

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1111

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1111

She's such a vixen! Toby lowered his dark eyes and could not help it as he stuck his tongue against the upper part of his mouth.

He clearly did not expect her to act coyly just for ice cream. This time, she had actually behaved coyly in front of the public.

He had always known that she was generally shy and reserved. Normally, when he gave her a peck in public, she would blush bright red for some time, so it was near impossible for her to behave coyly of her own accord.

Of course, this did not mean that she had never shown her cute side in front of him. In fact, she had, but it was a rare occurrence. Ever since they got back together, she had done that not more than three times as far as he could remember.

Each time she did so, it was just a slight coy act and he had not even gotten the chance to enjoy it before it came to an end. Therefore, he was surprised that this time, she had persistently shown her coy side for such a long time. All that for the sake of a pint of ice cream!

Doesn't she realize that it's hard for a man to resist such behavior? These are seductive actions here!

Toby's grip on the handle of the cart tightened and relaxed several times before he finally succeeded in suppressing his urges. He glanced at her with a smoldering look in his eyes and spoke in a hoarse voice, "Stop that. Stop swinging my arm."

He was worried that if she kept this up, he would not be able to resist himself. After all, he always found that she was a weak spot of his and he could not seem to resist her.

As soon as she heard his words and saw the look in his eyes, which resembled a wolf eyeing its prey, she felt a chill running down her spine if she was honest to herself.

After all, she was not an idiot and she clearly knew the potential outcome of her behavior. Besides, she was afraid that he would not be able to resist the temptation and take action right there and then. As such, as soon as he told her to stop, she acceded to his words and stopped.

Relieved, the man heaved a faint sigh. Subsequently, he let go of one hand from the cart and grabbed Sonia on her chin as he inched closer to speak hoarsely, "Little Leaf, I

can't believe that you would try seduction to make me give in to you, all for the sake of a pint of ice cream."

"I-I didn't seduce you!" Sonia refused to admit it, but she shiftily turned her eyes in the other direction.

He chuckled in a low voice and his laughter came rumbling from his chest. The exceptionally low and melodious voice made Sonia shiver involuntarily as she felt her legs turn to jelly.

Gosh, this man is such a...

"Are you sure you didn't?" Toby narrowed his long, almond-shaped eyes slightly. "Then, explain what you were doing before this."

"I was just showing my affection," Sonia replied and quickly shot a look at him. Indeed, she was not lying and she was just showing her coy side earlier.

Subsequently, he chuckled in a low voice. "This is the first time ever that I've seen someone nuzzle another with her body to show affection. Don't you realize that you shouldn't rub against a man that way? Not only would the man be unable to control his urges, it would also make the man think that you're purposely seducing him. So, are you still going to insist that you weren't trying to seduce me earlier? I can't believe that you would actually stoop to this in order to get your way and have ice cream. Little Leaf, you've turned for the worse."

Faced with his teasing eyes, she could not help blushing bright red.

As soon as Toby saw that, his laughter deepened. "But I like it."

At that moment, Sonia shot him an annoyed look. "You've benefited from this, so obviously you liked it." I know how he is!

Toby lowered his head and smiled. "Yes, I've benefited from it and I enjoyed it very much too, but you were the one who initiated things this time for a pint of ice cream."

He pointed at the ice cream. "I've just realized the extent that you would go to all for a pint of ice cream. Come on, tell me. What else is there that could make you resort to this? If I know that, then I could..."

"Could what?" Sonia hurriedly cut him off. "To lead me into seducing you on my own accord?"

Toby merely smiled silkily and his intentions were obvious.

At that, Sonia harrumphed at him snappily. "You're quite good at gaining something for yourself. So... About the ice cream. Are you going to buy it for me? I've already expressed my affections and you've also gotten your way. If you continue to refuse me, then in the future, I..." won't show my coy side to you, was what she wanted to say.

Before she could finish her words, something popped up in front of her eyes.

He grabbed a small pint of mango-flavored ice cream. "The larger pint is too much for you, so you're only allowed this small pint. We'll each take a step back, alright? You should realize that I'm just doing this for your own good."

Sonia took a look at the ice cream and then glanced at Toby, who wore a half smile on his face. Finally, she snorted haughtily and reached out to grab the ice cream. "Okay, then. I'll take into account that this is for my own good and I'll take the small pint. After all, I'm not a greedy person."

After she said that, she glanced at the ice cream in her hand and smiled contentedly.

Toby reached out to ruffle her hair. "Let's go and browse around to see what else we should get."

"That's enough. We won't be able to carry the things back if we continue shopping." Sonia stuck her lips out and gestured to the cart. "You've bought too many fruits and healthy food. People might think that we're here to stock up on our rations instead of grocery shopping."

Toby lowered his head to glance at the cart in front of him and he noticed that it was filled to the brim.

Occasionally, the other customers who walked past them and saw their cart could not contain themselves as they would reveal surprised looks. Evidently, he had gone overboard on shopping.

"These are all items that's good for you, so it's definitely not too much. The store should offer delivery services, right? If they don't, then I reckon this store would be replaced by some other chain soon. There wouldn't be any point in them continuing the business." As Toby spoke, he scanned the surroundings and gave his comments on whether the premium grocery store was likely to survive and thrive.

Facad with his taasing ayas, sha could not halp blushing bright rad.

As soon as Toby saw that, his laughtar daapanad. "But I lika it."

At that momant, Sonia shot him an annoyad look. "You'va banafitad from this, so obviously you likad it." I know how ha is!

Toby lowarad his haad and smilad. “Yas, I’ve banafitad from it and I anjoyad it vary much too, but you wara tha ona who initiatad things this tima for a pint of ica craam.”

Ha pointad at tha ica craam. “I’ve just raalizad tha axtant that you would go to all for a pint of ica craam. Coma on, tall ma. What alsa is thara that could maka you rasort to this? If I know that, than I could...”

“Could what?” Sonia hurriadly cut him off. “To laad ma into saducing you on my own accord?”

Toby maraly smilad silkily and his intantions wara obvious.

At that, Sonia harrumphad at him snappily. “You’ra quita good at gaining somathing for yoursalf. So... About tha ica craam. Ara you going to buy it for ma? I’ve alraady axprassad my affactions and you’ve also gottan your way. If you continua to rafusa ma, than in tha futura, I...” wont show my coy sida to you, was what sha wantad to say.

Bafora sha could finish har words, somathing poppad up in front of har ayas.

Ha grabbad a small pint of mango-flavorad ica craam. “Tha largar pint is too much for you, so you’ra only allowad this small pint. Wa’ll aach taka a stap back, alright? You should raaliza that I’m just doing this for your own good.”

Sonia took a look at tha ica craam and than glancad at Toby, who wora a half smila on his faca. Finally, sha snortad haughtily and raachad out to grab tha ica craam. “Okay, than. I’ll taka into account that this is for my own good and I’ll taka tha small pint. After all, I’m not a graady parson.”

After sha said that, sha glancad at tha ica craam in har hand and smilad contantadly.

Toby raachad out to ruffla har hair. “Lat’s go and browsa around to saa what alsa wa should gat.”

“That’s enough. Wa won’t ba abla to carry tha things back if wa continua shopping.” Sonia stuck har lips out and gasturad to tha cart. “You’ve bought too many fruits and haalthy food. Paopla might think that wa’ra hara to stock up on our rations instaad of grocary shopping.”

Toby lowarad his haad to glanca at tha cart in front of him and ha noticad that it was fillad to tha brim.

Occasionally, tha othar customars who walkad past tham and saw thair cart could not contain thamsalvas as thay would ravaal surprisad looks. Evidantly, ha had gona ovarboard on shopping.

“Thasa ara all itams that’s good for you, so it’s dafinitely not too much. Tha stora should offer dalivary sarvicas, right? If thay don’t, than I rackon this stora would ba raplacad by soma othar chain soon. Thara wouldn’t ba any point in tham continuing tha businass.” As Toby spokka, ha scannad tha surroundings and gava his commants on whathar tha pramium grocary stora was likaly to surviva and thriva.

As for Sonia, she was exasperated. “That’s enough. You’ve gone all work-mode on me again. You’re scrutinizing the place from a business POV. Don’t worry. They definitely do offer delivery services. It didn’t occur to me earlier on, but I’ve recalled now that you asked.”

As for Sonia, she was exasperated. “That’s enough. You’ve gone all work-mode on me again. You’re scrutinizing the place from a business POV. Don’t worry. They definitely do offer delivery services. It didn’t occur to me earlier on, but I’ve recalled now that you asked.”

“That’s great. Let’s pay, then.” Toby pushed the cart with one hand and held her hand with the other to lead her to the payment counter.

As they queued up at the counter, several people recognized Toby and came over to greet them. After all, he was the chairman as well as the president of Fuller Group.

The people who lived at Bayside Residence might be slightly well-to-do, but they were not exactly part of the wealthy. As such, the businesses they operated were on a smaller scale with smaller businesses that brought in an annual income around the range of ten million. Compared to Fuller Group, which was a large consolidated group, their businesses were totally insignificant. It was as if one was making comparisons between an elephant and an ant.

As such, the people in this area generally would not get the chance to encounter Toby in their daily lives. Needless to say, they clearly did not expect to see him here either.

After all, there was a huge disparity in their backgrounds and they would not even be able to see someone like Grayson, what more to say Toby, who belonged to the tip of the pyramid. Toby was like a legend to them and he was not someone they could easily encounter.

Nonetheless, this mighty man was now standing in front of their eyes like a wild dream. Furthermore, he was grocery shopping at the same store they went to and queueing up alongside them. This was way beyond their wildest dreams, so everyone thought that they were dreaming.

Ultimately, they realized that Toby was physically there the entire time and he had not disappeared. Moments later, they finally regained their senses and realized that they were indeed looking at the legend.

Subsequently, the crowd naturally clamored around excitedly to greet him and attempted to get to know him so as to leave a good impression. Perhaps then, they would be able to foster a relationship with Toby, who was such a well-connected man, and they might be able to rise above everyone.

That was because everyone was clearly aware of what Toby represented—wealth and stature.

If only they were able to gain Toby's approval and receive his support, then their tiny companies might even develop into major businesses and perhaps become listed on the stock market. By then, they would emerge as a nouveau riche. At the thought of becoming one of the wealthy, they were excited beyond words.

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Still, Toby did not enjoy being mobbed. Furthermore, these people clamoring around him were there with specific intentions.

Their eyes were filled with ambition and sparkled with greed, which increased his disgust.

He knew why these people came forward to greet him.

