

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 364

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."

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"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.

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."

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"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 wouldn't heal within a short 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.

"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 would be impossible 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.

"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.