

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 678

Sonia didn't for a second doubt Tim. She could hear how angry he was, but she knew that he had swallowed his fury for her sake; otherwise, he would have told her to come to the hospital with a body bag for Jessica instead of informing her about Jessica's hysterics.

Rubbing the divot between her brows, Sonia apologized, "I'm terribly sorry for troubling you, Dr. Lancaster. Rest assured that I'll get her to pay for the damages she has caused in the hospital."

Sonia would take a cut of Jessica's share dividends as compensation for the damages and she didn't care what Jessica might think of it. After all, such reparations were a natural consequence of Jessica's tantrum.

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"And what do we do about her?" Tim asked, leaning into his seat insouciantly. "Are you going to let her out of the hospital? Because if you don't sign off on her discharge, I'd have to ask someone to give her a strong sedative and have her in complete isolation."

"No, there's no need for that," Sonia responded with a shake of her head. "Let her out. The longer we keep her in the hospital, the more she'll grow suspicious. If she were to figure out that we're up to something, she'd cause trouble for us."

"It won't matter even if she does figure something out, though," Tim pointed out. "The microchip embedded into her forehead wound has already been activated; she could go anywhere and we'd still be able to track her down, wouldn't we?" His spectacles glared under the lights as he added, "And we can always lock her up and force her to have the baby."

He spoke so lightly of such horrific crimes that it was plain to see he had neither fear nor respect for the rule of law. Sonia, however, was already used to his somewhat sociopathic disposition and she was not alarmed by his direct choice of words. In fact, she thought his idea was a rather merciful one compared to his usual suggestions of murder.

Alas, she shook her head and turned down his idea, saying, “No, I haven’t found the DNA sample for the child’s father, so we’ll have to wait. Just let her out of the hospital for now, and don’t worry about her absconding because she won’t. She’ll still try to come after my shares and she won’t leave until that mission is accomplished. Besides, even if she were to run, her microchip has already been activated and we can track her down anytime and lock her up. I don’t think there’s anything else for us to worry about.”

Jessica had injured her forehead after Sonia made her bow before their father’s grave the last time. Shortly after that, Toby had asked for a tracking microchip to be made and asked that Tim slip it into the wound on Jessica’s forehead while treating it.

Having done so, they would have access to Jessica’s location at all times and there was nowhere in the world she could hide from them.

As such, Sonia was not at all concerned that Jessica would do a runner. On the contrary, she had no qualms about letting the girl roam around as she liked.

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‘Well, in that case, we’ll go along with your decision,’ Tim said readily, pushing his glasses up his nose bridge. ‘I’ll have someone throw her out of the hospital later.’

Sonia laughed. “You have my gratitude.”

Tim suddenly narrowed his eyes and added, “By the way, there’s something you have to keep an eye out for.”

“What is it?” Upon hearing his grave tone, she grew somber as well.

He explained, "Apparently, Jessica swiped one of the nurse's uniforms from the counter last midnight and sneaked into the hospital's record room so that she could look through your files here."

"What was she after?" Sonia asked, her brows knitting close together.

Tim toyed with his scalpel. "I only heard about this when the nurses discussed it this morning. One of the floor attendants caught Jessica scurrying out of the record room after she looked through your files and I went to demand an explanation from her as soon as I found out about this. She told me that she was doing it out of concern for you, and she wanted to know what conditions could have led to your hospitalization the past couple of times."

"What a blatantly false excuse," she drawled with a scoff. As if anyone could truly believe that Jessica felt anything other than pure hatred for her. Concern for me? Hah!

Besides, if Jessica truly had any ounce of compassion for Sonia, she could have easily asked Sonia about it. There was no such need to steal the nurse's uniform to sneak into the record room and look into Sonia's files.

Even if she had no intention of asking Sonia about her previous hospitalization, she could have asked the nurses and doctors for details instead.

However, Jessica had resorted to underhanded ways to look for answers instead, which meant that she was up to no good.

"Yes, well, she was obviously lying, so I didn't bother wasting time on baiting the truth out of her. I hypnotized her on the spot and made her confess to her reasons, and as it turned out, she was suspicious of your birth story, which was why she decided to look through your files. She wanted to see whether her guess was correct by checking if your blood type was the same as your father's, which would conclude any biological relation you might have with him, or the lack thereof. Who knows what she would do with the information? Anyway, just watch your back," Tim warned grimly.

Sonia clutched her phone even tighter when she heard those words as she demanded, "You're saying she's doubting my identity? How did her suspicions arise in the first place? What could possibly have made her skeptical of my birth story?"

There were only a handful of people who knew Sonia was not the biological daughter of her parents. However, aside from Charles, Toby, Curtis, Tim and herself, no one else knew the truth—not even her own grandfather and Carl. So, how could Jessica have found out about it? Who could have told her?

Tim shook his head slightly. “I don’t know and while I did press for an answer, her reply was vague. She told me she heard about it from someone or somewhere, but even while hypnotized, she offered no clear explanation.”

“Okay,” Sonia said, biting down on her lip.

“She’ll definitely use this information to plot against you. Should I just kill her instead and let the secret die with her?” he asked, bringing up the topic of murder once more.

Despite herself, she was amused by his forthright suggestion and countered, “And how would I make her produce an heir to the Reed Family if she’s dead? Don’t be rash, Tim.”

He adjusted his glasses once more. “Then, you’ll have to stay vigilant.”

She hummed in response. “Don’t worry, I will. Thank you for the reminder, but regardless of how she has heard about my birth story, she still can’t oust me from Paradigm Co..”

After all, the shares she held were not inherited from her father’s fortune, and even if they were, she was still technically adopted into the Reed Family, which would make the shares her birthright. Jessica could scheme all she wanted, but she would make no headway.

When Tim heard Sonia’s reply, he lifted his chin and said, “Well, then, I have nothing more to say on the matter. I’ll go ahead and process Jessica’s discharge now.”

Sonia made a noise of agreement. “Go on then, but as for her rehabilitation—”

“Don’t worry about that. I had her on a special medication while she was hospitalized that could suppress her migraines for a while. I’ll keep her on other medications that could stimulate her uterus

and tell her that it's a treatment for her migraines and she will unknowingly become more fertile. When her uterus is no longer hostile, we could proceed with the implantation procedure at any time."

"Then, I shall leave it up to you, Dr. Lancaster," Sonia said, finally relaxing.

When the call ended, she set her phone aside, but her brows were still drawn together.

At that moment, Toby walked out of the room after turning down the bed and drew up behind her. Then, he wrapped his arms around her as he murmured in a low, captivating voice, "What is it? Who were you speaking with on the phone?"

She turned slightly to look up at the man glued to her back before gently nudging him. When she realized that he would not move away, she resigned to staying in his embrace as she replied, "It was Tim."

"That guy?" Toby frowned. "Why did he call you at this hour?"

Parting her shell-pink lips, Sonia explained, "He told me that Jessica has been throwing a fit to leave the hospital."