

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1211

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Seeing how caring their daughter was to them, Grayson and Amelia were truly moved.

She really is our angel, they thought.

"Enough." Harry was getting tired of how dazed his son and daughter-in-law were acting. "Say it. What was the argument about earlier?"

Since his father was questioning him, Grayson dared not remain silent. "It's all because of this woman. She couldn't even dress my wounds properly. It hurt me so much that I got angry and scolded her."

Amelia, who did not have the courage to look at Harry, could only apologize profusely, "It's my fault. I made a mistake. I'll pay more attention in the future."

Her mother's self-abased behavior made Lynette think lower of her as she snorted and turned her head to the other side, seemingly not wanting to speak up for her.

Harry caught Lynette's expression and said, "Stop this. It's nothing major. Arguing in such a loud manner... I thought something had happened. In the future, don't fight over such a minor issue."

"Understood," the husband and wife replied.

Then, Harry looked at his son's thick lips. "But, your lips really are quite serious. Seems like Toby was ruthless. He didn't bother to save the slightest respect for me."

There was a heightened sense of fear toward Toby on top of the dissatisfaction at this point in Harry's heart.

Although Toby had ignored Harry's family for the past few days, which caused Harry to feel awkward, that action didn't create any fear in him.

After all, Toby had said that he was severing all ties with the Lores, but did not really act on his words. More importantly, he did not even nullify their contracts.

This was why he thought that Toby's so-called 'cutting all ties' was just something he said out of anger. Perhaps, he merely wanted to warn us for using his family's name all these years. Otherwise, why would Toby not cancel all our collaborations and announce he would have nothing to do with us to the public?

This was why Harry stayed calm throughout the whole process while still trying to find ways to mend their relationship.

Yet, Toby's actions against his son now made his thoughts waver. Perhaps, this really is wishful thinking. Toby really wants to cut all ties with us and this was not just a simple warning.

Due to this, he really started to panic and felt a sense of impending doom.

"That's right, Grandpa. Toby really went overboard this time. Look at Dad's lips. It'll take a long time for it to fully heal. How could he do this?" Lynette held Harry's arm with a sad expression.

Her expression was not fake as she felt wronged inside. Sadly, this was not directed at her father's injury, but toward herself instead because she felt wrong.

Although she really looked down upon her father, no matter what, Grayson was still her father.

Seeing how Toby hurt her father, she knew that he was telling the Lores he did not want to see Grayson, let alone that daughter of his.

Does Toby really detest me?

She knew that if Toby had the slightest of feelings for her, he would not have assaulted Grayson. This was because hitting her father was akin to striking her dignity!

At that moment, Lynette felt wronged and sad. She felt dejected that her true feelings only amounted to so little in his eyes.

Harry, who felt his granddaughter's feelings, patted her head comfortingly. "Alright now, Lynette, don't be sad. It'll get better. In the future, Toby will listen to our family."

"Really, Grandpa?" Lynette looked at Harry, teary-eyed.

He peered through his eyes and nodded assuredly. "Yes. Don't worry. I know Toby very well. Once you get together with him and he falls in love with you, he'll do anything for our family. He's a very sentimental and protective man."

Harry's words made Lynette clench her fists. "I believe you, Grandpa. Rest assured, I will get Toby's heart. Not only for myself, but also for our family. I will make him mine. If I succeed, I will make him fall in love with me, even if it means resorting to hypnosis."

The reason she said this was because there was a rumor that Toby was only together with Tina because she hypnotized him.

Although she did not know whether this was verified or not, it did give her an idea.

What if I can use this?

Lynette let out a crazy gaze, prompting Harry—someone who had experienced the world—to be shocked at his granddaughter's expression, all while feeling a bad premonition inside.

His instincts told him that Lynette's gaze was something bad, for it might bring them even bigger trouble.

Yet, his sensibility lost against the riches that they might come across.

Against the future development of our family, what harm is there in taking a more extreme route?

With that in mind, Harry thoroughly erased that thought. What replaced it was gratification and approval at Lynette's idea. "Not bad. As expected of my granddaughter."

Hearing his approval, she felt more determined that her actions were correct and her smile widened.

Opposite them, Grayson, who did not understand what his daughter and father were getting at, gave up on asking.

His brain was full of the humiliation and beating he had received. He said with swollen lips, "Dad, the reason that I'm treated like this by Toby must be because of that woman, Sonia, who added fuel to the fire. As I was being beaten, I heard the person hitting me that my mouth was unclean, for I insulted that woman, which made Toby take action. This is why I'm sure that woman knew I insulted her and instructed Toby to do this. Otherwise, Toby wouldn't treat me like this."

Beside him, Amelia added, "That's right, Dad. No matter what, you're still Toby's mentor and Grayson is his senior. Even if Toby was angry at us because of Lynette's actions toward Sonia, I don't think he'll cut ties, considering your relationship. He also wouldn't be so cruel as to strike his own senior. I think Sonia must have egged him on. Or, she must have something on him that forced his hand."

"If it's true, then this woman is truly evil." Lynette bit her lower lip and said, "Grandpa, we need to quickly save Toby from the clutches of this evil woman. We cannot just let her get her way like this."

She looked at Harry.

At that moment, Harry had his eyes shut as his hands slapped his own knees from time to time, seemingly thinking about something.

It was after a while that he finally piped up, "Don't worry. We won't let her off just like that. As for Toby, we'll naturally help him retrieve whatever dirt she has on him."

"That's great." Lynette was happy to hear this.

Yet, Grayson pointed at his own mouth. "Dad, before we do that, we need to take revenge for the humiliation and pain I felt and return it to that woman!"

Although he hated Toby, who hit him, he hated Sonia even more.

After all, he remembered clearly what Toby meant to their family, so he placed all his hatred on Sonia.

I did insult her, but it was only a few words. It was not as if it hurt. She actually let Toby act so heavy-handedly. I will never let her off the hook.

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Even when things had gotten to this point, Grayson still felt that he had done nothing wrong. Stubbornly, he thought that the beating he got was not because of his actions. Rather, it was because Sonia was being petty. It was just a few words. To think she would get so angry. She really is petty. How could such a woman be deserving of Toby?

Including Harry, the other Lores also thought the same, especially Lynette.

She did dislike this father of hers, but no matter what, he was still her father. Sonia, who instigated the beating, made her lose face and dignity.

As such, she decided that she would punish her thoroughly.

Lynette then tightened the hold on Harry with spite growing in her eyes.

This shocked Harry again, but he did not say anything about it nor reprimand her.

In his eyes, it was good that his granddaughter was acting like this. After all, if one doesn't act a bit more cruelly, how could they achieve greatness?

Just like me. If I didn't do something about it, how would Toby become my student?

My family would've become obsolete by now.

"Worry not. We'll deal with that woman, Sonia, but not now. We're on Toby's bad side now, so things would only get worse if we take actions against her. This is why we must hold it in, even if we have an idea of how to dispose of her. When we reconcile with Toby, then we can take our time in dealing with her." As Harry was saying this, he shot a warning glance at his son, hinting at him to stay quiet for now.

Sensing his father's gaze, Grayson lowered his head and kept silent.

Harry only looked elsewhere upon seeing this. "You too, Lynette. Don't go against that woman for now. Just observe the situation."

Yet, Harry was very gentle when he said this to her and it was a completely different attitude from earlier.

Even if Grayson tried to ignore this, he still felt sour inside.

My dear father sure is biased.

"Don't worry, Grandpa. I know what to do." Lynette looked at Harry and nodded earnestly.

Harry patted her on the shoulder. "Okay, I believe in you. Let's observe the situation for now. That woman doesn't only have us as enemies, but the Grays also have their eyes on her. Although I'm not sure why they haven't made a move these few months on her, I believe that one day, either the Grays or the woman will suffer heavy losses when they fight. When that happens, we can strike and thoroughly exterminate her, ensuring that she'll never get in your way again."

After hearing Harry's words, Lynette smiled brightly. "You're right, Grandpa. Revenge is a dish best served cold."

