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## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 369

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"Let the servants do things like that. You don't have to do it yourself," Titus said as he straightened his tie and called the servant over.

"Miss Rina, let me take the trash out," the servant said, stretching out her hands toward Rina.

In front of Titus, Rina couldn't find any reason to turn her down, so she handed over the bag obediently. When she released her hand, she even looked a little unbearable to part with it, which made the servant glance at her oddly.

It's just a bag of trash. I don't understand why she looks so unbearable, the servant thought. However, she didn't ponder over it and went out the door with the bag in her hand.

As Rina stared at the servant's back, she clenched her hands tightly on her sides, as though she was nervous about something. But soon, she relaxed her palms, and her entire body eased up.

Whatever. There's only one place where all the trash in this house goes to. It makes no difference who throws out that thing. With that thought in mind, a smile suddenly spread across her face, and she regained her usual composure. Looking at Titus, she uttered, "By the way, Dad, I'm going to the hospital later with Mom to visit Tina. Are you coming along?"

Titus' wrinkled face immediately turned solemn at her question. "That wretched girl is no longer part of our family, so there's no point in visiting her. Tell your mom not to go."

"She won't listen to me. After all, Tina will be going to prison soon, and she would like to visit her before that time comes. So..." Rina trailed off and lowered her head in awkwardness.

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Titus snorted. "I got it. I'll speak with her later."

With sparkling eyes, Rina said, "Thanks, Dad." This is great! I don't want to visit Tina at all, but Mom keeps insisting that I should go. Now that Dad has spoken up, she should give up on that idea now.

.....

At the hospital, Toby peered at the nurse who came in to change Sonia's drip and asked, "When will she wake up?"

The nurse took out Sonia's medical record and looked over it. "We can't be sure yet. She had a moderate concussion, so maybe she'll wake up the day after tomorrow."

The day after tomorrow... That's not too long, Toby thought, relieved. He was afraid that it would take a long time for her to awaken because the longer it took, the more serious the injury was.

The nurse left after changing the drip, whereupon Toby turned to Tim. "Can Sonia be moved in her condition?"

Charles, who was standing at the side, was immediately unhappy when he heard his question. "Hey, Fuller, what are you planning to do?"

Tim adjusted his glasses. "You would like to transfer her to another hospital?"

Nodding, Toby admitted. "Yes. It will be more convenient for her treatment if she's transferred to your hospital."

In all sense, First World Hospital, where Tim worked, was the best hospital in the city with the best medical equipment and facilities, and he would be more assured if Sonia was transferred over.

But before Tim could say anything, Charles snorted. "Fuller, you want to transfer my darling in the name of convenience. In fact, you just want to make it convenient for yourself to visit her. Am I right?"

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Toby's eyes flickered, and he looked at Charles as he spoke in an indifferent voice. "You can think whatever you want, but you can't deny that Sonia can receive better treatment by transferring to that hospital."

Flabbergasted, Charles had no argument for that. While it was true that this hospital had a good reputation, it was not as good as Tim's hospital. Since that's how it is, then we should just transfer my darling for her recovery, Charles thought and grunted as he compromised.

However, Tim said, "I'm sorry to inform both of you that Sonia isn't fit for a hospital transfer in her current condition."

"Why?" Toby frowned, and even Charles was peering at him.

Spreading his palms, he explained, "It's better not to move her around unnecessarily because she received trauma to the head. Otherwise, it will worsen her condition."

I see, Toby thought while nodding his head without a word. If Sonia can't be transferred, I'll transfer over, then.

Not knowing what was on Toby's mind, Charles breathed a sigh of relief next to him when he heard that Sonia wasn't fit for a hospital transfer. Even though he knew that it would do her good to be transferred to First World Hospital, it was still possible to receive treatment here. In order for my darling to stay away from Toby, we'll have to keep her here for a while, he thought.

Meanwhile, Tim's head was slightly tilted downward, and the light bouncing off the surface of his glasses completely hid the look in his almond-shaped eyes, so nobody could guess what he was thinking about.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps echoed from the door, and Tom peered in with his head. "President Fuller, time's up for your leave from the hospital. It's time for us to return to First World Hospital now."

Instantly, Charles' eyes sparkled brilliantly, and he waved his hand urgently. "Go quickly if your time's up. Go now and don't come again. Just give me a call when you have results from your investigations."

