

Boss Your Wife' s Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 381

Sonia knew what he was thinking, since she was thinking the same thing as well. She asked in disbelief, "So you're saying I'm not the real Sonia? I got switched out with the real deal?"

Charles held the steering wheel tightly. "I don't know, but I'm sure you're not the same baby I saw the first time I went to your place."

"Impossible. That's impossible." Sonia clenched her fists, her body shaking. "If I'm not Sonia, then who am I?" I can't be a fake, can I?

Charles stopped his car by the roadside. "Calm down, babe. It might not be as bad as we think."

"Then what is the truth?" Sonia's eyes glossed over. "Charles, you know I'm not the same baby you saw, don't you?"

"I—" Charles paused, but he couldn't say anything.

Sonia bit her lip. "See? You can't even say no. That's what you're thinking, aren't you? Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm not Sonia. The culprit said my birthmark is a threat to her. In other words, she might be the real Sonia."

Charles sighed. "Fine, I'll say it. I think you were switched out, but that doesn't mean you aren't the real Sonia. I mean, your parents should have noticed the

birthmark. It's too obvious. The two of you look different as well but your parents said nothing to that, so I was thinking maybe the two of you were switched at birth, and your parents found out, so they switched back."

"I—" Sonia was petrified. That's a possibility. Dad and Mom should have realized it if I was a fake, but they loved me all the same. Same goes for grandpa. In other words, I'm their real daughter. Maybe Charles is right. Maybe I was switched at birth and was switched back again.

"But then why did the culprit say I'm a threat to her?" Sonia frowned. Something still felt off, but she couldn't put a finger on it. Naturally, she was annoyed.

Charles scratched his head. "I have no idea, but let's calm down. We'll know the truth once we catch her."

"Yeah, I guess so, but I still want to find out if I'm the real Sonia. I want to know if I'm my parents' real daughter."

"Do you really have to?" Charles looked at her.

Sonia stared at the ground. "Yes. It'll give me peace of mind."

"How are you planning to look into this then?"

"I'll start from the records twenty-six years ago. If the culprit was switched at birth like I did, the hospital must have the records hidden somewhere."

Charles nodded. "True. But you were born in Norfolk, so are you going to make a trip to Norfolk?"

"Of course. Besides, I did say I would attend Carl's show." She touched her eyes. "I can't see a thing, but I'm not going back on my word."

"When are you going then?" Charles asked.

"Tomorrow. Daphne already got me my flight ticket and hotel room two days ago," Sonia said.

Charles looked troubled. "Tomorrow? I can't go then. It's my grandpa's death anniversary, and the whole family's going to visit his grave."

"No problem. I'll ask Rebecca to go with me." Sonia smiled.

Rebecca was strong enough to protect Sonia, so Charles wasn't worried. "That's good. With her there, there's nothing to worry about."

"Yep. Call me once your employee comes up with the portrait tomorrow," Sonia said.

Charles gave her an OK gesture. "Sure. Now let's go back to the hospital."

It was twelve when they came back to the hospital.

Charles got Sonia her lunch and told the caretaker to take good care of her before he left.

Sonia and Douglas were having their lunch when Sonia's phone rang.

The caretaker quickly handed the phone to her. "Miss Reed, it's from someone called Zane."

"It's uncle!" Douglas' eyes glinted, and he looked happy.

Sonia patted his head. "Take the call then, Douglas."

"You take it, auntie. He's calling you. He would have called me if he wanted to talk to me." Douglas pouted.

I know Uncle Zane very well. He only cares about you, not me.

Sonia shook her head in amusement after hearing Douglas' complaint. "Zane." She took the call.

"Where are you, Sonia? I went to your company, but the receptionist said you've been MIA for two days. Are you at Bayside Residence?" Zane asked.

Sonia put her spoon down. "No. I'm in the hospital, and Douglas is here too. You can come pick him up if you want."

She told him the hospital's address.

"The hospital? Are you sick?" Zane was standing at Paradigm Co.'s reception area, his eyes widening nervously.

Sonia hung up without answering him.

Douglas looked at her. "Is uncle coming, auntie?"

"Yes, he'll be here in a while. Finish your lunch." Sonia put her phone aside and went back to her lunch.

Back at Paradigm Co., Zane looked at his phone and sighed bitterly. So Douglas has been useless. Sonia is still as cold as ever. He kept his phone in his pocket and left for Trifecta Hospital, arriving about an hour later.

Douglas ran up to him and held his leg. "You're here, uncle."

"Yep. I'm back." He patted the boy's head, but his eyes never shifted from Sonia.

Sonia was leaning against her bed with her eyes closed, as if she was asleep.

He went up to her and called, "Sonia."

Sonia opened her eyes and turned to him. "You're here. Take Douglas home. He's been missing you."

"Sure. Thanks for taking care of him," Zane said apologetically.

Sonia shook her head. "It's the other way around, actually. He fills my glass up and calls the doctor whenever I need it. He's a good boy."

Douglas blushed from the praise, then he hid behind Zane's leg shyly.

Zane looked at the bandage on Sonia's head. "Sonia, did you hurt your head? How did this happen?"

Sonia touched the bandage. "Just an accident."

"No it's not. Some witch knocked her out and blinded her," Douglas popped his head out from behind Zane and grumbled.

Zane said sharply, "You're blinded? Sonia, you—"

"It's not as serious as you think. Just temporary," Sonia answered.

She seems calm. Not even sad at all, so it must be true. Zane heaved a sigh of relief.

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"Thank god." Zane patted his chest in relief. "Who did this?"

"No idea. We're still looking into it, but we should have the results tomorrow," Sonia answered.

Zane sighed regrettably. "I see. Here I thought I could help."

“It’s fine. Just take Douglas home. He’s been staying with me at the hospital for a while now. Didn’t even eat or sleep well. It’s not good for a kid, so just take him home and let him rest.”

Zane knew Sonia just wanted him to leave, so he nodded despondently. “I see. I’ll come tomorrow then. Douglas, say goodbye to a... Miss Sonia.”

“Goodbye, auntie.” Douglas waved at her.

Sonia couldn’t see him, but she waved as well.

Zane took Douglas and left, leaving Sonia alone. The sudden silence scared her, especially when she was blind. The more time passed, the worse her fear got, for she never knew who might come in her ward the next second. It could be someone like Titus, and if he did come, she would be dead in no time.

“Anyone there?” Sonia asked. She wanted to call the caretaker back.

The caretaker left after Zane came, but she had been missing since. Where is she? Sonia wouldn’t be so afraid with her around. At least she’d know who her visitor was.

“Mrs. Taters? Mrs. Taters!” Sonia held her blanket, calling out to her caretaker loudly.

Just then, a familiar deep voice sounded. “What is it?”

Toby! Sonia's eyes widened, but her fear dissipated. She heaved a sigh of relief and shook her head. "I'm fine. I'm just scared because I'm alone, and I can't see anything. I wanted to get Mrs. Taters back, but she isn't here. Good thing you came though."

She had to say she was reliant on Toby at the moment. At least he was a familiar face, so with him here, she didn't have to face the darkness alone.

