

# Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

## Chapter 381

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Sonia knew what he was thinking, since she was thinking the same thing as well. She asked in disbelief, "So you're saying I'm not the real Sonia? I got switched out with the real deal?"

Charles held the steering wheel tightly. "I don't know, but I'm sure you're not the same baby I saw the first time I went to your place."

"Impossible. That's impossible." Sonia clenched her fists, her body shaking. "If I'm not Sonia, then who am I?" I can't be a fake, can I?

Charles stopped his car by the roadside. "Calm down, babe. It might not be as bad as we think."

"Then what is the truth?" Sonia's eyes glossed over. "Charles, you know I'm not the same baby you saw, don't you?"

"I—" Charles paused, but he couldn't say anything.

Sonia bit her lip. "See? You can't even say no. That's what you're thinking, aren't you? Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm not Sonia. The culprit said my birthmark is a threat to her. In other words, she might be the real Sonia."

Charles sighed. "Fine, I'll say it. I think you were switched out, but that doesn't mean you aren't the real Sonia. I mean, your parents should have noticed the birthmark. It's too obvious. The two of you look different as well but your parents said nothing to that, so I was thinking maybe the two of you were switched at birth, and your parents found out, so they switched back."

"I—" Sonia was petrified. That's a possibility. Dad and Mom should have realized it if I was a fake, but they loved me all the same. Same goes for grandpa. In other words, I'm their real daughter. Maybe Charles is right. Maybe I was switched at birth and was switched back again.

"But then why did the culprit say I'm a threat to her?" Sonia frowned. Something still felt off, but she couldn't put a finger on it. Naturally, she was annoyed.

Charles scratched his head. "I have no idea, but let's calm down. We'll know the truth once we catch her."

"Yeah, I guess so, but I still want to find out if I'm the real Sonia. I want to know if I'm my parents' real daughter."

"Do you really have to?" Charles looked at her.

Sonia stared at the ground. "Yes. It'll give me peace of mind."

"How are you planning to look into this then?"

"I'll start from the records twenty-six years ago. If the culprit was switched at birth like I did, the hospital must have the records hidden somewhere."

Charles nodded. "True. But you were born in Norfolk, so are you going to make a trip to Norfolk?"

"Of course. Besides, I did say I would attend Carl's show." She touched her eyes. "I can't see a thing, but I'm not going back on my word."

"When are you going then?" Charles asked.

"Tomorrow. Daphne already got me my flight ticket and hotel room two days ago," Sonia said.

Charles looked troubled. "Tomorrow? I can't go then. It's my grandpa's death anniversary, and the whole family's going to visit his grave."

"No problem. I'll ask Rebecca to go with me." Sonia smiled.

Rebecca was strong enough to protect Sonia, so Charles wasn't worried. "That's good. With her there, there's nothing to worry about."

"Yep. Call me once your employee comes up with the portrait tomorrow," Sonia said.

Charles gave her an OK gesture. "Sure. Now let's go back to the hospital."

It was twelve when they came back to the hospital.

Charles got Sonia her lunch and told the caretaker to take good care of her before he left.

Sonia and Douglas were having their lunch when Sonia's phone rang.

The caretaker quickly handed the phone to her. "Miss Reed, it's from someone called Zane."

"It's uncle!" Douglas' eyes glinted, and he looked happy.

Sonia patted his head. "Take the call then, Douglas."

"You take it, auntie. He's calling you. He would have called me if he wanted to talk to me." Douglas pouted.

I know Uncle Zane very well. He only cares about you, not me.

Sonia shook her head in amusement after hearing Douglas' complaint. "Zane." She took the call.

"Where are you, Sonia? I went to your company, but the receptionist said you've been MIA for two days. Are you at Bayside Residence?" Zane asked.

Sonia put her spoon down. "No. I'm in the hospital, and Douglas is here too. You can come pick him up if you want."

She told him the hospital's address.

"The hospital? Are you sick?" Zane was standing at Paradigm Co.'s reception area, his eyes widening nervously.

