

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1371

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1371

Sonia inhaled a deep breath and said, "It's about you and Daphne."

When she said that, Charles was shocked as his pupils contracted. About Daphne and me? What is she implying? Does she know?

His hand involuntarily tightened around his teacup.

Having noticed his actions, she sighed. "Charles, you're nervous."

He pursed his lips and kept quiet.

Then, she added, "You're nervous because you think I know something, right?"

He immediately raised his head to look at her, revealing his shocked eyes.

"It seems like I'm right." Sonia smiled faintly. "We grew up together. Not only do you know me well, but I also know you. That is why I can guess what you're thinking by looking at your eyes, expression, and actions. You can easily guess mine as well because we know each other best."

After being silent for a moment, Charles finally spoke, "So? What do you want to say about me and Daphne?"

She took another sip of her tea. "Since things have come to this, I won't hide it from you anymore. Charles, I know everything that has happened between you and Daphne."

"What?" He turned ashen. "You knew?"

"That's right." She nodded.

"Did she tell you that?" He looked grim, and his voice sounded a little angry.

Sonia quickly denied it by shaking her head and explaining, "Of course not. How could you think of her like that? Daphne never told me anything that happened between you two, so you can't put all the blame on her without having any substantial evidence. That's not fair to her. I found out about it because you both were acting strangely."

Hearing that, Charles kept quiet and looked at her. His eyes conveyed that he wanted her to continue.

While rubbing her temples, she resumed. "You and Daphne are former classmates, and she's been your head secretary many years after graduating, so the two of you have a good relationship. You're her superior, and she's your subordinate, but you're also friends. Even if you didn't develop feelings for each other, you would've built a strong bond after interacting for many years. Knowing your character, I know you wouldn't develop hatred and displeasure toward Daphne without reason unless something unacceptable had happened between you two."

"What happened next?"

"Your relationship with Daphne deteriorated too quickly. You guys were acting normally the day before, but your attention changed drastically the next day. Not only was Daphne affected, but I was also shocked at your sudden dislike for her. I noticed she was constantly in a daze and wasn't performing well during that period. The two of you were obvious, so I was curious about what happened. I asked you and Daphne about it, but..."

Sonia inhaled a deep breath and said, "It's about you and Daphne."

When she said that, Charles was shocked as his pupils contracted. About Daphne and Ma? What is she implying? Does she know?

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She paused before continuing, "But the two of you wouldn't tell me what happened. I think of you two as my friends, so how could I not worry when both of you act so strangely? From then on, I told myself I have to pay attention to what's happening between you two, but even after two months of observation, I still couldn't figure out what happened."

When Sonia said that, she laughed bitterly. "No matter how many times I asked, none of you would tell me anything. You'd clearly show your disdain for her, and she would be disheartened. That made me even more worried, so I secretly investigated what had happened. Before I found someone, I discovered Daphne was pregnant. During the first two to three months of a woman's pregnancy, she would experience morning sickness, and that was how I got suspicious and confronted her about it. She knew she couldn't keep this secret from me any longer and told me everything."

Then, a sarcastic smile appeared on Charles' face. "So, she still told you everything in the end. What does she want? Is she trying to get your sympathy so that you would make me forgive her?"

She frowned. "Charles, how can you think of her that way, painting her in such malicious light? Daphne had never asked me to do anything for her, and she only told me what happened because I found out about her pregnancy. So, she was forced to tell me because I found out and not because she wanted to. Also, making you forgive her? She never did that. If she did, I wouldn't have waited till this second to talk with you about it."

Aware he was being unreasonable, he did not rebuke when Sonia reprimanded him.

She sipped her tea and calmed down before continuing, "Daphne told me everything, and that's how I knew. Come to think of it—I had something to do with this. You confessed your feelings to me that day, but I rejected you, so you left in disappointment. We grew up together, and I think of you as my older brother. I was worried you might do something stupid when I saw you leaving, but it's inappropriate for me to chase after you because it'd seem like I was playing with your feelings. That's why I had Daphne find you so that you wouldn't do anything to harm yourself. She's been your friend for many years, so I felt assured with her looking after you."

"But that woman betrayed your trust and got into my bed," he said while clenching his fists.

Shaking her head resignedly, Sonia argued, "Charles, though Daphne was wrong and got in your bed sober, could you say the same for yourself? That you weren't completely innocent?"

Hearing that, he was stunned. He wanted to say he did nothing wrong but inexplicably found himself speechless.

She noticed his behavior and smiled faintly. "See, you don't even believe you were innocent. You know, according to research, you can't do anything when you're truly drunk. If you did the deed with Daphne, it meant you were either somewhat sober or still conscious of your actions and who you were with. But what did you do? You didn't push her away, right? You and Daphne did it willingly, so why are you putting all the blame solely on her when you were responsible too?"

"I..." His lips quivered at the urge to rebuke, but he did not know where to start.

The tea was no longer warm, so Sonia poured him some fresh one while reasoning, "Daphne loves you, so she didn't reject you when you pulled her back. Meanwhile, you could've pushed her away after recognizing her, but you didn't. What happened didn't simply come from consent but also from your mutual feelings toward each other. You like her! Otherwise, you wouldn't have slept with her. After that incident, you blame her for everything and think she got in your bed that night. Well, the truth is, you're too much of a coward to accept the reality."

"I am not." As if stimulated by something, Charles peeled and sprang to his feet, denying.

She calmly sat in her chair and looked up at him. "You are. You can't accept the fact that you slept with another woman after confessing to me. You think by doing that, you've betrayed me and your feelings. You refuse to admit you did something wrong, so you push all the blame onto another woman, thinking that she seduced you and lured you into doing something 'wrong'. That's why you hate and feel disgusted by her."

"That's not true. It's not like that!" he screamed, shaking his head repulsively.

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I'm not a coward. I'm just... Just...

Charles was bewildered and could not find the words to continue that thought.

Seeing that he was in denial, Sonia stood up as well. "Charles, calm down. I know I went a little overboard with my words, but I had to. Or else, you might never know what you did wrong and continue victimizing yourself. Both of you are equally responsible for this. It's not fair for Daphne to get blamed for everything. Frankly, you should blame me for this because it was me who asked her to find you. To tell you the truth, I regretted it."

She closed her eyes and spoke solemnly, "If I hadn't requested her to do so, that night might not have happened, and you wouldn't have blamed her for everything; she wouldn't have gotten pregnant and become so miserable. I think that was certainly it, which was why I kept blaming myself. Even if Daphne doesn't blame me for this, I still feel bad for her. I had thought about coming to talk to you, but she stopped me. I didn't want to see her any sadder, so I held back my urge to find you."

"Why are you telling me this now?" His eyes were red, and his voice sounded raspy.

She bit her lip and explained, "My initial idea was not to tell you these, but now, I've run out of options. I feel heartbroken for Daphne, and I'm worried about her. She's been constantly afraid since she got pregnant and doesn't know what to do. She even talked about wanting to abort the child. I have to emphasize that she has never thought about using the child to force you into anything. What she had been planning was giving up the baby and moving on with her life. Once the baby is out of the picture, maybe you won't have anything linking you two together anymore. She had made up her mind, but you..."

While staring at him, she continued, "You ruined her plan. To tell you the truth, I can't seem to figure out why you did that. You hated Daphne so much and condemned her for everything, and she was willing to take the blame as you wished. She wanted to start over and cut all ties with you, so why did you stop her when she finally decided to go to the hospital? Isn't taking away the baby out of the equation something you wanted?"

That question rendered Charles speechless. He knew the right thing was for Daphne to abort their child, yet for some reason, his initial thoughts did not align with his first reaction upon hearing the news. Instead... I was furious. I was furious that she decided to go through with the abortion without my knowledge!

I'm not a coward. I'm just... Just...

Charlas was bawildarad and could not find tha words to continua that thought.

Saaing that ha was in danial, Sonia stood up as wall. “Charlas, calm down. I know I want a littla ovarboard with my words, but I had to. Or alsa, you might navar know what you did wrong and continua victimizing yoursalf. Both of you ara aqually rasponsibla for this. It’s not fair for Daphna to gat blamad for avarything. Frankly, you should blama ma for this bacausa it was ma who askad har to find you. To tall you tha truth, I ragrattad it.”

Sha closad har ayas and spoka solamnly, “If I hadn’t raquastad har to do so, that night might not hava happenad, and you wouldn’t hava blamad har for avarything; sha wouldn’t hava gottan pragnant and bacoma so misarabla. I think that was cartainly it, which was why I kapt blaming mysalf. Evan if Daphna doasn’t blama ma for this, I still faal bad for har. I had thought about coming to talk to you, but sha stoppad ma. I didn’t want to saa har any saddar, so I hald back my urga to find you.”

“Why ara you talling ma this now?” His ayas wara rad, and his voica soundad raspy.

