

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 414

The corner of Toby's lips twitched in amusement as he replied, "He probably got so mad that he fainted."

Oh, is that it? Sonia pouted. "He must be really weak if he collapsed just because I teased him."

He nodded. "It's a little lame."

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

Incidentally, Julia and Rina were walking over to the lounge when they saw a motionless Titus on the ground. She stopped in her tracks as shock registered on her face before she hurried over as she shrieked, "Titus!"

"Dad!" Rina rushed down the hallway alongside Julia and they quickly hoisted him into a sitting position.

He hadn't completely blacked out and Julia proceeded to give him first-aid, hastily carrying out CPR.

It took a while before Titus finally caught his breath and as oxygen flowed to his brain once more, the seizure-like twitches stopped. That being said, he still looked deathly pale.

Julia soothingly patted his chest as though to maintain his circulation and she asked worriedly, "Titus, are you alright?"

"I'm fine." He flapped his hand dismissively. "My waist hurts, though." It felt as though there were needles stabbing his midsection.

“Your waist?” She appraised the area and suggested frantically, “Did you sprain your waist when you fell?”

“Maybe,” he answered wearily, putting a hand on the dip in his waist.

Powered by Hooligan Media

A frazzled Julia opined, “Come on, I’ll bring you to the hospital.”

“Wait.” Titus pushed Julia aside and turned to look at Toby and Sonia before spitting maliciously, “I can let Sonia get away scot-free this time by not throwing her into prison, President Fuller, but at the very least, I think she should apologize to Rina and the rest of us.”

Sonia frowned and was about to object to this when Toby beat her to it. “And has your daughter apologized to Sonia? I’m not just talking about Taylor here; Tina has never apologized for what she has done to Sonia in the past either. As things stand, what right do you have to ask Sonia for an apology?”

“You—” Titus angrily broke off. After a moment, he waved his hand like he was batting away a fly and scoffed. “Fine! I won’t try to argue with the lot of you, seeing as you’ll only come up with more excuses!”

A cold sneer tugged on his lips as his gaze lingered menacingly on Sonia. “You better keep President Fuller tightly wrapped around your pinky, Sonia. Who knows what might happen to you if he abandons you one day? Let’s go!”

With that, he spun on his heels and stormed out of the lounge with Julia and Rina in his wake.

However, before Rina fully turned to leave with Titus and Julia, she met Toby’s eyes and exchanged a meaningful glance with him.

Presently, the defeated trio had barely left the vicinity of the lounge when their path was obstructed by two figures, namely Hal and Greta.

Hal's eyes were bloodshot as he glowered at Titus mutinously. "Listen here, Gray, I know all about the DNA test results after Mr. Coleman told us about them. Now, I don't know how this brat over here suddenly became your biological daughter, but I think it's only right you compensate us!"

"That's right! We demand compensation!" Greta joined her husband as she nodded firmly.

Meanwhile, Toby had returned to Sonia's side and informed her, "Apparently, Zane's trying to use Hal and Greta to get back at Titus."

Sonia nodded. "Yeah, that sounds like something he would do."

There was no changing the fact that Taylor was Titus and Julia's child, not while there were several tests to prove it. Even as the plan she and Zane came up with had failed, it appeared that he was a sore loser who wanted to one-up Titus in any way he could. As such, being his pawns, Hal and Greta were currently pestering Titus for benefits.

"Compensation?" Titus' lips curled in disgust. "I still have a bone to pick with you after you helped Zane and the others cause so much trouble for us! How dare you demand compensation from me right now!"

"Why wouldn't we?" Hal was riled up as he barked, "My wife and I raised Taylor for over twenty years, so you could at least pay us for our deed, no? Besides, she was never even our biological daughter to begin with, but she mooched off our family anyway! Our own daughter was probably kidnapped because of her and there's no telling whether she's dead or alive. You ought to pay for her life!"

Playing along with her husband's ridiculous narrative, Greta began to sob mournfully, "Oh, our dear Taylor, who knows how much suffering you'd been through before you died? You were kidnapped because of some unknown little mongrel! I miss you so much, Taylor!"