Sonia hung up without answering him.

Douglas looked at her. "Is uncle coming, auntie?"

"Yes, he'll be here in a while. Finish your lunch." Sonia put her phone aside and went back to her lunch.

Back at Paradigm Co., Zane looked at his phone and sighed bitterly. So Douglas has been useless. Sonia is still as cold as ever. He kept his phone in his pocket and left for Trifecta Hospital, arriving about an hour later.

Douglas ran up to him and held his leg. "You're here, uncle."

"Yep. I'm back." He patted the boy's head, but his eyes never shifted from Sonia.

Sonia was leaning against her bed with her eyes closed, as if she was asleep.

He went up to her and called, "Sonia."

Sonia opened her eyes and turned to him. "You're here. Take Douglas home. He's been missing you."

"Sure. Thanks for taking care of him," Zane said apologetically.

Sonia shook her head. "It's the other way around, actually. He fills my glass up and calls the doctor whenever I need it. He's a good boy."

Douglas blushed from the praise, then he hid behind Zane's leg shyly.

Zane looked at the bandage on Sonia's head. "Sonia, did you hurt your head? How did this happen?"

Sonia touched the bandage. "Just an accident."

"No it's not. Some witch knocked her out and blinded her," Douglas popped his head out from behind Zane and grumbled.

Zane said sharply, "You're blinded? Sonia, you—"

"It's not as serious as you think. Just temporary," Sonia answered.

She seems calm. Not even sad at all, so it must be true. Zane heaved a sigh of relief.

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"Thank god." Zane patted his chest in relief. "Who did this?"

"No idea. We're still looking into it, but we should have the results tomorrow," Sonia answered.

Zane sighed regrettably. "I see. Here I thought I could help."

"It's fine. Just take Douglas home. He's been staying with me at the hospital for a while now. Didn't even eat or sleep well. It's not good for a kid, so just take him home and let him rest."

Zane knew Sonia just wanted him to leave, so he nodded despondently. "I see. I'll come tomorrow then. Douglas, say goodbye to a... Miss Sonia."

"Goodbye, auntie." Douglas waved at her.

Sonia couldn't see him, but she waved as well.

Zane took Douglas and left, leaving Sonia alone. The sudden silence scared her, especially when she was blind. The more time passed, the worse her fear got, for she never knew who

might come in her ward the next second. It could be someone like Titus, and if he did come, she would be dead in no time.

"Anyone there?" Sonia asked. She wanted to call the caretaker back.

The caretaker left after Zane came, but she had been missing since. Where is she? Sonia wouldn't be so afraid with her around. At least she'd know who her visitor was.

"Mrs. Taters? Mrs. Taters!" Sonia held her blanket, calling out to her caretaker loudly.

Just then, a familiar deep voice sounded. "What is it?"

Toby! Sonia's eyes widened, but her fear dissipated. She heaved a sigh of relief and shook her head. "I'm fine. I'm just scared because I'm alone, and I can't see anything. I wanted to get Mrs. Taters back, but she isn't here. Good thing you came though."

She had to say she was reliant on Toby at the moment. At least he was a familiar face, so with him here, she didn't have to face the darkness alone.

Toby paused for a moment when Sonia said it was a good thing he was there, then he felt delighted, and his wound didn't feel as painful anymore. He went up to her and stopped beside her bed. "Don't worry. I'll be here with you."

Sonia wanted to say he could leave after Mrs. Taters came back, but then she realized it'd make her look like a jerk, so she kept quiet about it.

Toby got a chair and sat down. "So? Did you get anything?"

Sonia knew he was talking about Alice, and she squinted. "Yes, and it's shocking. Alice's just a scapegoat. The real culprit is still at large."

"What?" Toby's face fell. "She's just a scapegoat?"

"Yes. She has a son who has leukemia, so she needs a lot of money for his treatment. That's why she became a scapegoat. As long as she doesn't reveal the true culprit and insists that she's the sole attacker, the culprit would pay for her son's treatment." She shook her head sorrowfully.

