

# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

## Chapter 363

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"He's Zane's nephew. Something came up with his family, so Zane asked me to take care of him for two days," Sonia squeezed Douglas' chubby hands and explained.

*A child's hand is so satisfying to hold. It's so chubby and comfortable to squeeze.* Thinking that, she couldn't help but squeeze his hand again.

Coming to a sudden realization, Tim lifted his chin. "Alright. Go and look for Toby. I still have to examine this patient. See you later."

"Okay, go ahead." She nodded before leading Douglas to the ward she stayed in before.

As soon as she reached the ward, the door opened. daily new chapters in

When Jean walked out, she saw Sonia and froze. Then, Jean's expression turned cold, "Why is it you?"

Sonia never thought that she would bump into her former evil mother-in-law. Raising her eyebrows, she asked, "Why can't it be me?"

"This is Toby's ward. You're not coming here to get back with him, are you?" Jean snorted.

Hearing this, Sonia laughed. "Get back with him? Why would I get back with him? Is he someone popular? Even if he is, I'd never get back with him, with you being such a troublesome mother-in-law."

"How dare you criticize me!" Jean glared at Sonia.

"I wasn't criticising you. I was only telling the truth. Look at you: You caused your husband to be served by the family law as soon as you became a Fuller. What are you, if not a troublemaker? Sonia smirked.

When Jean heard this, her face turned grim all of a sudden.

This no doubt surprised Sonia because she thought that Jean would be angry when she made such a remark.

Yet, Jean kept quiet instead and seemed really upset.

*Was she upset because she was the reason her husband got served, or was she upset because he passed away?*

Perhaps both were true, but this was not what Sonia was most curious about. She was more curious about why Jean treated Toby so well.

After all, Jean seemed like an evil stepmother no matter how one looked at it, but she was surprisingly a good one. If Rose hadn't told Sonia, Sonia wouldn't have even doubted that Toby was Jean's son because Jean treated him no differently than she treated Tyler.

Not to mention that Jean was simply an ordinary person. Even an educated and wealthy person may not necessarily raise a first wife's children like her own. daily new chapters in Yet, Jean treated Toby like her own child. There must be a reason for it.

However, it didn't matter what the reason was because it was none of Sonia's business. She couldn't bring herself to ask even if she was curious.

Then, she rubbed in between her brows. "Alright, Mrs. Fuller. Let's not waste time. I came here to return this to Toby. Please pass the message to him. Thank you."

Suddenly, Jean came back to her senses and lowered her head to glance at the delicate bag. Soon, she returned to her peculiar self and uttered, "Wow! Such nice packaging. It must be a present for him. Why did you lie that you're not trying to get back with him?"

In response, Sonia rolled her eyes. *Whatever. It's a waste of time talking to people like her.*

"Alright. I'm not going in, so please pass it to him." As Sonia said this, she shoved the bag into Jean's hands and left with Douglas.

As Jean watched the big and small figure disappear into the distance, she pouted. "Ugh! I'm not going to give it to Toby! I'll throw it away once I see what's Inside!"

*She's thinking of bribing him with a gift in order to get back with him. No way am I letting that happen!*

Rudely, she tore open the bag and took out the box from inside.

The box was delicate, just like the bag. Besides, she could tell that it was a jewelry box at one glance.

*That must mean there's jewelry inside.*

She found it unusual and couldn't understand why Sonia gifted Toby jewelry. It was usually the men who gifted women jewelry.

Women would usually give things like watches, ties, and cufflinks, but these things weren't supposed to be kept in jewelry boxes.

"How mysterious. Let's see what's inside," she muttered as she opened the box.

As soon as she opened the box, the dazzling blue light almost blinded her eyes.

When she could finally see what was in the box clearly, she took a deep breath and closed the box quickly, then she looked around with her heart racing.

*It's the Ocean's Heart!* She gulped, unable to believe that she was holding such a precious necklace.

At that moment, she felt that her right hand was exceptionally heavy. *daily new chapters in*

*How could it not be heavy? The Ocean's Heart is worth hundreds of millions!*

The reason why she knew it was the Ocean's Heart was because she had seen it at Toby's house before. Three months ago, he won it at an auction and used it as an engagement gift for Tina.