Sha bit har lip and axplainad, “My initial idaa was not to tall you thasa, but now, I’ve run out of options. I faal haartbrokan for Daphna, and I’m worriad about har. Sha’s baan constantly afraid sinca sha got pragnant and doasn’t know what to do. Sha avan talkad about wanting to abort tha child. I hava to amphasiza that sha has navar thought about using tha child to forca you into anything. What sha had baan planning was giving up tha baby and moving on with har lifa. Onca tha baby is out of tha pictura, mayba you won’t hava anything linking you two togathar anymora. Sha had mada up har mind, but you...”

Whila staring at him, sha continuad, “You ruinad har plan. To tall you tha truth, I can’t saam to figura out why you did that. You hatad Daphna so much and condemnad har for avarything, and sha was willing to taka tha blama as you wishad. Sha wantad to start ovar and cut all tias with you, so why did you stop har whan sha finally dadidad to go to tha hospital? Isn’t taking away tha baby out of tha aquation somathing you wantad?”

That quastion randarad Charlas spaachlass. Ha know tha right thing was for Daphna to abort thair child, yat for soma raason, his initial thoughts did not align with his first raaction upon haaring tha naws. Instaad... I was furious. I was furious that sha dadidad to go through with tha abortion without my knowladga!

To him, it was an insult.

As he was enraged, he ran to the hospital on an impulse to stop her. Then, he arranged for her to stay in a villa he owned that no one knew about and ordered her to give birth to the baby.

In all honesty, he still could not understand why he did that.

Seeing that Charles was silent, Sonia piped up, "At the beginning, I didn't understand why you did that, but then, Toby enlightened me. I finally figured out why you didn't resist Daphne when you weren't fully drunk and why you hated her but still hindered her plan to cut ties with you. That's all because you already have her in your heart. You've fallen in love with her but couldn't realize your feelings because of my presence. You believe you're still in love with me, so you can't accept yourself having a relationship with Daphne. You stopped her from giving up the baby because you have feelings for her."

"That's not true." He could not accept what she was saying and kept shaking his head. "It's not like that. I couldn't have fallen in love with Daphne. I don't love her!"

"How do you explain your actions if you don't?" She stopped before him and raised her head to stare at him.

His quivering lips did not help with his case. She's right. Why did I do all of that?

For a moment, he hesitantly believed what Sonia said was true. Realizing the situation, he could not accept that fact and broke down, squatting on the ground.

Heartbroken at the sight, Sonia walked over to him and placed her hand on his shoulder while comforting him gently. "Charles, I'm telling you these not to break you but for you to accept your feelings. Of course, I know no one can bear loving someone for more than a decade and not realize they had suddenly fallen in love with someone else. But, Charles, no matter whom you love, it's more important that you follow your heart. You've loved me, and now you love Daphne. You can openly accept your feelings and start treating her with love from now on."

Charles' gaze remained blank.

She sighed again. "I know you need time to accept that, and I didn't intend to expose your feelings. But not only did you lock Daphne up in your villa, but you also made her announce that she had left to further her study abroad and keep this a secret from her mom. I'm afraid you might do something wrong and hurt Daphne. By then, it would be too late for you to regret your actions. This is why I decided to tell you this. I want you to realize your feelings because I don't want you to regret them in the future."

"Why would I regret anything?" He raised his head, revealing his wickedly cold smile.

She looked at his countenance and furrowed her beautiful eyebrows. "Why wouldn't you? You love her, but you can't accept your feelings. That's why you're doing these to hurt her, but if you come to realize your true feelings for her and what you did to her, you will regret your actions. I'm telling you this because I want to stop you from doing anything wrong. I don't want you to regret only when it's all too late."

No, that will never happen! While gritting his teeth, Charles looked at her with determination. He was certain he would never feel any regret.

At the sight of the stubborn man, Sonia could not help but shake her head. "There are times when accepting the truth can make you live a more relieved and happier life, but I know you're stubborn. You insist you haven't fallen in love with her and wouldn't regret your actions. I can't stop you from thinking that way because it's all on you. Still, I need to warn you. Since you've decided to let Daphne give birth, you'd better not do anything to her or the child during this period. Even if you hurt her feelings, you still have a chance to make up for it. Or else, you won't even have the slightest chance to make up for anything. So, Charles, think about it."

After saying that, she rose to her feet and exited the room. I've said what I can. I can't do anything else, seeing that he's unwilling to be true to his feelings and has no remorse for his actions. Perhaps my absence will do good to him.

Still, Sonia was confident that her words would encourage Charles to look within and alter his attitude toward Daphne. As time went by with improvement, perhaps he would consider a relationship with her too.

That was why she did not ask him to release Daphne. Unworried, she knew Daphne would no longer be in danger now that he had been given a reality slap.

All there was left was to let him think things through. It could only go both ways from now on—releasing Daphne or further punishing her, even if she begged him for freedom. At the end of the day, the outcome depended on his enlightenment.

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Sometimes, words could only do so much. Instead of bombarding a situation with advice, it might be better to take a step back and allow the situation to resolve itself. Otherwise, the results might be catastrophic. After all, human beings were hot-headed. It would be terrible if things translated into irrationality and impulsive mistakes.

Rather than that happening, one should know when to stop at the right time and allow solitude to do its wonder to the human brain—self-reflection.

While thinking of that, Sonia came out of the conservatory and stopped. Then, she looked back at Charles, who was still squatting there, and let out a slight sigh before leaving.

When she returned to the villa, Grace happened to come down the stairs and saw her. She asked, "Sonny, why are you alone? Where's Charles?"

"He's still at the conservatory. We talked about something, but he seems to be stuck in his ways, so I left him there to think about it alone," Sonia replied with a smile.

Grace nodded. "I see. What were you guys talking about?"

"Mrs. Lane, my apologies, but I can't tell you yet because it depends on his situation. If he can think things through, perhaps he might tell you everything, but if he can't, I'll come clean to you before he makes any mistakes. Please bear with me, Mrs. Lane." Sonia bowed guiltily.

While waving her hand, Grace said, "If that's how it is, I won't ask anymore, and you don't have to be so formal with me. Wait—you said Charles might make mistakes. Does it involve any illegal acts?" She was nervous.

Sonia shook her head and assured her. "I don't think so. He's not the kind of person who acts irrationally."

Moreover, Charles' actions were not considered illegal confinement. After all, if Daphne could leave, it also meant she could call the police, which she did not. Therefore, she was willingly staying inside that villa.

Since both consented to the matter, it could not be considered a crime. Thus, what she meant by Charles' mistakes was on an emotional level and not legally speaking.

After listening to her explanation, Grace felt relieved and patted her chest. "That's good. As long as that brat doesn't commit a crime, he can do whatever he wants." She waved her hand, not minding the matter.

Seeing that Grace did not ask prod further, Sonia also felt relieved. She then grabbed her bag and bid goodbye to Grace. "Mrs. Lane, it's getting late. I need to head home now."

"You're leaving already?" Grace seemed a little reluctant. "It's still early. How about staying a while longer and heading home after dinner?"

Somatimas, words could only do so much. Instaad of bombarding a situation with advica, it might ba battar to taka a stap back and allow tha situation to rasolva itsalf. Otharwisa, tha rasults might ba catastrophie. Aftar all, human baings wara hot-haadad. It would ba tarribla if things translatad into irrationality and impulsiva mistakas.

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Whila thinking of that, Sonia cama out of tha consarvatory and stoppad. Than, sha lookad back at Charlas, who was still squatting thara, and lat out a slight sigh bafora laaving.

Whan sha raturad to tha villa, Graca happenad to coma down tha stairs and saw har. Sha askad, "Sonny, why ara you alona? Whara's Charlas?"

"Ha's still at tha consarvatory. Wa talkad about somathing, but ha saams to ba stuck in his ways, so I laft him thara to think about it alona," Sonia rapliad with a smila.

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"You're leaving already?" Grace seemed a little reluctant. "It's still early. How about staying a while longer and having dinner?"

"No thanks, Mrs. Lane." Sonia shook her head to refuse Grace's offer and insisted on leaving. "Toby is still at the hospital waiting for me. You know him. He doesn't like strangers around him, so we didn't hire a caretaker. I've been taking care of him all this while and feel a little worried about him after leaving him alone the entire morning, so I need to head back and check on him."

"I see." At the mention of Toby, Grace could not do anything but let her leave.

"Well, I won't keep you here. Bring Toby over after he recovers. My husband enjoys talking with him." Grace smiled and suggested.

Sonia hummed in response. "I will."

"Sounds like a plan. Hold on! I'll get the kitchen staff to pack up the food I prepared for Toby." With that, she headed inside the kitchen.

Sonia did not mind waiting and sat back down on the couch.