Toby paused for a moment when Sonia said it was a good thing he was there, then he felt delighted, and his wound didn't feel as painful anymore. He went up to her and stopped beside her bed. "Don't worry. I'll be here with you."

Sonia wanted to say he could leave after Mrs. Taters came back, but then she realized it'd make her look like a jerk, so she kept quiet about it.

Toby got a chair and sat down. "So? Did you get anything?"

Sonia knew he was talking about Alice, and she squinted. "Yes, and it's shocking. Alice's just a scapegoat. The real culprit is still at large."

"What?" Toby's face fell. "She's just a scapegoat?"

"Yes. She has a son who has leukemia, so she needs a lot of money for his treatment. That's why she became a scapegoat. As long as she doesn't reveal the true culprit

and insists that she's the sole attacker, the culprit would pay for her son's treatment." She shook her head sorrowfully.

Toby sneered. "Who is the culprit?"

"No idea. She doesn't know either. All she knows is what the culprit looks like. Charles will get a sketch artist to draw the portrait tomorrow," Sonia answered.

Toby's face hardened. He wanted to say something, but Sonia's phone rang. When he turned around and saw that the caller was Charles, he got visibly annoyed. But in the end, he handed the phone to her. "It's Charles."

"Thanks." Sonia took the call. "What is it, Charles?"

"Baby, the detective called me just now. They found out everything about Alice. She wasn't lying. Her son is leukemic, but he doesn't know she's his mother. She didn't tell him about it either," Charles said.

Sonia arched her eyebrow. "Why?"

"Because she dumped the boy when he was diagnosed with leukemia after he was born. Ten years later, her whole family got into a car crash during a vacation, and everyone died except for her. However, she didn't get away unscathed. She became barren, but then she found out her son was still alive, but she never revealed herself to him because she feels guilty about dumping him."

“I see.” Sonia looked at Toby. “No wonder she didn’t tell you who the true culprit was when you were threatening her with her family back at the police station. She was obviously scared, but I guess she never thought we would find out that she has a son.”

“Who are you talking to, babe?” Charles asked dubiously.

“Toby,” Sonia answered honestly.

“What? You’re talking to Toby?” Charles leaped up. “He went over to your place again?”

Sonia laughed. “He’s in the ward next door. Stop dwelling over it and tell me if there’s anything else I should know. Is her son’s treatment paid for?”

“No.” Charles shook his head. “The detective asked the staff at the hospital, but they said they never received any money for her son’s treatment.”

Sonia raised her chin. “So the culprit didn’t keep her promise?”

“Yes. She might pay after Alice is convicted. Or she might never.” Charles shrugged.

Sonia pinched the area between her brows. “Okay, keep me updated. See you later, Charles.” She put her phone down.

Toby extended his hand. “Give it to me. I’ll hang up for you. You can’t see anyway.”

“Thanks.” Sonia handed it over without insisting.

After he took the phone, Toby looked at the call and smiled coolly before hanging up. Then, he put the phone beside her and looked at her. “So how are you going to deal with Alice?” Since she’s just a scapegoat, it’d be bad to use her as a guinea pig.

Sonia held her forehead. “Honestly, I have no idea. I’ll tell Tim to stop the drug test. We’ll decide again when the real culprit is captured.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Toby nodded.

Sonia nodded and yawned.

Since she was getting tired, Toby said gently, “Sleepy?”

“Yeah, I am.”

“Go to sleep then. I’ll keep watch,” Toby said.

Sonia wanted to refuse, but Toby said, “You’re scared of being alone, don’t you? You wouldn’t have called for the caretaker otherwise.”

“I—” He saw through me. Sonia wanted to defend herself, but she couldn’t find the words.

Toby looked at her gently. “Just get to sleep. I’ll leave after the caretaker comes back.”

Sonia stopped refusing him. After all, her head was still injured, and after going around that morning, she was already getting drowsy. It was taking everything she had just to stay up, but she was losing it. "Thanks for that, then." She smiled sheepishly.

Toby helped her lie down on the bed. "No problem. Just go to sleep." He then tucked her in.

"Okay." Sonia closed her eyes and drifted to sleep a short while later.

Once she was sound asleep, Toby looked at her quietly, but something glinted in his eyes. A moment later, he leaned over and kissed her forehead.

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Suddenly, someone opened the door, and in came Mrs. Taters. When she saw what was happening, she almost gasped in surprise. "Mr. Fuller, you're—"

Toby frowned. Obviously, he was annoyed by her suddenly coming in. He reluctantly straightened his back and looked at her, then put his finger against his lips. "Don't wake her up."

It was then that Mrs. Taters noticed Sonia was asleep, and she nodded.

Toby got off the bed and went toward the caretaker, then took out his wallet and gave her some money. "Don't tell anyone what you saw."

Mrs. Taters took the money happily, beaming. "Don't worry, sir. I saw nothing."

"Good." Toby put his wallet away and nodded. "And come back sooner after you leave. Stay with her at all times. It scares her when she can't see anything. Do that and I'll pay you."

"I'll do that, sir. I will," Mrs. Taters promised immediately, worried that Toby might take his word back if she hesitated for a moment longer.

Toby grunted and left. He could feel his back searing because of the wound reopening, so he needed the doctor to patch it up quickly.

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Sonia went through the paperwork for discharge the next day and got ready to fly to Norfolk. Mrs. Taters was packing her things while she was on the couch calling Carl. When she called him earlier, the line was engaged, and she didn't know where he was. Because of what happened over the last few days, she didn't call him, so she wondered if she could reach him now.

She called him again and put the phone to her ear. This time, the line was no longer engaged, and she smiled in delight. But her happiness didn't last long, since nobody

picked up. He might have missed the call. Or he did it on purpose. Sonia leaned toward the latter.

After all, she did text Carl and told him to call her if he saw the message. Now that the call went through, that meant Carl saw the message, but he didn't call her. In other words, he didn't want to contact her.

Sonia was upset by that, of course. She felt that it was unfair for her, but she was also worried. It was unfair because she was the victim, but now Carl was acting like he was the victim, and he wanted the real victim, aka her, to apologize to him. On the other hand, she was worried because she didn't know what he had been up to over the last few years. In the end, she sighed.

It was then someone knocked, and Rebecca popped in. "I'm here, Miss Reed." She smiled.

Sonia looked in her direction. She couldn't see Rebecca, but that didn't stop her from smiling. "Come in."

Rebecca came in. "You look worried, Miss Reed. Is something on your mind?"

"Carl. He's not taking my call." Sonia shook her phone and smiled bitterly.

"I see. I heard what happened. He's just a man child—a crazy and obsessed one at that. Never date him, Miss Reed. It'll be an unfair relationship. You'll have to take care of his feelings 24/7. One misstep and he'll disappear

or do something annoying. It's tiring to be with someone like that."

Being a professional bodyguard trained her to see through people. Carl might look like a soft-spoken and polite young man, but under that façade, a monster lay in wait.

Sonia was amused by what Rebecca said. "What are you talking about? I will never date him. He's just like a brother to me, and that will never change."

