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Toby knew what she was thinking, and he pinched her cheek. "Okay."

"I'll get them in here right away."

Sonia was about to open the door when Toby held her hand. "Give me a moment."

"Why?" She turned around curiously.

The man then pointed at his lips. "You expect them to see me in this state?"

Oh, there's still lipstick on his lips, which means he helped me out without even removing the lipstick first? Sonia snapped out of it and chuckled. "Sorry, I forgot. Sure thing. Remove the lipstick and I'll get them in here once you're done."

The stylists would laugh if they saw Toby in this state. Even if they wouldn't do it in front of him, they would do it once they were out of earshot. Even Sonia had chuckled when she saw his lips dotted with lipstick, let alone them. She could laugh at him since they were married but not anyone else. Toby might get upset and she would too. He was her lover, and she wouldn't let anyone laugh at him. Besides, he was already on Google's trending because of the photo earlier and the Internet had had a field day. She didn't want that to happen a second time.

Once Sonia was done talking, Toby tore another pack of cotton pads open and looked in the mirror as he cleaned up the lipstick. It was different from how he wiped Sonia's lipstick off. He was gentle with her, wiping across her whole lip. However, he did it differently when it came to himself. All he did was wipe his lips at random and he was done.

Sonia was amused and she felt sweet. After all, this meant Toby thought she was more important than him. He then tossed the used pad into the trash can and she asked, "Done?"

He combed his hair and nodded. "Done."

"I'll open the door now."

"Sure."

At that, Sonia turned around and opened the door.

Everyone outside quickly stood up straight. The moment Sonia came out, they approached her.

“Miss Reed.” They stole glances at Sonia. Her makeup, at first glance, looked the same, but these were professionals. They had an eye for things like this and they saw the subtle change hiding under her makeup, especially the lips. The makeup artist who did Sonia’s lips noticed the little swelling of her lips too. It wasn’t there when she did the makeup.

They didn’t think Sonia’s lips swelled because of the lipstick, or Sonia and Toby would have bitten their heads off. This meant that there was another reason for the swelling and they knew what it was. The crew members exchanged knowing looks. Yep. She was kissed.

They thought silence meant zero action, but now they realized the action was already over, though it was too quiet for them to hear. And it must have been hot and heavy too. Look at her lips. They’re swollen. Mr. Fuller, you’re such a horndog.

The assistant could barely contain her excitement. She was an ardent shipper of Sonia and Toby. Now that she was sure they made out in that room, she wanted to scream with excitement. The delight almost made her faint.

Sonia had no idea about the thoughts that just went through these people’s heads. She thought they were acting weird, but she tossed that aside and she nodded at them with a smile. “Mr. Fuller needs to be styled up now.”

“Right away, Miss Reed.” Everyone nodded.

Sonia beckoned them and the crew members entered. She sat in the corner to watch them style Toby up. Unlike women, men did not need to put on exquisite makeup. All they had to do was style up Toby’s hair and touch up his face. It would take about half an hour at most.

Toby went to get changed once his hair was styled and it was then that Sonia’s phone rang. The caller was a familiar name and she happily took it. A smile played on her lips as she said, “Good evening, Mrs. Lane.” It was already 6.30PM and dusk was already settling in.

It was Grace who called. When Grace heard Sonia’s voice, she asked hurriedly, “You’re attending a banquet, aren’t you?”

“Yes.” Sonia nodded. She noticed the solemnity in Grace’s voice and her smile was replaced by a serious look. “What is it, Mrs. Lane?”

Grace shook her head. “Nothing. Just trying to remind you of something. Remember the thing I told you the last time you and Toby came over?”

Wait... What did she talk about last time? Sonia tilted her head. Realization struck her and she bit her lip. "Is this about the Acrees?"

Grace heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing that Sonia recalled the matter. "Yes. Their seafood business ran into some trouble, so they've been trying to marry their girl off to a rich family. And they're ambitious too, which means they're looking for the top family."

Grace rolled her eyes. The Acree Family is a fourth-rate one. Even a third-rate family is too good for them yet now, they think they can go straight to the top? Give me a break.

She wasn't trying to diss them, but the Acrees thought too highly of themselves. Do they think the top family will agree because they want the marriage? They're going to fail and they're going to get on the whole upper society's wrong side. Everyone knows they're not even worthy of even a third-rate family, much less a top one. If they try to gun for the best, it'd be like telling everyone else they're trash and that the Acrees are too good for them.

Either they succeed or the whole upper society will rain down pandemonium on them. However, Grace knew they would fail, so the only fate left for them was a downfall. After all, the best family would never get involved with the Acrees, since the head of the best family was none other than Sonia.

The best family, naturally, was the Fuller Family. Grace then said, "I told you the Acrees have been trying to get into this banquet since they know Toby will be there. They'll take this chance to get close to him or even set him up. Be careful, you two. You should tell him about this. Just calling because I was worried you might have forgotten about it. But I don't hear any other sound from your side. Still haven't made your way to the banquet, I presume?"

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"Not yet." Sonia glanced in the direction of the washroom. "Toby's still getting changed and we're planning to head over at 7.00PM. The event only starts at 8.00PM, so there's no rush," she explained.

Grace heaved a sigh of relief before saying, "I'm glad you guys haven't left. I was worried that the Acrees might attempt to sabotage you and I was afraid that you would head out unprepared for any attacks. Perhaps I was just overthinking the situation."

Sonia felt a surge of warmth in her chest when she heard the concern in Grace's tone. The smile on Sonia's face softened as she spoke. "Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Lane. Don't worry about it. I'll let Toby know about this and we won't allow the Acrees to

harm us in any way.” Sonia would be ashamed if the Acree’s managed to trick them again—the public would probably fault her for not being able to keep an eye on her own man.

“That’s great.” Grace nodded. “Well, you guys will just have to be a little more cautious. Don’t let them get to you! Toby, in particular, will have to be really careful. The Acree’s are targeting him and might attempt to trick him into sleeping with someone else tonight just to achieve their own goals. You guys will have to pay attention to everything that you guys eat and drink tonight. As reputable as you may be, you might still fall victim to some of these people’s little schemes. You have to always be alert,” Grace stated.

“Okay. Don’t worry, Mrs. Lane. We understand,” Sonia said with a smile. “By the way, Mrs. Lane, will you guys be joining the event?”

Grace shook her head. “Curtis received an invitation, but the Lane Family isn’t involved in this line of business and there isn’t much purpose in us attending the event. So, Curtis decided that he’d rather come home for dinner with the family than attend the event,” Grace explained. At the same time, Sonia noticed how Toby had put on his suit and walked out of the washroom. Her eyes lit up as she stared at the man in front of her. “That’s good. Mr. Lane sounds like a family man,” Sonia chimed in.

“Yeah. I’m quite happy about it. That’s how Curtis has always been—he rarely shows up to events that aren’t related to the company. I’m glad he’s the way he is,” Grace said with a soft chuckle. “By the way, Sonia,” Grace continued as she seemed to recall something. “Did you guys try the delicacies that Charles passed to you guys that day? How did it taste?” she asked.

Sonia nodded with a smile. “We did. They all tasted amazing and Old Mrs. Fuller really enjoyed it. She told me to thank you for the food,” Sonia replied.

“There’s no need to thank me. I’m glad you guys liked it. What about the collagen soup? Did Toby get to try it?” Grace asked again.