Right then, Jean was particularly upset as Toby had never gifted her such expensive jewelry, but she later thought that since Tina would become a Fuller soon, she would bring the Ocean's Heart back. By then, if Jean were to ask Tina to give it to her, Tina would never refuse.

Yet, Tina never married him, and Sonia got away with the Ocean's Heart. At that time, Jean was so

d Sonia to return it, but Toby stopped her. As time passed, Jean soon forgot about it.

However, Jean never thought that Sonia would return it and that it would end up in her hands.

*Can I keep it for myself? He doesn't know she came by anyway.*

Besides, she was unwilling to hand over the Ocean's Heart. With his feelings for Sonia, he would definitely want her to keep it if he got the necklace back. Then, he would find a chance to give it back to her.

Thus, she decided not to give it to Toby-finders, keepers.

As she thought of that, she stuffed the box into her pocket happily and went back inside the ward,

Unlike two days ago when Toby could only lie on the bed, he could already sit up by now.

Right then, he was leaning against the head of the bed with a tablet in his hands. He was reading a financial report when he heard the sound of footsteps, so he turned his head to see. "Mom, haven't you gone back?"

"I forgot my phone." She pointed at the phone by the bed.

Toby simply acknowledged.

With that, she walked in that direction and picked up her phone. "Toby, did anyone say that they'll be visiting you today?"

*Though he doesn't know that she dropped by earlier, she wouldn't have come without telling him beforehand. If so, then the Ocean's Heart...*

"Nope. Why do you ask?" He narrowed his eyes at her. His deep dark eyes looked as if he could see through her.

Afraid that he might sense that she was hiding something, she lowered her eyelids and laughed. "Oh, nothing. I was just wondering why none of your friends came by to visit you ever since you got admitted. I was only asking out of curiosity. If nobody's coming, then forget it."

Immediately, a sense of relief filled her. daily new chapters in

*It looks like Sonia didn't tell him that she was coming in advance. The Ocean's Heart is really mine now. She couldn't help but laugh at the thought of this.*

He raised his eyebrows slightly, feeling that she was acting a little strange.

Without asking further, he lowered his head and continued reading his report.

She didn't stay for long and left after taking her phone as she was in a hurry to go home to try on the Ocean's Heart in front of her mirror.

*I'll definitely look gorgeous wearing the beautiful Ocean's Heart.*

Meanwhile, Sonia drove to Paradigm Co. and brought Douglas along. Surprised, Daphne stared at him and asked, "Is he your son, President Reed?"

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The edges of Sonia's lips twitched. "You don't know whether I have a son or not?"

Daphne flashed her an awkward smile. "I'm sorry, President Reed. I was just stunned for a moment. Don't be mad."

"I'm not angry. This is my friend's nephew, Douglas," she said, pushing Douglas gently in front of Daphne. "Say hi to Miss Daphne, Douglas."

"Hello, Miss Daphne," Douglas said, bowing politely.

"Hello," Daphne answered, and her heart almost melted at the sight of him. *This little guy is simply too adorable!* "I have sweets for you!" Suddenly, she remembered that she had stuffed two candies into her pocket before leaving the house this morning, so she hurriedly took them out and handed them to him. *daily new chapters in*

Instead of taking the candies from her, Douglas lifted his head and looked at Sonia, who nodded to him gently. With her approval, he took the candies from Daphne. "Thank you, Miss Daphne."

"You're welcome." Seeing that he had accepted her candies, Daphne smiled so brightly that her eyes crinkled up.

Meanwhile, Sonia couldn't help but raise her brows because this was the first time she had seen her smile so brightly. Within the company, Daphne was nicknamed The Decimator. In other words, she was dressed in old-fashioned clothes and wore a pair of rustic black-rimmed glasses. In addition, she was usually expressionless, which made her appear very fierce, and so that was how her nickname came about.

Now that she saw how Daphne was smiling, a smile spread across her own face as well. *It's true that even a serious person couldn't resist an adorable kid.* "Daphne, pass me today's itinerary." Then, she took Douglas' hand and led him to the couch in her office.

