

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1041

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As everyone in Seafield knew, the Reed Family and the Lane Family were close as Sonia and Charles grew up together too.

If the photos were revealed without editing, a number of people would not buy the story since everyone knew it was Sonia and Charles.

Thus, the Squirrel Media edited the photos by blurring out Charles' face so that the public would be hidden from the fact that it was him. They would perceive the guy in the picture as a garishly-dressed and untrammelled man at first glance. It was because such a man would lend credibility to the content.

After all, such men were adept in winning women's hearts, so it was highly possible for Sonia to lose her patience and betray Toby because of the man's 'sweet nothings'.

Realizing the Squirrel Media's dirty play, Sonia felt her body trembling. She could not help the urge to rush into their outlet fully armed and annihilate the whole company.

"Daphne, had you not reminded me that Charles' face is blurred, I wouldn't have noticed it." Her hands formed a fist. It took her a while to barely quell the fury in her.

It was understandable since she was defamed by the Squirrel Media and angered by the comments. Hence, she did not pay too much attention to the photos that the oddity went unnoticed to her. In short, had Daphne not reminded her of it, she would not have realized it at the moment.

Daphne waved her hand. "It's nothing, President Reed, but have you sensed something wrong?"

"Tell me." Sonia looked at her.

Daphne's finger tapped on the screen at the comment section. "Look at these comments. They're either criticizing or adding fuel to the fire. In other words, neither of them are positive. I know that the netizens are quite harsh to public figures; a handful of them are so wicked that they wished the public figures had their career ended by having themselves canceled. Still, a part of the comments should be kind. It shouldn't be as negative as it is right now. There should at least be moderate ones no matter what—"

Pausing momentarily, she continued. "Plus, there's a lot of fans shipping you and President Fuller. Even if some trusted the news and no longer supports you, there should be a number of them that truly supports you and President Fuller. They will

always trust and support you guys. So, they should be leaving comments to support you and clear your name, but there's none in the comment section. I can only see the negative ones. Something's odd no matter how I see it. I think it's the ghostwriters."

Then, she clicked into one of the accounts that left a negative comment. Looking at its main profile, she sniggered. "I knew it. Just click any of them and their main profile is empty. There's no information at all. It's obvious that it's a newly registered account. What else but ghostwriters? Someone's setting you up on purpose, President Reed."

She looked at Sonia, who was surprisingly calm. Not a smidgen of shock was shown on her expression upon hearing the truth from Daphne.

Baffled, Daphne asked, "Have you seen this coming, President Reed?"

Sonia hummed. "Yeah, I got a hunch the moment I saw so many negative comments. There are bad guys and good guys in this world. Same goes for the comments. If there are bad ones, a part of them should be impartial and positive; it's the never changing rule in this world. But, I see zero positive comments. Even if we do, it'll be deleted a second later. Apparently, the moderator only leaves the bad ones and removes the good ones."

"I see. No wonder you're not surprised at all." Daphne understood and raised her chin, yet her brows knitted together soon after that. "Do you have an idea about who's behind this, President Reed?"

Sonia shook her head. "I don't."

It happened all too suddenly, so she did not have the time to figure out the mastermind.

"Could it be the one who snatched our components away?" Daphne guessed.

Sonia gazed at her. "What makes you think so?"

Daphne explained, "Because there's only a few enemies you have. Jessica is in prison, so she doesn't have the power to do so. I bet she doesn't have the guts to do it anymore. She's sent to prison after using and spreading rumors of you, right? Next will be the Gray Family, who is not likely to be the culprit. Recently, the authorities have announced that, in Seafeld, the Department of Commerce will be investigating Triforce Enterprise. So, they're hectic as ever to clean the underhanded evidence in order to sustain the company. They don't have the time to plot a scheme against you. And after crossing them out of the list, the only person left is the person who snatched our components away. President Fuller retrieved it back for us yesterday and that person might hold a grudge on it, hence the scandal."

"Your guess could be right, but I don't think that it's him this time." Sonia shook her head.

Daphne looked at her. "Why?"

"I haven't told you about this, but the person who took out components is an old man in his fifties."

"He's an old man?" Daphne was stunned, for she had expected it to be a youngster instead of an old man.

"Yeah. He's old." Sonia nodded before pointing at the news article on the monitor. "Besides, don't you know what they're really after?"

"Isn't it to defame you?" Staring at the screen, she blurted her assumption with uncertainty.

Sonia nodded and shook her head. "You're almost there. This article is released to defame me, but that's only one of the reasons. There's a lot of ways to defame someone. Why choose a scandal? The culprit wants me to break up with Toby."

"They want you to break up with President Fuller?" Daphne's face fell.

Sonia hummed. "That's right. Think about it. What can't men stand the most?"

As though she had understood something, Daphne replied unconsciously, "Betrayal."

A betrayal by his partner.

Sonia's eyes remained downcast. "Yeah. A man can never stand his partner's betrayal, especially a prideful and bossy person that has a high social status like Toby. If I betray him, he'll choose to leave me no matter how much he loves me. So, the mastermind stirs up a scandal to defame my name because it could raise suspicions in Toby to make him break up with me. However, if that person merely wants to slander me, he can go for something wicked that's more effective than a scandal, isn't it?"

"Now I see." Daphne stroked her chin. "That person doesn't use dirtier means to ruin your reputation because they know that President Fuller will never give up on you as long as he knows that it's not your fault. That's why the culprit chose to spread rumors about you on the Internet."

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1042

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1042

"That's right." Sonia nodded. "It's as you said."

“Then, the one behind all this is a woman?” Daphne was wide-eyed.

Nodding subtly, Sonia answered, “Yes.” She was a hundred percent sure that a woman was behind all this.

Naturally, there were men that loved her and wanted to see her and Toby break up, with some of them being Charles and Carl.

However, as much as they would like that to happen someday, they would not have resorted to this kind of despicable method.

After all, dirty tactics like this might allow them to achieve their aim, but their reputations would also be tarnished at the same time. As such, they could safely be excluded from the culprit list.

Even if they wanted to bring someone down, they would only do it one-sidedly to Toby.

Contradictorily, the internet now was awash with news of her ‘cheating’ while Toby remained innocent. This made it obvious that the person’s target was Sonia whereas Toby got to maintain his image.

With that, the answer revealed itself—the mastermind was a woman that fancied Toby.

“Now you understand why I said the perpetrator wasn’t the person that stole our components, right?” Sonia looked at her secretary.

Nodding, Daphne responded, “I understand, but who were the people that stole our parts?”

“It was Connor from the Salzburg Family in Westsashire.” Now that they retrieved their parts back, Sonia did not hesitate to reveal the fact from her anymore, so she told her outright.

Shocked, Daphne replied, “Him?”

“That’s right.” Sonia’s gaze turned cold. “The reason why he took our parts was because I turned her daughter in to the police. He wanted to use that to threaten me into dropping the charges.”

“His daughter...” As Daphne pondered for a while, she seemed to remember something before looking at her. “President Reed, if my memory serves me right, the one you reported was the person that fancied President Fuller and dug up some dirt of yours before demanding you to post an apology online, isn’t that right? She also messed up your dress. Isn’t that woman called... Anya Steinfield? She’s Connor’s daughter?”

“Yup.” Sonia confirmed her theory.

Daphne had an eureka moment. "I didn't think that they were father and daughter. President Reed, this might be the handiwork of Connor then. Since Anya fancied Toby and wanted to dig up dirt on you, Connor might have done it on behalf of his daughter. It's only by separating you two does she have a shot."