Sonia beamed at Toby as she recalled the events of the night before. “Yeah. It was good,” Sonia replied, to which Grace commented, “I’m glad it tasted good. I looked around specifically for those ingredients as I figured it’d be good for Toby. I’ll send more over if I get my hands on some.”

“Alright. Thank you, Mrs. Lane.”

“What did I say about thanking me...” Both of them giggled and chatted for a while longer before they ended the call. Toby stuffed a red necktie into Sonia’s hands the moment she put her phone down. “Was that Mrs. Lane?” he asked. He overheard Rose talking about the good food and how she wanted to thank Grace for it. So, Toby figured that Grace was probably the one on the call.

As expected, Sonia took the tie from the man and threw it over his neck. He bent down a little to find that the tie was already hanging from his neck. The man was too tall—it was tiring for Sonia to tie a tie for him even though she was in her heels. When Toby noticed her struggling, he lowered himself into a squat so that it was easier for her to reach.

Furthermore, it was much easier for Sonia to tie a tie when he was in that position. That way, she wouldn't have to have her hands up all the time as it made her muscles sore. While Sonia fixed Toby's tie, she told him all about what Grace had mentioned in the call earlier. Toby narrowed his eyes as he listened to Sonia's words. There was a sharp glint of hatred in his eyes as he spoke. "I got it. You can thank Mrs. Lane on my behalf. I'll make sure nothing happens tonight," he murmured as he stroked Sonia's cheeks with his fingers.

Sonia tightened the man's tie a little. "I trust you and I know that the Acrees will never succeed in their plan. Alright. I'm done," she announced. After tidying him up and stuffing the tie into his suit, Sonia dusted her hands to signal that she was done. "What do you think of the tie?" she asked as she took a step back and glanced at the makeup artists surrounding them. They all nodded in approval. "You did a good job, Miss Reed." They weren't just saying things to please her—they genuinely meant what they said. Sonia had done a great job with Toby's tie.

Toby then straightened his figure and walked to the mirror. He fixed his tie a little before he held his hand out to the woman beside him. "It's about time we head out, my lady." Sonia glanced at the makeup artists bashfully before she slipped her hand into Toby's. Her cheeks were flushed as she murmured, "Let's go." It was getting late and it was about time they headed out.

The makeup artists shot them envious glances as the couple walked out of the lounge. As Sonia walked alongside Toby, she felt like she wasn't just walking out of the room—she felt as if she were walking on a red carpet during their wedding day. Everyone's gazes made her feel that way and she felt the urge to giggle and cry at the same time.

The man caught her laughing to herself when they were in the elevator. "What is it?" he asked.

She quickly shook her head. "It's nothing. I just thought of something that made me happy," she replied.

"Oh? What is it?" The man leaned closer as he questioned her. Sonia felt her heart pounding when she realized how close their bodies were to each other. Then, she instinctively pushed his face away. "Hey, don't come so close to me. You scared me for a moment," she protested.

Toby raised an eyebrow at that. "You don't look scared. You're probably just self-conscious, aren't you? What were you thinking about? Why do you look so shy? You looked like you were about to freak out when you saw me moving closer to you."

Sonia looked anywhere but at the man as she tried to avoid eye contact. "It's really nothing. Stop asking me the same question! I'm not going to answer you." She had a serious look on her face, so Toby knew that he wasn't about to get any answers. He let out a soft sigh. Forget it. I'm not going to force her to say anything that she doesn't want to.

Soon enough, the couple reached their car. Tom had already been waiting for a while and his eyes lit up when he saw the couple walking over. "President Fuller and Miss Reed! You guys look really good together." They looked like a match made in heaven—anyone who saw them could immediately tell that they were a couple.

Sonia felt rather embarrassed upon hearing Tom's words, but she eventually accepted his compliment with a smile. "Thank you." Toby shot Tom an approving glance as well. At least he knows the right thing to say, Toby thought. "Well, shall we head out now?" Tom asked as he opened the car door.

Toby shot him a glare. "Why else would we be standing here?" Toby didn't bother to conceal the disdain in his eyes as he spoke. Tom, too, realized that his question was rather pointless, so he rubbed his nose as he flashed his boss an apologetic smile. Sonia, who was standing beside Toby, covered her mouth as she chuckled to herself. She was often amused by the way Toby and Tom interacted with each other.

"Alright. Get into the car. Stop standing around like an idiot," Toby uttered as he massaged his temples. Tom quickly signaled for the couple to get into the backseat of the car, and Toby stepped aside to allow Sonia to get in first. Sonia stepped forward and entered the car without protesting. After all, the cold wind outside made the car look especially welcoming. Even though she was dressed in a puffer jacket, she was only wearing a thin layer under it and her thighs were exposed to the cold air. The car was a lot warmer as Toby had ordered Tom to turn the heater on a while before they were scheduled to leave the place.

So, the moment Sonia got into the car, she felt a gush of warm air embracing her cold body. Soon enough, the warmth covered all parts of her being. Her muscles, which were tense from the cold, quickly relaxed in the warm air. She no longer shivered once she was in the car.

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Sonia couldn't help but let out a long sigh as she wrapped her down jacket around herself. Toby noticed her actions the moment he got into the car. "Are you cold?" he asked worriedly. She turned to him before putting a forced smile on her face. "I'm feeling much better now. The car is much warmer than outside," she uttered.

"Let me touch you," Toby murmured as he reached for her hands. He pressed his lips together when he felt her ice-cold palms in his. His expression turned even darker when he felt the cold skin on her exposed thighs. After staring at the woman for a while, a hint of guilt surfaced in his eyes. "I'm sorry. I wasn't being thoughtful. I should've got you to change into your outfit only after we arrived at the venue. You wouldn't feel so cold if we had just changed after arriving indoors." It was true that Toby hadn't considered this matter earlier.

Sonia felt the urge to laugh when she saw the way Toby tried to take responsibility for everything around them. I can't believe he's finding fault in himself over such a small issue! She held onto the man's warm hands before squeezing them. "What has this got to do with you? It's not your fault. I was the one who decided to get changed in the office. You shouldn't blame yourself for such a thing. Anyway, I'm not cold anymore. Look—I'm not even shivering!"

Her thighs were still cold but the heaters in the car were robust, so she knew that she would feel warm in a while. However, Toby was not pleased with the situation, so he tapped his hand on the back of the driver's seat. "Grab the scarf from the compartment in front," he ordered.

"Got it," Tom replied before he opened up the storage compartment between the driver and passenger seats. He pulled out a black scarf from inside and Sonia could immediately tell that it was the same scarf she had knitted for Toby. When she first made it for him, he wore it every day. However, he stopped wearing the scarf one day and when Sonia asked him about it, he simply mentioned that he had sent it to be washed and that he had kept it away after that.

Sonia no longer probed any further. I hadn't expected him to keep this in the car, she thought. Toby took the scarf from Tom before he bent down to lift Sonia's thighs. Sonia was shocked by his actions. "What are you doing, Toby?" Upon hearing Sonia's words, Tom's ears perked up a little before he pressed a button with a blank look on his face. Seconds later, a divider slid up to separate the front and back seats of the car. Yup, President Fuller and Miss Reed are about to get all lovey-dovey again. A single man like me should be thoughtful enough to keep away from them. Otherwise, President Fuller would be annoyed at me for being a nuisance and I wouldn't feel good about myself either. Oh, the sorrows of a single man! It feels like we're never welcomed anywhere. Loners like us are the most vulnerable people on earth.