She then looked ahead with determined eyes.

Just you wait! Toby will be mine! He can only be mine!

Sonia did not know that just mere miles away, the Lores were discussing how to deal with her.

She had just finished showering and came out from the room when the smell of soup entranced her.

Unable to hold in her desire, she put down the towel in her hand and walked toward the kitchen. Reaching the doorway to the kitchen, she saw the man standing in front of the counter with a spoon in his hand, mixing the pot.

After mixing, he set the ladle down and put some onions into the pot.

Then, he covered it as he took the wet tissue and wiped his hands while turning around.

Yet, just as he did that, he saw the woman smiling at him. Slightly surprised, the man then returned a smile subtly. "Have you finished bathing?"

"Yup. I was just done. I noticed that you weren't in the living room, so I knew that you were here upon smelling the aroma. As expected, you are standing right here." Sonia smiled.

Toby came over and held her hand while walking. "Didn't you want me to keep an eye on the soup? This is why I kept going in and out. I've just put in the onions and other ingredients you've chopped."

"I saw it." Sonia nodded before recalling something. Stopping in her footsteps, she looked at the man with an unsure gaze. "Did you... recognize what bone was inside the soup?"

Hearing her cautiousness made the man smile, but he acted as if he was oblivious to it. "Are you referring to what type of animal bone it is?"

Just as Sonia was about to answer, the man said, "Didn't you say pork bone? Why are you asking that now? Is it not pork bone?"

He lowered his gaze and fixed his eyes on the woman.

Afraid of getting exposed, Sonia quickly looked away. "Of course, it's pork. What else could it be? I should phrase it differently. I was going to ask you if you could recognize what part it came from. Yes, that was what I was going to ask. Don't overthink it."

Seeing how panicked Sonia was acting made Toby smile wider.

He then covered his lips and coughed lightly to hide his upturned mouth. "I didn't really think about it, since the bone had been hacked into pieces. So, how could I tell which part it came from? I'm not Tim. Plus, I don't think even him will be able to tell. I think he knows about humans' bones better than animals."

"Haha, you're right." Sonia chuckled while breathing a sigh of relief inside.

Luckily, he did not recognize it.

Otherwise, she did not know how to get past him.

Seeing that she had relaxed, Toby laughed in a deep tone while caressing her hair. "Let's go to the living room."

“Okay.” Sonia nodded and resumed her walk as they went to the living room.

Just as they sat down, her phone rang.

Looking at the caller ID, she realized that it was an unsaved number. However, it was a local number, so she answered the call, “Hello, it’s Sonia. Who is this?”

Nobody replied on the other side, yet she could hear something. It was the sound of breathing.

She could make out that the breathing was a bit ragged and frequent. It sounded like the kind of breathing one would have when they were excited.

It was either that or the caller was in extreme anger.

No matter what, she was a little scared to encounter this, as she felt like the protagonist of a horror movie that received a call from a vengeful spirit.

This caused chills to run through her back.

At that moment, the man was sitting beside her while brewing some coffee. Seeing her reaction, Toby stopped what he was doing and asked, “What is it? Are you cold?”

Sonia shook her head. “I’m not cold. It’s just that I remembered something frightening, so I shivered.”

“Something frightening?” Toby put out the fire and sat down beside her, holding her hand.

It was then he found out how cold her hands were, which made him frown. “Why are your hands so cold?”

“It’s nothing. It’s just that I was shocked upon recalling that. I’ll be fine after a while.” Sonia breathed out lightly.

Toby then rubbed her hands before placing it on his chest. “Hang up and warm up your hands.”

Nodding, Sonia placed her attention back onto the call.

For some reason, the breathing in the call grew even more ragged and she could tell that a mix of jealousy and hatred was in it.

What is happening?

Resisting her fear, Sonia said, "Hello, I'm not sure if this is a prank to scare, but whatever. Please don't call me again."

She then hung up and blocked the number.

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It was then the person on the other side of the phone finally spoke, "Sonia!"

It was a woman.

Although her voice was hoarse beyond belief and sounded more like a leaky vent, it was a woman indeed. Also, Sonia immediately recognized whose voice it belonged to.

It was Anya!

"Anya?" Sonia stood up in shock.

Toby peered at her with a dangerous look.

Naturally, he was just as shocked as Sonia, for he did not expect she would call.

On the phone, Anya sat on the hospital bed, laughing maniacally. "Yes, it's me. Didn't expect this, did you?"

Sonia did not ask how she got her number, since it would seem pointless.

After all, she was Connor's daughter, so it was a piece of cake to obtain her contact. This was why she did not bother to ask. Still, she was interested to know why she called.

"I certainly didn't expect this. So? What do you want to tell me?"

Toby put his arm around her shoulder, somewhat hugging her while listening to the call together.

On the other side, Anya was clutching her phone very hard. Due to her hatred, she was grinding her teeth to dust. "Sonia, you didn't think that I would get out, did you?"

Raising her eyebrows, Sonia replied, "Did you call me just to tell me that you got out?"

She then snorted. "If so, then I think you could've saved your breath. I knew how you got out. It was Toby and I who signed the documents for you to get released. So, isn't it a bit ironic that you're showing off to me?"

This made Anya freeze up, as she was caught speechless.

Obviously, she did not expect that Sonia knew about the fact that she got out. Even more than that, it was thanks to her that she regained her freedom!

She had thought it was due to Connor and Toby that she could get out, and that Toby did it behind Sonia's back.

After all, she ruined her wedding dress, so she knew how much Sonia loathed her. She thought that Sonia would never let her see the light of day. This was why it never crossed her mind that Sonia had a hand in this because all she could think about was Toby.

Assuming that Sonia would not want her out, Anya naturally did not think that Sonia would have signed the document. So, her conclusion was that Toby had signed it behind her back.

With this on her mind, she called to mock Sonia, intending to sneer at her with the dialogue that went something like, So what if you're with Toby? In the end, he's still hiding something from you.

She thought that Sonia would be deeply hurt upon hearing this. If that happened, then all the suffering and pain she endured these ten few days would be repaid somewhat.

Yet, it was completely different than what she had thought, for Toby did not do this behind her back. Rather, they did it together. Here she was, foolishly thinking that Sonia was oblivious to this and that she got the chance to finally mock.

In the end, she was mocked by Sonia instead.

This was akin to being slapped on the face. Not only did her cheeks hurt, she felt humiliated as well. Freshly released from the police station, she got mocked by Sonia shortly after, making her feel like the stupidest person on earth.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got; her breathing got ragged again, making Sonia a bit scared.

"Okay now, Anya, since you've finished showing off, I'll congratulate you on being released. Now that you're a free woman again, you should act like a changed person. I'll hang up now."

Then, she quickly hung up.

She did not want Anya to get overly angry during the call, otherwise, it would end up being her fault again.

This was something she did want to take the fall for.

Besides, Sonia did not know whether Anya did this purpose, for she always had a weak body. What if she intentionally called me to be angered, so I would be blamed?

No matter what, I don't want to talk to her for too long.

Sonia was also satisfied that she managed to one up her.

Smiling, she set her phone down and turned around, ready to tell Toby. Yet, as soon as she tried to do so, her lips made contact with his.

Stunned, Sonia immediately reacted and wanted to jerk her head back. Otherwise, she would not make it. Unfortunately for her, though, she underestimated the man's speed.

Just as she wanted to avoid the kiss, Toby instantly held the back of her head and cut her retreat short before deeply kissing her.

The moment she felt her lips pried apart by the man, Sonia rolled her eyes, thinking that she should have predicted this.

If I react too slowly, this b*stard would always find a chance to kiss me.

The facts proved her right.

Although she was correct, she still could not avoid it as Toby managed to catch her.

Sighing, Sonia did not push the man away. She knew that men were all dominating by nature and also really greedy.

If she was in a hurry to push him away, then not only would Toby not let her go, he would only kiss her until she was out of breath.

Yet, if she was to let him kiss herself freely, then he would let go in satisfaction after a short while.

