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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 366

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Initially, he thought that one of the residents in the building had an accident, but he didn't expect that the person he would see was Sonia. He couldn't be bothered to ask who Douglas was, and neither was he curious as to why he was addressing her as his aunt. He immediately rushed in to check Sonia's condition, and he realized things were bad after taking a look at her.

Not only was her wrist cut and there was a pool of fresh blood beside her, what was more serious was that there was a big bump on the back of her head!

Knowing that he shouldn't wait a second longer, Charles picked her up from the floor. "Hey, kid, I'm bringing my darling to the hospital, and you're coming with us!"

There were still many questions he had to ask this kid.

"Okay," Douglas replied, bobbing his head.

Holding Sonia in his arms, Charles dashed out of the stairwell and out of the neighborhood with Douglas trailing behind with all his might, running with his little legs.

In the car, Charles found the nearest hospital with the help of the navigation system and sent Sonia there. Ten minutes later, she was rushed into the emergency room.

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Only then did the both of them breathe a sigh of relief and waited anxiously on the bench.

While waiting, Charles turned to Douglas. "Hey, kid, where's your family and what's your parents' number? I'll give them a call lest they worry about you."

"My parents are in the military, and my uncle sent me to stay with Aunt Sonia," Douglas replied.

Hearing him address Sonia as 'Aunt Sonia', Charles felt very uneasy, so he asked with a frown, "Why are you calling my darling your aunt? Who's your uncle? He's so thick-skinned!"

Could it be Toby Fuller? But I've not heard that he's an uncle, he thought.

When Douglas heard Charles criticizing his own uncle, he pouted his lips. "My uncle is Zane Coleman!"

Stunned at first, Charles then cried out angrily, "What? Your uncle is that annoying guy, Zane?!" Damn, that annoying jerk actually sent his nephew to Sonia and even told him to address her as his aunt. Hmph, his motives are so obvious that everyone could tell! This is more than thick-skinned; he's just purely shameless! "Give your uncle a call quickly and tell him to bring you home," he said in a huff. "What the heck! Why didn't he take care of his own nephew and let my darling do it instead?"

Swinging his little legs, Douglas said in a sorry voice, "I'm sorry, sir. My uncle is away on a business trip and not in Seafield."

Charles knitted his brows. "What? He ran away?"

"No, he didn't! He's just away on a business trip!" Douglas corrected.

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Waving his hand in frustration, Charles said, "I don't care why he went away, but from my point of view, he just ran away. Since he had run away, then I'll settle this score with him when he returns. As for you..." He stared at Douglas for a few seconds. In the end, he sighed in defeat. "Forget it. What can I possibly do to a little guy like you? Alright, Little Doug. Tell me how my darling got hurt," he said with a serious expression.

Like a miniature adult, the expression on Douglas' face turned equally serious. "I don't know, either. Aunt Sophia said that she was going out to buy salt, but she didn't come back after a long while. So, I went downstairs to look for her and gave her a call. Then, I discovered that her cell phone was ringing in the stairwell. When I went over to take a look, she was already in that state."

Charles' fists tightened after he heard it. "Looks like I need to make a trip to Bayside Residence and check the surveillance tapes."

Sonia had been attacked on her head, resulting in such a huge bump, and together with her cut wrist, it all obviously showed that someone had hurt her with intent. Still, it couldn't be considered as murder.

If murder was the objective, Sonia's wrist wouldn't have been cut that way. He had seen the cut on her wrist: It was circular in size with a very small surface—about the size of a peanut—and it wasn't deep, either.

Therefore, if someone wanted to murder her by cutting her wrist, the cut would have been a deep, straight line. Only then could the cut reach the artery and cause profuse bleeding. So, the person who injured Sonia was definitely not after her life. Otherwise, why wouldn't they cut her artery directly?

In addition, there was only one hit to her head. If murder was the intent, there would have been more hits on the head even without cutting the wrists as it

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would only be possible to kill someone with a few more strikes to the head, but the perpetrator didn't do that.

Besides, Sonia's clothes were neat, and she didn't look like she had been violated. So, what exactly was the motive of the perpetrator?

Regardless of what the motive was, he had to get to the bottom of it and find out who the person was so he could get payback.

Then, he called a nurse over to watch over Douglas. After all, he was going to Bayside Residence, so he was worried about leaving Douglas alone since it would be a hassle to bring him along. Hence, he just asked someone to take care of him.

"Kid, stay here while I investigate this matter. Once my darling comes out of the ER, give me a call immediately," Charles said, looking at the smartwatch on Douglas' wrist as he wrote down his number for him.

Taking over the number from him, Douglas gave him a firm nod. "I got it. Go ahead, sir, and be sure to catch the bad guy."

Chuckling, Charles couldn't help but stroke his head. "Okay, just based on these words you just said, you're already a more likable person than that guy, Zane. Alright, I'm going now." Then, he retracted his hand and left the hospital.

He had just walked out of the hospital doors when Tim caught sight of him, and his eyes narrowed. Charles Lane? What's he doing here? And it looks like he has blood on his clothes. Did an accident happen to someone?

While the questions were running through his head, a middle-aged man wearing a white robe approached him. In a respectful and polite tone, the man

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said, "Dr. Lancaster, welcome to our hospital. We'll be relying on your help for the operation this time."

"It's nothing. Just send the medical equipment that I want to my hospital," Tim replied composedly as he pushed his glasses up his nose.

Hurriedly, the middle-aged doctor replied, "Rest assured. I'll instruct someone to deliver it tomorrow. The operation theater is all ready; could you go over now?"

"Yes, but there's one more thing," Tim said, glancing at him.

The middle-aged doctor nodded. "Go ahead."

"Find out what that guy who just walked out came here for," he answered, pointing in the direction Charles had gone.

From the way Charles looked, he seemed to be in the pink of health, so the blood definitely didn't belong to him. Furthermore, the person he sent here personally must be someone he cared about. I just wonder if it's his family or...

Recalling how much Charles cared about Sonia, Tim dimmed his eyes. I hope it's not Sonia.

"Don't worry, Dr. Lancaster. I'll tell my subordinates to check it out," the middle-aged doctor answered.

"Okay. Let's go for the operation first."

Then, they both paced toward the opposite direction.

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Meanwhile, at the Grays, Rina came home in a rush and grabbed a glass of water from the counter. Throwing back her head, she then downed the water in a gulp. The way she drank in huge mouthfuls looked as though she was parched, and Julia gawked at her in a daze.

“What happened to you, Rina? Why are you so thirsty?”

Taking in a deep breath, Rina placed down the glass and chuckled in embarrassment. “I’m sorry I made a joke out of myself, Mom.”

“That’s okay. It’s not a big deal. Would you like some more water?” Julia asked.

Rina shook her head. “No, thanks. I’m fine now.”

Rina then took a seat across Julia, who peered at her and asked, “By the way, Rina, where were you the entire afternoon? You didn’t bring the driver with you, and I couldn’t get you through your phone, either. I wanted to tell you to come back for dinner, but I couldn’t find you.”

“I went out shopping with a friend, and my phone had shut down because of a flat battery,” she answered, lowering her eyes.

Julia came to a sudden realization. “So that’s what happened! Then, have you had dinner yet?”

“Yes, I have. Mom, I’m kinda tired and would like to take a shower and rest.” Getting up from her seat, Rina then walked toward the staircase.

Watching her from behind, Julia felt that she seemed a little jittery and troubled, but she didn’t ponder over it and continued watching the TV.

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