

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 258

At the thought of that, Tom fixed his gaze on Toby with a regrettable look while feeling sympathetic toward him at the same time.

In the meantime, Zane raised his eyebrows as his eyes fell upon the unconscious Toby, whom Tom was carrying. "Oh my goodness. What's wrong with Toby?"

"He has a fever," Tom replied with a bitter smile.

Sonia soon pursed her lips and said, "Hurry up and take him to the hospital then." She finished her sentence and looked at Zane. "Come in."

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"Sure!" Zane smiled and entered the house, whereupon Sonia directly closed the door without even looking at Tom and Toby.

On the other hand, Tom was left outside as he stared at the door and shook his head helplessly before he walked away with Toby. Although he was worried for his boss because Sonia was now alone with Zane, he was more concerned about his health, which made taking him to the hospital his priority. After all, he reckoned Toby could always live to fight with Zane another day when he recovered.

On the other hand, Sonia was trimming the flowers that Zane gave her in her apartment, whereupon she arranged them nicely in a vase. At the same time, Zane sat on the couch with both of his hands behind his head as he probingly asked, "Why did Toby swing by just now?"

Nevertheless, Sonia failed to sense his intention, pursing her lips and answering, “That guy was probably out of his mind or something. He just suddenly showed up at my door and told me he loves me. Funny, right?”

“What? He told you he loves you?!” Zane didn’t find it funny like he usually would but was shocked by what he learned.

Since Sonia was absorbed in trimming those flowers, she didn’t notice his expression. Instead, she nodded and said, “Yeah, but it seemed to me that he was probably trying to pull a prank on me, so I didn’t take it seriously anyway.”

“Haha. I see!” Zane curled his lips upward and chuckled in an unconcerned manner despite his stern eyes. Deep down, he didn’t think Toby was pulling a prank on Sonia because he reckoned that was simply beneath his friend. In fact, he was starting to get worried because he knew that Toby had probably discovered the person he was truly in love with, which meant he was serious about his confession to Sonia.

“By the way, why did you swing by so suddenly?” Sonia placed the vase that was filled with flowers aside and sat in front of Zane, interrupting his thoughts with her question.

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Zane avoided eye contact with the lady while putting his mind at ease. Then, he tried to act natural by grabbing an apple from the plate before he took a bite. “I came to talk to you about Rina’s imposter. Actually, I’m planning to have her show up at the Gray Residence tomorrow when the time is right.”

“Have you made up your mind about that?” Sonia appeared to look rather serious.

Zane nodded. “Yeah, Rina’s imposter has already said yes, in fact.”

“Alright, what do I have to do then?” Sonia asked.

Zane rubbed his belly with a pitiful look. "Can you cook? I came here with an empty stomach, and you mustn't let your guest go hungry, right?"

Amused by Zane's words, Sonia replied, "Okay then, it seems that my help is not needed for the plan. So, sit here. I'll make something for you now." She stood up and walked toward the kitchen.

Meanwhile, the doctor and the nurse were injecting Toby with some febrifuge to reduce his fever. "How is my boss?" Zane stood aside and asked in a concerned manner.

"He is fine. It's just that the rain might have probably caused inflammation on his wound. We've changed his bandage, so all we have to do now is wait until his fever subsides."

"That's some good news." Tom patted his chest in relief.

Soon, the nurse threw the syringe away and put Toby on a drip before excusing herself. After that, Tom reached for his phone as he intended to inform Rose and everyone else at the Fuller Residence about Toby's condition, but before he could make the call, his boss came to his senses.

"President Fuller." Tom put down his phone and helped Toby sit up straight.

As Toby leaned on the headboard, his feverish red cheeks were replaced by a sickly pale face. Then, he looked around the ward and found his wrist attached to a drip, whereupon he asked in a hoarse voice, "What happened to me?"

"You had an inflammation on your wound and a fever," Tom answered.

Toby closed his eyes and asked, "Who took me here to the hospital then?" Did Sonia bring me here?

"It was me," Tom replied, shattering Toby's hope with his answer.

While Toby pursed his lips and shot a cold gaze at Tom, he appeared to be confused and lost. Why does it seem like he thinks I'm a busybody all the time when I'm just trying to help? Is this all my hallucination? Tom faked a cough and added, "Um. Right after you passed out from your fever, Miss Reed gave me a call and told me to take you to the hospital."

Upon hearing his assistant's reply, Toby was seen with his eyes brightening up in happiness. Well, Sonia might not have taken me here herself, but it was her who told Tom to admit me to the hospital. At the thought of that, Toby somehow lightened up a little as he seemed to be more approachable.

Nevertheless, the vibe took an unexpected turn when Tom suddenly asked, "Has Miss Reed forgiven you, President Fuller?" As he recalled seeing Toby lying on the ground, he reckoned Sonia was probably still mad at him because she wouldn't have let him lie down had she forgiven him. However, he thought it was better for him to hear from Toby himself rather than jump to conclusions.

Toby massaged his temples, apparently looking a little dizzy. "I fainted before I could get it out of my mouth."

Tom raised the corner of his lips, calling Toby useless on the inside. Needless to say, he didn't dare to speak his mind and lecture his boss, so he faked a cough and said, "Well, your health is more important, so let's wait till you recover from your fever before we decide what to do next."

"Have you found a hypnotist that I told you to?" Toby squinted and asked.

"I contacted one earlier, but it seemed that he couldn't find time to make it, so I'm trying to contact someone else," Tom replied.

Toby clenched his jaw and said, "Get it done as soon as possible. For now, get Dr. Anderson to see me." Although Kurtis couldn't see through his problems, he would still like to consult his professional opinion regarding his issues.

"Alright," Tom replied with an affirmative hum and nodded, reaching for his phone to give Kurtis a call.

An hour later, Kurtis showed up at the ward. "President Fuller."

“Please have a seat, Dr. Anderson.” Toby pointed at the chair next to the bed.

Kurtis thanked Toby and grabbed a chair before sitting on it. “I believe you have sent for me because you have some questions about our previous meeting, right?”

“Precisely. You suggested that I should seek help from a few other psychiatrists earlier to see whether I was really hypnotized. While all their diagnoses showed the same result, it turned out that I was indeed hypnotized.” Toby fixed his gaze on the doctor.

“Are you sure, President Fuller?” Kurtis held his glasses in surprise.

“I met the person who hypnotized me.” Toby gritted his teeth, his every word filled with rage and murderous intent.

Kurtis expressed his curiosity. “And who exactly was that?”

Hypnotism was a magical yet dangerous art because of its capability of manipulating a person’s mind and erasing one’s memory. In fact, some of the greatest hypnotists could even turn anyone into their mindless slaves, which would make them nothing different from gods. Because of that, hypnosis was considered to be a form of black magic that was prohibited in certain countries.

At the same time, Toby was beginning to suspect that the person, who hypnotized him earlier, was among the world’s greatest hypnotists due to his ability to keep his hypnotic effects undetected by so many psychiatrists. While there were only a handful of godlike hypnotists in the world, they were usually aged and old. Besides, most of them had even signed a pact to never use their knowledge and talent for the wrong course. Therefore, he desperately wanted to know which hypnotist had broken the pact by committing the evil deed.

“I don’t know, but my men are investigating the matter. All I know is that he is young and.... handsome.” Toby knitted his eyebrows when he described the mysterious man’s good looks. After all, it somehow felt weird for him to compliment another man for his good looks.

“A young man?” Kurtis was stunned. “How is that possible?”