

Read Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again

Chapter 221

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Everyone shifted their gazes toward Tina, and she turned into the center of attention. Her first instinct was to hide behind Toby, but Toby forcefully pressed his hand against her shoulder in order to stop her from shrinking away. “Tina, you need to learn how to own up to the mistakes that you’ve made!”

Tina widened her eyes and glared at him with a look of disbelief on her face. She seemed to be blaming him for forcing her to admit her faults instead of offering help to her. A hateful look flashed in her eyes as she bit her lower lip. Although the look in her eyes only lasted for a split second, Toby froze as he caught her glaring at him. Does Tina hate me just because I didn’t stand on her side?

“It seems like you know about it, President Fuller. I don’t think I have to beat around the bush anymore then.” Brenda took a sip of red wine before she continued, “I was on the second floor earlier, and I saw Miss Gray knocking against Miss Reed’s arm with my very own eyes. Miss Reed didn’t do anything at all— Miss Gray collapsed onto the ground on her own.”

“In other words, Tina faked her own fall and went on to frame our baby for it, huh?” Charles started getting excited as he spoke.

Brenda nodded. “That’s right.” Both Zane and Carl heaved a sigh of relief once they heard Brenda’s words. They were glad that she was on their side. Even Toby relaxed his firmly knitted eyebrows as he watched Sonia giving Brenda a sincere bow. “Thank you for speaking up for me.”

“I’m not doing it entirely for you. I just don’t like watching others pulling such nasty tricks on my turf,” Brenda said with a smile. Tina’s face turned beet red once she heard Brenda’s words.

Even Titus's expression had turned sour, but he continued to grit his teeth and stuck to his guns. "That's not what the girl from the Stone Family saw. She saw Sonia pushing Tina with her own eyes!"

"Oh? Are you sure you saw it happen?" Brenda's casual smile remained on her face as she turned toward Cynthia.

"I... I..." Cynthia appeared rather flustered. She hadn't expected Brenda to be on the second floor. After glancing at Brenda, Cynthia turned back to look at Tina and Titus.

Tina gave Cynthia an encouraging nod. "Say it, Cynthia. Tell them that you saw it."

"That's right, Cynthia. Say it. You should just be honest since you saw it with your own eyes," Titus added to show his support.

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"Are you saying that it's my fault?" Sonia sniggered. "Why don't you explain how I made you dress up in this, then? Could I have gone over to your place just to force you into your dress?"

"You weren't at my house. You were at the clothing store!" Tina clenched her fists as she spoke.

The smile on Sonia's face grew wider. "Oh? Are you talking about the store where you got this outfit? I don't remember making you dress up this way at the store."

"You and Rebecca were the ones who said that this dress went well with the fur shawl and this purse. That was why I—" Before Tina could finish speaking, Sonia clutched her stomach and burst into laughter. "Pfft!" Charles, Zane,

and Carl laughed along with her. Even Brenda shook her head with a mocking grin on her face.

Toby, Titus, and Cynthia were the only ones who didn't have smiles on their faces. Weariness spread across Toby's face as he massaged the space between his brows. Cynthia held her head low the whole time, and Titus looked as if he was ready to disappear into a hole in the ground. How could I have a daughter as idiotic as her?! he thought.

"What are you guys laughing about?!" Tina dug her nails into her palms as she glared fiercely and Sonia and the rest.

Charles had to massage his cheeks as they were sore from laughing. "It's nothing. We're just laughing because we haven't met someone as dumb as you. You picked this outfit just because my darling said that those pieces went well together. Are you brainless or something?" he asked.

"We wouldn't get to see her in this outfit if she had a brain, right?" Carl's voice was gentle, but his gaze was icy-cold.

"You guys... You..." Tina's entire body was trembling madly. Toby placed a hand over her shoulder and tightened his grip around her. "That's enough, Tina. Stop causing trouble."

"Toby... They've gone overboard with their words, and you still think that I'm the one causing trouble. Why aren't you on my side at all?" Tina widened her eyes as she looked at him resentfully. Titus wasn't pleased with Toby's actions either.

Toby pressed his lips together and was about to say something when Sonia spoke up. Checking her nails, she said, "Look, Miss Gray, I did tell Rebecca about how the dress, the fur shawl, and the purse made from alligator skin looked good together while we were at the store. However, I never suggested you wear it. We're enemies-why would I give you any suggestions? I hadn't

expected you to eavesdrop on our conversation, and I hadn't expected you to wear the same exact outfit to this event."