Toby sneered. "Who is the culprit?"

"No idea. She doesn't know either. All she knows is what the culprit looks like. Charles will get a sketch artist to draw the portrait tomorrow," Sonia answered.

Toby's face hardened. He wanted to say something, but Sonia's phone rang. When he turned around and saw that the caller was Charles, he got visibly annoyed. But in the end, he handed the phone to her. "It's Charles."

"Thanks." Sonia took the call. "What is it, Charles?"

"Baby, the detective called me just now. They found out everything about Alice. She wasn't lying. Her son is leukemic, but he doesn't know she's his mother. She didn't tell him about it either," Charles said.

Sonia arched her eyebrow. "Why?"

"Because she dumped the boy when he was diagnosed with leukemia after he was born. Ten years later, her whole family got into a car crash during a vacation, and everyone died except for her. However, she didn't get away unscathed. She became barren, but then she found out her son was still alive, but she never revealed herself to him because she feels guilty about dumping him."

"I see." Sonia looked at Toby. "No wonder she didn't tell you who the true culprit was when you were threatening her with her family back at the police station. She was obviously scared, but I guess she never thought we would find out that she has a son."

"Who are you talking to, babe?" Charles asked dubiously.

"Toby," Sonia answered honestly.

"What? You're talking to Toby?" Charles leaped up. "He went over to your place again?"

Sonia laughed. "He's in the ward next door. Stop dwelling over it and tell me if there's anything else I should know. Is her son's treatment paid for?"

"No." Charles shook his head. "The detective asked the staff at the hospital, but they said they never received any money for her son's treatment."

Sonia raised her chin. "So the culprit didn't keep her promise?"

"Yes. She might pay after Alice is convicted. Or she might never." Charles shrugged.

Sonia pinched the area between her brows. "Okay, keep me updated. See you later, Charles." She put her phone down.

Toby extended his hand. "Give it to me. I'll hang up for you. You can't see anyway."

"Thanks." Sonia handed it over without insisting.

After he took the phone, Toby looked at the call and smiled coolly before hanging up. Then, he put the phone beside her and looked at her. "So how are you going to deal with Alice?" Since she's just a scapegoat, it'd be bad to use her as a guinea pig.

Sonia held her forehead. "Honestly, I have no idea. I'll tell Tim to stop the drug test. We'll decide again when the real culprit is captured."

"Sounds like a plan." Toby nodded.

Sonia nodded and yawned.

Since she was getting tired, Toby said gently, "Sleepy?"

"Yeah, I am."

"Go to sleep then. I'll keep watch," Toby said.

Sonia wanted to refuse, but Toby said, "You're scared of being alone, don't you? You wouldn't have called for the caretaker otherwise."

"I—" He saw through me. Sonia wanted to defend herself, but she couldn't find the words.

Toby looked at her gently. "Just get to sleep. I'll leave after the caretaker comes back."

Sonia stopped refusing him. After all, her head was still injured, and after going around that morning, she was already getting drowsy. It was taking everything she had just to stay up, but she was losing it. "Thanks for that, then." She smiled sheepishly.

Toby helped her lie down on the bed. "No problem. Just go to sleep." He then tucked her in.



“Okay.” Sonia closed her eyes and drifted to sleep a short while later.

Once she was sound asleep, Toby looked at her quietly, but something glinted in his eyes. A moment later, he leaned over and kissed her forehead.

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Suddenly, someone opened the door, and in came Mrs. Taters. When she saw what was happening, she almost gasped in surprise. “Mr. Fuller, you’re—”

Toby frowned. Obviously, he was annoyed by her suddenly coming in. He reluctantly straightened his back and looked at her, then put his finger against his lips. “Don’t wake her up.”

It was then that Mrs. Taters noticed Sonia was asleep, and she nodded.

Toby got off the bed and went toward the caretaker, then took out his wallet and gave her some money. “Don’t tell anyone what you saw.”

Mrs. Taters took the money happily, beaming. “Don’t worry, sir. I saw nothing.”

