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## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 339

Chapter 339 Visiting Old Mrs Fuller

Upon noticing the dazed look on Sonia's face, Charles leaned forward and asked, "What's wrong, baby?"

Sonia snapped out of her thoughts and was initially surprised to see how close Charles' face was to her own. Quickly taking a step back, she averted his gaze and mumbled, "Nothing."

Charles narrowed his eyes at her demeanor. What's going on? Is she hiding from me?

"Sonia, can we go and see Grandma now?" To one side, Tyler was annoyed to see Sonia getting too close to any man other than Toby. As far as he was concerned, she belonged to Toby alone, and as Toby's younger brother, he was obligated to ward off any other man who tried to get chummy with Sonia.

Sonia nodded. "Okay, let's go." With that, she turned to address Charles. "So I guess I'll get going then, Charles."

"Go on," he replied with a nod.

Sonia gave Tyler a look, and they sauntered in the opposite direction of the elevator lobby.

This floor was dedicated to VIP wards, so it was no surprise that Rose would be staying here. "Here we are," Tyler announced half a minute later, coming to a stop in front of one of the doors.

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Sonia looked up at the plaque that bore Rose's full name and gently knocked on the door. It opened within seconds to reveal Mary, whose eyes glimmered in relief as she exclaimed, "Oh, it's you, Young Mistress!"

Sonia smiled at her. "Hello, Mary."

"How good of you to drop by, Young Mistress," Mary said cheerily. "Old Mrs. Fuller was just talking about you. She's been calling you, but for some reason, she couldn't get through your phone."

"My phone ran out of battery," Sonia explained ruefully. She had forgotten to charge it after her call with Tyler last night, and when she woke up this morning, she saw that her phone had died but chose to do nothing about it.

She had thought that she could charge her phone once she was back home, but little had she known that Rose would bombard her with calls.

"It's alright. Come on in, Young Mistress." Mary ushered enthusiastically as she opened the door fully to allow Sonia's passage.

"Okay." With a nod, Sonia stepped through the open door with Tyler and Mary in her wake.

At first glance, Rose was lying in the hospital bed, looking like a frail old person who had just drifted off to sleep. Lowering her voice to just barely above a whisper, Sonia called out in greeting, "Grandma."

She thought the old woman had fallen asleep, but she was caught off guard when Rose's eyes fluttered open instantly. A wide smile plastered on Rose's wizened face when she saw her visitor. "Sonia," she greeted affectionately.

"Hello, Grandma." Sonia walked up to the bed and sat down next to it.

Rose took her hand in hers affably and asked, "What are you doing here, Sonia?"

"I just got discharged today, and I ran into Tyler while waiting for the elevator. When I found out you were here, I tagged along with him so I could visit you. How are you doing, Grandma?" Sonia's eyes searched the old woman's face with concern.

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Rose beamed. "I'm perfectly fine. The doctor said that panic got the better of me, and with my old age, my blood pressure spiked without warning and caused me to collapse. I'm all better now, and I'll be going home this afternoon."

"That's good to know." Sonia nodded, feeling reassured.

However, the lighthearted moment was quickly disrupted by Tyler's belligerence as he interjected tearfully, "That's not true! The doctor said that Grandma only got lucky this time, but if the same thing were to happen again—"

"Tyler!" Rose cut him off with a warning look on her face, no longer patient and affable as she signaled him to keep quiet.

Nevertheless, Sonia caught on to the insinuation that Rose's collapse was a sign of something graver, and she pursed her lips before urging, "Tyler, go on."

Tyler nodded and picked up where he left off. "If Grandma were to collapse because of her blood pressure once more, then she would be at high risk of getting a stroke, and she'd be paralyzed forever."

"What?" Sonia's eyes widened in alarm, and she tightened her grip on Rose's withered hands. "Grandma..."

Rose heaved a sigh but resumed her gentle facade as she placated, "Don't you worry about that right now, Sonia. With old age comes sickness; it's inevitable. Besides, if I'm not too strung up about it, you shouldn't as well."