After all, it was fine to have the intention to ascend the social ladder, but the problem was that these people were completely ignorant to one's mood and they could not seem to tell that he was fairly annoyed.

How dare they continue to mob me and chatter incessantly!

These people tried to introduce themselves or their company's products to him to try and pique his interest so that he would invest in their products or collaborate with them. They hoped to be able to make use of his influence to work their way up the social ladder. They're too greedy!

If he had encountered any of these people by chance any other day, he might have some interest in their elevator pitch.

As the chairman and president of Fuller Group, he never looked down upon any person and he clearly knew that a lot of the smaller companies had great potential. As such, he never refused the idea to collaborate with any smaller companies. After all, Fuller Group started out as a tiny workshop.

As such, he found it normal for the bosses of such small companies to wish to foster ties with him and build up a connection, seeing that it was normal for them to wish to grab hold of an opportunity. This was essentially a chance for them to push for the development of their company. If he actually discovers any company with potential, then he would be willing to give the other party a chance. Therefore, it would be a win-win situation for both parties.

However, he disliked the fact that these people were bothering him during his personal time while he was trying to rest; they did not seem to possess basic decency either. Can't they tell that I'm busy spending time with my wife?

Despite his utter annoyance with these people, he did not flare up at them nor get them to leave. This was Bayside Residence after all and it was Sonia's property. It was also a present from Henry when Sonia turned eighteen. Even if Sonia would move away from here to stay somewhere else with him in the future, the apartment would still remain nevertheless. He was worried that if he took action against these people, they would carry a grudge and do something to Sonia's apartment. After all, he could not exactly make sure that everything was well-sorted despite his capabilities, since he was not lawless.

As such, in order to ensure the good condition of Sonia's apartment—which was the final gift Henry left for Sonia—he had no choice but to stifle his frustrations and collect each of the name cards handed over by these people, despite his reluctance. Finally, it was their turn to pay at the counter, so he managed to get away from these people.

Naturally, they utilized the delivery services of the grocery store to get their groceries delivered home, so they walked back to the apartment empty-handed.

Well... They were not exactly empty-handed because they were holding onto each other's hand.

For Toby, just a simple act of holding her felt like he had the entire world in his hand.

"Earlier on, you did that because of me, right?" Suddenly, Sonia lifted her head and asked as she kept her eyes on the stars in the sky.

Toby paused momentarily and soon regained his composure as he chuckled lightly in response. "What do you mean?"

She turned to shoot a silent look from the side of her eyes at him. "Yeah, sure, keep up this facade. Just keep it up. Earlier on at the store, there were many people who recognized you and handed their name cards to you. You clearly looked annoyed and impatient, but you suppressed yourself and didn't get them to leave. This isn't how you normally behave."

"Oh?" Toby chuckled slightly. "Then, how do I normally behave?"

Sonia beamed and asked, "Is this a test for me?"

He nodded slightly. "I just want to find out how well you know me."

At that moment, she snorted. "Well, I reckon I know you very well. If you had behaved as the normal you, then you would have asked those people to leave impatiently. After all, you're not the type to tolerate things silently. You would only do that when you have something you're concerned about. Of course, you won't be concerned about yourself because you'd have no qualms about getting them to leave and offending them. You wouldn't be afraid that they'd seek revenge and take action against you because they wouldn't have the guts to go after you anyway. Besides, they are no match for you. So, I would be the only reason for your concern. That's because we're the only two here. As for the second reason, well..."

She casually lifted her hand and put up two fingers as she shook them.

Her slender fingers appeared much fairer under the lit-up night scene and it looked much prettier.

Toby could not take his eyes off her upon seeing her fingers and his Adam's apple bobbed slightly as he spoke in a low, hoarse voice, "Continue on..."

Sonia put down her hand and smiled. "Well, since you said that it was because of your concern for me that you didn't ask those people to leave, then the second reason would be quite simple, of course. This is where I'm staying and you're usually much busier than I am. Furthermore, there will be times when you'll have to sleep at Fuller Group and not return, so I'd be the only one to come back here. You're afraid that they would target me instead of you. After all, despite your capabilities, you wouldn't be able to cover all the bases, so that's why you chose to tolerate them."

Toby's expression mellowed as he reached out to ruffle her hair. "You're smart. What would you like as a reward?"

Sonia removed his hand from her head. "I don't want a reward from you. It's always the same old thing."

At that moment, there was a glint across Toby's eyes. "Oh? What do you mean by the same old thing? Why aren't you being more specific?"

Wall... Thay wara not axactly ampty-handad bacausa thay wara holding onto aach othar's hand.

For Toby, just a simpla act of holding har falt lika ha had tha antira world in his hand.

"Earliar on, you did that bacausa of ma, right?" Suddanly, Sonia liftad har haad and askad as sha kapt har ayas on tha stars in tha sky.

Toby pausad momantarily and soon ragainad his composura as ha chucklad lightly in rasponsa. "What do you maan?"

Sha turnad to shoot a silant look from tha sida of har ayas at him. "Yaah, sura, kaap up this facada. Just kaap it up. Earliar on at tha stora, thara wara many paopla who racognizad you and handad thair nama cards to you. You claarly lookad annoyad and impatiant, but you supprassad yourself and didn't gat tham to laava. This isn't how you normally bahava."

"Oh?" Toby chucklad slightly. "Than, how do I normally bahava?"

Sonia baamad and askad, "Is this a tast for ma?"

Ha noddad slightly. "I just want to find out how wall you know ma."

At that momant, sha snortad. "Wall, I rackon I know you vary wall. If you had bahavad as tha normal you, than you would hava askad thosa paopla to laava impatiently. After all, you'ra not tha typa to tolarata things silantly. You would only do that whan you hava somathing you'ra concarnad about. Of coursa, you won't ba concarnad about yourself bacausa you'd hava no qualms about gattng tham to laava and offanding tham. You wouldn't ba afraid that thay'd saak ravanga and taka action against you bacausa thay wouldn't hava tha guts to go aftar you anyway. Basidas, thay ara no match for you. So, I would ba tha only raason for your concarn. That's bacausa wa'ra tha only two hara. As for tha sacond raason, wall..."

Sha casually liftad har hand and put up two fingars as sha shook tham.

Har slandar fingars appaarad much fairar undar tha lit-up night scana and it lookad much prattiar.

Toby could not taka his ayas off har upon saaing har fingars and his Adam's appla bobbad slightly as ha spoka in a low, hoarsa voica, "Continua on..."

Sonia put down har hand and smilad. "Wall, sinca you said that it was bacausa of your concarn for ma that you didn't ask thosa paopla to laava, than tha sacond raason would ba quita simpla, of coursa. This is whara I'm staying and you'ra usually much busiar than I am. Furtharmora, thara will ba timas whan you'll hava to slaap at Fullar Group and not raturan, so I'd ba tha only ona to coma back hara. You'ra afraid that thay would targat ma instaad of you. Aftar all, daspita your capabilities, you wouldn't ba abla to covar all tha basas, so that's why you chosa to tolarata tham."

Toby's axprassion mallowad as ha raachad out to ruffla har hair. "You'ra smart. What would you lika as a raward?"

Sonia ramovad his hand from har haad. "I don't want a raward from you. It's always tha sama old thing."

At that moment, there was a glint across Toby's eyes. "Oh? What do you mean by the same old thing? Why aren't you being more specific?"

Sonia noticed the wicked smile on his face and she could not help pulling a long face as she patted him lightly on his shoulders. "Toby, that's enough there! You get what I mean! Why are you forcing me to say it out loud?"

Sonia noticed the wicked smile on his face and she could not help pulling a long face as she patted him lightly on his shoulders. "Toby, that's enough there! You get what I mean! Why are you forcing me to say it out loud?"

The man chuckled lightly and he was clearly in good spirits.

He continued to smile and finally pursed his lips before coughing lightly. "Your deductions are spot on and I was indeed concerned about all those that you mentioned. That's why I accepted the name cards from those people. I could choose to ignore them, of course, and I wouldn't be worried about offending them and facing the consequences of their revenge. However, it's a different story if you were involved. If I was by your side, then they wouldn't dare to do anything to you, but we're two separate individuals and each of us has our own life. I can't stay by your side at all times and I can't bring you everywhere with me either. That's why it would be the perfect opportunity for those men to target you if I wasn't around. I will never underestimate anyone, especially small fries like them."

As soon as Toby mentioned that, his expression changed slightly. As he looked at the road in front, his expression turned more somber. "Small fries tend to scheme more than others of higher positions because those at a higher position tend to think highly of themselves, so they would turn their noses at using schemeful methods to achieve their goals. However, small fries usually start out from a lowly position and they would always use underhanded tactics to achieve their goal. This is how they survive."

"I get that." Sonia nodded. "That's because the resources are usually limited and are usually controlled by people at higher positions. Those people at a lower position would need to scheme and plot just to snatch the resources from the people at the higher pyramid."

"Exactly. That's why those small fries tend to be much harder to deal with compared to those with higher positions. Besides, they would very easily take an extreme stance when faced with people of higher positions. That's because they realize that they might not have a chance of winning if they competed fairly. So most of the time, in order to vent their anger and seek revenge against the other party, the small fries would choose to sacrifice themselves to bring the other party down. That's how a person without any care in the world would act."

Sonia heaved a sigh. "It would be worthwhile for them if they managed to bring down someone of a higher position. That's what I've heard in my social circles."

"That's why, for your safety, I would have to consider more and suppress myself," said Toby solemnly as he glanced at Sonia.

At that moment, Sonia felt a warm fuzzy feeling well up within her. At the same time, she felt slightly bad on his behalf. She tightened her grip on his hands slightly and glanced at him. "I'm sorry."

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Toby was generally a proud man; he would never pay heed to anything at all and suppress himself from anything. However, ever since he had gotten together with her, it was fair to say that he had indeed changed a lot.

His first concern was her regardless of what he did. As long as there was anything that could potentially bring trouble for her, then he would suppress himself and tolerate it even if that meant he would be frustrated by it. That was also why she apologized to him earlier.

As Toby heard her speak, he gently flicked her forehead. "What are you on about? I'm fine with that and I feel happy."

"How can you be happy?" Sonia touched her forehead at the spot where he had flicked her and she did not quite comprehend his words.

There was a twinkle in his eyes as he affirmed, "Of course, I'm happy. I'll only make changes or compromise if the person I love is with me. I'll consider her before I carry out anything because otherwise, I might end up being forever alone, right?"

She burst into laughter. "That is such a ridiculous excuse that only you could come up with."

