

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 392**

Rebecca smiled at Sonia. "He's right in front of us, miss."

Sonia nodded. "I heard him loud and clear. Let's go."

"I'll do it." Carl held the wheelchair.

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Rebecca shrugged and let him take her place. Fine. Since he wants to do it, I can catch a break.

They went toward Charles.

After they met up, Charles looked at Sonia. "Not bad, babe. You brought this kid back."

Carl looked away, ignoring him.

Sonia smiled. "Of course I did. I can't leave him alone. Oh, did you find a therapist for him?"

"Don't have to. Tim can deal with it. He's a psychologist." Charles shrugged. Sonia frowned slightly, but that did not escape him. He asked carefully, "You don't want Tim to be his therapist?"

“No. He’ll do just fine.” She shook her head. Actually, she didn’t want to ask Tim for help. The guy was a weird one, so she wasn’t too happy about him being Carl’s therapist, but she had to say that he was a great psychologist, so she could let him try.

“Alright. I’ll call him in a second.” Charles looked at Carl. “Work with him, Carl. It’s for your own good. At this rate, you’ll end up destroying yourself.”

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Carl averted his gaze and turned his head away. “I get it.”

“Good. Let’s go, the car’s outside.” Charles took one of the luggages Rebecca was holding.

Rebecca gave him a grateful look. “You’re such a good guy. Helping me out? Oh gosh.”

Charles snickered. “I can be better if you don’t tease me.”

They went to the car park happily.

A short while later, they came to First World Hospital. Charles took Carl inside and sent him to Tim, while Sonia waited in the car.

About ten minutes later, Charles came back.

When Sonia heard him coming in, she asked, “How is it?”

“Tim accepted him and will start the treatment right away. He said Carl’s condition is a serious one. He’s borderline schizophrenic, so it’ll take a long time to treat him. The treatment is phased, so it might take two or three years,” Charles massaged his forehead, lamenting.

Sonia sighed. "That is indeed a long time, but it's a small price to pay for a full recovery. He can take his time."

"I guess so." Charles nodded, then he revved the car up. "So, are you going back to Trifecta or Bayside, babe?"

"Bayside. My head's healing up fine. That leaves my eyes, and they don't have to keep checking up on me. All I have to do is go back for regular checkups. Charles, I need you to go through the discharge paperwork for me, alright?" Sonia said.

Charles turned the steering wheel. "Sure, but what about Taylor? When are you going to get rid of her?"

"Today. The sooner, the better." Sonia narrowed her eyes. "I've sent that portrait you gave me to the police. Once they get your employee's testimony, they're going to summon Taylor to the police station," she said coldly.

"When did you send it to the police?" Charles was curious.

"When you brought Carl into the hospital." She patted the handbag on her leg.

Rebecca, who was in the passenger seat, turned around. "I helped."

"That she did." Sonia smiled.

They came to Bayside Residence a short while later, and the two of them helped Sonia into her house.

Suddenly, Charles remembered something. "Why don't I get a nanny for you, babe? At least until your eyes recover. I can't leave you alone, so the nanny will take care of you."

"That's a great idea," Rebecca agreed.

Sonia sat down on the couch. "I know, and I've thought about it, but I haven't contacted any home service companies yet." She really needed a nanny considering her current condition. After all, she had to stay home instead of working because of her eyes. If she had no nanny, she couldn't even take care of herself. She also couldn't ask her friends to take care of her 24/7.

"I have some recommendations. The Logans are experts in this field, and Fabian's my friend. If I reach out to him, he'll get you a decent, honest nanny. You won't have to worry at all," Charles promised.

Sonia took the glass Rebeca gave her. "I'm counting on you then."

"No prob. The nanny will be here latest by tonight," Charles said. His phone rang after that, and he took a look at it. "I'll have to go home now, babe." He smiled bitterly. "I have someone to meet later."

"Sure. I have Rebecca here with me, so don't worry." Sonia sipped some water.

Rebecca was changing the TV channel. When she heard that, she nodded. "Yes, I'm here. And I'll be here until the nanny arrives."

"Good to hear. See you later, babe." Charles kept his phone and left.

Sonia turned to Rebecca. "Call Zane for me."

Rebecca took Sonia's phone and called Zane. "Done."

"Thanks." Sonia took the phone back and put it next to her ear.

Once the call made it through, Sonia heard Zane yawn. "Anything you need, Sonia?"

"Are you sleeping?" Sonia arched her eyebrow.

Zane chuckled. "Yeah. I pulled an all-nighter and only went to bed at eleven in the morning.

Really? But it's only two now. So he only slept for three hours or so? "Sorry for waking you up," she apologized sheepishly.

Zane sat up. "Not at all. I'm supposed to wake up already because I have something to do later. Do you need anything?"

"Yes. I want to stop the whole plan about spying on the Grays. Now, I want to get rid of Taylor." Sonia pursed her lips solemnly.

Zane blinked dumbly. "Why? We haven't even told her to do anything yet. Why are you ending it already?"

"Because our spy betrayed us. When we hired her, we overlooked her greed. She got addicted to the taste of the Grays' wealth, and now she's not content being a fake. She wants to stay with the Grays all her life and usurp the real Rina's place."

"What?" Zane was shocked to hear that. "How could she even do that? And how did you know, Sonia?"

"I did not. It wasn't until I found out she was my assailant did I realize she had betrayed us. She's the one behind the wound on my head," Sonia said.

Zane believed her at that point, since Sonia had no reason to accuse Taylor of anything she didn't do, nor would she deign to do that. So that means Taylor betrayed us. "Dammit!" Zane thumped the edge of his bed. He looked upset, as if someone humiliated him.

And in reality, someone did. After all, he was the one who hired Taylor and came up with the plan, but now, their spy had betrayed them even before the plan was put into action. That was a huge blow to his image.