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Watching as Charles urged them to leave, Toby thought to himself while his eyes turned stone-cold, Don't come again? Ha, as if that's possible! I'm coming again tonight, and what's more, I'm even going to be staying in the next room! "Let's go," he said calmly while looking away, whereupon Tom quickly rushed to his side to push his wheelchair.

Shrugging, Tim said, "I'll go back together with you guys, then. I didn't drive my car here because the director of this hospital personally came to pick me up earlier. So let me catch a ride with you guys."

Toby cast him a look from the corners of his eyes, but he didn't turn him down and merely tapped on the armrest of his wheelchair. Understanding what he meant, Tom pushed him toward the door while Tim followed behind them with his hands stuck in the pockets of his white robe.

The second all three of them stepped out of the room, Charles shut the door behind them. While Tim and Tom didn't feel much about it, Toby's face turned really grim as he stared at the tightly shut door, making a mental note to get back at Charles for this.

On the way back to First World Hospital, Toby was watching the surveillance video of Sonia's attack which Tom had sent to him.

He couldn't tell if the person in the video was a man or a woman, but he felt his heart shudder as he watched them raise the thick stick high above Sonia's head and struck her head.

With just one strike, they were able to knock her out; this showed just how much force they had used and how painful it must have been for Sonia! Toby's fingers gripped his cell phone tightly, as though he wanted to break it apart, and his expression was very somber.

Sitting on the passenger seat in front, Tim turned around. "May I take a look at it? As a doctor, I'm very familiar with the human body. Even if this person is tightly wrapped, I may be able to notice something."

Of course Toby had no objections to his suggestion and tossed his phone to him. Raising his hands, Tim caught the phone mid-air accurately and turned forward to watch the video.

"Is this the only part from the surveillance video? Why is there no recording of the part where Sonia's wrist was cut?" Toby asked Tom, who was driving.

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“Mr. Lane said that he discovered Miss Reed in the emergency stairwell, and I think that’s where that person cut out her skin with a knife. So, after I made the call, I went to the scene myself and saw that there are no surveillance systems in the emergency stairwell,” Tom answered.

Pursing his lips into an annoyed thin line, Toby asked, “Are they missing in all buildings, or only Sonia’s building is missing the surveillance system?”

“They’re missing in all buildings.”

A knot appeared between Toby’s brows. A high-end residential apartment such as Bayside Residence actually has such a sloppy surveillance system! Secretly, he decided to teach the developer of Bayside Residence a lesson before he said in his cold voice again, “Did the surveillance system of the neighborhood catch the whole process of how that person showed up at Bayside Residence?”

“Yes. I asked the police, and that was what I was told. They’ve already taken the surveillance tapes away and will let us know the answer later,” Tom replied.

In response, Toby merely grunted and didn’t say anything else. Just then, Tim suddenly broke the silence. “It’s a woman!”

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“Did you just say that whoever attacked Sonia was a woman?” Toby narrowed his eyes.

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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."

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.

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.

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“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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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"What?!" Charles' eyes widened in shock.

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Once he saw that his words had been properly conveyed, Tom pushed Toby to the next ward and left Charles alone to process the situation.

Charles, on the other hand, digested Tom's words for two whole minutes before he regained his senses. By then, Toby and Tom were no longer in front of him.

"F\*ck!" Charles stomped his feet.

Toby Fuller, you son of a b\*tch! How shameless could you be! Charles thought to himself. He knew very well that Toby tried to transfer Sonia to his hospital but couldn't, so he transferred himself over instead.

Cunning fox. This is simply outrageous! Charles was trembling with anger, but there was nothing he could do at this point. After all, what happened, happened, so what more could he do now? He couldn't chase Toby away, could he?

Besides, this was not his hospital, and he really had no ability whatsoever to chase Toby out of here.

The only thing he could do now was to tell the nurses not to open the door for Toby after he left. The last thing he wanted was to give Toby any chances to meet or contact Sonia.

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Thinking of this, Charles immediately turned around and quickly entered the ward.

After getting the caretaker's repeated assurances that no one other than the nurses would be allowed in, only was he able to leave in peace.

Shortly after he left, Toby changed into the patient gown and asked Tom to push him to Sonia's ward.

Upon arrival, Tom raised his hand and knocked on the door.

The caretaker walked behind the door and looked at Tom through the glass on the door.  
"Who are you?"

"Hello, I am Tom, and my boss here is Miss Reed's..." Mid-sentence, Tom frowned, not knowing how to express Toby's identity.

