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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 338

Chapter 338 Running Into Tyler

“That’s going to be tough,” Charles said as he shrugged halfheartedly. When he caught the look on Sonia’s face, he chuckled bitterly and explained, “Believe me, I tried to get him to seek treatment as well, but he refused. It will be a challenge to persuade him otherwise.”

Sonia lowered her gaze. “Regardless, we can’t just let Carl’s condition deteriorate any further, or he’d end up hurting himself and others. I’ll try to talk to him about seeking professional help one of these days.”

“Well, if you say so, then I’ll leave it up to you. We should go now, though,” Charles pointed out as he made to take her bag for her.

She hummed absentmindedly in response. “Let’s go.”

With the discharge sheet in hand, both of them walked out of the in-patient ward and headed for the elevators.

They had only just come to a stop in front of an elevator when the doors opened before Charles could press the button. The next second, Tyler barreled out of the elevator without watching where he was going, nearly knocking Sonia down in his hurry.

“Watch out, baby!” Charles exclaimed. Possessed of lightning reflexes, he grabbed hold of Sonia and pulled her aside, saving her from what would have been a rough collision.

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It was only when Tyler heard Charles' voice that he stopped in his tracks. He turned, and his eyes lit up when he saw Sonia. "Sonia!" he called out.

She raised a brow. "What are you doing here?"

"Grandma and Toby are being kept under observation here, so I came to take care of them," Tyler answered plaintively.

Sonia was suddenly reminded that Rose had collapsed the night before, but when she was about to ask after the old woman's condition, Charles interjected coolly, "Oh, Toby's been hospitalized? What delightful news! Come on, kid, tell me what happened to him. Is it some terminal illness? How long will he have to live? Give me all the details so I can get a wreath for him—you know, for his voyage into the afterlife."

"You—how dare you speak of my brother like he's dying!" Tyler fumed at Charles' sinister taunting, and all he could see at that moment was red as he hurled his fist toward the older man.

Charles, on the other hand, did not expect such rage from the kid in front of him. He's actually going to punch me, he thought with wide eyes. He bridled and dodged as fast as he could.

However, Tyler was a basketball player with all the attributes to go with it. With his height and long legs, he towered over Charles by at least half a foot.

As such, even if Charles dodged with astounding agility, he still could not escape Tyler's vice-like claw.

Meanwhile, upon seeing that Tyler's punch was about to land on Charles' face, Sonia frowned and cried out peevishly, "Stop it!"

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Her voice rang loud and clear, and Tyler's fist came to an abrupt halt in mid-air. Sonia marched up to them and tore them apart. "That's enough, both of you. We're in a hospital! Show some decency, why don't you?" She glared at Tyler, then at Charles before saying, "Apologize right now, Charles."

"Why?" Charles demanded with wide eyes.

She pursed her lips. "Why? Maybe it's because whatever you said earlier was totally uncalled for! I know you hate Toby with a passion, but there's no need for you to say such terrible things about him. Now, apologize!" she bit out with emphasis this time.

Charles quirked his lips and muttered begrudgingly, "I'm sorry."

Tyler glowered at him mutinously. "I don't give a damn about your apology!"

"Then what the hell do you want?" Charles barked, his brows knitting together.

"I want to punch your lights out, that's what!" Tyler spat, clenching his fists angrily.

"Come on, big guy!" Charles rolled up his sleeves. "I admit I was caught off guard when you wanted to throw down some punches earlier, which was why I dodged, but that won't happen again! Let's take this outside, kid, and we'll see if you're just all talk!"

"Fine! We'll take it outside then!" A cold smirk played on Tyler's lips as he added mockingly, "I'll show you who's all talk at the end—" He broke off deliberately and eyed Charles' legs with contempt, then scoffed. "Though I think between the both of us, you'd run off crying first!"

"You punk—"

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“That’s enough!” When Sonia saw that the boys were building up to another fight, she interrupted again, this time with the same frustration as a tired parent. She stood between them like a wall and snapped, “Charles, you’re nearly thirty years old. What are you doing picking fights with a minor? Don’t you feel ashamed of yourself? And you!” She shot a dark look at Tyler. “Keep your temper in check, young man.”

She was using all her might to keep a fight from breaking out between these two. Aside from the plain fact that fighting in a hospital was downright unacceptable, she was also aware that Charles would lose out painfully in a fight with Tyler.