Amused by her deduction, Sonia replied, "If it were another person, you might have gotten it correct. But, for these two people, it's impossible. After all, Connor and Toby are sworn enemies. So, why would he allow his daughter to get married to Toby? Isn't that just sending her to her demise? By letting her marry him, he's giving Toby the chance to use his daughter for him to get his revenge; only the insane would do that."

Dumbfounded, Daphne commented, "I didn't know that Connor and President Fuller had such a deep hatred for each other. If so, then Connor wouldn't do it for his daughter. Also, she wouldn't be able to do this herself too, seeing how she's still locked up. It can only be another woman then. President Reed, is there a chance that a woman who likes President Fuller is jealous of you, so she wants you two to break up and have him all to herself?"

Rubbing her temples, Sonia replied somewhat tiringly, "How will I know? The queue of the women that like Toby and want to replace me can run circles around the city. After all, his capabilities and looks are so outstanding. This is why there are so many potential suspects to begin with. It'd be like finding a needle in a haystack if we want to capture the culprit."

"That's true." Daphne nodded. "But in spite of that, didn't you mention that he had declared a long time ago so that no women dares to approach him in fear of offending him and causing trouble for their families? Clearly, the mastermind has the guts to do this still. This means that the woman must have quite an influential family, which can at least rival the Fullers. That's why she isn't afraid of offending President Fuller. Even if she did do so, she wouldn't have to worry about the consequences for herself or her family. They might even be capable of protecting Squirrel Media. Maybe that is the reason they were so bold. President Reed, I think we can start our investigation from this point."

Sitting up straight, Sonia replied, "That reminded me of something. The families that are capable of doing this are countable on two hands."

"Worst case scenario, I can call Squirrel Media and force it out of them using President Fuller's name," Daphne suggested.

Sonia laughed. "You mean to fake it till we make it?"

"Sometimes, we have to use certain methods to get what we want. Besides, since President Fuller's name is so powerful, why not do it?" Daphne smiled.

Since Sonia saw that she became a lot more joyful after knowing about the pregnancy, she was relieved as she nodded. "Okay. I'll try asking them."

"I'll find their contact for you." Daphne bent over and used Sonia's computer.

Not stopping her, Sonia watched on.

The moment Daphne found the number, Sonia picked her phone up and dialed it.

Meanwhile, someone knocked on the door.

Daphne signaled to Sonia, whose call was not answered yet, and went over to the door before opening it.

There was an assistant standing outside.

"Is there anything?" Daphne looked at the person.

Not replying immediately, the assistant looked over Daphne's shoulders and saw Sonia sitting behind the desk before she said, "Miss Daphne, there are a lot of reporters downstairs that want to interview President Reed."

"What?" Daphne frowned.

Sonia, who heard it too, was not surprised.

This was because the paparazzis were like flies attracted to dung anytime anything happened.

Even she had lost count of the number of times these paparazzis had tried to get a word out of her.

"President Reed, how are we dealing with this?"

Aware that Sonia heard what the person was saying, Daphne did not bother to convey the words as she asked for her thoughts instead.

Still looking at the dialing screen, Sonia nonchalantly said, "Don't give them any attention and just chase them away."

"Chase them away?" Daphne hesitated at her actions. "Don't you want to send someone to clear this up and say that the news online is fake, stating that everything isn't what Squirrel Media makes it out to be? There are a lot of controversies about you online, so it might affect your reputation if this drags on. Shouldn't we make our statement clear with the media now?"

"It's useless." Sonia shook her head. "With someone behind the scenes, even if we tried to clear our names, I think the released content would differ from what we said. So, there's no need to waste our time."

"But, if we don't send someone to deal with them, the journalists will assume that Squirrel Media have reported the truth and that you declined the interview out of guilt," Daphne persuaded.

Smiling, Sonia stated, "Fine by me. Since we have to solve this anyway, I'll let them run their mouths for now. Sooner or later, they will get slapped in the face by reality. Besides, who knows if the reporters aren't arranged by the mastermind? If they are, won't I be in danger if I were to head down?"

Daphne, who was shocked, seemed to think that she made sense.

Hence, she stopped persuading her. "Okay. I'll call security and chase them away."

She was about to leave when Sonia called out to her, "Wait."

Stopping in her tracks, Daphne turned around. "Do you have any other orders, President Reed?"

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1043

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1043

"You don't need to go. Just have your assistant chase them away. You'll be going to the hotel I went to with Charles yesterday and get the whole surveillance footage when we were there." Sonia peered at her.

Hesitantly, Daphne replied, "President Reed, I doubt we can get the footage. The mastermind might have already destroyed the evidence to save you from using that."

"I thought of what you've said, but no matter what, we have to try." Sonia rubbed her temples.

Daphne, who agreed with her, nodded. "Okay. I'll go there very soon. Still, shouldn't we tell President Fuller about this?"

Smiling, Sonia stated, "Now that this has gotten so out of proportion, he will know it eventually through his men even without my notice. As for why he hasn't contacted me, it should be because he's still busy. So, the people by his side haven't had the chance to inform him yet. Don't worry, when he knows, he'll call me."

"That's a relief." Daphne puffed her chest. "It's only by President Fuller knowing about this that things can be dealt with much easier."

"You're right. After all, this incident concerns him as well. We still need him if we want to catch the culprit." Sonia opened her arms up. "Go on, then. Remember to inform me ASAP about the situation even if you don't get the footage."

"Understood, President Reed." Daphne went down with the assistant.

With that, Sonia was the only one left in the office.

Looking at the monitor in front of her, she became angrier as she scrolled through the comments. She then closed the webpage, seeing how she did not have any solution to it.

Next, she picked up her phone and called Squirrel Media again.

Earlier when she dialed the number, it said that the line was busy.

She guessed that a lot of people must have called Squirrel Media to validate the truth of this story, causing the busy line.

So, she hoped that the call would go through this time.

Perhaps it was the heavens that heard her prayer, the call connected this time with a man's voice coming from the speaker. "Who's this?"

"Sonia Reed," she replied with a cold tone.

The person on the other side fell silent. After a while, she could hear heavy and rushed breathing coming from the other end.

Obviously, the person panicked upon hearing her name.

This made Sonia sneer.

They really are a bunch of guilty squirrels.

Otherwise, why would this man be so afraid to hear that it's me?

Meanwhile, the person who answered the call was regretting and wanted to beat himself up.

Seriously, why did I have to enter the office at this time? If I didn't, I wouldn't have picked the call up.

How unlucky!

After shouting out miserably inside, the man took a deep breath and pretended nothing happened while replying to Sonia, "I'm sorry, Miss. We don't know who you are. If there's nothing else, I'll be hanging up now. I wish you a good day. Goodbye."

He was about to hang up after saying that.

Yet, Sonia suddenly sneered loudly. "Hang up the call and I'll tell Toby to shut your company down right now! Every single one of you can pack your bags home by the end of the day. Try me," she warned in a very dominating manner.

With the coldness and arrogance in her tone, nobody dared to doubt if she was joking. At the very least, the man on the phone knew that Sonia would do as she said.

Feeling like he would be better off dead, the man had a very somber expression as he begged, "I'm so sorry, Miss Reed. I'm just some random secretary, so..."

"Enough." Sonia frowned and interrupted him. "Seeing how you called me 'Miss Reed', you obviously recognize who I am, so you should know why I'm calling, right?"

The silence of the man was taken as a 'yes'.

Gripping her phone tightly, she continued, "Since you do, why don't you give me an explanation now?"

