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That's not possible, Sonia thought, still alarmed by Toby's proclamation. If it's true that Tina never truly loved him, then why was she so possessive of him?

As though reading her mind, Toby elaborated grimly, "She never truly loved me for me! After I blacked out from that particular car accident, I had Tom look into Tina, and we discovered a crucial piece of information."

"What was it?" Sonia asked anxiously.

Tom interjected, "We found out that, at that point, she had known for quite a while that she wasn't Titus' biological daughter."

"Yes. Tina discovered at the age of eighteen that she was not Titus' biological daughter, which means there was a chance that he wouldn't pass Triforce Enterprise to her. Even if he would, she knew her lack of skills in running a business would only jeopardize the company. There was a real likelihood that Triforce Enterprise could go bankrupt or be taken over by the shareholders, so in order for her to keep up her lavish lifestyle, she began to set eyes on all the successful men in the industry."

Sonia's jaw dropped when she heard Toby's explanation. "No way."

"It's all true, Miss Reed. I looked into the men Tina had set her eyes on and found that they were bachelors from and heirs to some of the most elite families in the industry," Tom began elaborating. "Our President Fuller happened to be the cream of the crop, but with the Gray Family's standing back in the day, they were far from being in his league. Tina couldn't find a way to even get close to President Fuller, until she discovered that he was pen pals with you, Miss Reed."

"Pen pals..." Sonia's face fell as she remembered something. So that's what happened! Tina and I went to the same university, and she was even my roommate!

The scene of Tina catching her writing letters flashed in Sonia's mind. They had been in their first year of university then, and she recalled Tina making fun of her for using such archaic

methods to communicate with someone. Following this, Tina even rallied the other students from the course to join in the teasing.

But one day, Tina suddenly showed interest in Sonia's pen pal and started asking questions about him. She had always been reproachful of Sonia's letter-writing, but out of nowhere, she claimed to have plans on finding herself a pen pal as well.

Perhaps that had been the precise moment when Tina, by some way or another, discovered Toby and Sonia were pen pals. Then she had the idea to impersonate me so that she could finally get close to Toby!

At the thought of this, Sonia closed her eyes and bit out angrily, "It was my fault for not seeing through her schemes at the beginning."

If she had known that John and Toby were the same person—that her pen pal and the man she had fallen so deeply in love with shared one identity—before Tina had, things would have turned out differently for her and Toby.

For one, Tina would never even be part of their narrative.

Presently, at the sight of Sonia's trembling hands, Toby reached out and pulled her into his arms. She stumbled into his embrace, and as he held her, he caressed her hair gently while murmuring, "None of this is your fault; it's mine. I should have told you my identity all those years ago."

In actuality, he had considered telling her about his real identity back then, but at last, he decided against it after seeing how difficult the search for a compatible heart donor had been.

That moment of hesitation had ended up being the perfect window for Tina to come between him and Sonia.

The fault was not Sonia's alone, but that didn't matter. Having missed out on six years with her, Toby was determined to have every moment he could with her now.

Sonia, on the other hand, was surprised by his sudden gentle embrace, but for some reason, she couldn't bring herself to push him away. There was something comforting about being in his arms like this, and she found herself calming down.

Going along with the flow, she quietly leaned her forehead against his shoulder and asked slowly, "So you're saying that Tina only ever loved you for your money and status, but not for who you are? She went to such extreme lengths just so she could have you fund her lavish lifestyle?"

"That's right," Toby muttered hoarsely, dipping his head so he could breathe in the pleasant scent of her hair.

She lowered her gaze. "Actually, I thought her feelings for you were true to some extent. I could tell."

Sonia had seen the jealousy in Tina's eyes whenever they were in the same room; raw emotions like that couldn't have been an act. Such jealousy and hostility toward me would have been uncalled for had Tina never truly loved Toby.

Toby's brows furrowed. "I don't care whether her feelings for me were real or not because I don't want her in the slightest. The idea of being loved by her disgusts me!"