Ex-husband? President Fuller would definitely not be happy about it, Tom thought to himself.

Boyfriend? Nope.

Friend...?

Does Miss Reed recognize President Fuller as a friend? Probably not!

Besides, President Fuller definitely doesn't want to be only 'friends' with Miss Reed, so his identity...

Just when Tom was about to throw the ball back to Toby and let the latter clarify his identity himself, the caretaker on the other end of the door suddenly looked vigilant. "You are Tom? Then is your boss Toby?"

"Oh, yes! How do you know?" Tom was surprised.

Hearing that, the caretaker waved her hands dismissively. "Leave at once! I won't open the door for you. Mr. Lane has given me strict orders to keep you out, and no one except the medical staff is allowed to come in. So, please leave!"

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After saying this, the caretaker turned around and left.

Seeing that, Tom and Toby looked at each other.

Never would Toby have thought that Charles would give such an order to the caretaker.

For a long time, Toby's expression was gloomy.

Tom touched the tip of his nose and asked, "President Fuller, why don't we go back?"

"No." Toby raised his hand.

He was already here, so why should he leave?

"Go. Bring a nurse over here," Toby squinted and instructed Tom.

The caretaker said that she could only open the door if there were medical staff, right?

Then I'll bring the medical staff over.

Tom's eyes lit up. Upon hearing Toby, he immediately understood what Toby meant. He then released the armrest of the wheelchair and went to search for nurses.

Soon, Tom came back with a nurse.

As soon as they arrived, Tom knocked on the door again.

The caretaker came to the door, but as soon as she saw Tom's face, her expression sank, and she was about to leave again.

But right then, Tom pulled the nurse over to the door.

Looking at the nurse, the caretaker was stunned, and she looked a little helpless.

So should I open the door or not?

Mr. Lane said I should open the door when there are medical staff.

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However, if I open the door, those two people behind the nurse would definitely barge in as well...

The caretaker scratched her scalp from helplessness—she was at a loss as for what to do.

Outside the door, Tom saw that the nurse still hadn't opened the door. The smile on his face faded, and he said solemnly, "Well, the nurse is here, so why aren't you opening up? She is here to check on Miss Reed. If the checkup is delayed because you refuse to open the door, are you going to be responsible if anything happens?"

The pressure on the caretaker was piling on and on. Soon, she no longer hesitated and hurriedly opened the door.

If something went wrong, she couldn't afford to be responsible over this, so it was better to just let them in.

She could always tell Mr. Lane that they never came in should he bring the matter up tomorrow.

Upon that thought, the caretaker opened up the door and stepped aside.

Tom wheeled Toby in, and when he passed by the caretaker, he did not forget to praise her, "You've made the right choice."

What a joke. The caretaker rolled her eyes. She didn't make any choices; he obviously threatened her!

Not daring to say anything, the caretaker shut the door behind them.

Although the nurse was basically used as an access card by Tom, she still took a serious look at Sonia's condition before leaving.

Tom also left together, and when he left, he took the caretaker out with him.

As for Douglas, he was just a child who fell asleep on the sofa, so he didn't really affect Toby and Sonia's alone time.

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Toby sat down beside Sonia's hospital bed, and his gaze fell gently on her face.

This was the first time he had stayed by her side and looked at her so quietly.

This was also the only time she would neither alienate him nor resist him.

Toby stretched out his hand to hold Sonia's, then he lowered his head and kissed the back of her hand lightly.

Her hand was very cold, so Toby didn't hold it for long before putting it back under the blanket.

After that, Toby only stayed with her silently and looked at her.

It was not until midnight that Tom finally called him away.

During the few hours with Sonia, Toby felt more relaxed and calmed than ever before.

At the same time, he also knew that that was when he was the closest to her.

The night passed slowly.

Finally, Sonia woke up at noon the next day.

When she woke up, Charles was leaning on the edge of the hospital bed with his back facing Sonia while being on the phone.

Hearing a muffled voice, Charles was stunned at first, then he quickly put down his phone and turned his head in surprise.

Seeing Sonia's eyes open, he smiled happily. "Darling! Great! You're awake!"

Sonia blinked. "Charles?"

"Yes. It's me." Charles reached out and grabbed her hand.

Sonia felt him and breathed a sigh of relief. "Charles, where am I?"

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"You're in the hospital," Charles replied strangely.

This room was already a ward at a glance. Why couldn't she even recognize where she was?

