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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 755 - 758

Chapter 755 Jessica's Threat

Jessica clenched her fists, trying to hide her fear while looking at Toby. "Of course, I wouldn't be in a place to make deals with you if Sonia's parents were just ordinary people, but what if I say her parents are Titus and his wife?"

While Tom took a deep breath upon hearing the lady's words, Toby squinted with a darkened look on his face. So, it's true that this lady knows Titus and his wife are Sonia's parents.

"President Fuller!" Tom immediately looked at Toby.

Nonetheless, Toby raised his hand, gesturing to his assistant to keep quiet, whereupon Tom nodded and stepped back.

However, Jessica appeared to be satisfied with the two men's reaction, smiling with glee. "How does that sound, Mr. Fuller? Is this secret surprising enough to you?"

In the meantime, Tom, who was standing right behind Toby, rolled his eyes upward in response, thinking the lady was a fool because she didn't know that Toby was already aware of who Sonia's biological parents were.

So, Jessica really thinks she can trade this secret with her freedom through a deal with President Fuller. How laughable that is!

With a darkened expression on his face, Toby quickly calmed himself down and asked gloomily, "What makes you so sure that Titus and his wife are Sonia's parents?"

Meanwhile, Jessica failed to notice anything wrong with Toby and Tom's expressions, as she still thought that everything was under her control. Thus, she began to get carried away and jutted her chin, saying, "In fact, I didn't know that until I was kept here. Then, I recalled the conversation that I overheard between Tina and Sonia in the hospital that day. When I found out that Tina wanted Sonia to donate her kidney to Titus, I got curious and wondered

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why Sonia and Titus' kidneys were so conveniently compatible with each other, so I investigated the matter further by skimming through Sonia's medical report."

"So that's how you found out that Sonia isn't the Reed Family's biological daughter?" Toby had known about that from Sonia long ago, but decided to play Jessica's game to see where she would lead him. Unknown to Jessica, she didn't know that she was, in fact, the clown and still believed that she was the one in control, which Toby found laughable.

"That's right." Jessica nodded before a hideous look showed on her face. "I didn't read too much into Sonia's relationship with Titus at that time. Instead, I was simply too excited about the fact that Sonia is not my father's biological daughter. It was not long before my impulse got the better of me and prompted me to spread the news all over the internet. Although I subsequently ended up here because of that, I suppose it was still a blessing in disguise because it gave me enough time to figure out that Sonia is actually Titus' real daughter."

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She gritted her teeth and added, "Right after I read Sonia's medical report, I went on to peek at Titus' report as well and realized that they both shared the same blood type. More importantly, Titus' peculiar physical condition and blood type made it hard for him to find a compatible kidney donor unless he had help from anyone related to him by blood. While my excitement about the fact that Sonia is not my father's daughter blinded me from realizing that, I'm sure I would have figured their relationship out sooner had I thought about it calmer. Otherwise, I wouldn't be trapped here."

Thinking that she could just reveal the truth to make Sonia fall apart, Jessica was grateful that it wasn't too late for her to figure out the untold story.

"Oh, I see." Toby reacted with a glacial look, catching on to how Jessica came to know so much. I thought someone told her all these things, but it turns out that she figured everything out by herself. He looked down a little to hide his expression, coldly asking, "But why should I believe that you're telling me the truth?"

"Of course, I'm telling you the truth. If you don't believe me, you could arrange a paternity test for Sonia and Titus. With what you're capable of, you can easily do that without them even knowing it." Jessica gazed at the man.

"Is that so?" Toby fiddled with his fingers, his emotions barely fathomable.

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Soon, something seemed to spring to Jessica's mind as she said, "You can also start from the imposter, Tina. I don't know how she could keep her cover from being blown for so long, but once you find her, you'll know that Sonia is actually Tina, since even she had to talk Sonia into donating her kidney to Titus. For that, it's obvious enough that Sonia is, in fact, the one who belongs with the Gray Family instead of Tina."

"That's not a bad idea," Toby replied with a bleak voice.

Still unable to sense anything awry, Jessica thought Toby was complimenting her and smiled even wider. "What do you think, Mr. Fuller? Is this secret worth the trouble of getting me out of here? After all, you and I both know how much the Reed Family and the Gray Family hate each other, yet Sonia, who should have been with the Gray Family over the years, grew up with the Reeds. Ironically, her vendetta has always motivated her to cripple the Grays, in order to avenge the Reeds. So, Mr. Fuller."

The lady gazed at Toby and continued to say, "Do you think Sonia will be so heartbroken that she may commit suicide upon learning the truth that the person whom she has always wanted to seek revenge on is her father? After all, she has spent years trying to achieve her quest for vengeance, only to be disappointed because this so-called revenge that she prioritizes so much and even considers her life goal turns out to be nothing more than a joke. If that happens, which do you think she'll choose? Will she go ahead with her revenge or not? If she is going to do that, her parents are going to end up behind bars or even meet their demise, which will leave her stigmatized because she will have become the one who kills her parents. Do you think that's not going to haunt her conscience for the rest of her life?"

While Toby's expression became even more and more darkened, Jessica became more and more excited. "But if she gives up her quest for vengeance, she'll let the Reed Family down after all those years they spent raising her and educating her. You know what's sarcastic? Sonia may be Titus' daughter, but she is nothing like this evil, cunning, and vicious man. Instead, she has Henry's hypocrisy, but knowing her, I'm sure she'll be weighed down by her conscience for the rest of her life too, even if she decides not to seek revenge on the Grays because that means she'll be living in guilt until she dies. No matter which choice she makes, it won't end well for her. In fact, she may even..."

"In fact, she may even what?" Toby radiated an intimidating aura.

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Jessica smiled and answered, "She may even take her own life in order to avoid the fate of having to make a tough choice. Knowing Sonia, I'm quite convinced that she'll commit suicide after learning the truth. Although this is what a dumb coward would do, it is a good way to resolve the vendetta between the Grays and the Reeds. For that, I believe my analysis has enlightened you about why you shouldn't let Sonia know that she is Titus' daughter. Am I right, Mr. Fuller?"

As much as Jessica would hate to admit Toby's love for Sonia, she could tell that the man wouldn't let the truth break Sonia's heart, unless he was willing to watch her fall apart and kill herself. Therefore, she was confident that Toby would agree to get her out of detention.

"Is this a threat?" Toby squinted warily.

Jessica smiled and replied, "Come on, Mr. Fuller. How is this a threat to you? I'm trying to make a deal with you instead. Once you get me out of here, break up with Sonia and become my man. Then, I'll make sure Sonia knows nothing about her actual identity. Considering your love for her, I'm sure you'll do anything for her. Right, Mr. Fuller?"

"Oh, come on. Where is your sense of shame?!" Tom could no longer stand Jessica's brazen attitude, pointing at her with his finger while lecturing her. "You want President Fuller to get you out of this place, as if you don't think it's too much to ask at all; now, you're even thinking you can be with President Fuller when you get out of here. Lady, you really know how to push your luck, but the question here is—do you think President Fuller is going to agree to your terms?"

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr 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.

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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.

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.

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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."

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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.

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!"

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"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 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."

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“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—”

“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!”

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr 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

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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 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.

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Alas, even as her throat became sandpapery 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.

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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.”

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?”

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“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.

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!”

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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!

"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.

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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?"

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.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 758

Chapter 758 Take Responsibility

Tom's eyes widened. "President Fuller!"

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"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.

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!"

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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.

"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

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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.

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.

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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.

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...

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"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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