

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 361

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"That's true, but mine is real evidence. Firstly, the adoption letter was issued by the police and orphanage, and their official seals are included. It can't be faked. Otherwise, it would be a violation of the law. I can't be that stupid to break the law, can I?" Titus uttered coldly while looking at the reporters.

The reporters and the live audience were speechless. After all, it was true.

If they were fake, Titus wouldn't have dared to tell the public about the police and orphanage's official seals. (Get daily updates on [novelheart.com](#)) He would be digging his own grave if the police and orphanage denied it.

Perhaps it was really true that Tina wasn't his daughter.

Right after, he added, "Secondly, I can obtain approval from the police to do a live DNA test with Tina's blood."

It seemed that she was indeed not his biological daughter since he dared to do a paternity test.

Quickly, the reporters replied, "There's no need for that. We trust you."

Meanwhile, at the detention center, Tina's mind went blank as she watched Titus present the adoption letter and offer to do a DNA test.

At that moment, she couldn't deceive herself and say that she was Titus and Julia's biological daughter anymore.

"Aargh!" She broke down and yelled so loudly that it startled the police officer outside. "What's wrong?" they opened the door hurriedly and asked.

Ignoring their concern, she glared at the television in front with her face twisting into an ugly grimace.

Why? Why am I not their biological daughter? Even so, why did he have to destroy my dignity and everything that I had by telling it to the whole world? (Get daily updates on [novelheart.com](#)) I will not have this!

Trembling, she cried and laughed like a madwoman.

As soon as the police officer glanced at the television, he knew why she acted that way. After giving her a sympathetic look, he closed the door and left.

At the press conference, the reporters stared at Titus with pity.

It was such a shame that his adopted daughter put him and Triforce Enterprise in such trouble.

Those initially dissatisfied with his decision to cut ties with Tina were no longer disgruntled, while some were overwhelmed with lament.

If she had been her real daughter, he would've been criticized for being heartless and affectionless for cutting her off at a time like this.

However, things were different now that it had been proven that she wasn't his biological daughter.

The Grays had done their best to raise their adopted daughter by providing her with a luxurious lifestyle. Besides, they never gave up on her when she broke the law the first time. They only gave up on her on her second offense.

Hence, everyone could empathize with Titus' decision to cut her off this time.

After all, as an adopted child, she should be grateful that the Grays did not ask her to pay back everything she enjoyed and had only cut ties with her after she caused such turmoil to the family that had raised her.

Similarly, the big boys in the corporate world watching this press conference had initially thought that Titus was cruel and untrustworthy for cutting ties with Tina.

Yet, they had changed their minds now as raising an abandoned child from the orphanage was enough to prove that he was a noble man. Hence, they decided not to withdraw from their partnerships with the Triforce Enterprise.

In the hospital, Tom looked at Toby. "Turns out Titus' trump card was to reveal Tina's identity and throw her to the wolves so that the Grays and Triforce Enterprise could get out of this mess. I have to say, this old fox sure is good."

"How remarkable of him to make use of her remaining value. However, the Grays and Tina would be complete enemies now. With her twisted mind, I'm pretty sure she won't let them off after being released," Toby sneered.

"Yeah." Tom nodded in agreement. "But Titus is so cunning, so I'm sure he's thought of it. Maybe he'll see to it that she doesn't get released."

Upon hearing this, Toby tapped his fingers on the edge of the bed. "If so, isn't it a good thing?"

"That's true." Tom smiled.

As they thought of that, so did Sonia.

Her thoughts were like Toby's; she'd love to see how Titus would make sure that Tina would never get released if he was afraid that she might seek revenge.

With that, I'd have one less opponent to deal with. I'd only have to deal with the Grays, she narrowed her eyes and thought.

At the press conference, the reporters continued to bombard Titus with questions.

"President Gray, may I know why did you and Mrs. Gray adopt Miss Gray?"

"Did you know about my eldest daughter's return some time ago?" Titus questioned.

Hearing this, everyone nodded.

Of course they knew. It caused quite an uproar then. After all, everyone thought that the Grays only had one daughter—Tina. Nobody expected the Grays to announce the return of their eldest daughter and declare that she was his and Julia's biological daughter.

At that time, everybody was curious why he had to hide her, since she was his biological daughter, and make it publicly known right now.

Are we going to get some answers now? Everyone stared at him with burning curiosity in their eyes.

Then, he opened his mouth and said, "My eldest daughter, Rina, was kidnapped and thrown into a river 26 years ago. Right then, my wife and I thought that she had died, and it put my wife in a state of agony. (Get daily updates on novelheart.com) Hence, I adopted Tina from the orphanage to console her. It was only recently that we found out that Rina didn't die, so we got back in touch."

"So that's what happened." Everyone came to a sudden realization.

After that, a reporter quizzed, "Who kidnapped your eldest daughter and threw her into the river?"

It was also a question that other reporters and the audience wanted to know.

Essentially, they were most interested in the gossip of the wealthy—especially ones that involved crime.

At the hospital, Tom furrowed his brows. "He's talking about Miss Reed's father, isn't he?"

"That's right." Toby nodded.

“Will he disclose it? If so, Miss Reed might face another round of cyberbullying.” Tom gazed at Toby worriedly.

After all, her father kidnapped someone else’s daughter and killed her by dumping her into a river. Such evil doing would definitely spark anger among the netizens.

All the netizens’ anger would be directed to Sonia since Henry had passed away, because to them, it was only right for a daughter to pay for her father’s wrongdoings.

If this happened, she would be cyberbullied far worse than before.

Toby clenched his fists and stared at the television gloomily at the thought of this. “He won’t tell. He doesn’t have the guts.”

Tom was puzzled. “Why would you say so?”

“If he did, the police would definitely investigate what happened then. Things he did to build Triforce Enterprise, such as scheming to steal Paradigm Co.’s latest research and forcing a researcher to his death, would be brought to the surface again. It would put him at a disadvantage. To outsiders, Rina’s fine now, but the researcher is already dead.” The corner of his mouth curved into a sarcastic smile.

“I see.” Tom nodded.

As expected, it was just as Toby had said. Other than expressing great hatred for the kidnapper, he had no intention of answering the question truthfully.

“Forget it. It’s been more than 20 years. Let’s not mention it. The person who kidnapped Rina’s dead anyway,” Titus hinted.

“He’s dead?!” The reporters were shocked.

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Titus nodded his head. “Yes, he’s dead, but I’ll never forget this. Though he’s dead, his daughter is still alive. It’s only right for her to pay for her father’s wrongdoings. I’m sure she’ll receive her karma!”

Hearing this, Sonia clenched her fists and remarked coldly, “Oh? I’d love to see who will receive their karma—me or you.”

Indeed, Dad shouldn't have kidnapped Rina and thrown her into the river. However, it was Titus who caused it. Dad wouldn't have done it if Titus hadn't stolen our research and development technology and forced the researcher to his death. Besides, Dad didn't kill Rina. The actual Rina's well alive somewhere else. Titus is so shameless to put all the blame on Dad right now! (Get daily updates on novelheart.com)

However, Sonia sighed in relief as Titus did not mention that Henry was the one who kidnapped Rina. Otherwise, she couldn't imagine what she would have to face next.

She was afraid that Titus would reveal it when he mentioned that it happened 26 years ago.

Now, she had nothing to worry about.

At the press conference, the reporters seemed dissatisfied with Titus's answer. After all, it was maddening that he aroused their curiosity yet refused to clear things up.

Hence, they continued to ask, "How did the murderer die? Why did he kidnap your eldest daughter 26 years ago? Was there a specific reason?"

Frowning, he answered coldly, "This matter saddens me greatly, so I'm not going to answer those questions. Besides, I'm really tired right now, (Get daily updates on novelheart.com) and I've said what I needed to, so let's end the press conference here. One more thing—now that we've cut ties with Tina, she's no longer part of the Grays, so I hope you won't vent your disgruntlement toward my family and Triforce Enterprise. Thank you."

