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## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 353

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But things were looking great now that Rina had taken the initiative to familiarize herself with her, and

"I didn't change my mind. I've just thought things through. Since my return, Tina has been very mean to me, and so I feel very inferior. Hence, I didn't dare to hug you like this because I was afraid that you'd

loathe me as well and push me away," Rina explained, leaning her head on Julia's shoulder.

Stroking Rina's hair, Julia said, "That's not true. No mother will loathe their own child. You're just splitting hairs." Then, she poked her forehead jokingly and added, "But it's fine now that you've thought things through. Don't let your imaginations run wild in the future."

"Okay, I won't do that anymore. I'll be the sweet little girl that you love from now," Rina answered. I was dumb, she thought. I've been here for so long but never thought of becoming their real daughter until found out that Miss Reed was the real Rina Gray.

Still, it was not too late now. From today onward, she would win over Titus and Julia completely to the point that they would only have eyes for her, and if someone jumped out and questioned her identity in the future, the Grays wouldn't be convinced; even if they did doubt her, they still wouldn't send her away.

No matter what, since she already had them as her parents, then they were her parents. No one could take them away from her not even the real Rina Gray!

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Not knowing what was on Rina's mind, a smile spread across Julia's face when she heard her words. "Okay, okay, you're my favorite little girl."

In return, Rina hugged her arm and giggled. A few seconds later, she lifted her head and stared at Julia's hair. "Mom, your hair is a little messy. Let me do your hair for you."

Since her daughter had offered to do her hair, Julia was so overjoyed that she couldn't care less whether her hair was really messy. So, she hurriedly agreed. "You're such a good girl, Rina. Sure, do my hair."

"I'll go get a comb," Rina said and went upstairs.

Soon, she returned with a comb in her hand and stood behind Julia before she released the pins in her hair and started combing her hair out. She was a little strong while combing, but Julia didn't stop her

even though she was hurting a little, thinking that she was only strong because of all the farmwork she used to do. In addition, it was the first time Rina did her hair, so she would feel bad to say anything.

A few minutes later, Rina removed a few strands of hair from the comb and kept it away in her pocket secretly. Placing down the comb, she announced, "I'm done, Mom. Take a look to see if you like it."

"I like it. Of course I like the hair my daughter did for me," Julia answered while chuckling gently and smoothing out her hair.

Rina smiled as well. "That's great! By the way, I'm going out again, Mom. I made a friend when I went out today, and we agreed to go out for a movie. It's about time for my date, so I'm leaving now."

With that, she left for the door briskly without waiting for Julia to say another word. Now that she already had both Sonia and Julia's hair, it was time for her to make a trip to the DNA testing lab!

At the same time, on the other side of the city, Sonia had just finished lunch. She stepped out of the restaurant and called Toby.

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“President Fuller, Tina already spilled everything, and I have the recording of her saying it herself. So, we can send the waiter and that man to the police station now, right?” Sonia said into the phone while waiting for a cab on the side of the street.

A look of surprise flashed in Toby’s eyes. “You got a recording from her so soon?”

“Yeah, I had help from someone, so it was kinda easy,” she replied with a nod.

Narrowing his eyes, Toby thought, That someone is probably that Rina Gray imposter, who’s working as her and Zane’s mole.

As Tina was only staying at home and not going out, Sonia couldn’t go to the Grays to pry the words out of her. Therefore, the only one who could help her out was that fake Rina Gray, who was living there.

“Okay, you can go and make the report at the police station first, and I’ll ask someone to send those two guys to you,” Toby said while nodding slightly.

“Sure. Thanks a lot,” Sonia answered.

“You don’t have to thank—”

Before he finished speaking, he heard something amiss from the phone and took a glance at his phone with a frown. What he saw was the main menu page instead of the outgoing call page, and he pursed his lips. She’s sure quick to hang up!

“Pfft!” Tom, who was seated across the hospital bed, witnessed everything and couldn’t stop himself from snorting in laughter. Nice. President Fuller got snubbed by Miss Reed again.

Hearing his snort, Toby narrowed his eyes and cast him an icy look. “What are you laughing at?”

Immediately, Tom wiped the smirk off his face and pushed his glasses higher before replying in a serious tone, “You’ve heard it wrongly, President Fuller. I didn’t laugh. As a special assistant, I won’t be emotional during work. Please trust that I’m a professional.”

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Unless I can't help it! he added silently.

"I don't believe you. Forget about your bonus for this month," Toby spat indifferently.

Tom's eyes widened in disbelief. "Please don't, President Fuller. I've made a mistake and I really, really regret it. I won't laugh at you in the future anymore."

Not in front of you, at least.

"It's too late!" Toby said emotionlessly, placing down his phone.

Realizing that he was unsuccessful in changing Toby's mind, Tom appeared forlorn and was filled with regret. Really, if I could turn back time, I would have held back my laugh—I should have only laughed when I left the hospital.