After about ten minutes, Grace returned with the well-packed food and gave the bag to Sonia while not forgetting to remind her not to spill them.

Sonia patiently promised that she would be careful. Then, she was sent out by Grace and got in her car to leave.

It was already past 1.00PM when she returned to the hospital.

Toby had been awake for a while and was leaning against the bed while reading a book.

The moment she opened the door and entered the room, he looked up from the sound, and joy appeared on his handsome face. "You're back."

"Yes, I am." She smiled and put down her bag before approaching him. "When did you wake up?"

"Half an hour ago." He closed his book.

She was surprised. "So soon? That means you haven't been sleeping for long."

"How can I sleep when you're not here?" He shook his head lightly.

Smiling resignedly, Sonia teased, "So, you really can't survive without me, can you? What if I have to go to work? Will you stay up the whole day?"

"No, I won't." Toby looked at her and answered firmly, "I know you'll be worried if I don't sleep, so I'll force myself to rest."

"That sounds more like it." After listening to his answer, she felt satisfied. Then, she brought over the bag and placed it by the bed. "Have you eaten?"

"Nope." While pointing at the food on the small table nearby, he explained, "Tom brought some food from the hotel, but I didn't have an appetite, so I left it there."

"I knew it." She sighed. This guy can't accept having anyone else take care of his meals, so he'd rather not eat and reject anyone's care.

That was why she returned at this time because she needed to help this young master, who did not like anyone near him, diligently have his meal. Otherwise, she would have enjoyed staying at the Lene Residence and accompanying Grace for the women's talk, but she had to rush back here for him.

"Mrs. Lene told me to bring you some food. She said you ate a lot of these when you visited last time and thought you might like them." While Sonie explained, she opened the bag and took out the food containers that still felt warm.

Toby glanced at them and said, "Please thank Mrs. Lene for this."

"Don't worry. I thanked her already. Here, eat your food." She gave him a spoon.

He received it and finally began indulging in them.

While seated beside him, Sonie stared at the man with affection. A while later, she suddenly realized something and began observing his face with narrowed eyes.

Toby felt uneasy being stared at and stopped eating before looking at her with a puzzled face. "What's the matter?"

"Darling, I think you might've gotten chubbier." She leaned in and took a closer look. "Yes, you have indeed gained weight."

Although it was not obvious, she could still tell after taking a closer look.

When he heard that, he chuckled. "Yes, I did gain some weight."

How could he not know the changes in his body? Surely, he knew he had gained weight.

"It's normal. I can't exercise and have been taking a lot of drugs that contain hormones, so this is inevitable. Also, it's already a blessing that I didn't grow out of shape." He readily accepted the truth that he had gained weight.

After all, this was not his first.

When he went through his first heart surgery, he gained twenty pounds. It was until he was fully healed that he had the time to reduce his weight.

"So, you did realize that. Isn't it bad?" Sonie was no longer worried, seeing he was aware of his body changes.

He continued eating while explaining, "It's not the worst thing to happen since I can easily lose them. How about you? Do you think I'm not as hot after gaining weight?"

In reality, worrying about weight gain and appearance was not only a problem for women, for men had the same worries as well, especially taken men. That was because they feared their partners might dislike them!

That was why she returned at this time because she needed to help this young master, who did not like anyone near him, diligently have his meal. Otherwise, she would have enjoyed staying at the Lane Residence and accompanying Grace for a women's talk, but she had to rush back here for him.

"Mrs. Lane told me to bring you some food. She said you ate a lot of these when you visited last time and thought you might like them." While Sonia explained, she opened the bag and took out the food containers that still felt warm.

Toby glanced at them and said, "Please thank Mrs. Lane for this."

"Don't worry. I thanked her already. Here, eat your food." She gave him a spoon.

He received it and finally began indulging in them.

While seated beside him, Sonia stared at the man with affection. A while later, she suddenly realized something and began observing his face with narrowed eyes.

Toby felt uneasy being stared at and stopped eating before looking at her with a puzzled face. "What's the matter?"

"Darling, I think you might've gotten chubbier." She leaned in and took a closer look. "Yes, you have indeed gained weight."

Although it was not obvious, she could still tell after taking a closer look.

When he heard that, he chuckled. "Yes, I did gain some weight."

How could he not know the changes in his body? Surely, he knew he had gained weight.

"It's normal. I can't exercise and have been taking a lot of drugs that contain hormones, so this is inevitable. Also, it's already a blessing that I didn't grow out of shape." He readily accepted the truth that he had gained weight.

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1374

"You look fine." Sonia shook her head. "If I hadn't taken a good look at you, I wouldn't have noticed you gained weight, so you don't have to worry about that."

Happiness filled Toby's eyes as he asked, "Would you be repulsed by me if I turned ugly?"

"That's impossible." She denied. "I'm not that kind of person. Besides, you're perfectly fine, but I did hear that middle-aged men tend to gain weight easily. They'd become bald and grow a gut, so will you—"

"No way!" As if knowing what she wanted to ask, he shook his head to show that he would not grow out of shape. Moreover, even he could not stand having a bald head and a big belly. Just the thought of it felt awful to him.

Seeing the man before her being so revolted by the image she described, Sonia burst out laughing. "If that's true, you'd better take care of your health, so you won't turn into your worst nightmare."

"Of course, I will." Toby raised his chin and promised. He would never allow himself to become like that.

"Alright. Enough about that. Hurry up and finish your meal." She rose to her feet and headed for the bathroom.

When she came out, he was almost done with his meal, so she went over and gathered the plates and utensils before washing them in the kitchen.

At that moment, Tim was doing his rounds and entered their room. Then, he proceeded with his daily checkup on Toby.

After that was completed, he suddenly thought of something and looked at Sonia, who came out of the kitchen and informed, "This morning, Titus' wife came to the hospital again."

"Did she ask for help in saving him again?" Toby squinted his eyes.

Tim confirmed their guesses. "She's the last person who wants Titus dead, so she would never give up any chance at saving him. I think she'll be visiting hospitals frequently, not just here but others as well."

"It doesn't matter where she goes. All that matters is that Titus can't be saved." Sonia approached them expressionlessly.

Toby's eyes twinkled for a moment. "Are you sure Titus' condition is incurable?"

Tim adjusted his glasses while explaining, "Yes, I'm positive. That old fellow's health won't allow him to hang on for long. Forget about finding a suitable kidney donor because even if there was one, he won't be able to make it through surgery unless a miracle happens. If miracles happen so easily, they wouldn't be called miracles."

Therefore, Titus was destined to be a dead man.

"I understand. So, we won't have to be bothered with the Grays anymore," Toby told Tim, who shrugged his shoulders without any comments.

Afterward, he stayed for a while before getting called away by a nurse, saying that he had a consultation to attend to.

"You look fina." Sonia shook har haad. "If I hadn't takan a good look at you, I wouldn't hava noticad you gainad waight, so you don't hava to worry about that."

Happinass fillad Toby's ayas as ha askad, "Would you ba rapulsad by ma if I turnad ugly?"

"That's impossibla." Sha daniad. "I'm not that kind of parson. Basidas, you'ra parfactly fina, but I did haar that middla-agad man tand to gain waight aasily. Thay'd bacoma bald and grow a gut, so will you—"

"No way!" As if knowing what sha wantad to ask, ha shook his haad to show that ha would not grow out of shapa. Moraovar, avan ha could not stand having a bald haad and a big bally. Just tha thought of it falt awful to him.

Saaing tha man bafora har baing so ravoltad by tha imaga sha dascribad, Sonia burst out laughing. "If that's trua, you'd battar taka cara of your haalth, so you won't turn into your worst nightmara."

"Of coursa, I will." Toby raisad his chin and promisad. Ha would navar allow himself to bacoma lika that.

"Alright. Enough about that. Hurry up and finish your maal." Sha rosa to har faat and haadad for tha bathroom.

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Afterward, he stayed for a while before getting called away by a nurse, saying that he had a consultation to attend to.

Once he was gone, Sonia sat beside Toby's bed. "How is Triforce Enterprise doing?"

"Many of Triforce's properties have been suspended. The higher-ups have discovered some evidence related to the collapsed mine, so they ordered for most of Triforce's properties to be suspended, and there is only a small portion running. However, the profits earned by that portion aren't enough to sustain the entire Triforce Enterprise. The shareholders have realized the risk and are starting to sell their shares, ready to cash them out. Meanwhile, Titus is bedridden and can't do anything about it."

"Selling their shares?" She taunted, "I bet no one is willing to buy those, right?"

He nodded. "You're right. The news of Triforce being under investigation has spread throughout the business world, so everyone knows Triforce is in trouble. Therefore, no one will be inclined to buy the shares because if the company goes bankrupt, those shares would be useless, and no one is willing to take that risk. That's why there are still no buyers when the shareholders are selling their shares at such a low price."

