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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 340

Chapter 340 Carl's Disappearance

Upon closer look, the fitted white sheet was really made out of layers of bandage that covered nearly the entire surface area of Toby's wounded back. It wasn't hard to see how badly hurt he was.

"Come on, Sonia, let's go in!" Tyler urged, placing a hand on the doorknob.

Sonia shook her head vehemently in refusal. "No, let's not. I've already seen him, haven't I? It's time for me to go!"

"But—" Tyler began to argue.

However, he was cut off brusquely when Sonia pressed her lips into a grim line and snapped impatiently, "Tyler, I never wanted to come here in the first place, but you didn't leave me a choice when you dragged me down the hallway. Now that I've seen Toby, what more are you asking of me?"

Tyler flushed. "I'm not asking for more. I just want you to stay with Toby for a bit."

"And why should I? What am I to him?" she retorted witheringly, meeting Tyler's flustered gaze.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something along the lines of 'you're his wife, of course!' before remembering that she and Toby were already divorced.

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As such, he closed his mouth again, feeling stupid as the words died on his tongue.

At the sight of this, Sonia shook her head slightly and turned to head for the elevators. This time, Tyler did not stop her. Perhaps it was because he knew he had no right or power to hold her back.

Sonia stopped in front of an elevator and pressed the button. The elevator arrived not long after, and when the doors opened, a figure clad in a white coat walked out—it was none other than Tim.

He was a little startled to see Sonia on the other side of the doors, and he adjusted his glasses as he asked, “I thought you were discharged. What are you still doing here?”

“I got held back,” Sonia explained nebulously with a mild smile.

Tim peered behind her shoulder and instantly understood what was going on. He narrowed his eyes slightly and inquired, “Your ward isn’t in this direction, so why would you be leaving through the elevators here unless you’ve dropped by to visit Toby?”

While he clearly guessed it right, Sonia did not become flustered but shrugged instead, showing a trace of frustration as she replied, “You caught me. I ran into Tyler on my way out of the hospital, and when I found out Grandma was hospitalized, I decided to visit her. After that, Tyler dragged me all the way here to see Toby.”

“Oh,” Tim said plainly. “And now you’re leaving?”

She nodded. “That’s right. I should go now that I’ve already seen him.”

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Tim broke into a light chuckle. "What do you think of his injuries?"

"What do I think?" She looked at him suspiciously. "Why would you ask this?"

"Nothing, I'm only curious. After all, I heard that his injuries had something to do with you," he explained nonchalantly, adjusting his glasses once more.

She lowered her gaze and said stoically, "The rumors aren't technically wrong, but in all honesty, he brought the injuries upon himself, so I don't know what to think of them."

"Oh, is that so?" An odd glimmer flashed in Tim's eyes as he became interested. "I take it that you know why he was caned in the first place?"

"Sort of, but seeing as it weighs on my personal affairs with the Fuller Family, I'd rather not talk about it with you." Sonia nodded in apology, then added, "Right, I should get going now, Dr. Lancaster. See you."

With that, she brushed past him and into the waiting elevator.

Tim, on the other hand, glanced over his shoulder at the slowly-closing elevator doors. The fluorescent lights above reflected off his glasses, and he waited until the doors fully closed before he turned away. Pushing his glasses up his nose bridge, he let out an amused laugh and said to no one, "How interesting!"

Meanwhile, Charles sat on a nearby bench in the gardens outside the inpatient ward, and he was speaking on his phone when Sonia found him.

She walked up to him, and when he spotted her, he beckoned her over. He spoke into the line for a few seconds more, then hung up. "Are you done?" he asked Sonia, keeping his phone in his pocket.

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Sonia nodded. "Yeah, I am."

"Took you a while," he accused jokingly, then tapped his watch in mock exasperation to show that he had been waiting for much longer than expected.

She flashed him an embarrassed smile. "I guess I lost track of time while I was talking to Grandma. Sorry for waiting, Charles. I'll buy you dinner later if you'd like."