Trailing behind them, Daphne hurriedly flipped open the folder she was always carrying and passed the itinerary to Sonia.

After taking it from her, Sonia glanced through it and said, "Besides the appointment in the afternoon, the other appointments will go through as scheduled." *daily new chapters in*

"I got it," Daphne answered with a nod, then Sonia returned the itinerary to her.

"Alright, you can leave now and buy Douglas some snacks and toys."

Glancing at Douglas, Daphne agreed gladly. "Sure, President Reed. I'll be back soon after shopping."

"Alright, Sonia replied and carried Douglas onto the couch after she left. "Douglas, stay here and watch TV while I work over there, alright?"

"Okay, Aunt Sonia. Go ahead and do your job. I can play by myself" he said obediently, sitting on the couch and kicking his legs.

Stroking his head, Sonia said, "You're such a good boy. Here's the remote control. Call me if you need anything." With that, she retracted her hand and turned toward her desk.

She had just reached her desk when her cell phone in her handbag started to ring. Pulling out her chair, she then fished out her cell phone and checked it. When she saw that it was a call from the police station, she immediately picked it up. "Hello?"

"Hello, Miss Reed. I'm calling from the police station."

"Yes, hello," she answered.

The person on the other end said, "it's about Tina Gray's sentence. It has already been announced."

"How many years?" Hearing that, Sonia quickly straightened her back and asked.

Even though she didn't know why Tina was sentenced so quickly, it didn't matter to her as long as she received punishment.

"Three years," the other person replied. "But..."

With a frown, Sonia asked, "But what?" She had a bad feeling about this.

"But due to the fact that Tina Gray has yet to fully recover, she has to serve her sentence in the hospital for a month and will be monitored by the police round the clock. A month later, she'll be transferred to the women's prison."

"I see." Nodding in a daze, she let out a relieved sigh. *I thought there was going to be a problem, but she's just serving her sentence outside of the prison. That's still acceptable.*

This scenario was within her expectations. It was a fact that Tina's injuries were too serious and

ort period. On the other hand, the police would like to uphold human rights, and they definitely wouldn't send her to prison when she had yet to heal from her injuries. *daily new chapters in*

"I got it. Thanks." Sonia said with a smile.

After that, she put down her phone and let out a deep, long breath. *This is great. The dust has finally settled on Tina's case. Now, I can focus on getting back at the Grays.*

As for whether Tina would seek revenge three years later, she would leave it until then because she believed that she would have become so influential and strong at that time that Tina wouldn't even have the guts to seek revenge. With that thought in mind, she smirked and opened a folder as she started to work.

At the hospital, Tom informed Toby of Tina's sentence, but he didn't react greatly to that. Staring at his laptop, he said indifferently, "After she has served her sentence outside prison, bribe a bunch of female prisoners to give her a warm greeting once she's in there."

"I got it," Tom replied, adjusting his glasses on the bridge of his nose. Then, he remembered something, and his expression turned serious. "Also, the investigation team finally found some problems with your car accident, President Fuller."

Hearing that, Toby closed his laptop and turned toward Tom. "Who was it?" he asked in a bone-chilling voice.

"They're not sure, but they're sure that it was the same group of people who murdered Old Master Fuller twelve years ago, Tom answered.

Toby held his fists tightly; he used so much force that his knuckles cracked, and the veins on the back of his palm popped. Twelve years ago, his father, Homer Fuller, went on a business trip abroad and was found murdered in his hotel room. From then on, he had been investigating the murderer in secret, but to no avail.

The only thing he could be sure was, the murderer was not from a regular background; otherwise, it

e for them to remain hidden while he had been investigating for twelve years long. But now, he had been set up by the murderer before he could even find him, and this proved that he was targeted by the murderer.

He wasn't so worried about his own safety. What worried him the most was the safety of his family. After all, the murderer was hidden in the dark while they were out in the open. If the murderer really had their eyes on his grandmother and others, it would be difficult to guard against their attacks because nobody knew when they would make their move!