"That's enough," Toby said, rubbing his slightly throbbing temples. "In the call earlier, Sonia said she already has the recording of Tina's testimonial. You can now send that waiter and that guy to the police station."

"She got it so quickly?" Tom gasped in surprise.

Toby answered, "She had help from that fake Rina Gray, who probably went to Tina to sound her out while recording their conversation in secret."

"Stealth recording like this has no legal effects," Tom pointed out with a serious expression.

"I know that, but Sonia probably doesn't know it. So, make a visit to the Chase Family in my name," Toby instructed in a solemn voice as he narrowed his eyes.

The Chase Family was another influential and prestigious family in Seafield. They were about the same as the Coleman Family, but the Colemans were in politics, while the Chase Family was in the police force.

The current head of the Chase Family, Bertie Chase, was also the police chief in Seafield. Just a year ago, his son was kidnapped, and Toby, who happened to run into this incident, sent someone to save him. Since then, Bertie had owed him a favor, which had yet to be repaid until now, mainly because

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Toby had nothing to ask from him.

However, he could ask for a return of the favor now. As long as he gave Bertie the heads up, the recording Sonia had would be legally effective.

“Understood. I’ll go get it done now,” Tom answered, acknowledging it with a nod.

Then, something came into Toby’s mind as his eyes turned as cold as ice. “Wait a minute. Deal with those two guys before bringing them to the police station.”

The light reflected off Tom’s glasses as he asked, “You want to deal with them, President Fuller?”

“Since that waiter had the nerves to drug Sonia, then break both his arms. As for that man, break his leg.” His voice was as calm as a devil’s whisper; the iciness in his voice was so cold that it sent chills down one’s spine, making every strand of hair stand on its edge. Daily Latest update

“Break his leg? President Fuller, which leg do you mean?” Tom asked composedly. Tsk, tsk. Those two poor men—one will lose his arms while another will lose his leg. Serves them right, since they made a move against Miss Reed, who’s President Fuller’s soft spot.

Toby cast him a cold look from the corners of his eyes. “What do you think?”

Shrugging his shoulders, Tom answered, “I got it. I’ll take care of it.” Since he didn’t make it clear, then... he’ll lose both his legs, as well as his manhood!

That was exactly Toby’s intention as well.

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After Tom turned and left the room, Toby picked up his phone and was contemplating whether he should call or text Sonia. In the end, he decided to go with a text. 'Tom is sending those men over now. Just wait a little.'

At the same time, Sonia was seated in a chair in the lobby of the police station. Feeling her phone vibrating in her handbag, she whisked it out to check it. Upon seeing the message, she smiled and replied hurriedly, 'I got it. Thanks!'

Toby's reply came very quickly as well. 'You're welcome. Also, I've taken care of those two guys for you!'

He took care of them? she thought in surprise. 'How did you take care of them?'

'You'll find out in a while, he replied.

Seeing how he wanted to keep it a secret, Sonia pursed her lips and kept her phone away instead of asking him again. Since he didn't say it when she asked the first time, then there was no need to ask the second time. Just then, she heard a familiar voice from nearby.

Knitting her brows together slightly, she turned to the source and saw Cynthia speaking to a female police officer standing in front of her.

It appeared as though the officer was lecturing Cynthia, who kept her head low while bobbing it and answering, "I understand. I won't do it again."

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Noticing that Cynthia was dressed in her private clothes instead of the orange jumpsuit, Sonia knew that her detention had ended. What a coincidence, she thought, not expecting that she would run into the scene where Cynthia regained her freedom while she was here to make a police report.

But her detention was supposed to be twenty days. Why did it end so quickly before the twenty days were up? she wondered and stood up to walk over.

The crisp, clear sound of her heels clicking on the floor drew Cynthia and the officer's attention, and they stopped their conversation as they spun their heads simultaneously toward her.

When Cynthia saw Sonia, her face fell; she quickly hid behind the officer, as though she was avoiding Sonia like a plague.

Smirking, Sonia thought, What's going on? Is Cynthia that afraid of me?

After peering at Cynthia behind herself, the officer smiled and greeted, "Hi, Miss Reed."

Sonia nodded and replied, "Hello, Officer Chase. I would like to ask if Miss Stone's detention period has ended."

Hearing that, Officer Chase immediately understood why she joined them, and she smiled as she answered, "Yes. A few days ago, Miss Stone saved an inmate who was having an epilepsy attack and made a merit point for herself. So, her detention ended ahead of time."

"She made a merit?" Sonia repeated in surprise. Then, she glanced at Cynthia, who was behind Officer Chase, and exclaimed in surprise, "I really can't tell that you're actually capable of doing something good."

