

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 401**

“You’re right. I’m not the caregiver you hired, Mr. Lane. The caregiver you hired is Miss McKenzie,” Wanda explained.

“That’s right. Miss McKenzie is the one I hired.” Charles nodded a few times before he eyed Wanda puzzledly. “But how did you find out about that?”

Wanda beamed at him. “Miss McKenzie and I are from the same home care services company. She had some urgent matters to deal with at home, so she got me to cover her in taking care of Miss Reed.”

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“Is that so?” Charles narrowed his eyes. He clearly still held some suspicion toward the woman in front of him. After all, he hadn’t received any call from the home care services company regarding a change in caregivers.

Wanda nodded. “Of course. You may give the company a call if you don’t believe me, Mr. Lane.”

“Do you think I’d be scared to do that?” Charles scoffed before he pulled his phone out to make a call. Two minutes later, he ended the call with a sour look on his face.

Sonia felt for the table in front of her before she placed her glass of milk down. “What did they say? Was Wanda telling the truth?”

Charles nodded. “Yeah. That brat, Eric, forgot to tell me about it. I’m so mad! How could he forget something so important?!”

Sonia chuckled. "Well, since Wanda was telling the truth, we can just drop the matter. Wanda has been doing an excellent job so far."

"Thank you for the compliment, Miss Reed. I'm glad to hear that you're satisfied with our services." Wanda gave Sonia a kind gaze. Wanda was fully aware of Sonia's identity as Toby's ex-wife. However, Wanda used to work in the wet kitchen when she was at the Fullers' old manor, so she rarely showed up in the living hall. Furthermore, Sonia rarely went to the old manor, so Wanda never got the chance to meet Sonia back then. She had only heard about Sonia through Rose and Mary.

All along, Rose and Mary insisted that Miss Reed was a perfect match for Toby. Now that I've met her personally, I agree that she's a great match. More importantly, Young Master Toby is in love with Miss Reed. I don't understand why he divorced her if he's so in love with her. Now, he has to work extra hard to get her to come back to him. Isn't he just causing more trouble for himself?

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"By the way, what brings you here, Charles?" Sonia asked once they had dealt with the matter of the caregiver. Charles placed the mangoes on the table. "I brought you some mangoes, and I wanted to pass a message from my mom. She told you to meet her when you're free."

"She wants to see me?" Sonia tilted her head sideways to show her confusion. "Is there anything that she'd like to talk to me about?"

"I'm not sure either. However, judging by the look I saw on my mom's face, she probably has something to say to you." Charles nodded.

Sonia was more confused at this point. "If she has something to tell me, why didn't she just drop me a call?"

"Who knows? Perhaps it's something that has to be said face-to-face. I guess you'll find out once you meet up with her." Charles shrugged.

Sonia smiled in return. "I guess that's the only thing I can do, but I definitely can't go now. Your mom might get worried and cry if she finds out that I lost my vision. I don't want to make her worried, so I'll go once my eyes are healed."

"I had a feeling you'd say that, so I already told my mom that we would only visit her after some time. My mom was okay with it," Charles replied with a playful smile on his face.

Sonia smiled in return. "That's great." Right then, her phone began to ring. She pulled it out of her pocket and held it up to Charles. "Who's calling, Charles?"

"Tim," Charles replied after glancing at the screen.

"I got it." Sonia took the phone and swiped her finger across the screen, using her muscle memory to pick the call up. "Dr. Lancaster," she greeted.

"I've already sent an application to the charity fund to get money for Alice to pay for treatment. I've put in a word and the application will be approved. We'll get the funds soon," Tim uttered.

"Thank you so much," Sonia replied.

"Of course. I'd do anything to fulfill your wishes," Tim stated. Sonia chuckled at this before she asked, "Hey, how is Carl's treatment going?"

"He just started receiving treatment, so nothing much has happened yet," Tim answered honestly.

