

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 279

Chapter 279 Caught the Culprit, Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again! It turned out that three months ago, he had the opportunity to know that Sonia was the real Maple. Three months ago, he had just divorced Sonia. If he had known that Sonia was Maple back then, Tina wouldn't have gotten the chance to attack her, and he might have gotten Sonia back a long time ago. However, there were no ifs in life. He had indeed lost his chance to recognize Sonia because of Tyler. Nevertheless, he must also admit that he was also part of the reason. If he had stood firm and snatched the letter back when Tyler took it away, the situation wouldn't have gotten to this point. It could only be said that God was messing with him! Meanwhile, Tyler was a nervous wreck after Toby hung up on him.

Walking around with his phone in hand, he muttered, "This is bad. This is bad. Now, Toby must really hate me!" He also regretted not letting Toby read the letter back then. If Toby had read it, Tina wouldn't have gotten into the picture, and he and Sonia would've already remarried. In the end, he had messed everything up! "This won't do. I have to find a way to fix this." He pondered a little before giving Sonia a call. "Sonia, help!" Sonia was in the midst of processing documents, so she didn't look at her phone at all before answering the call.

To her surprise, it was Tyler, and the moment she picked up, he even cried for help. "What's the matter? Have you been arrested again?" Sonia asked faintly after clamping the phone between her ear and shoulder. Tyler exclaimed, "Bah! Why would I get arrested? Sonia, can't you expect better of me?" "It's not that I don't expect better of you, but you seem like you're prone to getting arrested," Sonia answered while signing her name. Tyler's face flushed. "Sonia, you're crossing a line!" "Okay, I was just kidding. What's the matter? I'm still working." Sonia closed the signed document, placed it aside, then took another document to go through it. Scratching his head, Tyler replied dully, "The thing is, Toby might hate me now!" Immediately afterward, he told her about the letter. After he was done, Sonia's hand stopped moving.

Only then did she get to know that something like this happened after Tyler took the letter. Seeing as Sonia wasn't speaking, Tyler became anxious. "Sonia, Toby really hates me now. You must help me!" "I'm sorry, but this is your family's affair, so I won't interfere." With that, Sonia continued to read the documents. Not expecting Sonia to refuse, Tyler blinked in astonishment. "Why? It's also about you. If it wasn't because of me—" "Okay, stop talking!" Sonia interrupted him with a slight frown. "I know what you wanted to say. You were going to say that because of you, Toby and I didn't recognize each other, right?" Tyler nodded repeatedly. "Yes. If I had let Toby read the letter, maybe both of you would have remarried long ago."

"You're wrong!" Sonia turned the document, her face blank. "Even if you showed the letter to Toby at that time, he and I wouldn't have remarried." "Why?" Tyler asked in surprise. Sonia's red lips opened slightly, and her voice was cold as she replied, "There's no actual reason. But, if you really want to know why, it's because I don't love him. Why should I remarry a man I don't love?" After saying

that, she hung up the phone. At this moment, there was a knock on the office door. Without lifting her head, she spat out, "Come in!" Daphne placed her hand down and walked in before stopping at her desk.

"President Reed, the police station called just now and asked you to go there. They've caught the person who cast the scary image on your floor-to-ceiling window!" Upon hearing this, Sonia suddenly raised her head. "They caught the culprit?" "Yes!" Daphne nodded. Hearing that, Sonia smiled. Since the police station didn't respond for so long, she thought it was because they didn't manage to catch the culprit and had secretly closed the case. "I see. I'll be right there!" Sonia put down her pen, then picked up her bag and walked toward the office door. As soon as she left her office, she saw Carl walking toward her.

"Sonia, are you going out?" Carl asked after seeing the bag on Sonia's shoulder upon stopping opposite her. Sonia nodded slightly. "Yes. I'm going to the police station." "The police station?" Carl narrowed his eyes. "Sonia, did something happen?" "It's not a big deal. They caught the culprit who cast an image of a skeleton on my floor-to-ceiling window in the middle of the night!" Sonia replied concisely. Carl's face darkened. "Someone cast a skeleton image on your floor-to-ceiling window in the middle of the night?" "That's right!" "Sonia, why didn't you tell me about this?"

Carl took Sonia's hand, his eyes full of disapproval. "What if that person has malicious intentions?" When Sonia saw how nervous and concerned he looked, warmth filled her heart. Smiling, she patted the back of his hand. "Don't worry. I'm fine, aren't I? And they've already caught the culprit." "I know you're fine, but just because you're fine this time doesn't mean you'll be fine next time!" Carl was still worried. Sonia chuckled. "Okay, okay, I know. If anything happens next time, you'll be the first to know, all right?" Only then did Carl nod in satisfaction while grunting his approval.

