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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 320

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Tim removed his glasses and wiped his lenses. He could tell what was going on in Toby's mind because he was thinking the same thing. "Someone who only wishes to harm Sonia's baby without harming Sonia... This has to be someone who really idolizes Sonia. This person cannot accept the fact that Sonia is bearing the child of another man. Perhaps you can filter through your suspects with this criterion in mind."

After finishing his words, Tim put his glasses back on and walked off to arrange for Sonia to be moved to the ward. Tim only cared about Sonia's wellbeing—the rest was none of his business. He wasn't too concerned with Sonia's child either. Let Toby worry about it on his own, Tim thought.

Toby remained planted in his spot even after Tim left. He was waiting for Sonia to come out. His fists were balled up, and his expression steely and unreadable. The person who gave her the poison is someone who idolizes her. Based on my knowledge, there are only three people who really idolize Sonia—Charles, Carl, and Zane! Could it be one of them?

Toby kept his head lowered, but there seemed to be an entire hailstorm erupting in his gaze. He mentally ran through all the information he had on the three men, but he still couldn't determine the culprit after doing so. I don't care who it is. All I know is that I'm not going to let the culprit get away with this!

At that thought, Toby heard the sound of wheels moving closer to him. He suppressed his rage and took a step closer to the emergency room's doors.

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The medical staff pushed Sonia out, and Toby hurried to stand by the side of the bed. “Is she okay?”

The nurse holding the IV drip was the one who spoke. “She’s okay, but her baby isn’t doing as well...”

Toby tightened his grip around the bars on the bed. He knew the issue—Tim had told him that the fetus was already deformed. In other words, he knew that they could no longer keep the child. Upon that realization, Toby felt a tight, painful sensation in his chest, as if countless sharp needles were stabbing him all at once. It hurt so much that he could barely breathe.

All along, Toby had intended to find the right time to tell Sonia about the baby. He didn’t expect Sonia to forgive him and remarry him, but he had hoped that they would have a child that would serve as the common link between them. He had hoped that Sonia would one day forgive him for the sake of their child. He had even imagined a day when three of them would stay together as one happy family. Unfortunately, all of his bubbles burst after the incident.

Tim was adjusting Sonia’s IV drip when Toby went in. Toby walked up to Tim with a determined look on his face. “The child... Is there any way to save it?”

Tim flicked a finger against the tube of the IV drip. “Are you asking if there’s a chance for the child to grow up as usual?”

Toby nodded as that was what he meant, while Tim smirked. “Of course not. It might have been possible if you came a week earlier, but the cells in the embryo have already mutated to a point where regular medical interventions won’t be able to do much.”

“So, the child...” Toby muttered.

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“Will have to be aborted!” Tim finished his sentence. “Unless you’d like Sonia to give birth to a monster without arms or legs, or one without a nose or eyes.”

“That’s not a monster!” Toby howled as he glared at Tim with bloodshot eyes.

Tim merely shrugged. “I’m sorry. My bad. I shouldn’t have called your child a monster in front of you. However, I don’t think I’m wrong. You’re the child’s father, so of course you wouldn’t think your child was a monster. However, what about the rest of society? You don’t have the power to control what others think.”

“How did you know that the baby in Sonia’s belly belongs to me?” Toby eyed Tim suspiciously.

Tim pushed his glasses up his nose. “It’s not hard to tell. Everything is written on your face. Why would you get so emotional if this child wasn’t yours? Anyway, you and Sonia can discuss and decide on a date for the surgery. My suggestion is for the surgery to be done within this week. The child is already deformed, so there’s no need for it to continue developing. The earlier she gets this over with, the easier it’ll be for her to heal from the surgery.” With that said, Tim took the patient’s files and walked out of the room. The rest of the medical staff tagged along behind him.

Toby and Sonia were the only people left in the ward. He walked over and sat down by the side of the bed before he reached out and held onto Sonia’s hand—the hand that had an IV drip connected to it. He gazed at her pale face for a long while without saying anything.

Meanwhile, Tim had returned to his own office when someone knocked on his door. “Come in.” Tim placed Sonia’s report aside as he shouted toward the door.

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Julia walked in from outside. "Are you done with your work, Tim?"

Tim's eyes glinted for a brief moment before he nodded. "Yeah. Is anything the matter, Mrs. Gray?" he asked.

"Well, Tina hasn't been herself ever since she came out of the detention center. She doesn't move around much and rarely talks or laughs. I even suspected that she had developed some mental disorders until she uttered a few words to me earlier." Julia sighed.

Tim smirked in response to this. "You're overthinking it, Mrs. Gray. The cells on Tina's face are three times the amount of the usual person's cells. Anyone else with her experience might develop social anxiety, but I'm sure she wouldn't struggle with the same issue. It's her talent, really." In other words, Tim was implying that Tina was too thick-faced and shameless to develop social anxiety.

However, Julia didn't understand the meaning behind his words. When she heard him talking about cells, she assumed he was referring to Tina's biology and didn't think too much of it. Instead, she let out a light-hearted chuckle. "Is that so? That's good, then."

Tim let out a rather sarcastic laugh. This time, Julia realized the hint of mockery in his laugh, and she was puzzled by it. Is he laughing at me? She gazed up to observe Tim's expression, but Tim had returned to his usual, calm look, and Julia couldn't tell what he was thinking at all. She even began to wonder if she was the one who misunderstood him. I think I just misinterpreted his actions. Tim is really close to Tina and I'm Tina's mom, so I don't think he'd laugh at me.

With that thought in mind, Julia felt better about herself. "Tim, although you said that Tina isn't prone to getting social anxiety, I still feel rather worried

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after seeing the state that she's in now. I recall how you once traveled overseas to study psychology when you were trying to help Tina wake up. Could you visit Tina and perhaps counsel her a little?"

"I can pour her glass of water, but I doubt she'd be pleased to see me." Tim crossed his arms in front of his chest. Julia had no idea about the fallout between Tim and Tina, so she assumed that Tim was just cracking a joke.

"That's impossible! Tina only has her father, sister, and me by her side now. She doesn't have any other friends. Even the brat from the Stryder Family had a fight with Tina. Her friend from the Stone Family still gets along with her, but the friend is still in the detention center, so you're Tina's only friend for now. Tina would be so pleased to see you. She'd never say no to seeing you!" Julia exclaimed.

Tim smiled. "If that's the case, I guess I should go visit her, then. I hope you won't regret your decision. Come on." He stuck his hands into his white coat before taking the lead to step out of his office.

A few minutes later, they arrived at Tina's ward. The doors to the ward were opened at the exact same time that they arrived, and Rina walked out from inside while rubbing her eyes.

Julia held onto Rina's arms once she saw her. "What happened, Rina?" Julia asked.

"I'm fine. It's Tina. I was trying to comfort her, but she didn't want to see me and chased me out of the room," Rina uttered between sobs.

Julia frowned. "What's wrong with Tina? She was fine before this, and she agreed to get along with you. Why is she doing this now..." Julia muttered.

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“It’s okay, Mom. It’s not her fault—it’s mine. I’m the one who embarrassed Tina. I guess that’s why she hates me. I didn’t wish for any of this to happen. I’m sure I wouldn’t be the same person if I had grown up at home with you guys.” Tears trickled down Rina’s eyes as she looked at Julia.

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