Naturally, no one cared about how Tom felt. After all, both Toby and Sonia were too focused on themselves to care about what Tom was thinking. They hadn't even realized that Tom had put the divider up between them. Toby lifted Sonia's thighs before he

carefully removed her heels and rubbed her feet. Her feet felt even colder than her thighs. When Toby realized this, he frowned so hard that the wrinkles between his brows were tight enough to squish a mosquito to its death.

After that, he hastily wrapped the scarf tightly around her thighs before circling it downward. Once he was done, he unbuttoned the buttons on his suit before lifting her legs to rest them on his thighs. He used his body heat to warm her up. Sonia was too stunned to react for a moment. "I didn't know you were trying to warm my legs," she muttered dumbfoundedly.

The man wrapped his arms around her thighs so that they wouldn't slip off his legs. "You're too cold. I'm worried that you might get frostbite," he stated.

Sonia felt tears welling up in her eyes—she was touched by the man's actions. "I don't think that's possible," she mumbled. Toby pressed his lips together when he heard that. "Why not?! You're so cold. Your limbs are probably numb, aren't they?" Sonia parted her lips to speak but there were no words that came out of her mouth. The man was right, after all. Her extremities were all numb from the cold.

"Alright. Stop moving around. I just want you to stay put and I promise you'll feel your limbs soon." Toby gently patted her tightly wrapped thighs. Sonia's gaze followed his hands before she let out a tiny giggle. "I figured that you left the scarf in the wardrobe of one of your houses. I hadn't expected you to keep it in the car."

"The car is where I can see and use the scarf whenever I want. Take this time for example—I managed to put it to good use." The frown on the man's face disappeared as he tugged his lips into a smile. Sonia had practically shrunk into her puffer jacket as she murmured, "I made it for you to keep your neck warm, but it's being used to warm my legs now."

"Its purpose is to keep us warm, anyway. It doesn't matter where it's wrapped around—what matters is that you don't feel cold," Toby said. Sonia laughed before she let out a yawn. He leaned forward to feel her forehead after that. "What are you doing?" she asked as she pulled his hand away.

"I was worried that you might have caught a cold when I saw you yawning, so I wanted to check." The man didn't bother to hide his true intentions. He pulled his hand away from her grip before feeling her forehead again. This time, the woman no longer stopped him from touching her. "I'm fine. I'm just a little sleepy," she said with a smile.

Toby checked and made sure she didn't have a fever before he pulled his hand back with a reassuring look. "That's great. You can take a nap if you're sleepy. We're going to be here for another half an hour, anyway. I'll wake you up when we've arrived."

"Okay." Sonia agreed to his idea and nodded before resting on the car door. She shut her eyes to take a nap. Once Toby saw her sleeping, he no longer pestered her.

Instead, he pulled his phone out to send a text. Once he was done texting, he put his phone away before he wrapped his arms around her legs once more.

Tom, who was in the driver's seat, heard a notification on his phone. He tilted his head to see that it was a text from Toby. The text told him to turn off the lights in the backseat. Tom clicked his tongue when he saw the message. He wants me to turn the lights off, eh? Are they about to do it in the backseat of the car? Are they about to get some action? Why else would they want me to turn the lights off? But... that's not right. The divider is already up, and I can't hear them at all. It's just the both of them—do they still want the lights off? Isn't it more exciting to have the lights on? They'd be able to see each other clearly that way, right? There's no need for them to turn off the lights. Why would President Fuller want me to turn off the lights, then? Could it be that they prefer doing it with the lights off? What sort of fetish is that?

Even though Tom judged them deep down, he still adhered to Toby's orders and turned the backseat lights off. The backseat turned dark and the only lights that they had were from the evening skies outside the window. From the outside, one could vaguely see the figures of a man and a woman in the car. However, they weren't doing anything at all. Toby simply told Tom to turn off the lights because he wanted Sonia to sleep a little more soundly. Toby had no other intentions—Tom was the one who was overthinking the whole thing.

There was a slight jam on the road and the traffic worsened when they got closer to the city center. Initially, the drive to Paradigm Co.'s event only required half an hour, but the jam delayed their drive for another half an hour. By the time they arrived, the event had already begun. Toby gently woke Sonia up. "Are we here?" she asked as she opened her eyes. Perhaps she hadn't slept enough or perhaps she wasn't fully awake, but her voice sounded particularly sleepy and innocent as she rubbed her eyes confusedly. The slightly hoarse and weak voice sounded beautiful to Toby.

The man felt his insides burning up and he struggled to catch his breath as he tried to contain the feelings within him. His voice was thick as he responded, "We're here. We should get out of the car."

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Sonia didn't sense anything odd about the man, so she continued rubbing her eyes while speaking in the same soft tone. "Okay..." She stretched her limbs as she finally opened her eyes fully. "I hadn't expected myself to sleep so soundly. I'm not even fully awake at this point," she murmured as she gave the man a bashful smile.

"It's pretty common for people to feel sleepy when they get to a warm place from somewhere that was really cold," Toby explained. He opened the lid of the thermal box and pulled out a bottle of coffee before opening it and handing it to Sonia. "Have some. It'll wake you up a little," he offered. The coffee was warm, so Toby didn't have to worry about Sonia feeling cold after the drink.

Coincidentally, Sonia needed something to wake her up. As such, the coffee that Toby handed her was a lifesaver at that moment. Her eyes lit up as she took the bottle from him. "Thank you." She tilted her head up to take two sips of the coffee, but she squeezed her face into a look of disgust after tasting it. "Ew... It's so bitter. What coffee is this?" She turned the bottle around to check the packaging, but the words were written in a foreign language that she couldn't understand.

Toby chuckled when he saw the sour look on her face. "It's an original flavored Blue Mountain Coffee, not the usual 3-in-1 coffee. I usually drink this when I'm on the way to work, so there are no other drinks in the car. This is good for waking you up, so I thought that it'd be better for you to drink this," he explained.

"Well, that's probably why it's so bitter," Sonia muttered as she stuck her tongue out. "I have to agree that it wakes me up. I'm not sleepy anymore." Is it even possible to stay sleepy after drinking something so bitter? Anyone who drinks this would probably wake up immediately. My tongue feels numb from the bitterness, she thought as she stuck her tongue out. Toby knew that Sonia was bothered by the bitter taste. After all, she had always had a sweet tooth, and she had never appreciated bitter foods or drinks. She only drank her coffee with milk and sugar, so it made sense for her to be troubled by the taste of Blue Mountain coffee.

"I'll leave some other caffeinated drinks in the car next time. I haven't considered this matter in the past, so I'm afraid you'll have to settle with this coffee for now. Once we get into the hall, you can get some other drinks to wash the bitterness away." Toby tried to comfort her. Sonia nodded. "That was what I thought. But this coffee..." She stared at the remaining coffee in the bottle with a troubled look on her face.

"Do you not want it anymore?" Toby asked.

"I can't finish it. It's too bitter—it tastes like medicine," Sonia grumbled as she pouted her lips. She couldn't finish it, but she didn't want to throw it away either as she didn't want to waste it. Furthermore, Toby seemed to have a knack for purchasing the most expensive things, which made it harder for Sonia to simply throw the drink away. She was still troubled by how she was to dispose of the coffee in her hand when she felt someone taking the bottle out of her grip. She looked up to see that Toby had taken the coffee away from her.