"That's good to hear. Just don't date him, because he doesn't know how to love someone. His love is sick and suffocating. It's probably because of what happened when he was a kid." Rebecca sighed. He used to be a sweet young boy, but his trash parents made him into a twisted man. This is a cruel joke.

"Something happened when he was a kid?" Sonia squinted. "How do you know what happened when he was a kid?"

"Um..." Oops. Made a slip of the tongue. Rebecca quickly came up with an excuse and lied, "He told me about it. I thought he's the guy I was looking for, so I talked about it with him." That was close. If she tells him I looked into his past, he's going to be mad at me.

"I see." Sonia nodded. She didn't want to suspect Rebecca of lying, so she said nothing more.

Rebecca heaved a sigh of relief and switched the subject to Sonia's eyes. "You told me you can't see for the time being. Is that true?" She leaned closer to take a look at Sonia's eyes.

Sonia touched her eyes. "Yes. So I'll be counting on you for the next couple of days."

"Leave it all to me," Rebecca promised.

At that moment, Mrs. Taters closed Sonia's luggage. "I've finished packing your things, Miss Reed."

"Then it's time to leave." Sonia stood up.

Rebecca quickly helped her onto the wheelchair and pushed her out of the room, while Mrs. Taters followed behind with the luggage in tow.

Rebecca's car was in the hospital's car park. After Sonia got in, they drove toward the airport.

The moment she left, Toby came to her room. When he realized that the bed was made and that Mrs. Tates was cleaning the room, his face fell. "Where is Sonia?"

She looked up. "Hello, Mr. Fuller."

"Where is Sonia?" Toby clenched his fists, his voice sounding panicked.

Worried, Mrs. Taters answered, "She was discharged."

“What?” Toby was shaken. “Discharged? She’s still hurt! Why was she discharged?”

She knew he was angry and worried, so she explained, “Miss Reed wants to attend some fashion show in Norfolk.”

“Fashion show?” Toby’s veins popped. She can’t even see. How is she supposed to attend a fashion show? Toby knew she had no interest in any fashion show. The only reason she was going must be because of Carl. Carl was the only model among her circle of friends. If it wasn’t for him, Sonia wouldn’t have gone to that show. Why does she care about Carl so much? She’s still hurt! Toby exited Sonia’s ward, looking absolutely furious. He took his phone out and called Tom.

“Sir!” Tom picked up the phone almost immediately.

“Prepare my jet. I’m going to Norfolk,” Toby told him.

“Huh?” Tom was surprised to hear that. “Do you have any business there?”

“No.”

“Then why are you—”

“Shut up and just do it. Pick me up from the hospital once you’re done.” Toby frowned impatiently.

Tom couldn’t go against his orders, so he shrugged. “I understand. Right away, sir.”

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Toby grunted and hung up.

Two hours went by after that. By then, Sonia had landed in Norfolk. Rebecca pushed her out and hailed a ride to go to their hotel.

Daphne had gotten them a business suite with two rooms. The smaller room came with a bed too, and now Rebecca was staying in it. Sonia couldn't see the room, but since it was a smaller one, it must be cramped, so she smiled sheepishly at Rebecca. "Sorry for having you stay in that room, Rebecca."

"It's fine." Rebecca sat on her bed, swinging her legs. "It's still fine. I like it, actually. I'm just staying for a night or two, so it's no big deal. I've stayed in smaller rooms. Heck, I've slept in the wilds before, so it's nothing."

Sonia was relieved to hear that.

Rebecca looked at the time. "It's still early. The show's starting at night, so do you want to get some rest?"

"Sure. I'm getting dizzy anyway." Sonia massaged her temples.

"I'll help you to your bed." Rebecca stood up and went toward her.

After Sonia had fallen asleep, Rebecca tiptoed out of the room and called Carl.

Carl picked up a moment later. "What is it?" He sounded hoarse.

"Miss Reed's here in Norfolk." Rebecca stopped before the elevator.

Carl had just finished his rehearsal and was taking a break in the spectator seat. When he heard that, he stopped wiping his sweat off. "She's here?"

"Yes. She's here for your show. You invited her, didn't you? She would never go back on her word, so here she is. But why didn't you take her call?" Rebecca pressed the elevator's button.

Carl stared down at the floor. "No reason."

Rebecca snorted. "As if. I know you're afraid. You don't know how to face her, do you? You're a twisted man who wants her all for yourself, but on the other hand, you're holding that urge down. That's why you're acting like a child and running away from her. Isn't that exhausting?"

Carl's face fell, for Rebecca hit the bullseye. "Enough. What are you getting at?"

Rebecca pursed her lips. "Miss Reed doesn't blame you for what happened back then, so stop hiding. She's worried for you. And she's the victim here, not you. How

could you let her worry about you? Grow up, Master Carl.”

Carl was visibly upset at that point. “You’re in no position to lecture me, Rebecca.”

Rebecca rolled her eyes. “I am not lecturing you. This is just a reminder. See a therapist, will you? At this rate, you’ll end up going out of control and hurting Miss Reed. And here’s another thing. When you see her tonight, you have to stay calm no matter what, get it?”

“What? Why? What happened to her?” Carl gripped his phone tightly, noticing that something was wrong.

Rebecca sighed. “I can’t tell you yet because I don’t want to ruin your show. You’ll find out after your show’s done. The elevator’s here, so talk later.” She hung up without saying another word, as if Carl wasn’t the boss she needed to respect. Well, he wasn’t her boss in public. He was only her boss if they were in the Hayes residence.

Carl looked at his phone’s home screen and squinted. He was just about to hack into the system and find out what happened to Sonia when his manager came over. “The second rehearsal’s starting, Carl. You need to get into position.”

The manager took his phone and pushed him toward the runway’s entrance.

When night came, Rebecca took Sonia to the fashion runway.

The runway was packed with a lot of people, including the leaders of the fashion world, celebrities, renowned fashion critics, and also lots of reporters.

Rebecca took Sonia to her seat in the second row. It was a nice one, since it was right in front of the runway where one could see the models clearly, but it was a pity Sonia couldn't see at the moment. However, that didn't discourage Sonia. She handed her phone to Rebecca. "Rebecca, take Carl's photos. I'll take a look once I can see again."

"Sure." Rebecca took Sonia's phone and did as she asked.

"How much longer until it starts?" Sonia leaned back.

Rebecca looked at the time. "Ten more minutes."

Sonia grunted.

Toby leaned against the guardrail on the second floor, staring at Sonia. She couldn't see anything, but even so, Sonia looked excited, and that made him jealous.

Tom was right behind him, so he noticed his boss getting jealous. "Sir, why don't you just go down there?" He adjusted his glasses.

"No. Rebecca's gonna notice me. She'll think I followed her here, and that's going to make her dislike me more." Toby pursed his lips.

Tom rolled his eyes. But you did follow her here. Of course, he didn't say that out loud, or Toby would kill him. Tom coughed. "Sir, Dr. Lancaster has news. Mr. Lane's artist has come up with the culprit's portrait."

Toby swiveled. "What did you say? They know who's the culprit?"

