins popped. She can’t even see. How is she supposed to attend a fashion show? Toby knew she had no interest in any fashion show. The only reason she was going must be because of Carl. Carl was the only model among her circle of friends. If it wasn’t for him, Sonia wouldn’t have gone to that show. Why does she care about Carl so much? She’s still hurt! Toby exited Sonia’s ward, looking absolutely furious. He took his phone out and called Tom.

“Sir!” Tom picked up the phone almost immediately.

“Prepare my jet. I’m going to Norfolk,” Toby told him.

“Huh?” Tom was surprised to hear that. “Do you have any business there?”

“No.”

“Then why are you—”

“Shut up and just do it. Pick me up from the hospital once you’re done.” Toby frowned impatiently.

Tom couldn’t go against his orders, so he shrugged. “I understand. Right away, sir.”