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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 756

Chapter 756 No One Can Blackmail Me

"I'm sure Mr. Fuller will agree to it. I've only just mentioned how much he loves Sonia, so there's no way he would risk letting her know the truth and have her breakdown over it. Instead, he would continue to keep her in the dark. Am I right, Mr. Fuller?" Jessica's gaze was burning hot as she stared at Toby meaningfully.

It was precisely because she knew of his feelings for Sonia that she became emboldened to make such a request. Otherwise, she never would have said anything in the first place.

She could have not seen him altogether and demanded to see Sonia, thereafter telling her about her real identity and having her lose her mind over it as well. However, now that there was a chance for Jessica to be together with this man, torturing Sonia seemed secondary. If I get my hands on this man, Sonia would be equally tortured, too.

Besides, Jessica could always get even with Sonia after she was released. More importantly, she was already excited at the prospect of showing up in front of Sonia while holding Toby's arm. I can just imagine the look on Sonia's face when that happens!

The anticipation that came with these thoughts made Jessica tremble in an almost maniacal way.

Toby, on the other hand, couldn't care less about what she thought, and he eyed her like he would a dead man as he bit out icily, "You're right to say that I won't breathe a word to Sonia about her being Titus' biological daughter."

"In that case, Mr. Fuller, you're left with no other choice but to break me out of here and be together with me," Jessica declared arrogantly, tilting her chin up at a haughty angle.

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To the side, Tom rolled his eyes in exasperation as he barked, "Well, aren't you just a little too full of yourself, Jessica? Do you honestly believe our President Fuller to be the type to accede to your threats just because you have something on him? Let me make one thing clear: you are way in over your head, and there is no way President Fuller will agree to break you out of here, much less be together with you, so give up!"

Jessica's face twisted into an ugly grimace. "What do you know, you lapdog? I, for one, know about Sonia's true identity. If Mr. Fuller here doesn't want her to lose her mind after she learns the truth, then he'll have no choice but to agree to my terms, unless he cares so little for Sonia that he would rather see her die!"

Tom was not at all riled up despite having been called a lapdog. This wasn't the first time he had been called names, and being Toby's assistant for all these years had fortified him against such abuse. As such, he remained level-headed as he thought dryly, There are plenty of people in this world who would kill to be President Fuller's lapdog.

Maintaining a cool front, he raised his brow and said apathetically, "Of course, President Fuller loves Sonia and would do everything in his power to keep her from dying in a fit of hysterics. That being said, he would never agree to your outlandish terms and bow before your threats. Do you truly think so highly of yourself that you believe you have what it takes to blackmail President Fuller? Please. Ever since he has taken control of the Fuller Family and Fuller Group, he's been threatened countless times, and none has made him surrender yet, so your confidence is beyond comprehension. If the likes of you could bring him to his knees, then those who threatened him in the past ought to jump off a building in disbelief; we're talking about big shots which have the money and power to squash you under their thumbs and whatever weakness they thought they had found on President Fuller far exceeded the one you have now."

Upon hearing such mockery, Jessica choked on her own confidence, and she felt her heart plunge to her stomach as doubt crept over her. "And what do you have to say, Mr. Fuller?" With her thoughts racing frantically, she stared at Toby as her voice rose in pitch and quivered dangerously. "Do you or do you not agree?!"

She had a feeling that everything was slipping out of her hands and that she could no longer be sure of his answer.

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Whatever Tom had said had truly shaken her, and a bad premonition dawned upon her as she became slowly convinced that she would not win this game of chess.

No, don't think that, she thought wildly, shaking her head as though to discard the bad premonition. Of course, this will work. I know about Sonia's identity, and if Toby truly loves her so much, then he would agree to do what I asked of him—he will, and he must!

She started chanting under her breath, as if that was the key to her success.

"Do you think I'd have anything to say to you?" Toby looked up and said pointedly in clipped tones.

Jessica swallowed, and alarms sounded off in her heart as the bad feeling she had just suppressed bubbled up once more after she heard his stiff reply. "W-What do you mean?" she demanded in a shaking voice.

Tom scoffed in disdain. "Isn't it clear? President Fuller does not agree!"

"That's impossible!" Hysterical, Jessica faltered, and all the color drained from her face. Unable to take the hit of this rejection, she struggled and tried to barrel toward the imperious man to demand an explanation from him, and she did so with such vigor that the chair firmly planted on the ground began to shake.

"How is that impossible?" Tom pressed further, taking delight in her obvious rage.

She was struggling so hard to break loose of her restraints that her face turned red, and her eyes were bloodshot as they bugged out. Manic frenzy seized her as she roared, "This is about Sonia's safety, is it not? How could you disagree? Aren't you worried that I would tell Sonia everything? Or do you simply not love her at all?"