As expected, it was just like what Sonia had thought. Until the guise of her not resisting, the man quickly got his fill and let go of her slowly.

Toby wiped his lips with his fingers while looking at the flushed woman with contentment on his face. "Honey, I didn't think you would be so proactive."

His words made Sonia roll her eyes in response. "I'm the proactive one? It was you that closed in first, causing me to... Anyway, it's your fault. Who told you to lean so close to me?"

If she had known Toby would be so close, she would not have turned around immediately and let herself get taken advantage of.

The man laughed in a low tone. "I didn't think you would turn around so suddenly, but I like it, though. Not bad."

Of course, you like it.

Sonia rolled her eyes again before waving her hands. "Okay, okay, enough of this. Did you hear our conversations earlier?"

"A bit." Toby folded his legs elegantly.

Sonia then smirked. "Anya thought that I didn't know she was already free, so she wanted to show off to me, but it turned out that I knew about it. After she knew that I had a hand in it, she was caught speechless. Even though I could not see her expression, I could imagine how awful her face must be. If I wasn't afraid of driving her to an early grave through anger—which would've implicated me—I wouldn't have hung up so quickly. I would've angered her even more."

Seeing how happy the woman was smiling, Toby touched her hair and smiled too.

He was just happy that she was happy.

"You did a good job," the man stated gently.

Sonia leaned on his shoulder. "I didn't think that Anya would be so arrogant and try to mock me as soon as she got out. In the end, she still lost to me. I think that in the foreseeable future, she will be haunted by this."

She was truly smiling.

On the other hand, Toby, who was hugging her, had a cold expression.

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"Although you've managed to irritate her, you'll need to be careful from now on," the man stated sternly.

Looking up, Sonia looked at Toby. "You mean..."

"Her call wasn't just to mock you. It's also a declaration of war." Toby peered through his eyes.

Pursing her lips, Sonia repeated, "Declaration of war?"

The man nodded. "Since she was mocking you as soon as she got out, she was stating that she wasn't going to move on from what happened to her. She will seek revenge."

This made Sonia snort. "She still has the cheek to want to seek revenge from me? Each time, it was always her that picked a fight with me. Even though it was always her fault, she had never reflected on herself and thought that I shouldn't have retaliated and treated her like that. Revenge against me? How utterly foolish."

Toby only patted her shoulders. "Don't drop your guard. She isn't hard to deal with, but Connor, who is backing her, is."

"I know. Don't worry, I'll be extra careful." Sonia showed a comforting smile to Toby, hinting that he should not be too worried.

Yet, how could he not be? He just did not express it then.

Although in his mind, he had already decided to land Anya back into jail again.

With Connor down one person on his team, we'll have one less enemy to worry about. In the future, it'll be much easier to deal with him.

This was his first time actively dealing with a woman.

As a man, he had been taught not to hit a woman nor scheme against them, but this time, he would make an exception.

For Sonia's safety and to better deal with Connor, he did not want to adhere to his strict principles. After all, such morals would only be weighing him down in this situation. The second reason was that he thought such a woman like Anya was not deserving of his respect and principles.

Toby hugged Sonia gently and secretly wore a cold gaze. Naturally, Sonia could not feel this, since the coldness was not directed at her. All she could feel was the warmth that the man was providing her.

Snuggling in his embrace, she was listening to his heartbeat, making her extremely calm.

It was then the electric stove beeped three times after which it stopped completely.

Sonia quickly withdrew herself from his embrace. "The time's up. The soup should be ready now. I'll go prepare two dishes for dinner."

She was about to stand up when her shoulders were pressed down by Toby.

The man rose to his feet under her confused gaze. "What's wrong?"

"You just sit down and dry your hair. I'll go make the dishes." Toby then caressed her somewhat wet hair before walking to the kitchen.

Sonia smiled while touching the spot where he touched and went to fetch the hair dryer.

When she finished drying her hair, Toby had already prepared dinner.

Walking up to the dining table, Sonia leaned over and took a sniff before giving the man a thumbs up. "Not bad, Toby. Your cooking is improving."

"If one practices, they would definitely get better at it. Eat up." Toby then gave her a pair of cutlery.

Sitting down, she saw the man was about to eat when she thought of something and stopped him. "Wait."

The man's action came to a pause and he looked at her. "Yes?"

"Don't eat first. Try the soup." She then took a bowl and started filling it with soup.

Seeing how happily she was filling the bowl with soup made Toby's lips twitch.

Seems like I'll have to drink the soup.

Putting the bowl down from his hands, he placed his hand on his forehead and smiled.

Nevermind. Since I can't avoid it, I'll just face it then.

Since he could also accept the weird concoctions that his grandma always made for him, this was also a sign of goodwill from Grace.

Sonia treats Mrs. Lane as her real mother, so naturally, I should treat her as my mother-in-law.

How dare a son-in-law defy his mother-in-law's words?

What if she doesn't permit me to marry her?

As he was thinking of this, a bowl of soup was soon placed in front of him by a pair of slender hands.

Looking at it, he saw that the brownish soup had some fried onions in it. It did look quite appetizing.

“Try it.” Sonia sat back down and propped her chin with her hands, gazing expectantly at the man.

Under her watchful gaze, Toby picked up the spoon and scooped a mouthful of soup before slowly drinking it without a change in expression.

“How is it?” Sonia could not tell if the soup was good or not, for the man’s expression was too calm.

She thought that it was tasty since the smell alone was enough to make her salivate after she finished bathing. This was why she thought that the taste should be nice.

Yet, she also knew that Toby had higher tastes for his food, so she did not know if the soup she thought was good was good enough for him.

Besides that, she was worried that the ingredients of the soup might leave a weird aftertaste.

After all, the gaminess of beef bone was much stronger than pork bone.

What if Toby smelled the gaminess and knew that the soup wasn’t cooked from pork bone but beef bone instead? Then, wouldn’t my lie be exposed?

At that moment, Toby caught the panicking woman’s actions as he smiled subtly. “Not bad. It tastes alright.”

“Really?” Sonia bit her lower lip and nervously asked, “Aren’t there any weird tastes like gaminess?”

Toby, who knew what she was worrying about, smiled even wider while he scooped some soup and placed it in front of Sonia. “Try it.”

Looking at the spoon, she opened her mouth.

Let’s try it, then.

If I don’t, I’ll never know if he’s lying or not. So, I should just try it to let myself be at ease.

The moment she drank the soup, her eyes lit up. “It’s so good!”

Her face lit up as she looked at the soup joyfully. "I never thought that it'd be this good!"

Originally, she was still worried that a bit of gaminess might remain. This was because when she first started cooking the soup, the gaminess seeped out from the bone and she failed to get rid of it no matter what.

Hence, she was worried that Toby might not eat it if he smelled how gamy it was.

She never thought that she had over-thought about it.

Seeing how Sonia looked like she had discovered some lost treasures while staring at the bowl of soup, Toby felt like his heart had been pierced, as she was so adorable that it made him unable to breathe.

How can she be so cute?

Gulping, Toby asked in a somewhat hoarse voice, "Do you want some?"

"Sure," Sonia agreed without even thinking.

The man then took her empty bowl and was about to fill it with some soup when she grabbed his wrist. "Wait. I think I'll pass."

"Why?" The man frowned.

Pursing her lips, Sonia replied, "The soup was meant for you, so I won't have it. You can go ahead."

Although she stated that, her field of vision never left the bowl of soup.

Seeing how she did not mean what she said, Toby laughed. "How can I finish so much soup? Besides, Mrs. Lane won't know if you have it, will she? So, how about you help me out here, hm?"

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Sonia glanced at the soup handed over by the man, then another look at his pleading eyes. Finally, she made up her mind and nodded in agreement. "Okay, since you've said so, then I'll help you with some of this despite my reluctance."

She reluctantly took the bowl from him and obtained a soup spoon from the side before scooping some to taste it. Instantly, she revealed a contented expression as she shut her eyes.

This is delicious!

The man shook his head with a smile upon seeing her happy look as she tasted the soup. "Yes. Thanks for your help, Little Leaf."