As soon as he finished speaking, he put down the microphone and bowed sincerely at the camera.

Right after, the comments started coming on the live stream.

'Of course. Tina is Tina and the Grays are the Grays. I won't criticize the Grays and Triforce Enterprise anymore. Don't worry.'

'That's right. Now, we know that she's nothing but an ungrateful brat. She's rotten because of her biological parents' poor genetics. I can't believe she hurt you like this after you raised her so well. I can't express how much I sympathize with you. Why would I ever go against you and Triforce Enterprise?'

'I agree.'

'Me too.'

Seeing these comments, Tina nearly had a rage blackout. (Get daily updates on novelheart.com)

Meanwhile, Sonia and Toby were laughing sarcastically. What a genius way to whitewash himself.

At the press conference, Titus could already guess what the situation was like though he couldn't see the comments. At that moment, his eyes glinted with victory, and he straightened his back as he let the company's bodyguards escort the reporters out.

Soon, the conference room became quiet, and only Titus was left.

After turning off the live stream, he finally relaxed as he sat on the chair at the corner of the room.

When he visited Tina yesterday, he discovered what she had done and found out that she did not commit her crime during her probation period but before. Now that it had been exposed with substantial supporting evidence, he was sure that she would have to go to jail this time.

Once her sentence was passed and announced to the media, Triforce Enterprise and the Grays would have to face a lethal blow. Hence, he had to discuss with Julia about cutting ties with Tina when things weren't too serious yet.

Of course, Julia objected to this idea and scolded him for being too cruel.

How am I cruel? I've raised Tina for more than 20 years, so it's impossible to have no feelings, but I can only choose to abandon her for the sake of the Grays and Triforce Enterprise. Too bad she's not my biological daughter; things would've been different if she was. Anyway, I've treated her quite fairly by raising her for more than 20 years. Asking her to pay back now isn't too much to ask!

"President Gray." Keiran came in through the door and spoke hesitantly.

"What's the matter? Speak!" Titus furrowed his brows.

"Erm... Director Walker wants you to attend the Board of Directors' meeting," Keiran replied carefully.

Immediately, Titus' face changed. "What? He's holding a Board of Directors' meeting?"

"Yes." Keiran nodded. "He said you must attend."

Trembling with anger, he glared at Keiran. "I've already held a press conference. The world now knows Tina's real identity and what she has done. Hence, they would no longer take out their anger on Triforce Enterprise, and the company will recover very soon. So why do they still want me to attend the Board of Directors' meeting? Are they trying to steal my position?"

"Um..." Keiran lowered his head, afraid to look at Titus. "Director Walker said they no longer trust you even so. Even with Young Miss Gray gone, there's still

Elder Miss Gray. Coming from the countryside, she's inherently crude, but if you groom her, she'll become a second Young Miss Gray and bring trouble to Triforce enterprise."

"What? I can't believe they said that. They... They..." Titus was so overwhelmed with anger that he couldn't breathe. All of a sudden, his eyes rolled back, and he fell on the table with a loud thud.

Startled, Keiran hurriedly asked for help and called an ambulance to send him to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Sonia was unaware of all of this. She dressed Douglas up and brought him downstairs to have breakfast at a café nearby. Later, she drove to the hospital to return the Ocean's Heart to Toby.

As soon as she reached the hospital, she saw an ambulance approaching and stopping at the entrance.

Afraid of blocking the way and delaying the patient's rescue time, she quickly pulled Douglas to the side.

Several medical staff carrying a stretcher ran toward the hospital entrance.

When they passed by her, she glanced at the stretcher casually.

It was then that she realized that it was someone she knew—Titus Gray.

She frowned. What happened? Why is Titus here for emergency first aid? He seemed fine before the live stream ended. What happened?

"Aunt Sonia?" As she was deep in thoughts, a childish voice interrupted her all of a sudden.

Shaking her hand, he asked, "Aren't we going in? The people from the ambulance have already gone inside."

"Let's go in now." She smiled and patted his head. With that, she brought him into the hospital.

Whatever, I can't be bothered to care what happened to him. It has nothing to do with me anyway.

However, she was quite happy to see him in such a state. (Get daily updates on novelheart.com)

Soon, they reached the intensive care unit.

Through the glass, she saw that the person inside was not Toby but another patient. She couldn't help but freeze. "Where's Toby?"

Was he discharged?

In the intensive care unit, Tim was adjusting the patient's drip. As soon as he saw Sonia from the corner of his eye, he frowned. Quickly, he finished what he was doing and went out.

"Why are you here?" Tim asked with hands in the pockets of his white coat.

"I'm looking for Toby. Has he been discharged?" she replied.

"No. He was transferred into the general ward. It's also on this floor. It's the one that you stayed in before." He shrugged.

Toby had strongly requested it.

When he woke up, he requested that that general ward be left empty, and he would not allow any other patient to use it as he wanted to be transferred to it from the intensive care unit.

After all, she had stayed in it before. That way, he felt that he was living with her in a way.

"I see." She nodded, expressing that she understood.

"Are we visiting Mr. Toby, who played games with us at the restaurant previously and pretended to be my father?" Douglas looked up at her and asked.

"Yup," she confirmed.

It was only then that Tim realized that there was a child behind her. Slightly surprised, he inquired, "Who's this kid?"

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Chapter 363 Jean's Selfishness

"He's Zane's nephew. Something came up with his family, so Zane asked me to take care of him for two days," Sonia squeezed Douglas' chubby hands and explained.

A child's hand is so satisfying to hold. It's so chubby and comfortable to squeeze. Thinking that, she couldn't help but squeeze his hand again.

Coming to a sudden realization, Tim lifted his chin. "Alright. Go and look for Toby. I still have to examine this patient. See you later."

"Okay, go ahead." She nodded before leading Douglas to the ward she stayed in before.

As soon as she reached the ward, the door opened.

When Jean walked out, she saw Sonia and froze. Then, Jean's expression turned cold. "Why is it you?"

Sonia never thought that she would bump into her former evil mother-in-law. Raising her eyebrows, she asked, "Why can't it be me?"

"This is Toby's ward. You're not coming here to get back with him, are you?" Jean snorted.

Hearing this, Sonia laughed. "Get back with him? Why would I get back with him? Is he someone popular? Even if he is, I'd never get back with him, with you being such a troublesome mother-in-law."

"How dare you criticize me!" Jean glared at Sonia.

"I wasn't criticising you. I was only telling the truth. Look at you: You caused your husband to be served by the family law as soon as you became a Fuller. What are you, if not a troublemaker?" Sonia smirked.

When Jean heard this, her face turned grim all of a sudden.

This no doubt surprised Sonia because she thought that Jean would be angry when she made such a remark.

Yet, Jean kept quiet instead and seemed really upset.

Was she upset because she was the reason her husband got served, or was she upset because he passed away?

Perhaps both were true, but this was not what Sonia was most curious about. She was more curious about why Jean treated Toby so well.

After all, Jean seemed like an evil stepmother no matter how one looked at it, but she was surprisingly a good one. If Rose hadn't told Sonia, Sonia wouldn't have even doubted that Toby was Jean's son because Jean treated him no differently than she treated Tyler.

Not to mention that Jean was simply an ordinary person. Even an educated and wealthy person may not necessarily raise a first wife's children like her own. Yet, Jean treated Toby like her own child. There must be a reason for it.

However, it didn't matter what the reason was because it was none of Sonia's business. She couldn't bring herself to ask even if she was curious.

Then, she rubbed in between her brows. "Alright, Mrs. Fuller. Let's not waste time. I came here to return this to Toby. Please pass the message to him. Thank you."

Suddenly, Jean came back to her senses and lowered her head to glance at the delicate bag. Soon, she returned to her peculiar self and uttered, "Wow! Such nice packaging. It must be a present for him. Why did you lie that you're not trying to get back with him?"