"I'll finish it if you can't." The man tilted his head up and chugged the remnants of the coffee after that. It was a relatively small bottle of coffee that fit snugly in one's palm and the size of the bottle made it one of the smallest bottled drinks to be produced and sold

in the market. There wasn't a lot of coffee to finish. One could finish the bottle after taking a few mouthfuls of the drink, so it wasn't a big deal for Toby to finish the bottle in one go.

However, Sonia was still rather dazed after seeing him finish her coffee. "I drank that earlier. You..."

The man wiped the corner of his lips elegantly. "Yeah, so?"

"Don't you hate sharing drinks?" She blinked a few times after asking him her question. Toby then threw the bottle of coffee into the trash can before he responded in a playful tone. "Why would I hate sharing drinks with my own woman? I've already tasted your saliva when—" Sonia knew what the man was about to say, and her cheeks turned pink as she quickly raised her voice to stop him. "Alright, alright! That's enough! Didn't you see that we've arrived? I'm wide awake now. Let's get out of the car."

With that said, Sonia removed her puffer jacket and took a deep breath to prepare herself for the cold wind that was about to embrace her. She readied herself before she opened the door with a determined push. Meanwhile, the man curled his lips into a smirk when he saw the woman avoiding him. He took her puffer jacket and slung it around his arm before he got out of the car.

Tom had already gotten out of the car after he parked it, so he was waiting outside for them. After Toby and Sonia got out of the car, Tom reentered the vehicle to park it at an appropriate spot. Some may wonder about my purpose for doing this. Some might think that it is more efficient for us to all park in the parking lot before getting out together. Some might also think that I could wait in the car for them to get out before I drive to the parking lot and they might think that I didn't need to get out of the car. They probably think it's unnecessary to get out of the car, but I don't agree! Even if it's colder outside, I rather stay out of the car. Why should a single man like me stay in the company of a loving couple? It's so frustrating!

On top of that, Miss Reed was asleep and President Toby had to wake her up. I have no idea how he did it and I'm not sure I want to know. In my opinion, it's always best to get out of the car if you want to avoid contaminating your eyes. A divider might be useful, but you should always take extra precautionary measures to avoid such things. Tom ended up waiting for ten minutes outside the car. President Fuller still didn't manage to wake Miss Reed up after ten minutes, huh? Perhaps my guess is right. President Fuller must have lied about waking Miss Reed up. I bet he just wanted some more action with her. I've been his most loyal follower for years now, so I know him really well.

Even though President Fuller seems like a haughty and cold man on the outside, all of that is just a show. He turns into a huge softie and a horny man whenever he's with Miss Reed. Since she was asleep, President Fuller probably saw this as a good chance. I'm sure he seizes every chance that he gets.

Tom was certain that his guess was correct. If President Fuller was just trying to wake Miss Reed up, he wouldn't need to spend ten minutes doing it. He must have engaged in some other secret activities in these ten minutes. Ah, men! Tom was sighing to himself when he heard the car door open. He hastily pushed his inappropriate thoughts aside before straightening his figure and turning to the car. He watched as Sonia and Toby got out of different sides of the vehicle.

"Miss Reed, President Fuller." Tom greeted them while he sneakily glanced at Sonia. Between Sonia and Toby, Sonia was a lot easier to read—her embarrassment or shyness would be written all over her face if she felt that way. She would blush whenever Toby did something to her. It was just as Tom had expected. He saw that Sonia's cheeks were still slightly flushed when he stole a glance at her. Based on Tom's experience, he could tell that she wasn't blushing because of the cold. He was sure that she was blushing because Toby had just done something that made her feel shy.

President Fuller being President Fuller... He never lets Miss Reed go when he has the chance to do something with her. Tsk... men. The joys of being a man! Fine, I guess I have to admit that I am envious of President Fuller. But when I get myself a girlfriend, I won't lose to him anymore. I might even be happier than he is now! Tom thought to himself.

"Tom." Sonia had no idea about the twisted thoughts running through Tom's mind, so she simply flashed him a smile as a way of responding to his greeting. On the other hand, Toby simply ignored Tom and walked over to Sonia. He held her puffer jacket out. "Put it on," he ordered.

However, Sonia rejected his request. "It's fine. We're already at the entrance of the hotel. If I put it on now, I'll have to take it off later."

"You can take it off later, then. I want you to put it on because I don't want you to catch a cold." The man didn't allow any space for negotiation as he instantly threw the jacket over her shoulders while insisting that she put it on.

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"I want you to do as I say. You shouldn't keep your jacket off just because it's a hassle to put it on." Toby was afraid that Sonia would reject his orders, so he made a firm statement that convinced her. Toby was right—Sonia no longer felt as cold after he threw the jacket over her shoulders. However, Sonia had no intention of wearing it in the hall. "It's not about this being a hassle. I just feel rather embarrassed being the only one to wear my puffer since everyone else is not wearing it. They're going to laugh at me."

Furthermore, where should I put it once I get into the hall?" That was an important question.

Toby held onto her wrists before stuffing them into the holes of the jacket while speaking. "It shouldn't bother you whether they're wearing their jackets. They are the ones who choose to catch a cold and there's no need for you to compare or fit in with them. You're the one who knows your body best. Furthermore, do you think anyone would laugh at you when I'm around? Which is worse—getting laughed at or falling sick?" he asked.

"Isn't the answer obvious? Falling sick, duh," Sonia replied without giving her words much thought. Toby shot her a glare. "I'm glad you know that. Why aren't you putting the jacket on, then?" he asked in a firm and insistent voice. Sonia knew that he cared for her and she understood where he was coming from. It's true; I'd rather get laughed at than fall sick. I wouldn't want to risk my health just for the sake of looking good temporarily. It's not worth it.

On top of that, there was something Toby said that touched Sonia. He said that no one would dare to laugh at me if he was around! Well, since no one's going to make a fool out of me, I guess there's nothing to worry about, she thought. With that conclusion in mind, Sonia allowed the man to wear her jacket for her. Once she put her jacket on, Toby no longer frowned as hard as he did before. However, when he looked down and realized the bare skin on her legs was exposed to the cold air, he started frowning once more.

If it were up to him, he would've wanted Tom to head out just to purchase fur boots and some long pants for Sonia. However, Toby knew that the rest of the guests would tease or sneer behind Sonia's back if he did such a thing. A puffer jacket was no big deal. It might not look as glamorous as the gowns that some other women wore, but everyone would be able to tell from Sonia's bare legs that she was dressed in a gown underneath. They would be able to tell that the puffer jacket was just temporary outerwear that she would take off later. As such, Toby figured that the other guests would send her odd looks at most. They wouldn't laugh at her for such a thing. However, if Sonia put on fur boots and long pants, others might actually think that she hadn't dressed in a gown at all and that whatever she was wearing was her actual outfit for the event.

If that were the case, then the guests might actually laugh at Sonia. Furthermore, it wouldn't make sense for Toby to lose his temper in such a situation. The rest of the guests would argue that they had every right to laugh at Sonia because of the way she was dressed. At that thought, Toby massaged his temples in frustration. Who came up with this rule that women have to be dressed in such thin clothes when they attend a dinner? It's fine if this rule is applied during summer, but why do they have to do the same thing during winter? Are these people mental?

"What are you thinking about?" Sonia zipped up her puffer jacket as she looked at Toby's grim face. She could tell that he was bothered by something, so she waved her

hand in front of his eyes to catch his attention. Toby's gaze flickered for a moment before he snapped back to reality. He gently held onto her cold hand as he used his breath to warm it up. Then, he stuffed her hand into the pocket of his coat. "It's nothing. Let's go in. It's too cold out here."