“Good.” Toby put his wallet away and nodded. “And come back sooner after you leave. Stay with her at all times. It scares her when she can’t see anything. Do that and I’ll pay you.”

“I’ll do that, sir. I will,” Mrs. Taters promised immediately, worried that Toby might take his word back if she hesitated for a moment longer.

Toby grunted and left. He could feel his back searing because of the wound reopening, so he needed the doctor to patch it up quickly.

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Sonia went through the paperwork for discharge the next day and got ready to fly to Norfolk. Mrs. Taters was packing her things while she was on the couch calling Carl. When she called him earlier, the line was engaged, and she didn't know where he was. Because of what happened over the last few days, she didn't call him, so she wondered if she could reach him now.

She called him again and put the phone to her ear. This time, the line was no longer engaged, and she smiled in delight. But her happiness didn't last long, since nobody picked up. He might have missed the call. Or he did it on purpose. Sonia leaned toward the latter.

After all, she did text Carl and told him to call her if he saw the message. Now that the call went through, that meant Carl saw the message, but he didn't call her. In other words, he didn't want to contact her.

Sonia was upset by that, of course. She felt that it was unfair for her, but she was also worried. It was unfair because she was the victim, but now Carl was acting like he was the victim, and he wanted the real victim, aka her, to apologize to him. On the other hand, she was worried because she didn't know what he had been up to over the last few years. In the end, she sighed.

It was then someone knocked, and Rebecca popped in. "I'm here, Miss Reed." She smiled.

Sonia looked in her direction. She couldn't see Rebecca, but that didn't stop her from smiling. "Come in."

Rebecca came in. "You look worried, Miss Reed. Is something on your mind?"

"Carl. He's not taking my call." Sonia shook her phone and smiled bitterly.

"I see. I heard what happened. He's just a man child—a crazy and obsessed one at that. Never date him, Miss Reed. It'll be an unfair relationship. You'll have to take care of his feelings 24/7. One misstep and he'll disappear or do something annoying. It's tiring to be with someone like that."

Being a professional bodyguard trained her to see through people. Carl might look like a soft-spoken and polite young man, but under that façade, a monster lay in wait.

Sonia was amused by what Rebecca said. "What are you talking about? I will never date him. He's just like a brother to me, and that will never change."

"That's good to hear. Just don't date him, because he doesn't know how to love someone. His love is sick and suffocating. It's probably because of what happened when he was a kid." Rebecca sighed. He used to be a sweet young boy, but his trash parents made him into a twisted man. This is a cruel joke.

"Something happened when he was a kid?" Sonia squinted. "How do you know what happened when he was a kid?"

"Um..." Oops. Made a slip of the tongue. Rebecca quickly came up with an excuse and lied, "He told me about it. I thought he's the guy I was looking for, so I talked about it with him." That was close. If she tells him I looked into his past, he's going to be mad at me.

"I see." Sonia nodded. She didn't want to suspect Rebecca of lying, so she said nothing more.

Rebecca heaved a sigh of relief and switched the subject to Sonia's eyes. "You told me you can't see for the time being. Is that true?" She leaned closer to take a look at Sonia's eyes.

Sonia touched her eyes. "Yes. So I'll be counting on you for the next couple of days."

"Leave it all to me," Rebecca promised.

At that moment, Mrs. Taters closed Sonia's luggage. "I've finished packing your things, Miss Reed."

"Then it's time to leave." Sonia stood up.

Rebecca quickly helped her onto the wheelchair and pushed her out of the room, while Mrs. Taters followed behind with the luggage in tow.

Rebecca's car was in the hospital's car park. After Sonia got in, they drove toward the airport.

The moment she left, Toby came to her room. When he realized that the bed was made and that Mrs. Tates was cleaning the room, his face fell. "Where is Sonia?"

She looked up. "Hello, Mr. Fuller."

"Where is Sonia?" Toby clenched his fists, his voice sounding panicked.

Worried, Mrs. Taters answered, "She was discharged."