Sonia didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Okay, I'll go to the police station first. If you have something to discuss with me, we can talk when I come back." "There's nothing. I just came to see you. Since you're leaving, then I'll go with you." For fear that she would refuse, Carl directly took her hand and walked to the elevator after saying that. Sitting in the passenger seat, Sonia suddenly remembered something, so she turned to look at Carl, who was driving. "By the way, Carl, I told you last time that Rebecca needed your hair, right? You said you'd think about it, so have you given it some thought?"

When Carl heard this, something flickered across his eyes, but he quickly recovered his cool and replied with a gentle smile, "I think it's better to forget it. My parents gave birth to me, so how could I be someone else's son? As for what she said about me looking like Gordon, it's probably fate. After all, not many people in the world look alike." "That's true." Sonia propped her head on her hand. "I've seen photos of your parents. You really look a lot like them. Maybe Rebecca's mistaken. I'll talk to her later and get her to stop having the idea of getting your hair." "Okay."

Carl nodded with a smile. When Sonia turned toward the car window to look at the scenery outside, the smile on Carl's face disappeared instantly, and his expression twisted with hatred instead. That old man, Gordon Hayes, had abandoned him and his mother back then. Now that he was dying, he had come to

look for him again after knowing that his other sons were unreliable. *Does he really think he can be at ease after I return?*

Oh, how naive! Carl was even more eager for Gordon to die than his other brothers! Ten minutes later, they arrived at the police station. Carl parked the car. Just as Sonia opened the door, another car suddenly came and honked to signal for her to get out of the way. Frowning, Sonia took a few steps forward, and the car followed as well before finally stopping at the empty space where she had just stood. Soon, the car door opened, and a person Sonia was familiar with came out of it. It was none other than Titus!

He had already seen Sonia when he was in the car, so he wasn't surprised at all. They looked at each other, then Titus asked with a gloomy face, "What are you doing at the police station?" "This is my personal matter. It doesn't seem to have anything to do with you, President Gray," Sonia answered with a faint smile.

Carl was even more direct. After casting Titus a sweeping glance, he said, "Sonia, there's no need to waste time on people who aren't important. Let's go in first." Sonia nodded slightly. However, just when she was about to turn around, Titus suddenly narrowed his eyes and called out, "Stop!"

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Chapter 280 So It's Cynthia, Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again! Sonia stopped. "Is there anything else, President Gray?" Carl, too, looked back at Titus. Titus then walked a few steps in front of the two while staring at Sonia with a pair of dark eyes. "Are you the one behind what happened to Tina?" At first, he really did think that it was just an accident. However, after he had managed to calm himself and analyzed everything carefully, he found that what happened was not just a coincidence after all. If what happened was purely accidental, then the person who went after Tina would have never just left her in the city, because they would be afraid of getting caught. However, whoever did it left Tina in the downtown area and deliberately exposed her to the public in order to destroy her reputation. Therefore, it only seemed more likely that someone was pulling the strings. And it was most likely to be Sonia. Only she had immense hatred for Tina! Hearing Titus' interrogation, Sonia was furious, but she also found it amusing. "What, now? You can't find the real culprit, and so you're just trying to blame everything on me instead?" Carl, who was next to her, did not speak and only lowered his eyes. Titus snorted coldly.

"I'm not blaming it on you, but my instincts tell me that this must all be related to you!" Sonia's eyes flashed slightly. He was right—this matter was indeed related to her. Although it was Tim who made it happen, he only did it for her—so it was

only right to say that she had something to do with it after all. But so what? She could just not admit it anyway. With this in mind, Sonia curled her lips. “Accusing me just based on your instincts, huh? No wonder Triforce Enterprise is going downhill. I heard that President Fuller has canceled all cooperation between Fuller Group and your company. Should I say congratulations to you?” “You!” Titus glared at Sonia for a while before he sneered.

“What a smart mouth.” This lady was obviously ridiculing him by insinuating that he was managing Triforce Enterprise with mere luck and that he had no real ability! At the same time, she was ridiculing him for posting the video and offending Toby, thinking that Toby would not cancel the cooperation just because of this, but ended up getting a hard slap in the face by the man. *This lady is indeed a tough nut to crack!* Titus looked at Sonia gloomily. Sonia wasn’t afraid, but instead looked over to him with a smile. “Thank you for the compliment. I honestly don’t think there is anything wrong with having a smart mouth. At least I could use it on someone I hate and have my way with them.

Don’t you agree, President Gray?” The corners of his mouth twitched—how could he not see the meaning behind her words? But he couldn’t get angry; otherwise, it would be the same as admitting that he was weak! Thinking of this, Titus took several deep breaths before he reluctantly suppressed the anger in his heart and forced a fake smile. “Whatever you say goes!” “Pfff!” Hearing that, Carl laughed aloud without giving him any face. Titus stared at him suddenly, as if trying to burn two holes in him. Carl noticed it, so he slowly put away the smile on his face while looking at him calmly. Looking at Carl’s dark and cold eyes, Titus felt as if he was looking at a wolf, which made his heart tremble and his scalp go numb.