"Yeah, we should go in. It's already 8.30PM and most of the guests have arrived. I'm afraid we might be running late. I hope the hosts aren't here yet." Sonia shot a worried gaze toward the staff members at the entrance. She was certain that they were late. It was fine if the hosts had yet to arrive, as this meant that Sonia and Toby hadn't missed out on the chance to socialize with them. However, if the hosts had already shown up, Sonia would feel embarrassed to approach them when she was late to their event. If she put herself in the shoes of the host, she would assume that the latecomers were guests who didn't genuinely care about the event and she would feel more reluctant to socialize with these people.

Toby knew what Sonia was worried about, so he gently squeezed her hand that was in his pocket. "Don't worry. They haven't shown up yet. They'll only arrive at 9.00PM."

"How do you know that?" She turned to stare at the man, her expression puzzled. However, he then led her toward the entrance of the hotel. "It's not that hard to find out about this, is it? I just told some of the other people at the event to keep a lookout for me. I got Tom to contact a business partner who arrived before me, and I told the business partner to alert me when the hosts arrived. He hasn't alerted me so far, which means that the hosts have yet to arrive," Toby explained.

"I see." Sonia heaved a sigh of relief. Toby handed their invitation cards to the doorman, but the doorman gestured for them to walk in without even looking at the invitations. After all, just one look at Toby's face told the doorman more than an invitation card ever could. Toby could've stepped into the hall even if he didn't have an invitation card. After putting their invitations away, Toby turned to speak to Sonia again. "Don't worry. I'm keeping an eye on everything, so I'll make sure that none of your secrets are exposed."

Ultimately, Toby had made preparations for everything that was related to Sonia, and he had made some arrangements that even Sonia hadn't cared to think about. He wanted to make sure that she would have nothing to worry about. On the other hand, Sonia felt extremely touched to hear that Toby had made all these plans without her knowledge. "I was just thinking that... You help me out with so many things. What am I going to do without you?"

"You will always have me around. We're going to grow old together. Even if I leave someday, our children will take care of you on my behalf." The man halted his footsteps before he turned around to give her an earnest gaze. When he spoke of leaving, he didn't mean that he was going to leave her for another woman—he was considering the possibility that he would die before her. Death was the only thing that could separate them.

Sonia saw the stubborn and serious look in Toby's eyes. She expected herself to feel more intimidated by men like him. She had always assumed that it was best to stay away from people who were so stubborn. However, Toby's stubbornness didn't scare Sonia at all. If anything, it made her feel rather sorry for the man. After all, she knew that his stubbornness was a product of the insecurities he held toward life. Sonia didn't believe in everlasting love and she didn't believe that she could love the same man for the rest of her life. Hence, all that mattered to her was that she could be with Toby while she still loved him. She knew that she could walk away if she ever lost feelings for him.

All along, Sonia had never fully trusted Toby when he claimed that he would love her for the rest of his life. She had always found it hard to believe his words. Who knows what the future holds? I don't have the faith nor the courage to hold too many expectations toward the future, Sonia thought. On the other hand, Toby knew what Sonia's views were and her views made him feel more insecure than ever. As time went on, his insecurities turned him into an especially stubborn individual. In other words, Sonia felt like it was her fault that she couldn't provide him with the security that he wanted.

Despite this, Sonia also knew that she couldn't lie to herself. She didn't want to go against her own beliefs just to please him and she didn't want to lie and claim that they could be in love forever. She felt like that would be too pretentious of her. In the end, she ended up avoiding the man's gaze and dismissing his words. Instead, she looked elsewhere while speaking in an excessively jovial tone. "Alright, I got it! Let's continue walking now. We shouldn't stand here since there are people behind us." With that, Sonia started walking again.

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Toby knew Sonia was running away from the problem and that she didn't believe his promise. It was discouraging but he wasn't angry. He knew why she would think so. Time was a complex thing and feelings could change, but he would prove to her he was different. He would do everything he could to show her they would be together forever. If she doesn't believe that, I'll prove it to her. I made a promise and I'll keep it.

They stopped talking about that topic and entered the ballroom. Lights showered every inch of the floor and the guests were chatting happily as they drank but the moment the couple came in, everyone stopped talking. Silence swooped down on them as they watched the couple.

Sonia had taken off her jacket and handed it to a crew member. She would take it back once the event was over. Now she was only wearing her gown, and it was a gorgeous gown at that. It was the same brilliant crimson as Toby's necktie. Everyone knew what

that meant. This was a matching set of attire and they told everyone their relationship was going strong.

“That’s Miss Reed, isn’t it? The one who broke up with Mr. Fuller and got back together?”

Not everyone had seen Sonia before as she had spent almost six years at home and seldom went out. Not even her friends could see her, let alone these businesspeople and their kids. Even though she was now part of the business world, Paradigm Co. wasn’t big enough to propel her into high society. Most people had only heard of her but now, they finally saw her.

“Yes. I can see why Mr. Fuller wanted to get back with her. She’s beautiful. I’d do the same thing.

“So, why did they divorce in the first place anyway? Seems redundant to me.”

“Who knows? I heard he used to like the Gray girl, but he fell out of love with her and chose his ex instead. We’re nobodies, so it’s not like we’re privy to his love life.”

“True.”

“But they’re made for each other, though. At least their looks are perfect.”

Everyone was engaged in a quiet discussion, but most of them were from the older generation. Toby and Sonia’s peers were talking about something more in-depth. The guys were commenting on Sonia’s looks, while the girls... They were a bit more envious. They stared at Sonia, jealousy filling their eyes. It was enviable that she managed to make Toby fall for her.

Toby was the greatest man they could ever hope for. The kind of man they could never hope to reach. They wanted to date him, be his wife and the lady of the Fuller house. Alas, they knew Toby wouldn’t give them any attention or affection. Once upon a time, they tried confessing to him in hopes he would fall for them, but all failed.

To make things worse, he sent out warnings to their families and these ladies’ elders punished them for that. Even so, it didn’t stop the ladies from feeling even more affection for Toby. However, they wouldn’t approach him nor would they try to woo him. Their families might punish them once more.

Even so, they never hated him. He was too magnificent, too brilliant. Even if he were to destroy their family, they could still forgive him. After all, Toby Fuller was worth it. Even though their attempt at gaining his love failed, they were not discouraged. They could accept that and get along in peace if nobody could get him.

Eventually, an unwritten rule was made up. The ladies tacitly agreed to never try to woo him again. As long as he was single, he belonged to everyone but to their surprise, that agreement was broken one day. Toby announced his marriage and his bride was the young miss of a declining family. It was unacceptable to them.

They tried to warn that woman and tell her to leave Toby, thinking that she wasn't worthy of him. But before they could do that, their families warned them off again. They could only watch as the man of their dreams marry a damsel from a declining aristocratic family.

Fortunately, he had no love for that woman and he didn't even spend any time with her after they were married. Rumors had it she had it bad in the Fuller household. Things seemed to have turned for the better for them, but fate pulled a twist. A few years later, another woman showed up and she was the real threat, for this woman was the one Toby truly loved.

Sonia was incomparable to that woman but more surprisingly, that woman had been in a vegetative state for six years. She was Tina from the Gray household, but the ladies had never heard of her having any history with Toby. So why did she become his beloved all of a sudden?