"Of course I love her!" Toby answered without a second of hesitation. "But that doesn't mean I have to listen to you. Fuller Group would have crumbled in my hands if I truly were so easily blackmailed."

Jessica was stunned, speechless for a moment when she heard his indifferent words, and then she burst into a hysterical rage as she roared, "Okay, you made me do this, Toby. You made me! I'm going to tell Sonia all about her real identity; I'm going to make her lose her

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mind and kill herself! I'll make you regret this! Mark my words, Toby! Someone come get me!" she yelled for the policemen.

Toby stood in place, looking as impassive as ever and completely unaffected by Jessica's senseless threats. He turned to give Tom a knowing look, and the latter nodded in comprehension before walking out the door to pacify the police officers who were on their way in.

With Tom gone, Toby and Jessica were the only ones left in the detention room.

Placing one hand on the glass and the other in his pocket, Toby leaned forward and lowered his gaze. Through the glass, he eyed Jessica with the same superiority and apathy that one might have for a pest and drawled icily, "You won't even get the chance to tell her that. Do you think I wouldn't have thought of a contingency plan the moment I rejected your sorry request? I will never let you get close enough to Sonia to tell her the truth, and you will have no way of contacting her. I won't even let you see anyone else from the outside world; I'll cut off all your network and let the secret die with your tortured soul as you get to know the fresh hell that is prison life."

"You—" Her eyes widened as she gaped at him in disbelief. She never expected him to be able to go the extra mile and cut off all her back-up plans. She had always imagined herself the victor in this game of chess, that she would be the one to cry 'checkmate!' to his face.

Little did she know that he would be the one to beat her to it; she realized now that she had been his pawn all along, and she was never even a player to begin with.

"I was wrong..." Regret crashed over her like a tidal wave, drowning her.

The pleasure of knowing such a deep and dark secret had blinded her. She had forgotten that the man was an unforgiving, godlike character in the business world; plenty had tried to bring him down before, and none of them had succeeded. Belatedly, she started to wonder how she had been so confident that she could be the first one to one-up him through blackmail and bring him to his knees.

At that moment, an icy chill washed over her as fear consumed all the air in her lungs. Her teeth seemed to chatter on their own will, and she gritted them hard as she stammered, "Y-You can't do this—"

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"Why not?" Toby lifted his chin, looking down at her with immense superiority. "No one other than Sonia gets to be so brazen in front of me as to be able to leave unscathed after threatening me. You should have thought about what might happen to you the very moment you decided to blackmail me!"

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

Chapter 757

Chapter 757 The Accident

Horror dawned on Jessica, and she felt her blood grow cold. Even her calves were trembling as she thought, This man is the devil! He actually wants someone to greet me in hell! Determined not to end up in the same miserable state as Sandra had, she cried out in panic, "Mr. Fuller, I was wrong, I really was. Please, please don't do this to me! I promise this won't happen ever again. I swear on my life!" She began to plead for mercy relentlessly, hoping to persuade Toby to spare her.

However, Toby remained impassive, and being the heartless man that he was, he didn't look like he was about to pardon her wrongdoings at all.

Jessica might be brash, but she wasn't stupid. She knew what Sonia would look like the moment she found out about the truth of her own identity, and similarly, she knew there was no way Toby would spare her, even if she pleaded for mercy to her wits' end. Then why am I still begging like this?

At the thought of this, a menacing grimace twisted her features, and she glowered at Toby mutinously, grinding out the words with force, "Listen here, Fuller, even if you don't spare me now, I'll only be in prison for a couple of months. When I'm released, I'll still find Sonia and tell her every little detail about her being Titus' biological daughter!"

"From the looks of things, Titus will only have a few months more to live. Do you think he'd be around by the time you are released from prison? The moment he dies, the feud between

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the Reed and the Gray families will be automatically resolved, and the truth of Sonia's birth will not have that much of an effect on her anymore, so you were set up to fail from the very beginning," Toby countered icily, then strode easily out of the door, leaving behind a shell-shocked Jessica.

Is that true? Have I really been set up to fail from the very beginning? Jessica's lips quivered as she struggled to come to terms with this reality.

But at that moment, the memories of how she had been forced to admit defeat before Sonia for the last few times flashed in her mind; she had never once had the upper hand in any of their games. Is this it? Will I always be defeated by Sonia no matter how hard I try? No. This can't be. I won't stand for it. I will not go down like this!

A sense of urgency gripped her as she turned to fix her eyes on the door, then maniacally shouted in its direction, "Hey! Someone! Anyone! Bring me Sonia. I want to see Sonia!" She refused to believe that Toby truly had what it took to stop the police officers from violating her rights as a civilian to see anyone while in detention.