"But these are my heartfelt words," said Toby as he looked at her.

Sonia stretched out her other hand to cling to his arm. "Thanks, Toby."

"You don't have to thank me. It's what I should do." Toby switched hands and took her hand with his other one and then wrapped his arm around her shoulders with the hand he was holding her earlier.

The weather had gotten much colder than before, so Toby's embrace felt very warm.

Sonia tilted her head slightly to lean on his chest. "It doesn't matter. You've done so much for me, so I need to thank you of course! You can't stop me from doing so."

As she spoke, she lifted her head to stare warningly at him, seemingly indicating that if he rebuked her words, she would definitely tell him off.

He chuckled in a low voice resignedly. "Okay, fine. I won't stop you. Is that fine with you then?"

"That's more like it."

They continued to walk along hand-in-hand affectionately and every passerby could sense the blissful aura that surrounded the duo.

Their blissful aura was infectious as the passersby who saw the affectionate couple could not help revealing knowing smiles.

In this current busy world where love and people were fickle, Toby and Sonia clearly looked blissfully in love with each other and it was a rare sight to see. As such, the passersby sincerely hoped that the couple would be able to maintain their happiness.

As soon as they returned to the apartment, Toby entered the house and took out the stack of name cards from the pocket of his coat. Subsequently, he flung them aside with disgust onto the shoe rack.

Sonia was hunched over as she removed her shoes. After changing into the bedroom slippers, she caught sight of his action. She could not help asking with a chuckle. "Are you discarding them?"

"They're rubbish." Toby changed into his bedroom slippers and responded calmly as he shot a look at the name cards.

Then, she reached out to flick through the name cards. "Perhaps there are some potentially great companies amongst this pile. How can you be so sure that they're rubbish?"

Then, she reached out to flick through the name cards. "Perhaps there are some potentially great companies amongst this pile. How can you be so sure that they're rubbish?"

"I've taken a quick look at the information on the name cards when I took them and these tiny companies have included their products on their name cards too. I can tell what their companies are mainly doing and whether they have potential just by taking a quick look at their name cards," Toby replied and tucked both hands into his pocket.

At that point, Sonia suddenly nodded and agreed. "Oh, alright. I get it. We can discard them with our trash tomorrow morning before we leave the house."

"Yup." Tony nodded.

The couple did not stay any longer at the foyer and headed off toward the living room.

Tony poured himself a glass of water and drank it before heading into the bathroom to take a shower.

Meanwhile, Sonia remained on the couch in the living room. She switched on the television as she waited for the groceries to be delivered from the grocery store.

Sure enough, the delivery service was efficient and Sonia had not even had the television on for more than a few minutes when she heard the doorbell go off.

She put down the remote control and headed over to the foyer to open the door. Two staff members of the store carried several bagged groceries and stood at the entrance with smiles on their faces. "Miss Reed, here are the items you and President Fuller purchased earlier on. He also requested for us to get you some dinner, right here."

The two staff members gestured to show the large shopping bags in their hands.

"Okay. Please, come in." Sonia quickly pulled the door wide open and stepped aside to give them room to enter the house.

With her permission, the two staff members entered the house with their shoes on and carried the groceries that they had bought into the room.

The staff members put down the shopping bags in the living room and one of them ruffled through the bag to take out a delicate paper bag with exquisite wrapping. Next, he presented it to Sonia and said, "Miss Reed, this is the dinner for you and President Fuller."

She then retrieved it with both hands. "Alright, thank you."

"You're welcome. Miss Reed, we'll be on our way then."

"Thanks again."

Sonia put down their dinner on the dining table and escorted the two staff members out of the door. Finally, she shut the door behind them and entered the house once they entered the elevator.

She went back into the living room and she could not help shaking her head with a chuckle as she saw the food on the dining table.

She had originally suggested going grocery shopping to get some ingredients to prepare dinner because they had run out of fresh supplies.

However, they had spent too much time at the store and it was already over 8.00PM by the time they paid.

It would take too long for them to prepare dinner at home and it would likely be past midnight for them to finish dinner.

Therefore when Toby paid for the groceries, he requested for the store to get them dinner and to send it over along with their groceries.

Therefore when Toby paid for the groceries, he requested for the store to get them dinner and to send it over along with their groceries.

If it was anyone else who had made that same request, they would very likely have gotten a resounding 'no' from the grocery store. Since it was Toby making that request, the store management agreed without any hesitations; instead, they were quite eager to please.

Sonia was at a loss for what to say as she recalled the situation from earlier. Subsequently, she opened the bag and laid out their dinner.

She had just laid out the food on the table when the bedroom door was opened from the inside and Toby came out wearing his bathrobe. He walked out while toweling dry his wet hair and he noticed the bags on the ground as well as the food on the dining table. He paused in his action and draped the towel he was holding around his neck before walking over to stand behind Sonia. Then, he wrapped his arms around her from behind and nuzzled her shoulders with his chin. His low voice sounded quite melodious. "When did you receive the items?"

Sonia felt ticklish around her ear lobes as the warm air from his breath hit and she could not help but shrink backward. "It was just sent over not long ago. Let go of me. I feel ticklish."

That dirty dog! He's great at taking advantage of the situation and he always jumps at the chance as soon as he gets an opportunity! Here he is behaving indecently right after his shower.

Yet, he pretended that he did not hear her words. Not only did he maintain his hold on her, but he even nibbled on her reddened ear lobes and was clearly being provocative.

Sonia rolled her eyes and lowered her head to remove the arms he had wrapped around her waist. Subsequently, she turned around and lifted her head to glare at him. "Toby, can you stop? We haven't had dinner and yet you're starting it again! Aren't you hungry?"

"I am hungry." He nodded and admitted to being hungry quite frankly.

In response, Sonia grimaced slightly. "Since you're hungry, then hurry up and eat. We can talk once we've had dinner."

Toby's eyes instantly sparkled as soon as he heard her words.

He leaned his head forward slightly and placed his forehead against Sonia's. His hoarse voice sounded very seductive. "Honey, do you mean to say that I can continue this after dinner?"

At that moment, Sonia was perplexed by his question. "When did I say that?"

"You just did." Toby pulled his lips into a smile. "You mentioned that we can continue the talk after dinner. That means I'm allowed to continue after dinner, right?"

At this point, Sonia grimaced badly and was just about to explain her innocence. However, she could not quite voice out the words that were on her mind because her earlier statement seemed to imply what Toby had comprehended. As such, she was at a loss for what to do.

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Sonia heaved a sigh and waved at him. "Whatever. Let's just have dinner. I'm hungry."

"Then, after dinner, you'll have to let me continue this." Toby cupped her face with both hands and looked at her. He was worried that she was going to change her mind.

Sonia lifted her head with a resigned look in her eyes. "Yeah, yeah, sure."

She admitted defeat this time because she was the one who had said the wrong thing.

If she denied things and refused to agree, he would definitely pester her incessantly until she gave in, based on his stubborn spirit. Therefore, she might as well go along with it.

After all, she was no longer as shy and resistant as she used to be. She could now calmly agree to his request for pleasure.

Furthermore, he was indeed skillful; though she would always end up with a sore back, she undeniably enjoyed it very much as it was a pleasurable experience.

That was why even up till now, she was secretly tempted each time he requested some intimate time.

Ahh! This is shameful! I should stop thinking about all this! At that point, Sonia flushed bright red.

Toby, who was cupping her face, could feel the warmth of her face on his palms.

He let go of her face and noticed that her face was indeed flushed bright red, so he could not help staring dumbfounded for a few seconds. "What's going on in your mind? Why is your face so red?"

Like I would tell you! I ain't letting you get cheeky with it!

She lowered her head and quickly turned to the other side as she dragged out a chair in front of her to take a seat. "It's not important. Let's eat. Why do you keep dragging things?"

Although Sonia tried her best to mask her shyness and refused to tell him what was on her mind earlier, he knew that she must have blushed bright red because she had suddenly thought of something illicit. However, he was not sure of the extent of it.

As Toby realized that, he walked over and took a seat across the room from her.

Sonia heard his chuckle and she felt that he seemed to be aware of what was on her mind. Awkward, she quickly grabbed her utensils and tried to mask her emotions by stuffing herself.

Toby's smile deepened as soon as he noticed her reaction. He was just about to say something when his phone's ringtone cut him off.

With a frown, he clearly looked unhappy to get a phone call from someone at this moment.

In the end, he put down his fork and knife and took the phone into his hands.

As soon as he saw the name displayed on the caller ID, his eyes narrowed and the air around him seemed to turn still.

As soon as Sonia saw that, she could no longer be bothered about her shyness or awkward feelings, so she put down the utensils in her hand and expressed concern, "Who's on the line? Did something serious happen?" Why else would he suddenly reveal such a scary expression?

Toby shook his head slightly. "Nothing major happened, but this is because of the person on the line."

Toby shook his head slightly. "Nothing major happened, but this is because of the person on the line."

As he spoke, he handed over his phone to Sonia and showed her the identity of the other party.

As soon as Sonia noticed the name assigned to the number, she noticed that it was 'Mr. Lore' displayed on the screen, so she instantly understood why he had given such a huge reaction. The person on the line was Lynette's grandfather, Harry.

"Your mentor must have called at this time of the day because of the situation on the internet. Take the call. I wanna know what he has to say about that." Sonia put down her utensils as she leaned back on her chair and looked at Toby.

He shot a look at her with a frown on his face and he seemed to be hesitant whether to share the conversation with her.

After all, Toby was not sure whether Harry would repeat the words that he had said to him at the office earlier. If Sonia heard those remarks...

"Answer the phone," Sonia reminded him once again upon noticing that he had not reacted. "If you don't answer the phone right now, then he's going to hang up soon. Do you intend to return the call? If you do so, then he would definitely assume that you're not bothered about the incident."

That was true. If he ignored the other party and refused to make contact with them, then this would signify to the other party that he was indeed angry. However, if he chose to make contact with the other party, then that would be an indication that he was after a truce. As such, Harry would definitely behave even more presumptuously.

"I won't take the call, then." Toby kept his phone and rejected Harry's phone call. "There are some things that don't you don't need to listen to because it would only make you upset."

"So, are you saying that Mr. Lore has been badmouthing me?" Sonia lifted her brows questioningly.

Meanwhile, Toby put his phone aside. "Mr. Lore dotes on Lynette very much. This incident was clearly intentional sabotage by her, but even if Mr. Lore knows that Lynette's at fault, he wouldn't actually reproach her for that. He would just blame you for exposing his granddaughter's misdeeds, so this phone call here would definitely be to besmirch your name and ruin my good impression of you."