They'd rather believe Sonia was the one Toby loved. At least she was married to him for six years, but Tina had nothing. She never even met Toby once in six years and she was unconscious for that whole time. Yet for some reason, she became his beloved the moment she woke up. It was preposterous but the truth was stranger than fiction.

Toby divorced Sonia just so he could marry Tina, and he even tried to get engaged to her. The ladies turned their fury onto Tina right at that moment and that fury of theirs grew, for Tina managed to make Toby truly fall for her, a feat Sonia failed.

But even more amusingly, the engagement never worked out. Every time they tried to go through with it, all kinds of unexpected events would throw a wrench in their plans. Eventually, the engagement was called off and Tina was sent to jail.

The twists came faster than the ladies could progress and then, something more shocking happened. Tina killed herself.

It was ironic. She spent six years in a coma only to end up killing herself two months after waking up. Not long after that, Toby fell in love with Sonia again and this time, he spared no expense in wooing her back. In the end, he succeeded.

In short, Toby went back and forth between Tina and Sonia. First, he liked Sonia, then Tina, and then back to Sonia again. The ladies had no idea how to comment on this affair. With Toby's ever-changing attitude to love, they lost all interest in marrying him.

Still, they had some affection for him. He was handsome. Not many women in their circle could refuse that. Just because they lost interest in marrying him didn't mean they wouldn't get angry about him dating any other woman. However, the most they would do was get jealous. It was not like they would harm that woman. After all, they didn't want to get kicked out of their families.

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These ladies might envy Sonia for being able to date Toby, but they weren't really going to do anything to her.

Sonia knew that as well and she decided to let things slide. Just a few jealous ladies. I'll let it slide as long as they keep their emotions in check and don't come after me. She knew how much of a ladies' man Toby was. Dating him meant receiving the envy of countless women. Besides, if they envy me, that means I'm good at what I do.

Naturally, Toby also noticed the looks those ladies were giving Sonia and he narrowed his eyes. "Time to have a chat with their fathers again."

Sonia held his arm. "It's fine. They're just jealous. Not like they did anything bad. If you threaten them, we'd be in the wrong."

"But they're looking at you wrong—"

She interrupted, "I know, but it doesn't matter. Just ignore them. You can teach them a lesson if they actually try to do anything bad."

If she insists. Toby could only shrug. "Come. I want to introduce you to some people. They're in similar industries as Paradigm Co., so knowing them will be good for you."

"Sure." Sonia smiled as she linked her arm with his.

Some people tried to make small talk with Toby, but he ignored them and took Sonia in a specific direction. He scanned the hall the moment he came in and he knew who was standing in which part of the hall. There was no need to even think before he took Sonia to meet up with her potential business partners. He knew where they were standing.

Perhaps it was Toby, or perhaps the people were friendly in the first place, but either way, Sonia got along well with the people Toby introduced. The tips they gave her would be handy someday. After the talk, she had gotten herself some cards. She even had a pleasant surprise—someone wanted to work with her.

One of the guys made a proposal once he knew Paradigm Co. would open up a factory. He would survey the place and sign a deal with her if the machines were up to par. That was a surprise for Sonia and one she never expected. She had only planned to get to know the event organizer's wife and get to him through her. Then, she would try to get a little counter at their mall.

It was why she came, the only reason she came. This potential deal came as a surprise. It might look like arrogance on her part when she said the deal would succeed even before the signing, but she had confidence in the Kosovo machines she ordered. They were state-of-the-art and were modified as well. If these machines were not up to par, she couldn't imagine anything else that could. I think this will work.

They bade goodbye to the gentlemen and came to the hall's rest area. A lot of people tried to make small talk with Toby, but they had no courage to do so. He looked aloof and would only stay with his wife.

Obviously, Toby wasn't here to talk business. Every time these people tried to go near him, they would get a look of warning from the man, telling them to back off. If they ignored that, they would be stupid. Hence, they had no choice but to stay back, but their eyes were always on him and Sonia.

And their lips twitched when they saw how nice he was to Sonia. They felt like screaming when they saw him filling up her glass, straightening out her dress, and making the couch pillows plumper.

It was unbelievable. This man was an apex predator in the business world. A man who commanded fear in everyone's heart and yet, he was so nice to his wife. Almost like a simp, even. This was eye-opening for the men.

However, the ladies—or to be precise, Toby's admirers—felt their envy roaring. Toby Fuller was the man of their dreams and they wanted him to be nice to them, not Sonia. How on earth did she get to date him?

The ladies' envy was almost palpable. At the same time, a pair of regular-looking ladies stood in a corner, stealing glances at Sonia as they muttered among themselves.

"I thought Miss Lore said President Fuller doesn't like Sonia. What's going on? Why is he so nice to her? This doesn't scream loveless to me."

"Beats me. Miss Lore might be lying."

"No way. Her grandfather is Mr. Fuller's mentor and she's his childhood friend. I don't think she would lie."

"Then tell me—are they in love or are they not?"

The two ladies fell silent at that.

A moment later, the lady who spoke first a moment ago said with uncertainty, "I think we should trust Miss Lore. She did say Mr. Fuller only got back with Sonia because she has dirt on him. Maybe he's nice to her because she's threatening her. We gotta help Miss Lore out and get Mr. Fuller back for her."

The other lady shivered. With terror in her voice, she muttered, "But if our guess is wrong... If Mr. Fuller does love her, you know what will happen to us."

Her friend paused for a moment. "I know, but we're Miss Lore's friends. We should trust her. She will defend us from Mr. Fuller's wrath even if we're wrong. She's his childhood friend, and the Lores and Fullers are good friends. My dad said there's been some misunderstanding between them lately, but they might patch things up, and I think that's very possible. Miss Lore did say Mr. Fuller is just mad at them because they didn't consult him before they made that move. As long as they apologize, he'll let it slide. I bet Mr. Fuller will not come for us for Miss Lore's sake."

"True. We are her friends and we should help her. Once Miss Lore is here, we'll talk to her. We're going to make sure Sonia pays the price. How dare she threaten Mr. Fuller? Maybe Mr. Fuller will reward us if we take back the dirt on him and teach Sonia a lesson."

"Ooh, that's possible."

The naïve ladies nodded in excitement as they came up with a plan to humiliate Sonia.

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Of course, Sonia had no idea someone was plotting against her. Presently, she and Toby were sitting on a couch in the rest area. She placed her wine on the table and bent over to massage her calves.

Toby noticed that and he stopped drinking. "What's wrong?" he asked gently.

"My calves are sore, and my feet are killing me. These heels are so hard to control." Sonia frowned. If they weren't at an event, she would have taken the heels off and massaged her feet. Ugh, I'm dying here!

Toby looked at her heels. "It's not too tall but the heel is a bit too far in. I can see why it strains the feet."

Sonia nodded. "Yeah. This brand's heels aren't designed to be worn easily, but women love them. You know why?"

Toby arched an eyebrow and answered, "Because they look pretty?"

That got him a look of approval. "Good guess."

He smiled in response. "Your shoes are practically shining. Unless the person has a peculiar taste, nobody's going to say it's not nice."

"Yep. The heels they produce are incredibly beautiful. Incredibly uncomfortable to wear, but women love them all the same. Beauty is king, and this shows off our legs better. But our calves get sore easily and it kills our feet." Which makes them perfect for photos but not everyday use. Unless you want to kill your own feet.

