

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 389

That's not right. Riddled with questions and wanting answers, Sonia handed her phone to Rebecca. "Call Charles for me."

"Sure." Rebecca closed the file and took Sonia's phone to call Charles.

It didn't take long for the call to make it through. "Hi, babe," Charles said.

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Rebecca suddenly had the idea to prank Charles. "Oh, hi, darling."

Sonia choked on her water.

Charles was petrified for a moment, then he growled. "Who the f*ck are you? Who are you calling darling?"

Rebecca wanted to tease him some more, but Sonia stopped her while holding back her laughter. "Alright, enough. Stop messing around, Rebecca. Give me the phone."

Rebecca handed it over, but she was laughing. "It's fun seeing him so nervous though."

Sonia shook her head in amusement and took the call. "It's me, Charles."

Charles was relieved to hear her familiar voice. "Who was that woman, babe? She called me darling out of nowhere and gave me a big shock. I thought I got the wrong number, but I'm sure I didn't."

"It was Rebecca. I told her to call you. She was just playing around." Sonia smiled.

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Charles answered angrily, "Damn that wench! Tell her she's getting a piece of my mind once she comes back. How dare she fool around with me?"

"Sure." Sonia chuckled.

Charles was disgruntled, but he calmed down after a moment and got to business. "Didn't expect a call from you at this hour, babe. Did you find anything?"

Sonia's smile faded away. "Yes," she said somberly. "I am in the hospital where I was born, and I saw the file. Our guess was wrong. I was not switched at birth."

"What?" Charles raised his voice then covered his mouth immediately, realizing the people around him were staring. "Are you sure, babe?"

"Yes." She nodded. "That's why I'm calling you now. I want to know about the baby you saw back when you came to my place for the first time when you were a kid."

"For the record, I wasn't hallucinating." Charles went to a corner.

Sonia pinched her nose. "I didn't say you were. I just want you to ask your mother about it. She's my mother's best friend after all, so she might know something."

"Sure. I can do that," Charles said okay and went to ask his mother.

Grace was talking to the relatives. When she saw her son waving at her, she frowned in annoyance, but still she went over to him. "What is it?"

"Mom, I want to ask you something. I saw two bab—Sonias back when I was a kid. What was up with that?" Charles looked at his mother.

Grace glanced at him. "Two Sonias? Did you knock your head something?"

Charles stomped his foot. "I'm talking about the baby I saw when I was a kid. Why did she become a different baby the second time I saw her?"

Grace was slightly shocked to hear that from him and she almost gasped, but she collected herself and calmed down, pretending nothing had happened. "Of course it was a different baby." She smiled.

Charles held his mother's arm, excited that he found a lead. "So who was the baby I saw the first time?"

Grace looked at the floor. "She was the daughter of the Reeds' relative. They wanted Sonia's father to take care of her for a couple of days. That was the baby you saw the first time. Sonia was in her room back then."

"Is that so?" he asked suspiciously.

Grace poked his forehead. "What else is there to it?"

"I thought she got switched at birth and was switched back again," Charles mumbled.

Grace rolled her eyes. "Are you stupid? The news would have been all over it if that happened."

"True." Charles nodded.

Grace breathed a sigh of relief, then squinted at her son. "Why did you ask that all of a sudden, son?"

Charles averted his gaze. "Just curious. I suddenly had a thought about that, and I wanted to know the truth, so here I am. Alright, that's all I had to ask. I'll be going now." He then went away.

Grace saw him off and sighed, her eyes glinting with secrecy.

"Did you hear that, babe?" Charles went back to where he stood and put his phone to his ear again to ask Sonia.

Sonia nodded. "Yes. It was my relative's child." Grace is nice to me. She wouldn't lie.

"Yep," Charles said. "That's a good thing too. Now you know you're really your parents' daughter."

"Yep." Sonia smiled. She did feel relieved after knowing that the first baby was her relative's child.

"So Taylor meant something else when she said your birthmark is a threat to her," Charles suggested.

Sonia sneered. "Yes, but we can get the answer from her after we go back." What's important is knowing I'm the Reeds' daughter.

"True." Charles nodded.

Then someone called out to him, "Time to pay your respects, Charles."

"Coming!" Charles replied.

Sonia heard that, so she said, "You should finish your stuff first, Charles."

"Okay, I'll be leaving now. See you at the airport tomorrow." He hung up and went toward the guy who called him earlier.

Sonia put her phone down as well. "We should go back now, Rebecca."

Rebecca—who had been quiet all this time—pointed at the file. "Are you done with that?"

"Yes. I got all the answers I wanted." Sonia smiled.

Rebecca was happy for her. "That's good news. Give me a second to return the file."

"Sure." Sonia gestured.

Rebecca went back to the room to put the file back. A short while later, she came back to take Sonia and leave the hospital.

After they left, someone went to the file room and asked why Sonia and Rebecca were there. Once he got his answer, the guy called someone.

When Tom found out what happened, he pushed his glasses up his nose. "I see. You can come back now." He put his phone down and went to the study in the presidential suite. Tom knocked on the door, saying, "I found it, sir. Miss Reed went to the hospital to look into her birth record."

Toby frowned. "Now why did she look into that?"

"According to the admin, Miss Reed said she suspected herself of being switched at birth," Tom answered.

Switched at birth? Why did she suspect that? Toby squinted. "And? Was she switched at birth?"

"No. The admin said Miss Reed even made a call to ask someone about that, but she confirmed that she was not switched at birth." Tom shook her head.

Toby nodded. "I see. Since there's nothing wrong with it, then you should drop the case. Go back to work."

"Yes." Tom went out.

After the door was closed, Toby crossed his legs, then clasped his hands and rested them on his stomach. He stared at his desk, deep in his thoughts.