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Toby's lips twitched a little. He intended to say that he had fallen for Tina because of the lovely traits that he had seen through her letters to him. However, he couldn't seem to bring himself to utter the words even though they were at the tip of his tongue. Does Tina really have good traits? Her alter ego doesn't have it, obviously. But it seems like I can't find any good traits even in her original person. All I can think of are the negative things like her pettiness and stinginess. The Tina I know today is nothing like the lively, kind, and perfect Tina I met through the letters. I sometimes feel like I can no longer love her. However, I swore even before I met Tina in person that I would make sure she would be happy for the rest of her life. So, I will not give up on her even if I feel like I can't love her anymore. Unless. Tina wasn't the one who wrote to me at all. Could that be possible?

A self-deprecating look flashed across Toby's eyes for a brief moment, and he took a glass of red wine from the waiter's tray before he replied to Brenda, "I love her because I love her. There's no need for a reason."

"I apologize for being so blunt, but an outstanding man like you shouldn't fall for someone like Miss Gray. Furthermore, I'm sure you're able to see what sort of person she is, President Fuller." Brenda moved her wine glass in circles as she smiled at Toby.

Toby sucked his lips inward. "I do. But I've made a promise to Tina."

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"You sure place a lot of weight on your promises, President Fuller. However, I still hope that you can leave Miss Gray as she's not a good fit for you. She

doesn't match up to your standards, and she's nothing in comparison to your ex-wife. More importantly, she might end up causing even bigger troubles someday. I think you should really consider my words, President Fuller.” Brenda left after finishing her sentence.

Brenda only bothered to speak up because of her gratitude toward Rose. When Brenda was younger and had been bullied by her grandmother, it was Rose who had stepped forth to help her. That was why Brenda wanted to return the favor by giving Toby some advice. However, whether or not Toby listened to her words was completely up to him.

Toby's gaze darkened as he watched Brenda walking off. He looked as if he was contemplating something. A while later, he finished his red wine and pulled his phone out to send Sonia a text. 'I'm sorry about tonight.'

Sonia was in the car, and she had been talking to Charles and Carl when her phone rang. She pulled it out and took a glance before frowning. Carl, who was driving, noticed the annoyance on her face through the rearview mirror. “Who is it, Sonia?”

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Titus nearly choked. He was aware of how problematic his words sounded, but he was the elder one in the conversation, so Toby shouldn't have blatantly called him out even though what he said was wrong. Does Toby still want to be with Tina or not? Titus let out a displeased grunt. “Tina has made a ton of mistakes in the past, Toby. You've always been on her side even when she did other things to Sonia, and you were always the one to clean up the mess for Tina. Don't you think it's a little too late to say that helping Tina is indirectly harming her now? That just means you've been harming her all along!”

Toby's pupils shrunk as he tightened his grip around his phone. He didn't respond immediately. Titus is right. Although everything that occurred to Sonia previously was the doing of Tina's alter ego, I had still minimized the alter ego's harm toward Sonia by comforting Tina's original personality when she cried. Now, Tina's alter ego is getting increasingly nasty, while Sonia is caught in a situation where she is the main target. I didn't just hurt Tina, but I've also brought harm upon Sonia.

"You're right, Titus. Perhaps I should change how soft-hearted I've been toward Tina. Otherwise

– " Before Toby could finish his sentence, a blaring horn sounded in front of him. Immediately after that, a blinding pair of high beams struck against his windshield. The white light disrupted his vision, and Toby couldn't see anything in front of him. He knitted his brows as his expression turned grim. Then, he hastily calmed himself down and threw his phone aside to wind his window down to check the roads through his rearview mirror. He wanted to rely on his rearview mirror to find a spot by the side of the road where he could stop his car.

However, before he could turn the steering wheel, the car that had been shining its high beams in Toby's direction crashed directly into his car. Bang! A loud crash sounded as Toby's car shook wildly. His entire figure was thrown forward, and his forehead was split open as he slammed against the wheel. Red liquid covered his face instantly, and he lost consciousness soon after that.

On the other end of the line, Titus threw his phone aside angrily. "I can't believe Toby ended my call! Does he even respect me at all?" His face was sour.

