

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1181

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Sonia intentionally emphasized the words 'childish yet direct' and looked toward the driver's seat.

Tom, who was behind the wheel, felt a chill down his spine and chuckled awkwardly. "I'm sorry, Miss Reed. I shouldn't have used those words. I wouldn't have said that if I had known that you were the mastermind behind Connor's beating."

Yikes, I didn't know that Miss Reed could be so vindictive. Yes, I did say that the method of sacking Connor and beating him up is childish yet flimsy, but I complimented her for doing a good job, didn't I? She did beat the cr*p out of Connor.

To his bewilderment, Sonia selectively remembered his ridicule but not his praise. It was an intended retaliation, wasn't it?

After she had been in Toby's company for so long, she became as petty and vindictive as him now. Toby was truly one of the worst!

She covered her lips and giggled when she noticed Tom's bitter grimace. "I'm just kidding, Tom. I'm sorry. Don't mind me."

Tom rolled his eyes speechlessly. Miss Reed, do you know that your so-called joke can put me in a difficult situation?

Toby, who was sitting next to Sonia, noticed the changes in Tom's expressions too. However, he wasn't as forgiving as he snorted, "Don't apologize to him. It serves him right for spilling the beans, so he should be prepared for karma to hit him."

Tom shook his head slightly. Mr. Fuller, how can you say that? I insulted many people in the past, but you always enabled me. Yet, now that it is Miss Reed, you choose to take her side. What a hypocrite. Do you think I don't know that you are trying to flatter her?

Sonia hurriedly changed the subject when she observed Tom's depressed state in order to prevent him from getting more discouraged. "But Tom is right about one thing. Although I couldn't help you out with other things, this method could inflict direct pain on Connor, so it is a good way to avenge you."

At this moment, Tom's phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and said, "Mr. Fuller, Miss Reed, it's our men who I asked to keep an eye on Connor. I think they found out about Connor's injury."

“Answer it.” Toby raised his chin.

Sonia pricked up her ears, too, because she wanted to know how badly they had beaten Connor.

Tom answered the call, nodded and talked to the person on the other end of the line, and ended the call. The whole duration was less than a minute.

“They said that after Connor’s assistant found him, he rushed him to the nearest private hospital, and the diagnosis of his injury was out. He was seriously injured. Two teeth were knocked out, swollen left eye, one broken rib, sprained right ankle, and dislocated elbow. The doctor said that he would need to be hospitalized for a month,” Tom reported excitedly.

“What?” Sonia gasped in shock. “That’s quite serious.”

She only saw his bruised face from the photos and guessed that his body must be injured too, but the injuries might be superficial. She had underestimated her men’s strength.

“Yes, it’s quite serious, but for a scum like Connor, we need to at least paralyze him. He’s lucky to escape that fate.” Tom clicked his tongue.

Sonia looked at the expressionless Toby and nodded. “You’re right.”

She did not feel a trace of guilt about Connor’s condition at all.

Connor should have paid for what he had done with his life, so these injuries were nothing.

“I’m sorry, but this is all I can do to Connor for your sake.” Sonia held Toby’s hand regretfully.

Toby held her hand back and smiled. “This is more than enough. I’m pleased. Thank you.”

Sonia had always been a gentle and mild-mannered woman and would never do such a thing. Nonetheless, she went against her principles and ordered someone to beat Connor up just to help him out. This action alone was enough to make him touched, and he was genuinely glad.

Sonia smiled with relief at his gratitude.

At first, she wondered if she would upset Toby by doing so, but from the looks of it, she figured that her guess was off the mark.

If he were truly upset, she would know by now.

After all, she was doing this because of him. If he really thought that she was too impulsive by taking matters into her own hands, she would feel quite aggrieved as her efforts had gone to waste.

Thankfully, Toby didn't disappoint her.

"Who did you contact to beat Connor up?" Toby hugged Sonia and asked. "Tell me honestly. Tom will handle the matter properly because I don't want Connor to find out that you are the one behind this."

Tom nodded too. "Mr. Fuller is right, Miss Reed. While Connor is hospitalized and has not yet started his investigation, I will clean up the loose ends as soon as possible."

Sonia dismissed their worries with a wave of her hand. "No, you don't have to. I got Charles' friend to do it. I'm sure you've heard of his name. It's Lance Walters."

"Lance Walters?" Tom widened his eyes in awe. "Do you mean the Lance Walters?"

"Lance Walters?" Tom widened his eyes in awe. "Do you mean the Lance Walters?"

"Yup, that's him." Sonia nodded.

Toby was equally surprised, but he quickly regained his composure and asked, "Is he Charles' friend?"

"Charles was part of the mafia in high school, and Lance was his lackey. Technically speaking, the Lane Family supported Lance financially since he was a child, so Lance was very loyal to Charles. Later, Charles turned over a new leaf and became a nice person, so he handed over that small group to Lance. Even though Lance has gained a reputable status in the underworld, he still maintains a close friendship with Charles. So this time, Charles directly contacted him and requested to beat Connor up. Charles told me that because it was Lance's job, Connor couldn't do anything about it even if he found out the truth because the higher-ups would protect Lance. In other words, Connor was destined to suffer without being able to bite back. When he learns about Lance, he can't proceed with his investigation, so you don't have to worry that Connor will discover that I'm the mastermind and take his revenge."

Sonia briefly conveyed Charles' remarks to them.

Toby nodded slightly. "Charles is right. Connor can't do anything about it. The connection between Brutus and the higher-ups is so solid that Connor can't move against him. That's alright then."

Lance changed his name to Brutus Walters after he became the leader of his underworld group. It was because he felt the name Lance wasn't dominant and aggressive enough.

"Wow, I didn't know that Mr. Lane is actually Brutus' friend." Tom was mindblown.

Toby was equally surprised, so he looked at Sonia and said, "Thankfully, you found Brutus. I would have been worried if you had hired others to do it."

Sonia chuckled. "Well, I only wanted to teach Connor a lesson, and the consequence didn't cross my mind. But then, I remembered that Charles used to join the underworld, and I wondered if he knew anyone that could help me with this, so I contacted him. It is a pleasant surprise that he and Lance are good friends, not to mention how well-off Lance is now. Perhaps, even the heavens were irritated by Connor's nasty actions, so they gave me a perfect man to do the deed."

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"Miss Reed, you're right." Tom nodded. "He sure got his retribution for what he had done, or I would doubt the existence of the heavens." There was a hint of flattery in his words.

Sonia smiled. "Thank you for your words, Tom."

"You're welcome, Miss Reed." Tom waved his hands shyly. "I'm just stating the facts, am I not, Mr. Fuller?"

Toby remained silent.

Sonia looked solemn again as she turned to Toby and asked, "By the way, do you know what Connor used to threaten you so that you could spare Anya?"

Toby shook his head. "I don't know. I asked him, but instead of telling me what it was, he said that he would put the relic at auction if I didn't comply with his request, and he emphasized that there would be many buyers interested. He even said that the person who bought it could—" He clenched his fist tightly, and his expression became gloomy. "—catch a glimpse of my mother."

"Catch a glimpse of her?" Sonia frowned. "What else can someone catch a glimpse of your mother other than photos, portraits, videos, and so on? Did he mean any of those things?"

“I don’t know, but it’s highly likely.” Toby’s gaze darkened. “I’m most worried that it was a video—’that’ kind of video.”

Any adult would know what Toby meant by ‘that’ kind of video.

Back then, Connor and Jean, Toby’s mother, were a couple, and it was normal for them to have a sexual relationship.

Moreover, many couples loved to take photos or videos when they were making love. Even if one of them did not like it or was resistant to the idea, the other party might secretly take photos or videos without their partner’s consent.

Sonia didn’t know if this was what happened when Jean and Connor were dating or if the relic that Connor mentioned was the video she and Toby assumed it was.

At this moment, the cabin was so silent that only the sound of heavy breathing echoed across the place, which was quite depressing.

After a while, Sonia squeezed Toby’s hand as if she had made up her mind and looked at him. “Toby, how about agreeing to his condition?”

“What did you say?!” Toby and Tom stared at her in shock. Apart from being shocked, Toby’s face quickly became unreadable.

Sonia took a deep breath and looked into Toby’s eyes calmly. “We don’t know what Connor has, and we can only hazard a guess, but that doesn’t matter because we can’t take the risk. She’s your mother. No matter how you feel about her now, she will always be your mother. We can’t let anyone exploit her like this and ruin her reputation even when she is dead. Toby, you should know the consequences if the worst-case scenario comes true and if someone buys it and publicizes it. Not only your mother but you, Rose, and your family will also suffer the backlash. Your company will be attacked because of it. No matter how strong your company is, it will collapse eventually if everyone gangs up on it.”

Toby and Tom did not refute it because all her points were logical.

Sonia continued, “I don’t want to see you suffer from ridicule and mockery because of your mother, nor do I want to see Rose being disturbed at her age because of her daughter-in-law. So I’d rather you agree to Connor’s conditions, spare Anya, and get the relic back.”

Toby moved his lips and wanted to say something, but the words did not come out of his mouth because Sonia was absolutely right. Her points made sense, and she knew his main concerns if Connor used the relic against him.

He didn’t care about his reputation or others’ mockery.

What he cared about was Rose. He couldn't let Rose be affected negatively because of his mother.

Rose had only two years to live now.

If the relic that Connor mentioned was the thing he assumed, someone might be interested and buy it, and they might publicize it.

He didn't mind if his family became the butt of everyone's jokes, but it was highly likely that Rose would have a heart attack in a fit of rage and pass away. He couldn't take such a risk.

Therefore, when he heard Sonia's explanation, he didn't immediately start another argument and even showed traces of willingness to compromise because he couldn't afford to pay the price.

"Won't you feel upset if I spare Anya?" Toby finally asked in a hoarse voice after a long moment of silence.

Sonia nodded, then shook her head. "A little. After all, Anya and I despise each other, and I really want her to be apprehended and punished, but it's not as important as you, the Fullers, and Rose. Also, with Anya's hatred for me, she will definitely attack me again, and I can deal with her later. The important thing to do now is to retrieve Jean's relic and protect her dignity. Toby, you're a smart man. You know which one is the right decision, don't you?"

Sonia looked at Toby nervously, fearing that he would refuse because he didn't want her to be upset. Thankfully, he didn't disappoint her as he hugged her tightly and mumbled against her neck, "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry for putting you through this."

He would make it up to her.

He would make it up to her.

She graciously sacrificed herself for his sake, and he couldn't take her sacrifice for granted, so he would definitely make it up to her.

"No, you don't have to apologize to me." Sonia returned his embrace. "I already said that I have all the time in the world to deal with Anya."

"I know, but I can't help feeling sorry for you. Anya bullied you, but you had to give up punishing her because of my family. I'm so sorry, but don't worry. Your compromise will not be in vain." There was a horrifying glint of darkness in Toby's eyes which he concealed from Sonia.

Sonia pushed him away and looked at him deeply. "W-What are you planning?"

Toby stroked her hair. "You'll know soon."

Sonia knew that he would not say anything no matter how much she interrogated him, so she simply nodded. "Alright then. Hurry up to see Anya and get the relic back as soon as possible. We don't want him to give him a chance to go back on his words."

"I will." Toby lowered his eyes and hid the ruthlessness lurking within the depth of his eyes.

Sonia leaned on his chest. "Well, this is what I want to tell you. Although I didn't tell you immediately, it's not too late."

"Thank you." Toby ran his fingers through her hair gently.

"You're welcome." Sonia giggled. "You've done so much for me all this time, but I didn't do much for you. So, just consider this as me taking the chance to finally repay you, even if it isn't much."

"Miss Reed, you're such a nice person," Tom praised her sincerely.

"Thank you." Sonia smiled at him. Then, she poked Toby's back with her finger, signaling him to release her.

This time, he let her go without hesitation, unlike the previous times when he refused to do as she requested.

"It's getting late. We should go to the office now. Remember to meet up with Connor later," Sonia advised as she regarded Toby seriously.

"Yup, that's what I plan to do too." Toby nodded.

"Let's go then." Sonia made herself comfortable.

Toby glanced at Tom and ordered, "Drive."

Tom acquiesced immediately and started the car.

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Soon, they arrived at Paradigm Co.

After Tom parked the car, he swiftly pressed a button and raised the partition between the front and back seats. He knew that Toby would part ways with Sonia today.

Although they would only be separated for a few hours and meet again tonight, Toby, who enjoyed Sonia's company very much, would still miss her terribly.

Therefore, whenever they had to part ways, Toby would definitely take the chance to hug and kiss her.

In order not to disturb them and avoid placing Sonia in an embarrassing situation, he quickly raised the partition to give them some privacy without any prompting.

Well, Mr. Fuller should be delighted to see me so sensible, right? Not only that, but he will also give me a bonus, right? Tom rubbed his hands excitedly when he thought of this.

Tom had been working with Toby for more than a decade now, so he knew Toby like the back of his hand.

Sure enough, when Tom took the initiative to raise the partition, Toby was not dismayed at all. In fact, he was very satisfied. Good. I can give him a bonus.

Toby nodded as he glanced at the partition and then at Sonia, who was about to get out of the car. "I'll come and pick you up after work later."

"Come over when you're done with your work, but if you're busy, I can drive home. You don't have to put your work aside just to pick me up. After all, you will be busier than me because you manage such a big company. If you put your work aside just to pick me up, you will end up working through the night. So, you don't have to do that, okay?" Sonia looked at Toby and smiled.

"Don't worry." Toby nodded. "I know what I'm doing. You won't be the malevolent mistress placing me in thrall and turning me into an incapable emperor."

"Pfft!" Sonia burst out laughing. "Malevolent mistress? Haha, do you really think of yourself as the emperor? I can't believe you are capable of cracking such a joke. Have you watched those nonsense dramas lately? Wait a minute that can't be it. You only watch the news and never the dramas."

Toby shrugged. "I didn't watch the dramas before, but now, I occasionally watch them. I have a girlfriend now, so I need to learn how to be romantic and know what to say when I mess up. Tom told me that we need to learn from examples in order to maintain our relationship. Only by doing so can I always maintain the spark of our love, and our relationship can last for a long time. I felt it made sense, so I have been watching romance movies and reading novels."

It finally dawned upon Sonia. “No wonder you sometimes say and do something very tacky that is so utterly out of character for you. It never even crossed my mind that you actually picked them up from dramas! Sometimes your behavior confuses me so much that I’ve just chalked it up as men having some peculiar behaviors that women don’t understand. Now I’ve finally cracked the case.”

At this point, she chuckled in amusement as she covered her face in exasperation. “Oh my goodness! How can you listen to Tom’s advice? He’s single and teaching you how to maintain a relationship?! Has it never crossed your mind that he’s simply bluffing?”

It was truly a shame that they were so good at their jobs. Otherwise, they could consider joining the comedy industry. They were just too hilarious!

Toby fell into deep thought after hearing Sonia’s words. Then, he looked up at her and asked, “Is it bizarre to learn things from the movies and novels? Or is it that I shouldn’t learn from those things?”

Sonia shook her head as she giggled merrily. “I think it’s so lovely that you’re willing to learn how to love and maintain a relationship. The world nowadays is too restless and edgy. Most people choose to go with the flow and do not want to put effort into maintaining a long-term relationship. They think that there are so many people in the world. If they break up now, they can always find another partner soon, so they don’t feel the need to go to great lengths to cherish their current partner. So, I think you’re amazing because you’re willing to put your heart and soul into maintaining our relationship, and I’m touched by it, but I’m also surprised that you will do something like this. It doesn’t suit your temperament.”