Sonia pressed her red lips together. "I know. Charles told me that Carl's condition is rather serious and that it might take weeks and weeks of treatment, so I don't expect there to be any changes on the first day. However, I was just wondering if the session went smoothly, and if he is cooperating?"

On the other end of the line, Tim sat down at his table and stared as Carl slept soundly on the couch in front of him. Tim's glasses gleamed for a moment before he replied, "He gets along well with me on the surface, but deep down, he's really conflicted."

“Conflicted?” Sonia knitted her brows. Tim nodded. “That’s right. Deep down, he’s in conflict over the idea of receiving therapy for his psychological issues, so he struggles to open up to me. He isn’t willing to tell me anything, and he doesn’t answer the questions I have for him. I would say that therapy with him hasn’t been smooth-sailing so far.”

“I got it. Thank you so much. I’ll speak to him about this and get him to work well with you,” Sonia uttered in a bashful tone. “Is Carl still with you now?” she asked.

“Yeah. He didn’t manage to get sleep in the past few days, so I hypnotized him and put him to bed,” Tim replied as he pushed his glasses up his nose.

“I got it.” Sonia nodded. “I’ll call him after he wakes up.” Once the call was over, Charles walked over while chewing on mango. “Why did Tim call you?”

“He told me that he sent in an application to the charity fund for Alice.” Sonia threw her phone aside.

Charles pouted upon hearing her words. “I have no idea what’s going on in your mind, baby. Alice was the one who helped your attacker take the blame, yet you offered to apply for charity funds for her. I wouldn’t have done a thing for her if I were in your position.”

While massaging her temples, Sonia beamed at him. “Indeed, Alice is wrong for agreeing to be Taylor’s scapegoat, but the child is innocent and it’s obvious that Taylor has no plans of paying Alice the money. If the child doesn’t get surgery soon, he might actually die, and I can’t just sit by and watch. I have to do what I can. Furthermore, Alice said it herself—she’ll go over to the orphanage to volunteer as a social worker after her son gets the surgery. I guess she’s atoning for her sins in some way.”

Charles sighed. “You’re just too kind. Kindness isn’t always a virtue, you know.”

“I know. Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing,” Sonia uttered as she patted Charles on the shoulder to reassure him.

“Okay, fine. I can’t do much else since you already made up your mind. The best I can do is to watch over you and make sure that I’m always around to protect you.” Charles rubbed his belly while changing the topic. “I’m starting to feel a little hungry. I think I’ll stay for dinner, baby.”

“Sure,” Sonia agreed. Wanda took a look at the clock. “It’s about time for dinner. I’ll head into the kitchen now, Miss Reed.”

“Okay.” Sonia nodded.

Wanda had impressive cooking skills—Sonia could tell from the desserts that Wanda had prepared during teatime. Charles headed home that evening with a bulging belly and a heart full of joy. Even Sonia, who usually ate half a bowl of rice at most, had to lie down on the couch because she was too full after dinner.

Wanda eventually assisted Sonia in showering and helping her get ready for bed. After switching the lights off, Wanda quietly exited the room. Once she was out of the room, Wanda pulled her phone out and dialed Toby’s number. “Young Master Toby,” she uttered into the phone.

“Hey, Wanda. Is Sonia asleep?” Toby asked. Wanda wouldn’t dare to call him if Sonia wasn’t asleep because she would only end up exposing herself.

“Yes. Miss Reed just fell asleep,” Wanda replied and proceeded to give Toby a detailed report of the day. When Toby heard that Charles had stayed at Bayside Residence for dinner, a dark cloud seemed to hover over his handsome face. “I got it. It’s good that she didn’t suspect your identity. Take good care of her and let me know if anything happens.”

“Don’t worry, Young Master Toby. I will,” Wanda replied.

Toby could hear Tom calling for him, so he gave Tom a nod before returning to the call. “I’ll end the call now if that’s all.” Once Toby put the phone down, he turned to look at Tom. “What is it?”