

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 841

Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Chapter 841

Chapter 841 Chance Meeting at the Boutique

Daphne had gone along with Charles and slept with him for her own benefit. As for Charles, it did not matter if he was drunk or not. He was already making a mistake by getting a woman to sleep with him.

Sonia started to wonder what would have happened if it had been another woman who went to him that day. Would Charles still have gone to a hotel with that woman?

Chances are, the answer would still be yes. This was why both Charles and Daphne were responsible for what had happened.

Toby saw how Sonia was lost in thought with a worried expression on her face, so he gently scraped her nose and asked, "What are you thinking about?"

Sonia shook her head. "I'm just thinking about Daphne, since she plans to abort the child and asked me to keep it a secret from Charles. I don't know if that is the right thing to do or not."

Once Toby heard that, he stroked her hair and comforted her. "It doesn't matter if it's right or wrong. It's still a private matter between the two of them. Even if you're Charles' friend, it's still not something you should get involved in, so just let them solve their own issues. It may backfire on you if you tried to interfere, so it's best not to do anything."

"I know that, but Charles is my friend, and I..."

"So what if he's your friend? This is their private business." Toby cut her off and reminded her, "Charles is a grown man. You don't have to concern yourself with his matters. It's not like he's your son."

When Sonia heard Toby's words, she snorted and smacked him lightly. "What are you talking about? Who are you calling my son?"

"I'm just giving an example." Toby grinned at her. "Whatever Charles does with your secretary is their own business and they can take care of it themselves. Nothing is going on yet, but you're already getting yourself so worked up about it. You're probably showing even more concern than Mrs. Lane, so doesn't that make it seem like Charles is your son?"

“What a load of nonsense!” Sonia glared at Toby playfully.

But Toby simply chuckled before appeasing her. “Alright, stop worrying about them. They don’t seem to be that concerned about it themselves, so why are you worrying on their behalf? Shouldn’t you be spending all that time and energy on me instead?”

“Don’t I care enough about you?” Sonia looked at Toby.

Toby nodded. “You do, but I’m a greedy man and I’ll never get enough of you. If you give me all the love and care that you give other people, then I’ll be even more satisfied.”

“I don’t want to pay any attention to you any longer.” Sonia was torn between feeling pleased and annoyed.

Toby ruffled her hair and stopped teasing her. “Okay, it’s getting late so I should leave now. I’ll see you tonight.”

“Yeah, see you tonight.” Sonia nodded and walked him to the elevator.

They were standing in front of the elevator when Toby suddenly pulled her into a hug. “Remember to think about me.”

“I will,” Sonia promised as she patted him on the back.

Satisfied with her answer, Toby released her from his embrace and entered the elevator.

Sonia stood there and waved him goodbye. Finally, the doors closed and the elevator began its descent, and Sonia headed back to her office.

She gave it some thought and agreed that Toby was right. This was a private matter between Charles and Daphne, so they should handle it themselves. She was just Charles’ friend and not his mother, so she need not worry about it so much.

Furthermore, she had also just firmly rejected Charles’ affection. How would her actions be taken if she started being troubled over Charles’ matters now?

She really needed to fix this habit of hers!

No matter how close of a friend he was, this was not something that she should be concerned about on her friend’s behalf. By doing so, it would make the relationship seem more than just friendship.

Sonia decided that it was best for her to heed Toby’s advice. She would pretend to not know anything about Charles and Daphne’s issue, and let them solve it themselves.

If something did happen in the future, then she could reconsider and offer her help if it was within her means. Now that Sonia sorted out her thoughts and made her decision, it felt like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

It was sometime in the afternoon when Sonia noticed that it was nearly time for her appointment. She stopped working, left her office, and headed to the mall for a dress fitting.

The staff in the boutique were already waiting for her at the entrance. Once they noticed Sonia approaching, they went forward with a smile and greeted, "Good afternoon, Miss Reed."

"Good afternoon," Sonia replied to their greeting with a smile of her own.

The manager moved to usher her in. "Please come with me, Miss Reed."

"Thank you." Sonia followed the manager into the boutique.