"Nah, there's no need for that. Besides, it's not like you could stomach rich food right now, and I'd hate to be the only one eating anything with flavor. Come on, I'll drop you home," he offered graciously, rising to his feet.

They sauntered over to the hospital parking lot, and a couple of steps in, Charles suddenly remembered something. He turned to look at Sonia and said eagerly, "By the way, baby, guess who I saw earlier."

"Who?" Sonia asked, shaking her head to show that she was not up for guessing games now; she probably would have made all the wrong guesses anyway.

Charles did not try to bait her either. Instead, he narrowed his eyes as he chuckled insidiously. "I saw Tina!"

"What?" Sonia stopped walking. "Tina's here at the hospital, too?"

"No, she's not here as a visitor," he began to explain. "Apparently, she's been staying in the hospital ever since she left the courthouse the other day. I asked the nurses and did some sleuthing; as it turns out, the police took Tina into custody while she was still in recovery, so she came back to follow up on her treatment after she was released. She didn't get discharged until today."

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A frosty look passed over Sonia's face as she mused, "I see."

"Now that I think about it, there's something strange about you, Toby, and Tina," Charles pointed out, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

She gave him an assessing look. "What do you mean?"

"I meant how unlucky the three of you are, of course," he answered jauntily. "Haven't you realized? The three of you have made countless trips to the hospital in these three short months. It was always you, or Toby, or Tina. It's almost like an eenie-meenie-minie-mo thing."

"Well..." Sonia's lips twitched in bemusement, though she couldn't rebuke what he said because it was the truth. "That's enough now. Let's not talk about it anymore and get going," she said decisively, opening the door on the passenger side of the car.

Charles saluted her like he was in the army and quipped, "Yes, ma'am!"

They drove back to Bayside Residence. Charles did not hover, and he left to attend to some company matters after helping Sonia pick up around the apartment.

Sonia, on the other hand, called for take-out, and she was digging into her meal when she gave Carl a call.

However, it was just as Charles had told her that morning: none of her calls could get through, and Carl had as good as gone off the grid.

She wondered idly if he was unavailable because of work, or if he was hiding from her after his confession yesterday. Either way, she was determined to find him and talk him into seeking treatment for his complex.

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With that in mind, she gave up on calling him and clicked into Messenger, then sent him a text which read, 'Carl, give me a call when you see this. There's something important I need to talk to you about. Please.'

She set her phone aside when the text had gone through, and while waiting for his call, she let her mind wander.

Alas, the wait lasted all night, and when she saw that he had yet to call her the following morning, she couldn't help but sigh in disappointment.

I don't even know if he saw my text. She rubbed her eyes, but that did little to wake her up as she groggily made another call to Carl. However, all she got in return was a beep that indicated he had switched his phone off.

Her brows furrowed. "What in the world is going on? What is he up to?" It was hard not to suspect that something had happened to Carl now that he had disappeared for a whole day and night.

With her lips pressed into a grim line, she gave Charles a call instead. He picked up almost instantly, and he greeted around a yawn, "Good morning, baby."

"Morning, Charles." Sonia lifted the covers off her and got out of bed, then walked over to the French windows to draw open the curtains.

As the blinding morning light filtered through the glass and warmed her face, she winced and shut her eyes. After adjusting to the sudden brightness, her eyes fluttered open slowly.

"Why did you call me so early in the morning? Did you miss me, baby?" Charles asked teasingly, chuckling.

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She rolled her eyes. "Now isn't the time to be cheeky. Be serious for a change. I need to ask you something."

"Okay, what is it?" He cleared his throat and became solemn.

When she heard his lighthearted tone turn somber, her expression grew serious as well. "It's about Carl. None of my calls have been getting through since last night; his phone has been switched off, and I'm worried that he might be in trouble."

She was terrified that after the confession yesterday, Carl had been unable to take the hit and had done something drastic. After all, there was no telling what he might be capable of doing on impulse, given his complex.

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