In response, Sonia rolled her eyes. Whatever. It's a waste of time talking to people like her.

"Alright. I'm not going in, so please pass it to him." As Sonia said this, she shoved the bag into Jean's hands and left with Douglas.

As Jean watched the big and small figure disappear into the distance, she pouted. "Ugh! I'm not going to give it to Toby! I'll throw it away once I see what's inside!"

She's thinking of bribing him with a gift in order to get back with him. No way am I letting that happen!

Rudely, she tore open the bag and took out the box from inside.

The box was delicate, just like the bag. Besides, she could tell that it was a jewelry box at one glance.

That must mean there's jewelry inside.

She found it unusual and couldn't understand why Sonia gifted Toby jewelry. It was usually the men who gifted women jewelry.

Women would usually give things like watches, ties, and cufflinks, but these things weren't supposed to be kept in jewelry boxes.

"How mysterious. Let's see what's inside," she muttered as she opened the box.

As soon as she opened the box, the dazzling blue light almost blinded her eyes.

When she could finally see what was in the box clearly, she took a deep breath and closed the box quickly, then she looked around with her heart racing.

It's the Ocean's Heart! She gulped, unable to believe that she was holding such a precious necklace.

At that moment, she felt that her right hand was exceptionally heavy.

How could it not be heavy? The Ocean's Heart is worth hundreds of millions!

The reason why she knew it was the Ocean's Heart was because she had seen it at Toby's house before. Three months ago, he won it at an auction and used it as an engagement gift for Tina.

Right then, Jean was particularly upset as Toby had never gifted her such expensive jewelry, but she later thought that since Tina would become a Fuller soon, she would bring the Ocean's Heart back. By then, if Jean were to ask Tina to give it to her, Tina would never refuse.

Yet, Tina never married him, and Sonia got away with the Ocean's Heart. At that time, Jean was so furious that she wanted Sonia to return it, but Toby stopped her. As time passed, Jean soon forgot about it.

However, Jean never thought that Sonia would return it and that it would end up in her hands.

Can I keep it for myself? He doesn't know she came by anyway.

Besides, she was unwilling to hand over the Ocean's Heart. With his feelings for Sonia, he would definitely want her to keep it if he got the necklace back. Then, he would find a chance to give it back to her.

Thus, she decided not to give it to Toby—finders, keepers.

As she thought of that, she stuffed the box into her pocket happily and went back inside the ward.

Unlike two days ago when Toby could only lie on the bed, he could already sit up by now.

Right then, he was leaning against the head of the bed with a tablet in his hands. He was reading a financial report when he heard the sound of footsteps, so he turned his head to see. "Mom, haven't you gone back?"

"I forgot my phone." She pointed at the phone by the bed.

Toby simply acknowledged.

With that, she walked in that direction and picked up her phone. "Toby, did anyone say that they'll be visiting you today?"

Though he doesn't know that she dropped by earlier, she wouldn't have come without telling him beforehand. If so, then the Ocean's Heart...

"Nope. Why do you ask?" He narrowed his eyes at her. His deep dark eyes looked as if he could see through her.

Afraid that he might sense that she was hiding something, she lowered her eyelids and laughed. "Oh, nothing. I was just wondering why none of your friends came by to visit you ever since you got admitted. I was only asking out of curiosity. If nobody's coming, then forget it."

Immediately, a sense of relief filled her.

It looks like Sonia didn't tell him that she was coming in advance. The Ocean's Heart is really mine now. She couldn't help but laugh at the thought of this.

He raised his eyebrows slightly, feeling that she was acting a little strange.

Without asking further, he lowered his head and continued reading his report.

She didn't stay for long and left after taking her phone as she was in a hurry to go home to try on the Ocean's Heart in front of her mirror.

I'll definitely look gorgeous wearing the beautiful Ocean's Heart.

Meanwhile, Sonia drove to Paradigm Co. and brought Douglas along. Surprised, Daphne stared at him and asked, "Is he your son, President Reed?"

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Chapter 364 Twelve Years Ago

The edges of Sonia's lips twitched. "You don't know whether I have a son or not?"

Daphne flashed her an awkward smile. "I'm sorry, President Reed. I was just stunned for a moment. Don't be mad."

"I'm not angry. This is my friend's nephew, Douglas," she said, pushing Douglas gently in front of Daphne. "Say hi to Miss Daphne, Douglas."

"Hello, Miss Daphne," Douglas said, bowing politely.

"Hello," Daphne answered, and her heart almost melted at the sight of him. This little guy is simply too adorable! "I have sweets for you!" Suddenly, she remembered that she had stuffed two candies into her pocket before leaving the house this morning, so she hurriedly took them out and handed them to him.

Instead of taking the candies from her, Douglas lifted his head and looked at Sonia, who nodded to him gently. With her approval, he took the candies from Daphne. "Thank you, Miss Daphne."

"You're welcome." Seeing that he had accepted her candies, Daphne smiled so brightly that her eyes crinkled up.

Meanwhile, Sonia couldn't help but raise her brows because this was the first time she had seen her smile so brightly. Within the company, Daphne was nicknamed The Decimator. In other words, she was dressed in old-fashioned clothes and wore a pair of rustic black-rimmed glasses. In addition, she was usually expressionless, which made her appear very fierce, and so that was how her nickname came about.

Now that she saw how Daphne was smiling, a smile spread across her own face as well. It's true that even a serious person couldn't resist an adorable kid. "Daphne, pass me today's itinerary." Then, she took Douglas' hand and led him to the couch in her office.

Trailing behind them, Daphne hurriedly flipped open the folder she was always carrying and passed the itinerary to Sonia.

After taking it from her, Sonia glanced through it and said, "Besides the appointment in the afternoon, the other appointments will go through as scheduled."

"I got it," Daphne answered with a nod, then Sonia returned the itinerary to her.

"Alright, you can leave now and buy Douglas some snacks and toys."

Glancing at Douglas, Daphne agreed gladly. "Sure, President Reed. I'll be back soon after shopping."

"Alright," Sonia replied and carried Douglas onto the couch after she left. "Douglas, stay here and watch TV while I work over there, alright?"

"Okay, Aunt Sonia. Go ahead and do your job. I can play by myself," he said obediently, sitting on the couch and kicking his legs.

Stroking his head, Sonia said, "You're such a good boy. Here's the remote control. Call me if you need anything." With that, she retracted her hand and turned toward her desk.

She had just reached her desk when her cell phone in her handbag started to ring. Pulling out her chair, she then fished out her cell phone and checked it. When she saw that it was a call from the police station, she immediately picked it up. "Hello?"

"Hello, Miss Reed. I'm calling from the police station."

"Yes, hello," she answered.

The person on the other end said, "It's about Tina Gray's sentence. It has already been announced."

"How many years?" Hearing that, Sonia quickly straightened her back and asked.

Even though she didn't know why Tina was sentenced so quickly, it didn't matter to her as long as she received punishment.

"Three years," the other person replied. "But..."

With a frown, Sonia asked, "But what?" She had a bad feeling about this.

"But due to the fact that Tina Gray has yet to fully recover, she has to serve her sentence in the hospital for a month and will be monitored by the police round the clock. A month later, she'll be transferred to the women's prison."

"I see." Nodding in a daze, she let out a relieved sigh. I thought there was going to be a problem, but she's just serving her sentence outside of the prison. That's still acceptable.

This scenario was within her expectations. It was a fact that Tina's injuries were too serious and wouldn't heal within a short period. On the other hand, the police would like to uphold human rights, and they definitely wouldn't send her to prison when she had yet to heal from her injuries.

"I got it. Thanks," Sonia said with a smile.

After that, she put down her phone and let out a deep, long breath. This is great. The dust has finally settled on Tina's case. Now, I can focus on getting back at the Grays.