"But, Miss Reed, I'm just a secretary..." The man repeated his words in the hope that this would suffice.

Sonia, who did not believe him, smirked. "Stop telling me that you're just some secretary. I called the number of your chief editor, so you have to be at least someone to be able to pick up the call. I don't care if you're the secretary or the personal assistant of the chief editor, I know you have all the tea, so spill it!"

The man was on the verge of tears.

Why is Miss Reed so smart?

She was not giving him any chances.

With a scrunched up expression, the man explained, "Miss Reed, I..."

"Enough. Just spit it out now!" Sonia bellowed. "If you don't, then don't blame me when I realize all the promises I've mentioned earlier. Not only can I make you all jobless, I can leave a special remark on your resumes. Good luck on getting a new job by then. Like I said, try me all you want."

Shuddering, the man was frightened as he profusely nodded. "I'll spill it out. I tell you whatever you want to know, Miss Reed."

As he was no fool, he knew that he could not go head-to-head with a threat looming over him.

This was because they all knew the news online was fake, as Sonia never did cheat on Toby in the first place.

Since this was all fabricated, this meant the couple still enjoyed a solid relationship.

Naturally, they would be enraged to see such a media company spreading audacious rumors of Sonia cheating on Toby.

So, Toby would target their company sooner or later.

Even though the person did tell their chief editor that their company would be safe, they did not guarantee the employees of the company would stay employed.

Although he was only a secretary, he was still a worker there. If Toby were to go to war with the person, there would be sacrifices no matter what.

This was because no matter how influential the person was, they were still not a match for Toby. The person might be able to ensure the job of the chief editor and the company's safety, but they would not be able to keep these employees; eventually, they would only be the collateral whether they liked it or not.

If that happened, it would not be a better fate than what Sonia described as they might even find themselves in a more dire situation.

Hence, if he could save himself, why not just tell the truth?

If this caused him to be fired and sued by the company, at least his resume would be clean, meaning he could just seek another job out.

On the other hand, if he kept his lips zipped now, his future would be as good as gone.

Since there is a silver lining, I'll just grab onto it for now.

Thinking of this, the man looked around before confirming that he was the only one in the office. Not hesitating anymore, he covered his mouth with his other hand and said in a lowered voice, "Okay, Miss Reed. I'll tell you everything that you want to know."

Sonia knew that her threat worked upon hearing the person become docile.

As expected, Toby's name really is useful.

Smiling, she maintained a cold tone. "Tell me, who ordered your company to tail me and take those photos?"

This was because she did not tell anyone about her meeting up with Brian at the hotel.

Therefore, no outsiders would have known about her whereabouts.

Yet, the person had accurately captured the moment she and Charles entered the hotel. This proved that someone was constantly following her. Otherwise, they would have never gotten that shot so precisely.

I actually didn't realize that I was followed for so long!

Pursing her lips, Sonia had a face full of disdain for the mastermind.

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1044

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1044

Using this chance, the mastermind must have understood her every move and sent someone to tail her from a long time ago.

There might even be spies in my company.

On the other end of the call, the man, who did not know what Sonia was thinking, shrank his neck upon hearing her question and replied softly, "Miss Reed, I'm really only a secretary, so I don't know much. What I do know is a woman had our paparazzi's tail you in secret in order to take any scandalous photos of you."

As expected.

Sonia peered through her eyes coldly.

I am right. The person behind all this is a woman.

By the look of things, this woman had planned everything for a long time.

"When did your people start to tail me?" asked Sonia.

Scratching his head, the secretary answered, "I'm not sure about the specific date, since it was the chief editor that personally contacted our paparazzi team and not through the secretaries. If I had to say, maybe a week ago."

"A week ago, eh?" She snorted. "That's longer than I thought."

Gulping, the secretary continued, "This was because the chief editor was afraid that they wouldn't be able to come up with an incriminating photo in a short timeframe, so he had them tail you from a week ago to capture all the photos they could."

"Should I praise your company for being so far-sighted, then?" Sonia remarked sarcastically.

The secretary smiled. "You jest, Miss Reed. This was the chief editor's instructions. It has nothing to do with me. Besides, our people couldn't find an opportunity to take the picture either, so our chief editor was unable to report to that woman. Due to this, the person even called the editor yesterday and ranted about how she wanted him to hurry up. If they couldn't get the photos, then fabricate some, she said. Yet, before the chief editor could do that, the paparazzis called and said they got a photo of you entering a hotel with a man. You know the rest, Miss Reed."

Sonia did not reply to him.

After all, the motive was as clear as the sky. All the editor had to do was get a controversial photograph of Sonia and fulfill his duty to satisfy the mastermind. Then, the woman would order them to edit the photo before making up a fake article and publishing it.

She did this all so to defame and slander me in order to make Toby break up with me.

Too bad she didn't calculate that Toby already knew about me and Charles meeting at the hotel beforehand!

You want Toby to break up with me just like this? Dream on!

With a cold gaze, Sonia asked, "Who is that woman?"

The secretary shook his head. "Miss Reed, I am really just a random secretary that doesn't know much. I told you all I knew just now. If I didn't tell you the woman's identity, that means that I really don't know who she is. The reason is because from the start to the end, only our head editor has been dealing with that woman. I asked him out of curiosity, but he seemed to be very fearful of her and wouldn't tell me. He only told me that she hails from a prominent family and that they seemed to have a bit of a relation with the Fullers."

Even though this did not reveal who the mastermind was, she still managed to glean some information from this.

Biting her lips, she mumbled, "Someone who is related to the Fullers..."

She had deduced earlier with Daphne that since the person was not afraid of Toby, that meant that she should have a substantial backing.

However, she never thought that they would be related to the Fuller Family.

What is their relation though? Are they relatives? Or is it something else?

“Yes. That’s what our chief editor said.” The secretary nodded. “I even asked him before, saying that this would attract President Fuller’s ire by creating a fake scandal of you. Yet, he confidently told me that the woman would ensure the survival of our company. This is why our chief editor’s not afraid of President Fuller and published the scandal.”

“So I see. I understand now,” Sonia commented half-heartedly.

This was because she had somewhat predicted all this. All the secretary did was confirm her speculations.

Laughing awkwardly, the secretary stated, “Miss Reed, I told you everything I know. If you want to take revenge, could you please let me off and just look for the chief editor? I’m just an employee after all. Besides, I didn’t take part in this. I only heard about it. Our chief editor is the perpetrator. I—”

“I understand what you’re getting at.” Sonia pursed her lips and replied coldly, “I will look into this. If it’s true that you really didn’t have a hand in this and only knew about the proceedings, I will not do anything to you. However, if you lied, I apologize for what I have to do.”

“Yes, yes, yes. Please, Miss Reed. Go ahead and investigate it. If you need help, you can contact me anytime.” The secretary patted himself on the chest happily.

Even through the phone, Sonia could hear him breathing a sigh of relief.

For now, it looks like this secretary is innocent.

Hence, Sonia decided to be nicer. “I will. Send me your contact later. Also, feel out your chief editor and see if you can figure out the woman’s identity. Don’t worry, if you do as I say, even if Squirrel Media goes under, I can arrange another job for you. How does working at the Fuller Group sound?”

Her voice had a hint of enticement in it.

After hearing that he might be able to work at Fuller Group, the secretary’s eyes brightened as he quickly nodded. “Rest assured, Miss Reed. You can leave this to me. I will make sure to help you figure out the person’s identity! It’s as good as done!”

“I’m entrusting it to you, then.” Sonia smiled while saying this and ended the call.

