

# This Time I Will Get My Divorce Mr

## Chapter 367

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At Bayside Residence, Charles was watching the surveillance tapes in the surveillance room when the cell phone in his pocket suddenly rang. He reckoned that it might be a call from Douglas, so he quickly fished it out and checked it. Sure enough, it was really a call from him, so he immediately picked it up. "Hey, kid. Is my darling out of the ER?"

"Yes, she's out." Douglas replied with reddened eyes while looking at Sonia, who was lying in bed with a ventilator.

Overjoyed, Charles exclaimed, "That's great! I'm coming over right now!" He hung up and turned to the staff in the surveillance room. "Make a copy of this surveillance tape for me. When the police arrive later, tell them that I'm at the hospital."

"Yes, Mr. Lane," the staff said with a nod.

After grabbing the USB drive, he left briskly and arrived at the hospital after a while.

With the ward number Douglas told him, he found his way to Sonia's ward, where Douglas and a doctor were inside.

Stepping in, he immediately turned his attention to the bed, and his face fell when he saw Sonia. "Why is she on a ventilator?"

For a patient to be on a ventilator, it meant that they couldn't even breathe on their own, and usually, this happened to people who were on their deathbeds.  
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*Is my darling going to...* In a split second, his eyes turned bloodshot, and tears welled up as a great wave of sorrow washed over him.

"Darling..." Stumbling to the bedside, he extended his trembling hands and held Sonia's cold hand before choking out, "Darling, don't scare me. You're still so young. How could you leave me alone, Darling? Open your eyes and look at me..."

As the doctor listened to him wailing sadly, he cast him a look of confusion. "Sir, did you get the wrong idea?"

"What did I get wrong? Tell me: What did I misunderstand?" Charles yelled and continued to cry sadly.

The doctor rolled his eyes. "This lady is still alive."

"I know she's still alive, but for not much longer. She's even on a ventilator now.." he trailed off, glancing at Sonia with eyes that were filled with grief.

"Goodness!" With a sigh, the doctor shook his head and added, "What I mean is, this lady is placed on the ventilator because she received serious trauma to the head, resulting in the lack of oxygen, and not because she's dying. Do you get it?"

"Huh?" Charles blurted and stopped his cries abruptly, while Douglas burst into laughter. Ignoring him, he grabbed the doctor's arm in agitation. "Doctor, are you telling the truth? My darling is fine?"

"She's fine. A small part was cut out from her wrist, but the nerves and arteries were unaffected. Even though her head trauma is a little serious, it's just a head concussion, and she'll be fine once she's awake," the doctor answered, drawing his arm out of Charles' grip.

Breathing out a huge sigh of relief, Charles finally seemed assured. "This is great. I thought that my darling..."

At the thought of how dumb he had acted minutes ago, his face burned bright red with embarrassment as the doctor left the room while shaking his head.

daily new chapters in [www.novel.com](http://www.novel.com) Standing next to him by Sonia's bedside, Douglas twisted his head to him and asked, "Sir, have you caught the bad guy?"

"Not yet," he answered with a dismayed look.

Although he had seen the person who knocked out Sonia when he went to check the surveillance tapes in Bayside Residence, he couldn't see clearly how the person looked because they had covered themselves tightly. Obviously, they didn't want to be recognized.

Hearing that the bad guy was not caught, Douglas pouted his lips in disappointment, and Charles said no more as they both kept vigil by Sonia's bedside quietly.

The next day, Charles gave Daphne a call, telling her that something happened to Sonia and that she wouldn't be going to the company. Hence, he asked her to bring all of Sonia's work to the hospital so that he could do it instead.

Knowing that Sonia was in the hospital, Daphne was a little worried. So after hanging up, she quickly went into Sonia's office to prepare the documents, preparing to visit her at the hospital.

When she had just rushed into Sonia's office, someone walked out of the secretary office next door.

At first, the person peered into Sonia's office. Then, she took out her cell phone and dialed a number.

At First World Hospital, Tom was reporting the company's affairs to Toby when his cell phone rang.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Toby said, "Pick it up

"Alright," Tom replied and fished out his phone.

His brows raised when he saw the caller ID, and he immediately turned to Toby. "President Fuller, it's a call from the person we planted next to Miss Reed. Maybe something happened to Miss Reed, and that's why she's calling now." Before Toby could even urge him, he picked up the call. "Hello?"

"Mr. Brown, I have bad news. I think President Reed is hospitalized the person on the other end of the line whispered.

"What?" Tom gasped in surprise. "Miss Reed is hospitalized?"

Toby's irises shrank at his words. "What happened to Sonia?"

