

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 627

However, now that Sonia was once again in love with Toby, the place where the miscarried child held in her heart naturally grew as well.

Thus, when she thought about the child, she felt somewhat upset.

There was even a measure of regret—the regret that she hadn't protected the child well enough.

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If she had, would her stomach have grown by now?

As Sonia lowered her head and felt her flat stomach, her mood dropped all of a sudden.

Toby immediately set his fork aside. "What's wrong?"

Her eyes flashed and she shook her head. "I'm fine."

In response, he narrowed his eyes, clearly not believing her.

After all, her mood had suddenly changed from one of calmness to a depressive one.

It was obvious Tim had said something that affected her mood.

Nonetheless, not knowing what Toby was thinking, Sonia only took a deep breath to steady herself before saying into the phone, "I haven't told you, Dr. Lancaster, but I'm actually not biologically related to the Reed Family. Thus, my descendants technically won't count as blood heirs to the Reed Family. Only Jessica's heritage will."

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"I see," Tim exclaimed. "So, that's why you want Jessica to give birth."

At first, he had assumed she wanted to adopt her own sister's children because she considered her infertility.

He was even about to clarify with Sonia that it wasn't that she couldn't give birth; it was just that she wouldn't find it easy to fall pregnant during these two years.

Now, it looked like such an explanation wouldn't be necessary.

"Does that mean you intend to use the method I mentioned where Jessica would fall pregnant on her own?" Tim asked leisurely, leaning back in his chair.

Sonia hummed in agreement. "Yes, that's what I intend to do. I was about to call you to inform you about my decision in a bit, but you ended up calling me first."

"Alright. Since this is the method you've chosen, I'll contact the OB-GYN and have them figure out a way to treat Jessica's body as soon as possible so that she can be pregnant as early as possible. Do you have a candidate for the father's genes?" Tim asked.

Shaking her head, Sonia answered, "Not for now. My original plan was to look for an excellent candidate at a sperm bank abroad once I sent her genes over, but now that we can't retrieve her eggs, I might as well get things arranged when she can get pregnant."

There was no need to rush.

Lifting his chin, he answered, "That will do as well."

They only ended the call after settling on Jessica's future arrangements.

At that point, Toby poured Sonia a glass of warm milk while explaining, "Drink this. Your first glass has gone cold."

Sonia accepted the glass after she put down her phone.

The milk gradually warmed her somewhat cold palms and she smiled at him. "Thank you."

"Hurry up and eat then. You were on the phone for so long that you've barely eaten anything," he chided gently and with jealousy.

Although the call came not from a love rival but Tim, he felt like Tim had spent too long on the phone with her.

It was to the point where he originally didn't have a problem with Tim, but he now did.

Upon hearing the odd tone in his voice and naturally being able to discern that he was jealous of Tim, Sonia couldn't help shaking her head in amusement.

Following that, she looked at the breakfast spread before her and reached out to take a croissant before dropping it on his plate.

After Toby lowered his head, he glanced at the pastry before looking back at Sonia with happiness in his eyes.

She was getting food for him.

"Are you still jealous?" she asked with her head propped against her hand.

He shook his head before taking a bite out of the croissant. "Nope."

He admitted that he was jealous earlier.

When Sonia noticed that he was now placated, she smiled slightly before lowering her head to continue with her meal.

After breakfast, she tidied the table.

While waiting for her, Toby went to sit on the couch and pulled out his phone to send Tim a message. 'What did you say to Sonia earlier to land her in such a strange mood?'

At the other end of the line, Tim was playing a horror game on his phone. The sudden notification had caused him to marginally narrow his eyes before replying, 'She's in a strange mood? What happened?'

Toby's face darkened. 'Shouldn't you be asking yourself that? It was while you were talking to her that her mood suddenly became depressive. That's why I wanted to know what you said to her. If you truly aren't certain, you should tell me everything that you told her.'

With a snort, Tim wrote back, 'I said quite a bit.'

A scowling Toby then replied, 'That's fine. I have time and can wait. Now, hurry up and tell me!'

Pushing the glasses up his nose, Tim decided to relate the information via voice message rather than text.

Moments after that, Toby had received multiple voice messages, all reaching tens of seconds in length.

When he saw that the conversation had exceeded a minute in total, the vein in his temple pulsed. Having no interest in listening to Tim talk, he converted the voice messages to text once again.

After that, he began to peruse what Tim told Sonia in earnest to investigate what on earth had affected her.

In the end, Toby found that 90 percent of the conversation was about Jessica and that only a small portion was about something else—namely, Tim asking Sonia why she wouldn't give birth herself.

As Toby associated that part with Sonia's action of feeling her stomach, he could guess what had set her off.

It was more than likely she remembered about the child she miscarried.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have suddenly become sad and upset.

It seemed... that she cared about the child, after all.

"Toby," Sonia suddenly spoke up behind him at this moment.

Toby quickly flipped his phone to the opposite side and turned to look at her. "Yes?"

As she hadn't noticed his actions, she grabbed her purse from the shelf and slung it over her shoulder. "We can go now."

"Okay." He stood up and followed her to the entranceway.

Once they arrived, she bent down to change her shoes.

As Toby stood next to her and watched her swapping footwear, he murmured, "Sonia."

"Hmm?" Sonia lifted her head to glance at him.

“You...” Toby spoke before abruptly stopping.

A confused Sonia probed, “What are you trying to say?”

Looking away, he said, “Nothing. I only wanted to ask if you aren’t cold from wearing so little.”

What Toby actually wanted to do was comfort her and reassure her that they would have other children in the future.

The lost child was the result of their failure as parents.

Of course, that didn’t mean Toby never hated Carl.

Yet, at the same time, he knew that even if Carl hadn’t poisoned Sonia, the child would still have been aborted.

As Toby had still been hypnotized at that time, he wasn’t aware that he loved her and thus didn’t care whether she aborted the child.

Moreover, she didn’t love him back then and thus wouldn’t have kept a child biologically related to him.

That meant that, ultimately, the fault still lay with them as parents.

Now that he was back to normal and whole-heartedly focused on loving her without the influence of hypnosis, his affection for the child was increasing.

It was likely that Sonia, after having fallen in love with him again, was experiencing the same process of truly caring about the child now, which was why she was upset about losing the child.

It was just a pity that everything was too late.

Once Toby returned home, he would personally head to a church and offer a prayer for the child's soul to amend for his past mistakes.

Yes, he would do that even if he wasn't religious.

Meanwhile, Sonia squinted at Toby after hearing his question.

That was because she knew it wasn't what he intended to say.

Nevertheless, since he had changed his mind and wasn't willing to share his thoughts with her, she wouldn't push him. And so, she opened the door and stepped out. "Let's go."