"It looks like you know him quite well." Sonia smiled.

Toby lowered his eyes. "Previously, I wasn't too, but right now, I am totally familiar with his ways." He was serious about that as prior to today, Toby had always thought of his mentor as a kind and friendly old man.

Yet after the conversation that he shared with Harry in the morning, as well as the incident on the internet, he finally realized that everything he assumed was merely an assumption on his part. In reality, his mentor was ugly and despicable. This was also a clear indication that Toby did not know his mentor well at all in the past. That was also why now Toby felt that there was a significant discrepancy upon seeing his true colors.

"Come to think about it." Sonia leaned forward and put her elbows on the table as she supported her chin with her hands and looked at him. "How did you end up with Mr. Lore as your mentor? After all, you should realize that someone like Mr. Lore, who's unfair and blindly supportive of his granddaughter, isn't someone with great values. How did you end up picking someone like that as your mentor? I don't get what was on your mind back then."

"Come to think about it." Sonia leaned forward and put her elbows on the table as she supported her chin with her hands and looked at him. "How did you end up with Mr. Lore as your mentor? After all, you should realize that someone like Mr. Lore, who's unfair and blindly supportive of his granddaughter, isn't someone with great values. How did you end up picking someone like that as your mentor? I don't get what was on your mind back then."

"If I could turn back time to ten years ago, I obviously wouldn't choose him as my mentor." Tony lowered his head and explained calmly, "I entered university when I was fifteen, and then I did my doctorate right after that."

He was pretty nonchalant about things, but Sonia was ashamed of herself upon hearing his words. The stress is getting to me. He's a doctorate student who gained a spot right after graduating. She was merely an undergraduate and she found it tough to even obtain a research position. However, this man in front of her not only held a doctorate, but he had completed several. There was a stark difference in their educational background.

Sonia revealed a forced smile as she was secretly envious of his intelligence. "What happened after that?"

"I joined university and had to inherit Fuller Group, so I then mastered the subject of economics. That's why I went to the school of economics to seek an economics professor to be my mentor. Back then, there were two famous economics professors in the school; one of them was Professor Randall while the other was my current mentor. I actually chose Professor Randall to be my mentor, not Mr. Lore."

“So how did Mr. Lore end up as your mentor then? There should have been a mutual agreement for both the mentor and the mentee to pick each other, right?” Sonia blinked her eyes out of curiosity.

Toby took a sip of wine that he had just poured from a bottle. “Yes, there should’ve been a mutual agreement for both the mentor and mentee to pick each other. I met up with Professor Randall once to have a chat and we were both happy with each other. He had actually agreed to accept me as his protégé and we even picked a date to officialize things. However, before we completed the process, something bad happened to Professor Randall.”

“Something bad?” Sonia was in shock. “What happened?”

“Professor Randall slipped on a banana peel on his way back to his office to get some documents. He hit his head on the ground and passed away on the spot. That’s why I didn’t manage to become Professor Randall’s mentee and ended up choosing the second option—Mr. Lore. Although Mr. Lore wasn’t my first choice, he had always been diligent and responsible while he was my mentor. I have to give him credit for the doctorate I obtained in economics, so that’s why I’ve always been very respectful toward him.”

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“I see.” Sonia nodded. Soon after that, her beautiful brows tightly furrowed. “Did you just say that Professor Randall slipped on a piece of banana peel outside his office and passed away immediately? Don’t you find this too much of a coincidence?”

As soon as she mentioned that, Toby became stunned.

Instantly, he came back to his senses and narrowed his eyes. “Keep going.”

She affirmed and continued, “Look, Professor Randall and Mr. Lore knew that you would most likely pick a mentor out of the two of them, but in fact, you only had Professor Randall in mind. Plus, you guys had already decided on a date to make it official. So, what are the odds that he’d slip on a random banana peel at the front of his office the day before the officialization? Most importantly, how did something like a banana peel appear in front of his office? Sure, bananas are everywhere, but how often do you see a banana peel lying around on the floor? A normal person wouldn’t randomly throw one on the ground. Furthermore, it was thrown at a university professor’s office door. Whatever it is, the situation seems fishy. Besides...”

She took a look at his increasingly stern face and she paused for a few seconds before continuing her words, "There are even regular cleaners on the streets now, let alone a university professor's office."

"Are you trying to say that Professor Randall's death was not an accident but an orchestrated one?" Toby gradually tightened his hands that were placed on the dining table.

Sonia looked at his increasingly cold expression and she affirmed slowly, "That's right. I do have such a suspicion. After all, the timing is too coincidental. He could have encountered trouble anytime at all, but then ultimately, he encountered the accident exactly the day before you officialize everything. Besides, there is the issue with the banana peel too. Anyway, I don't think that the appearance of the banana peel is accidental. Frankly, do you realize how ridiculous that sounds? This is very likely to be a plotted thing. Of course, though, these are just my deductions. Perhaps all this is just an accident."

"No." As soon as Sonia finished her words, Toby suddenly shook his head. "Perhaps your deductions aren't too far off from the truth. This could have been plotted."

Sonia's eyes widened at that point.

Toby narrowed his eyes and explained, "Back then when Professor Randall encountered that accident, I wasn't at school but Fuller Group. Furthermore, I didn't get to know about the accident until the very next day. That was the day we were supposed to officialize everything, but I only found out that Professor Randall had passed away when I was on my way to his house. By then, Professor Randall's body had already been cremated and the police had closed the case by deeming it an accident. Since it became a closed file officially, I never suspected that there could be another reason behind Professor Randall's demise. I always thought of that as an accident and I never considered that there would be more behind all this, until you mentioned earlier that something was fishy with it. That was when I realized there might be more to this."

As per Sonia's deductions, it was strange that Professor Randall encountered the accident coincidentally on the day before the officialization. It could have happened any other day after all. Besides, it definitely was not common to see a banana peel flung casually on the ground, especially at a university.

His university was one of the top universities in the country and the students there were highly cultured, so they would not have littered all over the place.

On the other hand, the professors occupying the office building would not have done so either. Besides, there would always be cleaners available, so Sonia was right. Even the streets were kept clean at all times, so why would a prestigious university office not be? In fact, there would be cleaners inspecting each floor with their equipment in tow every half an hour on average.

Since there would be renowned people from abroad and all over the country visiting his university regularly, the cleanliness of the place was something that the university paid close attention to. Therefore, in general, it would be pretty much impossible for a banana peel to remain on the ground, especially right in front of an office entrance. Clearly, this situation was strange no matter how much one considered it.

As soon as Sonia saw his slightly fluttering eyes, she considered the situation and asked, "Have you thought of something?"

Toby lifted his head and was non-committal. "I have indeed recalled another fishy part. Although I didn't see for myself how Professor Randall fell, I did ask around about how the accident happened and how he fell. According to the vice-chancellor of the university, there was a group of economics exchange students from an international university, and the exchange students were led by Professor Randall around the school. He and the leader of the exchange students got along very well. They were both renowned in the economics world, so they naturally had a lot of common topics to talk about. Furthermore, Professor Randall had been focused on a research topic regarding the future development of economics. Back then, the leader wasn't involved in research work, but he had a unique insight on this topic, so the vice-chancellor mentioned that Professor Randall and the leader of the group were very enthusiastic as they discussed the topic. They were as thick as thieves."

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Sonia pursed her lips and smiled. "This is true. One would definitely develop a close relationship with someone whom they could relate to. My dad loves to play chess, but he's very bad at it, so his fellow chess buddies aren't too enthusiastic to see him and they aren't keen to play with him either. There was once, though, my dad encountered a person who's equally as bad at chess as him, yet he enjoyed the game as much as he did. My dad also kept pestering the guy and tried to force the person into agreeing to swear a brotherly oath. As such, he would definitely have a partner to play chess with."

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Toby lifted his chin. "That's right. That's the exact mentality. Professor Randall and the leader of the group discussed the topic so naturally, Professor Randall wouldn't be able to stop himself from showing his successful research work to the person."

"Is that why you mentioned that Professor Randall went back to his office to get some documents?" Sonia stroked her chin and made a guess.

Toby nodded. "Yes. That was what he went back to get, but there's something that I hadn't explained properly to you and I just recalled that right now."

"What is it?" Sonia glanced at him.

He clenched his fist tighter. "Professor Randall retrieved the documents and slipped on the banana peel only after he walked out of the door."

As soon as Toby said that, Sonia slammed a hand on the table. "I get what you mean. You're trying to say that Professor Randall was fine when he walked through the doors

to retrieve the documents. So clearly, there was no banana peel in front of the entrance before he entered his office. After all, why wouldn't he notice a filthy banana peel right in front of his office in the first place? That means, the banana peel appeared at the entrance right after he entered his office."

"Exactly." Toby nodded. "He wouldn't have taken too long to retrieve the documents because he'd definitely know where he stored his belongings."

"That's for sure." Sonia shrugged. "One would definitely know where their belongings were stored—especially something that he had been focused on researching—so that item must have been placed somewhere easily accessible and well-frequented by him. This place would surely be his office desk. Based on my deductions, Professor Randall wouldn't have taken too long to enter then leave: it would be at most two to three minutes at most. So, the banana peel would have appeared in that short span of time. This is an indication that someone was keeping a close eye and trailing after him. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for the person to randomly fling the banana peel in front of his office in such a short span of time without getting caught."

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"Little Leaf, you're indeed very smart." The solemn look on Toby's face mellowed slightly as he smiled at her.

Meanwhile, Sonia snorted haughtily. "Of course, I'm smart! After all, I'm the first person to notice that there was something fishy going on with this incident."

"Yes, you are. I'll reward you handsomely later on. What do you think about that?" Toby's eyes darkened.

Instantly, Sonia's expression froze as she made a 'no' gesture with her hands in front of her chest. "No way! Don't even think about that!"

Don't even think about that? Toby was secretly scornful about that. I've already gone there, so how can I go back and change my mind? Since he had already made up his mind to reward her, he was not going to renege on his words. After all, he was not a fickle person.

Still, his thoughts remained as thoughts as he did not express it to Sonia. Otherwise, she would surely come up with an excuse tonight to brush him off.

As soon as Sonia noticed that he had stopped speaking, she thought that he had given up that notion, which rendered her relieved. Subsequently, she changed the topic and

brought up the incident once again. "But then, how did you know that Professor Randall took a fall after retrieving the documents? You weren't at the scene, right?"

