

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 418

The person on the other end of the line probably agreed, for Tim looked satisfied when he kept his phone away.

To him, people like Titus didn't deserve a single kidney, much less two.

Meanwhile, Titus and Julia had just arrived at their car after getting the medication for him.

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When they closed their car doors, the atmosphere was so heavy that it was almost impossible to breathe.

Neither one of them said anything.

Titus had lowered his head, so his expression wasn't visible. His tightly clenched fists were on his knees; through the way those fists were shaking and the way the veins on his hands were clearly showing, one could quickly infer how terrible his mood was.

As for Julia, she covered her mouth as she quietly sobbed. How can this be? Titus has kidney failure!

"Honey..." Her eyes were red and teary as she looked at her husband.

He tightened his fists and relaxed them thereafter repeating the process a few times before he took a deep breath. After that, he managed to calm himself before he said in a stiff voice, "All right, stop crying. I'm fine."

“How could you be fine? This is kidney failure we’re talking about! You’ll die!” An anxious and afraid Julia reminded Titus.

Throughout her entire life, she had always depended on other people to survive.

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She depended on her father before she married and relied on her husband after marriage. Hence, she barely had any survival skills.

So, she couldn’t imagine what she would be like if Titus were gone.

Death!

Titus’ heart shook at the very thought of it and his face even trembled a little as fear flitted through his eyes—it was a fear of death.

No one wanted to die, nor would anyone be fearless in the face of death. It was especially true for rich and powerful men like him; he didn’t want to die, which made him even more frightened of death.

However, he felt nothing when the one dying wasn’t him, so he didn’t have the slightest bit of shame for forcing the technician and Henry to their deaths.

When the bell of death rang for him instead, he finally realized how scary dying actually was.

He couldn’t bear the thought of his days being counted.

Upon noticing Titus' trembling body and reddened eyes, Julia hastily grabbed his hand. "Titus, let's leave this country, all right? We'll seek medical help abroad, for surely they would have better ways to treat your condition. If we leave for abroad, your illness will definitely be cured."

He withdrew his hand from her grasp. "They do have better facilities, but they are also powerless in treating kidney failure. So, it's the same whether we stay in the country or not."

"Then... Are we really out of options?" a pale Julia asked.

Titus gritted his teeth. "There is only one option, which is to undergo a kidney transplant."

However, he clearly remembered the doctor's words.

The doctor advised that even if Titus managed to get new kidneys, he would still have a mere 10 years left.

10 years were far from enough for him.

However, if he didn't have new kidneys, he would only be able to live for another year.

It wasn't arduous to make a choice between one year and ten.

"Kidney transplant..." Julia repeated; then, as if she had made an important decision, she clenched her fists and added, "Then, we'll go for it. I'll contact all the organ banks, be it local or abroad. We'll definitely search suitable kidneys for you!"

With that, she took out her phone and started to contact people.

Meanwhile, Toby had also received news of Titus' illness.

He was surprised for a while when he heard that Titus suffered from kidney failure.

Titus had previously complained of pain on his waist at the DNA lab, but Toby never expected that kidney failure would be the cause.

“President Fuller, Titus and his wife will definitely start looking for suitable kidneys. Should we give them a hand?” Tom asked while looking at Toby.

Toby frowned. “Why should we?”

“Isn’t he Miss Reed’s biological father?” Tom asked.

Toby shook his head lightly. “No need. If Sonia does something that would harm Titus’ life, I would intervene. However, this is Titus’ own health, so there’s no need to help him. Also, if he died just like that, it would perhaps be for the best.”

Then, there would truly be no reason for Sonia to know of her real origins.

As for her hatred toward the Gray Family, maybe it would dissipate along with Titus’ death. From then on, she wouldn’t have to live her life with hatred and suffering.

“That makes sense.” Tom nodded, realizing the logic in Toby’s words.

Right after that, he thought for a bit and asked, “Then, why don’t we block Titus’ access to all the suitable kidneys? That way, he can die as soon as possible, right?”

Toby looked up at him. “You’re intelligent.”

“Thank you, President Fuller.” Tom grinned.

“It wasn’t a compliment.” Toby’s expression darkened.

Tom realized that his boss was exasperated, so he stopped smiling and resumed his serious look. "Sorry, President Fuller. It was foolish of me."

Upon hearing his apology, Toby recovered his usual countenance and calmly noted, "It is true that I also wish for Titus to die as soon as possible, but I cannot actually make a move and remove his hopes of survival. He is Sonia's father, after all, so if I really did that, then I would be murdering her father. Understand?"

"Understood, President Fuller," Tom quickly replied.

It was true that Toby was still trying to court Sonia and if he was the indirect cause of Titus' death...

If she knew about it, she would have even less of a reason to forgive Toby.

Even if Sonia hated Titus, he was still her biological father. Surely, she wouldn't want to date someone who had a role in her father's death, be it directly or indirectly.

So, Toby really couldn't interfere in this matter.

"We'll see how it goes." Toby rapped his knuckles on his desk. "If Titus really finds a suitable kidney, he's meant to live. If he can't, then it's also fate. No matter what, my plans will not be disrupted. Enough of this topic. You can return to your work now."

"Understood, sir." Tom nodded before he turned to leave the office.

Toby took out his phone and called Sonia.

She had just returned to Bayside Residence and was resting on the couch.

Wanda was slicing fruits for Sonia and when she heard the phone ring, she quickly glanced at the device. "Miss Reed, it's from Mr. Fuller."

Toby? Sonia frowned. Why is he calling me?

“Do I answer the call, Miss Reed?” Wanda asked.

Sonia hesitated for a few seconds before nodding. “Go ahead.”

Toby had supported her when she was going against Titus at the DNA lab, so she was obliged to answer this call.

Wanda smiled a little; then, she put down the knife in her hand and picked up the phone. She swiped across the screen to answer the call before she passed the phone to Sonia. “Here you go, Miss Reed.”

“Thank you.” Sonia thanked Wanda, after which placing the phone to her own ear. “President Fuller.”

“Have you arrived home?” Toby’s expression relaxed.

Sonia responded in the affirmative. “I’m home now. What’s the matter, President Fuller?”

“It’s nothing much. I just wanted to tell you that Rina has returned to the detention center.” He leaned back in his chair.

She nodded lightly. “Yes, I already know that. The police have contacted me.”

“I see.” He lowered his gaze.

In truth, he was well aware that she had already known about the fact.

He mentioned these things just to talk more with her, to hear more of her voice.

However, Sonia obviously knew nothing about it and said, "Is there anything else, President Fuller? If not, I'll hang up now."

"Wait." Toby managed to stop her and he straightened his posture. "Grandma will be turning 80 at the end of the month, so the Fullers will be holding a grand celebration. Will you come?"

"Her 80th birthday?" Sonia was stunned for a while before she remembered that Rose's birthday was really at the end of the month.