"Yes." Tom nodded. "Dr. Lancaster called me half an hour ago."

"Who is it?" Toby tightened his grip on the guardrail.

Tom looked weird for a moment. "We all know her. It's the fake Rina."

"Impossible." Toby was shocked. "I thought you sent someone to keep an eye on her. They should have told me if anything happened. What are they doing?"

Tom looked down in shame. "This is all our fault. My men did follow her 24/7, but she switched out with Alice on the day Miss Reed was hurt, and they didn't notice it. They thought they still had Alice under watch, so that's why Miss Reed was hurt."

The men weren't to blame. Nobody knew Taylor wanted to hurt Sonia, and they never expected a switcheroo. Even if they did, they wouldn't have known that Taylor had switched out with Alice in the bathroom.

Toby closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again, there was nothing but murder in them. "I knew it. The moment I saw Taylor, I knew she was evil. She has a lot to hide, and I told Sonia to keep an eye out, but she didn't listen. Now she got hurt because of that."

"What should we do now, sir? Should we capture Taylor first?" Tom looked at him.

Toby squinted. "Not for now. Since I know Taylor's the culprit, Sonia should know it soon enough. Let's see what she'll do."

Taylor was the spy Sonia and Zane hired, but now the spy was planning on killing her employer, so Toby would leave her to Sonia and Zane. But if they refused to finish her off, Toby would be more than happy to take the job. He looked at Sonia and saw Rebecca handing her a phone. Charles probably found out about it too and is calling her to tell her.

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Chapter 385 The Complexity of Men

Toby was right.

Sonia took the call. "What is it, Charles?"

"The portrait's done, babe," Charles said solemnly.

Sonia sat up straighter. "Really? Who's the culprit?" She couldn't see, so there was no point in sending her the portrait. Besides, she knew Charles must have looked into the culprit's identity the moment the portrait was done, so it was easier asking him for the answer.

"You know her too. It's Rina, the Grays' daughter," Charles answered more somberly than ever.

Sonia's eyes widened. "Impossible!" she answered reflexively. Taylor? That's impossible! That's the spy Zane and I hired!

"Why? Do you know her, babe?" Charles frowned in suspicion.

Sonia answered, "Yes. I'm sorry for keeping this a secret, but Rina isn't the Grays' daughter. She's a woman called Taylor. She's a spy Zane and I hired to keep an eye on the Grays."

"What?" Charles raised his voice. "You kept this thing a secret from me? That's huge!"

"Sorry, Charles." Sonia stared at the ground, embarrassed. She didn't divulge it to Charles because she didn't see the need to. After all, this was a grudge between her, the Colemans, and the Grays. It had nothing to do with the Lanes, so she didn't want to drag them into this. Besides, the fewer people who knew about it, the better. That would keep the chances of exposing Taylor to a minimum.

After Sonia apologized, Charles calmed down and thought about the reasons she kept it a secret. He could understand her stance, but it still made him uneasy, since he felt alienated. In the end, he pursed his lips. “Forget it. I can understand why you kept this a secret, but babe, the culprit really is R... I mean Taylor. I let Alice see the portrait. She didn’t admit it, but her expression told me everything I needed to know. Your spy betrayed you.”

Sonia gripped her phone tightly, apparently still in shock. “Impossible...”

“Not impossible. Let me guess. She comes from a poor, misogynistic family, doesn’t she?” Charles asked.

“Yes.”

“Of course she’d betray you.” Charles sighed. “You and Zane overlooked something important—human greed. Think about it. You hired someone who grew up poor to act as a rich family’s daughter. Once she has a taste of that kind of wealth, there’s no way she can stay loyal to you.”

“That’s...” Sonia didn’t want to believe it, but Charles was right. Taylor had a taste of unimaginable wealth, and she didn’t want to let it go. However, that wouldn’t be easy, since there were two people who would get in her way. Me and Zane. That reason was enough for Taylor to turn her back on them.

Ah, so that's why Alice said I'm a threat to the culprit. After all, I can expose her true identity, and that's a big threat. No wonder she attacked me, but why did she want to get rid of my birthmark? What does this have to do with her? That's still a mystery. Sonia pursed her lips.

Charles continued, "I had no idea Taylor was your spy. I thought she was really Rina and she attacked you to avenge Tina, but it turns out she only did it so she can stay as Rina forever. We must get her, babe."

"I know." Sonia stared at the ground. I've been far too kind, and far too naive. She thought Taylor was weak and could be easily controlled, but she never thought Taylor was just putting on an act. To make things worse, she had fooled Sonia and Zane, and now she had become a threat.

Sonia touched her bandage and blinked, her eyes glinting with murder. We can't undo our decision, but we can cut our losses. Taylor must go. "Charles, keep an eye on her, and don't let her know we found out she's the culprit. I'll handle it once I get back," Sonia said coldly.

Charles nodded. "Okay. Don't worry about it."

"Good. See you later. The show's beginning." Sonia put her phone down and handed it to Rebecca.

Rebecca looked at her. "What happened, miss?"

"It's nothing." Sonia shook her head. "Let's watch the show."

Rebecca didn't press her and shifted her attention to the runway.

Toby saw the whole thing, and he fell into his own thoughts.

Tom asked, "Sir, how will Miss Reed handle Taylor?"

Toby pursed his lips. "Not sure. We should keep an eye on it."

He then went to the waiting room.

Tom asked, "Aren't you watching, sir?"

"It's just a bunch of guys walking down a runway. Do you think those guys are better than me?" Toby glanced at Tom coldly.

Tom coughed. "No." Well, the boss is better than those models in terms of looks and figure. The models lose out when it comes to looks. Even the celebrities can't compare. Carl's the only contender, but the boss is more mature than he is. None of them is a match for the boss.

Toby nodded satisfactorily and entered the waiting room.

At the same time, the show was already halfway done.

Rebecca was reading through the list, then her eyes shone. "Carl's next, miss."

Sonia perked up. "Good. Finally."

“I’ll turn the camera on. It’ll take too long otherwise.”
Rebecca turned her phone’s camera on and aimed it at the runway.

It was then that a slender man slowly walked down the runway.

Rebecca held the phone with one hand and shook Sonia’s shoulder with another. “Carl’s here, miss!”

“Yes, yes. Stop shaking me.” Sonia was swaying and feeling dizzy from all the shaking.

After Rebecca took her hands off, Sonia sat up straighter and faced the runway. She couldn’t see, but it didn’t stop her. At least she had to show some support.

Carl was walking down the runway indifferently. He looked like he didn’t care, but actually, he was scanning the audience for Sonia. When he saw her waving at her with a smile, his eyes shone with delight. She’s really here!

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But his delight was short-lived. When he saw the bandage on Sonia’s head, he realized why Rebecca told him not to get mad when he saw Sonia. That must be why. He clenched his fists and stared down to hide the murder brewing in his eyes. Luckily, he made sure to do that subtly so no audience noticed it, or he’d make the next

day's headlines. After he made a pose at the end of the runway, he walked back up the runway.