To one side, Rina felt disgust and contempt swirling within her as she listened to this couple airing their false grievances. They made it sound as though they cared about their biological daughter, but ironically,

they never once showed a trace of love when she lived with them. And now, they're pretending as though they love and miss me just because they want money. How pretentious!

"Did you just call my daughter a mongrel?" Julia hissed as her eyes reddened.

Zane had given Hal and Greta the green light to stir up as much trouble as they liked. Now that they were emboldened by this, they weren't about to back down in front of the rich folks before them. They squared their shoulders and looked at Julia dead in the eye.

"Why? Did I say something wrong?" Greta challenged. "She's not my biological daughter, is she? Yet she stayed under my roof for over two decades! If she's not a mongrel, then what is she?"

"You—" Angry tears glistened in Julia's eyes as she raised her hand, ready to strike.

Greta stood her ground and further provoked the other woman by patting her own cheek. "Bring it on; slap me right here on the cheek if you'd like! However, I'm warning you, if you hit me, I'm going to bankrupt you with a lawsuit!"

"Mom, don't stoop to her level," Rina interjected and grabbed Julia's hand in time. "You don't have to be riled up by the likes of her. If you do, she'll only try to push your limits even more and make your blood boil!"

"You little b*tch! The nerve of you to speak such things about me, I think you're—"

"That's enough!" Titus thundered, his fists clenching as he grew annoyed with the ruckus.

It was as though he carried the same authority with which he once ruled as a company chairman and Hal and Greta instantly clamped up when they heard the somber undertone in his voice. The air grew thick as Titus glared at them and said, "Very well, if it's compensation you want, I'll give you a hundred thousand. How about it?"

"A hundred thousand?" Hal scoffed and countered scornfully, "Do you take me for a fool? We're not leaving unless we get at least a million!"

If it weren't for the two hundred thousand Zane had given him from the get-go, Hal would have thought a hundred thousand was more than a handsome sum. It was a figure worth three years of his wages!

However, he now had a grasp of what these rich folks were like. He knew they had money to spare and pockets that ran deeper than anyone might imagine; a million to them was but the tip of the iceberg that was their fortune and a hundred thousand was insignificant.

With that logic, Hal thought a million in compensation was hardly too much of a request.

Titus had a different thought and his features twisted as he snapped, "A million? That's daylight robbery! I'll only give you a hundred thousand, so you can take it or leave it!"

"No, it has to be a million," Greta insisted haughtily as she stepped forward.

Hal nodded alongside her. "That's right; it has to be a million! I know you can fork it out and if you don't, I'll personally come to your company and your house every day to make a scene. I know how you rich folks value your pride and if word got out that you reunited with your daughter without paying a single cent to her adoptive parents, then you'd have a real scandal on your hands!"

While leaning against the door frame of the lounge to watch the show, Toby overheard everything and suddenly said, "I have to admit, Hal's pretty smart for dealing this card."

Sonia turned in the direction of his voice. "What do you mean?"

He tucked his hands into his pockets, the picture of insouciant grace as he explained with a smile, "Well, it's just as Hal said. Titus is nothing without his pride and he would never let Hal stir up a controversy out of something like this, so he would definitely pay the man a million just to keep his mouth shut."

"The probability is there, but don't forget that Hal and Greta are only working class people. Titus might promise them the one million now, but whether he'd make good on his word is a different matter entirely. No matter how much Titus has fallen from grace, he could still easily wipe out Hal and Greta with a snap of his fingers. They might never be able to make a scene outside his home; they might not even live to see another day after this."

“You’re not wrong there, but that will only happen if we weren’t around to stop him.” Amusement flashed in Toby’s eyes. “We’re watching this little show of theirs, so even if Titus has plans on putting a hit out on Hal and Greta, he’d never act on it. He’d be done for if anything happens to Hal and Greta, so he’ll have to cough up the money no matter what.”