“It means that you don’t know me that well.” Toby held her hand gently in his. “I can do more and become better as long as it’s for you, so you’d better spend more time getting to know me too.”

Sonia nodded. “Okay, Mr. Fuller. In order not to let you down, I’ll work hard to peel your layers until you no longer have secrets. What do you think?”

“I would be honored.” Toby raised his chin in feigned arrogance.

Sonia chuckled in amusement. “But you should really stop watching the dramas that Tom suggested to you. The more you watch those things, you will be easily affected by the characters and become tacky and sleazy.”

“Tacky? Sleazy?” Toby raised his eyebrows.

Sonia nodded. “Yup. Don’t you feel that the behaviors of the protagonists in romance dramas and novels are very tacky and sleazy? Sometimes, they are quite corny, but it’s okay because it is quite heartwarming. But, on the other hand, their cheesiness is so

foolish and stupid. Don't you feel secondhand embarrassment when you watch dramas? Don't you ever wonder if those people are off their rockers?"

Toby was silent. When he first heard from Tom about learning how to maintain a relationship and be romantic, he researched romance dramas and novels which he had never watched or read.

He did feel those feelings that Sonia had stated when he first watched the dramas, but at that time, he assumed that it was because he wasn't used to watching dramas of such genre, and he figured that he would get used to it over time.

Alas, after so long, he was still not used to it, and he had the same feelings every time he watched them but to a different degree.

It was only after hearing Sonia's remarks that he realized that it was not because he was not used to them but because the dramas made people feel physically and mentally awkward.

"Are you saying that I feel that way because of the characters' strange behaviors?" Toby asked, his Adam's apple bobbing.

"Yup!" Sonia nodded. "That is because these characters are rather two-dimensional, and the plot is full of holes. It is supposed to be a romantic relationship, yet their interactions look stiff and unnatural. They want the audience to think that they are very much in love, but it doesn't invoke that feeling. On the contrary, when we watch them falling in love, it feels as if someone had forced them at gunpoint to fall in love, which is why they don't look as loving or sweet when they interact romantically. On the contrary, they look awkward, stiff, and corny. So, how can someone learn anything from this kind of drama? Don't get carried away and become like them."

"Oh, I see." Toby nodded.

No wonder he felt something was off when he watched those dramas. It clearly indicated that it was a romantic drama, but instead of feeling that the protagonists were in love, he felt as if someone had forced them to be together. He finally understood why he felt that way.

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At the thought of this, Toby suddenly reflected on some of the things he had learned from the dramas and novels in the past.

He looked at Sonia beside him, his eyes flickering slightly, and his expression seemed a little strange.

Then, he coughed lightly and muttered, "Little Leaf, were some of my previous actions very tacky, sleazy, and silly?"

Sometimes, in the drama, the female protagonist would be very touched and happy when the male protagonist said or did something romantic, and she would feel that he was very handsome and charismatic.

He was clueless at that time as he wondered if the male protagonist was really as romantic and handsome as the female protagonist had said, but he didn't have an answer. Hence, he figured that it must be true because of the dramas.

Because of this, he took note of what the male protagonist did and said, modified them slightly, and applied the same method to her.

Previously, it had never crossed his mind that his words or actions would be tacky and sleazy, but after hearing Sonia's comments about these dramas and novels, he began to doubt himself. Now he couldn't help but wonder if he was as tacky as she had described.

If that were the case, it would be so awkward and embarrassing that he wished he could hide like an ostrich now.

Sonia could tell what Toby was thinking by observing his flickering eyes and embarrassed face. She chuckled before saying, "Not really. You're handsome and charming, to begin with, and your actions were not as exaggerated as the protagonists in the dramas, so they were not very sleazy, but maybe a little corny and puzzling."

He was relieved after hearing her comment, and his discomfort faded.

Although he had made a fool of himself, it was not as bad as he had thought.

He would rather be corny and puzzling than sleazy.

He knew what sleazy meant. To him, sleazy was used to describe a middle-aged man who was fat and bald but still thought of himself as God's gift to humanity. It might be a little different from what she meant, but it was not far off.

"Explain corny and puzzling," he mumbled reluctantly.

Although these two were better than sleazy, their definitions were only slightly better than sleazy.

She winked at him and smiled. "Don't worry. Yours is the cute kind of corny and puzzling."

"Cute?" He raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Yup. Sometimes, I was confused when you said those cheesy words or did those corny actions, but you made me wonder why you would say or do such a thing, that's all. I never felt that something was wrong with your—" Sonia pointed at her head.

Toby's expression darkened instantly. So, should I be happy that you aren't treating me like I'm a moron?

When she noticed his grumpy expression, she squeezed his hand lightly and reassured him, "Alright, don't overthink this. I said that you were cute, although you were a little cheesy and confusing, didn't I? But I have to admit that you swept me off my feet with those words and actions. Also, as a man who is so cool and indifferent, you are more relatable when you do those things, so I didn't say anything wrong when I used the word 'cute' to describe you."

Yes, it was attributed to his excellent appearance and temperament. However, his actions and words would not be cute if he looked ordinary. It would genuinely be sleazy, corny, and disgusting.

Sonia didn't say this out loud, but her expression betrayed her.

Of course, the keen Toby could tell what she was thinking. He didn't feel happy at all, but rather more depressed because it was all thanks to his good looks that he received a positive comment from her.

He touched his face, wondering if he should feel happy or angry.

Well, he should be happy. At least it showed that she liked his face and would continue to love him because of how he looked.

At the thought of this, he shook his head and smiled. "I won't watch those dramas again."

"Good." Sonia nodded. "There's no benefit in watching those things. It will only challenge your intelligence."

Her greatest fear was that one day, he would be carried away and transform himself from an excellent gentleman to a sleazy and domineering man. It would be so devastating that even his stunning looks wouldn't be able to save him.

After she pondered the matter for a moment, she said, "Anyway, I like just the way you are. Just be yourself. You don't need to learn from others to maintain our relationship."

Do it your way, and follow your heart. Others have their own ways of maintaining their relationship, and it doesn't feel natural if you apply the same method to ours. It feels like we're dating under someone else's guidance. What do you think?"

Toby looked at her and didn't say anything, although he felt what she said made sense.

Sonia wiggled to his side, wrapped her arms around his, and rested her head on his shoulder, "So, don't just listen and take others' advice about how to date someone, especially Tom's. How does he know since he doesn't even have a girlfriend? And you! How can you believe what he says?"

Toby glanced at the partition coldly as if he could see Tom through the partition.

"Got it. I won't take others' advice and learn from their methods. We will do it our way. Although I will stumble and fall when I try to find my way, I'll become more mature along the way, and we will appreciate and cherish the relationship even more. Then, maybe, we will love each other more too." He tilted his head slightly and looked at her in his embrace, his gaze ever so loving and tender.

She nodded firmly. "Good. Since you are working hard for the sake of our relationship, I have a reward for you."

A reward?

His eyes lit up with delight. He swallowed nervously, and his voice became husky. "What reward? Will you not let me sleep on the couch tonight?"

"Hah, right!" Sonia let go of his arm, sat straight, and pouted at him. "Don't even think about coming back to the room. That's for another time."

He instantly lowered his head in disappointment.

She felt amused when she looked at his beaten demeanor and shook her head with a helpless smile. Did he have to be so disappointed just because she didn't let him sleep with her tonight?

Then, she leaned forward slightly and kissed him on the cheek. "Here, this is the reward. Alright, I'm going to be late for work. You should hurry and get your mom's relic back too. Don't take too long, or Connor will auction the item because he assumes you don't want it. It will be a big problem then. Hurry and go. I'll see you tonight."

With that, she hastily got out of the car while Toby was in a daze. That was because she knew she wouldn't be able to leave the vehicle if he came to his senses before she made her escape.

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Sonia knew Toby like the back of her hand. So, she knew that he loved to shower her with affection and then push his chances for something more.

Now that she had kissed him, if she stayed put until he regained his composure, he would definitely kiss her back and directly aim for her lips. Moreover, he would not let her go until he had enough. Therefore, she had to seize the chance and make her escape to freedom.

Thus, she quickly opened the door, got out of the car, and closed the door. It took her less than a minute to do it, and the whole process was smooth and swift. She had always maintained the mantra 'slow and steady wins the race'. Hence, judging from her speedy actions, it just indicated how 'frightened' she was about how he showed his affection.

Still, after Sonia got out of the car, she looked through the window and waved with a smile. The window was tinted, and she couldn't see him clearly, but it didn't stop her from waving her goodbyes before walking around the back of the car and toward Paradigm Co.

Toby, who was inside the vehicle, finally snapped back to his senses. He touched his cheek and looked at the empty seat beside him. Then, he abruptly turned to look out the window and saw Sonia's figure rounding the rear of the car.

He knew that she was walking to the office, so he quickly wound down his window.

She happened to hear the sound of the window lowering, so she instinctively halted her movements and turned to look. Toby's handsome face greeted her as their eyes met.

"You escaped after you kissed me, huh?" Toby opened his lips and teased in a low and pleasant voice.

"Of course!" Sonia grinned. "If I waited any longer, you might kiss me back and not let me leave, am I right?"

A trace of guilt flashed across his eyes because she was correct in her assumption. He coughed lightly and blurted, "No, I wouldn't do that."

"Yeah, right! Do you think I don't know what you're thinking?" Sonia crossed her arms and huffed. Then, she smiled brightly. "Hurry up and go. Goodbye! See you tonight." She waved at him again.

Toby knew that it was impossible to ask her to come back and kiss her other cheek, let alone kiss her more passionately. He sighed under his breath, and the disappointment on his face was apparent. "Bye. See you tonight."

She knew precisely why he was disappointed as she noticed the forlorn expression on his face. She rolled her eyes in exasperation and continued to saunter toward Paradigm Co.

Toby did not roll up the window and ordered Tom to drive away. Instead, he kept looking at her as she strode forward. It wasn't until she entered the Paradigm Co. building that he rolled up the window and knocked on the partition.

Tom, who was behind the wheel, heard the knock and knew that it was Toby's silent order for him to drive. He immediately started the car and lowered the partition with a grin. "Mr. Fuller, it took Miss Reed quite some time to get out of the car. I bet you guys spent a long time saying your goodbyes, huh?"

Well, what he meant by 'saying goodbyes' was the physical intimacy between a couple, such as kissing, hugging, and whatnot.

However, Toby was not in the mood to respond to Tom's teasing. Instead, he glared at him with a cold expression and hissed, "Your bonus for this month is deducted by half."

"What?!" Tom gasped in utter bewilderment, and his expression changed radically. "Why?"

Wait a minute! Why does Mr. Fuller want to deduct my bonus?! He should give him an increment, shouldn't he?

After I parked the car, I raised the partition to give them privacy so they could spend lovey-dovey time together! I was so thoughtful and considerate, but instead of giving me a bonus, Mr. Fuller wants to deduct my bonus in half!

Why?! This is so unfair!

In his mind, Tom grumbled in great dismay.

"Why?" Toby gave a derisive snort. "You suggested I watch those romantic dramas and novels, saying that I could learn a thing or two about how to be romantic and become a charismatic and irresistible man. Oh, yeah, I learned all of that, alright, but did you know what Little Leaf said?! She said that the characters in those dramas are sleazy, tacky, and not the slightest bit charming! She even said that if it hadn't been for my good looks, she would have thought that I was a sleazy and tacky man too by doing all those weird things to her! I almost ended up being a tacky man because of your stupid suggestion! I'm already being merciful by not firing you! Yet you have the cheek to complain about the bonus!"

“Uh...” Tom’s mouth was agape in shock.

He didn’t know what he had done wrong earlier, but this reason was not what he had expected at all.

“That’s not right.” Tom retorted doubtfully while driving, “Why does Miss Reed think those characters are tacky? All the female netizens are those actors’ fanatic fans, cheering them on. They never say that those characters are tacky, but they say that they are so handsome and charming. That’s why I figured that Miss Reed would like them too, so I recommended you watch the dramas. I never expected that she wouldn’t like them.”

At this moment, Tom apparently did not realize that those fanatic fans who adored the actors in the dramas and novels were young girls in their teens or late teens. They were not emotionally mature, and their life experience was limited, so they took a fancy to these characters and did not find anything wrong with them. But, alas, Sonia was a twenty-seven-year-old mature woman with different perspectives and preferences about men, which was why she found those characters lacking.

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Therefore, Tom had accidentally treated Sonia as a young girl and assumed that all the girls loved those characters and wondered why Sonia didn’t like those men. Clearly, not every woman had the same taste in men.

Toby didn’t know what Tom was thinking about, and he was indifferent as he listened to Tom’s explanation and thought of them as excuses.

“What do you know? You don’t even have a girlfriend! I don’t know how you have the cheek to teach me about relationships.” Toby side-eyed him, and the disdain in his eyes was apparent.

His glare made Tom feel like countless daggers had stabbed his heart. The heartache was so intense that he almost suffocated. His hands, which were gripping the steering wheel, were trembling slightly.

Argh, it hurts so much! Mr. Fuller, you’re so cruel! Yes, I don’t have a girlfriend. I’m single, so what?! Don’t I have a right to say anything? Can’t I teach another man about relationships?

I may not have a girlfriend, but I have a lot of theoretical knowledge, so why can't I teach you?

Speaking of which, when I gave you my suggestion, you didn't say that my idea was lousy. You listened to me seriously and even did as I told you. Now that the results were not satisfactory, you blamed everything on me! You're being ridiculous!

I didn't force you to take me seriously! You wanted to listen to my advice. Now that the plan failed, you are blaming everything on me instead of blaming yourself! It makes no sense!

Of course, Tom only dared to curse Toby in his mind but did not dare to voice his complaints aloud. He didn't even dare to show the slightest dissatisfaction toward Toby, for he was confident that Toby would send him to Ibirá immediately.

Therefore, not only did he have to take the blame despite his dismay, but he also had to apologize to Toby.

Well, this was the sorrow of a desk jockey.

Tom lamented his fate, but at least his pay was above average. He may be a single pringle, but he wasn't a broke single pringle!

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1186

Tom donned an apologetic smile on his face and apologized as sincerely as he could, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Fuller. I didn't mean to ruin the plan, nor did I expect things to turn out this way."

It didn't matter whether or not he was at fault, and he still had to apologize and claim it was. This was the only way to ease Toby's anger. Otherwise, there was no telling how Toby would bite his head off if he didn't soothe the angered dragon.

Indeed, Tom knew Toby very well at this stage because things progressed just as he thought after he apologized.

Toby was in a better mood when he heard Tom's apology. "Don't give me any lousy ideas again, or I'll kick you to Ibirá!"

"Yes, Mr. Fuller. I won't suggest anything else," Tom said with a flattering smile, but he was cursing Toby in his mind.

Hah, do you think I like to give you my ideas?! It wasn't my idea to recommend those dramas and novels in the first place! I told you when you asked me how to be romantic around women.

In short, I never volunteered to be your guidance and adviser to deepen Miss Reed's feelings toward you, yet you seemed to blame me for taking the initiative to teach you! What the heck?! You're literally pushing the blame on me!

Hmph, just wait and see! When you fight with Miss Reed again, I will not tell you how to cheer her up and coax her. Instead, I'll let you fumble as you think of a way yourself! This is the price you have to pay for placing the blame on me. Argh, I'm so pissed!

Tom furiously cursed Toby in his mind while driving with a grumpy face.

Toby had no time to ponder just what his subordinate was thinking, nor was he interested. He propped his head up and looked out the window with a deep gaze as several plans were brewing in his mind.