"All right, all right. Is there a need to be so angry?" Julia poured him a cup of tea.

Titus took the drink and finished it before slamming the cup onto the table. “I’m his future father-in-law, and he ended my call without even a simple goodbye. How am I supposed to be okay with that? Other sons-in-law usually stick up to their wives’ fathers, and they’d be terrified to offend their in-laws in any way. But what about him? He always shows that attitude of his when he’s with us; he barely smiles at all! Have you ever seen a son-in-law like him?!”

Julia stroked Titus’s chest to calm him down. “Toby has a relatively calm and distant personality. I’m sure you know that by now.”

“His personality doesn’t give him an excuse to be rude and end my call!” Titus brushed Julia’s hand away and pulled his pants up as he sat down on the couch. “His attitude toward me makes me wonder if he truly loves Tina sometimes.”

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Jean was no match against Sonia, who had a weapon in her hands. The visitor was soon wailing and crying as she tried her best to dodge Sonia’s attacks. Sonia didn’t show any sympathy for Jean’s cries. Instead, she began to smack Jean even harder than before. It seemed as if Sonia wanted to release all of the resentment that she felt from the suffering that Jean had caused her in the past six years.

Sonia wore a cold smirk on her face as she struck Jean. “What’s the big deal about me hitting you? Are there any rules that say that I can’t do that? Do you think you’re still my mother-in-law? You’re nothing to me right now. You’re just a crazy woman that I’d like to beat up.”

“You... You...” Jean was shaking with anger. The moment she stayed still, Sonia struck Jean with her feather duster again, and Jean jumped behind because of the pain she felt.

In the end, Jean was too frightened to continue the fight; she simply cried and begged for Sonia to stop. Sonia was rather exhausted from the beating too, but she felt relatively satisfied when she saw how much of a mess Jean was in. Sonia knew her limits—she knew that she couldn't hit Jean for much longer. Thus, Sonia stopped in the end before she leaned against the shoe rack to catch her breath.

Jean was shocked. I didn't know that Sonia is such an aggressive person. She even dares to hit me now! Jean was starting to regret her decision to confront Sonia. At that moment, the elevator doors opened with a ding'. Tyler walked out, and his eyes lit up when he saw Sonia and Jean standing at the front door. "Sonia! Mom!" he called excitedly. Sonia glanced at him indifferently; she couldn't even be bothered to greet him.

On the other hand, Jean was extremely displeased by his actions. He's my son, and he chose to greet Sonia before greeting me. I can't believe he greeted that b*tch first! I'm so annoyed.

"Mom, didn't I tell you not to come over? You—" Tyler was halfway through his sentence when he finally realized that there was something odd about Jean. "What happened to your face, Mom? Why is it swollen?" he asked in surprise.

Jean's expression was twisted with anger as she answered his question. "She hit me, of course. She didn't just hit my face; she even used a feather duster against me. Look at all the injuries on me!" She rolled her sleeves up to show the marks on her arms. The red streaks were a shocking sight to the eyes.

A look of disbelief appeared on Tyler's face as he turned to glare at the woman who was resting her body against the shoe rack. "Did you really... hit my mother?" he asked with his eyes widened.

"What do you mean by 'really hit' me? She hit me! That's the only answer you need!" Jean spoke up in a displeased tone before Sonia could reply at all.

Meanwhile, Tyler ignored Jean's voice as he continued to fix his eyes on Sonia. "Why did you hit my mom, Sonia?"

Sonia played with her nails for a while before she responded in an icy tone. "Why? Is there a rule

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"Why would I ask Toby to come over to my place, then?" Sonia swung the feather duster around while she questioned Jean in a calm voice.

Jean stuck her hands on her waist. "Why else? You're obviously still hung up on Toby."

Her words thoroughly amused Sonia. "If that's the case, and he comes over because I want him to, that just shows that he isn't over me either, right?" Sonia asked.

"What a load of nonsense! Do you think he isn't over you? Stop dreaming! He never loved you to begin with." Jean held her head up arrogantly, her nostrils pointing toward Sonia's face as she spoke.

Sonia shifted her gaze away annoyedly. "If that's true, then do you think I could have convinced him to come over?"

"Well..." Jean cleared her throat as she fell silent. Soon enough, she stuck her chest out and replied in a firm voice once more. "You used some sneaky tricks to get Toby to come over, didn't you?"