While Charles was oblivious to this, Sonia knew that Tyler was well-versed in kickboxing. Moreover, he was taller than Charles. In the aggregate, Charles was no match for the kid.

That being said, Charles was clueless about how much of a disadvantage he would be at if a brawl broke out, but he was a little embarrassed to have been called a petty adult by Sonia for picking fights with a minor. A red flush crept over his cheekbones as he clenched his fists and let out a dry, awkward cough. “Fine, then. If you’re going to put it that way, baby, then I guess I’ll be the bigger person and let this punk off the hook this time.”

“Let me off the hook?” Tyler scoffed in derision. “Move, Sonia! I’m going to teach this guy a lesson and knock some sense into him!”

“Stop it!” Sonia could feel the onset of a migraine attack. She rubbed the divot between her brows and asked, “Tyler, how’s Grandma doing right now?”

Upon hearing this, Tyler finally calmed down, and his rage was replaced with the despair that one might associate with an abandoned puppy. “Grandma’s

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fine; she came to an hour ago. Toby, on the other hand, isn't doing too well. He's still in the ICU."

"The ICU?!" Sonia's jaw fell open.

Charles, too, was equally shocked. "Hold up—does he actually have a terminal illness or something?" After all, things had to be dire in order for a person to end up in the intensive care unit.

Having regained composure, Sonia eyed Tyler steadily as she pressed, "How badly did Grandma punish him?"

She had thought that Toby, being Rose's grandson, would be subjected to mercy even if the old woman were to break out the cane. However, it was now that she realized how wrong she had been to assume this. As it turned out, Rose had given Toby such a harsh beating that he ended up in the ICU. In fact, one might even think that somebody had had a score to settle with him if they didn't know any better.

"What? Toby ended up in the ICU because Old Mrs. Fuller doled out corporal punishment on him?" Charles demanded incredulously, his voice rising by an octave.

Tyler ignored him and kept his attention on Sonia, nodding as he replied with red-rimmed eyes, "He was in really bad shape after Grandma was done caning him. I counted ten strokes, and the back of his shirt was barely holding together after each one. Things got pretty graphic when his skin tore and blood seeped through; when he was loaded into the back of the ambulance last night, his back was a whole bloody mess. He was practically mutilated."

At the mention of this, the gory image of Toby's maimed back from last night flashed in Tyler's mind. He shuddered, and all the color drained from his face.

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While he was explaining, Sonia could visualize the scene, and she pursed her lips reticently.

Unexpectedly, Charles inhaled sharply and exclaimed, "I can't believe the old lady could be so ruthless. Why did she cane Toby anyway?"

Tyler's lips parted like he was about to answer, but he caught himself. Charles was his enemy, after all, and he scoffed as he snapped, "That's none of your business! You have no right to know!"

"You—" Charles choked on whatever insult he had been ready to fire, then quieted down and murmured, "Fine, don't tell me. I don't give a damn either way. Come on, baby, it's getting late. We shouldn't waste time talking to this kid when we have to get going."

"Sorry, Charles, but do you think you could go without me? I'm going to pay Grandma a visit," Sonia said, rubbing her temple tiredly.

Charles frowned. "Visit her? Why would you do that after the Fuller Family—"

"You know she's been kind to me, Charles; I can't just sit by and do nothing now that I know she's hospitalized," Sonia argued seriously, meeting his gaze.

More to the point, she might have caused Rose to collapse last night when she broke the news of her terminated pregnancy, which gave her all the more reason to visit the matriarch of the Fuller Family.

Charles opened and closed his mouth, too stumped to protest. After a few seconds, he sighed in resignation and acceded. "Very well. Go and see the old lady. I'll be waiting for you at the hospital gardens."

Sonia flashed him a smile. "Thanks, Charles."

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"It's nothing. Go on, then," he prompted, tousling her hair affectionately.

She froze at this gesture, and when he withdrew his hand, she brought hers up to the spot where his fingers had tousled her hair.

Before this, she might have overlooked his gesture and deemed it as a platonic one, seeing as he rarely ever tousled her hair, even while they were kids. But now that she knew of his feelings for her, the intimacy of this gesture suddenly weighed differently than it otherwise would have.

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