Tom saw his posture from the rearview mirror and guessed that Toby must be thinking about something serious, so he cleared his thoughts and regained his composure. He concentrated on driving and made sure that he drove as smoothly as possible so that Toby could focus more on his ideas.

Soon, they arrived at their destination. It was a private hospital where Connor was staying.

After Tom parked the car, he unbuckled his seat belt, turned to look at Toby, who was still immersed in his thoughts, and reminded, "Mr. Fuller, we've arrived."

Toby's eyes blinked several times as he took account of his whereabouts. Then, he placed his hand down, spruced himself up, and glanced out the car window. The words 'Lancaster Hospital' reflected in his eyes.

He raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Oh, it's the Lancasters' hospital."

Tom nodded. "Yes. Connor didn't want the news of him being beaten up to spread, so naturally, he would choose a private hospital to treat him in secret. Also, the Lancaster Family owns the hospital. Although their power and wealth are not greater than the Logan Family, their reputation and status in Seafield are still immense, so their hospital has a better credential than the other families' private hospitals."

Tim's parents owned Lancaster Hospital.

The members of the Lancaster Family were doctors, not businessmen, so they had a wide gap in terms of wealth as compared to other families that ventured into the

business world. Despite that, the Lancasters owned many private hospitals throughout the metropolitan cities in the country.

Tim's parents were currently the president and director of Lancaster Hospital in Seafield, while Tim was the hospital's young proprietor, but his parents had never acknowledged this.

It would be an understatement to say that he and his parents did not get along. His parents even regarded him as a monster instead of their son. Despite having a prestigious reputation and status in the medical field today, so much so that his status was higher than his parents, his parents could not accept him as their son and even regarded him as a disgrace. He was the imperfect existence in their perfect life. They had also clearly stated that Tim would not be named the heir of their family.

Fortunately, he didn't feel as ordinary people do, so he did not feel sad or disappointed when his parents refused to regard him as their son.

This was also why he chose to work at First World Hospital—a government hospital—rather than at Lancaster Hospital. He did not care for the Lancaster Family or their properties.

Moreover, he had long since become the next heir to First World Hospital, which meant that their service and treatment would be even more top-notch and professional than the private hospitals. After all, Tim's presence meant they would have a higher chance of survival if they went to First World Hospital for treatment.

Frankly, Tom could not understand what was going through Tim's parents' minds when they refused to accept such an outstanding person as their son.

Even if they couldn't accept that Tim was diagnosed with difficulties processing emotions, he was their son, and they should take responsibility after giving birth to him. They should try to accept him and care about him. Maybe, with time, Tim would have been able to understand emotions.

So what if they couldn't cure him? They could at least pretend to be affectionate in public.

After all, everyone was envious of them for having such an excellent son. So what if he had such a disorder? His ability and talent had shown that he was better than his disorder.

After all, everyone was envious of them for having such an excellent son. So what if he had such a disorder? His ability and talent had shown that he was better than his disorder.

Unfortunately, the idiots who were Tim's parents didn't share the same thought. No matter how excellent he was, they refused to accept him. At this point, people were mocking them for being lunatics and refusing to acknowledge Tim, who was talented and intelligent.

Although, in some ways, Tim's parents were quite admirable. Even when the people were looking down on them for being out of their minds, they adhered to their convictions and were unmoved by public opinion.

Not everyone could have such persistence, which was why they were admirable.

Despite his admiration for them, Tom didn't approve of their behavior.

If I have a son like Tim, I will be so proud that I will show off to others. So what if he has a disorder? A son like him would make me a proud father! But of course, I'm still young and do not have a son yet.

Toby regarded the daydreaming Tom, who was pouting and shaking his head. From time to time, Tom would even look at the building disdainfully and sigh in regret. So, he couldn't help wondering whether Tom had lost his mind.

"What are you thinking about? You seem like someone has cast a spell on you, and you can't move." He pursed his lips and stared at Tom impatiently.

Tom abruptly returned to his senses and rubbed his nose with an awkward smile when he met with Toby's contemptuous glare. "Nothing. Let's go, Mr. Fuller." He gestured and led the way.

Toby was not really interested to know why Tom was in a daze and had no intention of asking since he didn't seem like he wanted to talk about it. So, Toby looked ahead and sauntered toward the entrance of the hospital.

After he left, Tom heaved a sigh, quickly wore his office persona, and followed after Toby.

As soon as they entered the hospital, a man in black came to greet them.

"Mr. Fuller. Mr. Brown." The man stopped before Toby and greeted him with a respectful nod.

Toby nodded slightly in response and asked, "Where is Connor?"

"In Ward No. 5 on the VIP floor of the Inpatient Department," replied the man.

"Lead the way." Toby pursed his lips.

“Okay.” The man nodded and guided them to the ward.

He was the man that Toby had Tom sent over to keep an eye on Connor at all times.

When the man was informed that Toby was coming, he had been waiting in the hospital lobby to lead the way.

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Boss Your Wife’s Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1187

Toby and Tom followed the man to the VIP floor of Lancaster Hospital’s patient building.

After they exited the elevator, the man stopped. “President Fuller, I won’t be accompanying you for the rest of the way. That person is inside that ward. You have to go there on your own.”

“You may leave.” While waving his hand, Toby told the man he could excuse himself.

He also knew why that man did not want to bring him—the boss—over to the ward.

Since Connor would be staying in Seafield for a while, Toby would still want someone to keep an eye on Connor. If that man led Toby and Tom into Connor’s ward, Connor would see that man.

Therefore, that man would not be able to stalk Connor anymore. That was why that man said he could not lead them to the ward.

“Yes, President Fuller. I’ll be taking my leave now.” The man bowed, turned around, and got back into the elevator to leave.

Now that they knew which ward Connor was in, Tom self-consciously walked in front to lead Toby toward the ward.

When they came to the entrance, Tom stopped. “President Fuller, we’re here.”

Meanwhile, Toby remained silent; instead, he stood before the door with narrowed eyes while staring at the tightly shut door.

On the other side of the door was his biggest enemy of this lifetime.

“Knock on the door.” Toby parted his thin lips and ordered.

Nodding, Tom did so with several loud bangs.

His actions were hard and rough, which made loud thudding noises when knocking. It was better to describe his actions as trying to bring the door down rather than knocking.

Such actions were naturally impolite.

However, in Toby and Tom's eyes, the person inside the room did not deserve their respect, and such a method of knocking was already considered respectful.

Otherwise, they would have knocked down the door and barged in. After all, it was not like they could not compensate for it, nor were they afraid of the Lancasters.

Inside the ward, Connor's assistant was helping him reapply his bandages. As soon as they were done, they heard a loud banging on their door.

The loud sound shocked Connor so much that he trembled in fear and accidentally pulled on his injuries, which caused him to hiss in pain. His already pale face lost more of its remaining color while there were even beads of cold sweat.

When Xander noticed his boss' condition, he asked, "Mr. Salzburg, are you alright?"

Connor was in so much pain that he could not say anything. He gritted his teeth, closed his eyes, and forced himself to endure the pain until it subsided.

Seeing that he could not be of much help, Xander kept silent and stood at the side, afraid that he might anger his boss and be punished as a result.

A while later, Connor felt the pain in his body gradually subsiding. Although there was still some pain, it was much better than when he first pulled his injuries.

At least the throbbing pain in his temples had died down and his furrowed eyebrows could finally relax.

He opened his eyes and carefully leaned back onto the propped-up pillow at the head of the bed. Then, he looked grimly at the door while speaking viciously, "Go. Open the door. I wanna see who this disrespectful person who dared to bang on my door is. I'm gonna break their f*cking hand."

"Yes, sir," Xander replied and immediately walked toward the door.

He was just thinking of teaching that person a lesson when he opened the door.

Yet, before he could voice his threats, he saw the people outside the door and was stunned. W-Why are they here?

Looking at the emotionless Toby and the snickering Tom, Xander's face fell and he even began to turn pale. The hand holding the door knob also subconsciously tightened.

"You guys—" Xander finally found his voice and was about to say something when he was cut off by Tom, who deliberately waved at him. "Hello."

His attitude was so nice that he seemed more like a friend than an enemy.

However, only Xander knew that under Tom's smile was indifference and excitement for a good show.

At the thought of that, Xander felt humiliation arising inside him as he remembered how he was previously beaten to the ground by these two at the hotel.

He was able to become Connor's assistant at such a young age, so there was barely anyone who would not show him any respect when seeing him.

No one ever dared to look down on him, humiliate him, or even beat him up.

Yet, ever since he came to Seafield, things that he had never experienced in the past had all happened to both him and his boss.

The worst thing was, he had not even gotten the chance for revenge. This is so frustrating!

Meanwhile, Tom seemed to have missed Xander's angered expression because he continued to wear a friendly smile on his face; even his voice sounded polite and kind. "Mr. Little, where is Mr. Salzburg?"

"Mr. Salzburg is tired, so he's resting at the moment and isn't free to meet you. Please leave." Xander's eyes that were behind his glasses looked down as he inhaled a deep breath to force down his resentment and fear for Toby. Then, he gestured for them to leave.

There was no other choice; they were not people he could mess with, so he could not do anything to them. Moreover, he had to stop these two from meeting his boss at any cost.

There was no other choice; they were not people he could mess with, so he could not do anything to them. Moreover, he had to stop these two from meeting his boss at any cost.

With Connor's condition, he might not want to meet these two either, especially Toby, who was his enemy.

Once Toby saw Connor, he would definitely mock him, and if Connor got angry, the people around him would be doomed.

As such, his days would definitely be worse than death.

Therefore, Xander had to get these two out of there and not let them inside the ward no matter what.

He could care less if they came here because they knew what had happened to Connor. Even if they did, they did not see it with their own eyes, so the situation had not turned for the worse. He did not need to worry that they would mock Connor, nor did he have to worry about Connor venting his anger on him because he could not exact his revenge on these two.

“Mr. Little, we came here to pay a visit to Mr. Salzburg because we heard he got beaten up by someone and President Fuller came all the way to see him. Don’t you think it’s a little inappropriate for you to chase us away before we even see him?” Although Tom was smiling, his smile did not reach his eyes and his voice also had an unconcealable authority in it. “Or, is this how you Salzburgs treat your guests? By deliberately not welcoming us, refusing to let us inside, and using an insincere excuse to drive us away? If so, then we wouldn’t be happy. If that’s the case, we might think of doing something else and Mr. Salzburg’s injuries might worsen. By then, don’t blame me for not warning you because you’re the one who refused to let us in.”

With eyes that were wide like saucers, Xander stammered, “A-Are you trying to threaten me? Are you saying that if I don’t let you in, you’d barge in regardless and beat up Mr. Salzburg?”

Smiling, Tom protested, “I didn’t say that, but it’s fine if you want to interpret it that way. After all, there is no person President Fuller couldn’t meet, and no one dares to chase him out. Up till this moment, you Salzburgs are the first to do that. Since you’re so brave to do so, we naturally have to do something about it, right? Otherwise, how would we be able to repay you for what happened? Am I right, Mr. Little?”

Hearing Tom’s crooked logic, Xander turned green as he pointed at Tom while trembling. “Y-You two...”

“Alright. Cut the crap and push him away.” Toby was getting impatient from all that waiting and gave out the order while frowning his brows.

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Boss Your Wife’s Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1188

Tom knew Toby was impatient to continue with this, so he stopped messing with Xander. His face fell and he put on an emotionless visage that looked identical to Toby's.

Following that, he walked forward and used his height to his advantage before bumping into Xander's shoulder.

As Xander was thin, weak, and shorter than Tom by half a head, he naturally could not stand up to Tom's push.

Therefore, Xander staggered from Tom's push and took a step back. Then, he hit the wall behind him, which cleared a path for Toby and Tom.

When the man who was on the bed inside the ward saw Connor crash into the wall, his face paled as he boomed, "What's happening?"

He ordered Xander to open the door to see who was banging on the door.

Yet, it had been a long while without any report from him. Instead, what Connor saw was his little assistant retreating to the wall with a disbelieving expression while holding onto his shoulder.

Only then did Connor understand that his assistant did not retreat but was shoved to the wall.

As for who did it, Connor could not see anything yet, so he did not know who it was.

However, there was one thing he was sure about. The intruders didn't come in peace!

Connor was seriously injured and could not move; even the slightest movement could pull one of his injuries and he would sweat bullets in pain.

Therefore, he could not budge an inch nor dare to get out of bed to see who it was.

He could only sit in bed with his hands clenched while glaring in the direction of the door with a vicious gaze, waiting for the intruder to come in.

Since the intruder dared to bang on the door and push his assistant, that meant his assistant had tried to stop the intruder from entering, which was why the intruder pushed Xander.

That also meant that the intruder would certainly come in and he would soon know who it was.

Of course, before he knew who it was, he had to keep his guard. That was because he guessed that the person coming in might be in the same group as the people that beat him up.

Still, he did not know who beat him up. Although Xander had been investigating this matter, Seafield was not their turf and he did not bring many men with him, so it was nearly impossible to find out who beat him up in a short amount of time. In other words, it would take at least two to three days.

So, it would not be too bad of a situation if the intruder was one of the people who beat him up back then and came here to finish the job.

At least that way, he would be able to know who had beat him to a pulp! If they came out of this situation alive, he would get his revenge!

As he thought of that, he heard two sets of clear footsteps. It was the sound of leather shoes tapping against the ground. It was also those sounds that interrupted the resentful thoughts in Connor's mind and made him raise his head to look in the direction of the footsteps.

When he saw who was walking over, he was first stunned. Then, he felt terrified and began to tremble. "Why are you here?"

Never would he have expected that the intruders were Toby and his assistant, and not the people who beat him up.

Wait.

Why can't his men be the ones who beat me up?

Since his arrival at Seafield, he had almost never stepped a foot out of the hotel. Even if he did, it was all for personal matters and he did not contact anyone.

Hence, he only had one enemy in the entire Seafield—Toby Fuller. If so, why could it not be Toby who ordered someone to beat him up?

Thinking of that, Connor thought that there was a high possibility that his guess was right. Therefore, the gaze he was shooting at Toby became grimmer.

"Toby Fuller! It was you!" With his good hand left pointed at Toby's face, Connor accused him.

Toby stopped beside the hospital bed and narrowed his eyes. "What are you talking about?"

“Stop pretending.” While putting down his hand, Connor screamed with a vicious expression, “Did you do this to me?!”

Connor, at this moment, resembled a devil. His face was terrifying, and gone was the usual gentleness and elegance he had despite being elderly.

It was clear how good he was at pretending.

A real gentle and elegant person would become even more so as they aged. Their demeanor would become more subtle and their attitude would become better as well, which was the opposite of how Connor was. In reality, Connor would take off his amiable mask whenever something bad happened and reveal his true self, who was an aggressive and vicious man.

I wonder if this old fellow ever felt tired of pretending for so many years. Tom stood behind Toby and wondered with pursed lips.

Meanwhile, Toby did not answer Connor’s question and merely waved behind him.

Nodding in acknowledgment, Tom looked around, found an empty chair, and went over to get it.

Xander noticed Tom’s intentions and his glasses reflected the light while a trace of wickedness flashed across his eyes. Then, he went over and sat on the chair to stop Tom from taking it.

Perhaps Xander was too confident in his plan because he did not even try to hide his hostility.

Seeming to have sensed Xander’s plan, Tom sneered and slowly extended one of his legs.

Seeming to have sensed Xander’s plan, Tom sneered and slowly extended one of his legs.

As Xander only had eyes on the chair, he did not notice Tom’s actions and where his feet were going.