"Hah. You're not even making sense." Sonia narrowed her eyes to form a threatening glare. "Listen up, Jean. If you continue talking nonsense, I'll actually shove my toilet plunger against your mouth."

"H-How dare you!" Jean widened her eyes.

“You think I’d be afraid to do it?” Sonia scoffed. She swung her feather duster around, and Jean instinctively took a step backward. However, her movements had been too rushed, and her left heel accidentally stepped on her own right toes, so she lost her balance and fell on her bottom. Her facial features were squeezed together in agony as she let out wails and cries on the ground.

“Mom!” Tyler, who had been silent earlier, rushed over to help his mother up. Jean massaged her own bottom as she got to her feet.

“You deserve it!” Sonia uttered bluntly.

“You—” Jean started.

“What? You came here just to accuse me of causing Toby’s car accident. I’m already being nice to you right now.” Sonia shot the other woman a cold glare. “I want you to leave now, or else I’ll cause even more trouble for you!”

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Tina felt her heart sinking—she had no idea why Rose would pose her such a question. “Y-Yeah...” She forced a smile.

A thoughtful smile surfaced on Rose’s lips. “That’s odd. Toby told me that the both of you used to be pen-pals and that the both of you knew each other’s preferences and interests. Yet, you’re telling me that you don’t know what Toby’s favorite flower is. Are you sure you’re his pen-pal?”

Tina’s pupils shrank as she immediately lowered her gaze to conceal the panic and uneasiness in her eyes. “Of course. However, the six-year period I spent being in a coma really affected many parts of my memory—Toby knows about this as well.” She tried her best to remain calm and firm as she spoke. In some ways, Tina had tied the situation back to Toby, as if to show Rose that Toby

wasn't bothered by her memory loss. In that case, Rose wouldn't be able to hang on to this matter even if she still suspected Tina.

"Is that so?" Rose raised her head a little. It wasn't clear if she trusted Tina's words. At that moment, someone threw the door open with great force. Jean stormed in while cursing, and Rose's expression darkened instantly. "What's with all the fuss? Don't you know this is a hospital?" Rose barked.

When Jean realized that Rose was in the room, all hints of hatred and anger disappeared from her face as she put on a smile. "I just forgot about it for a moment, Mom."

"Hmph. You've been in the Fuller Family for tens of years now, yet you're still as loud and rough as ever. You haven't improved at all," Rose uttered angrily. Although Jean wasn't pleased to hear this, she didn't have the guts to go against Rose.

"Madam White," Tina greeted with a smile.

"Ah, you're here too, Tina." Jean looked more pleased when she saw Tina around.

"Yeah. Toby got into such a huge accident—of course I have to pay him a visit. I'm his fiancée, after all. My parents would've dropped by if they hadn't been too occupied with work," Tina said with a faint smile as she ran her fingers through her hair.

Jean walked over and sat down next to Tina before she patted the younger woman's hand gently. "You're a good girl. Toby's lucky to have you around," Jean uttered. She was thoroughly satisfied with Tina.

"Madam White..." Tina's cheeks were flushed as she lowered her head bashfully.

Rose sniggered when she saw this. "Luck? I don't think so. I just pray that she doesn't ruin the whole Fuller Family with her presence."

Upon hearing this comment, Tina's expression stiffened. She could no longer put on a bashful look—her gaze was filled with hatred instead. This old hag just loves to pick on me, huh. Even Jean seemed rather displeased. “Tina's the fiancée Toby chose for himself, Mom. I don't think it's nice of you to say that.”

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“No, it's someone else. For some reason, there have been a lot of controversial news articles popping up online today,” Carl replied.

Sonia was rather taken aback by this. “What sort of controversies?”

“Mr. Colehart of Hart Beauty Group was found to have a secret lover and child outside of his marriage, Mr. Ellen of Nexus Technologies was revealed to have evaded his taxes, Mr. Reinard of Commute Company was caught being a perpetrator of violence to his wife and children... The list goes on. There were about thirty different CEOs from different companies who had their dirty secrets leaked online, and the whole internet is a mess right now.” Carl's coffee cup was already by the edge of his lips as he spoke.

Sonia widened her eyes in surprise. “Could they have offended some big shot? Is that why someone is making a fool out of them? But I don't think it's possible for so many different CEOs to have offended the same person.”

“Who knows? Perhaps someone just did it because they were annoyed with all the CEOs' bad behaviors.” Carl chuckled.