"But—"

Sonia was about to protest, but Rose interrupted. "By the way, Sonia, I'd like you to be honest with me—did Toby ask you to end the pregnancy?" She had only collapsed the night before thinking that her grandson was the reason why Sonia terminated the pregnancy.

"No, he didn't," Sonia answered with a firm shake of her head.

"Really?" Rose gazed at her intently.

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“Really,” Sonia reassured. “President Fuller didn’t force me to do it; I chose to end the pregnancy.” She lowered her gaze then, looking guilty. “I got into an accident, and I couldn’t keep the baby.”

“An accident?” Rose repeated in astonishment.

Sonia’s eyes shone with tears. “I slipped and fell, and the miscarriage followed.”

“I see,” Rose said mournfully, patting her chest as though to soothe the heartache. A bitter smile tugged on her lips. “I suppose there’s nothing we could do. Maybe it was fate that we never got to meet the baby.”

Sonia could tell the old woman had really hoped to see the baby greet the world, and a twinge of guilt seized her as she whispered, “I’m sorry, Grandma.”

Rose patted her arm. “You don’t have to apologize. You have never once hurt our family in any way, which is more than I can say for the rest of the Fuller Family. Toby put you through so much.”

Initially, Rose had planned on doing everything she could—even if it meant casting her own dignity aside—just to push Sonia and Toby back together, given how Sonia was already pregnant with his child anyway. However, now that Sonia had lost the baby, that plan had as good as gone to the dogs.

This is all Toby’s fault. If only he’d told me sooner about the pregnancy, I’d have done everything in my power to fix his relationship with Sonia! Alas, her goodwill could not beat out the cards dealt by fate; perhaps Toby and Sonia really weren’t meant to be together after all. At the thought of this, Rose shook her head in bitter resignation.

In the following hour, Sonia kept Rose company until she decided to get going, seeing how Charles was still waiting for her out in the gardens. She hated to let him wait for much longer in this cold weather.

“Sonia, are you—are you going to see Toby?” Rose asked in a slightly hesitant tone, regarding the younger woman with an unreadable look in her eyes.

Biting down on her lip, Sonia finally shook her head curtly and said, “I don’t think so. The string that tied me to President Fuller snapped the moment I lost the baby. I’m grateful that

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you took it upon yourself to punish him for me, Grandma, but as of now, President Fuller and I will no longer have anything to do with each other.”

By the time she paid back all that she owed Toby, she would cut him off entirely.

Seeing the somber gleam in Sonia’s eyes, Rose sighed wistfully and said at last, “Very well, then. Tyler, could you escort Sonia out, please?”

“Okay.” Tyler was sulking as he agreed to see Sonia out. He couldn’t understand how she could be so heartless as to not visit Toby, who was a patient. Surely it wouldn’t be an issue to visit a patient!

Presently, Sonia bade Rose goodbye, then fell in step behind Tyler as they walked out of the room and toward the elevators.

Just as they were drawing close to the elevators, Tyler abruptly stopped in his tracks and turned to give Sonia a wounded look. “Toby’s in the ICU ward up ahead, Sonia. Are you really not going to see him?”

“No,” Sonia replied with an air of finality.

Upon hearing this, Tyler clenched his fists and pleaded, “Sonia, he’s in really bad shape. Can’t you please just go over and visit him for a bit? Please?” Then he bowed deeply before her, with his waist bent at a sharp angle.

Sonia was startled by his desperation. Frowning, she argued, “Don’t you think you’re forcing me more than you’re asking me for a favor?”

“I’m not. I didn’t think much of it, but I know that there’s a higher chance of you caving if I did this,” Tyler admitted gravely as he straightened up and looked her in the eye.

Without waiting for her to respond, he reached out and grabbed her by the wrist, then hauled her along as he ran down the hallway ahead of them.

It wasn’t until after they had stopped in front of Toby’s room at the ICU ward that Sonia realized where she was. The ICU ward was different from the typical hospital ward. The

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walls were all made of glass, and Sonia didn't have to go in to see what was happening inside.