At the thought of this, he narrowed his cold eyes. "Go to the security company under our group and deploy two squadrons. Spread them out around my grandmother, Tyler, and the rest to protect them in secret."

It was apparent to Tom why he wanted to do this, so he nodded. "Yes, President Fuller!"

"Go now," Toby said, waving his hand, whereupon Tom left the room.

With his head lowered, the expression on his face was hidden, and so was the thought in his mind. A few seconds later, he picked up his cell phone suddenly and called Rose's number. "Grandma, I want to ask you about Dad's death..."

When it was late afternoon, Sonia, who was finally finished with her work, stretched before pacing toward the couch.

On the couch, Douglas was snuggled under a small blanket and sleeping soundly. His lips twitched, and the edges still had some chocolate stain on them, making him look very adorable and amusing at the same time.

Sonia took a seat next to him and pulled out a piece of wet towel from the coffee table. Then, she wiped the corner of his lips gently.

Feeling her touch, Douglas woke up and blinked at her while calling out sweetly, "Aunt Sonia!"

"You're awake?" she asked, holding him up. *daily new chapters in*

"Yeah," he replied and saw the stained wet towel in her hands. Embarrassed, he wriggled and said, "I can do it myself, Aunt Sonia."

"Okay. Do it yourself, then." Noticing his embarrassment, she handed him the towel with a chuckle.

While wiping his own face, he asked, "Are you finished with work?"

"Yes. I'm preparing to leave now," she answered with a nod.

Douglas tossed the dirty towel into the bin. "I'm going to the bathroom. Wait for me, Aunt Sonia. I'll be quick." Then, he jumped off the couch and scurried away to the washroom.

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Watching his tiny figure from the back, Sonia smiled even wider, and soon, he returned from the washroom. He even showed his hands to her so she could check if he had cleaned it. After she complimented him, saying that he had cleaned it well, only then did he drop his hands happily.

They left Paradigm Co, and she drove home to Bayside Residence together with him. In the midst of making dinner, she realized that she had run out of salt in the kitchen and wanted to buy some from

the convenience store in the neighborhood.



Taking off her apron, she walked out of the kitchen and spoke to Douglas, who was watching TV on the couch in the living room. "Douglas, I'm going downstairs to buy some salt. Be good and stay at home, then open the door for me when I'm back later, okay?"

"Sure, Aunt Sonia," he replied, spinning his head around. Daily new chapters in

"Good boy." She walked toward the door, and he followed to send her out.

After putting on shoes, she recalled something and reminded Douglas, "Also, regardless if I'm the person who presses the doorbell later, you shouldn't open the door straight away. Use the intercom camera to check the person outside the door. Do you get it?"

*What if someone else comes while I'm out? I am worried, having a child alone at home.*

"Don't worry, Aunt Sonia. I know what to do." Standing on the step at the entrance, he waved goodbye to Sonia, who stroked his small head before heading out.

After she bought the salt, the sky had turned even darker compared to the time when she left the apartment. With the salt in her hand, she walked toward her apartment building on the street, which seemed especially quiet without many people around. This was basically dinner time for the people in the neighborhood and not the time for evening walks yet.

Sonia walked for a while, and suddenly, she felt someone following her. Stopping in her tracks, she turned around and looked behind, but she didn't see anyone or anything.

With a frown, she wondered, *Was it just my illusion?* Without pondering over it further, she turned her head around and continued walking forward. *I'll reach my apartment building after passing by this building*

However, barely a few steps later, she once again felt that someone was stalking her. This time, she was sure that it wasn't her own illusion anymore; somebody was really following her because she heard the sounds of footsteps. Although it was light, she had really heard it.

Her body turned stiff as her hands and feet started to turn cold, but she dared not stop and quickened her pace instead. Unexpectedly, the footsteps behind her sped up as well because she could hear the sounds of the footsteps becoming heavy and hurried.

She didn't know who was following her nor what motive this person had; all she knew was that it couldn't be anything good. In addition, the sounds of those footsteps sent panic and fear through her.