Leaning against the chair, she started to brainstorm.

She was thinking which family was related to the Fullers, who was also an influential family in their own right.

Yet, after some careful pondering, she could not relate any family to the Fullers.

This made her somewhat suspicious if the chief editor had lied to his secretary.

It's either that or the woman has lied to the chief editor.

Regardless, I will find that woman!

On the other side, the secretary placed the phone down and wiped his sweat while breathing out. Finally, he could somewhat relax.

My word. I thought that Miss Reed was someone that had a gentle and a bit of a weak personality.

I never thought that she would be so intense.

The call had left him out of breath.

Although Sonia spoke in a calm and collected manner throughout the conversation, it was still very pressuring for him.

This proves just how capable President Fuller's woman is.

"Noah." Just as the secretary was deep in thought, the door to the office opened as a short but rotund middle aged man walked in.

About five feet two in height, not only did he sport a big belly, he also had a big head with ears. The fat on his face had squished his eyes into a line while he only had a few hairs on his head that was still holding on for dear life.

Even when he looked like that, the person still wore a relatively expensive suit. It really was a sight to behold, in a negative way, of course.

This person was the chief editor of Squirrel Media. His name was Mitch Adams.

The person he was calling out to was the secretary that had just got off the phone with Sonia. Turning around in a hurry, he threw his thoughts aside and bowed down respectfully. "Hello, Mr Adams."

"Hm. Brew me a cup of coffee, yeah?" Slapping his beer belly, Mitch sat down behind his desk and looked at Noah. "I told you to get a document. What were you doing, spending an eternity in my office?"

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1045

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1045

After brewing the cup of coffee, Noah handed it over with both hands before stepping back and replying, "A call came in just now, Mr. Adams. The caller was Miss Reed of Paradigm Co."

As soon as he said it, Mitch's hand suddenly trembled, causing the coffee to spill out onto his hands and scalded him. He then quickly jumped from his chair and toss the cup away.

Crack! A loud commotion ensued.

The porcelain cup was smashed into pieces.

Not only was the coffee spilled everywhere, the black stains of the coffee contrasting the white tiles made the scene look very dirty.

However, all of this was not important. What was important was that Mitch was burnt.

As the coffee was freshly brewed, it scalded his hand to the point where it reddened immediately. Feeling the pain of his flesh, Mitch started to tremble as his chubby face started to shake as well.

Noah never thought that a sentence from him could scare a person to this point. After a moment of shock, he finally came around and quickly rushed over with an ice pack. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Adams. I forgot to remind you that the coffee was hot. Here's an ice pack. Quick, apply that."

Seeing the ice pack, Mitch snatched it over and placed it on his hand.

With the help of the ice, he felt that his pain lessened a whole lot more with the layered muscles on his face slowly unclenched.

His beady eyes, though, were still kept on Noah.

If not for more important matters, he would have scolded him. He can't even do such a simple thing. How stupid.

Noah, who knew that this fatso had to be cursing him inside, pouted. Curse me all you want. I'm going to quit anyway. I don't care if the woman will be able to keep the company afloat, I won't be staying here any longer.

Of course, since he had not quit yet, he did not voice this out. Otherwise, this fatso might tamper with my resignation application and not let me go.

“Mr. Adams, I’ll get some tools to clean the floor.” Noah bowed subtly and turned around.

Mitch stopped him. “Wait a minute; that can wait. Did you just say that Sonia Reed of Paradigm Co. just called?”

Sitting down, Mitch became quite solemn.

Now, he did look somewhat like a chief editor.

“Yes.” Noah straightened himself.

Clenching the ice pack on his hand, Mitch asked, “She must have called for the scandal that was published. Maybe she’s already onto us. What did she say?”

Noah looked up at him. “She asked us why we published this baseless scandal.”

“That’s it?” Mitch was in disbelief.

Shaking his head, Noah continued, “Of course not. Miss Reed also asked who made us do it.”

This scared Mitch again as the fat on his face jiggled. “What? Did she really ask us that?”

“I swear by it.” Noah nodded.

“How can that be?” He threw the ice pack aside and stood up to pace around the office table with a slightly hilarious expression; it displayed signs of worry, anxiety, and fear all at once.

While pacing around, he mumbled, “How did she know that we had someone instructing us?”

Noah, who saw that he was not looking at him, blatantly rolled his eyes at him. “Mr. Adams, Miss Reed is no fool. The news is fake and there aren’t any cracks in their relationship. Us publishing this news when their relationship is so solid is just blatantly insulting them. And, what kind of small scale company like us would dare to offend President Fuller? Who knew, that was exactly what we did. This was no different than announcing to everybody that someone is backing us.”

Mitch stopped walking, for his face turned pale. “I didn’t think of this. What should we do now?”

Looking at Noah, he wore a panicked expression. "If we're only creating baseless rumors, that would still be fine; now that they know we did it for money, it would only get worse for us. If President Fuller really wants to target us, we won't even have the slightest chance of resisting. We're in deep trouble now!"

Noah was smirking inside. Now, you're afraid? Then, why did you do what you did?

Even though he was thinking of it, Noah did not dare to say it as he comforted Mitch, "What do you have to be afraid of, Mr. Adams? Didn't you say that you did it because the woman was a capable one? She said that she would be able to keep the company and you safe even when President Fuller is targeting us, didn't she? So, what do you have to be worried about?"

"Yeah, she did say that." Initially shocked, Mitch then laughed. "Oh my, I was frightened by your words earlier. This had completely slipped my mind. Yes, she did say that, so we don't have to worry about anything."

After that, Mitch sat back and let Noah pour him another cup of coffee.

Doing that, Noah set the cup in front of him as his eyes glimmered before he asked, "Mr. Adams, now that we don't have to worry about President Fuller, what about Miss Reed?"

Mitch sipped on the coffee before sneering, "We're not even worrying about the big guy, so why should we concern ourselves with the little wife? She's just some princess from a fallen family. She's nothing without President Fuller. Besides, she'll be even less of a threat when President Fuller breaks up with her."

Smiling, Noah kissed up to him. "You're right, Mr. Adams, but how are you so sure that they will break up?"

Mitch wiggled his plump finger while looking high and mighty. "This is something you don't know. You haven't been in a relationship, right? Men care about their reputation. Even though the scandal is fake, Sonia did enter the hotel with that random Charles. Now that the surveillance has been wiped, they can't prove their innocence entirely. Also, with how trending this news is right now and the help of our people spreading the rumors online, almost everybody believes that Sonia cheated on President Fuller. So, even if he believes that Sonia did not do that, doubts would start to form in his mind. When a man has these kinds of doubts, he will not be able to erase them as these thoughts will only encroach upon his mind. Even if they won't break up now, they will still do it sooner or later. Just sit back and watch."

"So, I see. You're really something else, Mr. Adams. You know so much." Noah gave him a thumbs up.

In a good mood, Mitch laughed heartily. "That's nothing. Since I've lived twenty years more than you, it's only natural that I know more than you. You'll know more of these wisdoms when you get to my age."

"I understand. I look up to you, Mr. Adams. You're my role model," Noah said proudly.

Mitch, who was slowly liking his words, started to admire him as well.

Seeing this, Noah knew that the time was opportune, so he asked, "Mr. Adams, I'm still curious about something. Who is this woman? How does she actually have the ability to save our company from President Fuller's attack? I've never heard of any lady from a prominent family that has such an influence."

Thanks to his non-stop praises earlier, Mitch's impression of Noah had improved a lot, so he did not bother to hide the truth from him this time.