Rebecca leaned closer to Sonia. "He was upset when he saw your wound, miss. Yes, he tried to hide it, but it didn't escape me."

Sonia sighed. "It's fine. We'll just tell him the truth." She knew Carl would be unhappy about it, so she was already prepared.

Carl went to the waiting room after the show.

His manager handed him a bottle of water. "Have some water, Carl."

Carl ignored him. After he came in, he shoved all the makeup items on the table away and they fell onto the ground, attracting everyone's gazes.

"What happened, Carl?" a model asked.

Carl ignored the model. He was staring down, trying to control his desire for murder. Who hurt her? If I know who did this, I will kill them. His face was contorted with rage.

His manager quickly stood in front of him in case someone took his pictures. It will be troublesome if he makes the headlines. "What happened, Carl? Why are you so mad?" the manager tilted his head, whispering.

Carl took a deep breath and contained his rage.

“Nothing,” he answered calmly.

“That didn’t look like nothing to me. You didn’t even bother to hide your true self. Obviously—”

Before he could finish, a crew member announced, “Alright, models.” He clapped his hands. “It’s time for the closing ceremony. Get in line and be ready for it.”

The manager had no choice but to swallow his words and told Carl, “Let’s finish this, Carl. And remember to stay calm. Do not let anyone take any photos of your true self, or we’ll get thrown through the wringer tomorrow.”

Carl’s eyes glinted. “I know.” He massaged his temples to fully calm down and went onto the stage.

Back in the audience, Rebecca held her phone up to photograph Carl during the closing ceremony, while Sonia waited beside her in silence.

The ceremony ended in a while, and the model went offstage while the audience gave them a standing ovation.

Rebecca propped Sonia up.

After they clapped, Rebecca asked, “Are we going to see Carl, miss?”

Sonia nodded. “Of course. Let’s go.”

Rebecca returned Sonia's phone to her and helped her backstage, but they didn't go further once they were there. They wanted to wait for Carl, and luckily for them, his manager came out shortly after.

The manager knew Sonia, for he had seen her before, so he greeted, "Hi, Miss Reed. Here to see Carl's show?"

"Yes. He invited me." Sonia smiled.

The manager thought something was off with Sonia, but he couldn't put a finger on it. "Are you here to see Carl?"

"Yes. Can you call him for me?" Sonia asked.

"Sure," the manager agreed. "Give me a moment."

"Thank you." Sonia smiled.

The manager went into the makeup room to call Carl out, and he came out after a couple of minutes.

He had changed out of his show attire, but his makeup was still on, making him look like a handsome vampire in the medieval times. "Sonia." Carl came up to her and greeted her quietly.

"Hi. And here I thought you didn't want to see me."

"I would never," Carl denied.

Sonia snorted. "As if. You didn't even take my calls. Of course you don't want to see me."

“I—” Carl was at a loss for words. It took him a while before answering, “I just didn’t know how I should face you. I can’t face you. You probably hate me and are angry at me after what I did. I know you won’t forgive me, so—”

“It’s in the past now. I don’t hate you, nor am I angry at you. I forgive you.” Sonia sighed.

Carl’s eyes shone, and he looked ecstatic. “You’re forgiving me, Sonia?”

“Yes.” She nodded.

Carl held her hands with a trembling one. “Is it true? You don’t blame me for it?”

“Yes, but...” Sonia pulled her hand away. “But you’d better not do anything like that again, you hear me?” she said solemnly.

Darkness swirled within Carl’s eyes, but he said, “I won’t do it ever again.”

“Good to hear.” Sonia smiled. “And I found out about your condition.”

Carl’s face froze. “Y-You know about that?”

“Yes. So listen to me and get a therapist,” Sonia advised him genuinely.

Carl squinted at her for a while and looked downward.

“Of course.”

“Good boy.” Sonia patted his arm. He was right beside her, so she didn’t need to see to know where his arm was.

At the same time, Rebecca smirked and mouthed, ‘You’re just saying that so she won’t nag at you. You won’t see a therapist, right?’

Carl managed to get what she said so he shot her a warning glare, but he retracted it after a moment, worried that Sonia might see it.

Rebecca rolled her eyes. She wanted to tell him to relax since Sonia couldn’t see. But in the end, she decided to let him find out about it himself.

“What happened to your head, Sonia?” Carl looked at the bandage coldly, but he was worried for Sonia.

Sonia touched the bandage. “Some madman got to me,” she answered calmly.

“Who?” Carl asked.

“Stop asking, Carl. I’ll handle this myself. We should go now. Someone might be coming through soon.”

Carl was angry that she was keeping it a secret and he clenched his fists, but he had promised he wouldn’t do anything outrageous, so he loosened them up. “Let’s go to my room. Every model here has one.”

“Sure.” Sonia nodded and extended her hand.

Carl wondered why she was doing that, but then he got his answer. Rebecca went to hold Sonia.

Sonia waved her hand across the air as if to see if there was a wall. Once she confirmed there wasn't a wall there, she put her hand down.

Carl was shocked and shaken to see that. "Sonia, what happened to your eyes?"

"I can't see, but it's only temporary," Sonia answered honestly. She knew she couldn't hide it for too long from Carl.

Carl held her face. "You can't see? Why? How? What happened?"

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Chapter 387 Toby's Lies

"Let's talk about this in your room." Sonia waved him down, telling him to calm down.

Since there were people staring at them, Carl nodded and calmed down for now. "I'll lead the way."

After leading the ladies to his room, he closed the door and urged Sonia to tell him what happened.

Sonia told him everything.

Carl squinted darkly. Taylor, huh? You'll be getting it soon. "Are you sure you'll heal up, Sonia?" He touched her eyes gently.

Sonia nodded. "Yep, but I don't know when." I'll be leaving Paradigm Co. in Charles' hands for the time being. "Let's not talk about this, Carl. Charles is keeping an eye on her, and I'll handle it once I get back. Let's talk about you. You have another show tomorrow, right?" Sonia asked.

Carl knew she didn't want to talk about Taylor, so he went along with it. "Yes, the show is in the morning."

"I might not be able to attend then." Sonia sighed regrettably.

Carl got nervous. "Why? Are you going back tomorrow morning?"

"No. My flight's the day after tomorrow, but I have things to do tomorrow," Sonia answered cryptically. She wanted to find out if she was really switched at birth and switched back again.

"What is it?" Carl asked.

Sonia smiled. "It's a secret."

Carl's face fell, and he was obviously upset that she wouldn't tell him.

Sonia noticed his displeasure, so she patted his arm.

“Calm down, Carl. This is my family business. I don’t even know what’s going on, so it’s not the time to talk about it. I’ll tell once I find out about the truth.”

“Alright.” That cheered Carl up.

Sonia turned around and told Rebecca, “Rebecca, I want to use the restroom. Please take me there.”

“Sure.” Rebecca put her juice down and helped Sonia go to the restroom. A moment later, Rebecca came back out alone. She stood before Carl and crossed her arms. “So, have you considered it?”

“Consider what?” Carl looked at her darkly.

Rebecca chuckled. “You know what I’m talking about, but since you’re playing dumb, I don’t mind jogging your memory. Are you coming back to the Hayeses?”

