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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

## Chapter 369

Chapter 369 Not Fit for a Hospital Transfer

“Let the servants do things like that. You don’t have to do it yourself,” Titus said as he straightened his tie and called the servant over.

“Miss Rina, let me take the trash out,” the servant said, stretching out her hands toward Rina.

In front of Titus, Rina couldn’t find any reason to turn her down, so she handed over the bag obediently. When she released her hand, she even looked a little unbearable to part with it, which made the servant glance at her oddly.

It’s just a bag of trash. I don’t understand why she looks so unbearable, the servant thought. However, she didn’t ponder over it and went out the door with the bag in her hand.

As Rina stared at the servant’s back, she clenched her hands tightly on her sides, as though she was nervous about something. But soon, she relaxed her palms, and her entire body eased up.

Whatever. There’s only one place where all the trash in this house goes to. It makes no difference who throws out that thing. With that thought in mind, a smile suddenly spread across her face, and she regained her usual composure. Looking at Titus, she uttered, “By the way, Dad, I’m going to the hospital later with Mom to visit Tina. Are you coming along?”

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Titus' wrinkled face immediately turned solemn at her question. "That wretched girl is no longer part of our family, so there's no point in visiting her. Tell your mom not to go."

"She won't listen to me. After all, Tina will be going to prison soon, and she would like to visit her before that time comes. So..." Rina trailed off and lowered her head in awkwardness.

Titus snorted. "I got it. I'll speak with her later."

With sparkling eyes, Rina said, "Thanks, Dad." This is great! I don't want to visit Tina at all, but Mom keeps insisting that I should go. Now that Dad has spoken up, she should give up on that idea now.

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At the hospital, Toby peered at the nurse who came in to change Sonia's drip and asked, "When will she wake up?"

The nurse took out Sonia's medical record and looked over it. "We can't be sure yet. She had a moderate concussion, so maybe she'll wake up the day after tomorrow."

The day after tomorrow... That's not too long, Toby thought, relieved. He was afraid that it would take a long time for her to awaken because the longer it took, the more serious the injury was.

The nurse left after changing the drip, whereupon Toby turned to Tim. "Can Sonia be moved in her condition?"

Charles, who was standing at the side, was immediately unhappy when he heard his question. "Hey, Fuller, what are you planning to do?"

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Tim adjusted his glasses. "You would like to transfer her to another hospital?"

Nodding, Toby admitted. "Yes. It will be more convenient for her treatment if she's transferred to your hospital."

In all sense, First World Hospital, where Tim worked, was the best hospital in the city with the best medical equipment and facilities, and he would be more assured if Sonia was transferred over.

But before Tim could say anything, Charles snorted. "Fuller, you want to transfer my darling in the name of convenience. In fact, you just want to make it convenient for yourself to visit her. Am I right?"

Toby's eyes flickered, and he looked at Charles as he spoke in an indifferent voice. "You can think whatever you want, but you can't deny that Sonia can receive better treatment by transferring to that hospital."

Flabbergasted, Charles had no argument for that. While it was true that this hospital had a good reputation, it was not as good as Tim's hospital. Since that's how it is, then we should just transfer my darling for her recovery, Charles thought and grunted as he compromised.

However, Tim said, "I'm sorry to inform both of you that Sonia isn't fit for a hospital transfer in her current condition."

"Why?" Toby frowned, and even Charles was peering at him.

Spreading his palms, he explained, "It's better not to move her around unnecessarily because she received trauma to the head. Otherwise, it will worsen her condition."

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I see, Toby thought while nodding his head without a word. If Sonia can't be transferred, I'll transfer over, then.

Not knowing what was on Toby's mind, Charles breathed a sigh of relief next to him when he heard that Sonia wasn't fit for a hospital transfer. Even though he knew that it would do her good to be transferred to First World Hospital, it was still possible to receive treatment here. In order for my darling to stay away from Toby, we'll have to keep her here for a while, he thought.

Meanwhile, Tim's head was slightly tilted downward, and the light bouncing off the surface of his glasses completely hid the look in his almond-shaped eyes, so nobody could guess what he was thinking about.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps echoed from the door, and Tom peered in with his head. "President Fuller, time's up for your leave from the hospital. It's time for us to return to First World Hospital now."

Instantly, Charles' eyes sparkled brilliantly, and he waved his hand urgently. "Go quickly if your time's up. Go now and don't come again. Just give me a call when you have results from your investigations."

Watching as Charles urged them to leave, Toby thought to himself while his eyes turned stone-cold, Don't come again? Ha, as if that's possible! I'm coming again tonight, and what's more, I'm even going to be staying in the next room! "Let's go," he said calmly while looking away, whereupon Tom quickly rushed to his side to push his wheelchair.

Shrugging, Tim said, "I'll go back together with you guys, then. I didn't drive my car here because the director of this hospital personally came to pick me up earlier. So let me catch a ride with you guys."

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Toby cast him a look from the corners of his eyes, but he didn't turn him down and merely tapped on the armrest of his wheelchair. Understanding what he meant, Tom pushed him toward the door while Tim followed behind them with his hands stuck in the pockets of his white robe.

The second all three of them stepped out of the room, Charles shut the door behind them. While Tim and Tom didn't feel much about it, Toby's face turned really grim as he stared at the tightly shut door, making a mental note to get back at Charles for this.

On the way back to First World Hospital, Toby was watching the surveillance video of Sonia's attack which Tom had sent to him.

He couldn't tell if the person in the video was a man or a woman, but he felt his heart shudder as he watched them raise the thick stick high above Sonia's head and struck her head.

With just one strike, they were able to knock her out; this showed just how much force they had used and how painful it must have been for Sonia! Toby's fingers gripped his cell phone tightly, as though he wanted to break it apart, and his expression was very somber.

Sitting on the passenger seat in front, Tim turned around. "May I take a look at it? As a doctor, I'm very familiar with the human body. Even if this person is tightly wrapped, I may be able to notice something."

Of course Toby had no objections to his suggestion and tossed his phone to him. Raising his hands, Tim caught the phone mid-air accurately and turned forward to watch the video.

"Is this the only part from the surveillance video? Why is there no recording of the part where Sonia's wrist was cut?" Toby asked Tom, who was driving.

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“Mr. Lane said that he discovered Miss Reed in the emergency stairwell, and I think that’s where that person cut out her skin with a knife. So, after I made the call, I went to the scene myself and saw that there are no surveillance systems in the emergency stairwell,” Tom answered.

Pursing his lips into an annoyed thin line, Toby asked, “Are they missing in all buildings, or only Sonia’s building is missing the surveillance system?”

“They’re missing in all buildings.”

A knot appeared between Toby’s brows. A high-end residential apartment such as Bayside Residence actually has such a sloppy surveillance system! Secretly, he decided to teach the developer of Bayside Residence a lesson before he said in his cold voice again, “Did the surveillance system of the neighborhood catch the whole process of how that person showed up at Bayside Residence?”

“Yes. I asked the police, and that was what I was told. They’ve already taken the surveillance tapes away and will let us know the answer later,” Tom replied.

In response, Toby merely grunted and didn’t say anything else. Just then, Tim suddenly broke the silence. “It’s a woman!”

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