Her scalp was tingling numb, and she had goosebumps all over her body; besides, her hand that was holding the salt had turned clammy. Even her legs were shaking and turning into jelly.

She didn't want to stay outside anymore; she just wanted to get back to her apartment as quickly as possible. Only then could she escape from the person behind her and feel safe.

At the thought of this, her pace broke into a sprint, and she dashed toward her apartment building. Despite that, the person behind gave chase, and she could hear the distance drawing closer between them.

*Daily new chapters in* I can't out-run this person! she realized and panicked. "Help! Somebody,"

Before she could finish, a thick stick raised behind her and hit her hard on her head.

*Wham!*

A crisp sound echoed, and Sonia felt a sharp pain on the back of her head. Then, she rolled her eyes and passed out on the spot.

Staring at Sonia, who was slumped on the ground, the person seemed to be in shock and staggered backward. Energy drained from those tightened hands, and the thick stick in those hands fell to the ground with a loud *clang*.

Hearing this sound, the person felt weak and crumpled to the ground, breathing heavily as their body quivered. With a hat, mask, and sunnies on, the person's hair and face was covered tightly while they wore oversized clothes to hide their figure beneath. Even the shoes this person was wearing were sport shoes which were clearly heightened.

Under such a disguise, nobody could tell if this was a man or a woman.

After a while, this person seemed to have awakened from their shock and panic, speaking in a voice which was neither feminine nor masculine. "I'm sorry. I really am..." *Daily new chapters in*

With that, the person scrambled up, held Sonia under their arms, and dragged her toward the apartment building in front of them until they were inside the emergency stairwell of the building. Dropping Sonia, they then closed the door and took a deep breath before whisking out a small fruit knife from the pocket of their jacket.

Lowering their body next to her, the person raised their left hand with the palm side up. Then, they pulled out the knife from the sheath and drew it closer to her wrist slowly. The whole while, this person's hand was shivering, showing just how nervous they *were*. Within seconds, the tip of the knife reached the red mole on Sonia's wrist.

Behind the sunnies, they shut their eyes and took a deep breath. With a surge of determination, they pierced the knife into her skin and cut out the red mole with the tip of the knife little by little.

The whole process took about ten minutes.

After making sure that the red mole was gone from her wrist and only a patch of bloody mess was in its place, the person let out a sigh of relief, whereupon they picked up the sheath and slid the knife back in without even cleaning it. Then, they quickly fled from the scene.

Barely a few seconds had passed after this person had left when Sonia's phone started to ring, but she had already passed out, so of course she couldn't pick it up.

Meanwhile, in her apartment, Douglas listened intently on his smartwatch, but nobody picked up his call, and his little brows knitted tightly together. When the call reached a dead dial tone, he murmured, "It's been so long. Why isn't Aunt Sonia back yet?"

He had been to the convenience store before. It was on the ground floor of the third building, and he remembered very well that it wasn't far from here because Sonia had brought him there to buy milk in the morning.

*It's been so long, he thought. Aunt Sonia should be back by now, but she's still not back yet, and she didn't even pick up her phone. Where exactly did she go?* Worried, he decided to wait for her downstairs and hopped off the couch. After switching off the TV, he grabbed the access card on the coffee table and left the apartment. Daily new chapters in

Two minutes later, he reached the ground floor. First, he stood at the entrance of the building and peered outside, trying to see if Sonia was around. At this time, there was already a growing number of people around the neighborhood. These were the people who were out for an evening walk after they already had their dinner.

When he didn't see any signs of Sonia after peering around, he called her number again, and exactly at the same time, a phone rang. He immediately recognized that as Sonia's ringtone because he had heard it in her office during daytime.

Delight washed over his face, and he turned toward the source of the ringtone. Even when he saw that it was coming from the emergency stairwell, he ran forward happily without any hesitation.

However, when he reached the emergency stairwell and saw Sonia on the ground, his face froze and he broke into tears. "Aunt Sonia..."

Outside, Charles had just entered the building holding a huge bag of freshly picked pears, thinking to surprise Sonia with it, but he stopped in his tracks upon hearing Douglas' cries.