Sonia nodded. “You're right. Fortunately, Asher isn't involved in any controversies; we'd see his name online otherwise. I don't care if he loses his reputation, but I don't want it to impact Paradigm Co.'s name.”

“Don’t worry. That will never happen to Paradigm Co.,” Carl uttered as he toyed with his coffee cup. She chuckled at his words. “We can never be too sure about such matters, even if-” Her phone rang before she could finish her sentence. She flashed Carl an apologetic smile before she glanced at her phone. It was a local number that she hadn’t saved in her contacts.

“Hello, who’s this?” Sonia swiped the green ‘answer slider on the screen before placing the phone by her ear.

The person on the other line was silent for two seconds before he responded. “Didn’t you save my number?”

Sonia blinked a few times. “Is that you, Tim?”

“It is!” Tim replied.

“Who is it, Sonia?” Carl tried to look at her phone, but Sonia gave him a look, telling him that they would talk later. She then shifted her focus back to the person on the call. “What is it?” she asked.

“Tina just contacted me. I’m sure it has something to do with you.” Tim gripped onto his phone by pressing his shoulder toward his ear while he used both his hands to deal with the animal carcasses on his surgical table.

“Why would you say that?” Sonia narrowed her eyes.

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“I’m being serious. I have two bodyguards who’re retired mercenaries, and they both took the lives of others. The aura I sensed from Rebecca felt the same as those two men’s aura. More importantly, I felt some calluses on her purlicue while I was shaking her hand-only people who spend a lot of time holding guns would have such calluses,” Carl explained in a stern tone.

“Gosh, I guess Rebecca isn’t as simple of a woman as I thought she was!”
Sonia gasped.

“That’s why you should stay away from her, Sonia.” Carl repeatedly gave her the same reminder. However, Sonia shook her head in response to his words. “No, I shouldn’t stay away from Rebecca when she helped me in the past—that would make me an ungrateful person. Furthermore, I trust that she’d never hurt me.” Not everyone who has killed someone is a bad person, anyway. All the noble soldiers who protect our land have blood on their hands, but we consider them good people anyway.

Carl gave up when he saw how stubborn Sonia was. “Okay. But I hope you’re a little more alert with Rebecca, Sonia. You shouldn’t put all your trust in her,” he muttered with a sigh. Sonia smiled and nodded as she understood that Carl was doing it for her own good. “Okay. I got it.”

They arrived at their destination a while after they ended their conversation. Carl parked the car and got out with Sonia. The workers then led the two of them to the private cubicle—Tim was waiting for them there. He was standing in front of the window, toying with a tiny scalpel in his hand. He slowly turned around when he heard a noise coming from behind him.

“Did you only bring one guy?” Tim took one glance at Carl before he shifted all of his focus toward Sonia.

“Of course not. The rest of the men are hiding around near the area,” she replied calmly. While they were on the way over, she had contacted a security company and spent 10,000 just to hire ten security guards. All ten of the men should’ve arrived at the hotel—Sonia could sense that she was being watched the moment she arrived at the building.

“Didn’t you ask me over to tell me how Tina’s going to attack me next? Where’s Tina now?” Sonia glanced left and right as she questioned Tim.

He pulled a chair out and gestured for her to sit down. “Tina isn’t here yet, and she will not enter this room. This room is where you’ll wait around to listen to her—I’ll have the conversation with her in the room next door. I’ve already installed hidden mics in the room next door.” He pointed a finger toward the electronic devices that were set up on the table.

“Is that so?” Sonia muttered as she placed her bag down and sat on the chair. Carl hastily sat down beside her.

All of a sudden, Tim’s phone began to ring. He took a glance at the screen, and the light reflected against his glasses for a moment before he stuck the phone into his pocket. “She’s here. I’ll go over right now.”

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Could this person have done more than just snatching my bag? Could he have attempted to murder me while I wasn’t aware of it? Sonia wondered.

Tim had a degree in psychology, and he was naturally able to guess what was going on in Sonia’s mind through observing her expression and her eyes. He had intended to keep some matters a secret, but she was too smart—she got it right before he told her anything.

“Tina got me to kill you in surgery when you last came to the hospital for an abortion. She wanted me to make it seem like an accident had occurred during surgery. However, I didn’t do anything after I saw the red mole on your wrist.” Tim appeared rather reluctant to look Sonia in the eye as he spoke.

