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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 312

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Toby stopped drumming his fingers on the table. The more he thought about it, the more possible his hypothesis seemed. There'd be no other way to explain why they came up with a fake 'Rina'; they couldn't have done it just to comfort Titus and Julia, right?

At that thought, Toby looked up at Tom. "I want you to delete everything that you've found. Apart from that, I also want you to erase all traces in places that Taylor has ever been. Most importantly, I want you to ensure that all of the DNA samples that Zane has left in the hospitals and accrediting bodies are still present."

Although Zane had done his work on covering up Taylor's identity, there was still a chance that someone would suspect that Taylor wasn't actually Rina. If Tom's research was able to indicate that Rina wasn't actually who she claimed to be, then other people would be able to do the same thing. All Toby could do was to ensure that he helped Sonia and Zane conceal Taylor's identity—at least others wouldn't be able to easily find out about the truth. Tom naturally understood Toby's intentions, so he nodded and went off to get it done without any protests.

In the next few days, the news of Sonia and Tina began to die down on the Internet—only a few media sites continued to report about it. They weren't celebrities after all, so the hype surrounding them died down after a while. One

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day, Sonia and Carl were discussing a trip to watch a show in Norfolk when Sonia's phone began to ring. It was a call from the police.

"Hello." Sonia picked the call up.

"Miss Reed, the date for Tina's court hearing has been set. It will be at 2.00PM tomorrow. You're required to be present as the plaintiff for tomorrow's case," the officer said.

Sonia nodded her head solemnly. "Alright. I'll be there on time." She lowered her phone after she ended the call.

Carl gazed at her. "What is it, Sonia?"

"Tina's court hearing has been fixed at 2.00PM tomorrow." Sonia chucked her phone onto her desk as she spoke.

A hint of darkness flashed in Carl's gaze before he put on a smile. "That's great. I'll go with you tomorrow."

"Okay," Sonia said with a nod.

"President Reed." Daphne knocked on the door before she walked in. Both Sonia and Carl shifted their focus onto her. "What is it?" Sonia asked.

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Daphne stood outside the door without entering. "I've already made an appointment for the overseas hospital that you told me to contact. They asked when you're available to go there."

"What hospital is this, Sonia? Are you sick?" Carl's expression changed a little as he hastily scanned Sonia with his eyes.

Sonia smiled. "Don't worry, I'm fine. I got Daphne to make an appointment for me with a gynecologist." She turned back to Daphne. "I got it. I'm planning to go there this Saturday night." It was Wednesday then, and Sonia was planning to watch Carl's show at Norfolk on Friday. I'll leave the country to have the surgery on Saturday, and then I'll come back on Sunday. I have just enough time for everything, she thought.

"Alright. I'll get back to them now." Daphne nodded before she shut the door and walked off. Carl lowered his gaze to look at Sonia's belly. "Sonia, are you going overseas to do a checkup, or..."

"I'm going overseas to abort the child." Sonia rubbed her belly as she responded to Carl with a blank expression. "After what Tina tried to make Tim do to me, I'm a little reluctant to have the surgery in the country, so I decided to do it overseas. I had already obtained my visa a while ago, but I haven't had the chance to do it as I was too busy. I'm three months pregnant now, and I can't delay it any longer. It'll be harder to get an abortion if I wait anymore." That was only one of the reasons, of course. Sonia's other reason was that she was afraid she would develop feelings for the baby. She was worried that she wouldn't have the heart to remove the fetus once her motherly instincts kicked in.

Carl's pupils shrank a little after he heard what Sonia had to say. A hint of regret flashed in his eyes, but it quickly disappeared as he lowered his gaze and forced himself to put on a kind smile. "I'll go with you, then."

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“It’s fine. Didn’t you say that you have to attend a recording for some entertainment program the day after your show at Norfolk? I’m going on a Saturday, so you wouldn’t have time to go with me. You should focus on your work. Charles will be with me.” Sonia patted Carl’s shoulder.

Carl feigned disappointment by letting out a long sigh. “Okay then.” Sonia giggled when she saw the look on his face—he looked like a child who couldn’t get his favorite candy. She then pulled her drawer open to make him a cup of peppermint tea. “Don’t get all pouty. Drink this. It’s your favorite drink.”

When Carl saw the fresh-smelling peppermint tea in front of him, his gaze dimmed for a second before he spread his lips into a smile. “Thanks, Sonia. You know me the best.” He devoured the tea with a pleasant look on his face. However, he was the only one who knew how unhappy he was at that moment—he hated drinking peppermint tea. The one who likes peppermint tea is Toby, not me! But I can’t tell Sonia any of this. I can’t even imagine how she’d react if she found out that I’m mimicking Toby. It’ll probably change her impression of me. I’d lose my mind if she ever perceived me as some freak!

After finishing the peppermint tea in his cup, Carl excused himself from the office. Sonia intended to send him out, but he stopped her from doing so. Once he walked out of her office and shut the door behind him, the smile on his face gradually faded and was replaced by an icy, heartless expression.

He walked to the elevator and pressed on the button to go down before he stepped to the side, where there was a potted bonsai plant. He bent forward, opened his mouth and stuck a finger down his throat. The same blank and emotionless expression remained on his face even as he made himself gag. He threw up all of the peppermint tea that he had just ingested.

After letting all of it out, he finally heaved a sigh as he straightened his back and pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket. He was about to wipe his lips when he heard a female voice from behind him. “You just came out of

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President Reed's office, right? How would President Reed feel if she found out that you just vomited all of the drinks you had in her office?" the woman uttered in a spiteful tone.

Carl's facial muscles twitched a little as he immediately turned around to give the woman a threatening glare. The woman appeared shocked for a moment, but she quickly calmed herself down before letting out a whistle. "Yo, you scared me with that glare! This is the real you, isn't it?" she said with a laugh.

"I'll break your neck if you tell Sonia anything." Carl tightened his grip on his handkerchief as he hissed at the woman.

Rebecca twirled her hair playfully. "I'm terrified," she uttered sarcastically. The corner of Carl's lips twitched in annoyance. Terror? I've never seen a hint of terror in this woman's eyes. Well, she's someone who has ended human lives with her own hands, so she's probably not afraid of my threats.

At that moment, Carl felt rather frustrated. He wasn't in the mood to fool around with her, so he turned to walk toward the elevator.

"Hold on." Rebecca grabbed his arm. "I can promise not to tell President Reed anything, but I want a few strands of your hair."

"No way!" Carl squinted as he instantly rejected her request.

She laughed. "I'll tell Sonia about it, then."

"Do what you want." He shot her a scornful glare. "Even if you did so, I can just tell her that I vomited because I wasn't feeling well. We'll see who she trusts more—you or me."

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“But...” Rebecca was speechless for a moment. Of course Sonia would trust him more. He met Sonia before I did.

“Fine. Let’s just say that I miscalculated my acts this time. But I’ll still make sure to get some of your hair.” Rebecca stopped fooling around and spoke in a more serious tone. “You’ve already rejected me twice. Even if one didn’t believe that their birth father had another partner, one would generally feel curious and would agree to run tests and get evidence. However, judging by how insistent you are, I can’t help but feel like you’re avoiding something.”

“Is that so? What would I be avoiding?” Carl clenched his fists.

The corner of Rebecca’s lips curled upward when she noticed his subtle action. “You’re trying to avoid the truth—that you aren’t actually Ronald’s son. You know that you’re Gordon’s son, don’t you?”

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