Carl pursed his lips. “I refuse.”

“Are you sure?” Rebecca’s smile faded. “Carl, I told you before. If you don’t come back, you’ll lose everything you have in the Hayeses. They’re your birthright, but if you don’t come back, those b*stards are going to usurp the family. Do you want that to happen? The Hayeses got this strong all thanks to your grandfather. Do you want to waste his life’s work?”

Carl looked at her darkly and clenched his fists.

Rebecca calmed down after stirring him up. "So you don't want to. Then come back. And there's something else I need to tell you. According to my dad's intel, Declan is already in Seafield. We don't know where he is, but we know he's there for you, so look out."

"Rebecca," Sonia called out to her just as Rebecca was done talking.

"Coming!" Rebecca went to the bathroom.

Carl stared at the ground, immersed in his thoughts.

The ladies said goodbye to Carl at midnight and went back to the hotel.

Carl didn't stay in a hotel. The host had a place for the models to stay and he had a meeting later, so he couldn't send Sonia back. But he didn't worry, for Rebecca was by her side. Every time he remembered how powerful Rebecca was and how she had managed to pin him against the wall, he felt frustrated.

After arriving at the hotel, Rebecca pushed Sonia, who was in a wheelchair, toward the elevator. Just when they were in front of the elevator, Rebecca saw a couple of men coming to them from the left. "Mr. Fuller is here too, miss," she exclaimed.

"Toby?" Sonia frowned.

Rebecca stammered, "Y-Yeah."

Right after she said that, Toby came up to them and looked at Sonia. "What a coincidence. You're here too?" he asked gently.

Tom was behind him, rolling his eyes. A coincidence? You followed her here. He only thought about that in silence though. Of course he wouldn't say it, but he could see that Sonia didn't believe Toby either.

Sonia arched her eyebrow. "Really? Didn't hear you were coming to Norfolk."

Toby came up with an excuse, "It's a last-minute decision. The branch company got into some trouble, so I'm here to handle it."

Tom rolled his eyes again. This is the first time I have heard someone cursing their own company.

"Is that so?" Sonia didn't know if he was lying or not since she couldn't see. All she did was nod and keep her silence.

The four of them stood before the elevator in awkward silence.

A short while later, Toby broke the ice by asking, "I heard Tim found out who the assailant is. It's Taylor, isn't it?"

Sonia grunted.

“Did you tell Zane about it?” Toby looked at her. They both made the call to hire Taylor. If that woman’s going to get culled, Zane should also play a part in it.

Sonia shook her head. “Not yet. I’ll do it after I get back.”

“When are you going back?” Toby asked, feigning nonchalance.

Sonia answered coolly, “I don’t know. I can go back whenever I want to.”

Toby knew she was just hiding her schedule from him. That saddened him, and he stopped asking.

Silence fell upon them again. Even after they got into the elevator, none of them said anything, and the atmosphere felt somber.

After Sonia got out on her floor, she heard Toby coming out after her. “You stay here too?” she asked curiously. This is the business suite area. He should be staying in the presidential suite area.

Toby knew what she was thinking, but he lied, “Someone reserved the presidential suite.”

Sonia chuckled. As if. You might not own this hotel, but they are your business partners. And hotel bosses always have their own rooms in their own hotels. If they know you’re here, they’d give their room to you. That’s a lie. At that moment, she knew Toby had followed her from the

start. "Let's go, Rebecca." Sonia didn't want to talk to him anymore. She patted her wheelchair's armrest, telling Rebecca to take her away.

Rebecca smiled faintly at Toby before taking Sonia away.

Toby didn't follow them. Instead, he saw them off and pursed his lips.

"Sir, Miss Reed seems to be angry." Tom stroked his chin.

Toby stared down at the ground. "Because she knows I was lying."

Tom snickered. "You are a lousy liar, sir. Everyone could tell you were lying."

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Toby looked at him coldly, telling him to shut up.

Tom shrugged, but he said nothing else.

After he saw them going into their room, he turned around and walked to the elevator. Now that he knew where they were staying, there was no point being there anymore. Time to go back to my room.

Rebecca woke Sonia up the next day, since they had to go to the hospital. Rebecca prepared the toothbrush and towel for her, so Sonia could wash herself up right after she went to the bathroom. There was no need to

rummage around. Yep. Bringing Rebecca along was the right decision.

It was then someone rang the doorbell. Rebecca shouted in Sonia's direction, "Someone's here, Miss Reed. I'll take the door."

"Okay." Sonia spat the toothpaste out.

Rebecca looked through the peephole to see who it was. After she realized it was just the hotel staff, she opened the door. "Yes?"

"Are you Miss Reed?" The staff smiled.

Rebecca shook her head. "No, but she's my boss."

"One Mr. Fuller ordered room service for her. Can you sign here, please?" The staff member pushed a breakfast cart out.

There were a few plates on it but they were covered, so the contents were unknown.

Rebecca arched her eyebrow. "I see."

The staff member handed the cart over to her and left.

When Rebecca came in, Sonia just came out of the bathroom by feeling the wall.

When she heard the creak of the cart's wheel, Sonia stopped. "Who was it?"

“The hotel’s staff member. He came to deliver our breakfast.” Rebecca pushed the cart to the dining table.

Sonia was surprised to hear that. “You already ordered breakfast? I was going to order once I was done washing up.”

“This isn’t me. It’s from a certain someone who loves you.” Rebecca pointed at the roof.

Sonia couldn’t see where she was pointing, but she knew what Rebecca was talking about. “This is from Toby?” She pursed her lips.

“Yep.” Rebecca nodded and took the lids away. When she saw the scrumptious breakfast, she gasped. “Not bad. Let’s dig in, miss.”

“No. You can eat it yourself.” Sonia shook her head.

Rebecca put the lids down and went to Sonia to take her toward the dining table. “Oh, don’t do that. This is a free breakfast. Don’t waste it. The hotel accepts no refunds, I can’t finish it alone, and I don’t want to waste food. I know why you don’t want to accept it, but we can pay him back later.” Rebecca stuffed a spoon into her hand.

Sonia couldn’t throw her offer away just like that, so she gave in and sat down. “Pay him back using my phone later.”

“Sure.” Rebecca nodded as she drank the milk.

After breakfast, they went to the biggest hospital in Norfolk, where Sonia was born twenty-six years ago. Her father said he had gone to Norfolk for business, and her then-pregnant mother had insisted on going with him. In the end, her water broke, and Sonia was born. I have to find out if I was switched at birth.

Back at the hotel, Toby was upset when he found out that Sonia was gone. He knew Carl had another show that morning, and he thought Sonia was for sure going to see it before going back.

Tom glanced at his frustrated boss and adjusted his glasses. "Are we going to the show, sir?"

"No." Toby frowned. It's just a bunch of guys on a runway. "Send two men over to keep an eye on her. Don't let anyone bump into her." Toby pinched the area between his brows. Sonia might have Rebecca with her, but she was just one person. There was a limit to her, especially when it came to crowded places. Sonia couldn't see, so she might bump into someone.