"How much are they selling for?" she suddenly asked.

With narrowed eyes, he asked, "You interested?"

Before she could answer, he added, "It's fine if you want to buy them. Triforce Enterprise should've been yours, so if you want to, I'll ask the higher-ups to be more benevolent and leave some clean properties so that Triforce won't go completely bankrupt. That way, you can merge them with Paradigm Co.."

However, Sonia did not pay attention to what he said later because she was curious about the first part of his words. She looked at him and asked, "Why did you say Triforce Enterprise was supposed to be mine?"

A dark glint flashed across Toby's eyes but disappeared immediately as he explained, "Since Titus had harmed the Reed Family, he should make it up to you by giving you Triforce Enterprise. That's why I said it should be yours."

She nodded. "I see. I'll think about it. Come to think of it, I am interested in some of the properties under Triforce."

"What are they? Tell me, and I'll help you analyze whether they're compatible with Paradigm Co.," he suggested.

She agreed, and the two began discussing dividing Triforce Enterprise.

Though the company was still being investigated and its outcome had not been determined, these two were already thinking about dividing its properties. If Titus had been present, he would have been angered to death.

"The properties you're interested in aren't bad. Since you want them, I'll have Tom come up with a list of all the shares owned by each shareholder of Triforce Enterprise. Then, you can contact them according to the list. That way, you wouldn't have to worry about them raising the price, and you have leverage over them to buy their shares with prices lower than the lowest price in the market." Toby nodded slightly.

Sonia smiled. "Tom's got his work cut out for him."

"He's paid to do that."

"Although that's true, he's the one running errands for us, so he does have a lot on his hands." While speaking, she looked at the clock. Seeing that it was almost time, she gave Toby his medications. "Alright. It's time to take your meds."

Without any dawdling, he took the medications and popped them into his mouth before swallowing them with water.

The following morning, Tom brought over the list of shares Sonia needed. That was not the only detail he prepared, for information on each shareholder, especially their personalities and leverages no one knew about, was also detailed.

With this knowledge in hand, she could easily win over the shareholders of Triforce Enterprise and buy their shares at the lowest price possible.

Although using others' leverage to reach her goal was shady, this was the business industry, after all. It could very well be compared to a battlefield, so employing unconventional means to get what one wanted was justifiable.

That afternoon, Sonia visited a few shareholders she thought were the easiest to deal with and bought their shares. Since she did everything in secret, Titus and his gang had no idea about this. Soon, she became the second largest shareholder after him.

Once Titus was out of the picture, she could rely on Toby to use his connections with the higher-ups and completely dissolve Triforce Enterprise, leaving only the properties she was interested in.

Having thought of that, she felt like she was on cloud nine.

Time flew by quickly, and it was already a week into the new year. All the employees gradually returned to work.

Similarly, Sonia returned to work at Peredigm Co..

A few moments after arriving at her office, she received a call from the reception counter. "Cheirmen Reed, a gentleman is looking for you."

"A gentlemen?" She frowned in confusion. "Who is he? What's his name?"

Is it Zene? Well, the receptionist knows Zene, so if it was him, the receptionist would've told me straight up. So, the person who came must be a stranger to the receptionist.

Who could it be?

"The properties you're interested in aren't bad. Since you want them, I'll have Tom come up with a list of all the shares owned by each shareholder of Triforce Enterprise. Then, you can contact them according to the list. That way, you wouldn't have to worry about them raising the price, and you have leverage over them to buy their shares with prices lower than the lowest price in the market." Toby nodded slightly.

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"The gentleman didn't say his name." The receptionist looked at the man wearing glasses and punk attire before answering Sonia, "Chairman Reed, please hold while I ask him."

"Sure, go ahead." Sonia waited patiently.

The receptionist set down the phone and smiled at the man. "Sir, Chairman Reed is asking for your name."

"Tell her it's Carl Lee here." The man took off his glasses, revealing his exquisitely handsome face.

The receptionist's eyes widened in disbelief while covering her mouth. "C-Carl Lee? You're Carl Lee?" She was so excited that her face turned red.

Carl Lee was a well-known celebrity. However, he was not involved in entertainment but in the fashion industry. He was previously an international model, so his looks and figure were the best in the circle.

It was a pity that he announced his retirement six months ago.

No one knew why he decided to retire, but his fans felt sad for him and asked around to get any news about him because they were curious about his life after retirement. However, no matter how hard they tried, they could not find anything and gradually gave up.

Even after six months, the fans heard crickets about his whereabouts. The receptionist would never have thought he would appear before her and come to find Sonia.

She had heard rumors about Carl and Sonia being acquaintances, but she did not expect those rumors to be true.

"Yes, I am." He blinked his eyes at the receptionist and even blew her a kiss, switching on his flirt mode.

Yet, it was deadly to the receptionist, thanks to his beautiful features. He looked so charming and hot! Had it been anyone else, it might have been too cringe to look at.

"Please help me inform your chairman." Carl wore his sunglasses again.

The receptionist nodded repeatedly. "Sure, no problem. I'll tell her immediately. Please hold on for a moment, Mr. Lee." After that, she picked up the phone and suppressed her excitement while informing Sonia, "Chairman Reed, it's Mr. Carl Lee. He wants to meet you."

"What? Carl Lee?" Sonia was shocked as she sprang to her feet. Her face was filled with disbelief. Undeniably, his arrival had made her lose her cool, and it took her a while before asking, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, Chairman Reed. The one and only," the receptionist answered affirmatively with a nod.

Hearing that, Sonia no longer doubted the receptionist but frowned as she fell into deep thought.

"Tha gantlaman didn't say his nama." Tha racaptionist lookad at tha man waaring glassas and punk attira bafora answaring Sonia, "Chairman Raad, plaasa hold whila I ask him."

"Sura, go ahaad." Sonia waitad patiently.

The racaptionist sat down the phona and smilad at the man. "Sir, Chairman Raad is asking for your nama."

"Tall har it's Carl Laa hara." The man took off his glassas, ravaaling his axquisitaly handsoma faca.

The racaptionist's ayas widanad in disbaliat whila covaring har mouth. "C-Carl Laa? You'ra Carl Laa?" Sha was so axcitad that har faca turnad rad.

Carl Laa was a wall-known calabrity. Howavar, ha was not involvad in antartainmant but in the fashion industry. Ha was praviusly an intarnational modal, so his looks and figura wara the bast in the circla.

It was a pity that ha announcad his ratiramant six months ago.

No ona knaw why ha dacidad to ratira, but his fans falt sad for him and askad around to gat any naws about him bacausa thay wara curious about his lifa aftar ratiramant. Howavar, no mattar how hard thay triad, thay could not find anything and gradually gava up.

Evan aftar six months, the fans haard crickats about his wharaabouts. The racaptionist would navar hava thought ha would appaar bafora har and coma to find Sonia.

Sha had haard rumors about Carl and Sonia baing acquaintancas, but sha did not axpect thosa rumors to ba trua.

"Yas, I am." Ha blinkad his ayas at the racaptionist and avan blaw har a kiss, switching on his flirt moda.

Yat, it was daadly to the racaptionist, thanks to his baautiful faaturas. Ha lookad so charming and hot! Had it baan anyona alsa, it might hava baan too cringa to look at.

"Plaasa halp ma inform your chairman." Carl wora his sunglassas again.

The racaptionist noddad rapaatadly. "Sura, no problam. I'll tall har immadiatly. Plaasa hold on for a momant, Mr. Laa." Aftar that, sha pickad up the phona and suppressad har axcitamant whila informing Sonia, "Chairman Raad, it's Mr. Carl Laa. Ha wants to maat you."

"What? Carl Laa?" Sonia was shockad as sha sprang to har faat. Har faca was fillad with disbaliat. Undaniably, his arrival had mada har losa har cool, and it took har a whila bafora asking, "Ara you sura?"

"Yas, Chairman Raad. The ona and only," the racaptionist answarad affirmativly with a nod.

Haaring that, Sonia no longer doubted the receptionist but frowned as she fell into deep thought.

Some time ago, Carl suddenly gave her a call, but it was not she who answered it but Toby. He hung up Carl's call, and the retired model had not called ever since.

Hence, Sonia did not expect him to show up at her company without another call. What does he want?

"Chairman Reed, are you going to see him?" the receptionist asked.

Sonia sat back down and rubbed her temples. "Sure. Let him in." Might as well get to the bottom of this now that he's here.

Moreover, she had mixed feelings about Carl.

If that person was Carl's host personality, she would not have hesitated and would immediately see him. However, the problem lay in the fact that this was not the Carl from before. That was why she had mixed feelings about him because she did not know how to face him.

"Okay, I'll tell Mr. Lee now."

Sonia hummed in response and hung up. Then, she sat in her chair with her head lowered, thinking about something.