Alas, even as her throat became sandpaper from all her roaring in the detention room, not one officer came in to check on her, for Tom had given all the officers a heads-up prior to this.

"President Fuller," Tom greeted respectfully when he saw Toby emerge from the doorway, stopping his conversation with the captain of the police station.

Toby hummed in acknowledgment, then strolled up to the captain with a proffered handshake. The captain, naturally, did not reject such pleasantries.

Having exchanged a perfunctory handshake, Toby withdrew his hand and said, "There's one more thing I need you and your officers to help me out with."

The captain eyed him evenly. "Of course, Mr. Fuller."

"I would like Jessica to be cut off from the outside world for the next few months of her imprisonment," Toby began, meeting the captain's gaze steadily. "I don't want her seeing or talking to anyone, and if there are any visitors who wish to see or speak to her, please turn them away and let me know immediately."

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The captain gave an amiable smile. "Of course. It's no trouble at all." It went without saying that he only agreed to such terms so readily because of Toby's status as the president of Fuller Group, and he wouldn't have done so for any other ordinary person. More importantly, Toby's grandfather was a powerful politician who had contributed significantly to the country; common courtesy would have compelled the captain to allow such a favor.

"Your help is greatly appreciated," Toby said with a nod. "When I get back, I shall have a sum of money wired to your esteemed station as labor fees."

Upon hearing this, the captain broke into a wide grin. "We thank you in advance, President Fuller."

With a hum, Toby turned to leave the station, with Tom in tow.

Having gotten into the car, Tom glanced into the rearview mirror at the man who was pinching his nose bridge, asking, "Will we be heading back to your place now, President Fuller, or Miss Reed's?"

"What do you think?" Toby looked up and shot him a withering look.

Tom retracted his gaze immediately and fixed his eyes ahead. "Got it. I'll drop you off at Miss Reed's immediately."

He should have known the answer beforehand. President Fuller had only just claimed Miss Reed as his own last night, so naturally, he'll have to go back and keep her company. I mean, he'd be a jerk if he just sped off after putting on his pants and left her high and dry. No wonder he glared at me; I basically asked a stupid question. Hah! Tom gave a sheepish grin and said nothing more as he proceeded to maneuver the car down the road.

In the backseat, Toby had his phone in hand as he texted Sonia. 'I'm on my way home now.'

Meanwhile, in Bayside Residence, Sonia was sitting on the couch watching television when she heard her phone chime with a new message. She picked it up and saw Toby's text, then smiled as she replied, 'Okay, I'll be right here waiting for you. Be safe on the way back.'

A light chuckle escaped Toby, and after he replied to her text with a brief 'okay', he tossed his phone aside and stared out the window with his chin propped up on his palm.

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It was already getting dark outside, enough for him to see his own reflection in the glass.

Just then, he thought of something and frowned, his expression growing grim as his mood obviously turned sour.

After a pause, he took his hand off the car handle and asked aloud with narrowed eyes, "When does Jessica's trial start?"

Tom turned the steering wheel as he answered without missing a beat, "Three days later. The date comes sooner than later because it's not a criminal case; if it were, we might have to wait for months before a date is set down for trial."

"Hmm." Toby nodded to show that he had heard his assistant's answer, then ordered coldly, "When Jessica is transferred to the prison cell, have someone give her a warm welcome. I want her to wish she was dead!"

He was incensed that Jessica had threatened him and gone after Sonia. And I'll make sure she pays the price!

Tom simply nodded solemnly. "Got it, President Fuller."

Toby closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the seat, falling silent.

In the silence of the vehicle, Tom glanced into the rearview mirror at the man who appeared to be getting some shut-eye, and he suddenly felt a twinge of sympathy for Jessica. For heaven's sake, she could have trifled with anyone, but she just had to go for President Fuller and the love of his life, Miss Reed. I guess she deserves what's coming for her now!

He was just thinking of this when shock colored his face, for at that precise moment, a woman in a wheelchair rolled out from the left sidewalk up ahead.

The woman didn't look like she had been expecting any vehicles to drive down the road, and she stiffened and stilled in surprise.

At the sight of this, Tom grimaced and cursed, "Crap, why did a pedestrian appear out of nowhere?!" It's a red light, for goodness' sake!

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“President Fuller...” Tom was at a complete loss for what to do. There was only a short distance between the car and the woman in the wheelchair, and he didn’t have enough time to brake. Even if he did, the car would still lurch forward and run the woman down on momentum.

But if the car didn’t knock the woman down and Tom were to veer the car toward the other side of the road, then he and Toby would end up getting hurt.