"Yes sir." Tom nodded.

But when Tom's men didn't find Sonia after they went to the runway, Toby realized Sonia didn't attend the show at all.

That worried him. If she isn't there, then where is she? Did someone take her away? Or is she attending to her own matters? He had a lot of questions, but he knew what

he must do. Toby narrowed his eyes and ordered, "I want you to look into this. Find out where she is." He would not rest until he found where she was.

Tom knew Sonia's disappearance could mean some serious stuff was going on, so he obliged at once.

On the other hand, Sonia was standing outside the file room in the hospital, waiting nervously. After all, the case happened more than twenty years ago, so it'd take some time for the admin to dig out the relevant files.

She clasped her hands, looking scared. Rebecca noticed that, so she calmed Sonia, "Take it easy, Miss Reed. I know you're the Reeds' daughter. I'm sure of it."

Sonia smiled. "I think so too. There's no reason why my parents loved me so much otherwise, but I just want to verify some things for myself." She wanted to know why Charles saw a different baby on his second visit. She had a hunch that the answer behind that was important. If she couldn't figure it out, it'd haunt her forever.

A while later, the admin came out of the room, holding a yellowing file. "Here's the file you want, miss. It's the record of your birth twenty-six years ago."

Sonia stood up. "Thank you." She felt around for the file, then took it from the admin.

Rebecca said, "I'll help you, miss."

"Sure. Thank you." Sonia handed her the file.

Rebecca took it and opened it carefully. Of course she did. It had been twenty-six years, and the paper could crumble at any given moment. If she exerted too much force, it could turn into a fine powder. PCs weren't that accessible back then, so all the records were written on paper. If she ruined the one she was holding, there would be no backup files to compensate for it.

"What does it say, Rebecca?" Sonia asked urgently.

Rebecca was flipping through it carefully. "I'm reading it. Calm down, miss. This record says that twenty six years ago, Mrs. Reed—that's your mother—gave birth to a female baby that weighed 2.3 kilograms on the sixth of July."

"And? Was the baby switched?" Sonia clenched her fists. That was the most pressing question. If she was switched at birth, her parents would have come back and told the staff to contact the other couple, not to mention that this detail would have been recorded as well.

"Let me take a look." Rebecca kept flipping, then shook her head. "No. Nothing of the likes happened, but there are a lot of checkup reports here. They said the baby wasn't healthy. Wow, you were a sick child, Miss Reed."

Sonia pursed her lips. "I have no idea if that's true. My parents never told me that, but that's not the point. The point is, why isn't there any record of the babies getting switched?" If that's true, then I was not switched at birth.

So who was the baby Charles saw? Who was the baby without the birthmark?

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Chapter 389 Clean Background

That's not right. Riddled with questions and wanting answers, Sonia handed her phone to Rebecca. "Call Charles for me."

"Sure." Rebecca closed the file and took Sonia's phone to call Charles.

It didn't take long for the call to make it through. "Hi, babe," Charles said.

Rebecca suddenly had the idea to prank Charles. "Oh, hi, darling."

Sonia choked on her water.

Charles was petrified for a moment, then he growled. "Who the f*ck are you? Who are you calling darling?"

Rebecca wanted to tease him some more, but Sonia stopped her while holding back her laughter. "Alright, enough. Stop messing around, Rebecca. Give me the phone."

Rebecca handed it over, but she was laughing. "It's fun seeing him so nervous though."

Sonia shook her head in amusement and took the call.
“It’s me, Charles.”

Charles was relieved to hear her familiar voice. “Who was that woman, babe? She called me darling out of nowhere and gave me a big shock. I thought I got the wrong number, but I’m sure I didn’t.”

“It was Rebecca. I told her to call you. She was just playing around.” Sonia smiled.

Charles answered angrily, “Damn that wench! Tell her she’s getting a piece of my mind once she comes back. How dare she fool around with me?”

“Sure.” Sonia chuckled.

Charles was disgruntled, but he calmed down after a moment and got to business. “Didn’t expect a call from you at this hour, babe. Did you find anything?”

Sonia’s smile faded away. “Yes,” she said somberly. “I am in the hospital where I was born, and I saw the file. Our guess was wrong. I was not switched at birth.”

“What?” Charles raised his voice then covered his mouth immediately, realizing the people around him were staring. “Are you sure, babe?”

“Yes.” She nodded. “That’s why I’m calling you now. I want to know about the baby you saw back when you came to my place for the first time when you were a kid.”

“For the record, I wasn’t hallucinating.” Charles went to a corner.

Sonia pinched her nose. “I didn’t say you were. I just want you to ask your mother about it. She’s my mother’s best friend after all, so she might know something.”

“Sure. I can do that,” Charles said okay and went to ask his mother.

Grace was talking to the relatives. When she saw her son waving at her, she frowned in annoyance, but still she went over to him. “What is it?”

“Mom, I want to ask you something. I saw two bab—Sonias back when I was a kid. What was up with that?” Charles looked at his mother.

Grace glanced at him. “Two Sonias? Did you knock your head something?”

Charles stomped his foot. “I’m talking about the baby I saw when I was a kid. Why did she become a different baby the second time I saw her?”

Grace was slightly shocked to hear that from him and she almost gasped, but she collected herself and calmed down, pretending nothing had happened. “Of course it was a different baby.” She smiled.

Charles held his mother’s arm, excited that he found a lead. “So who was the baby I saw the first time?”

Grace looked at the floor. "She was the daughter of the Reeds' relative. They wanted Sonia's father to take care of her for a couple of days. That was the baby you saw the first time. Sonia was in her room back then."

"Is that so?" he asked suspiciously.

Grace poked his forehead. "What else is there to it?"

"I thought she got switched at birth and was switched back again," Charles mumbled.

Grace rolled her eyes. "Are you stupid? The news would have been all over it if that happened."

"True." Charles nodded.

Grace breathed a sigh of relief, then squinted at her son. "Why did you ask that all of a sudden, son?"

Charles averted his gaze. "Just curious. I suddenly had a thought about that, and I wanted to know the truth, so here I am. Alright, that's all I had to ask. I'll be going now." He then went away.

Grace saw him off and sighed, her eyes glinting with secrecy.

"Did you hear that, babe?" Charles went back to where he stood and put his phone to his ear again to ask Sonia.

Sonia nodded. "Yes. It was my relative's child." Grace is nice to me. She wouldn't lie.

“Yep,” Charles said. “That’s a good thing too. Now you know you’re really your parents’ daughter.”

“Yep.” Sonia smiled. She did feel relieved after knowing that the first baby was her relative’s child.

“So Taylor meant something else when she said your birthmark is a threat to her,” Charles suggested.

Sonia sneered. “Yes, but we can get the answer from her after we go back.” What’s important is knowing I’m the Reeds’ daughter.

“True.” Charles nodded.

Then someone called out to him, “Time to pay your respects, Charles.”

“Coming!” Charles replied.

Sonia heard that, so she said, “You should finish your stuff first, Charles.”

“Okay, I’ll be leaving now. See you at the airport tomorrow.” He hung up and went toward the guy who called him earlier.