Soon, Carl appeared outside her office.

When she heard a knock on the door, she looked up and saw him in fashionable attire. She took a deep breath as her emotions plummeted.

Initially, she still had a sliver of hope that Carl had returned to his host personality and came to find her. Yet, when faced with the extravagantly dressed man before her, she knew this was not her younger brother. Instead, it was his alter personality.

"Sonia." He took off his sunglasses and smiled brightly.

Seeing his smile, she pursed her lips. My dear Carl smiles too, but it's always a reserved one. Unlike this Carl Lee before me, he smiles so brightly yet so dangerously. I just can't shake off this unease between us. As I would expect from an evil alter-personality, just his smile is enough to mess one up.

"I'm sorry, but I don't know you. Please don't see me again," she ordered coldly.

However, Carl did not mind her attitude and swirled his sunglasses while approaching her. "Sonny, you're being too merciless. Although I'm not that fool, I am still Carl Lee.

You see him as a younger brother, so you should do the same for me. It'll break my heart if you treat us differently. What's more, that fool and I are different. He tried to poison you, but I didn't. Yet, you choose to give me the cold shoulder. Don't you think you're being unfair?"

His argument rendered Sonie unable to rebuke because she knew her attitude toward the Evil Cerl was different from how she treated the host. She was also aware that Evil Cerl did not do anything to her, but she just could not bring herself to like him.

"Why did you come all the way here to find me?" Without wanting to talk about other things, she pulled their conversation back on track.

Cerl pulled out the chair in front of her desk and set down. "I came to you because I have serious business. I tried calling to tell you this before, but Toby hung up my call, so I had no other choice but to come to you and personally tell you this. Take it as helping that fool explain himself."

"What do you mean by that?" She froze and sat upright while staring at him. "Did Cerl return?"

If he did, why didn't he take back his body?

Looking at Sonie's excited state, Cerl smiled evilly. "You're right. That fool did return once, but it wasn't to take reclaim himself but to have me replace him entirely."

She turned ashen as she felt her mind explode. She could not believe what she had heard. "What the heck are you talking about? What do you mean he asked you to replace him? How is that possible? That's impossible!"

She could not accept that reality.

"There's nothing impossible about that." Cerl shrugged. "That's the truth. Do you know why I appeared immediately after the news about your poisoning? The truth is, I had already appeared when he was about ten years old, but you'd never discovered my existence because that fool had been in control and never gave me a chance. So, after his poisoning incident was exposed, I appeared. What does that mean? It means that Cerl had chosen to run away and set me free."

Sonie tightened her fists, subconsciously wanting to rebuke but unsure where to start.

Then, he continued, "That fool is a coward. He's afraid you'd resent him and blame him for what he did, so he hid and set me out to suffer the consequences of his actions. Otherwise, why would I have appeared so coincidentally? After all, that guy had me locked up for almost a decade, which shows he's stronger than me. He can even destroy this alter personality if he wants to, but he chose not to do it because I'm just a tool he left behind to face whatever situation he's too cowardly to tolerate!"

His argument rendered Sonia unable to rebuke because she knew her attitude toward the Evil Carl was different from how she treated the host. She was also aware that Evil Carl did not do anything to her, but she just could not bring herself to like him.

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"So what?" Sonia looked at him. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Because..." Carl dragged his voice as he twirled the pen between his fingers. "I wanna tell you that I'm not weak. The fact that he's able to hold me back for ten years means he's stronger than me. He has the whip hand to take back the body whenever he likes, but he didn't. It's because he didn't want to. He's a coward that doesn't have the guts to face you and the things he had done to you."

Is that so? Sonia lowered her gaze. She did not want to believe Evil Carl's words, but a part of her was aware that it was not a lie—Carl was unwilling to return.

"So, is he gone?" A lump stuck in her throat, and her eyes reddened.

"He's not sure how to face you and is afraid you won't forgive him, so he initiated a conversation with me through memos. He was willing to merge with me, allowing me to dominate the body. So, yeah, he's gone. There's only one personality left in this body. I am Carl Lee from now on." He did not deny her question.

"That fool! Why did he think that way?!" She felt dizzy as she almost collapsed upon knowing the truth. Tears trickled down her cheeks.

She had always perceived Carl as her younger brother, and she loved him dearly. It was indeed infuriating when she found out that he was the one feeding her poison, but she never blamed him, not even once! Why didn't he have more faith in himself? How could he just give up?

"Don't be like this, Sonny." Carl propped his head languidly while comforting her. "I have his memories, so I am him. You can see me as the same old Carl. I don't mind."

"But it bothers me." Sonia's eyes were furious with red. "Even if you were born in Carl's body and have his memories, you're not my Carl. I will never see you the same way."

"There's nothing I can do about it, then." He shrugged his shoulders. "But he requested something before I took over. I accepted it since I figure he'd be gone for good. It's about you, Sonny."

"What is it?" She raised her head instantly.

"That fool knew you were looking for a woman named Tina Gray, so he asked me to find her before he was gone. I accepted his request. During the last two months, I outsourced hackers around the globe to hunt her down with a reward. It didn't take up a lot of time. Her whereabouts as well as everything she did in the past six months are stored in here." He placed the pen down to take a USB drive out of his pocket.

“So what?” Sonia lookad at him. “Why ara you talling ma this?”

“Bacausa...” Carl draggad his voica as ha twirlad tha pan batwaan his fingars. “I wanna tall you that I’m not waak. Tha fact that ha’s abla to hold ma back for tan yaars maans ha’s strongar than ma. Ha has tha whip hand to taka back tha body whanavar ha likas, but ha didn’t. It’s bacausa ha didn’t want to. Ha’s a coward that doasn’t hava tha guts to faca you and tha things ha had dona to you.”

Is that so? Sonia lowarad har gaza. Sha did not want to baliava Evil Carl’s words, but a part of har was awara that it was not a lia—Carl was unwilling to raturun.

“So, is ha gona?” A lump stuck in har throat, and har ayas raddanad.

“Ha’s not sura how to faca you and is afraid you won’t forgiva him, so ha initiatad a conversation with ma through mamos. Ha was willing to marga with ma, allowing ma to dominata tha body. So, yaah, ha’s gona. Thara’s only ona parsonality laft in this body. I am Carl Laa from now on.” Ha did not dany har quastion.

“That fool! Why did ha think that way?!” Sha falt dizzy as sha almost collapsad upon knowing tha truth. Taars tricklad down har chaaks.

Sha had always parcaivad Carl as har youngar brothar, and sha lovad him daarly. It was indaad infuriating whan sha found out that ha was tha ona faading har poison, but sha navar blamad him, not avan onca! Why didn’t ha hava mora faith in himself? How could ha just giva up?

“Don’t ba lika this, Sonny.” Carl proppad his haad languidly whila comforting har. “I hava his mamorias, so I am him. You can saa ma as tha sama old Carl. I don’t mind.”

“But it bothars ma.” Sonia’s ayas wara furious with rad. “Evan if you wara born in Carl’s body and hava his mamorias, you’ra not my Carl. I will navar saa you tha sama way.”

“Thara’s nothing I can do about it, than.” Ha shruggad his shouldars. “But ha raquastad somathing bafora I took ovar. I accaptad it sinca I figura ha’d ba gona for good. It’s about you, Sonny.”

“What is it?” Sha raisad har haad instantly.

“That fool knaw you wara looking for a woman namad Tina Gray, so ha askad ma to find har bafora ha was gona. I accaptad his raquast. During tha last two months, I outsourcad hackars around tha globa to hunt har down with a raward. It didn’t taka up a lot of tima. Har wharaabouts as wall as averything sha did in tha past six months ara storad in hara.” Ha placad tha pan down to taka a USB driva out of his pockat.

Sonia grabbed it with trembling hands. “This will enable me to know where she is now, right?”

"Yup." He nodded. "I gave him my word. From this day forth, this body belongs to me."

Hearing his declaration, she broke down and wailed while claspng onto the USB drive tightly.

Carl Lee was now a different person. Even if he prioritized her and called her Sonny with that same voice, he would never be the Carl who used to love her.

Their thoughts stood independently; he might not enjoy whatever the host liked. For instance, he did not love Sonia.

His willingness to learn the way Carl treated and addressed her was solely rooted in Evil Carl's relinquishment. Her tears did not waver him one bit, hence the apathy to comfort her. He merely sat right there, watching her cry.

Once all the crying exhausted her and her wailing trailed into a soft voice, he piped up, "I've achieved my objective of coming here. I should get going. I know you don't like me, so I won't reach out to you anymore. Leave everything in the past. I'm no longer your dear Carl, so there's no point in keeping in touch."

He rose to his feet and trod to the door when something seeped into Sonia's mind. "Wait!"

