

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 368

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?"

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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."

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.”

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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.

“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. "I 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.

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.