Sonia heard his expression of gratitude and could not help feeling slightly abashed. At that point, the tip of her ears was reddened, but on the surface, she maintained a nonchalant expression as she said, "It's not a big deal. I didn't want the food to go to waste too. Here you go. Finish the soup."

After she had said that, she lowered her head and continued to enjoy the soup as she tried to mask her embarrassment.

Indeed, she felt embarrassed. In fact, she knew that he purposely said that to let her taste the soup while maintaining her pride at the same time.

As for her, she did not want to seem too quick to say yes, so she purposely mentioned that she would do so, albeit reluctantly. In actuality, both of them knew quite clearly that he could finish it and she was not reluctant at all. It was purely because he wanted to let her try some of it whereas she wanted to taste it but was shy to reveal her intentions. That was why this debacle came about. Since she was a shy one, naturally, she felt rather embarrassed by this.

He noticed her enjoying the soup one spoonful after the other and could not help revealing a dotting smile.

He clearly knew that she finished the soup quickly on her own accord because she was trying to mask her awkwardness and guilt. Since she was intent on hiding her feelings, he decided not to expose her. After all, he found her behavior quite adorable too. Subsequently, they finished their meal in silence.

Sonia cleared the table and put the dishes and utensils into the dishwasher before washing her hands and walking out of the kitchen.

As soon as she came out, he suddenly stood in front of her with slightly bent knees after which he swept her into his arms.

She felt herself lose balance as she was lifted into the air all of a sudden without being forewarned, so she yelped in fright and instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck to avoid falling.

He noticed her face turn as pale as a sheet out of fright and it was amusing to him. At that, he could not help chuckling in response.

The sound he made was magnetic and melodious. Meanwhile, Sonia came back to her senses upon hearing his chuckle and she realized that he had taken her into his arms. In other words, she had not encountered a paranormal event and there was no need for her to kick up a fuss.

As soon as she realized this, she heaved a sigh of relief and released her grip on Toby's neck. Subsequently, she glanced exasperatedly at the man who had her in his embrace. "Toby, what are you doing? You've given me such a fright!"

In response, he lowered his head and smiled at her without saying anything.

Sonia found his smile to be sinister, so she suddenly had a bad feeling and patted her chest. "Why are you smiling? Put me down!"

"No." He shook his head and responded immediately.

At that point, the uneasy feeling within Sonia grew stronger as she gulped before asking, "What are you planning to do again? I'm warning you, don't do anything stupid."

Meanwhile, he curled his thin lips into a smile. "I'm not going to do anything stupid. I just want to invite you to exercise with me."

"Exercise?" Sonia was taken aback initially. Subsequently, she lifted her head and looked at him much more warily. "What sort of exercise do you have in mind?" Could it be... that?!

He seemed to be able to read her mind and the smile on his face deepened. There was essentially no need to say a thing and his intentions were quite clear.

Sonia's eyes widened in response as she thought, He is thinking about that! No way! That's not an option at all!

She hastily shook her head and struggled to get out of his arms. "Toby, don't even think about that! Last night, I only kept you company at the old manor, so that's all. I don't want to do it tonight. Besides, you left me with a bad taste in my mouth for hours this morning at the old manor and I warned you that you'd be banned from the bedroom tonight. Your spot for the night is on the couch in the living room. There is no way you're getting your way tonight! Let me down right now! Did you hear that?!"

However, he ignored her insistence for him to put her down. "You did mention that, but I never agreed at all from the start. I definitely won't take the couch tonight. Oh, by the way, I forgot to inform you, but the nutritious soup that Grandma got the servants to

make was very effective. Although I didn't consume too much of it, the effects are quite obvious, so—"

"Toby, you must be joking." Soni cut him off in a huff. At the same time, she could not help rolling her eyes at him. "How long has it been since you consumed that soup? That was in the morning and it's now late at night. Even if it's effective, it wouldn't just show its effects right now so coincidentally! I don't believe that the soup has delayed effects that would only appear for such a long time after consumption. You'd better not take me for a fool!"

Meanwhile, Toby maintained his silence. Alright, I didn't consider this carefully. Evidently, no one would believe that.

As soon as Sonia noticed that he was rendered speechless by her retort, she revealed a smug smile and patted him on his shoulders. "Hurry up and let me down. I would've just leaped out of your arms without any hesitation if I wasn't considerate of your broken arm that hasn't properly recovered."

Toby chuckled slightly. "I know that you have my best interest at heart, but I won't let you off the hook lightly regardless. You're right. I consumed the soup in the morning, so it wouldn't have any effect at this point, but don't forget that I had some soup earlier on too."

Sonia's heart sank. "The soup earlier on? W-What do you mean by that?"

He noticed her flustered look and the smile on his face deepened. Inconspicuously, he gave out a slightly charming air. "I mean, do you honestly think I couldn't tell that the soup tonight was made using beef broth instead of pork broth?"

Sonia's eyes widened all of a sudden. "You... found out?"

He appeared to be quite smug without saying a word.

Meanwhile, her mouth was agape and it took her some time before she came up with the words to say, "W-When did you find out?"

"I took a look into the pot when you went to take a shower. I might not have realized what sort of bones you used for the broth if I wasn't familiar with cooking, but you miscalculated because I am, so I could easily tell the difference. Even if I couldn't tell from looking, I could also differentiate the two from the smell because beef and pork smell distinctly different from each other. Unless there's something wrong with my nose, I would be a fool to be confused by the two otherwise."

At that point, Sonia grimaced at his words. From his words, is he implying that I'm a fool?

After all, she was familiar with cooking too, but she somehow forgot that someone with similar skills would be able to differentiate beef and pork through eyes, as well as from their distinct scent.

Despite that, not only did she not identify such an evident issue, she even blatantly lied and said to him that it was beef broth. So, clearly, he was referring to her as a fool.

She covered her face out of mortification. “Gosh... This is so embarrassing. Since you’ve identified it earlier on, then why did you pretend to go along with my words and believe that it was pork broth despite my repeated bluffs earlier? Did you really want to watch me make a fool of myself?”

Her eyes bulged out as she glared at him furiously with an accusing look in her eyes.

In response, he chuckled. “No, I just didn’t want you to worry unnecessarily. I knew that you chose to keep it from me because you were worried that I would reject any soup made out of beef bones after the incident this morning. As such, you intentionally chose to hide it from me. Meanwhile, I didn’t want to let your efforts be in vain, so I pretended not to realize.”

“Hmph. You’re such a smooth talker. How would I know whether you’ve been mocking me silently when I probed you repeatedly?” Sonia pouted unhappily and snorted.

As soon as he saw that, he lowered his head and pecked her on her red lips.

“You...” Sonia looked at him in disbelief. “You’ve taken advantage of me once again!”

He licked his lips with a jovial note in his voice. “I didn’t mock you. On the contrary, I really enjoyed putting on an act alongside you. It was quite fun.”

“I don’t see the fun of it. You must’ve intentionally wanted to see me make a fool of myself.” Sonia patted his chest with a resentful expression as she muttered under her breath.

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“No, I didn’t.” He shook his head. “I honestly just didn’t want to put you in a difficult position. Trust me.”

He made her look into his eyes.

At that moment, Sonia noticed the serious look in his eyes and she found herself believing his words. However, she refused to admit it and merely snorted twice.

Subsequently, he headed toward the direction of the bedroom with her in his arms.

Sonia's body instantly stiffened. "Toby, I'm ordering you to stop right now!"

Evidently, he did not pay heed to her words and stopped. He continued to carry her toward the room. "I told you that the soup tonight triggered the effect of the soup this morning, so darling, I can't stop."

As soon as his words fell, he kicked the door before it was thrown open.

Sonia yelled out, "Toby, I don't trust a single word of yours! This is just an excuse! I have never heard of the effects of tonic soup lingering in one's body before it gets triggered by something else!"

He chuckled deeply. "Well, now you have. Anyway, I'm not going to let go."