Therefore, his feet got caught by Tom’s legs and he fell flat on the floor, hitting his head and letting out a painful howl.

“What’s the matter?” Connor could not be bothered with Toby and quickly went to check on his assistant.

What he saw was Xander rolling on the ground while having his hands around his head. His haggard appearance made Connor feel angry.

Pathetic!

How can he act like that? Is he trying to humiliate me before Toby Fuller?

Connor looked at his assistant without a trace of worry on his face; instead, he felt disgusted.

Although he did not see how Xander fell, he knew that his assistant had made a fool of himself before his enemy. If that was it, was that not letting Toby have a chance to mock and humiliate him?

The more Connor thought about it, the colder he gazed at Xander. His eyes were so icy that they seemed frozen, which was terrifying.

Meanwhile, Toby watched Connor's reaction from the side and looked at Xander, who was rolling on the ground in pain without noticing the disdainful gaze Connor was casting at him. An unnoticeable scheming glint appeared in his eyes, but it disappeared quickly.

"Oh, my. Mr. Little, are you alright? How did you fall on your own? Looking at your forehead, I think it was quite a serious fall. Why else would you still be on the ground? Come, I'm a good samaritan, so let me help you to your feet." With a smile, Tom looked at Xander and held out his hand to help Xander up.

Hearing the lies coming from Tom's mouth, Xander was so pissed that he almost passed out.

What did he mean by falling on my own?

It was he who stretched out his leg to trip me!!!

Now that I fell to the ground, that Brown fellow twisted the truth and said I fell on my own.

How could a person be that shameless?

Slap!

Xander slapped Tom's hand away while roaring, "Scram! Who wants your help? It was clearly you—"

"That's enough!" Connor could not stand watching Xander's dumb behaviour anymore. He stared at Xander with his vicious eyes and spoke in a voice that was as cold as ice, "You. Get out. Now!"

He was afraid that if Xander stayed, he would do more embarrassing things and humiliate him with no limits!

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1189

Seeing that his boss was furious, Xander wanted to complain that he was tripped by Tom.

Yet, just as he saw the grim look on Connor's face, the words were stuck to his throat and he could not say anything.

It seems like Mr. Salzburg is mad.

But why?

Xander could not figure it out, but he did not dare to ask his angry boss either. Therefore, he kept silent and only glared at Tom before dashing out with his tail between his legs while cupping his sore head.

It was still that same principle—he did not dare to go against his angry boss.

After Xander left, Tom revealed a victorious smile before retrieving the chair to Toby and setting it down beside him. "President Fuller, please have a seat."

With his chin slightly raised, Toby sat down slowly and crossed his legs. His actions looked so beautiful, which showed his nobility and elegance.

"Mr. Salzburg, you were just asking me whether I did this to you. I'll tell you now, it wasn't me." Toby looked at Connor, who was still staring at the door with a grim expression, and finally answered his question.

Connor turned to look at Toby. "It wasn't you? Do you honestly think I'd believe that?"

After sneering, he continued, "Toby Fuller, I only have one enemy in Seafield, and that's you. If it wasn't you, then tell me who it could be."

"I don't know who did it, but I can assure you that it is definitely not me. I'm right here; if I wanted to beat you up, I would do it out in the open and most probably by my own hands. Also, even if I did it, you wouldn't be able to do anything about it either. So, why would I go through all that trouble and trick you?"

Crossing his hands in front of his stomach, Toby looked at Connor as if he was looking at a clown, who was silent for a moment as he could not say anything. More accurately, he could not find any words to refute Toby.

Indeed, if Toby wanted to deal with him, he would not have to hide in the dark and do such dirty tricks. Even if Toby did it transparently and openly, Connor would not be able to do anything about it either.

At least in Seafield, he did not have the means to.

Thus, Toby did not need to go through all that trouble to deal with Connor.

With that said, could Toby really have nothing to do with this matter?

If it wasn't him, then who could it be?

As a result, Connor fell into deep thought as different faces appeared in his mind, all except Sonia.

That was because to him, there was no way Sonia did that.

Firstly, she was a woman. Secondly, what could she have accomplished, giving her identity? Even if she had Toby backing her, she still might not be able to do anything to him.

To put it bluntly, Connor had never suspected Sonia purely because he always looked down on women. He thought that women could never succeed in anything, so he never took Sonia seriously. Therefore, he naturally skipped her in his list of suspects.

Although Toby was not aware of Connor's sexist view, he was not worried that he would suspect Sonia either.

After all, she was only responsible for secret hiring and did not directly contact Brutus Walters; in fact, it was Charles who contacted her.

Even if Connor got to the bottom of this, he would only find out about Brutus and halt the investigation, so Connor would not even be able to find out about Charles, let alone Sonia.

"Mr. Salzburg, I didn't come here to discuss who did this to you. It's your business if you want to find out who did this to you. You can think about it and investigate it later, but I don't want to waste my time here," Toby stated coldly while raising his eyes.

Connor could only stop thinking about it and look at Toby coldly. "Since you didn't come here to laugh at me because I got beaten up, then let me guess why you're here. It must

be because of the things your mother left behind, right? Does this mean you've made a decision and are willing to accept my conditions?"

Pursing his lips, Toby negotiated, "I can promise to let Anya go, but you have to return all my mother's belongings. You can't leave anything behind, or else, I'll do everything in my power to kill you. I think my grandfather wouldn't mind if I used his merits to exchange for me and the Fuller Family's exemption for crimes. What do you think?"

When Connor heard that, his pupils dilated and he was at a loss for words.

What a lunatic!

The reason why he so boldly threatened Toby and was not afraid that he might kill him in the first place was because he knew that Toby was unwilling to use his grandfather's merits in exchange for his safety.

However, he forgot that willingness and likeliness were two different factors.

Even if Toby said he was unwilling to do that, who could be sure whether he would change his mind later?

At this moment, Connor finally realized that he could never truly have Toby in the palm of his hands. Although he was reluctant to admit that, it was still the cold, hard truth.

Following that, he did not behave arrogantly anymore and became more modest.

He even put his amiable mask back on and smiled at Toby. "Oh, Toby. Don't worry. I might not be a good person, but I do keep my promises. Whatever I said counts, so as long as you give me a Letter of Understanding, I'll return all your mother's belongings. You don't have to worry about that either because the thing your mother left behind is one whole item that can't be broken apart. Therefore, you can rest assured that there won't be a situation where I give you a part of it and hold some back. Once I give it to you, you will have everything."

"Really?" Toby narrowed his eyes.

"Really?" Toby narrowed his eyes.

If what he said was true, then they were not pictures or footage like what he and Little Leaf had guessed.

After all, it was easy to keep copies of such things, but Connor said the item could not be broken apart, so it meant that it was impossible to make a copy of it. Thus, it would not be the items which he and Little Leaf had thought about.

If this were true, it would be a good thing.

Toby's eyes dimmed, but they quickly returned to their usual state, which was unreadably dark.

"How do I know if what you're saying is true?" He looked directly into Connor's eyes.

Smiling, Connor taunted, "Don't try and test me because you won't be able to find out anything. What I said is the truth, and I can't do anything if you don't believe me. After all, you can take away my life at any moment, so I don't have to be impulsive and trick you. I wouldn't put my life in jeopardy."

Toby pursed his lips and stayed silent.

Truth be told, there was no need for Connor to lie at such a crucial moment because he knew he would not end well if he was exposed for lying.

If Toby found out, he would do everything in his power to kill him at any moment.

In other words, Connor's life was actually in the palm of Toby's hand. If Toby wanted Connor dead, he could take Connor's life at any moment and avenge his father.

Yet, the reason he did not do that was because he did not want to waste his grandfather's merit. However, if he was unable to dig up any evidence of Connor's crimes, then using this method might not be the worst idea.

Thus, it could be said that Toby now controlled Connor's fate and Connor knew that very well.

If he wanted to retrieve his freedom from Toby, he had to stay alive to find a chance.

As such, he could not let himself die too early nor could he lie to Toby at such a crucial moment.

Thinking of that, Toby felt relieved and uncrossed his legs to get up. He walked toward Connor's bed and looked down at him as if he was looking at an ant. "Good. I'll believe you for now, but if you trick me and let me find out about it, I'll twist your neck off myself. Try it if you dare."

While he spoke, his eyes landed on Connor's neck.

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Toby's gaze was filled with so much viciousness that it made Connor realize Toby was not simply threatening with words.

He was serious.

If he lied to Toby and was found out, Toby would not hesitate to immediately twist his head off.

Connor thought that if he had been younger, he would not have been so scared of death. However, as he grew older, experienced more things, and watched the people dear to him pass away, his courage gradually diminished and he became even more fearful of death.

The older he grew, the more afraid he was of death; especially with his identity, he was even more afraid of death.

Once he died, he would not have anything left—his position as the head of the Salzburg Family, his authority, and his money. In other words, he would not be able to enjoy any of that anymore because it would all fall into the hands of his relatives.

He was not willing to see that happen. He wanted to keep being the head of the Salzburg Family until he was a hundred years old while still keeping control over the lives of many.

Therefore, I cannot die early. Never!

Lowering his eyelids, Connor avoided Toby's murderous gaze as that was the only way he could feel less terrified.

"Don't worry, Toby. I've promised that I didn't lie to you, therefore, I wouldn't. If you can give me a LoU, I will give you your mother's belongings when I receive it," Connor said.

Pursing his lips into a thin line, Toby was silent for a moment before responding, "Before 5.00PM, I'll get someone to bring Anya over here. You'd better keep her in check because if she provokes my woman again, her outcome wouldn't be that pretty."

"Don't worry. I will." Connor raised his head and squeezed out a smile.

Seeing that he had achieved what he came here to do, Toby did not want to stay here anymore, so he placed his hands in his pocket and left while Tom followed behind him.

The two had just taken a few steps forward when Connor's voice sounded from behind them.

“Toby, I didn’t tell anyone about my situation, so the outside world is still unaware of what I’ve experienced. Since you’re able to find out about this so quickly, it means you have someone on your side watching me,” Connor stated while looking at their backs.

Toby stopped walking and so did Tom.

“So, what? Do you still want to cause trouble for me?” A mocking smile appeared on Toby’s face, but he did turn around and only spoke at the door.

Spite filled Connor’s eyes, but it instantly disappeared. “Of course not. You must be joking. Who in Seafield would dare to find trouble with you? Isn’t that the same as seeking death? I only wanted to ask you something. Since you have men watching me, they should have seen the people who attacked me, right?”

“Oh?” With his eyebrows raised, Toby turned around and mocked, “So, you’re thinking of using my men to find out who attacked you?”

Connor set down the blanket and clenched his fist. “That’s right.”

“You have the wrong person.” Toby sneered, “What relationship do we have? How dare you think of finding clues from me! Do you think that’s possible? I’m telling you, it’s impossible. I won’t help you. Instead, I’d even help them cover their tracks. After all, an enemy’s enemy is my friend. You’re so naive to think that you can get something from me.”

After saying that, he turned back around and left the ward without stopping.

At the sight of the leaving figure, Connor’s face was red yet pale and his chest was heaving as if he could pass out at any minute.

Villains always lived till the end of the story and he currently looked weak as if he would die at any minute. However, in reality, it was these weak and sick people who lived for a long time that had the time to cause trouble for others.

“Mr. Salzburg.” At that moment, Xander ran in with a swollen forehead.

After he called out to Connor, he closed the door, walked toward the hospital bed, and stopped before him.

Tightly shutting his eyes, Connor used a long while to suppress the anger inside him before regaining his composure. “Have you heard from the people you sent out to investigate this matter?”

Xander lowered his head in embarrassment. “I’m sorry, Mr. Salzburg, but they haven’t found anything. You were attacked in an old alley with no surveillance cameras. Also, I

wasn't with you back then, so I didn't get a good look at your attackers. It's quite difficult to catch whoever did it."

Although Connor knew what Xander said was true, he was unwilling to accept the truth. At this point, he had no choice but to move on with it.

Taking a deep breath, he tried not to lose his temper and waved his hand. "Continue on with the investigation."

"Yes, sir." Xander secretly breathed a sigh of relief when Connor remained calm.

As long as Mr. Salzburg doesn't throw a fit, I wouldn't have to worry about getting implicated.

"Later, head to the police station and negotiate with them. Tell them that Toby has agreed to let go of this matter. Then, pay the bail in advance. Once Toby's LoU has arrived, immediately bring it to the police station," Connor ordered.

Xander bowed. "Yes. I'll get on it immediately."

Xander bowed. "Yes. I'll get on it immediately."

After acknowledging Xander's reply, Connor stopped talking and rested his eyes as though he fell asleep.

Noticing the situation, Xander did not dare to disturb him, so he quietly left the room.

Meanwhile, Toby and Tom ascended the car.

Once inside, Toby massaged his temples and asked the same question, "What have you found about Anya and Connor's relationship?"

After starting the car, Tom replied, "Since Connor rarely left the hotel, we couldn't get inside his room, so no DNA to examine his relationship with Anya. When he was attacked and hospitalized today, the doctors had shaved a portion of his hair to tend to his wound. Our men picked up some of the bloody hair from the trash and sent it for analysis. I'm sure it won't be long before we can get the results."

Now that he had heard some good news after a long while, Toby's expression eased a little as he nodded. "Let's go back to the company."

"Yes, sir." Tom nodded.

Back at Paradigm Co., Sonia had just settled an expedited document and was leaning against the back of her chair while stretching to relieve her sore back and waist.

Once she was done, she curled up in her chair and refused to move. She wanted to rest for a bit before starting on the other documents.

“Chairman Reed.” At that moment, the door to her office was knocked twice and a clear female voice sounded.

Sonia looked over and saw that it was her secretary, Rita, standing outside.

Rita was standing in for Daphne while she was recuperating from her operation.

“Come in.” With a smile, Sonia replied and quickly adjusted her posture.

What else could she have done? Her subordinate was here and it would be embarrassing if she was still curled up in her chair.

What if her subordinate thought that she did not seem like the chairman of the company?

“Alright.” After responding, Rita withdrew her hand from the door, entered the office, and came toward Sonia’s desk. “Chairman Reed, you asked me to come over and get some documents...”

“Over there.” Sonia pointed at the stack of documents on her table. “Send them over to their respective departments. I don’t wanna keep them waiting.”

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“Alright. I’ll send them over now.” After affirming with a nod, Rita took the documents and said, “Chairman Reed, please excuse me.”

Sonia waved her hand. “Go ahead. Thank you for your hard work.”

“Chairman Reed, you’re too kind.” With that, Rita smiled and turned to walk out the door.

However, she suddenly thought of something and stopped in her tracks to turn back around. “Oh, right, Chairman Reed. There’s something I’m not sure whether I should say.”

“Go ahead.” Sonia slightly raised her chin to signal Rita to continue.

When Rita got her permission, she did not hesitate as she stood properly to explain, “Chairman Reed, I went to the Human Resources Department this afternoon. We, at the Secretary Department, were thinking of hiring a new assistant, so I went to the HR to ask if there were any suitable candidates.”

“Hmm. I heard about it.” Sonia nodded. “What happened next?”

She knew this was not the matter her secretary wanted to mention.

As she expected, Rita took in a breath and continued, “Later, I heard someone from the Human Resources Department mention Daphne, saying that she called them this morning to ask them to prepare a letter of resignation and mail it to her.”

“What?” Sonia’s expression changed slightly. “If I heard it correctly, you said a letter of resignation, right? Daphne asked for a letter of resignation from the HR Department?”

“Yes.” Rita nodded to confirm Sonia’s words.

Frowning, Sonia’s expression looked sullen. “Daphne wants to resign?”