"This was according to the vice-chancellor's words; he had a good relationship with Professor Randall. As soon as Professor Randall's accident occurred, the vice-chancellor rushed over immediately. He saw Professor Randall's body, which was still clutching to the documents. Furthermore, the vice-chancellor confirmed with the leader of the exchange students that Professor Randall had indeed gone back to his office to retrieve the documents. I was the new mentee that Professor Randall was about to accept, so I naturally wanted to find out what happened to him. I went to the vice-chancellor and these were all reiterated to me personally by him. In fact, he's actually distantly related to Professor Randall. Also, the vice-chancellor's chances of gaining the chancellor position after the current one retired would be dependent on Professor Randall's achievements too because Professor Randall was considered to be working under the vice-chancellor. The vice-chancellor's achievements in the research world would also be linked to Professor Randall's research topic successes. That's how the vice-chancellor would be able to ascend to the position. So, I concluded that he would be the last person on earth to wish for misfortune to befall Professor Randall. Naturally, he would not lie to me about this matter."

Sonia nodded approvingly. "Since the vice-chancellor knew that Professor Randall slipped when he came out of the room, then why didn't the vice-chancellor suspect that his death was sabotage? After all, the sudden appearance of a banana peel on the ground's just too out of the ordinary. Not only the vice-chancellor, but the police didn't find this incident suspicious either. They even closed the case swiftly by deeming it an accident, so it just seems kinda odd. I don't believe that the police didn't consider the suspicious points that even I could identify. That's why I have another hunch."

"You mean that the police and the vice-chancellor were bribed afterward, and even though they realized that there were some suspicious points, they chose to overlook them. Is this what you're trying to say?" Toby looked at her.

Sonia affirmed twice, "Yes, exactly. That's the suspicion that I have. This whole thing seems quite strange, isn't it? It's not normal for a death case to be investigated swiftly and then become a closed case so soon. Even if it was an accidental death, there would at least be a seventy-two-hour investigation before the police requested for case closure. However, this case was concluded in a rush by the next day, so that's abnormally fast. It feels more like someone bribed the police to close the case as soon as possible and conclude Professor Randall's death as an accident so that no one would investigate the matter any further. By the way, does Professor Randall have any family members?" she asked while looking at him.

He shook his head. "He had no family. His family members lost their lives ten years ago and he was the only survivor back then."

"That's no wonder, then." Sonia pursed her red lips. "That makes sense. Since he didn't have any family members, so even if the case was concluded hastily, no one would object to that. As for you, why didn't you notice the suspicious part regarding the hasty conclusion of the case?"

"I noticed that and made plans to relook into the case." Toby lowered his eyes. "However, before I could do so, I was hospitalized due to my heart disease, so this matter was overlooked."

"Is that so?" Sonia averted her gaze to his chest. "Then, is your heart okay now? I heard that even after a heart transplant, it's not your own organ after all, so there could be some issues. Over these years, have you experienced any discomfort in your heart?"

She realized then that she had never asked him about this issue before.

Taken aback by her question, he suddenly froze in response and stiffened slightly. "No, everything has been perfectly fine for me."

As Toby replied, he lowered his eyes further to mask the emotions inside them.

Not noticing the difference in his expression, she heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing that his heart was fine. "That's great."

"Don't worry. I'll be fine. We've got a long life together ahead of us, so there's no way I'd leave my heart issue unresolved." Toby reached out to ruffle her hair. "Trust me."

Although he had already found an organ donor, the donor was still alive and Toby was not as evil as to seek a life using despicable methods just to survive. He did want to get a heart transplant as soon as possible, but he would not kill the donor beforehand to achieve his goal quicker. Furthermore, the donor was now on his final lap of life and his body could no longer sustain him for more than half a year. Therefore, Toby could well afford to wait for another half a year.

"You maan that tha polica and tha vica-chancallor wara bribad aftarward, and avan though thay raalized that thara wara soma suspicious points, thay chosa to ovarlook tham. Is this what you'ra trying to say?" Toby lookad at har.

Sonia affirmad twica, "Yas, axactly. That's tha suspicion that I hava. This whola thing saams quita stranga, isn't it? It's not normal for a daath casa to ba invastigatad swiftly and than bacoma a closad casa so soon. Evan if it was an accidantal daath, thara would at laast ba a savanty-two-hour invastigation bafora tha polica raquastad for casa closura. Howavar, this casa was concludad in a rush by tha naxt day, so that's abnormally fast. It faals mora lika somaona bribad tha polica to closa tha casa as soon as possibla and concluda Profassor Randall's daath as an accidant so that no ona would invastigata tha mattar any furthar. By tha way, doas Profassor Randall hava any family mambars?" sha askad whila looking at him.

Ha shook his haad. "Ha had no family. His family mambers lost thair livas tan yaars ago and ha was tha only survivor back than."

"That's no wonder, than." Sonia pursad har rad lips. "That makas sansa. Sinca ha didn't hava any family mambers, so avan if tha casa was concludad hastily, no ona would object to that. As for you, why didn't you notica tha suspicious part ragarding tha hasty conclusion of tha casa?"

"I noticad that and mada plans to ralook into tha casa." Toby lowarad his ayas. "Howavar, bafora I could do so, I was hospitalizad dua to my haart disaasa, so this mattar was ovarlookad."

"Is that so?" Sonia avartad har gaza to his chast. "Than, is your haart okay now? I haard that avan aftar a haart transplant, it's not your own organ aftar all, so thara could ba soma issuas. Ovar thasa yaars, hava you a XPARIANCAD any discomfort in your haart?"

Sha raalizad than that sha had navar askad him about this issua bafora.

Takan aback by har quastion, ha suddanly froza in rasponsa and stiffnad slightly. "No, avarything has baan parfactly fina for ma."

As Toby rapliad, ha lowarad his ayas furthar to mask tha amotions insida tham.

Not noticing tha diffaranca in his aXPRassion, sha haavad a sigh of raliAF upon haaring that his haart was fina. "That's graat."

"Don't worry. I'll ba fina. Wa've got a long lifa togathar ahaad of us, so thara's no way I'd laava my haart issua unrasolvad." Toby raachad out to ruffla har hair. "Trust ma."

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"I trust you." Sonia looked at him and nodded with a smile.

"I trust you." Sonia looked at him and nodded with a smile.

Toby retracted his hand. "Let's continue our discussion. Who do you reckon is the mastermind behind Professor Randall's accident?"

"Is this a test?" She took a sip of soup.

He smiled and said, "You could think of it that way."

Sonia lifted her head and rolled her eyes at him. "The answer is so obvious and yet you're testing me? Do you think that I'm an idiot?"

"No." Toby shook his head frantically. He had no other option as he had noticed the dangerous look in her eyes.

Sonia snorted with a pleased expression as soon as she realized that he was perceptive. "That sounds much better, but since you've asked me that question, I'll give you an answer. My answer is quite simple actually. Whoever has the most to gain out of this would be the most suspicious person. Let me ask you this, who was it that accepted Mr. Lore as his mentor after Professor Randall's death?"

"I did," Toby murmured as he moved his thin lips.

Sonia nodded in response and said, "Then, I've got another question for you. After Professor Randall's death, who became the person to head the student exchange team? I'm guessing that it was Mr. Lore too, right?"

Toby curved his lips into a smile. "How did you come to that?"

"It's simple. You mentioned before that there were only two people you were interested to seek as your mentor—either Professor Randall or Mr. Lore. Evidently, these two men had a significant influence on the subject of economics studies and they're the cream of the crop in the industry. The university assigned Professor Randall to lead the international exchange student program, so it's obvious that the program was exclusive. Otherwise, how would Professor Randall have been selected to lead them? The university must have been critical in choosing who to lead them as that would be detrimental to the international ties between both countries. Although Professor Randall passed away before the program ended, they couldn't possibly put a stop to the program, so it would surely proceed as usual. The university would naturally have to assign someone else to lead the group. Furthermore, that person would need to be of equal status to Professor Randall. The only person who fits that criteria is Mr. Lore."

"You're right. Little Leaf, you're awesome!" Toby put down the red wine and praised her by giving her a thumbs up.

Flattered, she brushed him off while waving her hand. "Okay, okay. Stop fawning over me. I maintain my words; whoever has the most to gain out of these two things would very likely be the mastermind. After Professor Randall's death, not only did Mr. Lore become your mentor, but he also succeeded in leading the international exchange students and became the top economics professor in the country. There would no longer be anyone else capable enough to vie for the same position as him. This is entirely something that he benefited out of, regardless of how you look at the situation."

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Toby placed his interlocked fingers on the dining table without saying a word and he lowered his head as he considered the situation.

As soon as Sonia saw that, she did not bother him as she held her fork and knife to continue her meal.

After she had taken a few gulps of her food, he finally gave a reaction.

He relaxed both hands and gradually lifted his head. "I'll get the police to reinvestigate the case and look into the matter once again."

"What if the proper investigation reveals that Mr. Lore was the mastermind behind this? How would you deal with this?" Sonia stopped eating and placed down her utensils as she glanced at him. This was a point that she was most interested in.

He lifted his red wine glass and gulped it down. "I've chosen to forsake the Lore Family during this morning's incident; if Mr. Lore ends up being the mastermind, then naturally, I would not let him get away with this. I will choose to seek justice for Professor Randall. After all, Professor Randall was the mentor I chose in the first place."

"I agree with that." Sonia stretched out her hand and placed it atop his. "No matter what happens, I'll support your decision and I'll definitely stand by your side just like how you've always stood by me and supported every single one of my decisions."

Remaining silent, Toby turned his hand and held her hand in his palms as he gently gripped her hand to indicate his happy feelings at the moment.

After some time, he let go of Sonia and stood up while holding onto his phone. "I'll make a phone call."

"Are you going to call the police now?" Sonia asked as she lifted her head.

He nodded. "I'll give the special forces a call. Both Professor Randall and Mr. Lore are civil servants and they're enlisted in the government, so the usual cops would not be able to handle this matter. The investigation would have to be conducted by the higher-ups."

"Okay. Go ahead, then. Make it quick though because the food is getting cold." Sonia pointed to the lavish spread on the table.

Toby affirmed, "I'll be back real soon. Start without me."

After saying that, he strode off in his long legs and headed in the direction of the balcony.

On the other end, Harry did not realize that he was the topic of Toby and Sonia's suspicions, and that Toby had contacted the special forces to reinvestigate the death case from more than ten years ago.

At that moment, Harry was inside a car with Grayson next to him.

Grayson looked at the phone in Harry's hand before turning to look at his wizened face, which was currently thunderous. He gulped before asking, "Dad, did Toby hang up on you?"