Taking another sip of his coffee, he said, "If you really wanna know, I don't mind letting you in on that little secret."

"Okay." With bright eyes, Noah stuck his hands into his suit pants.

Ignoring his actions, Mitch placed his cup down and continued, "The reason why she can save our company from President Fuller is not because she has a prominent family backing her..."

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1046

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1046

"She's not?" Noah was shocked, as he did not believe his own ears.

She could protect our company, but she isn't actually relying on her family's backing to do so!

Even if he said this, nobody would believe him.

"Does the woman have some special privilege that President Fuller has to accommodate for?" Noah asked the chief editor.

Waving his hand, Mitch replied, "Of course not. It's because of her grandfather."

"Grandfather?"

"That's right." Mitch nodded. "He's a Lore, the old master, Harry Lore."

"You mean the family who does online business? That Lore Family?" Noah rubbed his chin.

Mitch grunted. "Yeah, that one. You might not know this, but Harry was once a professor in economics; he is also President Fuller's mentor. So, you could say that Harry had a hand in President Fuller's success. As for Harry's granddaughter, she's almost the same age as President Fuller, so I guess that they are childhood friends. Even if his granddaughter did something wrong, President Fuller would still forgive her on account of his teacher. Now, do you understand why I'm not afraid of Fuller's revenge?"

"That's why." Noah nodded. As if he wanted to confirm something, he asked again, "Then Mr. Adams, is President Fuller close with Miss Lore?"

Mitch grew hesitant due to his question. "I'm not too sure, but I don't care either. Everything will be fine as long as we have Harry."

"That's right." Noah smiled and took his hands out of his pocket. "Mr. Adams, if there's nothing else, I'm going to take some tools and clean this mess."

"Go ahead." Mitch nodded.

Noah turned around and walked out. The moment he closed the door, he immediately took his phone and called Sonia.

Seeing the caller, Sonia had a hint of surprise in his eyes.

She obviously did not think that the person would contact her this quickly.

Did something happen?

Without hesitation, she answered immediately, "Hello?"

"Miss Reed, I got it. I found out everything you wanted." Clenching the phone, Noah could not hide his excitement.

Sonia was stunned.

Even though she had guessed the content, she still could not hide her excitement.

"Really?" She straightened her back and said in an urging tone.

He nodded profusely. "Yup."

"That's great. Quick, say who it is?" She had a face of ecstasy.

Noah did not bother to withhold the information as he told her everything he heard from Mitch.

After hearing it all, a stiff expression was painted on her face. "What did you say? It's Mr. Lore's granddaughter?"

"That's right."

Frowning, Sonia stayed silent, for a torrent of emotions swirled inside her.

It's actually Mr. Lore's granddaughter.

Mr. Lore...

If memories serve me right, Toby did mention about Mr. Lore in our video call this morning, didn't he?

I didn't think that it would be so coincidental that the person who created the scandal between me and Charles in order to destroy my relationship with Toby... was actually his granddaughter.

Does Mr. Lore know about this?

Also, if Toby knows that it is his granddaughter that did it, how will he deal with it?

This was because before the video call ended, the person Toby was going to meet was Harry.

When Toby mentioned him, he spoke of him in a very respectful tone, so it was clear what he thought about him.

Yet, the person that was behind all this was his granddaughter. Even Sonia was not too sure about how Toby would react when he was stuck between her and Harry.

At that point, numerous thoughts flooded her brain.

She only thought that the person behind all this was someone that adored Toby and had an influential family.

However, she did not expect that the perpetrator would have such a relationship with Toby.

No wonder she guaranteed the safety of the company.

At first, she thought that the culprit was just exaggerating. Now that she knew the truth, Sonia thought that she was too naive.

With this kind of relationship in mind, Toby would naturally spare Squirrel Media on account of Harry.

This was with the assumption that he regarded the Lore Family more important than her.

Hence, she was not sure who Toby placed more importance on—her or the Lore Family?

She had no way of comparing as well.

On the other side of the phone, Noah, who did not hear the reply from Sonia, called out to her, “Miss Reed? Miss Reed?”

With a glimmer in her eyes, she snapped back to reality, “I’m still here.”

“Is everything alright, Miss Reed?”

“It’s nothing.” Sonia rubbed her temples and sighed somewhat tiringly. “I want to confirm something. Is Toby’s teacher from that Lore Family?”

I hope not.

Even though the possibility might be low.

Noah, who did not know what Sonia was thinking of, nodded and replied, “He is indeed. I still have the recording from the chief editor. I recorded it for this purpose. If you want it, I can send it to you.”

“Okay.” Sonia squeezed out a smile after a brief silence.

“So, Miss Reed, about the job...” Noah rubbed his hands and smiled gleefully.

Now, Sonia was not sure if she could arrange a job for him at Fuller Group, since it was something that concerned Toby and the Lores.

If she was not as important as the Lore Family, then obviously Toby would not punish Lynette.

This would cause Sonia to be dissatisfied, in turn, creating an invisible barrier between them.

If that happened, would she still have the cheek to place him at the Fuller Group?

I doubt so.

So, she was uncertain.

Still, revealing her hesitancy right now would only sound like she was lying to him in the first place.

Besides, she also did not know whether he would do anything rash after knowing that he assumed he was scammed.

All in all, she felt a massive headache coming in.

Yet, she could not think of any other way to go about it yet, so she could only word it ambiguously. "Don't worry. I will arrange it for you. Let's talk about that another time."

Regardless of the circumstances, she had to please him first.

I will just think of another way to make good on my promise.

If I can't land him that job, I can reimburse him financially.

This is all I can do for now.

Hearing Sonia's words, Noah nodded gratefully. "Okay. I'll thank you in advance then, Miss Reed. I'll send you the recording right now."

"Okay," replied Sonia.

Ending the call, she let out a fatigued sigh.

The next second, her phone's notification bell rang—Noah had sent over a voice file.

Sitting up straight, Sonia set aside the troublesome issues for now, as it was more important to listen to the recording.

She opened the file and listened to it with a serious expression.

After that, she closed her eyes.

The content of the recording is the same as what Noah has described with minimal difference.

It is confirmed that the mastermind behind this is Mr. Lore's granddaughter.

What was new to her was that Toby actually had a childhood friend.

With that, Sonia formed an ambiguous smile.

This was not because she was upset at Toby having a childhood friend.

After all, she had one too, which is Charles.

Hence, she told herself that she would not set up double standards on such affairs.

She was only upset that he did not let on to her about his childhood friend and that the friend had such thoughts toward him.

Just as she was pondering about this, the phone in her hand rang.

Looking down, Sonia saw Toby's name appear on the screen, making her heartbeat rise instantly.

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1047

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1047

Toby called at this precise moment. He was most likely aware of the scandal circulating on the Internet.

However, Sonia was unsure if he knew who was behind everything.

What will he do if he finds out?

Her heart was racing as she looked at Toby's caller ID. It took her a while to answer with a weak voice. "Hello?"

"Hello, Miss Reed." To her surprise, it was Tom on the other end of the phone, not Toby.

"Miss Reed, this is Tom. I apologize. President Fuller is currently in a meeting with his client. I made the decision to call you using his mobile phone," Tom elaborated.

Oh...

Sonia's red lips pressed together. Frankly, she was a little disappointed that it was not Toby who had called.

"What's the matter, Toby?" she asked in the midst of her mild headache.

At that time, she was convinced that something was going on in her head that caused her uneasiness.

"I heard about the issue on the Internet, Miss Reed. Are you alright?" Tom inquired, concerned.