Realizing the urgency of this situation, Toby had a hard look on his face as he clenched his fists and snapped, “Veer to the left and drive into the hedge!” No matter what, they could not afford to run someone down to stop the momentum of the car.

Immediately understanding what Toby asked of him, Tom had no choice but to quickly steer the car toward the left.

Thankfully, the hedge on the left did not have one of those ridiculously tall curbs, and the car merely shook violently for a while as it collided into the roadside feature. The impact smashed the headlights in, and the car alarm sounded frantically into the approaching evening.

Other than the damage to the car, there didn’t seem to be any problems.

That being said, the airbags were still deployed, and Tom’s head was left spinning from the collision. Toby wasn’t doing any better in the backseat, for he was exceedingly dizzy after hitting his head against the car window.

“President Fuller!” Tom could hardly shake himself out of his daze, but he ignored his own dizzy spell as he hurriedly unbuckled his seatbelt, thereafter turning to check on Toby.

When he saw Toby pressing a hand to his forehead and doubling over in his seat, he panicked. “President Fuller, are you alright?”

Toby did not answer, and Tom instantly knew that the man was hurt somehow and somewhere. He hurtled out from behind the wheel as he fished for his phone, and while he called for an ambulance, he hastily threw open the door to the backseat to check on Toby’s condition.

“President Fuller,” he called out anxiously, shaking the man’s shoulder. “President Fuller?”

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As if responding to his name, Toby looked up and met Tom's gaze. Abruptly, his expression shifted, and with a low grunt, he passed out.

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 758

Chapter 758 Take Responsibility

Tom's eyes widened. "President Fuller!"

"What's going on here?" Just then, a few officers who had been on duty nearby came over to assess the situation after hearing the blaring car alarm.

Tom grabbed hold of the officer and said frantically, "Quick, get a car and send my boss to the hospital right now."

"What? Is there a casualty?" Startled by this, the police officer hurried over to the car and saw Toby, who was unconscious and had his head bowed. Growing anxious, the officer said, "Wait here. I'll go get my car right away!" With that, he rushed over to the patrol stand to retrieve his cruiser.

Now that Tom was sure Toby would get the help he needed, he let out a sigh of relief and promptly heaved the unconscious man out of the car. As he did so, he muttered under his breath furtively, "Just hold on, President Fuller. We'll be at the hospital soon. Please be okay; it'll break Old Mrs. Fuller and Miss Reed's hearts if they know something has happened to you. Please hold on."

Toby's fingers twitched slightly, as if he could hear all this.

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Tom was so overwhelmed by this that he nearly cried. "Oh, thank goodness! President Fuller must still be conscious. He hasn't completely blacked out!" As long as Toby could respond, then the worst had not happened.

"I..." Suddenly, a trembling female voice sounded from behind Tom.

While holding Toby up, Tom turned to look at the owner of the voice and saw, to his great dismay and anger, the woman in the wheelchair who had crossed the road at the wrong time and caused this whole accident.

As if realizing that she was in big trouble, the girl clutched the hem of her shirt and glanced worriedly at the unconscious Toby, her face drained of color as she asked, "I'm sorry. Did he get hurt?"

A look of rage unfurled across Tom's otherwise-placid features as he growled, "Your apology means nothing! If my boss had not tried to avoid knocking you down earlier and asked that I run into the hedge instead, he would still be fine right now!"

The girl shrunk into her wheelchair after receiving such hostility, and she looked even paler as hot tears glistened in her eyes. "I'm sorry, I really am. I didn't mean to. I was in a rush, and I—"

"That's enough from you. I don't want to hear your explanation for this. Don't think that the matter ends here, and you'd better hope my boss is fine if you don't want to spend the rest of your life in prison!" Tom bit out harshly, cutting her off mid-apology.

She gaped at him with wide eyes, and she truly was mortified, judging by the large teardrops streaming past her cheeks.

Tom, however, didn't bother with her as he took out his phone to call Sonia and tell her about this.

However, before he could make the call, the police officer from earlier returned in his cruiser. Left without a choice, Tom kept his phone for the time being and helped Toby into the car, thinking that he could give Sonia a call on the way to the hospital. What matters most now is to get President Fuller to the hospital in time.

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"Wait." He was just about to close the door after getting into the car when he felt resistance, and he saw that the woman in the wheelchair was holding onto the door handle forcefully.

Furious, Tom stared at her with bloodshot eyes. "What the hell are you doing?" He was desperate to get Toby to the hospital, and he couldn't believe that this woman was stalling them. "I'm warning you: if you don't let go of the door and we miss out on the best time to save my boss, I'll make sure you regret this for life," he threatened darkly, his voice taking on a somber edge.

If it weren't for the fact that the woman had a disability, he would have kicked her far away from the car.