"Oh, by the way, Darling, are you feeling any discomfort? I'll call the doctor right away," Charles didn't think much of it and asked again.

Sonia rubbed her temples. "I feel dizzy and nauseated, and my mind is heavy, as if everything around me is spinning."

Hearing this, Charles was immediately nervous, and he quickly pressed the emergency button on the bedside.

Sonia looked at the dark ceiling and asked in confusion, "Charles, isn't it night time already? Why didn't you turn on the lights?"

Smash!

Immediately, the glass in Charles' hands slipped out and shattered on the ground; the water in the glass splashed on the ground, making his trousers wet.

However, Charles couldn't care less about his trousers now—he hurried to her bedside and looked down at Sonia, his voice a little panicked. "Darling, what did you just say? You're saying it's night time now?"

"Yeah. What's wrong?" Sonia blinked in confusion.

Charles looked at her still and non-dilated pupils while his face gradually turned pale. With his trembling hands, he reached out and waved in front of her eyes.

Sonia didn't respond.

Charles took a step back in shock. It took a long while before he found his voice and said dryly, "Sonia... i-it's daytime now..."

The air around them quieted down all of a sudden.

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The doubts on Sonia's face also slowly solidified.

After a long time, she raised her hand and put it in front of her, wanting to check if she was really blind.

However, after holding it up for a long time, she didn't see anything—all she saw was pitch-black darkness.

At this moment, Sonia could no longer deceive herself.

She really couldn't see anything!

The fear of blindness surging into her heart, Sonia's body trembled, and tears rolled down involuntarily.

She was now terrified and at a loss of what to do.

After all, what could a blind person do?

She couldn't see anything now, so how could she even develop Paradigm into an empire? How could she get her revenge?

At this point, she probably wouldn't even be able to tell even if the enemy was just standing in front of her!

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Looking at Sonia, who was getting more and more worked up, Charles was very distressed.

Immediately, he took her into his arms. "Darling, don't be afraid. Maybe it's just temporary. Maybe the situation is not as serious as we think."

As he said that, he tapped the emergency call at the head of the bed a few times in a row.

Sonia obviously didn't listen to a word of Charles' comfort as she was now only immersed in the panic of being blind, blocking everything else.

Even if she heard it, could she bring herself to believe him?

She was already blind—how could it be only temporary?

After all, she had never heard of a blind person who was only temporarily blind.

Sonia closed her eyes and shed tears silently as she fell into absolute silence and blocked everything else.

Charles knew that whenever she was in this state, no matter what outsiders said, it would be useless.

Now, he could only pray for good news from the doctor.

Charles clenched his fists and looked at Sonia sadly.

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Why is God doing this to my darling? Why would He toy her like this?

The amount of pain that she has endured—is it not enough? And on top of all that, for her to be made blind? Isn't God a little bit too cruel?

Outside the ward, a group of doctors and nurses rushed over.

In the ward next door, Tom came out to take a look. He happened to see the group of doctors and nurses entering Sonia's ward, and instantly, his face was filled with joy. Immediately abandoning the idea of going back to the office, he turned back to the ward and said to Toby, "President Fuller, Good news! Miss Reed is awake!"

If Sonia hadn't woken up, why would so many doctors and nurses rush over to her ward?

When Toby, who was scanning through the documents on the hospital bed, heard what Tom said, he slammed the documents close and got out of bed. Without even bothering to sit in the wheelchair, he walked directly to the next door.

As soon as he entered the door, Toby heard Charles shouting eagerly, "Doctor! Please take a look at her eyes. She can't see anything!"

At this moment, Toby's expression changed.

Sonia is blind?

Toby immediately strode to the hospital bed.

Tom, who was by the door, was also stunned.

Miss Reed can't see? How did things turn out this way? he thought.

Toby came to the side of the Sonia's bed and looked at her lying on it while staring at the ceiling blankly. He lowered his head and asked in a tense voice, "Sonia, can you see me?"

Sonia didn't respond.

At that point, she looked like she had even lost her sense of hearing.

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Toby felt defeated. Not wanting to disturb the doctors diagnosing and treating her, he turned to Charles. "Charles, what's going on? Why can't she see?"

"How would I know?" Charles replied with bloodshot eyes.

He was the first to find out that Sonia couldn't see, so he wanted to know the reason more than anyone else.

Toby looked at Charles for a while. After confirming that Charles really didn't know, he withdrew his gaze and cast his eyes on Sonia again. The worry in his eyes was unmistakable—he was visibly restless.