His words did not surprise Sonia.

She had already deduced that he had called for this purpose and that he was simply asking for the sake of asking.

"I'm fine," Sonia responded while shaking her head. She then narrowed her eyes and asked, "Tom, does Toby know about this?"

"He doesn't, yet. He's still in a meeting with someone important, but don't get the wrong idea—the client is Toby's male teacher," he quickly explained because he was afraid she would be mistaken that Toby was meeting a woman.

Sonia almost burst into laughter upon hearing his words.

Tom mentioned that the individual was important to Toby, which made her nervous. It was not the fact that he had a teacher that made her uncomfortable but the existence of said teacher's granddaughter.

Despite her discomfort, Sonia did not express it on her face. "I know. Toby told me about him. I'm okay," she said while forcing a smile.

"That's great." Tom sighed with relief.

"What about you, Tom? Do you believe what's on the Internet to be true?" she asked, her eyes lowering.

Instead, he laughed as if he had heard a joke. "Miss Reed, aren't you implying that my IQ is low? That kind of Internet nonsense appears to be fake at first glance. Furthermore, President Fuller informed me of the errand you both ran at the hotel yesterday. I even sent Mr. Smith a personal thank-you note."

"Do you really believe everything on the Internet to be a hoax?" Sonia's face gradually brightened.

"Of course, not just me; I think President Fuller will not believe it when he sees it as well. After all, you have a close relationship with him and would never do such a thing to him. Furthermore, despite the blurry photo, I immediately recognized the man as President Lane when I clicked on it. As a result, it's even less likely that you'll do something like that. You shouldn't worry about President Fuller's doubt toward you, Miss Reed. I'll give him a detailed explanation after he finishes his meeting. He will never let go of the people who are accusing you and the Squirrel Media," Tom assured, nodding.

The Squirrel Media dared to risk offending Toby by spreading such rumors, indicating that they were clearly acting on orders from outside sources.

In other words, whoever dared to do such a thing would have to pay the price.

“That’s very presumptuous of you to say.” Sonia lowered her eyes, making it difficult to see the complex look in her eyes.

Tom only said this because he was oblivious to who was spreading the rumors. Would he still be so confident that the mastermind will be captured if he’s aware?

“What do you mean, Miss Reed?” Tom, who failed to understand what she was saying, inquired. He found her words suspicious.

Sonia closed her eyes and concluded, “It’s okay, you’ll get it sooner or later.”

“Huh?” He was surprised.

Refusing to explain further, she pinched the bridge of her nose before responding, “I’m a little tired. I’ll hang up first.”

“Okay, Miss Reed. Take a rest. Don’t worry, we’ll take care of it,” Tom reassured.

Sonia gave a light hum before hanging up the phone.

Tom looked at the home screen of the phone and noticed something was off. Miss Reed’s reaction was unusual as if she’s full of thoughts.

However, it was not something he should mull over as this was clearly Toby’s job scope.

She was his darling after all.

“Hey!” Tom exclaimed at the door after placing Toby’s phone on the table.

“How may I assist you, Mr. Brown?” asked a man in a suit.

“Please notify the public relations department to suppress the Internet scandals, especially those vile comments. Have them all removed immediately. Please also investigate which spam groups are behind all of this. The news was also retweeted by major media and marketing accounts. Please summarize them and forward them to President Fuller for future action,” Tom instructed with a blank expression.

“Yes, sir.” The man nodded.

"In addition, please investigate the perpetrator who was spreading the false rumors and report it to me immediately," Tom added.

"Roger that," the man said as he turned to leave.

Tom cursed inside as he pinched the bridge of his nose. Ah, give me a break. Why does trouble keep knocking on Miss Reed's door? Now, who's the jealous lass this time?

In actuality, Sonia was not the only one who had correctly guessed the perpetrator to be a woman as Tom was aware of it too.

He believed that Sonia was most likely in a bad mood and spirit right now because she suspected the person behind the scenes to be a woman who fancied Toby, explaining her uneasiness.

As such, Toby's popularity with women was to blame. There were far too many women who were interested in him!

However, Toby did warn the women to stop entangling him. Otherwise, he might be ruthless toward them. As a result, none of the women who were interested in Toby had approached him over the years thanks to his warning and clever tricks.

This time round, a woman suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Perhaps the woman was in hibernation when Toby announced his warning at that time, or she thought that he had become gentler recently, making him an easier target now. Otherwise, what made her think she had a chance now?

Regardless, this woman would only suffer.

Tom readjusted his glasses and picked up Toby's phone before leaving the office. He then made his way to the conference room.

Although he had no idea how long Toby would be speaking with Harry, he waited there so that he could inform Toby of the situation as soon as possible.

When Tom entered the conference room, he noticed that the door was slightly ajar.

Therefore, he could see Toby and Harry conversing.

Harry was also dressed in a formal suit. Despite his head of white hair, his face was ruddy and energetic with no cane in sight. At first glance, he appeared to be an elderly man in good health who kept fit through constant exercise.

Being a sharp one, Harry noticed Tom's arrival almost immediately. "Toby, your assistant appears to have something to tell you," he notified with a smile.

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1048

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1048

Facing against Tom, Toby turned around to find him standing outside the door with a tense expression on his face.

Toby knew his assistant well; with an expression like this, he was sure something was wrong and it could not be minor.

"I'm sorry, Harry. Please excuse me," Toby apologized to Harry, who sat across from him.

Knowing what he was about to say, Harry picked up the teacup and smiled. "It's fine. You can take care of your business first. I don't mind waiting for you; I'm not in a hurry."

"All right, then. Please wait a moment, Harry." Toby nodded and waved to Tom outside the door.

Tom walked over after noticing Toby's gesture. "President Fuller."

"What's the matter?" Toby asked, his gaze fixed on Tom.

Tom did not respond immediately, instead, he cast a glance at Harry, who was drinking tea across from Toby.

"Harry is not an outsider, so it doesn't matter," Toby assured when he saw this.

"Okay." After hearing Toby's words, Tom was naturally relieved. He nodded and turned to Toby. "President Fuller, something happened to Miss Reed."

"What exactly happened?" Toby's expression changed and his tone became tense.

Tom's lips parted and was about to respond when Harry, who was drinking tea, abruptly put down his cup and asked, "Is Miss Reed the woman you got back together with after your divorce?"

"Yes." Toby gave a small nod.

"Speaking of which, I haven't seen her in a long time," Harry said as he touched the teacup, his smile widening.

Toby did not notice anything wrong with Harry's expression; he simply assumed he was intrigued by Sonia. As a result, he replied, "You will also attend the banquet in the mall soon. By then, I'll introduce you to each other."

"There's no need to rush." Harry raised his hand, clearly indicating that he was not too keen to meet Sonia.

To put it bluntly, he was not fond of her.

"Harry, you seem to have some opinions about her, don't you?" Toby's shallow smile faded gradually.

For a brief moment, Harry was taken aback because he had not expected to be exposed.

Am I being too obvious?

Though stunned, Harry was not embarrassed when Toby was aware of his dislike toward Sonia.

Instead, his expression remained as calm as it had always been before he admitted it openly and graciously.

"I actually do," Harry replied, nodding.

His words made Toby frown.

Tom, on the other hand, was dumbfounded. The old man just straight up stated that he dislikes Miss Reed. He really doesn't hold back his words from President Fuller, does he?

After all, no one can accept the person they like being disliked by others.

Even if Harry has reservations toward Miss Reed, he should remain silent. Why does he have to air his dirty laundry?