“You b*stard!” Carl’s eyes were bloodshot as he reached forward to grab Tim by the collar of his shirt. Tim didn’t try to defend himself as Carl moved closer to strike him—he was willing to do anything to ensure that Sonia wouldn’t get angry at him. He couldn’t have his angel hate him.

“Carl!” Sonia held onto Carl’s arm. “Let go of him.”

“He wanted to kill you, Sonia!” Carl didn’t listen to her orders.

“I said, let go of him,” she repeated in a firmer voice. Carl took one look at her eyes and knew that she wouldn’t change her mind. After a few seconds of silence, Carl finally let go of Tim.

Sonia turned to glance at Tim, who was frowning as he tried to straighten his collar. “Would you have let me die in surgery if you hadn’t seen the red mole on my wrist?” She knew that her question was pointless, but she wanted to hear his answer anyway.

Tim’s lips twitched a little, and he couldn’t meet her eyes when he finally spat out a one-worded answer. “... Yeah!”

“Hah...” Sonia let out a sneer before she walked past Tim and headed toward the elevator. Although she hadn’t taken a particular liking to Tim, she had saved him in the past. She felt horrible when she found out that a life that she had saved actually paid her back by attempting to murder her. Sure, he didn’t know that I was the one who saved him back then, but I’m still hurt by this incident.

“Wait for me, Sonia.” Carl shot Tim a cold glare before he went chasing after Sonia. Tim didn’t attempt to stop Sonia from leaving. Being a Doctor of Psychology, he understood that she had just experienced a significant shock and would need time to digest it.

It’s all Tina’s fault. If Tina hadn’t taken my angel’s place, I would’ve never made my angel sad. Just you wait, Tina! I’m going to torture you properly, and I’m going to turn you into the perfect model in my basement! Tim’s eyes twinkled with greediness as he thought about it.

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“President Fuller!” Tom shouted in panic and lunged forward to pull Tina away before pushing down the emergency button above the headboard of the bed.

At first, Tina was angry at Tom, but she realized what he did when she heard the alarm blaring through the room. “What’s wrong with Toby?” she asked anxiously.

Before Toby passed out from the pain, Tom laid him down on the bed and turned to face her angrily. “Miss Gray, aren’t you aware that President Fuller is injured? You just opened up his wounds again by throwing yourself so hard at him!” he yelled, pointing at Toby’s chest where there was a bloody patch on his hospital robes.

Skeptically, he wondered, Does she really love President Fuller? If she really does, she should be more careful knowing that he’s injured lest his injuries get worse. But the way she’s acting so recklessly looks like she doesn’t care one bit about his injuries.

Flustered, Tina uttered, “I-I didn’t do it on purpose...” On her part, she hugged Toby so tightly because she was excited to see that he had awakened, and she hadn’t thought of the consequences of her actions at all.

Just then, Rose came into the room with Jean and Mary by her sides. “What happened?! Why did the emergency alarm go off?” Rose asked anxiously.

Tom was wiping off the sweat on Toby’s forehead when they entered, and he quickly replied, “President Fuller’s wounds opened up.”

“Goodness, he’s bleeding!” Jean gasped in shock.

Worried, Rose said, “Toby was still fine a minute ago, Tom. How did his wounds open up?”

A guilty look flashed in Tina's eyes, and she quickly cast Tom a look, hoping that he wouldn't rat out on her. However, he simply pretended he hadn't seen it and placed down the towel in his hands. "It was Miss Gray who bumped into him so hard that the wounds opened up."

"What?!" Rose exclaimed, her face trembling with anger. Throwing an icy glare at Tina, she added, "Great! I knew it had to be you!"

"I didn't do it on purpose," Tina whispered. Biting her lower lip, she silently cursed Tom hatefully in her heart. He's just a flunkey Toby is keeping by his side. How dare he disobey me! Just you wait and see! You'll be the first person I dismiss once I'm married to Toby!

Rose snorted. "You didn't do it on purpose? I think that's exactly your plan! Ever since Toby started dating you, his reputation has been going downhill and our family paid a hefty price for you. Just because Toby covered up for you doesn't mean I don't know anything. The way I see it, you're just a jinx sent here to bring calamity to our family!" she hollered as she pointed a finger at Tina, blood rushing to her eyes and face.