“According to the current situation, it seems to be that. After I heard that, I went to ask one of the employees from HR for confirmation to make sure that the employees weren’t spreading fake news. Then, the employee told me that it was true and they did receive a call from her. According to the director of human resources, he was shocked when he heard the news and wanted to notify you but was stopped by Daphne. She said to not tell you for the time being, so I was hesitant on whether to tell you. If I told you, I would be going against Daphne’s wishes, but if I don’t tell you, I’ll feel sorry for her because this is a strange time to resign. Also, Daphne has been with you for the longest and you both have a good relationship. So, after I thought about it, I thought I should tell you because I also hope you could ask Daphne why she wanted to resign. All of us have a good relationship with her and we don’t want her to resign. Moreover...”

“Moreover, what?” Sonia looked at her.

Biting her lips, Rita looked uncertain about something.

A few seconds later, she finally persuaded herself and clenched her hands before looking at Sonia. “Chairman Reed, it’s like this. I have a suspicion. I think Daphne’s sudden resignation means something has happened to her. According to my understanding of her, she loves this job, so she wouldn’t resign without reason. She didn’t intend to resign when she was pregnant, and even after she wanted to abort the child, she still didn’t intend to leave. It was up until her surgery that she suddenly mentioned about resigning. I think something might have happened with her surgery, which caused her health to deteriorate and she couldn’t continue with this job.”

“Wait. How did you know Daphne was pregnant? And that she wanted to abort the child?” Sonia stood up in surprise and locked her gaze on Rita’s body.

Meanwhile, Rita did not hide anything and immediately answered, “I found out about it on my own. Chairman Reed, you also know that I’m married and have children, so I understand pregnancy symptoms better than the unmarried employees in our company. I noticed that Daphne had been showing symptoms of early pregnancy recently. Though once or twice could mean she was sick, once it happened more frequently, I was sure that she’s pregnant and not sick. It was until I found a slip related to abortion in Daphne’s trash can that I was certain that she was pregnant and didn’t intend on keeping the child.”

“So, that’s why.” Sonia could not help but heave a sigh of relief. Then, she sat back on her chair. “I thought someone had told you about this.”

“No, no one told me. I figured it out myself.” While shaking her head, Rita seemed to realize something and asked Sonia, “Chairman Reed, did you know about Daphne’s pregnancy?”

Sonia did not intend to reveal anything initially, but upon looking at Rita and knowing that she was in on this, she decided to not hide it anymore and nodded. “That’s right. I knew from the beginning, which was why I was so shocked. Daphne had asked me to keep it a secret, so I didn’t tell you guys anything. That’s also why I got shocked when you mentioned her pregnancy ’cause I thought someone had overheard it and sold it.

“No, I didn’t,” Rita immediately shook her hand while speaking up guiltily, “but I have told the others from the department.”

“What?” Sonia was baffled.

That made Rita feel even more guilty as she lowered her head to say, “I didn’t do it on purpose. It was on the second day where Daphne was absent from work. I was looking around her desk while muttering about whether she had gone through surgery. Then, someone from the office and her friends heard that. When they asked me about it, I couldn’t stand it anymore and told them.”

Meanwhile, Sonia felt her lips twitch as she felt resigned.

Meanwhile, Sonia felt her lips twitch as she felt resigned.

What is this situation called?

Is this blocking one side of the window while the other side is open?

Seeing that Sonia was speechless, Rita immediately praised, “But Chairman Reed, I didn’t let the others spread the news. When Daphne hid her pregnancy from us, we

knew that she wanted to keep it a secret, which was why I told my friends to zip their lips. I told them that this was a secret between us and it shouldn't be spread to the public. The others agreed, and we're all secretaries, so we have no problem with keeping a secret."

Hearing that, Sonia felt relieved. "That's good, but are you sure none of them told a soul about this, and that you really did find out about this yourself?"

"I'm positive. Anyway, I didn't hear anyone beside us mention Daphne's pregnancy, so the others definitely did not mention this to anyone else. Otherwise, with Daphne's identity, everyone in the building might have already found out about this," Rita explained.

Then, Sonia nodded lightly.

That is true.

It seems like no one has said a word.

"That's better. Since you guys are the only ones who know about this, remember to keep it sealed. Daphne doesn't want anyone to know about this, so we can't disappoint her. Also, this matter concerns her privacy," Sonia reminded Rita again.

Nodding repeatedly, Rita promised, "Don't worry, Chairman Reed. I'll remind them after I head back to our office and guilt-trip them so that they won't spread that news. We can't let anyone know about this."

Then, Rita's mind suddenly went blank as she remembered that besides the others in her office, there seemed to be one outsider who knew about this.

And that was President Lane.

However, to Daphne and Chairman Reed, President Lane isn't an outsider, right?

Which means it doesn't matter if he knows about this, right?

Charles and Daphne were college classmates. Not only did they have a few dozen years of subordinate-superior relationship, but they were also friends. Thus, when something like this happened to Daphne, Charles would definitely take their relationship into account and not do anything to upset her.

It seems like I have nothing to worry about.

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Rita nodded secretly and decided not to tell Sonia that Charles also knew about this matter. She thought there was no need to mention it.

No matter what, President Lane would never hurt Daphne.

Thinking of that, she felt more at ease and looked at Sonia. "Chairman Reed, do you think my guess about why Daphne's resigning is right?"

"I don't know, but there is a possibility that you're right." With her lips pursed, Sonia's eyes were filled with worry for Daphne.

Sonia did not have many female friends and the only two she had were Daphne and Rebecca. However, Rebecca had gone to Westsashire with Carl and they had not contacted each other for months.

Though Sonia did try to contact her a few times, Rebecca never picked up. Perhaps, she was caught up in her job as a bodyguard, or Carl might have transferred her away from his side and given her another assignment for which she could not freely contact other people.

After all, the last time Sonia contacted Rebecca, she mentioned that Carl still did not trust her and forbade her from being near him.

Ultimately, not being able to contact Rebecca meant Sonia had no idea of Carl's current situation or Rebecca's circumstances, which worried her. Still, there was no use worrying if she could not get a hold of Rebecca.

As of now, the only woman by her side with whom she could share women's secrets was Daphne. Therefore, if something happened to her, Sonia would not be able to be at peace.

"Did you try to call Daphne when you found out she wanted to resign?" She looked at Rita and asked.

Nodding, Rita replied, "Of course, I did, but I can't get a hold of her."

"Was the call disconnected?"

"It's not that." Rita shook her head while explaining, "The call went through, but she hung up. It seems like she knows that someone will call her to ask about this, so she has no intention of picking up any calls."

Has no intentions of picking up...

Pulling her lips into a thin line, Sonia became even more worried and certain that Daphne's resignation was not as simple as she thought.

If she merely wanted to quit working here, why would she try to hide it and not tell anyone? Hence, Rita's guess was correct. There was something wrong with Daphne's decision to resign.

Now, the biggest question lay in what had happened to her.

"I understand. I'll try to contact her later. Thank you for being so considerate, and thank you for telling me this. You did good." Sonia decided to put aside her worries and squeezed out a smile to thank Rita.

Embarrassed, Rita waved. "Chairman Reed, you're exaggerating. Daphne and I are like sisters, and this is what I should do. So, I'd have to trouble you for contacting Daphne. If there's any news, I hope you can tell us because we're also worried about her."

"I will," Sonia agreed.

"Alright, then. Chairman Reed, I'll be heading out." With a slight bow, Rita turned around and exited the office.

After Rita left, Sonia did not wait any longer and picked up her phone to call Daphne.

Fortunately, the call went through, but she was worried that what came next would be the same as what Rita had described—declining the call.

If that happened, she would not be able to reach Daphne.

So, please, God, Let Daphne pick up the call.

While tightly clutching her phone, Sonia felt uncertain.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the call...

A ghastly-looking Daphne weakly leaned against the head of the bed while holding a delicate porcelain bowl in her hand. Inside the bowl was a jet-black, unknown liquid.

She lowered her head to drink a mouthful of the liquid. The liquid was so bitter that she scrunched up her face as soon as she drank it.

It was clear that the liquid did not taste good.

After drinking a mouthful of it, she did not feel like drinking anymore, so she set down the bowl and looked toward the French window.

Before the window stood a figure, and from the height of that figure, it seemed to be a man.

However, since the man was standing under the sun, the sunlight shone down on him and covered his whole body in a layer of gold, which blurred his face and made others unable to recognize him.

According to the man's figure and height, anyone could tell that his figure must be good and his appearance would not be too off either.

"President Lane." At that moment, Daphne finally opened her mouth and called out to the person before the window.

Finally, that mysterious figure moved. He did not stand still anymore and turned around to face her.

As soon as he did so, his face finally emerged out of the sunlight and uncovered a handsome face, which belonged to none other than Charles.

"What's the matter?" he asked coldly as he looked at the person on the bed.

In comparison, Charles had a different demeanor now than he usually had.

He preferred to dress in flamboyant attire. The more colorful they were, the more he liked them; he would also give others the impression that he was a sloppy person.

Yet, that was also the truth. Wasn't his usual impression that of a sloppy and immature person?

Those who did not understand him well would assume that he was not a reliable person, based on his appearance. Instead, they would think that he was a playboy or a rascal.

However, the Charles that was standing here not only dressed differently, but his personality also suddenly became solemn.

He was no longer wearing the flamboyant clothes that others despised but a black suit that made him look mature. Even his hair was combed neatly, which was the opposite of the messy and colorful hair he always had.

Anyway, Charles was no longer the playboy others usually saw him as but a reliable and domineering company president. The outfit he was currently wearing was very similar to Toby's.

Truth be told, his friends and family would be shocked to see his current appearance and think that he might have been stimulated by something. Otherwise, why would he suddenly change his style?

Honestly, even Daphne was shocked when she saw him today, but she was afraid to ask him about it.

“C-Can I not drink this bowl of tonic?” Her finger pointed at the bowl as she carefully asked him.

Frowning, he did not even think about it before refusing, “No, you must.”

With a bitter expression, Daphne did not refute and raised the bowl again. Then, she endured the extreme bitterness and gulped down the liquid.

She only intended to fight for herself once, not a second time.

She knew that if she did not succeed the first time, she would not succeed no matter how many times she tried after that. Instead, she might even anger the man before her.

Since she had expected it, why would she risk it?

Meanwhile, Charles watched as Daphne obediently finished her tonic, but his eyebrows were scrunched together and his face fell.

He should be happy to see her obedient side because he did not like it when she opposed him. Yet, now that he got his wish, he did not feel any excitement. Instead, he felt an unknown sense of irritation and rage.

On the bed, Daphne could feel that Charles was not happy, so she stopped drinking her tonic and looked up at him.

She saw his dark and cold face, and the grip she had on the bowl tightened a little as she could not figure out what had happened.

Why is he mad?

I don't think I provoked him, did I?

Although she was feeling anxious, she did not dare to ask because she was afraid that he would get even angrier after hearing her voice.

Therefore, she lowered her head, pretended like nothing happened, and continued drinking her tonic.

Seeing that his displeasure was noticed but unquestioned, Charles became even more frustrated.

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He wanted to ask her, Can't you tell that I'm angry?

However, the words were right by his lips, but he could not say anything.

Feeling bothered, Charles grabbed a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and took one out before lighting it between his lips.

Right before the flame touched his cigarette, he suddenly thought of something, looked toward the bed at Daphne, who was not paying attention to him, and stopped his actions. Then, he put away his lighter and put the cigarette back into the packet.

Forget it. I won't smoke this.

This cigarette isn't nice either. I should remember to change to another brand.

That's right. I'm not smoking because this packet of cigarettes is not nice, not because of her.

Tugging his lips into a thin line, Charles felt a complicated feeling.

At that moment, a caller ringtone broke the silence.

Daphne quickly finished her tonic in a few gulps and endured the bitterness in her mouth before placing the bowl down to finish the cup of water beside her. At last, she felt better only after the bitter taste in her mouth faded.

Charles could not help but reprimand her, "Isn't it just drinking a bowl of tonic? Do you have to look so distressed?"

She opened her mouth and whispered, "But... This tonic is really bitter."

It's even more bitter than Americano with no sugar.

After snorting, he retorted, "How bitter can it be? You're just finding excuses to not drink it."

Daphne did not reply.

He's right. I really don't want to drink it.

"I'm only asking you to drink some tonic, not do anything else. Why do you have to look so bitter?" Charles continued to agitate her.

Biting her lips, Daphne argued, "It wasn't intentional. I was only..."

Suddenly, she found herself reluctant to explain any further.

She realized that no matter how much she said or how reasonable she was, a person who disliked her would always find fault with it and continue to oppose her.

If that was the truth, why did she still need to argue for herself?

No matter how she explained herself, Charles would always assume she was wrong. Therefore, she did not want to argue anymore and decided to just let things run their course.

"I'm sorry. I won't do that again. I'll finish everything obediently and won't make that face anymore." While looking down, Daphne spoke self-mockingly.

Hearing her depressing words, Charles felt bothered again.

Yet, when he saw how she was not being herself, he wanted to reprimand her, but he could not say anything. He snorted and acted impatient. "It'd be best if you did as you said. Alright, alright. Your phone is still ringing. Check it, it's so annoying."

"I'm sorry. I'll look at it now." After apologizing, she rubbed her face and reached for her phone.

Once she saw the caller ID, she was first stunned before immediately sitting up and frantically looking at Charles. "President Lane, it's Chairman Reed."

Charles' pupils dilated as he asked, "Sonny?"

"Yes." With a nod, Daphne asked, "Charles, should I answer it?"

Then, he pursed his lips as if he was thinking about it.

A few seconds later, he waved his hand. "Answer it, but don't tell her anything you shouldn't. Or else..."

Then, a vicious light flashed across his eyes.

Seeing how the man she loved was treating her, Daphne felt as if her heart was being pierced by needles. Helpless, she did not show her emotions and merely nodded. "I understand. I won't tell her."

"Good." He nodded his head in satisfaction and implied that she should answer the call.

After taking a deep breath, Daphne slid her finger across the screen and placed her phone by her ear. "Chairman Reed."

On the other end of the call, Sonia could hear the disappointment in her voice and was immediately sure that Rita had guessed correctly. She felt her heart sink as she quickly asked, "Daphne, are you alright?"

However, Daphne did not know that Sonia was asking about her circumstances instead of her surgery.

After all, Sonia knew why she took leave. Feeling a warm feeling surge inside her, she quickly replied, "I'm doing fine."

"Really? Did the operation go smoothly?" Sonia asked with worry.

Touching her belly, Daphne looked over to the French window and the man standing there with a complicated gaze. She then hummed a reply. "The operation... went quite well."

"Did it?" While narrowing her eyes, Sonia was obviously not convinced. "If the operation went well, why did you hesitate earlier? Daphne, I hope that you won't lie to me. Besides being your superior, I'm also your friend and I'm worried about you. So, please don't lie to me. Or else, I'll be even more worried about you."

Daphne could hear that Sonia was indeed worried for her and felt touched.

She knew Sonia was a good person. That was why she was not jealous of her when she found out the person she liked was actually in love with her boss.

After all, Sonia was such a good person, so what right did she have to be jealous of such a wonderful woman?

Good people were never meant to be envied by others.

"Chairman Reed, thank you for being concerned for me. Don't worry. I'm fine and the operation went well. I hesitated earlier because I thought of something unrelated to the operation. I don't need to trick you on these matters. What's more, didn't you hear my voice? Don't I sound energetic? If the operation had any complications, I would've been weak right now, but my voice isn't, so it means I'm not lying."