"Toby!" Sonia hollered at him.

However, this time, her hollers were soon muffled by the shut bedroom door.

That night, Sonia experienced his exceptional prowess similar to the night before and she ended up fast asleep in his arms out of exhaustion.

She tried several times to get him to stop as she could no longer withstand it. She did not want to continue any longer, but he claimed that there was no way of stopping as the effects of the soup lingered on, so he had to keep going. Ha. This is all bullsh*t. This is all just his excuse! Pfft!

Before Sonia fell asleep, she could not help but scoff at him. He really is the devil.

Despite her reaction, he refused to let her off the hook and the tryst did not end even as she fell asleep.

Half an hour later, he finally achieved satisfaction and stopped his actions before carrying her into the bathroom.

He placed her into the bath he had run earlier and took a quick shower under the shower unit.

Perhaps the water temperature in the bathtub was too comfortable, so despite her being fast asleep, she could not help revealing a contented smile on her lips. Her head lolled by the side of the bathtub and she fell into a deep sleep.

Toby shot a look at her and noticed her red face while fast asleep. There was a tender look that flashed across his eyes as he continued to shower.

Having placed Sonia into the bathtub as he showered, he needed not to worry at all about her sliding into the bathtub and choking on water because the bathtub was custom-made with the function of supporting the body. Even if one fell asleep, one would not slide deeper into the bathtub. That was also why Toby had no concerns at all about putting Sonia into the bathtub as he showered.

After he cleaned himself, he was in no hurry to help Sonia take a shower. Instead, he put on a bathrobe before striding out of the bathroom to head back to the bedroom.

He stood by the bed and bent down to remove all of the bedsheets and pillowcases before flinging them to the ground. Subsequently, he stood in front of the wardrobe and opened a drawer to retrieve some clean bedsheets and pillowcases from inside before making the bed.

After Toby did all that, he finally got up and collected the dirty linen on the ground before bringing them to the laundry room. Then, he put the dirty linen into the washing machine and put it to start. Finally, he went back into the bathroom and squatted next to the bathtub to clean Sonia up.

During the process, he was very patient and gentle in his ways. It felt as if he was handling a priceless treasure as he did everything gingerly to avoid hurting her.

Once he had done wiping Sonia down, he carried her back into the bedroom. By then, it was already 4.00AM.

He placed her gently onto the bed and tucked her under the blanket before finally finding the time to take a look at his phone.

As soon as he switched it on, a message popped out on his screen prominently. It was a message sent from Tom three hours ago—approximately around midnight.

Knowing Tom's personality well, Toby knew that he would never text him so late at night unless it was an emergency. Clearly, he must have something major to report in the message.

Toby stood by the bedside and held a white towel in his hand as he dried his wet hair. At the same time, he held his phone in one hand and unlocked it.

The room was lit up dimly, so the sudden brightness from the phone screen seemed to appear rather glaring.

The brightness from the phone screen shone on his handsome face and there appeared to be a mysterious air that surrounded him under the dark surroundings. He looked more dazzling than ever.

Yet the next second, his expression took a sudden turn as there was a dark look in his eyes and his eyebrows became tightly furrowed.

That was because the content on the message said, 'President Fuller, the DNA results are out. Anya and Connor aren't biologically related.'

Earlier on during the day, Tom mentioned that he had obtained Connor's DNA sample so he could run that against Anya's to determine whether the two were biologically related. Right now, the results were out and they indicated that the two of them were, in fact, not blood-related at all.

As soon as Toby saw this result, it was clear that he was unfazed through his nonchalant expression. Frankly, he already knew the answer in his mind and deduced that the two were not biologically related from the start. Nonetheless, he had never verified that information until now.

Now that it was, he merely accepted the truth and did not bore any other feelings. After all, he had already sensed from the duo's interaction at the police station that they could not possibly be related. If Anya was indeed Connor's daughter, then it would not be possible for him to treat her so coldly. Similarly, it was ridiculous for Anya to be afraid of Connor as well.

Even if Anya was his illegitimate daughter, she was still his daughter and his only descendant after all. Despite Connor's ruthlessness, it was impossible for him to behave so coldly toward his only descendant. As a result, Toby considered it and reckoned that the two were definitely not related. Indeed, the DNA results proved so.

Even so, Toby was not the least bit happy at all for his mother's sake. Although Connor did not have an illegitimate daughter, he had still broken his vow to Jean and cheated on her behind her back. As such, regardless of whether Connor had an illegitimate daughter, he was still a despicable man.

The reason Toby wanted to confirm whether the two of them were related was not because of his mother, since it would be pointless and unnecessary.

Instead, he wanted to find out why Connor had Anya to act as his daughter and their motives behind that.

Toby pursed his thin lips and remained deep in thought for a moment before finally stepping out of the room light-footedly. He shut the door gently behind him and stepped out to the balcony in the living room. At that point, he dialed Tom's number.

The phone rang for less than two seconds before Tom answered the call. It appeared that he was waiting for Toby's call all night, so there was an obvious hint of weariness over the call. "President Fuller."

This is great! President Fuller has finally seen the message and called me. Oh gosh. I'm so happy that I finally don't have to wait any longer! Tom originally thought that he would have to lose sleep tonight since the chances were high for him to wait till dawn. Fortunately for me, I'm blessed and didn't get subjected to too much torture. Yay!

On the other end of the line, Toby naturally heard the weary note and tiredness in Tom's voice. After a moment of silence, Toby coughed and said, "I'm sorry for making you stay up for so long. From now on, you don't have to wait for a call back unless something bad happens to the company or it's anything related to Little Leaf. Next time, you can go to bed."

As soon as Tom heard Toby's calm words, he widened his eyes incredulously and was stunned in place. What's going on? Is President Fuller possessed?

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Tom gulped incredulously and he could not quite believe his ears at all.

Did President Fuller actually say that from now on, I don't need to wait for his phone call and I can go to bed for anything else other than matters regarding Miss Reed or the company?! Gosh, is this for real?! Is this a dream? Since when did President Fuller become such a considerate person and start to show concern for me?

In the past, President Fuller would never be concerned at all about how long I had to wait for him or whether I was tired from the wait.

At times, even if Toby realized that Tom was exhausted, he would not be bothered about that either. In other words, Toby was akin to an unfeeling person.

President Fuller is considerate of my feelings. Gosh. I'm so touched by that. This is definitely Miss Reed's efforts. Since President Fuller got together officially with Miss Reed, he started to change and show concern for his subordinates. I'm so grateful to Miss Reed.

Tom could not stem his excitement as he thought about the situation, but he maintained a calm front still. After all, he was a professional personal assistant and he would never allow himself to reveal any hint of emotion especially when he was discussing serious matters with his boss.

“Okay. I got it, President Fuller.” Tom nodded and adhered to Toby’s instructions.

Toby affirmed calmly and narrowed his eyes subsequently. “In regards to the information you sent me a couple of hours ago, how legitimate is it?”

Tom shifted his gold-rimmed glasses perched on his nose bridge. “President Fuller, I personally waited there for the DNA result to be produced, so it is definitely legitimate. Anya and Connor aren’t related biologically.”

In fact, Tom had been stunned into oblivion upon finding out the result. Even when Toby had instructed him to find a way to obtain DNA samples of the two individuals to run a DNA test on them back then, Tom was not as surprised as he was when the results came out. In fact, Tom had suspected back then that Anya and Connor might not have been related because Toby would not have asked him to investigate the matter if he was not certain about it. Tom had always trusted Toby, so it was likely that the duo were not related biologically if Toby had such suspicion.

As such, Tom had been mentally prepared for the result. Nonetheless, despite his mental preparation, the moment he saw the result, the shock he received was way beyond his expectations.

As soon as Tom recalled this, he took a deep breath before asking, “President Fuller, do you think that Connor is aware that Anya’s not his biological daughter?”

“What do you reckon?” Toby spoke nonchalantly.

Meanwhile, Tom maintained his silence. That was a stupid question. Connor definitely knows!

