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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 417 - 418

Chapter 417 Kidney Failure

She didn't want to be blind any longer since it would lead to more complications as time went on.

First and foremost, Sonia had to worry about Paradigm. Asher had always eyed for a chance to snatch half of the management rights she held. If she didn't show up for work at Paradigm Co. for a long while, he would definitely seize the chance and persuade those under her before causing all sorts of trouble for her.

Secondly, Titus was another cause of her worries. Even though she tried her hardest to mask the fact that she couldn't see, he would soon discover that she was blind if he used some effort to investigate it. Although Toby had done his part by giving his fair share of warning and Titus wouldn't do anything in broad daylight, he probably could pull his little assaults in the dark without Toby being made aware of it.

So, it was a necessity for her to regain her eyesight as soon as possible for both Paradigm Co. and her own sake.

Since Tim was well-versed with psychology, he could guess what Sonia thought when he saw her anxious behavior. He patted her shoulder lightly in assurance. "Don't worry, you haven't recovered your vision because the blood clot in your brain hasn't completely disappeared yet. The blood clot wasn't extremely large when we checked the last time, so I guess it'll dissipate soon enough. Judging by the time needed, you'll probably recover in a few days."

Upon hearing that, she sighed in relief. "That's good to know."

"Other than your loss of sight, is there anywhere that feels wrong? What about the dizziness you mentioned?" He leaned against his desk as he asked.

She shook her head. "It's gone now."

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“Okay, got it. So, I don’t have to prescribe medicine for that,” he spoke while fiddling with his scalpel.

Sonia stood up from the couch. “Thank you for the session. I’ll be leaving now.”

Wanda approached Sonia to help her into the wheelchair.

Tim rose to his full height as well. “I’ll see you off to the elevators.”

The three walked out of the office and headed for the elevators.

They had just arrived when Wanda suddenly gasped.

A confused Sonia turned around. “What’s the matter, Wanda?”

“I saw Titus and his wife walking out from the nephrology department to the elevator over there. They don’t look too good, especially Mrs. Gray. Her eyes are red as if she has been crying,” Wanda answered as she looked in front.

In response, Sonia raised an eyebrow. “Nephrology? What are they doing there?” There’s even crying involved. A single fall couldn’t have such damage to the waist, can it? That’s weird. The bones would usually be hurt from that kind of fall and the organs won’t be affected whatsoever.

“If you’re so curious, I can just ask for information. Don’t forget, this is my hospital,” Tim chuckled slightly as he pushed his glasses. Then, he walked toward the nephrology department.

Wanda looked at Sonia. “Miss Reed, Dr. Lancaster has headed there. Should we follow him or leave?”

“It’s bad manners to leave just like that. Let’s wait here then,” Sonia replied after she thought for a while.

After Wanda nodded, she didn’t say anything else. Her hands were still on the wheelchair handles while she waited with Sonia.

After about 5 minutes or so, Tim returned to them.

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Upon receiving Wanda's prompt, Sonia opened her mouth to ask, "How is it?"

"There's a problem with Titus' kidneys," Tim replied while pushing his glasses once again.

A surprised Sonia asked, "Kidney problems? It's not because of the fall, is it?"

"No." He shook his head. "The doctor explained that Titus is suffering from slight kidney failure."

"Kidney failure?!" She exclaimed, "He's suffering from kidney failure?"

"That's correct." Tim nodded. "I had a brief look at Titus' medical records and found that he suffers from congenital necrospemia, which means that his kidneys were already problematic from the start. Now, it's showing signs of failure as the organs are rapidly deteriorating."

"So, if this continues, he'll have to undergo a kidney transplant?" Sonia asked.

He shrugged. "More or less, but it wouldn't change much even if he did because both kidneys need to be replaced. Kidneys are hard to come by as it is and you'd be lucky enough to secure just one. It's highly improbable to have two suitable kidneys available."

"I heard that people can survive with one kidney, though. Won't it help to just transplant one?" She cocked her head and asked again.

Tim played with the scalpel in his hand for the second time. "That's true, at least for a healthy person. You can survive with one kidney, but your body will grow weaker. You'll just be barely surviving by that point. Titus, however, is different. He cannot live with just one kidney."

"Why not?" Sonia blinked.

He explained, "Because of his old age, his body isn't in good condition. He has various aches and pains on top of heart issues. So, one kidney won't be able to handle all the processes going on in his body. Also, even if he receives a new kidney, there's a high possibility of kidney failure. If he's lucky to have both his kidneys replaced, the same thing will happen again."

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It was at that moment when Sonia understood and she moved her red lips. "So, in short, Titus only has death waiting for him. A kidney transplant would only delay it a little longer."

"That's correct." Tim nodded.