His tone was full of trepidation as he sounded weak and feeble. He was a completely different person from his haughty self in front of his secretary in the morning.

Indeed, every person had their weak spot regardless of how great they were. Grayson was afraid of the old man before him, who was his very own father. Therefore, he spoke gingerly when he was faced with Harry.

"Haven't you seen it with your own eyes? Why do you have to ask the obvious?" Clearly, Harry was annoyed by his son's question as he shot him a disgusting look.

Grayson shrunk back and muttered, "I was just expressing my concern."

"Hah! Don't worry. I am perfectly fine," Harry replied calmly and retracted his gaze.

Grayson ran a hand through his hair. "But then Dad, Toby noticed that you were the one on the line, yet he hung up the phone. It looks like things are serious this time."

At that moment, Grayson suddenly felt unsure of his assumptions. He had initially thought that even if Toby was angry about the matter and refused to talk to him, Toby would never ignore Harry. After all, Harry was Toby's mentor. Perhaps all that was needed was for Harry to voice out and Toby would surely be mindful of Harry's identity as his mentor and let things slide. Surely, he would never actually go after the Lore Family. However, at this point, Toby had rejected Harry's call and Grayson suddenly lost confidence that Toby would let the Lore Family get away just because of Harry's position.

Harry looked at his phone and his dark eyes were unreadable. "Perhaps it's not only this matter with Lynette that made him refuse my call."

"Was there something else that happened?" Grayson's voice was raised all of a sudden.

Harry heaved a sigh. "This morning, I went over to Fuller Group and met up with Toby, right?"

"Yes, I know that." Grayson nodded.

Harry leaned back slightly. "During our meeting today, I said a lot of nasty things about Sonia in front of Toby and he was very angry. He instantly escorted me out of Fuller Group. That's why I reckon Toby refused my call not only because of Lynette's matter, but also because of the words I said to him this morning."

"What should we do then?" Grayson panicked. "It's no wonder that he would be so angry! These two matters added up are indeed a cause of anger. Dad, if we don't patch things up with Toby as soon as possible, the company will be in trouble. This afternoon, representatives from several companies called me and they probed about Toby's attitude toward our family. If word gets out that Toby intends to sever ties with our family, then these companies will surely come together to attack us. After all, we did offend quite a few companies in the past."

"I don't need you to tell me all this. I'm aware." Harry glared at his useless and panicky son while speaking in a low voice, "Don't worry, I managed to gain such a great mentee back then, so there is no way I would allow our relationship to deteriorate."

As soon as Grayson heard Harry's words, he calmed down significantly. However, he was still slightly apprehensive. "Toby refuses to answer our phone calls though, and he doesn't want to see us at all. We can't even locate him, so how are we going to patch things up with him?"

"Haven't you seen it with your own eyes? Why do you have to ask the obvious?" Clearly, Harry was annoyed by his son's question as he shot him a disgusting look.

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"Was thara somathing alsa that happanad?" Grayson's voica was raisad all of a suddan.

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"I don't naad you to tall ma all this. I'm awara." Harry glarad at his usalass and panicky son whila spaaking in a low voica, "Don't worry, I managad to gain such a graat mantaa back than, so thara is no way I would allow our ralationship to datariorata."

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Harry pinched his nose bridge. "Don't worry about Toby for now. He's still in a fit of anger from today's incident, so we shouldn't bother him. Let's give him some time to calm down. Perhaps once he calms down, he will answer our call and meet up with us. By then, it would be much easier for us to talk to him."

Harry pinched his nose bridge. "Don't worry about Toby for now. He's still in a fit of anger from today's incident, so we shouldn't bother him. Let's give him some time to calm down. Perhaps once he calms down, he will answer our call and meet up with us. By then, it would be much easier for us to talk to him."

"So, are we supposed to do nothing now?" Grayson was discontented.

Harry narrowed his eyes in response. "Of course not. We should give him some time to calm down, but that doesn't mean we're going to stand by and do nothing. Let's go over to Fuller Residence first."

Grayson's eyes sparkled at the sound of that. "Dad, do you intend to talk to Old Mrs. Fuller and tackle the situation by winning her over?"

Harry affirmed, "Right now, that seems to be the only thing we can do. Old Mrs. Fuller is an elder whom Toby cares the most about. Once Old Mrs. Fuller voices out, Toby would definitely agree to everything she says."

"This sounds like a great idea, but..." Grayson scratched his head. "Dad, Old Mrs. Fuller has never been too enthusiastic toward our family members, so will we succeed if we go over to see her?"

"Well, we have to give it a try, don't we?" Harry shot a look at Grayson from the side of his eyes before lowering his head and expressing calmly, "Plus, I'm not too sure why, but I keep having an uneasy feeling, so we've got to patch our relationship with Toby as soon as possible. Otherwise, I'm afraid that if this persists, there will be much more terrible things to occur."

"Okay. Let's head over right now." Grayson nodded and instructed the driver to start the car.

An hour later, they arrived at Fuller Residence and the duo alighted from the car to clarify their identities to the security guards.

The security guards knew that Harry was Toby's mentor, so they took into account Harry's position and naturally did not dare to delay the situation. As such, the guards reported the situation to the main house instantly.

It was past 9.00PM and Rose had just gotten ready for bed with Mary's help. She was just about to retire to bed when there was a knock on the door.

Mary frowned in annoyance. "It's so late. Why are the servants knocking on the door at this time of the night?"

"There must be something urgent. Open the door, Mary," Rose spoke with a smile as she was not bothered at all.

"That's alright. They can wait. I'll help you into bed first," said Mary as she helped Rose plump up her pillow.

Mary was insistent, so Rose went along with Mary's words and got into bed. After Rose made herself comfortable in bed, Mary tucked her under the blanket before turning around to open the door.

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The door was opened and Mary was shocked to find not a servant outside but one of the security guards from the front gate.

Taken aback as soon as she saw the man, she then asked solemnly, "What's wrong?"

Normally, the security guards would not enter the main house unless something had happened, so it was pretty much impossible for them to be directly knocking on Rose's bedroom door, especially so late at night. As such, something major must have happened for the security guard to be here right now.

"Mary, there are visitors at the door. It's President Fuller's mentor and he's here to visit Old Mrs. Fuller. These are their details." The security guard handed over Harry's name card to Mary.

Mary reached out to take a look at it. As soon as she saw the name written on it, she scoffed, "They must be after something to come and visit Old Mrs. Fuller so late at night!"

"Should we let them in? Or should we just tell them to leave? If you don't want them to come in, then I'll tell them off right now," asked the security guard as he looked at Mary.

Mary folded the name card in her hand. "Hold on. I'll consult Old Mrs. Fuller about this."

"Okay." The security guard nodded respectfully.

As such, Mary shut the door and turned around back into the room.

Rose, who was originally lying down, was now sitting up in bed and had a book in her hands, seemingly engrossed in the book.

At that sight, Mary immediately became unhappy. "Old Mrs. Fuller, why did you get up in bed and started to read? You were tucked into bed earlier!"

Rose listened to Mary's reproachful words; not only was she not upset by that, but she smiled cheerfully. "It's okay, Mary. Don't be upset. I had trouble falling asleep, so that's why I sat up and did some reading. I'll go to bed in a short while when I feel sleepy."

"But you're not supposed to stay up too late. It's not good for your health." Mary walked over and attempted to remove the book from Rose's hands and get Rose to lie down.

However, Rose had already noticed what she was attempting to do. As soon as Mary reached out to grab the book, Rose shifted the book to the side and refused to let her get hold of it.

At that point, Mary revealed an exasperated smile. “Old Mrs. Fuller, you...”

“Mary, that’s enough.” Rose maintained a smile on her face. “I realize that you’re worried about me, but my health is as you can see. So, how much worse can it get? Don’t worry. I’m well aware of my condition.”

Rose stubbornly insisted on getting some reading done before bed, so Mary had no other option for a moment there.

At that moment, Rose suddenly noticed the card in Mary’s hand and she put her book aside to ask, “What’s that?”

“Oh, this is a name card from the Lore Family.” Mary suddenly recalled that as she handed over the card to Rose.

Rose reached out to take it. “The Lore Family? Do you mean Toby’s mentor’s family?”

“That’s them.” Mary nodded. “They are at the front gates right now and they’re here to see you.”

“Here to see me?” Rose paused while holding onto the name card.

Meanwhile, Mary smoothed over the blanket that was over Rose. “Yes. I reckon that they must be here because of the incident on the internet this morning. Old Mrs. Fuller, you’ve heard of how Miss Lore framed Miss Reed. She’s trying to cause Young Master Toby to misunderstand Miss Reed and break up with Miss Reed so that she could take over Miss Reed’s position.”

By then, Rose was no longer interested to look at the name card as she folded it in half before casting it aside on her bedside table like it was a piece of rubbish. Rose sneered coldly, “I’m quite aware of what sort of personalities the Lore Family have and frankly speaking—though this may sound rude—they are just a bunch of rogues. I’ve known from the start that their daughter’s interested in Toby. He was the only person oblivious to that.”

Mary chuckled in response. “Young Master Toby tends to be quite clueless in relationship matters and I guess that’s a good thing too because he wouldn’t have to be burdened unnecessarily.”

Rose smiled as she turned to look at her. “Toby’s not clueless at all. If he was completely clueless in such relationship matters, then he wouldn’t have fallen in love with Sonny while they were exchanging letters without even meeting her. He just can’t

be bothered by people he's not interested in, so that's why he didn't realize that Miss Lore was interested in him."

"Whatever it is, it's a good thing that Young Master Toby isn't aware of Miss Lore's intentions." Mary poured a glass of milk for Rose.

A warm cup of milk could be good to aid sleep. Since Rose was unable to fall asleep, then perhaps drinking some milk could put her to sleep soon enough.

Yet, Rose was aware of Mary's intention. With a smile, she did not object to Mary's offer and took the glass of milk. "This time, Miss Lore spread rumors about Sonny on the internet because she must have been unable to contain herself any longer. She didn't want to see Toby and Sonny maintain their relationship 'cause she must be concerned that she wouldn't be able to replace Sonny's position after that."

"Hmph! I really don't get what's going on in the minds of young women nowadays. They refuse to behave decently and use devious means to get their way. To think that she comes from a distinguished family, she's actually intent on being a homewrecker!" Mary was disdainful as she spilled her words.

As for Rose, she took a sip of milk and the previously amiable look in her eyes was replaced with coldness. It was exactly the same cold look that Toby wore when he dealt with strangers. Clearly, he had learned many of his ways directly from Rose.