As for whether Tina would seek revenge three years later, she would leave it until then because she believed that she would have become so influential and strong at that time that Tina wouldn't even have the guts to seek revenge. With that thought in mind, she smirked and opened a folder as she started to work.

At the hospital, Tom informed Toby of Tina's sentence, but he didn't react greatly to that. Staring at his laptop, he said indifferently, "After she has served her sentence outside prison, bribe a bunch of female prisoners to give her a warm greeting once she's in there."

"I got it," Tom replied, adjusting his glasses on the bridge of his nose. Then, he remembered something, and his expression turned serious. "Also, the investigation team finally found some problems with your car accident, President Fuller."

Hearing that, Toby closed his laptop and turned toward Tom. "Who was it?" he asked in a bone-chilling voice.

"They're not sure, but they're sure that it was the same group of people who murdered Old Master Fuller twelve years ago," Tom answered.

Toby held his fists tightly; he used so much force that his knuckles cracked, and the veins on the back of his palm popped. Twelve years ago, his father, Homer Fuller, went on a business trip abroad and was found murdered in his hotel room. From then on, he had been investigating the murderer in secret, but to no avail.

The only thing he could be sure was, the murderer was not from a regular background; otherwise, it would be impossible for them to remain hidden while he had been investigating for twelve years long. But now, he had been set up by the murderer before he could even find him, and this proved that he was targeted by the murderer.

He wasn't so worried about his own safety. What worried him the most was the safety of his family. After all, the murderer was hidden in the dark while they were out in the open. If the murderer really had their eyes on his grandmother and others, it would be difficult to guard against their attacks because nobody knew when they would make their move!

At the thought of this, he narrowed his cold eyes. "Go to the security company under our group and deploy two squadrons. Spread them out around my grandmother, Tyler, and the rest to protect them in secret."

It was apparent to Tom why he wanted to do this, so he nodded. "Yes, President Fuller!"

"Go now," Toby said, waving his hand, whereupon Tom left the room.

With his head lowered, the expression on his face was hidden, and so was the thought in his mind. A few seconds later, he picked up his cell phone suddenly and called Rose's number. "Grandma, I want to ask you about Dad's death..."

When it was late afternoon, Sonia, who was finally finished with her work, stretched before pacing toward the couch.

On the couch, Douglas was snuggled under a small blanket and sleeping soundly. His lips twitched, and the edges still had some chocolate stain on them, making him look very adorable and amusing at the same time.

Sonia took a seat next to him and pulled out a piece of wet towel from the coffee table. Then, she wiped the corner of his lips gently.

Feeling her touch, Douglas woke up and blinked at her while calling out sweetly, "Aunt Sonia!"

"You're awake?" she asked, holding him up.

"Yeah," he replied and saw the stained wet towel in her hands. Embarrassed, he wriggled and said, "I can do it myself, Aunt Sonia."

“Okay. Do it yourself, then.” Noticing his embarrassment, she handed him the towel with a chuckle.

While wiping his own face, he asked, “Are you finished with work?”

“Yes. I’m preparing to leave now,” she answered with a nod.

Douglas tossed the dirty towel into the bin. “I’m going to the bathroom. Wait for me, Aunt Sonia. I’ll be quick.” Then, he jumped off the couch and scurried away to the washroom.

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Watching his tiny figure from the back, Sonia smiled even wider, and soon, he returned from the washroom. He even showed his hands to her so she could check if he had cleaned it. After she complimented him, saying that he had cleaned it well, only then did he drop his hands happily.

They left Paradigm Co. and she drove home to Bayside Residence together with him. In the midst of making dinner, she realized that she had run out of salt in the kitchen and wanted to buy some from the convenience store in the neighborhood.

Taking off her apron, she walked out of the kitchen and spoke to Douglas, who was watching TV on the couch in the living room. “Douglas, I’m going downstairs to buy some salt. Be good and stay at home, then open the door for me when I’m back later, okay?”

“Sure, Aunt Sonia,” he replied, spinning his head around.

“Good boy.” She walked toward the door, and he followed to send her out.

After putting on shoes, she recalled something and reminded Douglas, “Also, regardless if I’m the person who presses the doorbell later, you shouldn’t open the door straight away. Use the intercom camera to check the person outside the door. Do you get it?”

What if someone else comes while I’m out? I am worried, having a child alone at home.

“Don’t worry, Aunt Sonia. I know what to do.” Standing on the step at the entrance, he waved goodbye to Sonia, who stroked his small head before heading out.

After she bought the salt, the sky had turned even darker compared to the time when she left the apartment. With the salt in her hand, she walked toward her apartment building on the street, which seemed especially quiet without many people around. This was basically dinner time for the people in the neighborhood and not the time for evening walks yet.

Sonia walked for a while, and suddenly, she felt someone following her. Stopping in her tracks, she turned around and looked behind, but she didn’t see anyone or anything.

With a frown, she wondered, Was it just my illusion? Without pondering over it further, she turned her head around and continued walking forward. I’ll reach my apartment building after passing by this building.

However, barely a few steps later, she once again felt that someone was stalking her. This time, she was sure that it wasn’t her own illusion anymore; somebody was really following her because she heard the sounds of footsteps. Although it was light, she had really heard it.

Her body turned stiff as her hands and feet started to turn cold, but she dared not stop and quickened her pace instead. Unexpectedly, the footsteps behind her sped up as well because she could hear the sounds of the footsteps becoming heavy and hurried.

She didn’t know who was following her nor what motive this person had; all she knew was that it couldn’t be anything good. In addition, the sounds of those footsteps sent panic and fear through her.

Her scalp was tingling numb, and she had goosebumps all over her body; besides, her hand that was holding the salt had turned clammy. Even her legs were shaking and turning into jelly.

She didn’t want to stay outside anymore; she just wanted to get back to her apartment as quickly as possible. Only then could she escape from the person behind her and feel safe.

At the thought of this, her pace broke into a sprint, and she dashed toward her apartment building. Despite that, the person behind gave chase, and she could hear the distance drawing closer between them.

I can’t out-run this person! she realized and panicked. “Help! Somebody—”

Before she could finish, a thick stick raised behind her and hit her hard on her head.

Wham!

A crisp sound echoed, and Sonia felt a sharp pain on the back of her head. Then, she rolled her eyes and passed out on the spot.

Staring at Sonia, who was slumped on the ground, the person seemed to be in shock and staggered backward. Energy drained from those tightened hands, and the thick stick in those hands fell to the ground with a loud clang.

Hearing this sound, the person felt weak and crumpled to the ground, breathing heavily as their body quivered. With a hat, mask, and sunnies on, the person's hair and face was covered tightly while they wore oversized clothes to hide their figure beneath. Even the shoes this person was wearing were sport shoes which were clearly heightened.

Under such a disguise, nobody could tell if this was a man or a woman.

After a while, this person seemed to have awakened from their shock and panic, speaking in a voice which was neither feminine nor masculine. "I'm sorry. I really am..."

With that, the person scrambled up, held Sonia under their arms, and dragged her toward the apartment building in front of them until they were inside the emergency stairwell of the building. Dropping Sonia, they then closed the door and took a deep breath before whisking out a small fruit knife from the pocket of their jacket.

Lowering their body next to her, the person raised their left hand with the palm side up. Then, they pulled out the knife from the sheath and drew it closer to her wrist slowly. The whole while, this person's hand was shivering, showing just how nervous they were. Within seconds, the tip of the knife reached the red mole on Sonia's wrist.

Behind the sunnies, they shut their eyes and took a deep breath. With a surge of determination, they pierced the knife into her skin and cut out the red mole with the tip of the knife little by little.

The whole process took about ten minutes.

After making sure that the red mole was gone from her wrist and only a patch of bloody mess was in its place, the person let out a sigh of relief, whereupon they picked up the sheath and slid the knife back in without even cleaning it. Then, they quickly fled from the scene.

Barely a few seconds had passed after this person had left when Sonia's phone started to ring, but she had already passed out, so of course she couldn't pick it up.