She gave a dry smile. "What good news! He deserved it!"

Titus had forced her father to death and now he himself was suffering from kidney failure. If it wasn't retribution, she didn't know what it was.

"How long does he have, Tim?" Sonia probed as she clasped her hands together.

White light reflected off Tim's glasses as he answered, "If he doesn't undergo kidney transplant, he would have a year or so left, judging by the rate it's going. Probably not more than 10 years if he replaces his kidneys."

"Hah! Great!" She smiled. "This is retribution!"

Upon seeing how happy Sonia was to have known about Titus' kidney failure, Wanda leered as she reminded her, "Please don't put it like that, Miss Reed!"

Wanda also thought that Titus deserved it, but no matter what, he was still Sonia's biological father. As his daughter, even if she hated him to the bone, it was uncalled for to hear her say that her father deserved it.

Of course, if Titus weren't Sonia's biological father, Wanda wouldn't have such thoughts.

So, Sonia frowned when she heard Wanda's words. "Wanda, is there anything wrong with me saying things like that?" Whose side is she on? Why is she standing up for Titus? Or, does she think that I shouldn't say that about him?

Wanda could see that Sonia was upset and she also realized that she said too much. She quickly explained, "It's nothing; I just thought that you shouldn't rub salt into people's wounds when they are suffering."

"I don't think I'm rubbing salt in his wound, though. Even if I did, I don't think I'm in the wrong here. Titus is my enemy, so shouldn't I be glad that my enemy is down? I can't just be

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compassionate and forget about my hatred, can I? I'm not that nice and I've never been a kind person from the start," a stoic Sonia coolly elaborated.

The hatred of the entire Reed Family rested upon her and she could barely catch a breath under the weight of it. Revenge became her sole reason to live, but so much time had passed without any progress, which started to make her panic. The anxiety was so great that she was close to being driven mad.

Now that she finally learnt that her enemy was critically ill, shouldn't she be happy then?

Knowing that Sonia was upset with her, Wanda quickly apologized, "I'm terribly sorry, Miss Reed. I shouldn't have said those words."

Sonia rubbed the spot between her eyebrows. "It's fine. Just don't do it again."

After all, she would recover her eyesight in a few days and Wanda could head back to the housekeeping company by then.

"We'll take our leave now, Tim." Sonia rested her hand on the armrest and spoke to Tim.

He nodded. "Take care."

"Yeah." She sounded a reply as Wanda took her into the elevator.

As he watched the elevator doors close, he took out his phone and made a call. He proceeded to say in a dark voice, "Keep an eye on the organ database. If you find any suitable kidneys for Titus Gray, immediately block them!"

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 418

Chapter 418 80th Birthday

The person on the other end of the line probably agreed, for Tim looked satisfied when he kept his phone away.

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To him, people like Titus didn't deserve a single kidney, much less two.

Meanwhile, Titus and Julia had just arrived at their car after getting the medication for him.

When they closed their car doors, the atmosphere was so heavy that it was almost impossible to breathe.

Neither one of them said anything.

Titus had lowered his head, so his expression wasn't visible. His tightly clenched fists were on his knees; through the way those fists were shaking and the way the veins on his hands were clearly showing, one could quickly infer how terrible his mood was.

As for Julia, she covered her mouth as she quietly sobbed. How can this be? Titus has kidney failure!

"Honey..." Her eyes were red and teary as she looked at her husband.

He tightened his fists and relaxed them thereafter repeating the process a few times before he took a deep breath. After that, he managed to calm himself before he said in a stiff voice, "All right, stop crying. I'm fine."

"How could you be fine? This is kidney failure we're talking about! You'll die!" An anxious and afraid Julia reminded Titus.

Throughout her entire life, she had always depended on other people to survive.

She depended on her father before she married and relied on her husband after marriage. Hence, she barely had any survival skills.

So, she couldn't imagine what she would be like if Titus were gone.

Death!

Titus' heart shook at the very thought of it and his face even trembled a little as fear flitted through his eyes—it was a fear of death.

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No one wanted to die, nor would anyone be fearless in the face of death. It was especially true for rich and powerful men like him; he didn't want to die, which made him even more frightened of death.

However, he felt nothing when the one dying wasn't him, so he didn't have the slightest bit of shame for forcing the technician and Henry to their deaths.

When the bell of death rang for him instead, he finally realized how scary dying actually was.

He couldn't bear the thought of his days being counted.

Upon noticing Titus' trembling body and reddened eyes, Julia hastily grabbed his hand. "Titus, let's leave this country, all right? We'll seek medical help abroad, for surely they would have better ways to treat your condition. If we leave for abroad, your illness will definitely be cured."

He withdrew his hand from her grasp. "They do have better facilities, but they are also powerless in treating kidney failure. So, it's the same whether we stay in the country or not."