After Daphne's explanation, Sonia thought she made sense.

Indeed, her voice did sound energetic. Besides sounding a little disappointed, she did not sound weak at all. More importantly, her voice sounded even more energetic than when Sonia had finished her abortion surgery.

Back when she just finished her operation, the operation also went smoothly and she needed to stay at the hospital to recuperate. On top of that, she felt very weak, but her voice did not sound as energetic as Daphne's.

Frankly, she sounded like she never even went through a surgery.

Of course, that would be impossible since she did not deny having the surgery.

Perhaps the reason her voice sounded so lively was because of her physique.

Regardless, her words of concern earlier were all genuine.

"It's good that your surgery went smoothly. It means your body didn't suffer too much damage, right?" Sonia breathed a sigh of relief and felt relaxed.

Shaking her head, Daphne replied, "Of course not. My body is in good condition."

Then, she looked down.

Of course, my body is great. I didn't even go through with the surgery.

The second before she was pushed into the operation theater, Charles arrived just in time to stop them and he brought her here.

She did not know why Charles refused to let her abort the child and let her give birth to it instead. Either way, the reason cannot be that he likes me.

"Oh, right. Chairman Reed, why are you suddenly so concerned about my condition? Also, judging from your voice, you seem to be certain that the operation has damaged my body." Suddenly realizing this, she quickly asked.

When Sonia heard that question, she laughed awkwardly. "I was guessing because I heard that you're going to resign."

Daphne's face paled. "Chairman Reed... How did you know? I remember I didn't tell you about this, and the colleagues from the human resources department..."

"The colleagues from the HR department also promised to keep it a secret, right?"

Knowing what Daphne was about to say, Sonia finished the sentence for her.

As a result, Daphne fell silent.

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Letting out a sigh, Sonia explained, "It wasn't them. Rita just happened to go there and overheard this matter, so she told me."

"So, that's how you found out." Daphne understood the situation.

It turns out it was Rita who told her.

What a coincidence.

It seems like even the heavens didn't want me to hide this from Chairman Reed. Otherwise, why would Rita just happen to appear at the HR department at that moment?

"So, it's true that you're resigning?" Sonia asked with pursed lips.

Then, Daphne replied with a hum and replied, "Yes."

After getting the confirmation from Daphne, Sonia felt her heart sink. "Why? There should be a reason, right? I don't believe you've thought about this for a very long time. Whether it's me or Rita, we didn't hear any news about you wanting to resign before you took your leave, nor did we see any signs of you wanting to leave. So, when you took leave and suddenly mentioned you wanted to resign, we all didn't believe you'd do so easily. Then, we guessed that maybe your body condition was weakened by the operation, so you wouldn't want to continue with work. But now, I'm certain that your operation went well, and your body condition is still good. So, can you tell me why you wanna resign?"

Hearing Sonia's words, Daphne sighed and could not help but admire Sonia's keen insight.

She even guessed that I resigned on a whim and not because I had thought about it before.

Chairman Reed is indeed a very intelligent person.

"Daphne?" When Sonia did not hear Daphne's response, she called out to her.

Coming back to her senses, Daphne replied, "Yes, Chairman Reed. I'm still here."

“Since you’re still there, then tell me. Why do you want to resign? Daphne, you know that I admire your talent and I’m already used to you being my secretary, so if you don’t have a suitable reason, I won’t approve of your resignation. Understand?” Sonia stated.

Daphne bit her lips and felt bitter. “I understand.”

Actually, she did not want to resign.

But...

She gazed over at Charles again and her eyes were filled with all sorts of complicated emotions.

It was Charles who ordered her to resign, so she could not defy him.

Not knowing what Daphne was looking at and thinking about, she massaged the middle of her eyebrows and persuaded, “Since you understand, you must give me a reasonable explanation. After all, I have to know what you’re going through. Don’t worry. If you’re facing any difficulties, you can tell me and I’ll help you solve it as best as I can. Even if I can’t help you, I can get Toby to help. There are no difficulties that can’t be solved, so there’s no need to resign.”

“Chairman Reed, nothing happened.” Daphne barely managed to squeeze out a smile.

In order not to let Sonia hear anything suspicious, Daphne tried her best to calm down her emotions and make her voice sound normal. “I decided to resign because I want to take some time to further my career abroad.”

“Further your career abroad?” Sonia was shocked. “But I didn’t hear you mention this before.”

Looking down to hide the emotions in her eyes, Daphne explained, “I didn’t have such thoughts before, even until I decided to take my leave. I only thought of this yesterday.”

“Oh? Yesterday?” Sonia asked.

“Yes.” The hand on her phone tightened as Daphne continued to lie.

There was no other way because once a lie was made, she had to use several other lies to make up for it.

Otherwise, she would get exposed.

“Yesterday, when I finished my operation, I saw a recruitment notice from a foreign country on the Internet. The position being recruited matches my major, and throughout the two years, I have been thinking about taking examinations for different professions,

but I don't have any experience working abroad, so my application keeps getting rejected. At first, I thought I should forget it, but when I saw that recruitment notice, I was tempted to try again. Then, I wrote a thesis last night and sent it with my resume and it was quickly accepted. The company there has decided to hire me, so I decided to resign and enter that company to further my career for a year. After a year, I'd be able to take examinations," Daphne explained.

However, no one saw the sarcasm on her face.

She did not know if the sarcasm was directed at Charles, who asked her to lie, or at herself.

Perhaps Daphne lied too naturally because Sonia did not seem to hear anything wrong with her words and believed her. "So, that's the reason. I thought something had happened to your body, which made you want to resign. I feel much better knowing that it's not related to your body condition."

"I'm sorry, Chairman Reed," she apologized.

Meanwhile, Sonia was completely relieved. When she heard Daphne's apology, she smiled. "Why are you apologizing?"

"Because I didn't tell you in advance that I want to change jobs and waited until I got the offer to tell you. This is a taboo in the workplace and I—"

"Alright. You don't have to blame yourself." Sonia waved her hands. "I don't blame you. Instead, I'm happy for you."

"Happy for me?" Daphne was stunned.

Sonia acknowledged her reply and continued, "Yes. Why wouldn't I be happy for you if you want to further your career and become better? I've always liked watching others work hard for themselves, so I do support anyone who goes for what they want. As long as they work hard and don't hinder or hurt others, I'll help them however I can. More importantly, we're friends. My friend wants to go to a further place and become more excellent, so of course, I will support you."

"I understand what you mean. Chairman Reed, you are such a good person. It's no wonder why so many people like you, and why I like you."

"I understand what you mean. Chairman Reed, you are such a good person. It's no wonder why so many people like you, and why I like you."

Still, she felt sorry toward Sonia.

She lied to her because she was not going to further her career.

Instead, she was going to hide somewhere and give birth to this child.

From this moment on, she had betrayed Sonia's trust.

Suddenly, Daphne thought of herself as a despicable person.

"Thank you for liking me, and I like you too." After hearing Daphne's confession, Sonia felt happy and smilingly asked, "Oh, right. When are you leaving?"

She meant when Daphne would leave abroad.

Since Daphne was not really going abroad, she could not give a confirmed time, so she could only think on the whim. "The week after. This week, I need to get my visa and other documents."

"Wouldn't it be too much of a rush? One week might not be enough for you to get your visa."

"No, it wouldn't. I have a former classmate working at the embassy there. He'll help me rush my documents, so one week is enough." Daphne lied again.

She had never lied, but today, in these short few minutes, she had told countless lies.

The more she lied, the more embarrassed she became.

However, Sonia did not know any of this. When she heard that Daphne had a friend over there, she felt at ease. "That's good. So, you can submit your resignation application after you're done and I'll personally approve of it. If you're willing to come back to this little company one year later, I will happily welcome you back."

"Okay. Thank you, Chairman Reed. Thank you so much." Daphne felt a sore sensation at her nose and her eyes felt warm too.

Smiling, Sonia said, "I won't bother you anymore. Rest well, and I'll send you off when you leave."

"No need for that, Chairman Reed." The moment Sonia said she would send her off, Daphne became anxious and hurriedly refused while shaking her head. "You don't have to send me off. I can leave on my own."

"Why?" Sonia could not help but blink her eyes in confusion.

Aren't we friends?

Shouldn't friends send each other off when one of them is leaving?

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Why?

Of course, it's because I don't want to get exposed!

She was not really going abroad, so how could she let Sonia send her off? If she did, would that not expose everything?

With both hands tightly holding her phone, she quickly explained, "Because I booked my flight for 11.00PM, so I don't want to bother you at such a late hour. More importantly, President Fuller wouldn't feel at ease with you going out at that hour."

That makes sense.

While touching her chin, Sonia asked, "But why did you book a flight for such a late hour?"

Daphne continued to lie, "I especially bought it at that hour because I can catch up on some sleep on the plane and go straight to work when I get there."

"Oh, alright then. I won't see you off, but you have to send me a text before you get on the plane so that I know you've successfully boarded. Then, I'll feel more assured."

Noticing that Sonia had given up the idea of sending her off, Daphne felt relieved. "Alright, Chairman Reed."

"Alright. Then, I won't bother you anymore. I'll hang up now." After looking at the time, Sonia found that it was getting late.

Daphne did not want to continue this conversation either; the more she spoke, the more she felt sorry toward Sonia.

Until the end, she was afraid that she could not stand the guilt in her heart and blurted out the truth instead. Therefore, she also felt relieved when Sonia suggested they end the call.

"Okay. Goodbye, Chairman Reed."

"Goodbye."

After hanging up, Daphne set down her phone and felt the heavy burden weighing on her heart return to its place.

Then, Charles came over and sat down beside the bed while smiling. "I didn't expect you to be able to lie so well. You don't even look flustered."

Hearing the man's sarcastic words, Daphne laughed self-deprecatingly and stated, "This is what you asked me to do. You didn't want Chairman Reed to know you brought me here, so you asked me to resign, and since I can't tell her the truth, I can only lie."

"Are you putting the blame on me?" Charles asked with narrowed eyes.

Turning her head away, she replied, "No. I'm blaming myself."

Blaming myself for why I didn't push him away.

Blaming myself for why I didn't abort this child sooner.

Otherwise, all of this wouldn't have happened.

However, she was curious about how Charles found out about her pregnancy and how he knew she wanted to abort their child.

More importantly, how did he know the exact place and time of her operation and arrived there just in time to stop her?

Everything that happened made her curious.

She did not know how he found out about these things, but she was certain that it was not Sonia, who had never asked her about Charles during the phone call. So, there was no way that Sonia would know anything about Charles' involvement and acknowledgement regarding her pregnancy and abortion.

Therefore, the mystery now lay in when and how he received such information.

"What are you thinking about?" As he noticed the light flashing across her eyes, Charles could not help but ask.

Daphne avoided his gaze and answered, "Nothing."

She had no intention of asking him how he found out. She knew she would not get an answer if she asked anyway.

Of course, he wouldn't tell me. Why should I ask? It'd probably be easier if I found it out myself sooner or later.

As Charles sensed her reluctance to let on anything, his face fell as he got to his feet. "Fine, then. It's getting late and I have to go. You stay here, and someone will come over to take care of you. If there's nothing important, don't contact the outside world or try to leave. Otherwise, I don't know what I might do. Do you understand?"

Raising her head to reveal her pale face, Daphne asked, "President Lane, are you keeping me under house arrest?"

After showing an unknown smile, he responded, "If you like it that way, I can make it possible."

Daphne's face became even paler.

Who would like this?

"That's it. I'll be leaving now. You can call me if there's anything." Charles raised his hand and unconsciously patted her head.

However, he then remembered that this person was Daphne and not Sonia, so his hand stopped midair and his face fell.

He could not understand, Why do I feel like patting her head?

This woman is clearly not Sonia and I have never patted any woman's head.

But with Daphne, I suddenly have the thought of doing that.

Daphne is obviously different from Sonia.

Then, Charles retracted his hand and looked down at it for a while as his face became even darker.

He thought he had gone mad because he never saw Daphne as a sister, yet he wanted to pat her head. What could it be besides the possibility that he had gone mad?

Putting down his hand, he looked at her with his dark eyes as if he wanted to find a reason.

Yet, not only did he not find any clue after a while, it made him even more bothered the more he thought about it. Then, he snorted and left.

Meanwhile, Daphne watched as he left furiously and found him confusing.

I didn't even provoke him, so why is he suddenly so angry?

At that moment, she found that Charles' temper had worsened. His temper had always been good before and he would never be as emotional as he was now, making the whole situation even more confusing.

At that moment, she found that Charles' temper had worsened. His temper had always been good before and he would never be as emotional as he was now, making the whole situation even more confusing.

Perhaps it was because he was looking at the person he hated, right?

Smiling bitterly, she raised her head to look at the ceiling and fell into a daze.

On the other hand, Charles left the private villa and went back to his car.

He was not in a hurry to leave, but he sat in the driver's seat, leaned against his seat, and covered his eyes with one hand, seemingly exhausted.

In actuality, he was not tired but frustrated. The feeling that was arising within him was something he did not know how to explain. It made him feel uneasy with a sense of losing control while his intuition was telling him that this feeling would stay for a very long time, and it would only get heavier as time passed.

He also knew that he became this way because of Daphne. Otherwise, he would never behave like this when he was facing other people.

Only when he was faced with Daphne that he became unlike himself.

Under normal circumstances, he should distance himself from someone who could make him behave differently. Yet, for some reason, not only did he not do that, he even decided to keep this uncontrolled factor by his side. That was why he questioned his own sanity in the car.

As he was pondering about this, the phone in his bag rang and it interrupted the dazed episode of Charles.

He rubbed his face, not wanting to think about these bothersome things, and sat up straight before taking out his phone.

When he saw who was calling, a smile appeared on his face as he answered the call, "Sonny."

It was a call from Sonia.

After she found out that Daphne's situation was not like what she and Rita had thought, she felt assured.

Following her call with Daphne, she remembered Tom's words when she left the house that afternoon and decided to phone Charles.

"Charles, are you busy?" she asked.

As he looked out the window and toward the villa, Charles' eyes shone as he replied, "No, I'm not. What's the matter?"

"It's nothing. I just want to tell you that Connor was beaten up," she said.

Surprised, he asked, "So soon? Lance is quite efficient now. He used to be a slow poke and had a slow tempo when doing what he was asked. I thought he'd take at least one to two days before proceeding with the plan, but I didn't expect he'd get someone to beat up Connor right after I told him about it last night. It doesn't seem like him."

He was shocked and happy as he spoke.

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Lance was one of Charles' good friends and Charles thought he knew his friend well enough.

To be able to make a slow poke act so quickly meant that he had a very important place in Lance's heart.

Otherwise, he would not have put in so much effort to help a friend.

Therefore, how could he not be excited and happy?

As for Sonia, she did not know Lance that well and was unsure of what kind of person he was. It was not until she heard what Charles said that she finally knew. As such, she was grateful that such a slow person would be able to finish the job so quickly.

"Maybe because you're the one who found him. That's why he's so quick. Of course, it might be because he had been the leader for many years and changed his gentle attitude into a fiery one." Sonia laughed while making a guess.

Touching his chin, Charles nodded. "What you said makes sense, but no matter what, it's good that Lance finished the job swiftly."

"Yes. That's why I called you. I wanna ask you to bring him a thank-you gift," Sonia said.

“Thank-you gift?”

“Yes.”

“For Lance?”

“Who else could it be?” She shrugged. “He gave me a hand in teaching Connor a lesson, so of course, I have to give him something to thank him. I can’t just sit here and do nothing, can I? Wouldn’t that be taking things for granted? I can’t do that, so I must prepare a gift. Besides, other than thanking him, I don’t want to owe him anything either.”