"What?" Toby was shaken. "Discharged? She's still hurt! Why was she discharged?"

She knew he was angry and worried, so she explained, "Miss Reed wants to attend some fashion show in Norfolk."

"Fashion show?" Toby's veins popped. She can't even see. How is she supposed to attend a fashion show? Toby knew she had no interest in any fashion show. The only reason she was going must be because of Carl. Carl was the only model among her circle of friends. If it wasn't for him, Sonia wouldn't have gone to that show. Why does she care about Carl so much? She's still hurt! Toby exited Sonia's ward, looking absolutely furious. He took his phone out and called Tom.

"Sir!" Tom picked up the phone almost immediately.

"Prepare my jet. I'm going to Norfolk," Toby told him.

"Huh?" Tom was surprised to hear that. "Do you have any business there?"

"No."

"Then why are you—"

"Shut up and just do it. Pick me up from the hospital once you're done." Toby frowned impatiently.

Tom couldn't go against his orders, so he shrugged. "I understand. Right away, sir."

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Toby grunted and hung up.

Two hours went by after that. By then, Sonia had landed in Norfolk. Rebecca pushed her out and hailed a ride to go to their hotel.

Daphne had gotten them a business suite with two rooms. The smaller room came with a bed too, and now Rebecca was staying in it. Sonia couldn't see the room, but since it was a smaller one, it must be cramped, so she smiled sheepishly at Rebecca. "Sorry for having you stay in that room, Rebecca."

"It's fine." Rebecca sat on her bed, swinging her legs. "It's still fine. I like it, actually. I'm just staying for a night or two, so it's no big deal. I've stayed in smaller rooms. Heck, I've slept in the wilds before, so it's nothing."

Sonia was relieved to hear that.

Rebecca looked at the time. "It's still early. The show's starting at night, so do you want to get some rest?"

"Sure. I'm getting dizzy anyway." Sonia massaged her temples.

"I'll help you to your bed." Rebecca stood up and went toward her.

After Sonia had fallen asleep, Rebecca tiptoed out of the room and called Carl.

Carl picked up a moment later. "What is it?" He sounded hoarse.

"Miss Reed's here in Norfolk." Rebecca stopped before the elevator.

Carl had just finished his rehearsal and was taking a break in the spectator seat. When he heard that, he stopped wiping his sweat off. "She's here?"

"Yes. She's here for your show. You invited her, didn't you? She would never go back on her word, so here she is. But why didn't you take her call?" Rebecca pressed the elevator's button.

Carl stared down at the floor. "No reason."

Rebecca snorted. "As if. I know you're afraid. You don't know how to face her, do you? You're a twisted man who wants her all for yourself, but on the other hand, you're holding that urge down. That's why you're acting like a child and running away from her. Isn't that exhausting?"

Carl's face fell, for Rebecca hit the bullseye. "Enough. What are you getting at?"

Rebecca pursed her lips. "Miss Reed doesn't blame you for what happened back then, so stop hiding. She's worried for you. And she's the victim here, not you. How could you let her worry about you? Grow up, Master Carl."

Carl was visibly upset at that point. "You're in no position to lecture me, Rebecca."

Rebecca rolled her eyes. "I am not lecturing you. This is just a reminder. See a therapist, will you? At this rate, you'll end up going out of control and hurting Miss Reed. And here's another thing. When you see her tonight, you have to stay calm no matter what, get it?"

"What? Why? What happened to her?" Carl gripped his phone tightly, noticing that something was wrong.

Rebecca sighed. "I can't tell you yet because I don't want to ruin your show. You'll find out after your show's done. The elevator's here, so talk later." She hung up without saying another word, as if Carl wasn't the boss she needed to respect. Well, he wasn't her boss in public. He was only her boss if they were in the Hayes residence.

Carl looked at his phone's home screen and squinted. He was just about to hack into the system and find out what happened to Sonia when his manager came over. "The second rehearsal's starting, Carl. You need to get into position."

The manager took his phone and pushed him toward the runway's entrance.