In fact, as soon as Tom asked that, he realized immediately that it was a very foolish question.

Connor was a cunning and schemeful individual. He was a ruthless man used to plotting against others without getting implicated and there was no way he would not have known whether he had a daughter or not.

If Anya had actually been an imposter claiming to be Connor’s daughter, there was no way he would let her get away with things.

After all, if she claimed to be Connor’s daughter when she actually was not, that would indicate that she was making a fool out of him by scheming against him. Someone as ruthless as Connor would definitely not let Anya get away with this.

Furthermore, the first thing one would do when someone came forward claiming relations with one was to get their DNA tested. As such, if Anya actually dared to fake

herself as Connor's daughter, then there was no way she would be able to pass the DNA test and remain living and well up to this day.

Right now, the results verified that the duo was not father-daughter, but Connor had actually gone and announced to the public that Anya was his own. The only way to explain that would be Connor feigning ignorance as he waited to see what her fake daughter was plotting against him.

Otherwise, this could all be Connor's plot from the start and he sought out Anya to claim that she was his daughter. Perhaps, he had lied to her in an aim to achieve some of his specific goals.

At this point, Tom was much more inclined to go along with the second possibility.

After all, if Connor intended to find out the reason Anya faked her profile and claimed to be his daughter, then he would not have to send her all the way to Seafield. Instead, he could have just kept her at Westsanshire and assigned some men to keep an eye on her. Yet, could he have brought her all the way to Seafield just to keep a close eye on her? That would be ridiculous, though.

Connor was one who treasured his life and would never place someone with unknown intentions by his side. Who knew if he had kept someone, whose intention was to assassinate him? Therefore, if she was placed by his side, then he was basically courting death. Clearly, the first option did not make sense at all, so it was surely the second option.

He must have sought Anya and lied to her about her being his daughter. Perhaps, he might have been forthright to Anya with his request to pose as his daughter. As for the reason to do...

Tom lowered his eyes and remained deep in thought. He thought of the feud between Connor and the Fuller Family, then he suddenly gasped. "President Fuller, I think Connor sought Anya out to pose as his daughter because his target is you."

Toby lifted his brows slightly upon hearing Tom's deduction. Frankly, he was not the least bit surprised at all. On the contrary, there was a calm look on Toby's face. "Keep going."

"Okay." Tom nodded. "Consider this. Connor is usually based in Westsanshire and he has never stepped foot into Seaview for over thirty years."

"Your information isn't accurate. He came here three months ago." Toby pursed his lips and corrected Tom.

At that instance, Tom was caught by surprise, but he swiftly caught on to Toby's words and smacked his forehead in realization. "Yes, that's right. I forgot that he was the one

behind your car accident three months ago. He did come to Seaview then and stayed in an obscure motel. Although we managed to locate the motel he stayed at previously, he was gone the moment we arrived and we merely found a photo of Madam White left behind.”

Toby was convinced upon seeing that photo that the person who had orchestrated the accident was most likely the person who killed Old Master Fuller too. However, Toby could not confirm that Connor was the mastermind back then. Now that he could, he also naturally figured out the mastermind behind his accident. Both incidents were orchestrated by the same person—Connor.

“Keep going.” Toby moved his lips slightly and reminded Tom.

Tom affirmed and continued, “Connor has barely visited Seaview over the past thirty years. Besides, the Salzburg Family mainly deals in the jewelry and antique business, so they don’t have any business dealings with any of the corporations in Seaview. That’s why they don’t have any enemies in Seaview and their only enemy would be the Fullers.”

As soon as Tom mentioned this, he paused for a moment to find out Toby’s reaction.

However, Tom noticed that Toby remained silent for quite some time, so he piped up again, “That’s why Anya’s presence in Seaview would not be a coincidence. It’s very likely that Connor sent her here to scout the situation and to transmit information on the Fuller Family readily. Otherwise, why didn’t he just leave Anya in Westsashire? After all, it’d be logical for his daughter to remain in Westsashire by his side. Why would she suddenly appear in Seaview, then? That’s why Anya’s presence in Seaview must be because she was assigned to monitor the Fuller Family. However, there could be another possibility as well.”

“Just be frank.” Toby frowned impatiently.

At that moment, Tom shrank back as he knew that the suspenseful air he tried to create had triggered Toby’s displeasure, so he stopped wasting time and continued, “Anya could have been intentionally sent by Connor to approach you and dazzle you.”

Toby was dumbfounded by that revelation. “Do you mean by seduction?”

“Yes.” Tom nodded. “I must say that you’re quite attractive, President Fuller, but I reckon that not every woman would fall for you at the sight of you. Even if she did fall in love with you at first sight, it wouldn’t make sense for her to be so infatuated to the point where she didn’t even bother to find out about the extent of your relationship with Miss Reed and chose to take action against Miss Reed to clear the path for herself. That would be a very foolish move, so I reckon that Anya isn’t actually in love with you, President Fuller.”

“Her infatuation is basically just an act that she created in order for her to have a valid reason to stay in Seafield and approach you. Moreover, right now, I suspect that she went through plastic surgery purely for this purpose. She used to be below average, so she went through some transformative plastic surgery to gain her current beauty. Besides that, President Fuller, didn't you realize something?”

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“Realize what?”

Tom gulped before continuing, “Anya's features closely resemble Miss Reed after going through plastic surgery.”

As soon as Tom said that, Toby's expression instantly darkened. “Close resemblance?”

“Yes.” Tom nodded. “I'm aware that you don't generally pay attention to the opposite gender, President Fuller, so you might not have realized. However, I was quite curious about plastic surgery, so I paid close attention to Anya's features before and found that her features did closely resemble Miss Reed. Back then, I never suspected Anya's motive for coming to Seafield, so I never brought this up to you. Now that we've come to the realization that Anya's presence in Seafield could be because she was assigned by Connor to spy on you or seduce you, I then recalled this. I suspect that Anya purposely went through plastic surgery and chose features similar to Miss Reed's so that there'd be a higher chance of you being attracted to her. Therefore, her chances of winning your affections would increase subsequently.”

However, Anya and Connor clearly didn't expect that President Fuller would only have eyes for Miss Reed and no one else. That's why even though Anya has been in Seafield for quite some time now, President Fuller hasn't taken a close look at her features. Anya and Connor would be enraged to find out! As Tom thought about this, he could not help laughing mockingly.

Meanwhile, Toby remained silent and he seemed to be considering Tom's words about how Anya wanted to clone herself like his precious Sonia. Indeed, he had never taken a good look at that woman, so he had no idea exactly what she looked like. However, he did not doubt Tom's words because Tom was not one to joke about something like this.

As Toby considered the situation, Tom brought up something else. “President Fuller, right now, I'm suspecting that Anya's appearance in front of our car that night wasn't by chance and she must've planned that. Otherwise, how on earth could she possibly have appeared in front of our car at that exact timing? There were other cars there, but she somehow ended up hitting our car. I reckon that Connor must have made Anya to look

like Miss Reed and then he sent her to Seafield to try to seduce you. She's just a pawn to him."

Toby pursed his lips and sneered coldly, "I don't care what she's after, but right now, we need to focus our investigation on finding out Anya's true identity. It'd be best if we could get a photo of her before her plastic surgery."

Instinctively, he felt that Anya was a complicated individual too and she might not entirely be just Connor's pawn; she seemed to be hiding a different identity. As such, he had to find out exactly who this woman was, just in case.

"Sure." Tom was not surprised by Toby's instructions and he nodded instantly.

"By the way, send me a photo of Anya after her surgery too," Toby requested.

Tom knew what Toby intended to do. As soon as he hung up the phone, he instantly sent the photo to his boss. Previously, while investigating Anya, Tom had saved her photo on his phone and he had not gotten to delete it, so he could get good use out of it right now.

Toby walked away from the balcony and went back into the living room. He sat on the couch and poured himself a glass of water before checking out the photo that Tom had just sent over to him.