While knocking his fingers on the steering wheel, Charles agreed, “You’re right. You and Lance aren’t familiar with each other, so it’s best not to owe each other anything.”

“That’s why I came to you. I need to know what he likes. Then, I can prepare the gift and have you send it over. Also, you would get a thank-you gift too,” she added.

Surprise filled his face again. “What? Me too?”

“Of course! You’re the middleman who helped me get in contact with Lance. I can’t let you do all that work for nothing, right?”

“Hehe. Then, I’ll thank you in advance.” With excitement, he rubbed his hands together and continued, “Actually, you don’t have to give me anything and I’d still be willing to help you.”

“I know, but I can’t really do nothing, knowing that you did those things willingly, can I? If I did, what kind of person would I have become? Forget about that. Tell me what Lance likes. As for you, you don’t have to say it because I know.” While rubbing her sore shoulders, Sonia urged Charles to speak.

“Alright, so I won’t tell you what I like. You can just prepare anything you see fit. As for Lance, although he’s the leader of a gang, he can be a child at heart, probably because of his background. He grew up in an orphanage, and being able to have food to eat and clothes to wear were already considered a very happy thing for him, so he never had a toy. After he grew up, he liked to buy adult Lego toys, so you can prepare a limited edition Lego set for him. He will love it,” Charles confirmed.

Nodding slowly, she replied, “Sure. I’ll buy that for him. Thank you, Charles.”

“No worries.” He waved his hand. “Is there anything else?”

“Nope, but even if there is, I don’t think you’d want to hear it.” She then leaned against her chair and propped up her head while speaking.

That aroused Charles' interest. "Really? What's the thing you're so certain I won't like to hear?"

"Daphne is leaving abroad to further her career. Do you think you'd want to hear about matters involving her?" Sonia asked tentatively.

No matter what, Daphne is going to leave the country.

I hope that Charles can put down his hatred for her.

After all, it's not just her fault that something like that occurred.

Charles also did something wrong.

So, he can't put all the blame on her and ignore his wrongdoings.

That is something Daphne can't do alone.

On the other side of the phone, Charles froze when he suddenly heard Sonia mention Daphne.

He had no idea that this was actually about that woman.

It is something I don't want to hear!

After noting that Charles kept quiet and did not speak, Sonia knew he was upset that she had mentioned Daphne, so she sighed. "Charles, did you know she's going to leave the country?"

Although she asked that, she felt that he might not know about it.

Unexpectedly, his answer shocked her for a moment.

"I did."

"You did?" She was shocked.

He replied with a hum. "She told me."

Sonia opened her mouth, but it took her a while before she found her voice. "Daphne personally told you?"

"Yes." He lied when he added, "She called to tell me."

Yet, Sonia believed him. "So, that's how you knew. I thought you still didn't know about this."

As she thought about it, it made sense; despite their complicated relationship and Charles' terrifyingly cold attitude, he was the person she liked after all.

So, she would want to tell him that she was leaving before she actually left, right?

Perhaps, there had been an element of probing in this matter. She was probing to see if the person she liked would ask her to stay when hearing that she was leaving.

However, Sonia thought Daphne might have been disappointed in the end.

Judging from Charles' attitude, it did not seem like he would try to hold on to her.

Judging from Charles' attitude, it did not seem like he would try to hold on to her.

"I know, but so what? She can leave if she wants to. Does she think I'll stop her?" While leaning against the seat again, Charles turned to look at the villa. There was a sullen and complicated expression on his face that went even unnoticed by himself.

Meanwhile, Sonia rubbed her temples. "Although that's the truth, you both still had a relationship. Do you really feel nothing after knowing that she is going to leave?"

"What feeling should I have? I don't know her that well, so how would I have any feelings for her?" he stubbornly replied.

Feeling resigned, Sonia shook her head. "Oh, Charles. You've known each other for almost a decade. Now that she's leaving the country, shouldn't you at least send her off?"

She wanted to help Daphne fight for a chance.

She believed that Daphne would be happy if the person she liked went to see her off.

Perhaps the reason she told Charles about her departure was not only to see if he would ask her to stay, but she might also have wished he could send her off.

No matter what the outcome was, Sonia wanted to help Daphne. Yet, she soon realized that she had underestimated Charles' coldheartedness.

As soon as he heard Sonia's words, his eyes darkened. "No. I don't even want to see her, let alone send her off. Alright then, Sonia. If you called to tell me these things and ask that I treat her better, then there's no need to say anything else. I still have something to do, so I'll hang up now."

After saying that, he immediately ended the call without showing any mercy.

Looking at the screen on her phone, which had returned to her homepage, Sonia resignedly shrugged.

Great. My plan to help Daphne has failed.

Charles' hatred for her is not as simple as I thought.

It seems like it's almost impossible for those two to make up.

Maybe this is a good thing. Daphne has aborted the child and severed her last connection with Charles. It's not a bad thing if they don't meet each other. At least Daphne can leave without anything pulling her back.

It's good that she's leaving; after she goes abroad, she won't be missing him.

Who knows? Perhaps she'll be able to forget him sometime later and find a man she loves there?

Thinking of that, Sonia lightly sighed and put down her phone to continue with work. She busied herself until the afternoon when Toby appeared in her office. At that, she stood up smiling. "Why did you come all the way here?"

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Surprise filled Sonia's eyes when she saw him.

However, the man joked, "Why? Can't I come here?"

"Of course, you can." She approached him, took his hand in hers, and smiled.

"Whenever you come to Paradigm Co., the employees treat you better than they do to me, and I'm their chairman. Even if I told them not to let you come up here, they wouldn't listen and would still let you in. So, do you think I can order them not to let you up here?"

"No," he answered honestly.

"Doesn't this explain everything?" She pulled the man inside. "But I didn't expect you to come so early. I thought you'd drop by later because you usually come here around 6.00PM, and it's only 5.00PM now."

That was why she was shocked when he appeared.

“I just happened to finish my work earlier, so I came early. How about you? Are you done?” Toby let her pull him inside and looked at her office desk while walking.

At this moment, Sonia’s desk was a mess. Documents were everywhere, which made Toby, who was a minor neat freak, raise his eyebrows. “Are you swamped with work today?”

Otherwise, her desk would not be this messy.

Pulling Toby to her desk, Sonia finally let go of his hand, sighed, and explained in exhaustion, “Yes, it’s been quite a hectic day. The factory has been fully renovated, and the equipment from Kosovo has arrived and is waiting to be installed. Once that’s done, our factory can finally begin production, so I’ve been busy contacting all our business partners to discuss our contract signing. At the same time, I have to contact the other departments and prepare to apply for all kinds of permits for opening a factory. Then, there’s the matter of hiring personnel to work at the factory. Besides all of this, I still have to settle all kinds of miscellaneous documents. I’m so swamped that I don’t even have the time to arrange all these documents. I can only wait until I finish all of that to clean up this mess. Up until now, I still have some documents left to finish.”

With a bitter face, she pointed at the pile of documents that were obviously piled up at the upper right corner of the desk.

“Is there any problem with those documents?” asked Toby.

He knew of her habits when placing things.

The books that she disliked, could not understand, or could understand but still felt doubtful about, would be habitually placed far away. Only after she finished books that she could understand would she then start on the unfinished ones and do some research on them.

According to that habit, the documents that were placed far away and left untouched should be the ones she found difficulty with, or at least documents she was not able to deal with at the moment because it required lots of research or phone-calls to the other departments.

However, if that was true, it would be time-consuming. Maybe before she even finished that pile, the easier documents would have piled up again and she would not have had time to deal with the entirety of them.

Therefore, it was clever of her to finish the easier documents and keep the harder ones aside first.

When Sonia heard Toby’s question, she massaged her temples. “There are so many problems with them. I’ve flipped through them and found that they contain a lot of

professional information about this industry, but I've only just started to get involved in it, so there's a lot that I don't understand and don't know how to deal with. I don't want to just sign and get tricked later on, so I can only set them aside and think about them later."

"Do you need to settle them right away?" Toby approached the pile and picked up the topmost file. "Can I take a look at this?"

He turned around to ask her.

Sonia shook her head but then nodded. "No, these aren't expedited documents. Sure, you can take a look. They aren't top-secret documents. My small company can't even compare with your company's subsidiary companies, so no matter how secretive these documents are, they are worthless to you. So, just look at them as much as you want."

To be honest, Paradigm Co. was really nothing before Toby.

Still, his effort to ask for permission before looking at those documents touched Sonia. He did not take advantage of their relationship and took the liberty to look through those documents.

Such an effort not only showed his respect for her but also for Paradigm Co.. It also showed her that he did not belittle Paradigm Co. because it was a small company.

Although Toby did not know what Sonia was thinking, he could not help but laugh quietly when hearing her reply. "Who told you these are worthless to me? You're here in this company, so this company is the most important in my eyes."

The sudden confession made Sonia blush and she shyly pushed him. "Alright. Go and look at them if you want. Stop talking nonsense. We can get off work after you finish."

"Okay." He affectionately rubbed her head and opened one of the documents to start reading.

After looking through the first page, he slightly raised his chin to say, "These documents are indeed quite difficult for you, but that's fine. I can teach you."

"You're going to teach me?" She was stunned.

Closing the file, Toby asked, "What's the matter? Don't you want a free tutor?"

"Of course, I do!" Sonia quickly nodded and agreed. As if she was afraid that he would regret his decision, she hurriedly tidied up her desk while looking at him with fiery eyes. "I would be stupid to reject such a capable tutor to teach me. More importantly, this tutor is free of charge."

Looking at her cute actions, he laughed. His voice was low, yet pleasant to the ear.

Looking at her cute actions, he laughed. His voice was low, yet pleasant to the ear.

Sonia thought this might be what the netizens described as an 'eargasm'.

"So, the word 'free' is the most important thing, am I right?" Toby gently pinched Sonia's cheeks while speaking.

Pouting, she said, "That's not important. The most important thing is that you're willing to tutor me."

Then, she patted her office chair. "You sit here."

"Where would you sit?" He did not immediately sit down but looked at her and asked.

He had to make sure she also had a place to sit before he did, or else, he would not feel at ease.

Of course, it's fine if she doesn't have a place to sit but insists that I sit down. She can sit on my lap and I can have her in my arms while tutoring her, which might be quite exciting.

As he thought of that, his eyes that were looking at her gradually darkened.

His gaze made Sonia feel goosebumps and she subconsciously tensed up while looking sideways at him. "What are you looking at me for?"

"Nothing." He coughed.

Toby did not dare tell her he wanted her to sit on his lap.

That might cause her to flare up.

Moreover, she might really sit on his lap if he just kept his mouth shut; if he mentioned that, that would kill all chances.

Therefore, a smart person would not say their desire out loud.

Although Sonia thought he was acting strange, she could guess, judging by his gaze, that he was up to no good. However, seeing that he quickly withdrew his gaze, she did not bother to question him about what his gaze meant. She pulled the chair opposite her desk over and placed it along with her office chair before patting it. "I can sit here."

Slightly frowning, Toby looked disdainfully at the chair she pulled over. "This chair isn't as comfortable as mine. Let's change seats. I'll sit on that."

While he spoke, he was about to switch the two chairs.

However, Sonia stopped him by tugging on his arm. “No need. You’re the teacher and you came here to teach me, so I can’t just let you contribute your knowledge and sit uncomfortably. So, you sit on my office chair and I’ll sit on this one. Moreover, I’m your student and I’m the one asking for your help. I can’t take all the benefits and let you, the person helping me, not get anything in return. That’s not how things work. So, listen to me and sit here. If you don’t agree, then don’t teach me. Also, not only this time. You also can’t tutor me on the courses I’m going to take when I take my career course as well. Otherwise, I won’t be at ease when receiving your tutoring.”

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Then, Toby saw her serious face as she spoke.

It was then that he knew that if he did not follow what she said, she would do whatever she said because this was Sonia’s personality at its core.

Despite their current relationship, she was still unwilling to take advantage of him.

“Gosh. What should I do with you?” As he shook his head resignedly, he pulled her office chair over to him and sat down. “Is this better?”

Nodding in satisfaction, Sonia said, “Yes.”

After she said that, she pulled the less comfortable chair closer and sat down as well. “Toby, don’t just think that I’m being stubborn and refusing to accept your kindness. I know you want to do more things for me and want me to sit more comfortably. I’m grateful and I accept your kind gesture, but such actions will only make me greedy. In the end, I might even take your kindness for granted and gradually forget that I should repay your kindness and do something for you too. Then, I’ll become someone who only knows how to enjoy your efforts without reciprocating. A person like that is selfish, and someday when you mistreat me or neglect me for the slightest bit, I won’t be able to accept that and might even throw a fit. So, Toby...”

She looked up at him. “You will only pamper me too much by doing so. I think you don’t want me to become a completely different person from how I am now, right? Because that wouldn’t be me anymore.”

While gazing into her eyes for a while, Toby sighed and relaxed. “I understand. I’ll think more carefully about the consequences when considering doing something for you in the future and make a more well-rounded decision. You’re right. Overindulging

someone will change them and turn them into someone they weren't in the beginning. It's my fault for not thinking of this."

"Very good. Alright, let's start our tutoring session. The earlier we finish this pile, the earlier we can go home. Then, I can make you some soup." Sonia then brought the stack of documents over and set them in front of Toby.

Meanwhile, the man felt his eyelids twitching. "Soup?"

At that moment, the scene of him drinking soup at the old manor that afternoon reappeared in his mind and his face was full of reluctance.

"Please don't. I've had enough soup for a while." He then picked up the topmost file while expressing with a tense voice.

Even his face showed a terrified expression.

Clearly, that particular soup was so terrifying to him that it made him fear out of instinct.

It was the first time Sonia saw fear in the man before her.

In her memory, Toby was an omnipotent person; there was nothing that could scare him. It was as if he were born without such emotions and they would never appear on his face. So, she was intrigued when an emotion that should not have been on his face suddenly appeared. Of course, she also knew why he would give such an expression.

That soup appeared to have given him some sort of 'trauma'. Thinking of that, Sonia could not help but laugh. However, that soup also gave her the same feeling as well—fear.

Yet, in comparison to Toby who drank the soup, her fear was nothing. As she thought about it, she felt more defeated than terrified.

"Don't worry. It's not the strange soup Grandma and Madam Mary made. It's just a plain bone broth that Mrs. Lane specially prepared and asked me to make for you. She said it's beneficial to your arm because it hasn't fully recovered yet. Although it looks like everything's good, you still can't carry heavy things or make large movements. Since she's aware of your condition, she went back to her parent's house and specifically sought out the largest beef bone she could find."

When Charles brought it to her yesterday, she did not know exactly what Grace had made for Toby or why Grace had her make it for him either.

It was not until Charles left and she was separating the gifts for Grandma that she discovered it was beef short ribs.

“Are you referring to Charles’ mother?” Toby was shocked.

Nodding, she replied, “Yes. Which other Mrs. Lane do you know besides her?”

“She went to the old manor yesterday. I know she prepared a lot of local specialties and you gave some to Grandma, but I didn’t hear about her preparing anything for me,” replied Toby.

Sonia laughed. “I forgot to tell you, but maybe because I thought I wouldn’t be bringing it back to the old manor, so I didn’t think to mention it.”

Hearing that, Toby poked her forehead as if saying, How can you forget such a thing?

“What kind of beef bone is that? Why did Mrs. Lane have to head back to her parents’ home to get them? Can’t she just tell us and let us buy them here?” Toby twirled the pen with his long, slender fingers while asking.