"A distinguished family?" Rose sneered coldly. "How can she be considered to be from a distinguished family? If it wasn't because of her grandfather's luck back then in becoming Toby's mentor, their family would have become history. They wouldn't have been able to continue flaunting amongst the wealthy by taking advantage of Young Master Toby's name."

"Old Mrs. Fuller, since you're aware that the Lore Family have been behaving badly and flaunting by making use of Young Master Toby's name, why didn't you convince Young Master Toby to warn them?" Mary glanced at Rose with a perplexed expression.

"Hara to saa ma?" Rosa paused while holding onto the name card.

Meanwhile, Mary smoothed over the blanket that was over Rosa. "Yas. I reckon that they must be here because of the incident on the internet this morning. Old Mrs. Fuller, you've heard of how Miss Lore framed Miss Raad. She's trying to cause Young Master Toby to misunderstand Miss Raad and break up with Miss Raad so that she could take over Miss Raad's position."

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Rose brushed her off. "What's the point in me telling him? Even if Toby trusts my words, there is no evidence at all, so he wouldn't be able to sever ties with them. After all, the

Lore Family played a role in guiding him in his studies, so I can't comment too much seeing that we're indebted to them. Otherwise, we might be criticized for being ungrateful. That's why I chose to keep silent and watch them continue their clown show. No matter how hard they try to mask themselves, they would end up exposing themselves and Toby would have to see through their true colors sooner or later. By then, the Lore Family's kindness granted to Toby in the past would have been worn off by their misdeeds, so he wouldn't be caught in a tight position if he went after them."

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"Okay, I get it." Mary nodded and agreed that this was a great idea. "I heard that Lynette's action of framing Miss Reed this time has angered Young Master Toby and he seems to have made up his mind to sever ties with the Lore Family. Furthermore, it seems like he will be taking action against the Lore Family. I'm not too sure how true that is, Old Mrs. Fuller. Why don't you ask Young Master Toby?"

Rose shook her head. "That's not necessary. The rumors you heard must be true. Sonny's precious to Toby and he would never allow anyone to harm her. The Lore Family's actions must have triggered Toby's rage. I know him very well and clearly, he won't let them get away with things lightly. That's why even though I got to know this matter today, I don't plan on calling Toby or Sonny to ask about it. I'm not going to interfere and I'll let him deal with this himself."

"Yes, I agree that you shouldn't get involved. You should be enjoying a relaxing life." Mary smiled.

Rose smiled as well. "You're right about that."

"However, Mr. Lore's here to see you. Perhaps because he knew that Young Master Toby is planning to cut ties with the Lore Family and he can't get hold of Young Master Toby. That's why he came over to see you and try to target you to resolve the matter. Otherwise, he would never pay you a visit. I don't think that he's here to visit because he respects you." Mary shot a look at the card by the side with a scornful smile.

Rose placed the glass of milk aside. "Yeah. If I'm not mistaken, Harry's been back for quite some time now, huh?"

"He's been back for more than two weeks now," Mary replied.

Meanwhile, Rose placed a wizened hand on her abdomen and patted it gently. "Yes. He's been back for more than two weeks and yet he didn't bother to come over and visit me throughout that period. Clearly, he couldn't care less about me. Now that he's encountered trouble, he's finally thought of seeing me. Obviously, he's trying to take advantage of me and I'm just a tool to him. Do you reckon that I should show him my temper?"

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"You should!" Mary clapped and agreed.

Subsequently, she looked at Rose and asked, "Then, Old Mrs. Fuller, what do you plan to do next? Do you want to meet him?"

"Since he's here, then there's no harm in meeting him." Rose uncovered the blanket. "Besides, I won't be alive for much longer. If he plans on making a tool out of me and I don't meet him today to avenge myself, then I wouldn't know when else I can do so."

"Old Mrs. Fuller, what are you on about?" Mary helped Rose out of bed and expressed discontentedly, "What do you mean by you won't live much longer? You'll definitely still be around when Young Master Toby and Miss Reed get married again; you'll be able to play with your great-grandchildren too. Perhaps, you'd be able to see Young Master Tyler get married as well! By the way, Young Master Tyler should be coming back soon. Their team should have made it to the finals by now."

Rose chuckled happily. "That little brat, Tyler has been gone for a few months now. I do miss him very much."

"If that's the case, then I'll give Young Master Tyler a call tomorrow morning and get him to come over immediately to see you once he's back. How does that sound?" Mary helped Rose put on her jacket.

Rose brushed Mary off. "That's not necessary. If you ask Tyler to come over immediately once he arrives back and Jean finds out, then she might get jealous. Perhaps by then, she would blame me for keeping them from seeing each other. I don't want to be blamed for that. Anyway, Tyler would definitely pay me a visit once he's back, so there is no need to take any unnecessary action."

"Okay." Mary nodded. However, she could not help complaining, "Come to think about it, Jean's joined the family for so many years now, but she hasn't improved at all. Back then, you even hired several teachers to guide her on etiquette and skills with the hopes that her uncouthness would rub off. However, not only did she not change in her ways

at all, but the teachers had such a tough time with her. This was indeed something astonishing.”

“Forget about it. These are all matters of the past, so let’s not mention them. Fortunately, Jean’s terrified of Toby, so I won’t have to worry that she’ll create havoc once I die. Besides, Sonny has changed significantly too. Jean might even suffer in her hands,” said Rose as she put on her final piece of clothing.

Mary smiled. “You’re right.”

“Let’s go. Let’s meet Harry now.” Rose took the cane handed over by Mary.

Mary affirmed and helped Rose to the entrance by guiding her elbow.

The door was once again opened and the security guard remained by the entrance.

As soon as he saw the duo walk out, he quickly bowed. “Old Mrs. Fuller.”

Rose nodded. “Show them into the living room. I’ll meet them there.”

“Okay.” The security guard nodded and followed the instructions as he turned around to leave subsequently.

Mary helped Rose out of the room, then toward the direction of the living room.

Along the way, Mary suddenly realized something and she asked while looking at Rose. “Old Mrs. Fuller, should we let Young Master Toby know that the Lore Family came over? I reckon Young Master Toby isn’t aware of this yet.”

“No, don’t inform him. If you let him know about this, he’s definitely going to worry and rush over at this time of the night. It’s dangerous to drive out at night, so let’s not bother him. Besides, do you think that Harry would dare to do anything to me?”

“I’m sure he wouldn’t have the guts to do anything to you.” Mary shook her head without hesitation.

“Everything will be fine.”

Meanwhile at the gates to the Fuller Residence, the winter temperatures of Seafeld were normally colder than elsewhere, especially at night. Furthermore, the wind was bitterly cold.

Harry and Grayson stood there shivering under the cold winter night as they huddled up, tempted to stick their heads into their down jackets.

"Dad, why don't we just wait in the car? The heater's on and it's much more comfortable in there," Grayson asked perplexedly as he looked at their car parked on the other side of the road.

At the same time, he could not contain the slight jealousy that welled up within him. Indeed, he was jealous of his own driver. Harry and Grayson were the employers, yet they were standing here being subjected to the bitterly cold wind and freezing their pants off. Meanwhile, the driver remained inside the car while enjoying the heater inside comfortably. Furthermore, the driver might even be thinking in his mind that Harry and Grayson were idiots who chose to stand under the cold winter night despite having access to heating.

Harry glanced in the direction of the car and rubbed both hands together. "I know exactly what's going on in your mind, but this time, we're here to seek a favor, so we should show our sincerity. There's no harm in suffering through some cold weather."

"I get it! You're trying to make her feel sorry for us, huh?" Grayson inched closer toward Harry.

Harry remained speechless, but his silence was clearly an acquiescence. Indeed, he was planning to make Rose feel sorry for them. Perhaps, she would relent after seeing them stand for so long outside in such bitterly cold weather.

"Dad, you've got all the bases covered indeed." Grayson reached out and gave Harry a thumbs-up gesture. He was sincerely impressed.

Unimpressed, Harry shot him a look. "That's enough. Stop fawning over me and stand up straight. Stop talking too because someone might come out and hear what you said."

"Okay." Grayson shrunk back and retreated to the side.

Not long after that, the son could not help and inched over to Harry once again. "Dad, the security guard has gone inside for quite some time now. Why isn't he back? Could it be that Old Mrs. Fuller doesn't wish to see us, and she doesn't want to reject us outright, so she's just going to ignore us?"

Mary halpad Rosa out of tha room, than toward tha diraction of tha living room.

Along tha way, Mary suddanly raalizad somathing and sha askad whila looking at Rosa. "Old Mrs. Fullar, should wa lat Young Mastar Toby know that tha Lora Family cama ovar? I rackon Young Mastar Toby isn't awara of this yat."

"No, don't inform him. If you lat him know about this, ha's dafinitaly going to worry and rush ovar at this tima of tha night. It's dangarous to driva out at night, so lat's not bothar him. Basidas, do you think that Harry would dara to do anything to ma?"

"I'm sura ha wouldn't hava tha guts to do anything to you." Mary shook har haad without hasitation.

"Evarything will ba fina."

Maanwhila at tha gatas to tha Fullar Rasidanca, tha wintar tamparaturas of Saafiald wara normally coldar than alsawhara, aspacially at night. Furtharmora, tha wind was bittarly cold.

Harry and Grayson stood thara shivaring undar tha cold wintar night as thay huddlad up, tamptad to stick thair haads into thair down jackats.

"Dad, why don't wa just wait in tha car? Tha haatar's on and it's much mora comfortabla in thara," Grayson askad parplaxadly as ha lookad at thair car parkad on tha othar sida of tha road.

At tha sama tima, ha could not contain tha slight jaalousy that wallad up within him. Indaad, ha was jaalous of his own drivar. Harry and Grayson wara tha amployars, yat thay wara standing hara baing subjactad to tha bittarly cold wind and fraazing thair pants off. Maanwhila, tha drivar remainad insida tha car whila anjoying tha haatar insida comfortably. Furtharmora, tha drivar might avan ba thinking in his mind that Harry and Grayson wara idiots who chosa to stand undar tha cold wintar night daspita having accass to haating.

Harry glancad in tha diraction of tha car and rubbad both hands togathar. "I know axactly what's going on in your mind, but this tima, wa'ra hara to saak a favor, so wa should show our sincarity. Thara's no harm in suffaring through soma cold waathar."

"I gat it! You'ra trying to maka har faal sorry for us, huh?" Grayson inchad closar toward Harry.