With a police officer in front of her, Cynthia poked out her head bravely and glared at Sonia as she barked, "Is it such a wonder for me to do something good?"

An indifferent smirk appeared on Sonia's face. "How is it not? Am I supposed to believe that a person who ended up in a detention center twice because she tried to harm me actually did something out of

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the goodness of her heart?" she sneered while peering at Cynthia with a deep look in her eyes.

Guilt washed over Cynthia from her stare, and she lowered her head subconsciously. This woman is so smart!

It was true that she didn't save that inmate out of kindness, but simply because she wanted to end her detention earlier.

From her last experience in a detention center, she had heard that she could be released earlier if she made a credit, which was not an easy feat in a detention center. At long last, she ran into an inmate who had an epilepsy attack. Without a doubt, she wouldn't let this golden opportunity pass by, and she managed to save this inmate after driving away another inmate who also wanted to make a merit.

Unexpectedly, Sonia had seen through her true intentions so easily. But so what if she did? she thought. So what if she knew that I didn't save someone out of kindness? It's a fact that I saved someone and earned a merit point! At the thought of this, she didn't feel guilty anymore and held her head and chin up high as she threw a provocative look at Sonia.

Sonia narrowed her eyes and was about to say something when a male officer came over. "Hey, Chase. Where did you place the file from last time?"

Slapping her forehead, Officer Chase apologized. "I'm sorry. I placed it in my drawer and forgot to put it back into the archives. I'll get it for you right now." Then, she hurriedly paced to her work station.

After the police officers left, there was only Sonia and Cynthia left on the spot. Without the protection of the police officer, in a split second, Cynthia returned to the terrified state that she was in when she saw Sonia earlier.

Seeing that, Sonia had a faint smile on her face and asked, "What's wrong? Are you afraid of me?"

"W-Who's afraid of you?" she retorted, reacting like a cat whose tail had been trampled over.

Crossing her arms across her chest, Sonia said, "You're not afraid? I'll give it a try, then." Then, she lifted her leg and took a step toward Cynthia.

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All of a sudden, Cynthia jumped back and shouted, "Don't come near me!"

Sonia stopped and chuckled. "Look how agitated you are when I get closer. And you're telling me you're not afraid?"

This time, she had no words to argue; she shrunk her neck as her face flushed bright red with a mix of awkwardness and fury.

Yes, it was true that she was afraid of this woman because she had sent her into a detention center twice. In her heart, this woman was no different from the devil himself, and while she hated her, she also feared her.

That was simply because she knew clearly that she couldn't outwit this woman!

"Just what do you want with me?" Biting her lower lip, Cynthia looked as though she was about to burst into tears.

Sonia pouted her lips. "I don't want to do anything with you. I just wanted to confirm if you're really afraid of me."

Glaring at her furiously, Cynthia answered, "Yes, I'm afraid of you. Are you happy now? So, can you let me off and let me go now?"

"Of course I can. If the police are letting you go, how could I keep you here? However, before you go, have some advice for you. Since you're already released, be a good person and stop doing those nasty, despicable acts. If I could send you to the detention center twice, then I can do it again for the third time," Sonia said in a cold voice with a teasing smile on her face.

Paralyzed, Cynthia uttered, "You,"

"Don't try me because I'm serious. I'm even thinking that it's rather boring to keep sending you to a detention center. If it's possible, I would rather send you to jail. I heard that the women there are freaky. Because they haven't met a man for years, they do things to women—"

"Stop, you devil!" Cynthia shouted fearfully as she covered her ears with her hands.

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She knew exactly what Sonia wanted to say; for the past few days when she was in the detention center, the inmates here had told her about how horrifying a jail was and how freaky the women there were. This was precisely why she didn't want Sonia to continue talking.

Seeing how terrified Cynthia was, Sonia smiled brightly. "Alright, I won't go on, but from the looks of it, you probably know what I was going to say. If you really don't want to end up in jail, you'd better behave. Otherwise, don't blame me for sending you there. Even if the things you do are not so serious that it could land you in jail, I'll think of ways to put you in there. Trust me, I can definitely do it!"

Hearing that, blood drained from Cynthia's face as she trembled all over. In the end, she bolted out of the place because she just couldn't stand to be in the same room with her, and she was afraid that if she didn't leave, this she-devil would come up with an idea against her.

Watching Cynthia's back as she ran away in fear, Sonia threw back her head and laughed heartily as she was now in a good mood. I think she'll have nightmares tonight.

Suddenly, a man's voice echoed from behind her. "Miss Reed."

Recognizing it as Tom's voice, she gathered her emotions and turned around. "Hello, Mr. Brown."

"I've brought the men here, Miss Reed," he reported as he paced over.

She squinted her eyes. "Where are they?"

"The police have brought them to the interrogation room," he answered.

"I'm going over to take a look!" she said, strutting toward the interrogation room in her heels

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