Hearing this inexplicably lifted Sonia's spirits, and the beginnings of a smile began to curl on her lips as she said, "You know, maybe Tina tried to kill you because all that love she had for you has turned into pure hatred."

"It doesn't matter. She could try, but it's not as if she'd succeed in murdering me anytime soon," Toby pointed out darkly. An insidious look flashed in his eyes, but it disappeared just as quickly. He gently released Sonia from the cage of his arms and stared into her eyes. "Just remember that going forward, the grudges you thought were between you and Tina concern me as well, so don't tell me not to intervene. Tina would still come after me even if I were to back out of this mess. You understand that, don't you?"

Sonia parted her lips to say something in protest, but having been rendered speechless, she finally nodded. "I understand."

Meanwhile, the doctor who had been tending to Toby's sprained ankle—and who had become an involuntary third wheel to Toby and Sonia in the process—stood up and said, "Okay, President Fuller, you're all set and ready to go. I've bandaged your ankle, so try to keep the area dry for at least twenty-four hours, though you can clean it with a damp towel. In the meantime, take care not to bump into anything."

Toby hummed in response. "Alright. Now, can you please attend to her?"

"Very well," the doctor agreed readily, then glanced over at Sonia. "Take a seat here, young lady."

Sonia made a noise of acknowledgment and walked over to the other side of the couch, then rolled up her sleeve to reveal the abrasions on her arm so the doctor could tend to them.

Just then, Tom's phone rang. "President Fuller, it's a call from the bodyguards I sent to go after Tina earlier."

Toby looked somber as he barked, "Well, answer it!"

Sonia turned to stare at Tom anxiously as well.

Under their intense scrutiny, Tom picked up the call and put it on speaker. "It's me. Have you brought the target into custody?"

"Sorry, Mr. Brown, but we lost her," one of the bodyguards on the other line reported trepidatiously.

Exasperation and disbelief colored Tom's features as he snapped, "What? You lost her? You guys are two walking blocks of muscle with a flashy car, but neither of you managed to catch a girl in a beat-up ride?"

Putting it that way, it was hard for anyone to believe that Tina had outrun two security guards.

Toby, too, looked incensed, and the air around him crackled with angry energy. Sonia's fists were clenched so tight that her nails were digging hard into her palms, and the incredulous expression on her face belied her thoughts. How did it end up this way?

She had initially thought that the bodyguards would take down Tina for sure, but in a shocking twist of events, the wretched woman actually managed to escape.

It was just as Sonia had said earlier: if they failed to bring Tina into custody and let her escape, then it would only be harder to catch her the next time. For as long as Tina stayed

hidden in the shadows, she was a giant, ticking time bomb. There was no telling when she would pop up again and hurt them.

As things were, the worst-case scenario that Sonia had thought of had finally happened.

On the other end of the phone, the two bodyguards looked down in shame after getting told off by Tom.

"We're sorry, Mr. Brown. We didn't mean to let her escape; we thought the chase was going well, but just as we were about to corner her, two other cars skidded out of nowhere and cut us off."

"Cut you off?" Sonia was astonished as she bit down on her lip. "Could they be Tina's accomplices?"

"Obviously," Toby agreed with a solemn nod.

"She actually has accomplices?" Sonia slammed her fist against the cushion and demanded, "Who would put their lives on the line to help her? Cynthia? Or maybe Julia and Titus?"

These were the only people Sonia could think of who might lend Tina a hand in all this. There was no way Melody could have helped Tina escape, not while she was already struggling in prison already. No, she couldn't have arranged for anyone to help Tina get away from a manhunt.

That being said, Sonia thought there might be others who were aiding Tina in secret, but the possibility of that was low.

After all, the current Tina had already fallen from grace; she was no longer the same girl who had been coddled and supported by courtesies of her relationship with Toby. Her fans had deserted her, and her connections were too thinned out to offer her any real advantage.

