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## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 365

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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.

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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!

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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.

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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?"

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In the stairwell, Douglas stopped crying when he heard him. Sniffing, 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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?"

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"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.

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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?"

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"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.

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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.

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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.

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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?"

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"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.

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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.

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“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.”

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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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