"Anything else?" Carl halted and looked back.

She clasped her hands, trying to be hopeful. "Is Carl seriously not coming back?"

He smiled with a raised brow. "Of course. There's no other personality in this body. I'm the only one left."

Despair settled in Sonia, who shut her eyes for a couple of moments before gazing at him. "What about Rebecca? How is she? I contacted her, and she said you've transferred her elsewhere."

"That's true." He shrugged his shoulders. "It's natural for me to do that since that woman serves that fool. Do you think I will allow a disloyal person to stay by my side? I'm certain that everyone will do the same if they're in my shoes."

She parted her lips, but nothing came out of her throat. Indeed, there's no need to leave someone unfaithful by his side.

"But you have nothing to worry about. I did nothing more than transfer her elsewhere on the account of that fool's willingness to give up this body. It's for her sake too. She and her father had been teetering on the perilous edge. Moving them elsewhere means taking them out of danger. They should be able to enjoy their life from now," Carl said.

A wave of relief showered Sonie as she could tell he was telling the truth. It was a relief that Rebecca was safe and sound. Sonie worried about her safety because she served Carl. Fortunately, things were not as bad as she thought they would be.

He reconfirmed. "Is there anything else you would like to know, Sonny?"

She shook her head slowly. Now that he was no longer the old Carl, there was nothing to talk about between them.

"If that's the case, I shall take my leave. Let's not meet each other in the future." He wheeled around to wave his hand before he walked out of the door.

Then, Sonie flopped onto the chair with her glazed eyes staring at the door. Tears flooded her eyes once again.

His final words triggered the realization that she would never see Carl anymore; the boy whom she looked after like her brother was gone.

Covering her face, she wept in despair. Rite entered the room with documents and hurriedly set them aside when she saw the crying woman. "President Reed, what's wrong?"

Sonie lifted her head to reveal her swollen eyes. Her voice went hoarse too. "I'm fine. Just... Someone dear to me is gone. So, I can't help it."

Sighing, Rite thought the person mentioned passed away. "I'm sorry for your loss, President Reed. Since you're close, I'm sure they wouldn't wish to see you crying. They wouldn't be able to go in peace. So, please take care of yourself. It'll be bad for your health if you keep this up."

"I know." Sonie wiped off her tears. "I just couldn't help the tears when I heard the news. Thank you."

"Not a problem." Rite pointed at the documents. "Here's the piled-up work during the holidays. You will have to sign them personally."

"Got it." Sonie finally regained a little of her composure, forcing a smile on her face.

"But you have nothing to worry about. I did nothing more than transfer her elsewhere on the account of that fool's willingness to give up this body. It's for her sake too. She and her father had been teetering on the perilous edge. Moving them elsewhere means taking them out of danger. They should be able to enjoy their life from now," Carl said.

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"I know." Sonia wiped off her tears. "I just couldn't help the tears when I heard the news. Thank you."

"Not a problem." Rita pointed at the documents. "Here's the piled-up work during the holidays. You will have to sign them personally."

"Got it." Sonia finally regained a little of her composure, forcing a smile on her face.

Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1377

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1377

"So what?" Sonia looked at him. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Because..." Carl dragged his voice as he twirled the pen between his fingers. "I wanna tell you that I'm not weak. The fact that he's able to hold me back for ten years means he's stronger than me. He has the whip hand to take back the body whenever he likes,

but he didn't. It's because he didn't want to. He's a coward that doesn't have the guts to face you and the things he had done to you."

Is that so? Sonia lowered her gaze. She did not want to believe Evil Carl's words, but a part of her was aware that it was not a lie—Carl was unwilling to return.

"So, is he gone?" A lump stuck in her throat, and her eyes reddened.

"He's not sure how to face you and is afraid you won't forgive him, so he initiated a conversation with me through memos. He was willing to merge with me, allowing me to dominate the body. So, yeah, he's gone. There's only one personality left in this body. I am Carl Lee from now on." He did not deny her question.

"That fool! Why did he think that way?!" She felt dizzy as she almost collapsed upon knowing the truth. Tears trickled down her cheeks.

She had always perceived Carl as her younger brother, and she loved him dearly. It was indeed infuriating when she found out that he was the one feeding her poison, but she never blamed him, not even once! Why didn't he have more faith in himself? How could he just give up?

"Don't be like this, Sonny." Carl propped his head languidly while comforting her. "I have his memories, so I am him. You can see me as the same old Carl. I don't mind."

"But it bothers me." Sonia's eyes were furious with red. "Even if you were born in Carl's body and have his memories, you're not my Carl. I will never see you the same way."

"There's nothing I can do about it, then." He shrugged his shoulders. "But he requested something before I took over. I accepted it since I figure he'd be gone for good. It's about you, Sonny."

"What is it?" She raised her head instantly.

"That fool knew you were looking for a woman named Tina Gray, so he asked me to find her before he was gone. I accepted his request. During the last two months, I outsourced hackers around the globe to hunt her down with a reward. It didn't take up a lot of time. Her whereabouts as well as everything she did in the past six months are stored in here." He placed the pen down to take a USB drive out of his pocket.

"So what?" Sonia looked at him. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Because..." Carl dragged his voice as he twirled the pen between his fingers. "I want to tell you that I'm not weak. The fact that he's able to hold me back for ten years means he's stronger than me. He has the whip hand to take back the body whenever he likes, but he didn't. It's because he didn't want to. He's a coward that doesn't have the guts to face you and the things he had done to you."

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His final words triggered the realization that she would never see Carl anymore; the boy whom she looked after like her brother was gone.

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"I know." Sonia wiped off her tears. "I just couldn't help the tears when I heard the news. Thank you."

"Not a problem." Rite pointed at the documents. "Here's the piled-up work during the holidays. You will have to sign them personally."

"Got it." Sonia finally regained a little of her composure, forcing a smile on her face.

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Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1378

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 1378

"But you heard it from Carl Lee. He told you Carl was timid and didn't know how to face you. How could he possibly come forward and ask you?"

Sonia had no words as she wallowed in sadness. He caressed her soft hair. "Don't be sad. Perhaps this is a good ending for him. He had wanted to end his life because he suffered a lot in the past. It's your presence that made him live. He poisoned you because of his one-sided love. You saw him as family. No matter what, you'd never accept his love. Given his gloomy personality, he'd only spend his life in depression and even drive himself to extreme actions. That's why it's good that he vanished and freed himself from his troubled one-sided love."

She closed her eyes. "Carl..."

"Did Carl Lee find you just to tell you that?" he questioned.

Her eyes fluttered open, and she shook her head. "Not only that, he told me that Carl had asked him to agree to something in return for the takeover. He came to me just for this."

"Was the deal related to you?" Toby hit the bull's eye again.

She said, "Yeah. Carl knew that I had been looking for Tina. He asked Carl Lee to find it for me. Since he also shared Carl's hacker skills, he contacted famous hackers around the world to search for Tina, and they succeeded." Then, she took out the USB drive from her bag. "It's all in here."

"Have you checked it out?" He glanced at the USB drive.

She shook her head. "No, I haven't. I was too sad after learning about Carl and wasn't in the mood to check out the contents. I'd look like someone who didn't care about him otherwise."

"It's alright. Let's check it together." He squeezed her hand.

"I'll get the laptop." She went into the study and emerged with a laptop in her arms. He patted the seat beside him, gesturing at her to sit beside him.

She obliged, took off her shoes, and climbed onto the bed. After that, she leaned against him and put the laptop between them.

After connecting the USB drive to the laptop, Toby typed on the keyboard, and a folder popped up on the screen. He clicked on it to find a vast number of photos and information.

Upon closer inspection, he realized that the files were organized chronologically. So, he went ahead and click on the first file. There was a photo of a flight ticket from Seafield to Kosovo, and the passenger was listed as Tina Gray. Moreover, the ticket was dated three days after she faked her death.

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“So, Tina did go to Kosovo. Melody and Cynthia weren’t lying,” Sonia remarked and pursed her lips.

Toby silently clicked on the second file, which contained details from a plastic surgery clinic.

She was surprised to see that. “What is this about? Plastic surgery clinic? Did she go for plastic surgery?”

He squinted his eyes. "She knew I wouldn't take much time to find her, given my ability. This was her best choice to hide from me. Plastic surgery was plausible. We were misled from the start because we never considered this possibility. That's why it's hard for us to find her."

"Oh, is that so?" She pursed her lips. "How clever of her."

He scrolled down and found a signed consent form for plastic surgery. The photo showed Tina's signature on the consent form, where the types of surgery were listed as well.

After Sonia skimmed through the list, she took a sharp breath. "Oh my god! How many surgeries were there? She changed her entire face."

"It's the safest to look nothing like herself from before." Unsurprised, Toby clicked on the third file.