Meanwhile, in her apartment, Douglas listened intently on his smartwatch, but nobody picked up his call, and his little brows knitted tightly together. When the call reached a dead dial tone, he murmured, "It's been so long. Why isn't Aunt Sonia back yet?"

He had been to the convenience store before. It was on the ground floor of the third building, and he remembered very well that it wasn't far from here because Sonia had brought him there to buy milk in the morning.

It's been so long, he thought. Aunt Sonia should be back by now, but she's still not back yet, and she didn't even pick up her phone. Where exactly did she go? Worried, he decided to wait for her downstairs and hopped off the couch. After switching off the TV, he grabbed the access card on the coffee table and left the apartment.

Two minutes later, he reached the ground floor. First, he stood at the entrance of the building and peered outside, trying to see if Sonia was around. At this time, there was already a growing number of people around the neighborhood. These were the people who were out for an evening walk after they already had their dinner.

When he didn't see any signs of Sonia after peering around, he called her number again, and exactly at the same time, a phone rang. He immediately recognized that as Sonia's ringtone because he had heard it in her office during daytime.

Delight washed over his face, and he turned toward the source of the ringtone. Even when he saw that it was coming from the emergency stairwell, he ran forward happily without any hesitation.

However, when he reached the emergency stairwell and saw Sonia on the ground, his face froze and he broke into tears. "Aunt Sonia..."

Outside, Charles had just entered the building holding a huge bag of freshly picked pears, thinking to surprise Sonia with it, but he stopped in his tracks upon hearing Douglas' cries.

What's happening? Why is a child crying? And he's crying while calling his aunt... Has there been an accident? Charles thought and marched over while asking loudly, "Hey, kid, do you need help?"

In the stairwell, Douglas stopped crying when he heard him. Sniffling, he answered anxiously, "Sir, please save my aunt!"

Just as I had thought, there has been an accident! Charles thought and quickened his pace. Within a couple of steps, he was in the stairwell as well, and just when he was about to ask what happened to Douglas' aunt, he saw Sonia lying on the floor. Instantly, his face fell, and the bag of pears in his hand scattered across the floor. "Darling!"

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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.

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.

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 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 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.

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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At Bayside Residence, Charles was watching the surveillance tapes in the surveillance room when the cell phone in his pocket suddenly rang. He reckoned that it might be a call from Douglas, so he quickly fished it out and checked it. Sure enough, it was really a call from him, so he immediately picked it up. “Hey, kid. Is my darling out of the ER?”

“Yes, she’s out,” Douglas replied with reddened eyes while looking at Sonia, who was lying in bed with a ventilator.

Overjoyed, Charles exclaimed, “That’s great! I’m coming over right now!” He hung up and turned to the staff in the surveillance room. “Make a copy of this

surveillance tape for me. When the police arrive later, tell them that I'm at the hospital."

"Yes, Mr. Lane," the staff said with a nod.

After grabbing the USB drive, he left briskly and arrived at the hospital after a while.

With the ward number Douglas told him, he found his way to Sonia's ward, where Douglas and a doctor were inside.

Stepping in, he immediately turned his attention to the bed, and his face fell when he saw Sonia. "Why is she on a ventilator?"

For a patient to be on a ventilator, it meant that they couldn't even breathe on their own, and usually, this happened to people who were on their deathbeds.

Is my darling going to... In a split second, his eyes turned bloodshot, and tears welled up as a great wave of sorrow washed over him.

"Darling..." Stumbling to the bedside, he extended his trembling hands and held Sonia's cold hand before choking out, "Darling, don't scare me. You're still so young. How could you leave me alone, Darling? Open your eyes and look at me..."

As the doctor listened to him wailing sadly, he cast him a look of confusion. "Sir, did you get the wrong idea?"

"What did I get wrong? Tell me: What did I misunderstand?" Charles yelled and continued to cry sadly.

The doctor rolled his eyes. "This lady is still alive."

"I know she's still alive, but for not much longer. She's even on a ventilator now..." he trailed off, glancing at Sonia with eyes that were filled with grief.

"Goodness!" With a sigh, the doctor shook his head and added, "What I mean is, this lady is placed on the ventilator because she received serious trauma to the head, resulting in the lack of oxygen, and not because she's dying. Do you get it?"

"Huh?" Charles blurted and stopped his cries abruptly, while Douglas burst into laughter. Ignoring him, he grabbed the doctor's arm in agitation. "Doctor, are you telling the truth? My darling is fine?"

"She's fine. A small part was cut out from her wrist, but the nerves and arteries were unaffected. Even though her head trauma is a little serious, it's just a head concussion, and she'll be fine once she's awake," the doctor answered, drawing his arm out of Charles' grip.

Breathing out a huge sigh of relief, Charles finally seemed assured. "This is great. I thought that my darling..."

At the thought of how dumb he had acted minutes ago, his face burned bright red with embarrassment as the doctor left the room while shaking his head.

Standing next to him by Sonia's bedside, Douglas twisted his head to him and asked, "Sir, have you caught the bad guy?"

"Not yet," he answered with a dismayed look.

Although he had seen the person who knocked out Sonia when he went to check the surveillance tapes in Bayside Residence, he couldn't see clearly how the person looked because they had covered themselves tightly. Obviously, they didn't want to be recognized.

Hearing that the bad guy was not caught, Douglas pouted his lips in disappointment, and Charles said no more as they both kept vigil by Sonia's bedside quietly.

The next day, Charles gave Daphne a call, telling her that something happened to Sonia and that she wouldn't be going to the company. Hence, he asked her to bring all of Sonia's work to the hospital so that he could do it instead.

Knowing that Sonia was in the hospital, Daphne was a little worried. So after hanging up, she quickly went into Sonia's office to prepare the documents, preparing to visit her at the hospital.

When she had just rushed into Sonia's office, someone walked out of the secretary office next door.

At first, the person peered into Sonia's office. Then, she took out her cell phone and dialed a number.

At First World Hospital, Tom was reporting the company's affairs to Toby when his cell phone rang.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Toby said, "Pick it up."

"Alright," Tom replied and fished out his phone.

His brows raised when he saw the caller ID, and he immediately turned to Toby. "President Fuller, it's a call from the person we planted next to Miss Reed. Maybe something happened to Miss Reed, and that's why she's calling now." Before Toby could even urge him, he picked up the call. "Hello?"

"Mr. Brown, I have bad news. I think President Reed is hospitalized," the person on the other end of the line whispered.

"What?" Tom gasped in surprise. "Miss Reed is hospitalized?"

Toby's irises shrank at his words. "What happened to Sonia?"

Tom merely shook his head in reply. "I'll ask her." Then, he raised the question into the phone and turned the call into loudspeaker mode.

The person who called answered, "I don't know either. But I heard from Miss Daphne that President Reed isn't able to deal with the documents, and all of it will be sent to the hospital so Mr. Lane can do it in her stead. So, it sounds quite serious."

The muscles on Toby's face turned rigid, and he pulled off his blanket. Seeing that, Tom hurriedly tried to stop him from getting out of the bed. "President Fuller, what are you doing?"

"I'm going to see her," he answered solemnly.

"No, President Fuller." Tom disagreed. "You're injured as well and shouldn't move about freely."

"I said, I'm going to see her!" Sitting on the edge of the bed, Toby raised his gaze and gave him a determined, unyielding stare.

Staring into his sharp, steely eyes, Tom opened his mouth and finally agreed to his request. "Okay, I'll make the arrangements now. Please wait a moment, President Fuller."

He knew that no matter how anybody tried, they couldn't stop Toby's determination once he had made up his mind. In addition, this was a matter which concerned Sonia's safety, so it was even tougher to stop him.

As Toby loved Sonia so deeply, it would be impossible for him not to visit her when he found out that she was hospitalized. Even if this trip may rip open the wound on his back, he couldn't care less about that either.