At that point, Toby noticed the little swelling on Sonia's ankle. It's not just uncomfortable. It's abrasive. Her feet are already getting red. At this rate, it's gonna peel her skin off. "Let me take a look." He bent over and tried to pull her foot up for a closer look.

Sonia noticed what he was trying to do, which caused her eyes to widen. Immediately, she held his arm and stopped him. "Please don't. There are people around here. You doing this is going to look really bad on us."

"So?" Toby pursed his lips. "Ignore them. Your health comes first."

"I know, but at least show some respect to the organizers. If we do this in the hall, it'd upset them. They won't say it but that's what they'll think. Stop it. I can handle this." She shook her head.

She has a point. Toby sighed. "Fine. We'll go to the waiting room. I'll get someone to provide you with some slippers and you can change into those."

Sonia chuckled at that. "Nobody attends an event in slippers. It'd be like you attending an award ceremony in a onesie. It'd look funny."

"What about your feet? We'll be here for a while." Toby frowned as he thought, At this rate, her feet are going to buckle.

She looked at her heels and sighed. "It's alright. I'll just sit right here and wait for the organizers. Once they show up, I'll talk to them. That should work."

"No, it won't. We're going to the waiting room and Tom will get you a pair of shoes. Comfortable ones." Toby got up and held Sonia's wrist with one hand while the other held her lower back. Then he picked her up and went to the waiting room.

Everyone noticed where they were going before exchanging knowing looks with each other.

“Hey, look. Mr. Fuller is going to the waiting room.”

“Well, he is young. He has needs. I can see why.”

“Didn’t think he’s a perv like us. And here I thought he’s not interested in the birds and the bees.”

“Ha! As if. If he’s not interested in sex, he wouldn’t have gotten himself a wife.”

“You have a point.”

Everyone got bolder with their jokes now that Toby wasn’t around. In his absence, everyone felt more relaxed joking about him, but they didn’t go too far with their jokes. There wasn’t even an ounce of malice in their humor. It was only well-meaning jokes.

But the two ladies in the corner gnashed their teeth.

“Darn that Sonia! I can’t believe she’d make Mr. Fuller do that with her in the waiting room. And at an event too. What a harlot!”

“Yeah! I bet he’s forced to do this. He should know it’s rude to do... to do that at an event. It’s disrespectful to the host and yet, he still did it. I bet Sonia made him do this. That woman is trying to tell everyone she has him under control and that she can get him to do anything. Poor Mr. Fuller.”

“Yeah. I can’t believe he’d lose to a harlot like her. I knew Miss Lore was right about everything. He got back together with Sonia not because of love, but because she forced him to.”

“Yes. Call Miss Lore right now and see if she’s coming. They’re going to do some hanky panky now. She needs to be here right now and stop them. Why is she not here yet?”

“I’ll call right now.”

The girls quickly called Lynette.

On the other end, Lynette was on her way to the banquet. The moment her phone rang, she knew it was probably from her lackeys and she whipped her phone out. Called it. Before she left home, she told the girls to keep an eye on the event and call her the moment Sonia and Toby made their appearance.

She also told them to tell her everything Toby and Sonia did at the event. These lackeys were her sycophants, and she had no doubt they would perform their job well. It hadn’t

been too long since she told them what to do, and already they told her Toby and Sonia had made their appearance.

As such, Lynette urged her grandfather to quickly make their way to the hotel, but the residence was miles away from the venue and traffic was congested. It was almost 9.00PM but they were not even close to the venue. Furious, Lynette felt like telling the driver to crash into the cars before them just so she could get to the banquet sooner, but doing that would be a crime, so she held back her urge to kill everyone on the road. Yet, the wait was frustrating and her patience was wearing thin.

Before they could even get ahead, her lackeys were already calling her. They were supposed to text me, so why are they calling? Dammit! Something big must have happened. Don't tell me Toby and Sonia are going at it. Panicked, Lynette took the call. "What is it?"

"Where are you, Miss Lore?" the girls asked.

Lynette looked outside the window with rage in her eyes. "Still some distance away. What happened?"

"You have to come here quickly, Miss Lore. That harlot made Mr. Fuller have s... se..." They couldn't even finish the sentence.

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Lynette was a grown woman now. Her lackeys might not have finished the sentence, but she could guess what they were getting at, and her heart sank, fury filling her eyes. "What happened? Talk!" She raised her voice impatiently.

She's mad. The girls shivered and quickly answered, "That harlot made Mr. Fuller do some hanky panky during the ball. They're in the waiting room now."

"What?" Lynette froze, her voice turning into a shriek, and she held her phone with enough force to crush it at any moment. "S-She's doing that with Toby...a-at the banquet?" Her whole body shivered, and her eyes turned bloodshot with rage.

Harry noticed his granddaughter's rage the moment he awoke from his nap. The old man turned around only to be met with a girl who was on the edge of insanity. "What's wrong, Lynette?"

"Grandpa!" Lynette looked at her grandfather. There was hate in her eyes, pure, utter loathing for Sonia. "That harlot is going at it with Toby in the waiting room. They... They..." Tears of anger streamed down her cheeks.

A shocked Harry questioned, "What?! That is impossible, Lynette. He's not that kind of person. That's rude and disrespectful to the host. He knows that. He won't do this."

"I'm not lying, Grandpa. My friends saw them. They're at the ball right now, and they said Toby and Sonia went to the waiting room. What else would they do but that?" Lynette balled her fists. If looks could kill, someone would be dead right now, definitely Sonia.

Lynette's lackeys hastily chimed in, "Yeah, we saw it with our own eyes. That's what they're doing right now."

Due to their anxious tone, Harry was forced to believe them. He smacked his leg in anger. "How could he do this? Yes, he's powerful enough that no one would talk about it, but everyone's going to think he's a pervert behind his back!"

Lynette bit her lip, hissing, "He knows that, but this isn't what he wanted. I bet Sonia forced him into this. She has dirt on him, so he has to do whatever she says!"

That's a good point. "That woman is eviler than we thought if that was true. Sonia wishes for Toby's destruction."

She looked at her grandfather with tears and determination in her eyes. "We need to stop them, Grandpa."

He nodded pensively. "That we should. We can't allow her to destroy Toby like this, but we're still a distance away from the ball. How can we do that?"

"I have an idea." Lynette looked at her phone. "Girls, try to interrupt them."

The girls looked at each other in bafflement. "How?"

Lynette narrowed her eyes at their lack of initiative. "Be creative. Just interrupt them. Don't worry. He's being threatened. He doesn't love her. There's no way he would do that with her. It will be a good thing for him if you succeed. Perhaps he might be thankful for your help."

"Really?" The girls perked up, their eyes shining.

A devilish smile curled Lynette's lips as she drove the knife in by goading, "Yep. Your families are trying to marry you off to guys you don't like to save their skins, aren't they? But, if you help Toby out, he might work with your family out of gratitude, and your

families won't force you to marry the guys you don't want anymore. Since you would have saved your families by that point, after all."

The girls nodded in excitement. "That's true! Thanks, Miss Lore. You're so thoughtful. We're going to ruin her plan, don't you worry."

"Thanks. Go now." Lynette's smile broadened.

The girls agreed profusely and hung up.

Harry heard everything. Nevertheless, once Lynette placed her phone down, he noticed the smug look in her eyes and asked worriedly, "Are you sure this will work?"