"Then... Are we really out of options?" a pale Julia asked.

Titus gritted his teeth. "There is only one option, which is to undergo a kidney transplant."

However, he clearly remembered the doctor's words.

The doctor advised that even if Titus managed to get new kidneys, he would still have a mere 10 years left.

10 years were far from enough for him.

However, if he didn't have new kidneys, he would only be able to live for another year.

It wasn't arduous to make a choice between one year and ten.

"Kidney transplant..." Julia repeated; then, as if she had made an important decision, she clenched her fists and added, "Then, we'll go for it. I'll contact all the organ banks, be it local or abroad. We'll definitely search suitable kidneys for you!"

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With that, she took out her phone and started to contact people.

Meanwhile, Toby had also received news of Titus' illness.

He was surprised for a while when he heard that Titus suffered from kidney failure.

Titus had previously complained of pain on his waist at the DNA lab, but Toby never expected that kidney failure would be the cause.

"President Fuller, Titus and his wife will definitely start looking for suitable kidneys. Should we give them a hand?" Tom asked while looking at Toby.

Toby frowned. "Why should we?"

"Isn't he Miss Reed's biological father?" Tom asked.

Toby shook his head lightly. "No need. If Sonia does something that would harm Titus' life, I would intervene. However, this is Titus' own health, so there's no need to help him. Also, if he died just like that, it would perhaps be for the best."

Then, there would truly be no reason for Sonia to know of her real origins.

As for her hatred toward the Gray Family, maybe it would dissipate along with Titus' death. From then on, she wouldn't have to live her life with hatred and suffering.

"That makes sense." Tom nodded, realizing the logic in Toby's words.

Right after that, he thought for a bit and asked, "Then, why don't we block Titus' access to all the suitable kidneys? That way, he can die as soon as possible, right?"

Toby looked up at him. "You're intelligent."

"Thank you, President Fuller." Tom grinned.

"It wasn't a compliment." Toby's expression darkened.

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Tom realized that his boss was exasperated, so he stopped smiling and resumed his serious look. "Sorry, President Fuller. It was foolish of me."

Upon hearing his apology, Toby recovered his usual countenance and calmly noted, "It is true that I also wish for Titus to die as soon as possible, but I cannot actually make a move and remove his hopes of survival. He is Sonia's father, after all, so if I really did that, then I would be murdering her father. Understand?"

"Understood, President Fuller," Tom quickly replied.

It was true that Toby was still trying to court Sonia and if he was the indirect cause of Titus' death...

If she knew about it, she would have even less of a reason to forgive Toby.

Even if Sonia hated Titus, he was still her biological father. Surely, she wouldn't want to date someone who had a role in her father's death, be it directly or indirectly.

So, Toby really couldn't interfere in this matter.

"We'll see how it goes." Toby rapped his knuckles on his desk. "If Titus really finds a suitable kidney, he's meant to live. If he can't, then it's also fate. No matter what, my plans will not be disrupted. Enough of this topic. You can return to your work now."

"Understood, sir." Tom nodded before he turned to leave the office.

Toby took out his phone and called Sonia.

She had just returned to Bayside Residence and was resting on the couch.

Wanda was slicing fruits for Sonia and when she heard the phone ring, she quickly glanced at the device. "Miss Reed, it's from Mr. Fuller."

Toby? Sonia frowned. Why is he calling me?

"Do I answer the call, Miss Reed?" Wanda asked.

Sonia hesitated for a few seconds before nodding. "Go ahead."

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Toby had supported her when she was going against Titus at the DNA lab, so she was obliged to answer this call.

Wanda smiled a little; then, she put down the knife in her hand and picked up the phone. She swiped across the screen to answer the call before she passed the phone to Sonia. "Here you go, Miss Reed."

"Thank you." Sonia thanked Wanda, after which placing the phone to her own ear. "President Fuller."

"Have you arrived home?" Toby's expression relaxed.

Sonia responded in the affirmative. "I'm home now. What's the matter, President Fuller?"

"It's nothing much. I just wanted to tell you that Rina has returned to the detention center." He leaned back in his chair.

She nodded lightly. "Yes, I already know that. The police have contacted me."

"I see." He lowered his gaze.

In truth, he was well aware that she had already known about the fact.

He mentioned these things just to talk more with her, to hear more of her voice.

However, Sonia obviously knew nothing about it and said, "Is there anything else, President Fuller? If not, I'll hang up now."

"Wait." Toby managed to stop her and he straightened his posture. "Grandma will be turning 80 at the end of the month, so the Fullers will be holding a grand celebration. Will you come?"

"Her 80th birthday?" Sonia was stunned for a while before she remembered that Rose's birthday was really at the end of the month.

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