When night came, Rebecca took Sonia to the fashion runway.

The runway was packed with a lot of people, including the leaders of the fashion world, celebrities, renowned fashion critics, and also lots of reporters.

Rebecca took Sonia to her seat in the second row. It was a nice one, since it was right in front of the runway where one could see the models clearly, but it was a pity Sonia couldn't see at the moment. However, that didn't discourage Sonia. She handed her phone to Rebecca. "Rebecca, take Carl's photos. I'll take a look once I can see again."

"Sure." Rebecca took Sonia's phone and did as she asked.

"How much longer until it starts?" Sonia leaned back.

Rebecca looked at the time. "Ten more minutes."

Sonia grunted.

Toby leaned against the guardrail on the second floor, staring at Sonia. She couldn't see anything, but even so, Sonia looked excited, and that made him jealous.

Tom was right behind him, so he noticed his boss getting jealous. "Sir, why don't you just go down there?" He adjusted his glasses.

"No. Rebecca's gonna notice me. She'll think I followed her here, and that's going to make her dislike me more." Toby pursed his lips.

Tom rolled his eyes. But you did follow her here. Of course, he didn't say that out loud, or Toby would kill him. Tom coughed. "Sir, Dr. Lancaster has news. Mr. Lane's artist has come up with the culprit's portrait."

Toby swiveled. "What did you say? They know who's the culprit?"

"Yes." Tom nodded. "Dr. Lancaster called me half an hour ago."

"Who is it?" Toby tightened his grip on the guardrail.

Tom looked weird for a moment. "We all know her. It's the fake Rina."

"Impossible." Toby was shocked. "I thought you sent someone to keep an eye on her. They should have told me if anything happened. What are they doing?"

Tom looked down in shame. "This is all our fault. My men did follow her 24/7, but she switched out with Alice on the day Miss Reed was hurt, and they didn't notice it. They thought they still had Alice under watch, so that's why Miss Reed was hurt."

The men weren't to blame. Nobody knew Taylor wanted to hurt Sonia, and they never expected a switcheroo. Even if they did, they wouldn't have known that Taylor had switched out with Alice in the bathroom.

Toby closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again, there was nothing but murder in them. "I knew it. The moment I saw Taylor, I knew she was evil. She has a lot to hide, and I told Sonia to keep an eye out, but she didn't listen. Now she got hurt because of that."

"What should we do now, sir? Should we capture Taylor first?" Tom looked at him.

Toby squinted. "Not for now. Since I know Taylor's the culprit, Sonia should know it soon enough. Let's see what she'll do."

Taylor was the spy Sonia and Zane hired, but now the spy was planning on killing her employer, so Toby would leave her to Sonia and Zane. But if they refused to finish her off, Toby would be more than happy to take the job. He looked at Sonia and saw Rebecca handing her a phone. Charles probably found out about it too and is calling her to tell her.



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Toby was right.

Sonia took the call. "What is it, Charles?"

"The portrait's done, babe," Charles said solemnly.

Sonia sat up straighter. "Really? Who's the culprit?" She couldn't see, so there was no point in sending her the portrait. Besides, she knew Charles must have looked into the culprit's identity the moment the portrait was done, so it was easier asking him for the answer.

"You know her too. It's Rina, the Grays' daughter," Charles answered more somberly than ever.

Sonia's eyes widened. "Impossible!" she answered reflexively. Taylor? That's impossible! That's the spy Zane and I hired!

"Why? Do you know her, babe?" Charles frowned in suspicion.

Sonia answered, "Yes. I'm sorry for keeping this a secret, but Rina isn't the Grays' daughter. She's a woman called Taylor. She's a spy Zane and I hired to keep an eye on the Grays."

"What?" Charles raised his voice. "You kept this thing a secret from me? That's huge!"

"Sorry, Charles." Sonia stared at the ground, embarrassed. She didn't divulge it to Charles because she didn't see the need to. After all, this was a grudge between her, the Colemans, and the Grays. It had nothing to do with the Lanes, so she didn't want to drag them into this.