Tom merely shook his head in reply. "I'll ask her." Then, he raised the question into the phone and turned the call into loudspeaker mode.

The person who called answered, "I don't know either. But I heard from Miss Daphne that President Reed isn't able to deal with the documents, and all of it will be sent to the hospital so Mr. Lane can do it in her stead. So, it sounds quite serious." daily new chapters in [www.novel.com](http://www.novel.com)

The muscles on Toby's face turned rigid, and he pulled off his blanket. Seeing that, Tom hurriedly tried to stop him from getting out of the bed. "President Fuller, what are you doing?"

"I'm going to see her, he answered solemnly.

"No, President Fuller." Tom disagreed. "You're injured as well and shouldn't move about freely."

"I said, I'm going to see her!" Sitting on the edge of the bed, Toby raised his gaze and gave him a determined, unyielding stare.

Staring into his sharp, steely eyes, Tom opened his mouth and finally agreed to his request. "Okay, I'll make the arrangements now. Please wait a moment, President Fuller."

He knew that no matter how anybody tried, they couldn't stop Toby's determination once he had made up his mind. In addition, this was a matter which concerned Sonia's safety, so it was even tougher to stop him.

As Toby loved Sonia so deeply, it would be impossible for him not to visit her when he found out that she was hospitalized. Even if this trip may rip open the wound on his back, he couldn't care less about that either.

Therefore, how could anyone stop a person who was so stubborn? It would be possible to stop him by force, but nobody would know what Toby would do afterward.

Sighing, Tom spun around and left the room to ask for a written approval to leave the hospital. On the way, he asked the person on the phone which hospital Sonia was in.

Soon, he returned with the approval slip and also a wheelchair. Actually, Toby's legs were fine and he could walk by himself, but while walking, it may cause the wound on his back to rip open. So, to lower the chances of that happening, it would be better to push him around rather than let him walk by himself.

Toby was aware of Tom's kind intentions, and he accepted it by slipping into the wheelchair.

When Tom pushed him out the door, they happened to run into Jean, who had just arrived with a food container.

Staring at them, she asked in a loud voice, "Toby, what are you doing?"

"Something came up and I need to leave the hospital for a while." After that, he tapped the armrest on the wheelchair, signaling for Tom to push him away as quickly as possible.

Naturally, Tom would do as instructed, but Jean was still asking as she stood rooted behind them, "Where are you going? Aren't you going to have the soup I prepared for you?"

This time, Toby didn't reply to her anymore because his mind was filled with thoughts of Sonia; he had no interest in having soup at all.

A little more than forty minutes later, they reached Sonia's hospital, and after Tom found out her ward number from the reception, he pushed Toby toward the place.

The door of the ward was open, and there were voices coming from the room. Listening carefully, they recognized the voices as Charles and Tim's.

With his brows furrowed tightly together, Toby thought, *I can understand why Charles is here, but what's Tim doing here as well? H*

*e's not even a doctor here! Also, how did he find out that Sonia was hospitalized earlier than I did? Who told him about this?*

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Pursing his lips into a thin line, Toby suppressed his annoyance within and gestured to Tom to knock on the door with a wave of his hand.

Tom knocked as instructed, which made Charles and Tim stop their conversation abruptly. Simultaneously, they spun their heads to the door and saw Toby

Besides being a little surprised, there wasn't much reaction from Tim. On the other hand, Charles' face turned sour at the sight of him. "Why are you here? Who allowed you to come?"

Toby didn't answer him and asked Tom to push him in, which angered Charles. "Hey, I didn't allow you to come in! What are you doing here? Where are your manners?"

"This is Sonia's ward, and it's not up to you to give the permission Toby said indifferently, sweeping his gaze over him.

Although angry, Charles couldn't find the words to argue, so he simply snorted. "You only have the guts to do this because my darling is still unconscious. If she were awake, she definitely wouldn't let you in." daily new chapters in [www.novel.com](http://www.novel.com)

Toby frowned and ignored him. To him, the more responsive he was to people like Charles, the more aggressive they would be, and they would come to a stop by themselves if he just ignored them for a while.

However, Charles Smirked smugly at his silence. "Your silence means that you think I was right, huh?"

Pretending not to hear him, Toby turned his attention to Sonia, who was lying in bed, and he gripped the armrest of the wheelchair tightly. "What happened to Sonia?" he asked, twisting his head to look at Tim.

Meanwhile, Tim had been watching them in amusement, enjoying the argument between these two rivals in love; he wasn't expecting that Toby would end it one-sidedly by asking him a question.