*What's happening? Why is a child crying? And he's crying while calling his aunt... Has there been an accident?* Charles thought and marched over while asking loudly, "Hey, kid, do you need help?"

In the stairwell, Douglas stopped crying when he heard him. Sniffing, he answered anxiously, "Sir, please save my aunt!"

*Just as I had thought, there has been an accident!* Charles thought and quickened his pace. Within a couple of steps, he was in the stairwell as well, and just when he was about to ask what happened to Douglas' aunt, he saw Sonia lying on the floor. Instantly, his face fell, and the bag of pears in his hand scattered across the floor. "Darling!"

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Initially, he thought that one of the residents in the building had an accident, but he didn't expect that the person he would see was Sonia. He couldn't be bothered to ask who Douglas was, and neither was he curious as to why he was addressing her as his aunt. He immediately rushed in to check Sonia's condition, and he realized things were bad after taking a look at her.

Not only was her wrist cut and there was a pool of fresh blood beside her, what was more serious was that there was a big bump on the back of her head!

Knowing that he shouldn't wait a second longer, Charles picked her up from the floor. "Hey, kid, I'm bringing my darling to the hospital, and you're coming with us!" Daily new chapters in

There were still many questions he had to ask this kid.

"Okay," Douglas replied, bobbing his head.

Holding Sonia in his arms, Charles dashed out of the stairwell and out of the neighborhood with Douglas trailing behind with all his might, running with his little legs.

In the car, Charles found the nearest hospital with the help of the navigation system and sent Sonia there. Ten minutes later, she was rushed into the emergency room.

Only then did the both of them breathe a sigh of relief and waited anxiously on the bench.

While waiting, Charles turned to Douglas. "Hey, kid, where's your family and what's your parents' number? I'll give them a call lest they worry about you."

Daily new chapters in "My parents are in the military, and my uncle sent me to stay with Aunt Sonia," Douglas replied.

Hearing him address Sonia as 'Aunt Sonia', Charles felt very uneasy, so he asked with a frown, "Why are you calling my darling your aunt? Who's your uncle? He's so thick-skinned!"

*Could it be Toby Fuller? But I've not heard that he's an uncle, he thought.*

When Douglas heard Charles criticizing his own uncle, he pouted his lips. "My uncle is Zane Coleman!"

Stunned at first, Charles then cried out angrily, "What? Your uncle is that annoying guy, Zane?!" *Damn, that annoying jerk actually sent his nephew to Sonia and even told him to address her as his aunt. Hmph, his motives are so obvious that everyone could tell! This is more than thick-skinned; he's just purely shameless!* "Give your uncle a call quickly and tell him to bring you home," he said in a huff. "What the heck! Why didn't he take care of his own nephew and let my darling do it instead?"

Swinging his little legs, Douglas said in a sorry voice, "I'm sorry, sir. My uncle is away on a business trip and not in Seafield."

Charles knitted his brows. "What? He ran away?"

"No, he didn't! He's just away on a business trip!" Douglas corrected.

Waving his hand in frustration, Charles said, "I don't care why he went away, but from my point of view, he just ran away. Since he had run away, then I'll settle this score with him when he returns. As for you..." He stared at Douglas for a few seconds. In the end, he sighed in defeat. "Forget it. What can I possibly do to a little guy like you? Alright, Little Doug. Tell me how my darling got hurt," he said with a serious expression.

Like a miniature adult, the expression on Douglas' face turned equally serious. "I don't know, either. Aunt Sophia said that she was going out to buy salt, but she didn't come back after a long while. So, I went downstairs to look for her and gave her a call. Then, I discovered that her cell phone was ringing in the stairwell. When I went over to take a look, she was already in that state."

Charles' fists tightened after he heard it. "Looks like I need to make a trip to Bayside Residence and check the surveillance tapes."

Sonia had been attacked on her head, resulting in such a huge bump, and together with her cut wrist, it all obviously showed that someone had hurt her with Intent. Still, it couldn't be considered as murder.

If murder was the objective, Sonia's wrist wouldn't have been cut that way. He had seen the cut on her wrist: It was circular in size with a very small surface-about the size of a peanut-and it wasn't deep, either.