Therefore, how could anyone stop a person who was so stubborn? It would be possible to stop him by force, but nobody would know what Toby would do afterward.

Sighing, Tom spun around and left the room to ask for a written approval to leave the hospital. On the way, he asked the person on the phone which hospital Sonia was in.

Soon, he returned with the approval slip and also a wheelchair. Actually, Toby's legs were fine and he could walk by himself, but while walking, it may cause the wound on his back to rip open. So, to lower the chances of that happening, it would be better to push him around rather than let him walk by himself.

Toby was aware of Tom's kind intentions, and he accepted it by slipping into the wheelchair.

When Tom pushed him out the door, they happened to run into Jean, who had just arrived with a food container.

Staring at them, she asked in a loud voice, "Toby, what are you doing?"

"Something came up and I need to leave the hospital for a while." After that, he tapped the armrest on the wheelchair, signaling for Tom to push him away as quickly as possible.

Naturally, Tom would do as instructed, but Jean was still asking as she stood rooted behind them, "Where are you going? Aren't you going to have the soup I prepared for you?"

This time, Toby didn't reply to her anymore because his mind was filled with thoughts of Sonia; he had no interest in having soup at all.

A little more than forty minutes later, they reached Sonia's hospital, and after Tom found out her ward number from the reception, he pushed Toby toward the place.

The door of the ward was open, and there were voices coming from the room. Listening carefully, they recognized the voices as Charles and Tim's.

With his brows furrowed tightly together, Toby thought, I can understand why Charles is here, but what's Tim doing here as well? He's not even a doctor here! Also, how did he find out that Sonia was hospitalized earlier than I did? Who told him about this?

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Pursing his lips into a thin line, Toby suppressed his annoyance within and gestured to Tom to knock on the door with a wave of his hand.

Tom knocked as instructed, which made Charles and Tim stop their conversation abruptly. Simultaneously, they spun their heads to the door and saw Toby.

Besides being a little surprised, there wasn't much reaction from Tim. On the other hand, Charles' face turned sour at the sight of him. "Why are you here? Who allowed you to come?"

Toby didn't answer him and asked Tom to push him in, which angered Charles. "Hey, I didn't allow you to come in! What are you doing here? Where are your manners?"

"This is Sonia's ward, and it's not up to you to give the permission," Toby said indifferently, sweeping his gaze over him.

Although angry, Charles couldn't find the words to argue, so he simply snorted. "You only have the guts to do this because my darling is still unconscious. If she were awake, she definitely wouldn't let you in."

Toby frowned and ignored him. To him, the more responsive he was to people like Charles, the more aggressive they would be, and they would come to a stop by themselves if he just ignored them for a while.

However, Charles smirked smugly at his silence. "Your silence means that you think I was right, huh?"

Pretending not to hear him, Toby turned his attention to Sonia, who was lying in bed, and he gripped the armrest of the wheelchair tightly. "What happened to Sonia?" he asked, twisting his head to look at Tim.

Meanwhile, Tim had been watching them in amusement, enjoying the argument between these two rivals in love; he wasn't expecting that Toby would end it one-sidedly by asking him a question.

But since he had a question thrown at him, he had to answer it with all seriousness as well. Pushing his glasses higher up the bridge of his nose, he said, "The back of her head was maliciously struck, resulting in a moderate head concussion. Also, a small part of her skin was cut out on her wrist."

At the mention of Sonia's wrist, Tim narrowed his eyes. After he walked out of the operation theater yesterday, the hospital director told him that Charles had sent a patient by the name of Sonia here. Just as he expected, the blood on Charles was from Sonia. Hence, he quickly went to check out her condition, then he immediately retrieved Sonia's ER video and saw the injuries on the back of her head and her wrist.

At that point, Sonia was already out of the ER, and her injuries had been bandaged, so he couldn't open it up to check it and could only check it through this method. While he could understand that the head trauma was inflicted to knock her out, he couldn't understand the cut on her wrist.

If the intention of the perpetrator was to rob her or anything else, they could have achieved their motive by knocking her out. So, why did they cut her wrist on the spot where her red mole happened to be?

From the video recording, he saw that the red mole was completely gone. In other words, the perpetrator's sole motive was to eliminate that red mole.

"What did you say? She was maliciously struck? By whom?" Toby exclaimed, springing up from the wheelchair suddenly and holding his fists so tightly that his knuckles cracked loudly.

Startled, Charles gasped. "Damn. So you're not disabled!"

Toby cast him an icy look from the corners of his eyes and then turned to Tim, who shook his head. "I don't know. You should ask him because he's the one investigating it now."

"And what did you find out?" Toby asked, glancing at Charles.

"Why should I tell you? This is our problem. You don't have to stick your nose in this!" Charles sneered.

In a split second, Toby's face turned grim, and the air around him turned chilly. Warily, Charles peered at him. "What now? You're going to throw your temper? It's useless even if—"

He had yet to finish his sentence when a baby voice interrupted him. "Mr. Fuller, I'll tell you! Mr. Lane hasn't caught the bad guy who hurt Aunt Sonia!"

"Little Doug..." Filled with disbelief, Charles gawked at Douglas, who was seated on the couch nearby. This rascal sold me out!

An astonished look flashed across Toby's eyes when he saw Douglas. What's this little guy doing here? Why didn't I notice that he was here earlier?

However, he managed to figure it out very quickly. After he got into the ward, he had kept his gaze on the bed and didn't even look at the couch once. So, it made sense that he didn't notice that Douglas was also in the room.

"Douglas, is it true when you said that he hasn't caught the guy yet?" Toby asked in a more gentle voice as he looked at Douglas.

Nodding, Douglas answered, "Yes, it's true. I've been by Mr. Lane's side the whole time, so I'm very sure about it."

"You little rascal, I think you're asking for a beating!" Furious, Charles rubbed his palms together and walked toward him.

Jumping off the couch in a hurry, Douglas then ran to Toby and hid behind him before poking out his tiny head. "Mr. Lane, please don't blame me. I know Mr. Fuller, and he's a very influential person. After an entire evening of investigations with the police, you still couldn't find the bad guy. If you let Mr. Fuller try, I'm sure it will speed things up."

Charles fell silent as the edges of his lips twitched. He felt a prick in his chest, but he had to admit that Douglas was right.

The Fuller Group, which belonged to Toby, was the leader in Seafield, and he was no match for him when it came to influence and ability. Even though he disliked Toby, he decided to bear with it seeing that Toby was also doing it for Sonia's sake. The important thing now was to find out who that jerk was.

In the meantime, a faint smirk spread over Toby's face when he saw Charles' dumbstruck face and Douglas' appraisal of himself. Even the chilly air around him subsided a lot, and he was obviously in a good mood.

Returning to his seat on the wheelchair, he turned to Tom. "Investigate this and find me the person who did this!"

"Right away!" With a nod, Tom left the room to make a call.

Of course he would assign his subordinate to do this because he was with Toby now and couldn't just dump him here and leave by himself.

Charles glanced at Tom, who was outside the door, and then shifted his gaze to Toby, who was opposite him. Pouting his lips, he sneered, "Hmph, I would like to see how long it will take you to get to the bottom of this. It'll be embarrassing if you can't find out anything at the end of the day."

As usual, Toby ignored him and looked at Sonia, his eyes filled with worry and distress.

Back at the Gray's, Rina came downstairs with a black plastic bag in her hand. Seeing the bag in her hand, Titus, who was about to leave the house, asked curiously, "Rina, what are you carrying in there?"

Rina's eyes flickered and she answered, "Just some old clothes I brought from my old home. I'm going to throw them out now."

With a nod of approval, he said, "You should have thrown it out sooner. It will only bring you bad luck if you keep things like that. You're my daughter, and I've already said it when you were born that you'll live the life of a princess your whole life. Not only will you enjoy the best materials, you'll also live your life free of worries. Therefore, you can buy the best things from now on, and I'll buy you anything you want."