When the woman saw the murderous gleam in Tom's eyes, she drew back slightly, but she held onto the car door firmly nonetheless. "I... I should go with you, too. I was the one who caused the accident, and I want to take responsibility."

Tom was about to protest when the police officer sitting behind the wheel turned and interjected, "Mister, if what you told me just now was true, then this woman will have to take responsibility for being the one to cause the accident. It's ideal that she comes with us to the hospital."

Now that the police officer had put his foot in, Tom's hands were tied, and as much as he disagreed, he found himself relenting.

Upon seeing that Tom implicitly allowed her to go with them, she smiled with what appeared to be a great relief, and the police officer gently helped her into the passenger side of the car.

Along the way, the woman kept turning around in her seat to look at Toby. There were no lights in the car, and with the darkening sky, it was far too dim for Tom to notice the maniacal and sadistic gleam in the woman's eyes when she gazed at Toby.

Presently, Tom fished out his phone once more and called Sonia's number with a bitter frown on his face. He would never have thought that he and Toby could be so unlucky as to meet with an accident right after seeing Jessica.

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While Tom had cracked his head on the window and suffered some light bleeding, the airbags and seatbelt kept him from grievous injuries, and he came out of the accident with only a concussion.

But the same could not be said for Toby, who was already dealing with a failing heart that made him susceptible to shock and stress. If he fainted so abruptly, there was a chance that the collision had put his heart into overdrive, and he blacked out from the shock of it all.

Tom could only hope that Toby pulled through this just fine. Otherwise, he couldn't even bring himself to think of how drastic the consequences might be.

He pinched the space between his brows and hoped that Sonia would not faint when she heard about what had happened to Toby.

"Hello?" Just as his thoughts were fraying and unraveling, Sonia's gentle voice filled the other line. "Mr. Brown, is everything alright?"

Sonia was currently sitting on the couch, having not moved since her phone call with Toby, but she now paused the television show as she grew concerned as to why Tom was calling her out of the blue.

He was Toby's personal assistant. Could it be that something had happened to Toby? But that doesn't make sense. Toby would have called me personally if there were any sudden changes in his plan; he wouldn't go through Mr. Brown.

Besides, she knew it was unlikely that Toby had his hands full at the moment, given that they had only just texted each other not ten minutes ago.

"Miss Reed," Tom began hoarsely, then gulped.

Sonia felt her heart drop to her stomach when she heard his grim tone. Clutching her phone tightly, she asked nervously, "Mr. Brown, where's Toby?" Her instincts were sharp, and it took her only a second to realize that maybe something had happened to Toby.

Tom wouldn't have called her otherwise and spoken in such somber tones. Please let Toby be okay, she prayed silently.

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However, Tom sounded even more strangled as he said guiltily, "Miss Reed, President Fuller has met with a car accident."

"What?" Stunned, she rose to her feet so abruptly that the soreness from a particular area decided to assault her once more. Ignoring the pain, she gripped her phone tightly as she asked in a raised voice, "Did you just say Toby got into a car accident?"

"Yes..." Tom nodded.

At that moment, Sonia thought her mind had imploded, and the world began to spin around her. She swayed dizzily, nearly collapsing as black dots flooded her vision. She would have fainted on the spot had she not grabbed hold of the couch armrest in time and resumed her seat.

However, the sound of her sitting down on the couch was picked up by Tom through the phone, and his heart constricted for a second as he pressed urgently, "Miss Reed, are you alright?"

It was bad enough that he had not protected Toby well enough to keep him from harm, but he didn't think he could live it down if news of the accident had caused Sonia to faint. But it's not like I can keep Toby's accident a secret from her...

"I'm fine," she replied slowly, but even as she said this, her face was pale and full of worry and anxiousness. She dug her nails into the armrest and heaved several breaths to calm herself down, forcing herself to not cave into the darkness that threatened to wash over her. Inhaling deeply, she tried to stay calm as she asked, "How's Toby doing now?"

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 759

Chapter 759 Fine for Now

A car accident? How did that even happen? Sonia was in disbelief. She had only just texted Toby not ten minutes ago, and he had told her he was on the way home, that he was going back to her. And now, out of the blue, she got a call from Tom saying that Toby had met with an accident. How the hell am I supposed to cope with that?

She chewed hard on her lower lip as her eyes turned red with fresh tears. She felt a tightness in her chest, and her heart twisted so much that it hurt.

She knew how terrifying a car accident could be; on one end, it could result in minor injuries, but on the other, it could end up being fatal. Toby had already been through an accident once, and while he survived that one, there was no telling if such luck would repeat itself. I've only just gotten him back. Am I going to lose him again?

Crippling fear seized her the more she thought about it, and her breathing grew ragged once more.