Therefore, if someone wanted to murder her by cutting her wrist, the cut would have been a deep, straight line. Only then could the cut reach the artery and cause profuse bleeding. So, the person who injured Sonia was definitely not after her life. Otherwise, why wouldn't they cut her artery directly?

In addition, there was only one hit to her head. If murder was the intent, there would have been more hits on the head even without cutting the wrists as it would only be possible to kill someone with a few more strikes to the head, but the perpetrator didn't do that.

Besides, Sonia's clothes were neat, and she didn't look like she had been violated. So, what exactly was the motive of the perpetrator?

Regardless of what the motive was, he had to get to the bottom of it and find out who the person was so he could get payback.

Then, he called a nurse over to watch over Douglas. After all, he was going to Bayside Residence, so he was worried about leaving Douglas alone since it would be a hassle to bring him along. Hence, he just asked someone to take care of him.

"Kid, stay here while I investigate this matter. Once my darling comes out of the ER, give me a call immediately." Charles said, looking at the smartwatch on Douglas' wrist as he wrote down his number for him. Daily new chapters in

Taking over the number from him, Douglas gave him a firm nod. "I got it. Go ahead, sir, and be sure to catch the bad guy."

Chuckling, Charles couldn't help but stroke his head. "Okay, just based on these words you just said, you're already a more likable person than that guy, Zane. Alright, I'm going now." Then, he retracted his hand and left the hospital.

He had just walked out of the hospital doors when Tim caught sight of him, and his eyes narrowed. *Charles Lane? What's he doing here? And it looks like he has blood on his clothes. Did an accident happen to someone?*

While the questions were running through his head, a middle-aged man wearing a white robe

approached him. In a respectful and polite tone, the man said, "Dr. Lancaster, welcome to our hospital. We'll be relying on your help for the operation this time."

"It's nothing. Just send the medical equipment that I want to my hospital" Tim replied composedly as he pushed his glasses up his nose.

Hurriedly, the middle-aged doctor replied, "Rest assured. I'll instruct someone to deliver it tomorrow. The operation theater is all ready; could you go over now?"

"Yes, but there's one more thing." Tim said, glancing at him.

The middle-aged doctor nodded. "Go ahead."

"Find out what that guy who just walked out came here for" he answered, pointing in the direction Charles had gone.

From the way Charles looked, he seemed to be in the pink of health, so the blood definitely didn't belong to him. Furthermore, the person he sent here personally must be someone he cared about. */ just wonder if it's his family or...*

Recalling how much Charles cared about Sonia, Tim dimmed his eyes. *I hope it's not Sonia.*

"Don't worry, Dr. Lancaster. I'll tell my subordinates to check it out," the middle-aged doctor answered.

"Okay. Let's go for the operation first."

Then, they both paced toward the opposite direction.

Meanwhile, at the Grays, Rina came home in a rush and grabbed a glass of water from the counter. Throwing back her head, she then downed the water in a gulp. The way she drank in huge mouthfuls looked as though she was parched, and Julia gawked at her in a daze.

"What happened to you, Rina? Why are you so thirsty?"

Taking in a deep breath, Rina placed down the glass and chuckled in embarrassment. "I'm sorry! made a joke out of myself, Mom."

"That's okay. It's not a big deal. Would you like some more water?" Julia asked.

Rina shook her head. "No, thanks. I'm fine now."

Rina then took a seat across Julia, who peered at her and asked, "By the way, Rina, where were you the entire afternoon? You didn't bring the driver with you, and I couldn't get you through your phone, either. I wanted to tell you to come back for dinner, but I couldn't find you."

"I went out shopping with a friend, and my phone had shut down because of a flat battery," she answered, lowering her eyes.

Julia came to a sudden realization, "So that's what happened! Then, have you had dinner yet?"

“Yes, I have. Mom, I’m kinda tired and would like to take a shower and rest.”  
Getting up from her seat, Rina then walked toward the staircase.

Watching her from behind, Julia felt that she seemed a little jittery and troubled, but she didn’t ponder over it and continued watching the TV. Daily new chapters in