

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 370**

“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.”

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

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.

Powered by Hooligan Media

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.