What’s going on? How could a mere model have such terrifying eyes? The look in his eyes is exceptionally familiar... It’s as if I have seen them before—but where? Titus frowned, unable to recall. Sonia looked at the time. “Alright, Carl. Let’s go!” A smile appeared on Carl’s face again, and he answered with a gentle hum. With that, the two walked forward. Titus finally regained his senses. He looked with disdain at their backs and yelled, “Sonia Reed, you’d better pray to God that I won’t find out about you having a hand in Tina’s downfall. If I ever find out that you are any part of this, I will ruin your life even if it’d be the end of me!” After all, Tina was planning to marry into the Fuller family, but now that this happened, even if he forced Toby to marry Tina, it would not work.

This meant that his years of hard work had gone down the drain—how could he not be livid? Sonia paused when she heard Titus’ threats, then she replied in a cold voice without looking back, “Oh, really? Then I’ll be waiting.” Carl didn’t speak, but only turned his head around to look at Titus. His eyes were the same as before—he was staring coldly at Titus, as if he wanted to imprint Titus’ figure firmly in his brain. He only retracted his gaze upon reaching the stairs. Outside the interrogation room, Sonia stood in front of the door. Through the glass door, she saw the suspect inside—an ordinary-looking man with a small build.

The man was sitting on a chair, wrapped in a gray trench coat; with his neck and shoulders curled together, he looked extremely terrified and uneasy. Well, he was under arrest in the police station—it would only be weird to not be afraid. “Is he the one who cast the image on my window?” Sonia looked at him for a while, and after retracting her gaze, she asked the male police officer next to her. However, Carl continued to stare at the man—no one could tell what he was

thinking. Sonia didn't take that to heart, but instead, she looked at the police officer and waited for his answer. The police officer nodded. "Yes, we have checked the surveillance of several road sections and finally found him. His name is Davin Scott; he's a paparazzi!"

"A paparazzi?" Sonia raised her eyebrows. *No wonder when I spotted this man that night, he immediately hid the tools of the crime in his clothes and ran away.* She felt that the action was very familiar at the time—it was the same way paparazzis ran away when they were found stalking artists. "Did he explain why he cast horror images on Sonia's window?" Carl didn't look at Davin anymore, but turned to ask the police officer. Sonia patted her forehead. "Oh, yes. I almost forgot to ask." "Yes, he did. After he was arrested, he confessed immediately when we asked him. He said that he was bribed by a lady named Cynthia Stone, who spent 100,000 for him to do so, and the purpose was to scare Ms. Reed." "Cynthia?"

Sonia and Carl exclaimed at the same time. It was obvious that neither of them thought that Cynthia would be the one behind this. On the way here, they were still guessing that maybe Tina was the one who asked this man to do it. It turned out to be beyond their expectations—it was Cynthia who was behind all these! "If that's the case, did this Davin tell you why Cynthia wanted to scare me?" Sonia asked again, pursing her red lips. The police officer shook his head. "This, he didn't say, and he probably didn't ask. If you want to know, you can only ask Ms. Cynthia in person." "I see." Sonia rubbed her temples. "Although this is not a serious criminal case, it has already constituted a crime of intimidation.

In this case, can I file charges under the crime of intimidation and get Cynthia in here?" Sonia looked at the police officer. The police officer smiled. "Of course. I'll tell them to bring her in—you can take a break in the meantime." Sonia replied, "Okay, thanks a lot." With that, the police officer left. Sonia and Carl went over to the row of chairs next to them and sat down while waiting for Cynthia to come over. As for the man in the interrogation room, Sonia was not at all interested in going in to meet him. Whatever that she wanted to ask had already been asked by the police.

Moreover, that man was only doing what he was told for money. She knew she wouldn't be able to get any information out of interrogating him, and she would only waste her time. In the hospital, Cynthia was going to go home after visiting Tina. As soon as she got out of the elevator, she received a call from the police station. "Are you Ms. Cynthia Stone?" "Yes, speaking. Who am I speaking to?" Cynthia asked with a face full of doubt, inexplicably beginning to feel uneasy. "I am calling from the police station." "Police station?"

Cynthia raised her voice all of a sudden, attracting the curiosity of nearby patients and medical staff—among them was Tom, who was holding a bag of medicine. "Um... is there anything you want to see me for?" Cynthia gulped and asked in a trembling voice. After being detained for half a month last time, she was now scared whenever she heard from the police station or any word related to the police station—especially since she had recently done something that she didn't even know was considered an offense.