The woman in the photo looked fascinating, and although she had undergone plastic surgery, there was not a hint of knife on her face; her features looked very natural. There was not a single hint of stiffness or unnatural look on her features, as generally seen on those who underwent plastic surgery. Instead, she looked as if she had been born with that face. Evidently, the woman in the photo had spent a fortune on her surgery. Otherwise, how else could she have possibly gained such natural features from the surgery?

Of course, though, as soon as Toby found out that Anya had undergone plastic surgery, he had been curious as to how an ordinary woman like her could have that much money to spend on the surgery. Not only did she go through plastic surgery, but she also had surgery to increase her height. The cost of all these added up was definitely millions and more. After finding out that Anya was Connor's illegitimate daughter, his suspicions were finally dispelled. However, it appeared that Connor was generous enough to be willing to spend that much money on plastic surgery for a woman who was not even related to him.

At that moment, he started to believe that Tom's deductions were right. Anya must be Connor's spy placed in Seafield and she had done plastic surgery in accordance with Little Leaf's features to appear in front of him.

“Ha! You’ve underestimated me!” Toby deleted Anya’s photo. His handsome face was currently adorned with an icy cold sneer and a murderous look in his eyes.

Do they really think that I’m just like other men? Seduced by beauty?

Most men might twitch and go along as soon as a woman signaled with her fingers, but he was the contrary. His upbringing, values, pride, and the feelings he had for Sonia were ultimately the reason why he would never do anything to betray her.

He would be scornful of himself if he could be so easily seduced by any woman. Besides, someone like him would hardly be attracted to an imposter.

As such, that was why he said that Anya and Connor had underestimated him by assuming that he would behave according to most men and be unable to resist seduction from a woman. That was also why they had purposely created an imposter similar to Sonia in an aim to seduce him. They simply assumed that he would be attracted, but their laughable actions were just too foolishly naive in hindsight.

Nonetheless, Anya’s features were indeed similar to Sonia, so he did not feel too comfortable about that. He felt that Sonia would be disturbed by that too if she noticed, so he decided that it would be best for Anya to be disfigured.

Toby clutched his phone tightly and exuded an oppressive sense of indifference.

...

As soon as the initial rays of sunlight streamed through the French windows and hit Sonia’s eyes the next morning, her eyelids finally fluttered slightly and she showed signs of rousing. Shortly after that, her eyes started to roll beneath her eyelids after which she slowly opened them.

However, the rays were too glaring to her eyes. She had barely let in a slit into her sight when she was overpowered by the light, so instinctively, she was about to shut them again.

Before she could do so, a pale, slender hand reached out from the top of her head and gently shielded her eyes to form a shade against the sun’s rays. “It’s fine now. You can open your eyes.” His low and melodious voice rang out in her ears.

At that moment, Sonia opened her eyes wide and saw his palm right in front of her eyes. No wonder I felt darkness in front of me and it was no longer that glaring. It’s because he shielded me from the sunray with his hands.

“Good morning.” Sonia turned her head and glanced in the direction of the man next to her.

She was not sure when he woke up as he was currently dressed in a crisp suit, seated by the side of the bed while shielding her from the sun.

“Good morning.” Toby noticed that her eyes had finally gotten used to the surroundings, so he retracted his hand and handed over the set of clothes beside her. “I’ve selected your outfit for today. Try it on.”

She sat up in bed and took the clothes from him. “You’ve generally got good taste, so I’m sure that the outfit you’ve put together for me would be great.”

She placed the clothes on her lap, but she did not change into them immediately. Meanwhile, she stretched lazily and yawned. “What’s the time right now?”

“It’s 8.30AM.” Toby lifted his hand and took a look at his watch.

Sonia blinked in response. “No wonder it’s so bright out there. How long ago did you wake up?”

“I’ve been up for quite some time now. Come on and get changed. Breakfast’s ready. If you don’t wish to move a finger, I don’t mind helping you get changed.” As he spoke, his eyes went to the clothes on her lap and the eagerness in his eyes was evident.

Sonia chuckled at that and hastily tightened her grip on her clothes. “No, I can’t trust you and you might try something funny if you helped me. That’s alright. Go out now and don’t be in my way as I change. Just leave.” She waved her hands in the air repeatedly to shoo him out of the room.

She knew that if he helped her get changed, then it would be noon by the time she was done changing. After all, this despicable man would definitely take advantage of the situation on the pretext of helping her get changed.

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Sonia kept urging Toby to leave because she was reluctant to let him help her with the clothes. As a regretful glint fled across his eyes, he stood up while staring at her before taking his leave. His back seemed so lonely and regretful that she found it hilarious.

“Pervert,” she murmured under her breath. Thinking about the man’s disappointed expression when he left, she could not help but burst into laughter.

If this were a few months back, she could never imagine Toby to be this expressive; he seemed just like an ordinary person right now. The emotionless, icy man with an expressionless face was long gone.

Without thinking much, she quickly lifted the blanket to put on her clothes after the man shut the door. Of course, she checked on herself from head to toe before wearing them.

Last night was another intense night. Nevermind the fatigueness and pain that hit her whole body as well as the sore private part, the hickeys on her body alone were enough to make one flush.

Looking at the puny and large marks left by the man, Sonia felt her face burning. It seemed like leaving his marks on her was his fetish since he kept doing it.

Had she not warned him to not do it on her neck—because it would be embarrassing—she was sure that he would not leave any part of her body unmarked.

Those marks elicited a helpless sigh from her. Sonia could still see the marks he left two days ago and yet there were new ones from last night. If this went on, Toby might bite the same old spots and they would never disappear.

Gotta figure a way to change that habit of his. I heard that it's bad to leave these kinds of marks on the body since the capillaries might rupture... Okay. I've made up my mind. I'm gonna bring up this problem to him. He might change after knowing the facts. Or else!

She narrowed her alluring eyes as she sniggered coldly.

He better not blame me for hurting his member.

Meanwhile, Toby was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed elegantly in the living room. He suddenly felt the chill on his back while his fingers, which were holding a cup of coffee, trembled. A sense of doom dawned upon him.

What's this? Why do I feel like someone's setting me up?

Pursing his lips, he eventually set down the cup and trod to the balcony in which he looked over the area to look for any suspicious figure.

Toby's hunch was mostly right, especially when he was at his current position, where his numerous enemies stayed. Many of them went against him before and he managed to extricate from danger many times, thanks to his guts.

Thus, the foreboding was not of ungrounded instincts, Toby believed. He was certain that someone was up to no good and he was the very target. The problem was—who would be the threat when he was at home?

There were only Sonia and him in the house. She was out of the question, so he wished to find some sort of clue downstairs by watching from the balcony.

His gaze landed onto a man, who was sitting on the flowerbed downstairs. The man's looks and outfit seemed ordinary; no one would notice him if he was in a crowd.

Like any other normal person did, the man remained seated on the flowerbed with his head hanging low as he used his phone. Toby stared at him for a while before fishing out his phone to send a message.

Following that, the man raised his head and scrutinized the area. Realizing nothing out of ordinary, he lowered his head again and his fingers moved so quickly on the phone screen.

What happened next was the incessant ringing coming from his phone as colossal text messages were flooding him.

He perused every single one of it. Knowing that there was nothing wrong with the messages, he sighed in relief. He then lifted his head and locked his gaze onto Toby before shaking his head. Be it the man or the others on lookout, no one found any suspicious target.

Toby's brows creased tightly. But how come? Was it a false alarm?

He trusted those bodyguards on the account that he personally picked them carefully. They received special training from the Fuller Family and there was nothing to doubt regarding their loyalty.

Plus, the Fuller Family had their weaknesses in hand, rendering betrayal impossible. Thus, Toby could take their words without a shadow of doubt.

Furthermore, under Toby's orders, there were almost twenty bodyguards disguised as normal civilians in the vicinity of the Bayside Residence. They could resolve any potential danger to keep Sonia safe.

Knowing that Sonia would not go to his place that easily, he had made such arrangements earlier on. Otherwise, why would he allow her to stay in such a dangerous place? He even moved in!

After all, the count of peril around him outnumbered hers.