Besides, the fewer people who knew about it, the better. That would keep the chances of exposing Taylor to a minimum.

After Sonia apologized, Charles calmed down and thought about the reasons she kept it a secret. He could understand her stance, but it still made him uneasy, since he felt alienated. In the end, he pursed his lips. "Forget it. I can understand why you kept this a secret, but babe, the culprit really is R... I mean Taylor. I let Alice see the portrait. She didn't admit it, but her expression told me everything I needed to know. Your spy betrayed you."

Sonia gripped her phone tightly, apparently still in shock. "Impossible..."

"Not impossible. Let me guess. She comes from a poor, misogynistic family, doesn't she?" Charles asked.

"Yes."

"Of course she'd betray you." Charles sighed. "You and Zane overlooked something important—human greed. Think about it. You hired someone who grew up poor to act as a rich family's daughter. Once she has a taste of that kind of wealth, there's no way she can stay loyal to you."

"That's..." Sonia didn't want to believe it, but Charles was right. Taylor had a taste of unimaginable wealth, and she didn't want to let it go. However, that wouldn't be easy, since there were two people who would get in her way. Me and Zane. That reason was enough for Taylor to turn her back on them.

Ah, so that's why Alice said I'm a threat to the culprit. After all, I can expose her true identity, and that's a big threat. No wonder she attacked me, but why did she want to get rid of my birthmark? What does this have to do with her? That's still a mystery. Sonia pursed her lips.

Charles continued, "I had no idea Taylor was your spy. I thought she was really Rina and she attacked you to avenge Tina, but it turns out she only did it so she can stay as Rina forever. We must get her, babe."

"I know." Sonia stared at the ground. I've been far too kind, and far too naive. She thought Taylor was weak and could be easily controlled, but she never thought Taylor was just putting on an act. To make things worse, she had fooled Sonia and Zane, and now she had become a threat.

Sonia touched her bandage and blinked, her eyes glinting with murder. We can't undo our decision, but we can cut our losses. Taylor must go. "Charles, keep an eye on her, and don't let her know we found out she's the culprit. I'll handle it once I get back," Sonia said coldly.

Charles nodded. "Okay. Don't worry about it."

"Good. See you later. The show's beginning." Sonia put her phone down and handed it to Rebecca.

Rebecca looked at her. "What happened, miss?"

"It's nothing." Sonia shook her head. "Let's watch the show."

Rebecca didn't press her and shifted her attention to the runway.

Toby saw the whole thing, and he fell into his own thoughts.

Tom asked, "Sir, how will Miss Reed handle Taylor?"

Toby pursed his lips. "Not sure. We should keep an eye on it."

He then went to the waiting room.

Tom asked, "Aren't you watching, sir?"

"It's just a bunch of guys walking down a runway. Do you think those guys are better than me?" Toby glanced at Tom coldly.

Tom coughed. "No." Well, the boss is better than those models in terms of looks and figure. The models lose out when it comes to looks. Even the celebrities can't compare. Carl's the only contender, but the boss is more mature than he is. None of them is a match for the boss.

Toby nodded satisfactorily and entered the waiting room.

At the same time, the show was already halfway done.

Rebecca was reading through the list, then her eyes shone. "Carl's next, miss."

Sonia perked up. "Good. Finally."

"I'll turn the camera on. It'll take too long otherwise." Rebecca turned her phone's camera on and aimed it at the runway.

It was then that a slender man slowly walked down the runway.

Rebecca held the phone with one hand and shook Sonia's shoulder with another. "Carl's here, miss!"

"Yes, yes. Stop shaking me." Sonia was swaying and feeling dizzy from all the shaking.

After Rebecca took her hands off, Sonia sat up straighter and faced the runway. She couldn't see, but it didn't stop her. At least she had to show some support.

Carl was walking down the runway indifferently. He looked like he didn't care, but actually, he was scanning the audience for Sonia. When he saw her waving at her with a smile, his eyes shone with delight. She's really here!