On the other end of the phone, Tom had heard her question and cast Toby a brief look before saying, "Don't worry, Miss Reed. He's fine for now, though he is still unconscious. I'm on my way to the hospital right now to get him medical help."

"Is he really okay?" Sonia asked, still worried as her nails sunk into the fabric of the armrest. It was a car accident, after all, and she had every right to be nervous.

Tom nodded somberly. "President Fuller will be just fine. I was the driver, and if I made it alive, then surely President Fuller will pull through as well. More importantly, the accident wasn't a serious one; we merely ran into the hedge on the sidewalk."

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Upon hearing this, Sonia felt reassured, and her heartbeat slowed. Indeed, there were plenty of accident cases where the first to die of their grievous injuries were the driver and the passenger in front, whereas those in the backseat had a higher chance of survival.

If Tom had been the driver and he was presently fine, then Toby would surely pull through as well.

Comforted by the thought of this, Sonia let out a sigh of relief and felt the tightness in her chest wane, and the pain ebbed with it. But why would Toby black out? Given his physical condition, he should be able to sustain the collision.

More to the point, Tom had said that they ran into a roadside hedge. The impact would have hurt Tom more than it would Toby, but if the former was fine, then it didn't make sense that the latter had fainted after the accident.

Narrowing her eyes, she was deep in thought for a few seconds, but gave up when she couldn't figure out an explanation for this. She didn't want to dwell on it, either; what mattered now was that she could get to the hospital to see Toby.

With that in mind, she dug her nails into her palm and forced herself to stay composed, then rose to her feet again. Bracing through the pain, she headed into her room. "Mr. Brown, which hospital are you heading toward? I'll be right over."

"The hospital where Dr. Lancaster works," Tom answered dutifully, referring to the First Hospital.

Nodding, Sonia said, "Got it. I'll be on my way. Take good care of Toby, and call me if anything else happens."

"I will, Miss Reed. Don't worry," Tom reassured.

Sonia forced out a smile and hung up the call, then hurried to put on a change of clothes. After barreling out the door, she made her way over to the First Hospital.

Along the way, she clenched the steering wheel tightly, so much so that her hands trembled, making the car swerve out of lane every once in a while. Her dangerous driving began to irk

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the other drivers on the road, and there were even a few of them who, in the process of overtaking her, rolled down their windows to hurl abuse at her.

But this was the least of her concerns as she gnawed on her bottom lip, her red-rimmed eyes staring ahead as worries over Toby's safety filled her mind.

Tom might have said that Toby was fine for now, but the temporariness of such reassurance was what weighed on Sonia's thoughts. There was no medical diagnosis to confirm this, and for as long as Toby was not seen by a doctor at the hospital, her worries would only grow.

As things were, she had to get to the hospital and get to Toby as soon as possible.

And yet, fate had a way of withholding one's true wishes in the most desperate of moments.

Sonia had only just gotten onto the freeway when she saw that the traffic was badly congested, and the frustration that had been welling up in her made her give the steering wheel a hard slap. The tears that threatened to overwhelm her finally did.

Meanwhile, Tom had managed to get Toby to the hospital in time, and Tim happened to be on duty tonight.

Upon seeing Toby on the stretcher, Tim was astonished as he asked, "What in the world happened?"

"President Fuller blacked out following a car accident, but your questions will have to wait, Dr. Lancaster. You need to save President Fuller right now! Come on!" Tom said frantically, shoving Tim into the emergency room.

A cold frown etched itself on Tim's face as he became obviously displeased at being treated this way.

He was not altruistic, despite his profession, and most times, he would refuse to perform operations even though he could perfectly manage them. He knew full well that he could save lives if he had performed those surgeries, but out of laziness or apathy, he had watched those patients die instead. And he had done so without feeling even a trace of remorse.

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Then again, Tim was antisocial by nature, and whatever sentiment that made society humane was decidedly non-existent to him. Presently, he shoved Tom aside and straightened his own wrinkled sleeve, pointing out sharply, "You should be grateful that your precious President Fuller is Sonia's boyfriend; otherwise, I wouldn't save him, no matter how powerful he is."

"You—" Tom's surprise at the doctor's outrageous words quickly turned into anger.

However, Tim did not bother waiting for a heated response from Tom before he turned and marched into the emergency room.

Seeing this, Tom had no choice but to quell the rage in him. I can't very well lash out at him now that he's gone in to save President Fuller.

Scratching his hair in frustration, he crouched down and pulled out his phone, then informed Sonia through a text that Toby was currently undergoing emergency treatment by Tim.

Having read this message, Sonia finally felt the divot between her brows smooth out, and she no longer felt so uptight. Now that Toby had safely arrived at the hospital and was receiving treatment from Tim, there was a strong likelihood that he would pull through just fine.