Point is, he is in President Fuller's office right now. How ironic.

"Harry, may I ask what the reason is?" Toby asked in a low voice with his thin lips pursed.

Harry maintained a friendly smile on his face as if he could not understand Toby's discontent. "It's a simple reason, really. She's just not good enough for you," he explained.

Even Tom's lips twitched when he heard Harry's words, let alone Toby's reaction.

Not good enough?

He sure is witty!

No one else's opinions matter as long as President Fuller likes Miss Reed. Not Old Mrs. Fuller has said such a bizarre thing. She even adores Miss Reed!

As a result, Miss Reed was approved and welcomed into the Fuller Family wholeheartedly.

Isn't it ironic for an outsider to say something like that?

"I'm sorry, Harry, but I must disagree with you. I believe she is the best match for me." Toby sat back, his face darkening.

This time, Harry could not pretend that he had not noticed Toby's displeasure in his tone.

After all, Harry's continued pretense would be seen as deliberate seeing that Toby had made his stance clear.

"Am I not speaking the truth, Toby?" Looking at Toby, Harry inquired.

Speechless, Toby's face gave nothing away.

Harry clenched his fist around the teacup as his first impression of Sonia worsened.

His students, in his opinion, had always had the highest regard for him and they almost never disagreed with him.

After being with Sonia now, Toby had a series of disagreements with him.

She was clearly the one who had brought bad influence to his student.

At that point, Harry's face had lost its friendly expression before it turned gloomy and serious.

"Toby, don't you understand? You are the head of the Fullers and she is just a daughter from a fallen wealthy family. She is an adopted child unknown even to her biological parents. She has no outstanding family background and ability. How can such a woman be worthy of you? She can't even assist you in any aspects. Don't forget that your father was ridiculed for marrying a woman like her as well. Do you want to follow his footsteps?" questioned Harry.

He was thoroughly upset because Toby had not turned out as he had hoped.

“Harry, I’m with Sonia not because of her family background but my genuine feelings for her. I love her, so I want to be with her. Although she’s just a girl from an ordinary family, as long as I like her, she’s worthy of me. Furthermore, the Fuller Group is strong enough; an arranged marriage is no longer required, so I don’t need a wife with an outstanding family background and strong ability to help me strengthen my company. I’m strong enough to keep the Fuller Group prosperous, so my wife can simply be who she is. I don’t need my wife to work her life away just to support me. She can simply bask in all the glory and riches under my protection,” Toby rebuked with a deep frown.

He paused for a while as his eyes narrowed slightly before adding, “As for my dad, I believe you’re cracking a joke here. It’s true that my father was mocked a lot, but that was because he had just inherited the Fuller Group and wasn’t strong enough then. He had not established his own business authority, but I am different here. I inherited the Fuller Group at a young age and brought it to its current position of strength and prosperity. I’m also a well-known and respected business figure, so no one dares to mock me or my wife. Trust me when I say I’ll skin them if they do so!” His demeanor was icy and threatening, especially when delivering the last sentence.

Even if Harry did not think Toby was warning him, he could not help but be intimidated at this point as his face turned pale for a moment.

However, the experienced old man quickly regained his composure and sighed. “You truly are in love with her, huh? I see you’ve poured your heart out for her.” He pointed at Toby.

“I love her, so I must give her my heart. Otherwise, what’s love?” Toby pursed his lips.

“You...” In rage, Harry choked on his words.

Tom, who was standing next to Toby, lowered his head slightly while resisting the urge to laugh.

Oh... Fuller. I never expected any less from you. With just a few words, you’ve managed to enrage this old man. Ha!

Read Novel Boss Your Wife’s Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1049

Boss Your Wife’s Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1049

Tom raised his head slightly and secretly cast a glance at Toby. He was overjoyed when he saw Harry’s expression as if he had just stepped on poop.

Indeed, he was relieved to see that Toby’s words had defeated Harry as Tom never liked this old man to begin with.

Harry, who was Toby's teacher, always treated assistants like him rudely by exerting his seniority over them.

For instance, Harry yelled at Toby's assistants when Toby was not around and ordered them to serve him as if they were his own people; his granddaughter did the very same.

Since Harry was Toby's senior, Tom was unable to tell Toby about many things as he had to keep the issues hidden out of respect.

I'm afraid President Fuller is still unaware that his teacher is far from being so kind and gentle when he's around others.

Harry is, in reality, a snobbish old man who despises the poor and kisses the wealthy's *ss.

Toby was unaware of Tom's thoughts. As he observed Harry's stunned and speechless expression, his attitude softened.

After all, Harry was still his respected teacher.

"I'm sorry, Harry. I went overboard earlier. Allow me to apologize to you. Please forgive my behavior," Toby said as he leaned over and poured Harry a cup of tea before serving it to him.

Harry's dark complexion improved when he saw the tea that his student had poured for him. He sipped the tea as an indication that he had accepted Toby's apology.

However, his dislike for Sonia had progressed from displeasure to mere disgust.

He claimed that Toby was siding with Sonia and refuting him because of her; if this continued, he would end his relationship with Toby himself.

No, I can't let Sonia be with Toby because it will eventually hurt him.

After some thought, Harry set the teacup down and frowned. "Toby, since you said that the Fullers don't need any arranged marriages and that you don't care about your wife's background, then at this point, I don't have much to say."

Toby sipped his tea and was about to thank Harry for his patience when he heard Harry continue, "You can choose to not care about her family background or capabilities, but what about her attitude and etiquettes?"

"What exactly do you mean?" Toby paused for a moment while holding the teacup, then raised his eyes and stared at the old man sitting across from him.

Harry chuckled. "It's simple. This girl is incapable and she is completely unworthy of you. I won't comment on her family's ability, but I'm sure her well-being is not decent."

Toby was wearing a frosty expression as he replied, "You're going too far, don't you think? You haven't even met her, so how can you disrespect her as a person like that?"

President Fuller is right. Tom nodded in agreement, mocking Harry in his heart.

Neither President Fuller nor Old Mrs. Fuller thought Miss Reed is a bad person.

It's absurd enough that you, an old man, are pointing the finger here.

Harry could see that Toby was unhappy once again as a result of his own words. He felt downcast for a while and was even more convinced that this was all Sonia's fault.

In the past, Toby had always obeyed his words and never dared to oppose them. Now, he disagreed with almost everything he said.

Sonia is clearly to blame!

Harry inhaled deeply and temporarily suppressed his disgust for the woman. "I haven't seen her, but I've always heard of her. I heard you were going to marry her when I was abroad and I disagreed at the time. However, you insisted. Tell me, what happened in the end? It didn't go well, did it?" he asked solemnly, looking at Toby.

Silent, Toby lowered his eyelids, leaving everyone wondering what he was thinking.

Harry, on the other hand, took Toby's silence as an agreement to his own words as he continued, "And then came the chaotic divorce, which I only knew you married in the first place because she forced you. I can see how cunning she is from the way she threatens the head of an upper-class family, but I didn't expect you to reconcile after only a few months of divorce."

Continuing with a sigh, "She must have done something for you two to reconcile, right? She was able to force you to marry her back then, so it's not impossible for her to force you to get back together now. Overall, this woman..."

"Harry," Toby interrupted his words by raising his head before looking at him with indifference.

Intimidated by his cold expression, the old man's face turned pale.

Toby... He actually has the audacity to look me in the eyes this way just to protect an indecent woman like her!

Harry was so enraged that his breathing became erratic. He quickly put down the teacup and patted his chest as if he was about to pass out from suffocation.