Sonia put her phone down as well. “We should go back now, Rebecca.”

Rebecca—who had been quiet all this time—pointed at the file. “Are you done with that?”

“Yes. I got all the answers I wanted.” Sonia smiled.

Rebecca was happy for her. “That’s good news. Give me a second to return the file.”

“Sure.” Sonia gestured.

Rebecca went back to the room to put the file back. A short while later, she came back to take Sonia and leave the hospital.

After they left, someone went to the file room and asked why Sonia and Rebecca were there. Once he got his answer, the guy called someone.

When Tom found out what happened, he pushed his glasses up his nose. “I see. You can come back now.” He put his phone down and went to the study in the presidential suite. Tom knocked on the door, saying, “I found it, sir. Miss Reed went to the hospital to look into her birth record.”

Toby frowned. “Now why did she look into that?”

“According to the admin, Miss Reed said she suspected herself of being switched at birth,” Tom answered.

Switched at birth? Why did she suspect that? Toby squinted. “And? Was she switched at birth?”

“No. The admin said Miss Reed even made a call to ask someone about that, but she confirmed that she was not switched at birth.” Tom shook her head.

Toby nodded. "I see. Since there's nothing wrong with it, then you should drop the case. Go back to work."

"Yes." Tom went out.

After the door was closed, Toby crossed his legs, then clasped his hands and rested them on his stomach. He stared at his desk, deep in his thoughts.

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Chapter 390 Pay Him Back

A moment later, he unclasped his hand and made a call.

At the same time, Sonia had come back to her room. Since she finally got rid of her big baggage after the trip, she looked happier than ever.

Rebecca noticed that she was humming as well, and she smiled. "You seem happy, miss."

"Of course." Sonia nodded. She was happy to find out that she was no imposter.

Rebecca was infected by Sonia's cheeriness. When she looked at the time and realized it was noon, she went to call the hotel staff. "Are you hungry, miss? I'll get us some room service."

"Sure. But get an extra." Sonia blinked.

Rebecca wondered why she wanted to do that. "Why? There's just the two of us."

"It's for Toby." Sonia pursed her lips. "He gave you back the money you gave him this morning, didn't he? Let's just buy him lunch. He can't give that back, can he?"

Rebecca smiled. "True. I don't know what he likes to eat, but you do, right?" She might not love Toby now, but she used to, so she must still know what he likes to eat.

Sonia didn't give her a straight answer. All she did was give her the names of the dishes. Rebecca made a note and called the receptionist to order room service. Half an hour later, the staff member took the cart to the presidential suite.

Tom opened the door, and he was surprised to see the lunch cart. "We didn't order this." He and Toby were going to go out later for a meal. The person in charge of the Norfolk branch wanted to treat them, so he didn't make any orders. Why did they send room service?

The staff member smiled. "Miss Reed ordered this for Mr. Fuller."

"Miss Reed did?" Tom's eyes shone.

"Yes."

"I see. Give me the cart. I'll take it inside." Tom quickly took over.

The staff member gave it to him and left. Tom immediately took it inside, and he could already imagine the look on Toby's face when he saw it. "Sir." Tom came to the study and knocked. "Miss Reed ordered you lunch."

Toby was in an online meeting with the branch company's person in charge. When he heard what Tom said, he was stunned for a moment, then he closed his laptop and strode toward the door. Sonia got me lunch? Toby was beaming when he opened the door.

After he saw the cart behind Tom, Toby was obviously excited and overjoyed, but he pretended to be calm and collected. "Sonia ordered this for me, you say?"

"Yes." Tom nodded. "Are you happy, sir?" He chuckled.

Toby smiled. "Maybe." He knew why Sonia got him lunch. It's probably because of the breakfast. She doesn't want to owe me. That made him uncomfortable, but he was still happy anyway, since he could pretend that Sonia ordered it specifically for him and not because she wanted to pay him back.

Tom rolled his eyes silently when Toby pretended to be calm despite the fact that his joy was overflowing.

"Should I send this to the table for you, sir?" He pointed at the dining table.

Toby waved him down. "I'll do it alone." He then pushed the cart and went toward the dining table.

Tom followed him as Toby pushed the cart around, and he chuckled inwardly. For some reason, he had a feeling he and Toby had switched positions. At that very moment, he was like the boss who had nothing to do, while Toby was the busy assistant. It's nice being the boss. After they came to the dining table, Tom helped Toby set the table up. When Tom took the lids away and saw the food inside, he was surprised. "It's your favorite food, sir."

Toby looked at the food gently. "I know." He noticed that the moment he saw it. So she still remembers.

"You must be really happy now, sir." Tom gave him a sardonic look.

Toby looked at him and just sat down without even giving Tom an answer. "Tell Stephen that I won't be there for lunch." Toby picked up his fork and spoon.

"Yes." Tom nodded. With Miss Reed ordering his lunch, of course everyone else's lunch is taking a backseat. Tom texted Stephen about it. After the text was sent, he sat down and was about to dig in.

Toby's face fell. "What are you doing?" he asked coldly.

"Digging in," Tom answered matter-of-factly.

"Who said you could eat this?" Toby's voice turned even colder.

Tom blinked at him. "Miss Reed, of course. It's obvious this is a lunch for two. There are even two sets of cutleries. She had me in mind as well."

Toby sneered. "Even if that's the case, you're still not eating this."

"Why?" Tom stared at him in disbelief.

Toby leaned against the chair. "Because it's all mine," he declared bossily. "If you want to eat, go get your own room service. This table here is exclusive."

Tom's lips twitched. He knew his boss was just being territorial about the lunch and was selfish about it. "But you can't finish it alone. It would be a waste if you threw the rest away. That would be an insult to Miss Reed." Tom snickered. He must let me eat now that I've said that. I'm starving.

"Why should I throw it away? I can save it for dinner." Toby looked at him calmly.

"But then you'll be eating leftovers," Tom said.

"I don't care." Toby looked up proudly.

Tom had nothing to say to that, but he was impressed. Toby would never have leftovers for dinner, but he was willing to eat leftovers just because his lover was the one who ordered the food. He had to say he was impressed. He can really go the extra mile just to get her back. All the more impressive when someone like him does it for the

sake of love. Pity Miss Reed won't get back with him even if he did this. Tom took a last look at the table of food before leaving in annoyance. So you want me to get my room service? Fine. I'll get the priciest one, and you'll pay for it.

...

Carl came to the hotel to see Sonia after work was done for the day. Just when Sonia was chatting happily with him, Rebecca came in guffawing like a maniac.

The both of them stopped talking and looked at her. Sonia couldn't see, but it didn't stop her from asking, "What happened, Rebecca? Why are you laughing like that?"

"It's not me. It's—" Before she could finish, Rebecca burst into laughter again.

Carl frowned. "Can you stop laughing?" he asked impatiently.

"Sorry. It's not my fault, but this is just too funny. Someone just died from embarrassment." She wiped the tears away from the corner of her eyes. "Just when I came back, I saw Tom dragging a doctor in with him."

"And?" Sonia arched her eyebrow.