His words caused her face to light up as she exclaimed, "Thank you, Dad!"

However, besides happiness in her heart, there was also jealousy. Such an enviable promise was made to Miss Reed when she was born? Such a pity that she never enjoyed a single day of it. But even though she never enjoyed the affection from her father, she still lived a happy and wealthy life after she ended up in the Reed Family.

Therefore, she couldn't understand why some people were born with a silver spoon while there were some who lived a poor, hard life when they were all born as human.

But it doesn't matter, she thought. The important thing is that now, I'm Rina Gray, and I'm Titus' daughter. I'll hang on tightly to everything I have now so nobody can even think about snatching it away from me!

A vicious glint shrouded her eyes, but it gradually faded away. Staring at the suit Titus was wearing, she asked, "Are you going out, Dad?"

"Yes, I'm going to the company," he answered. He wanted to go to Triforce and have another round of debate with Director Walker and the rest of them to fight for his position as the president. After all, he still had a chance because the meeting would be held tomorrow.

"I see. Then I'll leave the house with you. I'm taking the trash out," she said, gesturing with the bag in her hand.

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"Let the servants do things like that. You don't have to do it yourself," Titus said as he straightened his tie and called the servant over.

"Miss Rina, let me take the trash out," the servant said, stretching out her hands toward Rina.

In front of Titus, Rina couldn't find any reason to turn her down, so she handed over the bag obediently. When she released her hand, she even looked a little unbearable to part with it, which made the servant glance at her oddly.

It's just a bag of trash. I don't understand why she looks so unbearable, the servant thought. However, she didn't ponder over it and went out the door with the bag in her hand.

As Rina stared at the servant's back, she clenched her hands tightly on her sides, as though she was nervous about something. But soon, she relaxed her palms, and her entire body eased up.

Whatever. There's only one place where all the trash in this house goes to. It makes no difference who throws out that thing. With that thought in mind, a smile suddenly spread across her face, and she regained her usual composure. Looking at Titus, she uttered, "By the way, Dad, I'm going to the hospital later with Mom to visit Tina. Are you coming along?"

Titus' wrinkled face immediately turned solemn at her question. "That wretched girl is no longer part of our family, so there's no point in visiting her. Tell your mom not to go."

"She won't listen to me. After all, Tina will be going to prison soon, and she would like to visit her before that time comes. So..." Rina trailed off and lowered her head in awkwardness.

Titus snorted. "I got it. I'll speak with her later."

With sparkling eyes, Rina said, "Thanks, Dad." This is great! I don't want to visit Tina at all, but Mom keeps insisting that I should go. Now that Dad has spoken up, she should give up on that idea now.

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At the hospital, Toby peered at the nurse who came in to change Sonia's drip and asked, "When will she wake up?"

The nurse took out Sonia's medical record and looked over it. "We can't be sure yet. She had a moderate concussion, so maybe she'll wake up the day after tomorrow."

The day after tomorrow... That's not too long, Toby thought, relieved. He was afraid that it would take a long time for her to awaken because the longer it took, the more serious the injury was.

The nurse left after changing the drip, whereupon Toby turned to Tim. "Can Sonia be moved in her condition?"

Charles, who was standing at the side, was immediately unhappy when he heard his question. "Hey, Fuller, what are you planning to do?"

Tim adjusted his glasses. "You would like to transfer her to another hospital?"

Nodding, Toby admitted. "Yes. It will be more convenient for her treatment if she's transferred to your hospital."

In all sense, First World Hospital, where Tim worked, was the best hospital in the city with the best medical equipment and facilities, and he would be more assured if Sonia was transferred over.

But before Tim could say anything, Charles snorted. "Fuller, you want to transfer my darling in the name of convenience. In fact, you just want to make it convenient for yourself to visit her. Am I right?"

Toby's eyes flickered, and he looked at Charles as he spoke in an indifferent voice. "You can think whatever you want, but you can't deny that Sonia can receive better treatment by transferring to that hospital."

Flabbergasted, Charles had no argument for that. While it was true that this hospital had a good reputation, it was not as good as Tim's hospital. Since that's how it is, then we should just transfer my darling for her recovery, Charles thought and grunted as he compromised.

However, Tim said, "I'm sorry to inform both of you that Sonia isn't fit for a hospital transfer in her current condition."

"Why?" Toby frowned, and even Charles was peering at him.

Spreading his palms, he explained, "It's better not to move her around unnecessarily because she received trauma to the head. Otherwise, it will worsen her condition."

I see, Toby thought while nodding his head without a word. If Sonia can't be transferred, I'll transfer over, then.

Not knowing what was on Toby's mind, Charles breathed a sigh of relief next to him when he heard that Sonia wasn't fit for a hospital transfer. Even though he knew that it would do her good to be transferred to First World Hospital, it was still possible to receive treatment here. In order for my darling to stay away from Toby, we'll have to keep her here for a while, he thought.

Meanwhile, Tim's head was slightly tilted downward, and the light bouncing off the surface of his glasses completely hid the look in his almond-shaped eyes, so nobody could guess what he was thinking about.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps echoed from the door, and Tom peered in with his head. "President Fuller, time's up for your leave from the hospital. It's time for us to return to First World Hospital now."

Instantly, Charles' eyes sparkled brilliantly, and he waved his hand urgently. "Go quickly if your time's up. Go now and don't come again. Just give me a call when you have results from your investigations."

Watching as Charles urged them to leave, Toby thought to himself while his eyes turned stone-cold, Don't come again? Ha, as if that's possible! I'm coming again tonight, and what's more, I'm even going to be staying in the next room! "Let's go," he said calmly while looking away, whereupon Tom quickly rushed to his side to push his wheelchair.

Shrugging, Tim said, "I'll go back together with you guys, then. I didn't drive my car here because the director of this hospital personally came to pick me up earlier. So let me catch a ride with you guys."

Toby cast him a look from the corners of his eyes, but he didn't turn him down and merely tapped on the armrest of his wheelchair. Understanding what he meant, Tom pushed him toward the door while Tim followed behind them with his hands stuck in the pockets of his white robe.

The second all three of them stepped out of the room, Charles shut the door behind them. While Tim and Tom didn't feel much about it, Toby's face turned really grim as he stared at the tightly shut door, making a mental note to get back at Charles for this.

On the way back to First World Hospital, Toby was watching the surveillance video of Sonia's attack which Tom had sent to him.

He couldn't tell if the person in the video was a man or a woman, but he felt his heart shudder as he watched them raise the thick stick high above Sonia's head and struck her head.

With just one strike, they were able to knock her out; this showed just how much force they had used and how painful it must have been for Sonia! Toby's fingers gripped his cell phone tightly, as though he wanted to break it apart, and his expression was very somber.

Sitting on the passenger seat in front, Tim turned around. "May I take a look at it? As a doctor, I'm very familiar with the human body. Even if this person is tightly wrapped, I may be able to notice something."

Of course Toby had no objections to his suggestion and tossed his phone to him. Raising his hands, Tim caught the phone mid-air accurately and turned forward to watch the video.

"Is this the only part from the surveillance video? Why is there no recording of the part where Sonia's wrist was cut?" Toby asked Tom, who was driving.

"Mr. Lane said that he discovered Miss Reed in the emergency stairwell, and I think that's where that person cut out her skin with a knife. So, after I made the call, I went to the scene myself and saw that there are no surveillance systems in the emergency stairwell," Tom answered.

Pursing his lips into an annoyed thin line, Toby asked, "Are they missing in all buildings, or only Sonia's building is missing the surveillance system?"

"They're missing in all buildings."

A knot appeared between Toby's brows. A high-end residential apartment such as Bayside Residence actually has such a sloppy surveillance system! Secretly, he decided to teach the developer of Bayside Residence a lesson before he said in his cold voice again, "Did the surveillance system of the neighborhood catch the whole process of how that person showed up at Bayside Residence?"