But since he had a question thrown at him, he had to answer it with all seriousness as well. Pushing his glasses higher up the bridge of his nose, he said,

"The back of her head was maliciously struck, resulting in a moderate head concussion. Also, a small part of her skin was cut out on her wrist.

At the mention of Sonia's wrist, Tim narrowed his eyes. After he walked out of the operation theater yesterday, the hospital director told him that Charles had sent a patient by the name of Sonia here. Just as he expected, the blood on Charles was from Sonia. Hence, he quickly went to check out her condition, then he immediately retrieved Sonia's ER video and saw the injuries on the back of her head and her wrist.

At that point, Sonia was already out of the ER, and her injuries had been bandaged, so he couldn't open it up to check it and could only check it through this method. While he could understand that the head trauma was inflicted to knock her out, he couldn't understand the cut on her wrist.

If the intention of the perpetrator was to rob her or anything else, they could have achieved their motive by knocking her out. So, why did they cut her wrist on the spot where her red mole happened to be?

From the video recording, he saw that the red mole was completely gone. In other words, the perpetrator's sole motive was to eliminate that red mole,

daily new chapters in [www.novel.com](http://www.novel.com)"What did you say? She was maliciously struck? By whom?" Toby exclaimed, springing up from the wheelchair suddenly and holding his fists so tightly that his knuckles cracked loudly.

Startled, Charles gasped. "Damn. So you're not disabled!"

Toby cast him an icy look from the corners of his eyes and then turned to Tim, who shook his head. "don't know. You should ask him because he's the one investigating it now."

"And what did you find out?" Toby asked, glancing at Charles.

"Why should I tell you? This is our problem. You don't have to stick your nose in this!" Charles sneered.

In a split second, Toby's face turned grim, and the air around him turned chilly. Warily, Charles peered at him. "What now? You're going to throw your temper? It's useless even if-

He had yet to finish his sentence when a baby voice interrupted him. "Mr. Fuller, I'll tell you! Mr. Lane hasn't caught the bad guy who hurt Aunt Sonia!"

"Little Doug..." Filled with disbelief, Charles gawked at Douglas, who was seated on the couch nearby. *This rascal sold me out!*

An astonished look flashed across Toby's eyes when he saw Douglas. *What's this little guy doing here? Why didn't I notice that he was here earlier?*

However, he managed to figure it out very quickly. After he got into the ward, he had kept his gaze on the bed and didn't even look at the couch once. So, it made sense that he didn't notice that Douglas was also in the room.

"Douglas, is it true when you said that he hasn't caught the guy yet?" Toby asked in a more gentle voice as he looked at Douglas.

Nodding, Douglas answered, "Yes, it's true. I've been by Mr. Lane's side the whole time, so I'm very sure about it."

"You little rascal, I think you're asking for a beating!" Furious, Charles rubbed his palms together and walked toward him.

Jumping off the couch in a hurry, Douglas then ran to Toby and hid behind him before poking out his tiny head. "Mr. Lane, please don't blame me. I know Mr. Fuller, and he's a very influential person. After an entire evening of investigations with the police, you still couldn't find the bad guy. If you let Mr. Fuller try, I'm sure it will speed things up."

Charles fell silent as the edges of his lips twitched. He felt a prick in his chest, but he had to admit that Douglas was right.

The Fuller Group, which belonged to Toby, was the leader in Seafield, and he was no match for him when it came to influence and ability. Even though he disliked Toby, he decided to bear with it seeing that Toby was also doing it for Sonia's sake. The important thing now was to find out who that jerk was. daily new chapters in [www.novel.com](http://www.novel.com)

In the meantime, a faint smirk spread over Toby's face when he saw Charles' dumbstruck face and Douglas' appraisal of himself. Even the chilly air around him subsided a lot, and he was obviously in a good mood.

Returning to his seat on the wheelchair, he turned to Tom. "Investigate this and find me the person who did this!"

"Right away!" With a nod, Tom left the room to make a call.

Of course he would assign his subordinate to do this because he was with Toby now and couldn't just dump him here and leave by himself.

Charles glanced at Tom, who was outside the door, and then shifted his gaze to Toby, who was opposite him. Pouting his lips, he sneered, "Hmph, I would like to see how long it will take you to get to the bottom of this. It'll be embarrassing if you can't find out anything at the end of the day."

As usual, Toby ignored him and looked at Sonia, his eyes filled with worry and distress.

Back at the Gray's, Rina came downstairs with a black plastic bag in her hand. Seeing the bag in her hand, Titus, who was about to leave the house, asked curiously, "Rina, what are you carrying in there?"

Rina's eyes flickered and she answered, "Just some old clothes I brought from my old home. I'm going to throw them out now."