She could clearly see Toby, who was deathly pale as he lay on the hospital cot, his bare torso heavily bandaged. More astonishing was his back, which looked as if the doctors and nurses had taken care to drape a fitted white sheet over it.

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Chapter 340 Carl's Disappearance

Upon closer look, the fitted white sheet was really made out of layers of bandage that covered nearly the entire surface area of Toby's wounded back. It wasn't hard to see how badly hurt he was.

"Come on, Sonia, let's go in!" Tyler urged, placing a hand on the doorknob.

Sonia shook her head vehemently in refusal. "No, let's not. I've already seen him, haven't I? It's time for me to go!"

"But—" Tyler began to argue.

However, he was cut off brusquely when Sonia pressed her lips into a grim line and snapped impatiently, "Tyler, I never wanted to come here in the first place, but you didn't leave me a choice when you dragged me down the hallway. Now that I've seen Toby, what more are you asking of me?"

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Tyler flushed. "I'm not asking for more. I just want you to stay with Toby for a bit."

"And why should I? What am I to him?" she retorted witheringly, meeting Tyler's flustered gaze.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something along the lines of 'you're his wife, of course!' before remembering that she and Toby were already divorced.

As such, he closed his mouth again, feeling stupid as the words died on his tongue.

At the sight of this, Sonia shook her head slightly and turned to head for the elevators. This time, Tyler did not stop her. Perhaps it was because he knew he had no right or power to hold her back.

Sonia stopped in front of an elevator and pressed the button. The elevator arrived not long after, and when the doors opened, a figure clad in a white coat walked out—it was none other than Tim.

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He was a little startled to see Sonia on the other side of the doors, and he adjusted his glasses as he asked, "I thought you were discharged. What are you still doing here?"

"I got held back," Sonia explained nebulously with a mild smile.

Tim peered behind her shoulder and instantly understood what was going on. He narrowed his eyes slightly and inquired, "Your ward isn't in this direction, so why would you be leaving through the elevators here unless you've dropped by to visit Toby?"

While he clearly guessed it right, Sonia did not become flustered but shrugged instead, showing a trace of frustration as she replied, "You caught me. I ran into Tyler on my way out of the hospital, and when I found out Grandma was hospitalized, I decided to visit her. After that, Tyler dragged me all the way here to see Toby."

"Oh," Tim said plainly. "And now you're leaving?"

She nodded. "That's right. I should go now that I've already seen him."

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Tim broke into a light chuckle. "What do you think of his injuries?"

"What do I think?" She looked at him suspiciously. "Why would you ask this?"

"Nothing, I'm only curious. After all, I heard that his injuries had something to do with you," he explained nonchalantly, adjusting his glasses once more.

She lowered her gaze and said stoically, "The rumors aren't technically wrong, but in all honesty, he brought the injuries upon himself, so I don't know what to think of them."

"Oh, is that so?" An odd glimmer flashed in Tim's eyes as he became interested. "I take it that you know why he was caned in the first place?"

"Sort of, but seeing as it weighs on my personal affairs with the Fuller Family, I'd rather not talk about it with you." Sonia nodded in apology, then added, "Right, I should get going now, Dr. Lancaster. See you."

With that, she brushed past him and into the waiting elevator.

Tim, on the other hand, glanced over his shoulder at the slowly-closing elevator doors. The fluorescent lights above reflected off his glasses, and he waited until the doors fully closed before he turned away. Pushing his glasses up his nose bridge, he let out an amused laugh and said to no one, "How interesting!"

Meanwhile, Charles sat on a nearby bench in the gardens outside the inpatient ward, and he was speaking on his phone when Sonia found him.

She walked up to him, and when he spotted her, he beckoned her over. He spoke into the line for a few seconds more, then hung up. "Are you done?" he asked Sonia, keeping his phone in his pocket.

Sonia nodded. "Yeah, I am."

"Took you a while," he accused jokingly, then tapped his watch in mock exasperation to show that he had been waiting for much longer than expected.