Toby's expression changed slightly as he noticed this before standing up abruptly. "Harry."

"Harry," Tom called out as he approached the old man and helped him up.

As much as Tom did not agree with Harry, he was Toby's mentor after all. Therefore, he could not possibly ignore the old man in need of help. It would make things difficult for President Fuller if Harry dies in his office.

Tom assisted Harry in getting up and allowing him to lean against the back of the couch. Harry's breathing became more rapid and his face became increasingly pale.

Not letting any seconds go to waste, Toby dashed forward, rummaging through Harry's pockets before pulling out a small medicine bottle, which revealed two white pills.

When Tom saw the pills, he forced open Harry's mouth without Toby's instruction so that Toby could feed Harry the medication.

Tom hurriedly turned around after Toby placed the pills in Harry's mouth, picked up the teacup on the coffee table, and fed Harry water, which flushed the pills into his stomach.

Soon after the pills took effect, Harry's breathing gradually calmed and his pale face flushed. Evidently, his condition had improved and he was no longer on the verge of a heart attack.

Toby and Tom's tightened chests finally were able to catch a breath of relieving air.

Tom returned to his spot while Toby sat back down on the couch. Looking at his mentor, he inquired, "Harry, are you feeling better now? If there is any discomfort, I will request Tom to summon the doctor. "

Though the old man had fully recovered at this point, he was still furious with Toby. Unimpressed by Toby's concern, he snorted coldly at him. "Save it. You have yet to piss me off to death."

"Harry, I don't think I'm pissing you off," Toby responded with a blank expression.

"Are you sure that you're not pissing me off? You bore a piercing stare at me just to defend Sonia! You—" Harry was trembling with rage.

"You're the one who said the wrong things in the first place. Of course, I'm upset with you," Tony argued as he raised his gaze.

The implication was that if Harry's words irritated Toby, Toby would adopt the same attitude and reciprocate it toward him. Who cared if he was his mentor?

Once again, Harry became enraged after learning the meaning of Toby's words.

He would not be in good health right now had he not taken the medication; he might just be out of breath again.

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Harry approached Toby as if it were the first time they had met. He sighed in frustration after watching him for a while. "Okay. Since you said I was wrong, please, enlighten me."

"You're wrong from the beginning till the end." Toby folded his legs and looked at him calmly, adding, "You said that she married me because she was blackmailing me, making her a cunning person. But think about it; how could she have done that given my identity?"

Harry was silent upon hearing that as he was clearly taken aback. Obviously, he had not pondered over this. However, he quickly made another excuse as he rebutted, "Perhaps she's after something else."

His words made Toby chuckle. "Do you think your words make sense, Harry? Do you realize how many people are after me? There are so many smart individuals out there, but none of them is able to go against me, so how could she? Since you're so aware of my personality, do you believe that I'll keep the woman who threatens me around? I'll make her disappear right away."

Toby's words froze Harry in his tracks, causing his face to flush.

Tom, who was beside Toby, snickered and covered his lips.

Toby is the only one who can get Harry to shut the heck up.

"Then, tell me. Why did you insist on marrying her? Wasn't the Gray Family girl the only woman you cared about at that time?" Harry refused to give in. He still believed their marriage to be orchestrated by Sonia.

"I've never liked Miss Gray. Sonia is the only one who's had my heart, but..." Toby arched his brow before continuing, "In short, as you are aware, I adore Sonia since day one. I want to marry her because I love her and there is no other reason."

Despite being hypnotized at the time and was unable to recognize Sonia as Maple, he still had feelings for Sonia and cared about her subconsciously; otherwise, why would he agree without hesitation when she proposed marriage?

As he previously stated, no one could blackmail him; even if they did, he would simply make them disappear.

“You said you loved her, so why did you treat her so badly six years ago? Though I didn’t see for myself how you guys got along, I heard it somewhere else. Why hurt her when you love her, and why divorce her if you swear she’s the only one?” Harry questioned after listening to Toby’s response.

“Everything happens for a reason. This is our privacy and I’m not going to tell you everything, Harry,” Toby responded quietly, his eyes lowered.

“Okay, fair enough. If you don’t want to talk about it, that’s fine. Still, I stand on my ground that she’s not good enough for you. You can see how much trouble she’s caused after your divorce. How many times did you clean up the mess she made? Had she been a proper lady with proper manners, she would have caused fewer problems and attracted less criticism! Hmph, I guess she did something bad again this time.” Harry sneered at Tom while pointing at him.

“You’re free to dislike Sonia, Harry. Everyone has their preferences and I cannot force you to like her. I won’t bring her to see you as well, but you should not smear and insult her. You’re disrespecting her and belittling me as your student,” Toby said after he cast a glance at Tom.

“When did I belittle you?” Harry’s face darkened.

“Sonia is my love and I am happy with my choice. Your smearing of her simply belittles my perspective on people. Isn’t this belittling?” Toby averted his gaze to Harry; his eyes were unmistakably cold.

At this point, Harry’s constant disparagement of Sonia clearly irritated Toby.

“You’re also mistaken in one aspect, Harry.” Toby rose to his feet, his hands in his trouser pockets as he said with a flat voice, “It’s true that a lot has happened to her since the divorce, but not a single incident was initiated by her; it was all because others envied, resented, and harmed her. In addition, I did not resolve these issues for her. I only assisted her from behind. Only she has the ability to truly solve the issues. Don’t get me wrong, but she’s much better than you think.”

Tom was about to applaud upon hearing Toby’s explanation. President Fuller speaks with the professionalism that is expected of him.

"It is getting late and I have other business to get to. I'll take your collaboration into consideration and send someone to notify you when I've made the decision. You should go first, Harry," Toby concluded.

Undoubtedly, the old man's face was pale and funny, his old eyes were wide and he stared at Toby in disbelief.

He was shocked that Toby drove him away! This had never happened before...

Harry, on the other hand, was well-aware that his repeated devaluation of Sonia had enraged Toby to the point where he had to chase him away.

As such, Sonia appeared to have an utmost importance in Toby's heart.

Furthermore, her wooing strategy was more successful than Harry had anticipated.

Toby had become so enamored with her that he had driven his own mentor away.

Not only that, he also did not immediately agree to the collaboration plan Harry had proposed.

In comparison, Toby had previously agreed without hesitation to all of Harry's cooperative plans. Now, he chased Harry away and delayed the approval of his plans simply because he criticized Sonia.

Is this necessary?

Toby has fallen head over heels for Sonia before they even remarried.

If they remarry and Sonia is made aware of my criticisms for her, she will definitely complain to him.

I'm afraid that Toby would no longer treat me as his respected mentor.

No. I must do everything possible to keep Toby from spending his life with Sonia.

As he considered it, Harry's eyes flashed a determined, fleeting look.

Obviously, not right now.

Toby is enraged and dissatisfied with me right now. I'm afraid that if I mention Sonia again, I will inherently destroy my relationship with Toby.

In short, this is a long-term problem that must be addressed gradually.

At the thought, Harry exhaled a breath. He calmed down and reverted to the kind and amiable man he once was. "All right. You can go ahead and settle your business. I'll head back first," he said with a smile.

"I'll have someone send you off," Toby offered as he nodded at Tom.

"This way, Harry." Tom made a gesture toward the door.

Harry hummed as he exited the conference room.

Staring at the vanished guest, Toby averted his gaze and sat down again. He then massaged his temples and his face was a little unsightly from the exhaustion.

He had no idea that Harry would be so upset with Sonia and have such a negative opinion of her to the point of speaking disparagingly about her before him.