After a while, the doctor finished the examination.

Both men approached.

In the end, it was Toby who asked first, "Doctor, how is she?"

Sonia, who was on the hospital bed, finally reacted as her eyelashes trembled.

Obviously, she also wanted to know the answer.

The doctor put away the small flashlight and replied, "The patient's blindness should be related to her head injury."

"Can that be recovered?" Toby asked again, narrowing his eyes.

The doctor shook his head. "I can't answer for the time being. She needs to be examined with professional equipment to determine what caused her blindness. Only by clarifying this can I know if it can be recovered."

Hearing this, Charles clenched his fists and urged, "Then why are you still standing here? Use whatever professional equipment needed to check, then! I'll go get it arranged right away!"

He quickly ran out of the ward.

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Toby looked at Sonia. He wanted to touch her and tell her not to worry.

But in the end, when his hand finally reached her, he withdrew it.

This was because he knew that when she was awake, she would not want him to touch her.

Hence, he withdrew his looming hand.

Toby took a breath and looked at Sonia seriously and tenderly. "Don't worry. It will all be fine. If you can't be cured here, I'll take you to another hospital. If it doesn't work there, we'll go abroad and find the best doctor. We will definitely heal your eyes."

Although Sonia couldn't see Toby, she could sense where he was based on the origin of his voice.

She turned her head slightly in the direction of Toby and 'looked' at him with two empty eyes.

Her lips parted, as if trying to say something.

Toby lowered his eyes and cut her off. "Alright, now. If you have anything to say, wait until your eyes are healed. Doctor, let's take her to the examination room first."

He knew that she was going to say that she didn't need him nor his help, and he didn't want to hear any of it.

He just wanted to do something for her, not to ask her forgiveness, but just to make up for all the pain he had caused her in the past.

Faced with Toby's strong orders, the doctor naturally did not dare to object and hurriedly asked the nurse to unload the hospital bed and push it to the examination room.

Outside the inspection room, Toby and Charles were waiting anxiously along with Douglas as well.

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Earlier, Douglas was taken by the caretaker to the hospital cafeteria for lunch, so he was not in the ward. After returning to the ward, he found out that Sonia had entered the examination room again, so he asked the nurse to bring him over.

Sonia's examination took very long.

That being so, neither Toby nor Charles was impatient.

Even Douglas had been sitting quietly in the row of chairs, waiting with them without complaining at all.

After waiting for almost two hours, Sonia was pushed out.

Seeing that, Toby and Charles hurried forward, occupying each side of the bed.

Douglas, on the other hand, was led by the caretaker and followed close behind.

On the way back to the ward, Toby asked the nurse, "Have the test results come out?"

"Not yet. The doctor is analyzing it—it will take a while," the nurse shook her head and replied.

A trace of disappointment flashed in Toby's eyes—same as Charles'.

Even so, they didn't continue to say anything else but followed them back to the ward quietly.

About half an hour later, the doctor in charge of examining Sonia's eyes came along with Tim.

When Tim dropped by earlier, he happened to meet the doctor, and the two chatted in the elevator for a while.

Upon finding out that Sonia could not see, Tim's expression became serious.

However, after learning about the examination result, he was relieved.

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So, at this moment, he didn't seem to be like Toby and Charles at all—they were worried like hell.

"Miss Reed's examination results are out." The doctor handed the examination report to Toby. "She has a blood clot in her head, and the blood clot is applying pressure on the optic nerve, which is why she is unable to see now."

"Can it be recovered?" This was what Charles wanted to know the most.

The same could be said for everyone else present—including Sonia herself.

"Of course. After the blood clot has dissipated, her vision will recover on its own," Tim replied on behalf of the doctor.

Hearing this, everyone was immediately delighted.

Charles took Sonia's hand and said excitedly, "Darling, did you hear what the doctor said? It can be recovered! Your eyesight is fine and can be recovered!"

"I know. I heard him." Sonia finally spoke, her voice trembling and choking.

Obviously, she was happy that she didn't have to live the rest of her life without vision.

She could continue to develop Paradigm and avenge her father.

At first, she really thought she was going to be blind. However, there was always light at the end of the tunnel, and she was fine now.

Her eyes, just as Charles said, were only temporarily blind.

Toby looked at Sonia and Charles' hands held together. His thin lips pursed, and the joy on his face regarding the condition of Sonia's eyes greatly faded.

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