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Nodding, Rose answered, "Yeah. How you used to be was a different person than how you are now. You were much more friendly and gentle, even. But ever since what happened to you six years ago... you've become a changed person. If it wasn't for the birthmark on you, I would've thought that it was someone else in your place."

Toby's pupils shrunk. From Grandma's description, it seems like I have two completely different personalities before and after what happened six years ago. But I don't remember how I used to be at all. Is this normal? he asked himself, holding his palm against his forehead as his head started to throb again. Once more, the weird images popped up in his mind, flashing past in

his head like a merry-go-round, and he was unable to make any sense out of it.

“What’s wrong, Toby?” Rose asked in concern when she saw how distressed he seemed.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, he answered, “I’m fine, Grandma. Tell me more about how I used to be.”

“Sure,” she agreed gladly. “Your old self was more chatty and was polite to everyone. However, ever since you told me that you started dating Tina, your pen-pal, I realized that she’s the only one in your eyes and heart, and you can no longer see anyone else. All you do is revolve around her like a puppet.”

“No, that’s impossible,” he muttered, holding his fists tightly. How is it possible that I became a puppet? he refuted the idea instinctively. Despite that, when he recalled how he would spoil and protect Tina without any bottom line, he suddenly lost all words to say.

He was aware that she had made many mistakes, but he never thought of lecturing or punishing her. Instead, he would help clean up her mess, no questions asked. Because he saw her crying, he became softhearted and did what he shouldn’t. What was he if not a puppet?

Even though this wasn’t how he was supposed to be, the memories in his mind told him that he had already turned into such a person.

Seeing how he was now sinking into a deep sense of self-doubt, Rose sighed. “Alright, let’s not talk about this. It’s not helpful to you right now. Let’s talk about something else. Why did you have an accident close to Sonia’s place? Were you looking for her?” she asked, stroking his forehead.

Toby’s eyes flickered, but he didn’t answer.

Sulking, she said, “Forget it if you don’t want to tell me. I’m going home now. Sonia had advised me to rest well even when I’m worried about you.”

“She knows that I was in an accident?” he blurted out immediately, looking a little worked up.

“Yeah,” she answered with a nod. “How could she possibly not know when the news of your accident made the headlines?”

Lowering his gaze to hide the emotions in his eyes, he uttered, “Then, did she...”

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Sitting upright, Sonia asked, “You found one?”

“Yes.” Zane nodded.

Sonia bit her lower lip. “Where did you find her?”

“In a village from a family where they have little regard for her. She’s been abused since young and didn’t receive much education, either,” he replied.

With a frown, she asked, “She doesn’t really meet the requirement, no?”
How can she be our mole if she’s uneducated?

As though reading her mind, Zane chuckled. “No, no, not at all. On the contrary, she checks all the boxes. Her eyes look exactly the same as Mrs. Gray, and more importantly, she’s more likely to gain their affection because she was abused since young and hadn’t been educated.”

Instantly, Sonia’s eyes sparkled, and she understood what he meant. “In other words, you’re trying to make use of the Grays’ guilt toward their long-lost daughter?”

“That’s right. The more horrible Rina Gray used to live, the more likely it is for the Grays to treat her better. That way, the Rina Gray we are planting will have easier access to the interior workings of the Grays and will be able to retrieve the information we need,” he explained, flopping himself comfortably into his bed.

Twirling the pen between her fingers, she answered, “I got it now. So, when are you planning to let her meet them?”

“In a few more days, I think. I have to prep this fake Rina in the next few days so that she wouldn’t give us away. Also, I’ll need your help to get a DNA sample from the Grays so that I can make the arrangements secretly in major hospitals. Then, this fake Rina will turn out to be their daughter no matter where the Grays do the paternity test.”

With a smirk on her face, she promised, “I’ll think of a way to get it.”

“Okay.” Zane stretched and added, “I believe you can do it.”

After hanging up the call, Sonia placed down her cell phone, and her eyes glowed with joy. Looks like I have to find a way to meet Tina and get a sample of her hair. As for her parents... Well, I won’t even try.

First of all, there was no excuse she could use to meet Titus and his wife, and even if she could meet them, she had no way to get their hair sample unless she went ahead and pulled it out of their scalps directly. But it was different with Tina because she could actually pull her hair out with a reason.

With that thought in mind, she called Daphne into her office.