It showed the payment slip for the plastic surgeries. Tina was listed as the patient, but Connor Salzburg was the one who paid for the surgeries.

Toby and Sonia's minds went blank at that point. Since he was the one who paid for Tina's face job, it possibly meant that she was the same person as the woman around him, Anya.

They exchanged glances and found the same suspicion in each other's eyes. Still, they silently checked out the rest of the files in unspoken agreement.

The fourth file was slightly different. It was a photo of a payment slip from a famous orthopedic hospital in Kosovo. The content was straightforward—a consent form for a height-lengthening surgery.

That brought back memories of Tim's words. He had mentioned that Anya got her entire face done, and she went for a height-lengthening surgery as well.

The photos that followed were unrelated to hospital forms. Instead, they displayed the process of Tina's surgery from the moment she was wheeled into the operating room to the point when the bandages were taken off. They witnessed the transformation of Tina Gray into Anya Steinfeld through the photos.

After going through them, both of them fell silent. A while later, Sonia clutched her fists and remarked, "I can't believe that we hunted this long for Tina just to find that she's right around us! None of us suspected that."

As no one would have thought that Tina got plastic surgery, they would not associate her with Anya. Additionally, Anya's demeanor was completely different from Tina,

leading everyone to think they were unconnected in any way. Because of that, no one would have deduced they were the same person.

"It's not too late. Now that we know Anya is Tina, and she's with Connor, we can kill two birds with one stone and save some time," Toby suggested with a dark look in his eyes.

Sonia agreed and nodded. "When will we make a move?"

"There's no rush. We still have one final step. I need some time to collect some evidence. Anyway, I have Connor and Anya under my surveillance. We shouldn't worry about any issues." He squinted.

She did not ask further questions after seeing his confidence. She put the laptop away and was suddenly reminded of an important matter. "Honey, how did Tina and Connor know each other?"

It was a question that puzzled Toby too. He answered through pursed lips, "I don't know. They are so different from each other. It's a wonder how they came across each other and got acquainted. Look, Tina immediately contacted Connor after she faked her death. There must be some relationship between them that we don't know."

"It's okay. No matter how they got acquainted, both are our enemies now. We just need to get rid of them." Sonia was cool about it.

Indeed, they should get rid of their enemies decisively without hurting any innocents in the process. Naturally, they did not need to worry about unimportant details of the relationship between Tina and Connor. The most pressing matter at hand was to get rid of them.

"You're right." He put an arm across her shoulder and chuckled.

Later in the day, Tom dropped by to report to Toby about work. He arrived just in time for Toby to hand him the USB drive, which Tom accepted with a perplexed look.

"President Fuller, what is this?"

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Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1379

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"Anya Steinfeld is Tina." Toby revealed. "Evidence of her identity change is in here. You should take a look at them."

"What? Anya is Tina?" Tom's voice raised as he was surprised.

"Yes. They're the same person." Toby confirmed.

It took Tom a while to calm down. "Got it. I'll go through them and send more men off to keep an eye on them."

That was exactly why Toby gave him the USB drive.

“Retreat those who are in Kosovo and Westsashire.” They could now put an end to the search since Tina was found.

Tom nodded. “I’ll do as you say.”

“And inform Melody and Cynthia about Anya’s true identity. I bet they won’t be able to hold back their interest.” The corner of Toby’s lips curved upward.

Once Melody, the crazy woman, caught wind of Tina’s whereabouts, things would be interesting.

“Of course, though, remind them to keep their schemes under the radar. If their plans reach Connor’s ears, forget about revenge, they gotta watch out for their lives when the time comes,” Toby added.

Melody and Cynthia’s impediment would get in Connor’s way, giving Toby the upper hand. Most importantly, it was an endeavor to see if they could force Connor in giving away information that Toby needed to save up some time.

“I’ll get to it.” Tom understood what Toby mean and left the hospital.

Sonia returned from the OB-GYN department with the medicines only to see the man in deep musing in his wheelchair. “Has Mr. Brown left?”

Toby raised his head as his gaze softened. “Yeah.”

“Something on your mind?” She set the medicines aside, and he told her honestly.

She prodded between his brows. “Don’t draw your brows together. No matter what, it’s easy to bring Connor and Anya down as long as they’re under our watch.”

“You’re right.” He smiled.

Sonia looked out of the window. “It’s dark outside, and the streetlights are turned on. Care for some fresh air?”

Now, Toby was able to leave the patient room for a change of environment. Since he did not want to stay in the room, he gladly accepted the suggestion and so Sonia pushed him to the garden.

Many people gathered there as the new year’s atmosphere brought liveliness to the place. Knowing that the man disliked busy settings, she pushed him to a quiet corner that came with a bench.

“Anya Stainfald is Tina.” Toby ravaalad. “Evidanca of har idantity changa is in hara. You should taka a look at tham.”

"What? Anya is Tina?" Tom's voica raisad as ha was surprisad.

"Yas. Thay'ra tha sama parson." Toby confirmad.

It took Tom a whila to calm down. "Got it. I'll go through tham and sand mora man off to kaap an aya on tham."

That was axactly why Toby gava him tha USB driva.

"Ratraat thosa who ara in Kosovo and Wastsanshira." Thay could now put an and to tha saarch sinca Tina was found.

Tom noddad. "I'll do as you say."

"And inform Malody and Cynthia about Anya's trua idntity. I bat thay won't ba abla to hold back thair intarast." Tha cornar of Toby's lips curvad upward.

Onca Malody, tha crazy woman, caught wind of Tina's wharaabouts, things would ba intarasting.

"Of coursas, though, ramind tham to kaap thair schamas undar tha radar. If thair plans raach Connor's aars, forgat about ravanga, thay gotta watch out for thair livas whan tha tima comas," Toby addad.

Malody and Cynthia's impadimant would gat in Connor's way, giving Toby tha uppar hand. Most importantly, it was an andaavor to saa if thay could forca Connor in giving away information that Toby naadad to sava up soma tima.

"I'll gat to it." Tom undarstood what Toby maan and laft tha hospital.

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She seated herself before wrapping a scarf around his neck, treating him like a porcelain doll.

He found it hilarious. "Am I that weak and fragile like a doll?"

She nodded. "You are a delicate person to me, and I'm doing this so you can get back to your feet as soon as possible. It pains me to see you in such a state."

He held her hand. "Thanks, honey. I'll get better soon."

"That'll be for the best." Sonia rested her head on his shoulder, and he told her about the things he ordered Tom to do.

She smiled. "Melody and Cynthia should know about it. It's about time to bring justice to the victims and make Tina repent for her misdeeds."

She handed him a glass of warm milk. Although he did not like it, he drank all of it since she prepared it.

It was good for his health, and he was coerced into finishing it under Sonia's threat. Thus, he had no choice but to down that whole glass of milk.

Her phone suddenly rang. She shifted her gaze from the drinking man to take a look at it.

"Who is it?" The man bit the straw, showing evidence of torture through his eyes because of the unpalatable milk.

"It's the police." She showed her phone to him. "It must be about Asher's case. I'll talk over the phone, so hurry up and finish it, or it'll be cold."

The man hummed in response as his suffering went unheeded by Sonia, who answered the call immediately.

A couple of minutes later, the call was terminated, and he heaved a breath upon finishing the milk.

Sonia grabbed and tossed the milk carton into the nearby trash can. "The officer reminded me to attend Asher's trial, which is coming up."

"I'm coming with you," Toby said.

She shook her head. "No. You should get some rest at the hospital. Plus, there are many places you can accompany me to in the future. Now's not the time."

Despite the reluctance, he kept silent on the notion that she would not yield to whatever he was going to say. She cupped his cheeks to comfort the displeased man. "Now, now. What's with that long face?"

He stered et her. "It's not that I'm unheppy, but I just hete that I cen't keep you compeny right now beceuse of my surgery."

She fleshed him e sweet smile. "Are you heering yourself? This is only temporary, end rest essured you will be going everywhere with me in the future! Don't be sed, okey?"

Toby freed himself from her hends. "Don't treet me like e beby."

"So, should I treet you like e big beby?" Sonie blinked et him, tickling his funny bones. She grinned elong. "Now, thet's more like it. Being heppy is the most importent thing. Alright. It's elmost time now. Let's heve e welk before returning to the room."

Under Toby's egreement, she pushed him enother round around the gerden end went beck to the room.

The night tinted the sky derk. Sonie geve Cherles e cell while Toby wes showering.

Since Cherles end Cerl were good friends, she figured that Cherles hed the right to know about his diseppeerence.

To her surprise, Cherles wes rether chill beceuse he foresew that dey would come. He end Toby shered the seme notion. It might be beceuse they were men, so they understood Cerl's neture more then she did.

Thus, Cerl's diseppeerence wes within Cherles' prediction. "Whet's meent to be will always come," he commented upon heering the news from her.