Lynette tucked her phone away and smiled at him. "Why not? One can ruin anything. After all, where there's a will, there's a way."

"You have a point." Harry thought that was solid reasoning.

Lynette added, "Besides, I can rest easy since they'll be taking the brunt of the fire. I no longer have to worry about Toby and Sonia going at it. Even if their plan fails and Toby gets mad, I can just shift all the blame to them and stay out of the mess. Scapegoats, so to speak."

Oh. That's a fantastic plan. Harry pinched his beard and laughed. "Not bad. That's a sound plan. I expected nothing less from you. You're a lot smarter than your brothers." And that's why she's my favorite grandchild.

She smiled triumphantly.

At the same time, Toby had taken Sonia into the waiting room. He closed the door and headed for the bed with Sonia in his arms. She was surprised that he picked her up without saying anything, so she gasped and wrapped her arms around his neck. A smile painted his lips, and he tossed her into the air. That made her gasp once more, and she hugged his neck tighter. His reaction caused him to chuckle in delight.

Oh, so that's how it is. She shot him a look. "Are you trying to prank me?" Dammit. I can't believe he did that. That was so childish.

He placed her on the bed and crouched down. "I was just trying to cheer you up. It wasn't a prank."

Sonia rolled her eyes. "As if. Do I look happy? You're the only one looking happy. You even laughed at me."

He held up her foot and placed it on his lap. Then, he carefully took her heels off and checked her for any injuries. There were red circles on her heel and ankle, and a frown immediately creased his forehead.

He touched the red prints, which caused her to inhale sharply in pain. She immediately tried to tug her foot back, but he firmly held it by the ankle and placed it on his lap again. Then he looked at her. "Did it hurt?"

Sonia was almost crying in pain. So, she answered candidly, "A bit."

Toby pursed his lips. And that's not even a full scrape. It didn't even draw any blood yet, and she was already gasping in pain. It would hurt like hell if her skin got scraped off. It's a good thing her wounds aren't so serious.

Even so, he still felt for her. He loved her and would never want to see her get hurt. Although it was just a little scrape, that minor wound still made his heart ache. He looked at her injury and held her foot. Finally, he bent down and kissed the back of it.

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1250

Toby's actions caused Sonia to freeze. She stared at Toby in disbelief as he was still kissing her feet. She snapped out of it a long time later and nearly screamed, "Toby!"

She tried to pull her foot away, but he held it tightly, stopping her. His hand felt warm, warm enough to make her foot feel tingly. But no matter how warm his hand was or how tingly her foot felt, it still couldn't compare to the shock she felt when he kissed her feet. Not only her foot felt tingly, but her whole body also shivered like an electric current just coursed through her.

"What's wrong?" He tickled her soles and looked at her.

It tickles. She chuckled and succeeded in pulling her foot away this time, tucking it under her thigh. "Why did you tickle me?"

He stood up and admitted he just wanted to tickle her. "Just thought your foot was really soft, so..."

She harrumphed. "Why did you kiss my foot? Don't you think it's dirty?" She asked awkwardly and sheepishly.

Toby sat beside her. "I just wanted to see if that could help with your injury. I don't think it's dirty."

"Why not?" Sonia turned around to face him. "Lots of people think feet are dirty. They won't even touch them, let alone kiss them. What you did was unbelievable."

She wasn't pulling that out of her *ss. Most people thought feet were dirty. Feet would get sweaty easily, and some of them would really smell. That didn't apply to her, but she still thought, What if? It would be the most awkward thing of the century if her foot did smell when he kissed her. Frankly, she could never kiss his feet if she was in his shoes.

Toby knew what she was thinking, and he chuckled. "You don't smell at all. I would never think that as long as it's you. Don't overthink this." He flicked her forehead.

She immediately covered it. "Don't do that next time. If my feet smell, or if it gets dirty, the embarrassment will kill me."

Toby's smile widened at her bashful expression. He was about to say something, but someone knocked on the door. "It's probably Tom. I'll take a look." He stood up, swallowing what he wanted to say earlier.

"Okay." She waved him away. "Go do your thing."

Toby smiled and went to take the door. As expected, the first thing he saw was Tom.

Tom handed two bags to him. "Sir. This is what you wanted."

"Thanks." He took it from Tom.

D-Did he just say thanks? Tom's voice almost broke as he said, "No problem, sir." Gods, he has changed. First, he actually started caring for me and said I didn't have to stay up all night to wait for him, and now he's saying thank you. Bless you, Miss Reed. Bless you. You turned Mr. Fuller into a compassionate man. You're my goddess, Miss Reed. Tom kept praising Sonia in silence, but he remained calm on the outside. He knew that Toby would punish him if he caught wind of his thoughts.

Toby thought Tom's behavior was a little disgusting, without knowing what he was thinking. "Alright, go back to work." He chased Tom off impatiently. Man, he's so sentimental. Toby closed the door and returned to the bed with the bags in hand.

Sonia looked at him and curiously asked, "What did you say to Tom? I thought he was going to cry." The conversation was barely audible to her, but she still noticed the sob in Tom's voice. I hope he wasn't scolding him. Was he scolding him? That would explain the voice. It's possible. Toby can be really strict and stern.

Toby noticed the pensive look in her eyes and pinched her cheeks. "What are you thinking about this time?"

Sonia smacked his hands away and complained, "Hey, you haven't even washed your hands. Don't touch my face. You just touched my feet. Gross."

He teased in amusement, "Gross? I touched your foot. I don't think it's gross, so why do you?"

Sonia rolled her eyes at him. "I know it's my foot, but not even I would touch my face after I touched it."

"Fine, you win. Now don't move. I'm going to deal with your injury." He held her foot again and placed it on his lap. Then, he opened a bag and whipped out some Q-tips, Band-Aids, and disinfectant.

He dipped a Q-tip in the disinfectant to clean her wound, then dipped another Q-tip in a bottle of an anti-inflammatory drug to prevent her injury from becoming inflamed. Then, he tore open a few Band-Aids to cover her ankle. Finally, he switched to another foot of hers and did the same thing.

Once he was all done, he opened the bigger bag and whipped out a beautiful shoe box. He unboxed it, revealing a pair of heels equally stunning as the one Sonia had worn earlier.

The heels were silvery white and embedded with crystals and diamond shards. They looked as exquisite as the one she had worn earlier, but they were different in height. The other was a stiletto, while this only had two inches of heel. Plus, the heel looked soft, unlike the one she had worn. These heels wouldn't scrape her skin off, and they were comfortable. Besides, it wouldn't hinder her walking at two inches, nor would her legs hurt if she was on her feet for a long time.

It was apparent Toby told Tom to buy these after considering her current situation. But these heels were not suitable for banquets. Banquet heels were mostly stilettos since they could pair nicely with gowns. Two-inch heels couldn't complement some dresses well, exceptionally long gowns. She would not be able to wear her long gown with these heels.

They were comfortable and beautiful, but they were not suitable. The only occasion she could wear them on were weddings. Suddenly, it hit her that these were bridal shoes. Bridal shoes mostly had two- to three-inch heels and were shiny, just like the pair Toby was holding. These are bridal shoes.

Did he ask Tom to buy a pair of bridal shoes? Did he know what he was doing? Or was it a coincidence? Toby was wearing the shoes over her feet, and she stared at him suspiciously.

Toby noticed she was looking at him, and he raised his head. "What's wrong?"

Sonia smiled at him and shook her head. "Nothing."