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"We'll just have to look into this and weed out her accomplices, whoever they are," Toby said darkly, narrowing his eyes ominously.

Sonia nodded in agreement with him. There was little point in guessing who might have helped Tina escape when a thorough investigation could give them all the answers.

"Get the bodyguards to come back for now," Toby instructed, pinching the space between his brows wearily as he glanced at Tom. Now that Tina had managed to get away, sending bodyguards after her would be redundant.

Adjusting his glasses, Tom answered, "Yes, President Fuller." With that, he returned to the phone conversation and ordered the bodyguards to come back.

Meanwhile, the doctor was done tending to the abrasions on Sonia's arm. He slipped off his disposable gloves with a flourish and announced, "You're all done, miss. I've disinfected and put ointment on the wounds. Now, you may be tempted to scratch the wounds while they're healing, but let the itching subside on its own, or the wounds might leave the scar."

"Got it, doctor. Thank you," Sonia said with a polite smile.

"You're welcome." The doctor grabbed the medical kit from the coffee table and slipped the strap over his shoulder. "I'll be taking my leave now, President Fuller."

Upon hearing this, Toby jerked his chin at Tom and said, "Tom, see the doctor out and drop by the security office along the way. We need to find out the precise time when Tina showed up around the area."

"Yes, sir!" Tom nodded respectfully, then politely indicated for the doctor to leave through the door. The doctor took the lead, and Tom fell in step behind him.

When the door clicked shut, Sonia and Toby were the only ones left in the large office.

Presently, her gaze flickered over to his bandaged ankle as she asked, "Do you need to use the restroom or go back to your work desk?"

Toby shook his head. "No. Why do you ask?"

Sonia replied, "What I meant was, if you need to go to the restroom or back to your desk to sort through documents, then all you have to do is tell me. Think of me as a human crutch, if you will, since you can't exactly walk on your own at the moment."

"Oh," he said, then nodded slowly as he considered this option. "Got it. I'll let you know if I need your help."

"Right, so you will," she said with a smile. "And if you don't because you want to save me the trouble or whatever, just know that it'll add to my guilty conscience. Regardless of how things culminated, the fact remains that you busted your ankle because you wanted to save me."

In all fairness, Tina had wanted to run the both of them down, but if Toby had dodged away without pulling Sonia along with him, he would have been completely unhurt. At the end of the day, Sonia was the reason he would be limping for the next few days.

At the sight of her guilty expression, Toby sighed. "Come on, don't be too hard on yourself. I brought this onto myself when I rushed to keep you from getting run down."

"You could say that, but—" She was cut off abruptly by the sound of her phone ringing. Frowning, she fished the phone out of her purse and saw Charles' name flashing on the screen. She turned to Toby and muttered, "Sorry, I have to get this."

Toby hummed in response. "Go ahead."

She slid her thumb across the screen to pick up the call and pressed the phone to her ear. "Hey, Charles."

"Hey, baby. I thought you'd have dropped the jewelry off at Toby's by now," Charles said on the other line.

Sonia gave Toby a brief look and replied, "I have."

"Then why aren't you back yet? It's been ages, and we said we'd go over to sign off on the factory later, remember?" Charles pointed out.

She checked the time. "Sorry, but I'll be running late. Something came up."

"Something came up? What is it, baby?" Charles grew concerned. "Do you need my help?"

"No," she said, smiling as she shook her head. "It's fine. Everything has been handled for now."

Relieved, Charles prompted, "Oh, well, in that case, hurry back. Any later and the construction team will be getting off their shift."

Sonia nodded and gave a small hum. "Okay, I'll get back as soon as possible."

"Alright. See you later, then." Having said this, Charles ended the call.

Sonia set the phone aside, and Toby handed her a glass of water as he asked, "So, what did Charles want?"

"Thanks," she mumbled as she took the glass. Then, in response to Toby's question, she explained, "You know how you gave me a piece of land a couple of months ago because of Tina? I built a factory on it, and now the construction is nearly done. They want me to go over and run a final check before signing off on it."