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She flashed him an embarrassed smile. "I guess I lost track of time while I was talking to Grandma. Sorry for waiting, Charles. I'll buy you dinner later if you'd like."

"Nah, there's no need for that. Besides, it's not like you could stomach rich food right now, and I'd hate to be the only one eating anything with flavor. Come on, I'll drop you home," he offered graciously, rising to his feet.

They sauntered over to the hospital parking lot, and a couple of steps in, Charles suddenly remembered something. He turned to look at Sonia and said eagerly, "By the way, baby, guess who I saw earlier."

"Who?" Sonia asked, shaking her head to show that she was not up for guessing games now; she probably would have made all the wrong guesses anyway.

Charles did not try to bait her either. Instead, he narrowed his eyes as he chuckled insidiously. "I saw Tina!"

"What?" Sonia stopped walking. "Tina's here at the hospital, too?"

"No, she's not here as a visitor," he began to explain. "Apparently, she's been staying in the hospital ever since she left the courthouse the other day. I asked the nurses and did some sleuthing; as it turns out, the police took Tina into custody while she was still in recovery, so she came back to follow up on her treatment after she was released. She didn't get discharged until today."

A frosty look passed over Sonia's face as she mused, "I see."

"Now that I think about it, there's something strange about you, Toby, and Tina," Charles pointed out, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

She gave him an assessing look. "What do you mean?"

"I meant how unlucky the three of you are, of course," he answered jauntily. "Haven't you realized? The three of you have made countless trips to the hospital in these three short months. It was always you, or Toby, or Tina. It's almost like an eenie-meenie-minie-mo thing."

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“Well...” Sonia’s lips twitched in bemusement, though she couldn’t rebuke what he said because it was the truth. “That’s enough now. Let’s not talk about it anymore and get going,” she said decisively, opening the door on the passenger side of the car.

Charles saluted her like he was in the army and quipped, “Yes, ma’am!”

They drove back to Bayside Residence. Charles did not hover, and he left to attend to some company matters after helping Sonia pick up around the apartment.

Sonia, on the other hand, called for take-out, and she was digging into her meal when she gave Carl a call.

However, it was just as Charles had told her that morning: none of her calls could get through, and Carl had as good as gone off the grid.

She wondered idly if he was unavailable because of work, or if he was hiding from her after his confession yesterday. Either way, she was determined to find him and talk him into seeking treatment for his complex.

With that in mind, she gave up on calling him and clicked into Messenger, then sent him a text which read, ‘Carl, give me a call when you see this. There’s something important I need to talk to you about. Please.’

She set her phone aside when the text had gone through, and while waiting for his call, she let her mind wander.

Alas, the wait lasted all night, and when she saw that he had yet to call her the following morning, she couldn’t help but sigh in disappointment.

I don’t even know if he saw my text. She rubbed her eyes, but that did little to wake her up as she groggily made another call to Carl. However, all she got in return was a beep that indicated he had switched his phone off.

Her brows furrowed. “What in the world is going on? What is he up to?” It was hard not to suspect that something had happened to Carl now that he had disappeared for a whole day and night.

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With her lips pressed into a grim line, she gave Charles a call instead. He picked up almost instantly, and he greeted around a yawn, "Good morning, baby."

"Morning, Charles." Sonia lifted the covers off her and got out of bed, then walked over to the French windows to draw open the curtains.

As the blinding morning light filtered through the glass and warmed her face, she winced and shut her eyes. After adjusting to the sudden brightness, her eyes fluttered open slowly.

"Why did you call me so early in the morning? Did you miss me, baby?" Charles asked teasingly, chuckling.

She rolled her eyes. "Now isn't the time to be cheeky. Be serious for a change. I need to ask you something."

"Okay, what is it?" He cleared his throat and became solemn.

When she heard his lighthearted tone turn somber, her expression grew serious as well. "It's about Carl. None of my calls have been getting through since last night; his phone has been switched off, and I'm worried that he might be in trouble."

She was terrified that after the confession yesterday, Carl had been unable to take the hit and had done something drastic. After all, there was no telling what he might be capable of doing on impulse, given his complex.

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