Harry remainad spaachlass, but his silanca was claarly an acquiascanca. Indaad, ha was planning to maka Rosa faal sorry for tham. Parhaps, sha would ralant aftar saaing tham stand for so long outsida in such bittarly cold waathar.

"Dad, you've got all tha basas covarad indaad." Grayson raachad out and gava Harry a thumbs-up gastura. Ha was sincaraly imprassad.

Unimprassad, Harry shot him a look. "That's enough. Stop fawning ovar ma and stand up straight. Stop talking too bacausa somaona might coma out and haar what you said."

"Okay." Grayson shrunk back and ratraatad to tha sida.

Not long aftar that, tha son could not halp and inchad ovar to Harry onca again. "Dad, tha sacurity guard has gona insida for quita soma tima now. Why isn't ha back? Could it

ba that Old Mrs. Fullar doasn't wish to saa us, and sha doasn't want to rajact us outright, so sha's just going to ignora us?"

At that point, Harry was fazed as he wore a solemn look. He's not completely wrong.

At that point, Harry was fazed as he wore a solemn look. He's not completely wrong.

As soon as Grayson noticed his dad turn silent, his heart skipped a beat. "Oh my gosh, Dad. Do you think that it's possible too?"

"If Old Mrs. Fuller knew about the incident on the internet, then there is indeed such a possibility," Harry admitted with uncertainty.

At that point, Grayson turned frantic. "Does that mean we've come in vain? We've also stood here under the cold weather for nothing?"

Harry's expression froze slightly and he was about to say something when he noticed the door to the security room open up. Then, the security guard from earlier came out and walked over in their direction.

As soon as Harry saw that, he instantly tugged his idiotic son's arm. "Shut up. Someone's here."

Grayson instantly recollected himself upon hearing Harry's words and he stood still without uttering a word.

"Mr. Lore." The security guard came over and stood in front of Harry. "Old Mrs. Fuller has agreed to see you. You two can come with me."

The security guard made a welcome gesture and indicated the two of them to trail after him.

Harry and Grayson exchanged looks with each other as both of them noted the relieved look in each other's eyes.

Fortunately, Old Mrs. Fuller agreed to meet up. It's likely that she doesn't mind the rumors on the internet. With that in mind, Harry and Grayson were much more confident to meet up with Rose.

This was the first time ever that Grayson visited Fuller Residence.

The building was a typical colonial-style design and it was massive.

He had never seen a mansion this size but merely heard of them. The largest similarly styled mansion he had ever seen was only half the size of this place. It was the first experience ever for him to see such a humongous place.

Grayson scanned the surroundings as they walked inside. If one did not know his position as a president of a company, one would have assumed that he was a country bumpkin who had come to town for the first time.

Yet, he was not the only one behaving this way as even Harry could not help studying the mansion secretly. Still, he was not as exaggerated as Grayson. After all, he had been here twice before, so he was not as astonished as Grayson by the place.

Nonetheless, the mansion was truly an impressive building. Although Harry had been here more than once, he was still in awe regardless, so Grayson's reaction was practically normal.

"Dad, Fuller Residence is so grand and impressive!" Grayson trailed not too far behind the security guard as he inched closer to Harry and exclaimed in a low voice.

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Harry nodded. "It would definitely be grand of course. This was one of the prehistoric castles from the past. After the war ended, this place was granted to Old Mr. Fuller as a reward for the sacrifices he made for the country. Subsequently, the Fullers invested a lot of money into refurbishing the place. They gradually did some renovations to the original building and finally, we have the Fuller Residence you see today."

"Oh, so it used to be a prehistoric castle. No wonder it's massive. The other prehistoric castles in the country have all been confiscated by the government and forcefully demolished. It's quite rare to see this. It would be great if we had a prehistoric castle in the family, huh?" Grayson scanned the surroundings with an envious look in his eyes.

Yet, Harry remained silent. He was, too, tempted to own a prehistoric castle, but they were neither influential nor rich enough to afford that.

It was fine though, because once Lynette joined the Fuller Family and after the demise of Old Mrs. Fuller, Lynette would then become the lady of the mansion. By then, he might be able to move into this place and there would be no difference whether he owned the place or not. As for Jean, Harry conveniently disregarded her.

The father and son duo chatted with each other and arrived at the main living room quite soon after that.

As soon as they walked through the doors, Harry and Grayson noticed that Rose was sipping tea while sitting in the middle of the room.

Hearing the incoming footsteps, she put down her teacup and lifted her head to take a look at the father and son duo brought in by the security guard.

“Old Mrs. Fuller, here they are.” The security guard led the duo into the living room and stopped in front of Rose before gesturing to the two men behind him as he reported back to her.

Rose put down her teacup and nodded. “Alright, back to your station. I’ll get you if there is anything important.”

“Sure, Old Mrs. Fuller.” The security guard bowed and turned around to leave.

As such, there were only Rose, Mary, Harry, and Grayson left in the room.

Rose took a look at Harry and Grayson before giving instructions to Mary, who was behind her, by gesturing with her lips. “Mary, pour them some tea.”

“Sure, Old Mrs. Fuller.” Mary stood up and affirmed before heading toward the father and son duo. After showing the two of them to their seats, she poured them some tea.

Meanwhile, Rose pretended to be clueless about Harry and Grayson’s purpose of visit. Hence, she asked, “What brings you here at this time of the night?”

Harry took the cup of tea poured by Mary and he smiled while saying, “I’m so sorry, Rosy. It’s late at night, yet I’m here to intrude on your rest time. I had no choice, though. I—”

At that point, Rose’s expression darkened and she immediately interrupted his words, “What did you just call me?” There was an unmistakable tone of anger in her voice.

Stunned, Harry clearly did not comprehend why she had suddenly flared up at him. He thought about it and did not find that there was anything wrong with his words. However, Rose was not the only one with a thunderous expression as even Mary had a darkened look on her face; she clearly looked upset.

As soon as Harry and Grayson saw that, their hearts skipped a beat.

Grayson instantly turned to look at Harry questioningly. Dad, what did you just say? Why are they so upset?

Harry shook his head and indicated that he was as clueless as his son. If I knew what was going on, then I wouldn’t be so confused right now.

After pouring tea for them, Mary turned around to head back and stand behind Rose. She looked at the two of them with an ashen look on her face. “Mr. Lore, please watch

how you address Old Mrs. Fuller because if I'm not mistaken, she's older than you. So, it's quite rude of you to address her by her name."

At that moment, Harry's face flushed bright red. "I didn't..."

It was then he realized that the way he had addressed Rose angered both of them. He assumed that he had said something offensive to them, but he found them quite petty to kick up a fuss out of nothing. After all, it was just a term of address, so it was not a big deal at all. Secretly annoyed by their action, he knew that he was on their turf, so he could not behave too rudely. As such, he reserved expressing his annoyance.

On the contrary, he immediately mended his ways and admitted his mistake, "Old Mrs. Fuller, I really didn't mean to be rude at all. I was just—"

"Mr. Lore, whatever that you intended to do, all I'm aware of is that Old Mrs. Fuller is one of the oldest in her social circle. Not only do I know that, but everyone in the same social circle realizes this too. After all, everyone got together here last year to celebrate Old Mrs. Fuller's birthday, so I reckon that you must know Old Mrs. Fuller's actual age quite well. Yet, you addressed her by her name and that's blatantly rude there. It looks like Young Master Toby has been too closely associated with you and the Lore Family over these years, so that's why you and your entire family seem to have lost sight of your manners, huh? You seem to have gotten the wrong impression that you're much more important than Old Mrs. Fuller in Young Master Toby's mind. Is that why you're behaving so rudely before her?"

Mary's words were scathing and intended to cause trouble. She did not leave Harry with any leeway at all and she purposely framed him as being intentional in trying to humiliate Rose.

Angered beyond words, Harry could not stop trembling at this point as his bright red face flushed redder than before.

Grayson, who was seated by the side, noticed that his father was wrongfully accused by Mary, so he could not contain his anger too. He pointed at Mary and complained to Rose, "Old Mrs. Fuller, the servant next to you is very rude. You haven't said a word, yet she's shot her mouth off and started to yell at your guest. By keeping such a servant by your side, aren't you afraid that someday she'll think of snatching your position?"

Stunned, Harry clearly did not comprehend why she had suddenly flared up at him. He thought about it and did not find that there was anything wrong with his words. However, Rosa was not the only one with a thunderous expression as even Mary had a darkened look on her face; she clearly looked upset.

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However, Rose was unperturbed by Grayson's accusations and did not flare up at all. Instead, she calmly took a sip of tea.

After she finished drinking the tea, she put down the teacup and glanced at Grayson and Harry, who looked agitated. Then, she sneered coldly, "Snatching my position? Well, I think you're the one who seems to be trying to take my position. All of us here are your elders and we're talking to each other, so how dare you interrupt our conversation!"

As soon as Rose said that, her expression darkened. "Besides, how dare you refer to Mary as a servant! She's not only my friend, but she's also family to me. What's wrong with a member of my family standing up for me? Besides, she isn't wrong about how your dad here is trying to walk all over me!"

Hearing that, Grayson's face turned as red as Harry's and he was completely at a loss for words.

At that pathetic sight, Rose continued to sneer coldly and disdainfully, "That's enough. At least you're right about something earlier on. You're our guests, so as the host, I shouldn't be rude. Therefore, I won't pursue the matter earlier. Let's leave things as it is. Now tell me, why are you here to see me at this time of the night?"

She spoke in such a nonchalant voice that she did not sound enthusiastic at all. Everyone present could clearly tell that she was in fact disinterested in their purpose of visiting. The only reason she was willing to ask was out of courtesy. After all, they were here and she could not possibly cast them aside.

Harry comprehended the meaning behind Rose's words and he was fairly angry. His face turned purple out of anger, but he had no other option. Although she was disinterested, he could not do anything else as he tried hard to suppress his anger.

As such, he clenched his fist tightly and took several deep breaths before finally calming down. Then, he revealed a forced smile and said, "Old Mrs. Fuller, here's the thing. I came here because of an incident that occurred today. I'm not too sure whether you're aware of it, though?" Harry asked probingly.

Following his question, Rose rolled her eyes secretly and the impatient expression on her face deepened.

As soon as Mary saw that, she instantly caught on to it and spoke coldly to Harry, “Mr. Lore, whatever it is, just be frank here. There’s no need to beat around the bush and probe Old Mrs. Fuller for information. She’s about to go to bed soon, so there’s no use in playing mind games with you here. Just be frank, got it?”