With a nod of approval, he said, "You should have thrown it out sooner. It will only bring you bad luck if you keep things like that. You're my daughter, and I've already said it when you were born that you'll live the life of a princess your whole life. Not only will you enjoy the best materials, you'll also live your life free of worries. Therefore, you can buy the best things from now on, and I'll buy you anything you want."

His words caused her face to light up as she exclaimed, "Thank you, Dad!"

However, besides happiness in her heart, there was also jealousy. *Such an enviable promise was made to Miss Reed when she was born? Such a pity that she never enjoyed a single day of it. But even though she never enjoyed the affection from her father, she still lived a happy and wealthy life after she ended up in the Reed Family.*

Therefore, she couldn't understand why some people were born with a silver spoon while there were some who lived a poor, hard life when they were all born as human.

*But it doesn't matter, she thought. The important thing is that now, I'm Rina Gray, and I'm Titus' daughter. I'll hang on tightly to everything I have now so nobody can even think about snatching it away from me!*

A vicious glint shrouded her eyes, but it gradually faded away. Staring at the suit Titus was wearing, she asked, "Are you going out, Dad?"

Yes, I'm going to the company" he answered. He wanted to go to Triforce and have another round of debate with Director Walker and the rest of them to fight for his position as the president. After all, he still had a chance because the meeting would be held tomorrow.

"I see. Then I'll leave the house with you. I'm taking the trash out," she said, gesturing with the bag in her hand.

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"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?"

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.*

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?"

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."

*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."

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.

"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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"Did you just say that whoever attacked Sonia was a woman?" Toby narrowed his eyes.

Tim nodded, "Yes. Although this person was heavily disguised and deliberately wore oversized clothes to hide their figure, this person's gait and their wrists, which were occasionally exposed, were enough to prove that it was a woman."

"Could it be Tina Gray?" Tom guessed. "Only Tina has this much hatred toward Miss Reed."

Toby shook his head. "It's not her-she has been under police surveillance 24/7 these days and hasn't left the hospital at all."

"Yes. It's not Tina indeed." Tim pushed his glasses and agreed with Toby. "I've taken a look at Sonia's wrist injury, and judging from the messiness of the wound, this is the first time the culprit has done something like this. Also, she must have been under a lot of pressure at the time, as it was obvious that her hands were shaking, which is why the wound looks messy. We all know that Tina is a cruel character. I have seen her twist a cat's neck off, and her movements were clean and neat. So if Tina was the one who did it, Sonia's wrists would probably be broken by now."

Hearing what Tim said, Tom gasped silently. "That woman really is a psychopath."

Tim hooked his lips. "Psychopath, huh? I like this description."

Tom twitched the corners of his mouth. Honestly, he really couldn't understand what Tim liked about the word.

However, despite what Tim said, Tom still had some doubts. "Even if Tina didn't do it herself, she could always bribe someone into doing this."

"No, she wouldn't. First of all, she can't even contact the outside world, and secondly, with her hatred for Sonia, why would she hire someone just to stun her and slice her wrist instead of straight up killing her?" Tim asked him back.

"Well..." Tom was speechless for a moment.

*He's right. Tina Gray hated Miss Reed so much that she has even attempted to kill her several times. If she really were to attack Miss Reed, it wouldn't have ended this lightly!* Tom thought to himself.

"Tom." Just as Tom was deep in his thoughts, he heard Toby calling him.

Tom looked at the rearview mirror and answered, "President Fuller, what are your orders?"

"Investigate Cynthia Stone." Toby while narrowing his eyes.

Tom placed his palm on his forehead as soon as he heard of the woman's name. "Oh, yes! There's Cynthia Stone as well! She also held a huge grudge against Miss Reed. Since Miss Reed sent her to the detention center twice, she must also hate Miss Reed very much. How could I forget about her? Understood, President Fuller. I'll send someone to check on her in a while."

Toby nodded slightly.

All of a sudden, Tim held his head and said, "By the way, once you find the culprit, can you hand her over to me?"

"Hand her over to you?" Toby looked at him. "What are you going to do?"

A cold light flashed under Tim's eyes, and the smile on his face was even more creepy. "It's nothing

it's just that I am recently researching a new drug, but I couldn't find a suitable lab rat. Since this person tried to hurt Sonia, how about letting her be my guinea pig?"

Toby frowned upon hearing that.

Tom, who was driving, trembled from the thought. "Dr. Lancaster, this new *drug* of yours wouldn't happen to be some kind of poison that kills people, right?"