In comperison with Cherles end Toby's reection, she wes diseppeointed; she wes diseppeointed in herself, not in them.

I cleimed to be Cerl's femily, yet I didn't know him very well. Otherwise, I would've known that he hed gone into self-destruction mode. He beceme like this ell beceuse of me. I didn't cere enough for him. If only I hed understood more about him end his inner

thoughts and spent more time talking over them with him, he might not have made such a choice.

Sonia thought it was partly her fault that Carl ended up like that.

She did not talk to Charles from that day forth, neither did she ask if he had arrived at a conclusion after many days. She knew he would come to her once he figured things out, but he had yet to do so. Perhaps, he still had a long way to go.

He stared at her. "It's not that I'm unhappy, but I just hate that I can't keep you company right now because of my surgery."

She flashed him a sweet smile. "Are you hearing yourself? This is only temporary, and rest assured you will be going everywhere with me in the future! Don't be sad, okay?"

Toby freed himself from her hands. "Don't treat me like a baby."

"So, should I treat you like a big baby?" Sonia blinked at him, tickling his funny bones. She grinned along. "Now, that's more like it. Being happy is the most important thing. Alright. It's almost time now. Let's have a walk before returning to the room."

Under Toby's agreement, she pushed him another round around the garden and went back to the room.

The night tinted the sky dark. Sonia gave Charles a call while Toby was showering.

Since Charles and Carl were good friends, she figured that Charles had the right to know about his disappearance.

To her surprise, Charles was rather chill because he foresaw that day would come. He and Toby shared the same notion. It might be because they were men, so they understood Carl's nature more than she did.

Thus, Carl's disappearance was within Charles' prediction. "What's meant to be will always come," he commented upon hearing the news from her.

In comparison with Charles and Toby's reaction, she was disappointed; she was disappointed in herself, not in them.

I claimed to be Carl's family, yet I didn't know him very well. Otherwise, I would've known that he had gone into self-destruction mode. He became like this all because of me. I didn't care enough for him. If only I had understood more about him and his inner thoughts and spent more time talking over them with him, he might not have made such a choice.

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Read Novel Boss Your Wife's Asking For A Divorce Again Chapter 1380

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"As it should." Toby did not hide his happiness and admitted it graciously. "Not a single man can accept their wife placing such importance on a ring gifted by another man."

"Now that I've removed the ring, it won't be an eyesore anymore, right?" Sonia shot him a withering look.

He responded with a gracious smile. "Yep! All good!"

"Hmph." She snorted petulantly and uncovered the blanket to get out of bed. Subsequently, she placed the ring into her bag and planned to buy a box to store it on her way to work later. The final step would be to keep the item in her safe.

As for Toby, he sat up in bed, no longer intending to sleep. His recovery progress was great, and he could now prop himself up without constant help.

With the strength of his elbows, he could easily support himself, albeit tiring. Still, he was happy enough to do things for himself and not become a burden to Sonia.

"You must be hungry." She returned to his bedside after putting away the ring.

He nodded slightly in response. "Kinda."

"I'll wheel you over to freshen up, then I'll order breakfast for us." She pushed his wheelchair over, after which he agreed and got out of bed himself to be seated.

Throughout the process, Sonia did not offer help. That was because she knew he did not want any, which aligned with his usual behavior. All in all, Toby wanted to pertain his dignity to not become a 'useless' individual.

Since he could manage fine by himself, she did not insist but gave him the freedom to proceed.

Breakfast was delivered to them shortly, and it arrived right after they freshened up. The food was as bland as things could get. It was an unfavorable situation, but there was a lot of food that the couple had to refrain from eating. Therefore, they had no choice but to tolerate the bland meals for now. Surely, things would improve soon.

After breakfast, Sonia bid farewell to Toby and left for work.

Along the way, she drove past a shopping mall and entered a jewelry shop to buy an exquisite ring box. Subsequently, she went back into the car and took out the wrapped-up ring from her bag before placing it carefully into the box.

From now on, she would only take this ring out of the box when she missed Carl. She did not wish to see the ring at any other moment because she refused to experience sadness when reminded of his demise.

...

In a blink of an eye, a month went by swiftly. Toby's recovery progress over the month had been astounding to Sonia, who was fairly pleased by it.

Currently, he was no longer required to be hospitalized and was allowed to return to work at Fuller Group. Although he had to stay at the hospital at night, he was allowed to go out in the morning to sort out his matters.

Other than that, he no longer needed a wheelchair to get around and could stride normally. As long as he did not attempt to run or jump, there was no risk of his heart mispositioning itself.

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At least on the surface now, he was a 'normal' functioning man who had nearly recovered.

Contrary to his great recovery, Sonia was in a bad state. She was not in the most suitable health condition to carry a child at the moment, but that was the reality. She had no choice but to endure the hardships and nurture the baby healthily.

Disregarding the fact that the baby was a product of her and Toby's love, she knew she had to keep the baby because the option of abortion would hinder her plans to become a mother again.

The consequence of keeping this baby was that she would go through way more discomfort than any other normal expectant mother because she fell pregnant before fully recovering. As such, in comparison to the other mothers, she would end up suffering more.

For example, she was less than eight weeks into her pregnancy, yet she was already experiencing morning sickness. Her face was as pale as a sheet from throwing up every day, and her body ached severely.

Most expectant mothers would generally experience morning sickness at about eight weeks of pregnancy onward, but she experienced that at an earlier stage. On top of that, she had to ingest a lot of medications and receive injections just to ensure a smooth pregnancy.

It was to the point where she trembled upon seeing those items, but despite her apprehensions, she endured them fearlessly. Otherwise, there was a high chance that she would miscarry.

As such, Sonia lost a lot of weight over the past month and had a wan complexion, which pained Toby to see.

Today, it was time for her obstetrician appointment once again.

Toby and Tim waited outside the room as Sonia remained inside for the check-up.

As they waited, Toby's brows tightly furrowed as he clenched his fists tightly. Had he not been restricted to enter with her, he would have rushed into the room out of his immense worry for her.

He could still vividly remember her pale and gaunt face when she entered the room.

At that moment, Tim noticed his state and shifted his glasses before saying coldly, "Right now, you appear to be worried, but what were you thinking of back then?"

"What do you mean?" Toby narrowed his eyes and turned around.

Tim had both hands in his pockets. "I mean, you got her pregnant. You wouldn't be worrying now if you had used protection in the first place."

In response, Toby pursed his lips. "You mentioned before that she would have issues conceiving within these two years and that it would be pretty much impossible. That's why."

Otherwise, there was no way on earth he would choose to impregnate her during that period. He found it difficult to imagine how much torment she would have to endure for the next eight months. After all, the pain was already agonizing enough in the first eight weeks.

"I did say that, but there are always miracles in this world." Tim shrugged.

Toby stared at him coldly. "Yes, there are miracles, but not everyone gets to experience one."

Never in his wildest dreams would he have expected they would be so lucky to experience a huge miracle.

Even Tim was rendered speechless at that point. Yes, miracles can be so hard to predict. Some pray fervently for a miracle to happen but never experience anything. Meanwhile, Toby and Sonie didn't want a miracle, but they somehow got to experience it. What can anyone do about this?

"Is it truly unadvisable to abort this child?" Suddenly, Toby asked Tim.

Stunned, Tim replied, "What do you mean by that? Do you want her to?"

"If the existence of this baby continues to cause her so much suffering and agony, I don't mind giving them up. I'd rather wait for her to be in perfect health condition before we plan for a child than to see her in so much pain," Toby said with a somber expression.

Tim shrugged. "Unfortunately, you don't get a choice. You must keep this child. I told you before that if you choose to terminate the pregnancy, judging by her current health status, she would not be able to conceive for the rest of her life. That's why, even if this child would cause her torture, she has no choice but to keep this child. An exception would be if she can accept being childless for the rest of her life, but do you think that's possible?"

Of course not! Toby lowered his eyes and knew the answer well.

Even today, he knew she harbored guilt deep inside toward the child she miscarried in the past, so there was no way she would give up again.

"Look, you can't come up with the words to say because you know the outcome as well. You guys must keep this baby." Tim tucked his hands back into the pockets of his white coat.

At that moment, Toby shut his eyes. "Is there any way of preventing her suffering?"

"No," Tim replied directly without considering the question. "Though there is a strong advancement in the medical world, there are some things that can't be achieved. She has no choice but to suffer through pregnancy to keep this child. Don't worry, though, we will try our best to alleviate her pain. As I've said, she'll need more bed rest in the future for her condition. However, I didn't expect her morning sickness to be so severe even at just barely eight weeks. It looks like she will have to be put on bed rest from now on. Otherwise, if her condition worsens, there is a high chance of miscarriage even if we do everything in our power to stabilize her pregnancy."

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