She clutched her phone to her chest and tipped her head up slightly as tears of relief and joy cascaded past her cheeks. The frustration, helplessness, and desperation she had felt when she realized she was going to be held up in traffic and that she wouldn't be able to make it to the hospital in time finally subsided.

Over at the hospital, Tom did not kick up a fuss when he read Sonia's reply, which told him that it would take her a while to reach them due to traffic conditions.

After all, traffic congestions were commonplace in Seafield, and earlier on, they would have been caught up in traffic as well had the police officer not turned on the siren and cleared the way.

"Excuse me, sir, now that your boss is receiving treatment, I'm going to need you and the lady to come with me so I can get your statements on how the accident happened," said the police officer as he approached Tom with a pen and notepad in hand, gesturing at the woman in the wheelchair.

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"Very well," Tom agreed wearily with a nod. He kept his phone and rubbed his face once, then stood up and shot the woman a baleful look.

She did not object to having her statement taken down by the police, either, and merely said delicately, "Okay."

It wasn't a malicious car crash but rather an accidental one, so the statements were taken quickly and without hassle. The only thing left for them to do now was to agree on a solution.

"I'm willing to compensate all his medical and rehabilitation bills, and I'll nurse him back to health," the woman promised, glancing at the door of the emergency room as she clutched the armrests of her wheelchair tightly.

While that sounded like the most sensible solution to this conundrum, it would only work out if the person lying unconscious was not Toby.

"Our boss doesn't need your measly compensation," Tom replied stoically, eyeing the woman with sharp indifference.

For some reason, he found the woman familiar, even though he had never seen her anywhere before the accident.

Shaking his head, Tom did not ponder on this and brushed the thought off, then resumed his cold and angry stance as he barked, "Seeing as my boss is the one who got injured, I don't have the right as his assistant to decide on these matters on his behalf, so we'll just have to settle this after he wakes up. As for you, don't you dare think of leaving until then!"

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 760

Chapter 760 Thorough Work

"Of course. I wouldn't dream of running away from my responsibility," the woman promised with a trepidatious nod.

Tom looked away from her, turning instead to stare fretfully at the doors to the emergency room, hoping that Toby would be wheeled out soon.

After getting Tom and the woman's statements, the police left the hospital for the accident scene to retrieve the car. The police added that he would return as soon as the patient was awake to work out a settlement between the patient and the woman who caused the accident, but that would all have to wait until the car was taken care of.

In the event that no settlement could be reached, the police would have to pass the case on to the police station and let the law take over.

Just then, the woman in the wheelchair maneuvered herself over to where Tom was standing and called out gently, "Excuse me, mister."

Tom looked down and eyed her with no small amount of hostility. "What do you want?"

There was a gleam in her eyes as she asked curiously, "I was wondering if you were speaking to that gentleman's girlfriend while we were on our way here?" As she said this, she glanced at the emergency room, indicating that the gentleman she referred to was Toby.

Upon hearing this, Tom frowned deeply and countered icily, "What's it to you?"

She lowered her gaze and let out a sheepish laugh. "Nothing, I was just curious is all."

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"Huh." Tom snorted, then pointed out in a withering tone, "Maybe you should devote your curiosity to other things, like the consequences that will befall you now that you've sent my boss into the emergency room!" Then, he broke eye contact and returned to staring at the emergency room doors, no longer paying any attention to the woman.

She clenched her fists on top of the wheelchair armrests, and the fearful look on her face slowly faded away, replaced by a cold and menacing grimace as she eyed Tom venomously.

However, she quickly retracted her outward hostility toward him and made as if she was unaffected by the assistant's icy rebuff, then lowered her head and stayed mute for the rest of the time.

For a while, the hallway was filled with a heavy silence, and the air grew eerily still.

After what felt like a long time, the emergency room doors finally swung open.

When Tom heard this, he quickly stood up and walked over to the doors with the woman wheeling herself after him.

Presently, Tim was making his way through the doors, taking off his surgical mask as he did so.

At the sight of this, Tom reached out to stop the doctor so that he could ask about Toby's condition, but before he could get his words out, the woman in the wheelchair suddenly piped up, "Doctor, is everything alright?"

Infuriated by the woman's interruption, Tom frowned and shot her a hard look. But on account of the fact that he had been about to ask the same thing she did, he decided to swallow his anger for now.

Tim looked down at the woman, and there was a strange glimmer in his eyes as he asked, "Who are you?"

She looked down, then answered hesitantly, "I... I'm the one who caused that man in there to get into an accident."

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A dark shadow passed over Tim's face when he heard this, and there was no warmth in his eyes as he gazed down imperiously at the woman. "So you're the reason why Fuller is in the emergency room."

