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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 331

Chapter 331 Sonia's Selfishness

As he took a deep breath, Toby calmed down and looked at Sonia. "I admit that what I did in the past was wrong and I will make up for all my mistakes. However, now and the past are two different things, Sonia. You can't mix them up. Carl poisoned you and caused the child to be deformed, so this already constitutes the crime of intentional homicide. Therefore, the police must be informed!"

"It's just a child that I was ready to abort. So what if it was deformed? In any case, I absolutely won't allow you to call the police to take away Carl!" She returned his gaze with an extremely stubborn attitude.

He exclaimed with an incredulous frown, "So what if it was deformed? What are you saying? Sonia, that's your child!"

As a mother, was it appropriate for her to say that? Of course, she knew it was not, but it didn't matter; she didn't care what he thought. She released his arm and responded coldly, "So what if it was my child? It shouldn't come into this world in the first place and his existence was a mistake. Furthermore, it was still just an embryo and not even a fully formed human yet, so how could it be compared to Carl's position in my heart?"

However, although she had said so, there was a stabbing pain in her heart. At this moment, she realized that she in fact cared more about the child than she thought. Since Toby didn't know what was in her heart, he took a step back and looked at her like she was a stranger. "Okay, even if you don't care about

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that child, I do because it's also my child. And as a father, I can seek justice for my child, right?"

Sonia snickered, "Justice? Toby, didn't you know I was pregnant a long time ago? At that time, you didn't behave like this. You couldn't be bothered as to whether I aborted the baby or not. You were happy for me to proceed with the abortion and didn't care if I didn't because you wouldn't admit it was your child anyway. At that time, you didn't seem to care about the baby, yet you came to show your fatherly love at this time? Don't you think it's too late and hypocritical?"

Toby's throat was dry. "Is this how you view me?"

"It's not that I'm viewing you this way on purpose, but that's what you originally did." She sneered once again as she looked at him.

There was a dull pain in Toby's heart. He wanted to say that it was not the case, but he could not seem to say the words at all. Maybe the reason why he couldn't deny it was because he really was exactly how Sonia had viewed him.

After a long silence, he responded, "Are you really going to let Carl off the hook?"

Upon hearing this, she lowered her eyelids. "Yes."

"Even if he poisoned you?" he asked again. "You don't even care?"

Sonia formed her hands into fists. "Yes, I believe Carl's behavior will change, so I'm willing to give him a chance."

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Everyone had their selfish reasons and she wasn't an exception either. She even cared more about Carl than the unexpected child. After all, she harbored platonic feelings for him, so she couldn't send him to prison just like that.

"A chance? Aren't you afraid he will do this to you again in the future?" Toby stared at her

Her eyes flashed as she pursed her slightly pale lips. "I believe Carl won't. He did it this time because he is ill."

She was not going to tell Toby about the illness because that was Carl's private matter. Anyway, Toby didn't want to know either and merely gave a mock smile as he lowered his head. "Ill? If what I did to you before was also the result of being sick, would you forgive me as easily as you have forgiven Carl?"

"What are you talking about? You're ill?" Sonia frowned.

Toby snorted a little. "Sure enough, you don't believe my words."

Apart from not wanting to take advantage of her sympathy, the reason why he hadn't told her that he was hypnotized was because he knew that she wouldn't believe him. She would only reckon that he had said that on purpose as an excuse for what he had previously done.

Sensing his disappointment, Sonia moved her lips and was about to say something when Toby resumed his usual cool look. Then, he gazed at her before asking, "Sonia, I'm asking you one more time: are you sure you won't regret letting Carl go?"

"I am sure!" She nodded without any hesitation.

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He closed his eyes for a second and when he opened them, the look in his eyes was indifferent. "Okay then. Rest well and I'll come back tomorrow."

Toby had originally planned to spend the night here, but now he needed to calm down.

Sonia looked at his back and shouted in a hurry, "Toby!"

Although he stopped in his tracks, he didn't turn around. "What is it?"

"A-Are you letting Carl free?" Sonia asked while grabbing the quilt.

The corners of Toby's lips curved into a self-deprecating arc. Originally, he thought that she had changed her mind and called out to him as a result. It turned out that he was a fool all along.

"Even if I were to pursue the matter, in the end, you would issue a letter to prevent the police from prosecuting Carl for his actions, right?" He gave her a sideway glance.

She lowered her eyes and replied, "I guess so."

"If that's the case, what's the point of me calling the police?" Toby turned his head to face her, his voice much colder this time. "However, this is the first and last time I'm letting him go, Sonia. You better pray that I don't catch Carl being involved in other matters or I'll make him regret it."

After saying that, he walked out of the ward. Sonia looked at the closed door for a few seconds before she sighed. She had a confused gaze as she glanced at the toxin analysis report that Toby had thrown on the floor. He had wrinkled the report into a paper ball, which demonstrated his anger at that time.

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She rubbed her temples and probed out loud, "I don't know whether I am right or wrong to defend Carl so much."

Then, she reminded herself that she needed to persuade Carl tomorrow to receive treatment. Maybe when his psychological problems were dealt with, she would be able to determine whether her actions today were appropriate or not.

On the other side, after Toby walked out of the inpatient department, he took out his phone and dialed Tom's number. "Come and pick me up from the hospital."

At the moment, Tom was having a barbeque with his friends and he had just opened a bottle of beer. Before he even had the time to take a sip of it, he already received such a call, which dampened his originally bright mood.

Although he cursed in his heart, he asked with a smile on his face, "President Fuller, aren't you going to spend the night in the hospital, though?"

Toby walked to a chair in the garden and sat down. "That's not the case anymore. Hurry over."

"Okay," Tom answered as he nodded.

Once the call ended a second later, his expression suddenly changed as he stood up with a huff. "Well, tonight's barbeque feast is over."

"What's wrong?" his friend asked as he ate his lamb skewer.

Tom picked up his jacket and wore it. "Well, my crazy boss has asked me to go over and pick him up. It must be because he was driven out by the one whom he's interested in. Anyway, I'm leaving. Let's get together next time."

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With a sigh, he walked toward his car by the curb and arrived to pick up Toby half an hour later.

When Toby entered the car, Tom couldn't resist his curiosity and turned to ask, "President Fuller, are you and Miss Reed—"

Toby's face darkened as he ordered, "Drive!"

Since Tom knew he was not going to get an answer, he reluctantly shrugged and turned to face the road to start the car. Toby then propped his hand on the door, but his expression was obscured as he was shrouded in the shadows. He had only let Carl off the hook this time because he didn't want to make Sonia sad and bear more hatred toward him even more.

However, Toby would remember this incident and would have people keep an eye on Carl. As long as they manage to stumble upon something illegal that Carl was involved in, Toby would get even with him.

He admitted that he was not a qualified father, but only he and Sonia had the rights to decide on matters surrounding the child, not an outsider. As he was thinking, the phone rang. He took it out and shot a glance at the device before he answered, "What's up?"

"Toby, where are you? Come back quickly! Titus came to the house and he demanded to settle accounts with you." Tyler's loud voice came from the phone.

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