"Yes. I asked the police, and that was what I was told. They've already taken the surveillance tapes away and will let us know the answer later," Tom replied.

In response, Toby merely grunted and didn't say anything else. Just then, Tim suddenly broke the silence. "It's a woman!"

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"Did you just say that whoever attacked Sonia was a woman?" Toby narrowed his eyes.

Tim nodded. "Yes. Although this person was heavily disguised and deliberately wore oversized clothes to hide their figure, this person's gait and their wrists, which were occasionally exposed, were enough to prove that it was a woman."

"Could it be Tina Gray?" Tom guessed. "Only Tina has this much hatred toward Miss Reed."

Toby shook his head. "It's not her—she has been under police surveillance 24/7 these days and hasn't left the hospital at all."

"Yes. It's not Tina indeed." Tim pushed his glasses and agreed with Toby. "I've taken a look at Sonia's wrist injury, and judging from the messiness of the wound, this is the first time the culprit has done something like this. Also, she must have been under a lot of pressure at the time, as it was obvious that her hands were shaking, which is why the wound looks messy. We all know that Tina is a cruel character. I have seen her twist a cat's neck off, and her movements were clean and neat. So if Tina was the one who did it, Sonia's wrists would probably be broken by now."

Hearing what Tim said, Tom gasped silently. "That woman really is a psychopath."

Tim hooked his lips. "Psychopath, huh? I like this description."

Tom twitched the corners of his mouth. Honestly, he really couldn't understand what Tim liked about the word.

However, despite what Tim said, Tom still had some doubts. "Even if Tina didn't do it herself, she could always bribe someone into doing this."

"No, she wouldn't. First of all, she can't even contact the outside world, and secondly, with her hatred for Sonia, why would she hire someone just to stun her and slice her wrist instead of straight up killing her?" Tim asked him back.

"Well..." Tom was speechless for a moment.

He's right. Tina Gray hated Miss Reed so much that she has even attempted to kill her several times. If she really were to attack Miss Reed, it wouldn't have ended this lightly! Tom thought to himself.

"Tom." Just as Tom was deep in his thoughts, he heard Toby calling him.

Tom looked at the rearview mirror and answered, "President Fuller, what are your orders?"

"Investigate Cynthia Stone." Toby while narrowing his eyes.

Tom placed his palm on his forehead as soon as he heard of the woman's name. "Oh, yes! There's Cynthia Stone as well! She also held a huge grudge against Miss Reed. Since Miss Reed sent her to the detention center twice, she must also hate Miss Reed very much. How could I forget about her? Understood, President Fuller. I'll send someone to check on her in a while."

Toby nodded slightly.

All of a sudden, Tim held his head and said, "By the way, once you find the culprit, can you hand her over to me?"

"Hand her over to you?" Toby looked at him. "What are you going to do?"

A cold light flashed under Tim's eyes, and the smile on his face was even more creepy. "It's nothing—it's just that I am recently researching a new drug, but I couldn't find a suitable lab rat. Since this person tried to hurt Sonia, how about letting her be my guinea pig?"

Toby frowned upon hearing that.

Tom, who was driving, trembled from the thought. "Dr. Lancaster, this new drug of yours wouldn't happen to be some kind of poison that kills people, right?"

"Of course not. It's a legitimate medicine to treat a certain disease, and because new medicines will likely have some side effects, there is still no one who has signed up for the trial—that's why I asked you to hand the culprit over to me," Tim smiled and said casually.

However, his smile terrified Tom even more.

Toby looked at Tim with deep eyes. "You are doing this to avenge Sonia, aren't you?"

Tim only raised his eyebrows and did not address Toby's question directly.

Toby pursed his lips. "I never had the chance to ask you—why are you being so nice to Sonia all of a sudden? Do you fancy her?"

He stared at Tim; his dark pupils seemed to burn a hole through the latter.

However, Tim laughed unhurriedly. "You are wrong. I don't fancy her. I am just like my senior—we don't have any feelings. Kinship? Friendship? Love? We are destined to not feel any of it. That is to say, I am destined to not fall in love with anyone, and the reason why I am nice to Sonia is only because she helped me

before. Other than that, it could just come down to me simply being curious about her.”

Hearing that Tim didn’t love Sonia, Toby breathed a sigh of relief.

There were enough people fighting over Sonia—he obviously didn’t want to have another contender.

However, he really wanted to know what about Sonia that Tim was curious about.

As soon as he thought about it, Toby asked Tim about it as well.

Tim took off his glasses and wiped them while saying, “Well, I can’t tell you this as it involves some kind of research of mine—and it’s a secret.”

“Research?” Toby’s expression changed slightly. “You’re not telling me that you’re trying to study Sonia, are you?”

After wiping his glasses, Tim put it back on his face. “Hm. It’s something like that. But don’t worry; it’s not anything like a clinical study, but merely an observation. The bottom line is that it won’t do any harm to her. She’s my angel, so how could I bring myself to hurt her?”

“You’d better keep your word. Otherwise, I won’t let you off easily,” Toby stared at him and uttered coldly.

Despite that, Tim merely shrugged his shoulders and left it at that.

Just then, a cell phone rang.

Tom excused himself, then quickly took his phone out of his pocket and answered immediately after taking a look at the caller ID.

It was unknown what the person on the other end of the line said, but Tom’s expression did not look good.

Toby saw it, and his thin lips parted to ask, “What’s wrong?”

“It’s Director Larry. Before this, he handed in a proposal with a planned capital of 300 million. The proposal was terrible, and it was an obvious loss of money, so I turned it down before showing it to you. Director Larry just found out and is making a fuss in the office,” Tom sighed and answered helplessly.

Toby snorted coldly. “That old hoot of a man, Finn Larry. His purpose is never the project but only the money. You did a good job, Tom. You need not pay attention to him—he can’t make much of a fuss anyway.”

“Alright.” Tom nodded.

"Also," Toby said again.

Tom responded, "Yes, sir?"

"Go through the transfer procedures for me later—I'm transferring to Trifecta Hospital," Toby said quietly.

Tim raised his eyebrows when he heard what Toby said.

Tom, too, almost choked on his own saliva.

Trifecta Hospital? Isn't that the hospital where Miss Reed has been admitted? Did President Fuller just say that he actually wanted to move there?

Well, since Miss Reed couldn't be transferred to another hospital, and since President Fuller wants to see her all the time, the only way that could happen was to transfer himself to her hospital.

This was exactly something that Toby would do.

However, Tom could foresee that Charles would be enraged once Toby transferred there.

"Okay. I'll go through the formalities immediately after I arrive at First World Hospital," Tom replied with a dry cough.

Toby lifted his chin. "Also, mention to Trifecta that I want to stay in the ward next to Sonia's."

Hearing that, Tom rolled his eyes, but replied, "Noted."

After all, if Toby could manage to pull off transferring to another hospital for Sonia, it wouldn't be a problem for him to request for the ward beside hers.

So, in the evening, Toby had successfully transferred to Trifecta Hospital.

After Charles told the nurse to take good care of Sonia and Douglas, he was ready to go back.

As soon as he left the ward, he saw Tom pushing Toby over.

Charles was stunned upon seeing the both of them. "Why on earth are you here again?"

Toby adjusted the wrinkled cuffs on his patient's robe and said in a cold voice, "Tom, tell him why."

Tom looked down at the man in the wheelchair, and the corners of his mouth twitched.

He knew very well that Toby was just trying to use him to trigger Charles.

However, Toby was his boss—although he sympathized with Charles, he could only do as Toby said. After all, he was only Toby's employee.

"Well, Mr. Lane, from today onward, President Fuller will be receiving follow-up treatments in Trifecta Hospital. He has just been transferred to this hospital this afternoon and will be admitted into the ward next door," Tom pointed to the next ward and replied with a smile.

"What?!" Charles' eyes widened in shock.