Could it be bones from a wild animal?

He was doubtful, as he thought that possibility might be high.

Seeing the serious look on his face, Sonia could guess what he was thinking.

She also had such a thought before and even messaged Grace to ask her. Then, Grace told her that it was not like what she had imagined and that they were just beef bones from an actual cow.

Also, it was because the cows from Grace’s hometown were raised on grass and feed, so they were better than the cows in the city that were raised on only feed. Also, the broth made from those cows was more fragrant and had better effects. That was why Grace went all the way there to retrieve those bones instead of buying them in the city.

After finding out the truth, Sonia felt at ease. Otherwise, she would be worried that she had fallen into someone’s trap.

“Don’t worry. They’re just normal pork short ribs. Mrs. Lane didn’t want us to buy them because we couldn’t buy good ones in the city. They’re difficult to obtain not only in the city but also in farms abroad. Almost everyone in Mrs. Lane’s hometown grows medicinal herbs and it has the largest medicinal herb planting base in the country, so all of the animals there are raised on these herbs. Drinking soup made from these bones is the best for you.” Sonia’s explanation was a mix of the truth and lies.

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of the animals there are raised on these herbs. Drinking soup made from these bones is the best for you.” Sonia’s explanation was a mix of the truth and lies.

The fake part was that they were pork bones and not beef bones.

She had no choice because Toby had just drunk the soup made from that part of the cow this morning, so he might not want to hear anything about cows for now.

If he knew that she would be making bone broth from beef bones for him, he would not drink it no matter what.

Therefore, it was better if she did not mention that specific animal.

As she expected, after hearing that they were pork short ribs, he did not refuse anymore and was even feeling grateful. “Please thank Mrs. Lane for me. I’ll prepare a gift for her later.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve already thanked her. As for the gift,” she cautioned, “don’t make anything too valuable, or she won’t accept it.”

Nodding in acknowledgment, he replied, “Got it.”

“Come to think of it, Mrs. Lane treats you so well. When Charles brought them over yesterday and told me about this, he looked so jealous,” Sonia joked with him.

Toby raised an eyebrow and smiled. “Really? That’s something good to hear.”

Anyway, he felt happy knowing that Charles was not happy.

Of course, Sonia knew what he was thinking, so she shook her head in defeat. “Oh, you... Alright. It’s getting dark soon, so hurry up and teach me. I need to settle these before going home.”

Toby nodded. “Come closer.”

“Okay,” she agreed as she brought her chair closer to him.

Following that, the two sat together with their heads together and immersed themselves in studying and working.

Toby was a man with a cold personality; whoever saw him would think that he was an impatient person.

Besides, he did not look like someone who would tutor others because the person he was tutoring would be trembling in fear the whole time, let alone learn anything from the session.

Sure, even if the tutee could learn something, they would have to wonder if they were learning the right things or learning fast enough because if Toby was not satisfied with them, he would expel them.

All in all, anyone facing a teacher like Toby should be feeling very stressed, right?

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That point was certain.

Those assumptions, however, were based on the fact that those tutees were not Sonia.

For Toby, Sonia was always an exception.

When facing her, he was always a gentle person. Even when his current identity was her teacher, he still taught her gently and patiently.

At first, Sonia was worried that he would think she was stupid if she could not understand what he was teaching before gradually losing his patience. After all, the man before her was not a patient person and she was very clear about that. Therefore, she had been feeling uneasy and was listening apprehensively throughout the session because she was afraid that he would think of her as unteachable and ended up giving up the whole tutoring session altogether.

She could deal with the awkwardness, but it would be difficult for her to further her studies as she would have to find another tutor.

However, she was proven wrong in the end. That was just my overthinking.

In reality, Toby was very patient with her. Whenever she failed to understand something, he would not get impatient with her. Instead, he would explain it to her repeatedly, break up the topic into subtopics, and explain everything to her until she understood. What shocked her was that he did not even show any signs of anger.

Gradually, Sonia realized that he would never think that she was stupid or be impatient with her, so the apprehension she felt slowly dissipated.

Perhaps, she felt more relaxed because those emotions had dissipated, and she even found it easier to learn those facts. She also found that after his explanation, she could understand some parts of those points she did not understand in the beginning.

After that, Toby picked up the pace and Sonia learned many new things she did not know before.

In conclusion, Toby was a good teacher and she could understand what he taught.

She was grateful to him.

Today's session also made Sonia feel more at ease about the private tutoring sessions that would be happening in the next half of the year.

When she decided to further her studies and thought of taking the entrance exam half a year later, she accepted Toby's suggestion to find a private tutor.

Although she accepted his suggestion, she still felt uneasy about the tutoring session that was going to happen. She was not worried about Toby's capability. On the contrary, she had never doubted his professional capabilities in this field. After all, all his doctorates were not just for show. Once she fully became his tutee, he would definitely succeed as a tutor.

Yet, the one she was worried about was herself.

She had never learned anything about managing a company; whatever knowledge she had now was knowledge she learned herself after managing Paradigm Co. for a few months. In other words, she was not even a qualified newbie but merely a person who knew bits and pieces about this industry and could handle a few easy documents.

As for those more difficult documents, like what Toby was currently teaching her, she would not be able to handle them on her own. She would have to consume a lot of time and ask many questions to be able to deal with them.

To put it frankly, she could not deal with them on her own, and that could be a very fatal flaw for any chairman of a company.

She got so far because she was lucky that no one had tried to deceive her. Although she had not done anything wrong with those documents, if she had, Asher would have grabbed the chance and done everything he could to suppress her.

If that had happened, her employees would not have stood by her side and spoken up for her because those documents involved a large amount of capital, and these capitals were their salaries. Therefore, they would not be able to accept a chairman who could not deal with company affairs.

It was the same for Sonia as well because she would also wonder if the company would collapse, thanks to such an unreliable leader.

She believed that many of the employees had that doubt in their minds. Even she felt that the company could still stand to this day because the heavens pitied her. Otherwise, with a leader like her managing this company, it would have been long gone.

So, she had to learn, further her studies, and become stronger and better. This was not only being responsible for herself but also for Paradigm Co. and the hundreds of thousands of employees.

Otherwise, if Paradigm Co. collapsed, what would happen to those employees who had to provide for their families and survive?

That was why she did not refuse Toby's suggestion but was very grateful and excited instead.

After all, with someone like him as her tutor, she might even wake up smiling because this was something others could only dream of.

Moreover, his assistance would greatly increase her chances of being able to attend business school. She would not be exaggerating if she said that she had already been given the chance to be a student at that point.

Of course, in the midst of her happiness, there were hints of uneasiness.

She was afraid that if she did not know anything, then it would be difficult for her to pick up her learning pace, which would make teaching her a difficult task for Toby. Subsequently, he might think she was stupid for not understanding anything he taught her and eventually give up on her.

However, after the short session they had earlier, she found that she had been overthinking everything. She was not that stupid nor was he like what she had imagined. He did not think she was dumb or became impatient to keep teaching her.

On the contrary, he taught her very seriously, carefully, and patiently.

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Regardless of the repeated explanations in the beginning, he would not get frustrated with her. Instead, he would consider if his method of teaching was wrong, then change to one that would work. After doing so, she was able to understand what he was teaching and a flash of realization would appear in his eyes.

It was as if he was certain that there was a problem with his teaching method. Ultimately, she was not afraid of letting him teach her in the future.

As she thought of that, she lightly exhaled and a smile appeared on her face.

Meanwhile, Toby was busy organizing the documents they had been dealing with earlier when he noticed her sudden smile. He raised an eyebrow and gently tapped her head while asking, "What are you thinking about? You're smiling so happily."

Although she did not feel any pain from the tap, she subconsciously covered the place he tapped before turning to him with a smile. "Nothing. I just think that you're such a good teacher. I was worried I might be too dumb and you'd become frustrated."

"Why would I?" He organized the documents into a stack by the side. "Why do you think I'll get frustrated because you're inexperienced?"

"It was just a thought. I couldn't understand anything in the beginning and you had to repeat it many times before I got the gist of it. Even I think of myself as a dumb person, let alone other people. So, not getting frustrated while teaching me already takes a lot of patience. After all, that was the situation students who were bad at studying faced back in school, and I was worried I might face the same situation, but unexpectedly, you didn't treat me like that. So, of course, I'm smiling happily."

As she spoke, she looked up at him with eyes that were filled with gratitude.

Yes, gratitude.

She was grateful that he did not treat her like her teachers had treated the weaker students at her school.

Otherwise, she would have felt embarrassed and it would have made her feel like she was useless.

"Don't worry. Even if I treat others that way, I will never treat you like that. Moreover, I think that there is no such thing as a dumb student. If students don't understand something, it's not because they are stupid but because the method of teaching isn't suitable for them. So, if someone is really stupid, it must be the teacher and not the student. The teacher can't even find a method of teaching that suits the students, so what else could the teacher be besides being stupid? That's why I kept finding the problem in myself and not in you when you can't understand what I was teaching. Therefore, you can rest assured that what you fear will never happen." He touched her head while looking at her with his most reassuring gaze.

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When faced with Toby's gaze, Sonia felt reassured, so she smiled at him and nodded heavily. "I believe you, but your words made me think that if you don't stay as the

president of Fuller Group and become a teacher instead, you'd be the most likable teacher in school. Don't you know that students adore teachers like you, who don't find fault in them but in themselves?"

While rubbing her head, he answered, "But I don't like being other people's teacher. I only enjoy being your teacher and teaching you. As for the others, they are not worthy of my time!"

That made her laugh and she instinctively slapped his chest. "Double-standards."

"Don't you like me for that?" He raised an eyebrow and fixed his gaze on her.

Blushing from his gaze, Sonia snorted. "I don't want to be bothered with you now. Alright, it's getting late. Since all these documents are settled, let's go back. I'm starving."

She touched her belly.

Of course, the man knew that she was deliberately changing the topic and did not want to answer his question.

Thus, he could only shake his head in defeat.

She's so easily embarrassed still.

"Sure. Let's head home first. I have something else to tell you. Then, he got up and moved his neck.

In the meantime, Sonia was also easing her aching shoulders and legs when she heard that. She immediately turned to look at him. "What do you want to tell me?"

"I had Tom prepare all the information needed for our upcoming tutoring sessions. They're all inside my car. From today onward, I will officially become your homeschool teacher."

"So fast?" Shocked, she continued, "Didn't you say you needed to get that information from other schools abroad since that'd be easier for targeted teachings and I'd be able to better cope with the entrance examination? I thought it might take days to gather that information. Who would have thought you did it in one day?"

Nodding, Toby explained, "One of the assistant lecturers at that school is my former college classmate. I had him compile those documents and courier them over, so of course, it would greatly shorten the time."

“So, that’s why.” As Sonia nodded in realization, she then looked at him with a serious expression. “Since those teaching materials have arrived, please take better care of me beginning tonight, Professor Fuller.”

Following that, she reached out her hand at him.

“Professor Fuller…” he called out that title softly.

His voice was low and sexy, which made those two words feel extra charming. It made others tingle and feel a sense of desire arise in them.

Sonia’s cheeks were already feeling warm; they began to warm up and even turn pink at this point.

While glaring at Toby, she complained, “Toby Fuller, why do you have to recite that name in this manner? Now, you’re making it sound weird.”

A teasing smile appeared on his face. “I didn’t. It was you who said it, but I have to remind you that calling a man like that is indeed a little inappropriate in some aspects.”

As for what aspect it was, those who knew would definitely understand.

This time, Sonia was indeed blushing while stomping her feet. “Why are you… If I had known it would turn out like this, I wouldn’t have called you Professor Fuller.”

This b*stard doesn’t deserve that title!

“Hey, stop.” Toby tugged on Sonia’s arm. “Since I’ve promised you, I’ll definitely teach you how to cope with the exam. As for how you address me, I really like it. Not only can I teach you the knowledge you want to know, but I can also teach you new positions.”

A new position?

Now, not only were Sonia’s cheeks blushing, but even the roots of her ears were bright red.

What positions are he talking about?

Of course, it was that thing again!

This b*stard can really render someone speechless.

Meanwhile, Sonia was as regretful as she could be. If she had known that calling Toby ‘Professor Fuller’ could cause him to think of such lewd things, she would not have done so.

This is such a pain in the *ss.

Also, whoever asked the female protagonists in those movies to address their men as professors was also a pain in the *ss.

If it had not been for those people, all of this would not have happened.

Even if it was Sonia's clear intention to use the title 'professor' as a means of an actual teacher, she was now frustrated by the fact that the title had been polluted.

"That's enough, Toby. I'll ignore you if you continue acting like that." Frustrated, she stepped on his feet and left a cute footprint on his leather shoes. At the same time, she also glared at him to tell him not to say any inappropriate things.

Otherwise, she would beat him up.

Following that, she raised her fist and put on her fiercest expression.

What she did not realize was that in Toby's eyes, her current expression did not show any authority and there was only cuteness.

This is probably what they describe as 'angry yet cuddly.'

Nodding, he tried to conceal his smile while saying, "Alright. I won't say it anymore, but starting today, you can call me Professor Fuller whenever we're having our sessions. I like it."

While he was giving her pointers to cope with her examinations, he was considered a glorified purveyor of knowledge.

Of course, if she had called him Professor Fuller in bed, things would have escalated differently.

Besides all that, there was also an exciting feeling when he thought about the taboo relationship between a teacher and a student.

Toby's eyes shone brightly while the smile on his face became larger.

Toby's eyes shone brightly while the smile on his face became larger.

Perhaps, I can try that with her tonight.

He looked at her while thinking of that.

When Sonia met his gaze, she felt her heart skip a beat and a bad feeling suddenly rushed at her.

What's wrong with his gaze?

Why do I feel like he wants to eat me?

While pulling her lips into a thin line, she narrowed her beautiful almond-shaped eyes and cast him a warning stare.

That guy must not be thinking about anything good.

Otherwise, why would he be looking at me like that?

"Toby, that's enough. Stop looking at me like that! What do you want?" she asked while having her hands on her hips.

Toby gulped as he tried to suppress his urge for a while to prevent himself from uttering those lewd words. "It's nothing. Let's go. Didn't you say you're hungry?"

He held his hand out to take hers.

After staying silent for a few seconds, Sonia did not refuse and allowed Toby to hold her hand.

No matter what, that b*stard's gaze was impolite.

However, she secretly felt a little excited.

After all, it meant that he was attracted to her, which was why he was looking at her like that.

Otherwise, why would he look at her that way?

Hence, seeing that he was so attracted to her, she decided not to refuse him. What could she do if she made him sad?

With their hands intertwined, the two left Paradigm Co. together as usual and ascended the car under the employees' envious gazes.

Once they entered the car, Toby leaned in to help Sonia with her seat belt.

Meanwhile, she inclined obediently against the seat and let him help her fasten her seat belt.

Since he liked doing it, she would let him do all he wanted.

If she rejected him, he would definitely look at her with resentment in his eyes. Then, she would feel guilty and wonder if she had really done something wrong.

Therefore, she just let him do whatever he wanted.

After all, it felt good to have someone serve her while she enjoyed herself, so why should she reject it?

After he fastened her seat belt, he sat back in the driver's seat and wore his seat belt before driving away from Paradigm Co..

On the way home, Sonia suddenly thought of something and asked the man who was focused on the road. "Oh, right. Toby, you went to Connor this afternoon, right? How was it?"

"It's all settled. He'll return my mother's belongings and I'll agree to sign a Letter of Understanding. When I came to you, I'd already sent Tom to bring the letter over to him," Toby said while turning the steering wheel.