Without the bodyguards, his enemies would have taken it as an opportunity for revenge and seized the chance to pounce on him when he moved in. Peace would never be bestowed upon his stay here.

In fact, this was no joke.

When he first moved into Bayside Residence, those who kept an eye on his movements were excited to discover his new residence, as they assumed that it was now time for his downfall.

Therefore, many of them took the chance to eliminate him. Little did they know that Toby's bodyguards were already on duty around the area, rendering their plans a total fiasco. They even swore on how calculative he was in a fit of pique.

All and still, he did not reveal anything about it to Sonia.

With the amount of times she was in danger, she would be so worried that she would blame herself for it before urging him to move out if Toby told her about it.

Needless to say, she would move out alongside him as well. However, it was a desperate measure under coercion, not out of her will.

Even right now, she had still not totally accepted the fact that she was living in Fuller Residence with Toby.

Those six years were a traumatic experience for Sonia, hence the difficulty to accept it. Frankly, she could not let go of the past and stay in his house at ease.

Besides, her mind would not be put at peace if she was forced to move out. Moreover, Toby would neither force her nor let her experience that kind of situation.

That was why he kept her in the dark.

While he was absorbed in his thoughts, light footsteps resounded behind him and a delicate figure hugged him from the back as the feminine scent wafted his nose. Then, a pair of slender arms wrapped around his waist.

Sonia rested her head against his back and asked coquettishly, "Something on your mind?"

Toby turned his head slightly. Although he could not see her, it did not stop the corner of his lips from curling upward. "Nothing. Just taking in the view. The weather's nice today."

She released him to stand next to him. Watching the scenery, she responded with a smile, "Yeah, it is. It's rare to have the sun hanging on the sky in Seafield's winter. Look at the big sun. Even the wind doesn't feel cold as usual. I love it when it brushes across my cheeks."

She then closed her eyes, feeling the cool zephyr caressing her cheeks.

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Toby stared sideways at Sonia as his gentle gaze trailed along from her forehead to her lips.

In the end, he bent over to peck her on the lips. However, he could not control himself in the face of her unguarded self.

Who knew when such a chance would come by if he let her off this time? So, he should seize the chance when he still could.

Sonia did not expect the man to take advantage of her when she was just here to take some fresh air. She was completely baffled by the time she opened her eyes. It took her a while before she came back to her senses. "Toby Fuller, you—"

Just as she was going to tell him off, Toby stretched out his arm to primp her messy hair, which ruffled along the blowing wind.

The words stuck to her throat due to his caring and gentle action, leaving her speechless.

This man knows what to do. He's so gentle and keeps thinking about me. How can I bring myself to scold him?

Sonia took a deep breath helplessly before revealing a resigned smile as a sign of admitting defeat.

She had no other options. He was being so gentle that she could not possibly not fall for him.

Of course, women tend to have a soft spot for such gentleness.

"What did you wanna say? Go on." He gazed at her while withdrawing his hand.

The corner of her lips twitched. "Stop pretending, Toby Fuller. You did that on purpose."

Toby tidied her hair on the knowledge that she disapproved of the kiss, luring her into his gentleness so as to dissipate her anger.

That little trick of his would never go unnoticed. After all, it was not his first time either.

An ambiguous glint flashed in his eyes, but his gaze soon returned to serenity. As if he could not follow her, his eyes spoke of innocence as he looked at her. “What did I do? I don’t know a thing.”

She gave him an eye-roll. “Keep up with your acting, Toby Fuller. You aren’t going to admit it, are you?”

“Nothing happened, though.” The man shook his head.

She snorted. “I’m not buying that. I know you very well.”

The man chuckled. “Alright, let’s not talk about this. Let’s have breakfast. You said you wanted to have mushroom soup two days ago, so I made some for you this morning. Mind giving it a try?”

Sonia’s eyes sparkled at the mention of mushroom soup as she smiled and nodded. “Sure thing!”

“Let’s go.” Toby held her hand, leading her from the balcony to the living room. She linked onto his arm and followed along with joy.

Since he woke up early in the morning to make me soup, I’ll let him off this time. The sweet thought flashed in her mind.

The man’s cooking was not that of an ordinary cook, considering how the plain soup was rich in flavor. The smooth and lump-free soup would melt in one’s mouth, whereas the tender bites of mushroom pieces tempted one to have more.

Anyways, Sonia would not be able to make it with such textures on her own.

“How is it?” Toby drank his coffee while his eyes fixated upon her.

Despite the food in her mouth, which made it inconvenient to speak at the moment, she gave him a thumbs-up as a feedback—she loved it!

Seeing how much she loved the soup, he smiled lightly and set down to his cup of coffee to dig in.

In actuality, he did not like mushroom soup, since he preferred it to be plain. However, since she loved it so much and acknowledged his cooking skills, he began to take a liking to mushroom soup.

Sonia definitely enjoyed the breakfast to her heart’s content. On usual days, she would only drink a bowl of soup and some sausages or a croissant for breakfast.

However, due to his fabulous cooking, which turned the simple soup into something delicious, she had two bowls of it along with other dishes until her stomach slightly bulged. She reached her limits and could not move from her chair. One single movement would make her feel uncomfortable.

The sight amused Toby, but his heart ached at the same time. After stroking her hair, he found and handed her two pills of digestive tablets.

Sonia took them and shoved them into her mouth. They tasted of pineapple, which was sweet and sour. One could definitely had it as sweets.

When she gulped down the tablets, he proffered a glass of water to her. "Here."

Instead of refusing it, she took a sip of it before grumbling, "It's all your fault."

He blinked his eyes in a baffle. "Me? Why?"

Didn't she enjoy it? What did I do wrong again?

Sonia placed the glass on the table after which she caressed her tummy and whined, "Of course, it's because of how well you made the soup, or I wouldn't have eaten so much. My stomach is gonna explode."

Toby raised his brow before chuckling. "Alright, alright. It's my fault. How about I give you a massage?"

She hummed in response, which totally surprised him. After all, to her, he was a sexually frustrated man who kept taking advantage of her.

Massaging her tummy meant physical intimation. She would reject the offer at the thought of his naughty hands losing their control after rubbing her stomach for a while.

Yet, to his surprise, she agreed to it!

Why didn't she refuse?

In spite of the doubt, Toby kept the question to himself as she might regret it once he questioned her.

"I'll carry you to the couch. It'll be very convenient for me if you lie down." He bent over to carry her. Obediently, Sonia spread out her arms and allowed him to do the favor.

She ate so much and was wearing thick clothes, hence the heavy weight. Still, the man carried her over to the couch with light and steady steps, as if she was a feather.

That masculine charm could win a woman's heart readily.

Now that 'wussification' was prevalent in modern society, forget about carrying someone, being able to lift heavy stuff was enough to make others woo over you.

Thus, a masculine man like Toby was a rare kind.

Oblivious of Sonia's thoughts, Toby settled her on the couch and sat next to her. He rested her head onto his lap so as to make her feel comfortable.

After that, he stretched his hands to her tummy and began massaging it. In a worry that he might hurt her, the circular movements on her bulging belly were slow and gentle.

The strength was just nice; she felt so comfortable that she closed her eyes to enjoy it to the fullest.

While her eyes were shut, a smile appeared across her lips to show how satisfied she was with his service.

Now that he had become her massage chair, Toby could not hold in the smile on his face.

This girl. I'm buckled down to stave off that bulging tummy of hers and yet, she's taking me as a masseuse.

Despite that, he did it out of his will.

Geez. She never acts according to her words.

Later on, when Sonia was about to drift into dreamland because of how comfortable it was, the man stopped. She opened her eyes and blinked a few times. It was not until the drowsiness faded that she looked up at the man. "Done?"

"Done." He nodded and pushed her back lightly in order to prop her up. "It has subsided and it doesn't feel hard. It should be fine. Get up and tell me how you feel."

She gazed down at her belly and focused on her body. Indeed, she did not feel sick about the bulging stomach anymore and she was elated. "Yeah. I'm completely fine!"