"Of course not. It's a legitimate medicine to treat a certain disease, and because new medicines will likely have some side effects, there is still no one who has signed up for the trial-that's why I asked you to hand the culprit over to me," Tim smiled and said casually.

However, his smile terrified Tom even more.

Toby looked at Tim with deep eyes. "You are doing this to avenge Sonia, aren't you?"

Tim only raised his eyebrows and did not address Toby's question directly.

Toby pursed his lips. "I never had the chance to ask you-why are you being so nice to Sonia all of a sudden? Do you fancy her?"

He stared at Tim; his dark pupils seemed to burn a hole through the latter.

However, Tim laughed unhurriedly. "You are wrong. I don't fancy her. I am just like my senior-we don't have any feelings. Kinship? Friendship? Love? We are destined to not feel any of it. That is to say, I am destined to not fall in love with anyone, and the reason why I am nice to Sonia is only because she helped me before. Other than that, it could just come down to me simply being curious about her."

Hearing that Tim didn't love Sonia, Toby breathed a sigh of relief.

There were enough people fighting over Sonia-he obviously didn't want to have another contender.

However, he really wanted to know what about Sonia that Tim was curious about.

As soon as he thought about it, Toby asked Tim about it as well.

Tim took off his glasses and wiped them while saying, "Well, I can't tell you this as it involves some kind of research of mine-and it's a secret."

“Research?” Toby’s expression changed slightly. “You’re not telling me that you’re trying to study Sonia, are you?”

After wiping his glasses, Tim put it back on his face. “Hm. It’s something like that. But don’t worry; it’s not anything like a clinical study, but merely an observation. The bottom line is that it won’t do any harm to her. She’s my angel, so how could I bring myself to hurt her?”

“You’d better keep your word. Otherwise, I won’t let you off easily.” Toby stared at him and uttered coldly

Despite that, Tim merely shrugged his shoulders and left it at that.

Just then, a cell phone rang.

Tom excused himself, then quickly took his phone out of his pocket and answered immediately after taking a look at the caller ID.

It was unknown what the person on the other end of the line said, but Tom’s expression did not look good.

Toby saw it, and his thin lips parted to ask, “What’s wrong?”

“It’s Director Larry. Before this, he handed in a proposal with a planned capital of 300 million. The proposal was terrible, and it was an obvious loss of money, so I turned it down before showing it to you. Director Larry just found out and is making a fuss in the office,” Tom sighed and answered helplessly

Toby snorted coldly. “That old hoot of a man, Finn Larry. His purpose is never the project but only the money. You did a good job, Tom. You need not pay attention to him—he can’t make much of a fuss anyway.”

“Alright.” Tom nodded.

“Also,” Toby said again.

Tom responded, “Yes, sir?”

“Go through the transfer procedures for me later—I’m transferring to Trifecta Hospital,” Toby said quietly.

Tim raised his eyebrows when he heard what Toby said.

Tom, too, almost choked on his own saliva.

*Trifecta Hospital? Isn’t that the hospital where Miss Reed has been admitted? Did President Fuller just say that he actually wanted to move there?*

*Well, since Miss Reed couldn't be transferred to another hospital, and since President Fuller wants to see her all the time, the only way that could happen was to transfer himself to her hospital.*

This was exactly something that Toby would do.

However, Tom could foresee that Charles would be enraged once Toby transferred there.

"Okay. I'll go through the formalities immediately after I arrive at First World Hospital" Tom replied with a dry cough.

Toby lifted his chin. "Also, mention to Trifecta that I want to stay in the ward next to Sonia's."

Hearing that, Tom rolled his eyes, but replied, "Noted."

After all, if Toby could manage to pull off transferring to another hospital for Sonia, it wouldn't be a problem for him to request for the ward beside hers.

So, in the evening, Toby had successfully transferred to Trifecta Hospital.

After Charles told the nurse to take good care of Sonia and Douglas, he was ready to go back.

As soon as he left the ward, he saw Tom pushing Toby over.

Charles was stunned upon seeing the both of them. "Why on earth are you here again?"

Toby adjusted the wrinkled cuffs on his patient's robe and said in a cold voice, "Tom, tell him why."

Tom looked down at the man in the wheelchair, and the corners of his mouth twitched

He knew very well that Toby was just trying to use him to trigger Charles

However. Toby was his boss-although he sympathized with Charles, he could only do as Toby said. After all, he was only Toby's employee.

"Well, Mr. Lane, from today onward, President Fuller will be receiving follow-up treatments in Trifecta Hospital. He has just been transferred to this hospital this afternoon and will be admitted into the ward next door, Tom pointed to the next ward and replied with a smile.

"What?!" Charles' eyes widened in shock