"Yes..." The woman's head drooped lower as though she was ashamed.

Tim narrowed his eyes at her and said with cool malice, "If these were old times, I probably wouldn't say anything if you somehow got Fuller killed; I wouldn't even care. But now, Fuller belongs to someone who is really important to me. He got injured because of you, and in turn, the person most important to me has her heart broken over this. What do you intend to—"

"Alright, Dr. Lancaster," Tom cut him off impatiently. "I know you're upset on Miss Reed's behalf, but now isn't the time to hash things out. What matters most is President Fuller's condition; once he stabilizes, you can do whatever you want with this woman."

Naturally, Tom was only exaggerating to scare the woman. He wouldn't actually leave the woman in Tim's hands. The doctor had a twisted mind and a perverse way of settling the score; there was no telling what might happen to the woman should she become his victim.

Seemingly interested in the prospect of punishing the woman, Tim raised a brow and asked keenly, "Oh, whatever I want, you say?"

Tom cast a sideways glance at the woman, who looked ashen-faced as she gaped at them in horror, and nodded slightly. "That's right."

"Mister, are you actually—" The woman broke off, her red-rimmed eyes wide and glistening as she stared at Tom in utter disbelief. "I can't believe you'd just leave my fate up to some stranger. I know your boss got injured because of me, but I didn't mean for the accident to happen in the first place. You'd be going against the law if you were to let someone else punish me in private!"

Tom did not spare her a look, pretending as if he had not heard her at all.

Tim toyed with his scalpel and appraised the woman with a somewhat eager gaze. "I must say, the plastic surgeon did a rather splendid job with your face."

"What?" Tom froze, obviously unaware of what Tim was talking about.

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The woman, however, faltered as cold sweat broke out over her temples. She backed away from Tim immediately, as if shrinking into her wheelchair. Her hands clenched tightly on top of the armrests, so much so that her knuckles turned white. It took him one look to tell that I had work done on my face!

Tim ignored the look of askance Tom was giving him and quirked a brow at the woman's evasive behavior instead. "Why are you backing away from me? Plastic surgery is common nowadays, so why do you look so afraid after I pointed out that you had it done?"

The woman stiffened in her wheelchair. It was then that she realized she might have overreacted earlier, and she quickly lowered her gaze to hide the panic in her eyes. Forcing out a watery smile, she said, "On the contrary, doctor, I'm not so much afraid as I am embarrassed that you proclaimed I had work done in front of everybody. Any woman would prefer to have their looks deemed as natural, and what you did would rub anyone wrong."

"Is that so?" Tim hummed and nodded, seemingly convinced. Then, his gaze fell upon her legs. "Looks like plastic surgery isn't all you've done. You even got limb-lengthening surgery for your legs, and you're still in the recovery stage, which is why you're in a wheelchair. Plastic surgery and limb lengthening, huh? I can tell that you had a lot of work done on your face, judging by how much bone-shaving was involved, and your legs are longer by an inch or so, aren't they? Your calves are no longer symmetrical, which means you won't be able to run or jump even after you've recovered; you won't even be able to pull exaggerated faces, so you'd forever be a porcelain doll. Pretty harsh stuff to put up with just to look beautiful, if you ask me."

Having said all this, he began to look at the woman with interest. "I must say, I've seen more than my fair share of people—of any gender and age—who have had plastic surgery done, but none of their procedures were as thorough as yours. I'm well-versed in anatomy and the human bone structure, but even I can't tell what you used to look like, and believe me when I say I'm just dying to know. This is the first time I've encountered something like this, and I want to know what made you decide to undergo such an extreme overhaul."

Having heard all this, Tom turned to look at the woman in bewilderment. He had to admit that it took serious courage for her to have undergone all those procedures to look the way she did now.

He had no in-depth knowledge of plastic surgery, but he was familiar with limb-lengthening procedures. He used to have a friend back in elementary school whose legs had been asymmetrical, and in order to correct this, he had gotten limb-lengthening surgery done. The

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doctor had surgically cut through the lower leg bone and thereafter attached an internal fixture between the two ends of the cut bone, which added length to correct the previous discrepancy.

The procedure was as painful as it sounded, and most people wouldn't dare attempt it under normal circumstances. This woman is either really gutsy or some kind of masochist to go through all that.

Meanwhile, the woman felt a chill run down her spine as she gaped at Tim, stunned that he could tell from one brief appraisal that she had had plastic surgery and limb-lengthening procedure done. Does he have X-ray vision or something? How can he tell how much work I've done just by one look? As incredulous as she was, the woman was also infuriated. Also, it's one thing to know I had work done, but to declare it out loud? What if they start getting suspicious?

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