"Congratulations," Toby said cheerily. "Now that you have a factory, you won't have to outsource manufacturers for your inventory."

He raised his own glass of water and made a toast to her new achievement.

Seeing this, Sonia broke into a smile and clinked her glass against his. "You're right. I won't have to stoop down to beg for others' favors or put my pride on the line now that I have the factory set up."

She still remembered how she had gone to Autumn Crest Hill for a meeting with Director Sandberg and his team. She had only just taken over Paradigm Co. then, and she was supposed to negotiate for manufacturing contracts with Director Sandberg, but all she got out of the deal was a round of harassment from the old director and his team of leering men. If Toby had not shown up to intervene back then, Director Sandberg and his employees might have had their way with her.

She shuddered at this, disgusted by how vile the experience had been and how she would hate to relive it.

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"With the factory close to completion, have you looked into equipment suppliers?" Toby asked after sipping his water, drawing Sonia out of her thoughts.

She frowned. "I haven't actually decided on that, but I'm considering international suppliers, since their engineering technology is much more advanced than what I could find in the local market. That being said, I'm going to need a buying channel if I set my mind on overseas equipment, and I am without one at the moment."

"I could make arrangements for you," Toby offered, eyeing her steadily.

She shook her head vehemently when she heard this and flapped her hand to turn him down. "Oh, no, don't trouble yourself. I intend to take a look at the equipment myself when I go overseas."

He cocked a brow at this. "I didn't know you were planning a trip abroad."

Clasping her glass of water, Sonia hummed thoughtfully and said, "A friend from my alma mater is throwing an engagement party next month on the tenth. She called me up two days ago and invited me to the party, and apparently, her fiancé comes from a family that owns a mining company. They're supposedly collaborating with a lot of engineering companies, so when I go over next month for her party, I'll try my luck and see if I can set up a buying channel."

Next month on the tenth... Engagement party... The fiancé comes from a family that owns a mining company...

These strung together in Toby's mind, and he wondered idly if they were part of a coincidence as he glanced in the direction of his work desk, the drawer of which contained the invitation to an engagement party.

Much like Sonia's friend, the soon-to-be groom who had sent Toby the invitation was having the engagement party on the tenth of next month, and his family happened to also be in the mining business.

Connecting the dots, Toby deduced that he and Sonia would be attending the same engagement party in the following month.

Amused by the thought of this, he began to smile, and soon a low chuckle escaped him.

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Next to him, Sonia shot him a baffled look and asked, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," he sputtered softly, lowering his gaze to hide the lingering amusement in his eyes. He had no plans of telling her that they would be attending the same engagement party, because he would very much like to see how she would react when she saw him on the day of. Would she be surprised or overjoyed? Or both?

He could almost see her staring at him, wide-eyed with astonishment. The picture alone was enough to entertain him, and he resisted the urge to laugh once more.

Sonia, on the other hand, was a little flustered by Toby's sudden mysterious front, but she didn't want to press further if he had no intention of telling her in the first place. Everyone had their own secrets, after all.

She put her phone into her bag, and she had only just tugged on the zipper when she heard Toby ask, "By the way, is Charles still calling you baby?"

At that moment, Sonia wasn't sure if she was imagining it, but she thought Toby had added emphasis to the word 'baby'. He had also said it in a hoarse voice, which only added a suggestive edge to the word that gave her stomach butterflies and made blood rush to her face.

Worst of all, he made a point to look deep into her eyes when he said the word 'baby', and she was having a hard time deciding if he had done so on purpose.

For a moment, she thought her face was heating up too much and too quickly for her own good. She instinctively reached up and patted her cheeks with both hands. Sure enough, her skin felt hot to the touch. It didn't help that her heart was suddenly thumping wildly in her chest, threatening to fly out of her chest even though she was trying to stay calm.