This boutique belonged to an international luxury brand. Once Sonia entered the store, she found herself surrounded by rows and rows of expensive gowns with intricate designs.

But of course, the gowns that were hung around the store were not the ones that were the most expensive. The most exquisite gowns were all hidden away deep within the boutique, and would only be brought out for those who were wealthy and influential enough to buy those gowns. People who were unfamiliar with luxury brands would often make the mistake of assuming that the best gowns were already hung on the racks outside.

"Please take a seat, Miss Reed. Would you like a cup of coffee, or perhaps a glass of champagne?" The manager brought Sonia to a couch inside the private resting area and offered Sonia a drink once she had taken her seat.

Sonia set her purse down and replied, "Coffee is fine. I drove here so I can't drink alcohol."

"Of course. Please give me a moment and I will have the coffee prepared for you. I have sent someone to retrieve your gown, so it will be brought out to you soon," the manager added with a smile.

Sonia nodded lightly. "Alright, thank you."

"Not at all, Miss Reed." The manager walked away.

Sonia leaned against the couch and browsed the Internet on her phone as she waited for her gown.

After a while, she heard a familiar voice coming from a distance behind her. "Is that all you have? Don't you have any gowns that are more dazzling?"

That voice...

Sonia narrowed her eyes in thought before a name finally popped into her mind.

It was Anya Steinfeld!

Immediately, Sonia set her phone down and turned toward the voice. Sure enough, she saw the figure of a person who was sitting in a wheelchair.

That figure was definitely Anya Steinfeld.

Sonia cocked her eyebrows. Why is she here? It looks like she's here to buy a gown, but why would she need one?

Sonia did not doubt Anya's ability to afford a dress here. After all, she could afford to get plastic surgery from head to toe. That would have cost her quite a sum of money. Furthermore, the repairs for Toby's car amounted to hundreds of thousands, and Anya had paid it in full without giving it a second thought. All in all, it proved that she had the money.

Though Sonia did wonder how an orphan who did not even have a job could get her hands on that much money.

After taking a look at Anya, Sonia withdrew her gaze and paid her no mind. She had no goodwill toward this manipulative woman who wanted to steal Toby away from her. Even if they ran into one another, Sonia would still pretend that Anya was invisible, and Sonia would not greet her.

As for Anya, she did not notice that Sonia was in the resting area behind her. She was holding up a pink-colored fishtail gown and studying it with a critical eye. After taking a good look at it, she was not at all satisfied with the gown.

She handed it over to the sales assistant beside her and frowned as she asked, "Don't you have any other gowns with a fishtail design?"

The sales assistant shook her head and smiled. "I'm very sorry, miss. We only have these few fishtail gown designs here."

Anya began to look rather crossed. "All of these designs are from the past seasons. Haven't the designs for the new season come out yet?"

"They have, but we only released one fishtail gown design this year. If you are interested in it, then please provide us with the details of your VIP membership. We will

place an order with our headquarters and have a gown custom made for you. Would you like that, miss?" The sales assistant smiled pleasantly as she looked at Anya.

However, Anya's expression froze a little. "VIP membership?"

"Yes." The sales assistant nodded and explained, "This year's fishtail gown was designed by our top designer, so naturally it costs a lot more than our other designs. Therefore, it is only offered to our VIP clients. If you are not one of our VIP membership clients, then I'm afraid you will have to consider the other designs that we have right now. Our VIP membership is only for clients who have spent over a hundred million with us. Do you have a VIP membership with us, miss?"

[Previous Chapter](#)
[Next Post](#)

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 842

Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Chapter 842

Chapter 842 Coaxing This Man Again

Anya's expression became even uglier.

They were just making things difficult on purpose if it took spending over a hundred million with them to become a VIP client!

Even when she used to... be richer, she never spent over a hundred million in this boutique, what more in her current situation.

When the sales assistant noticed Anya's silence and unnatural expression, she narrowed her eyes and quickly put on a smile. "Even without the VIP membership, there is still one possible solution. If you can prove your financial standing by having at least a nine-digit balance in your bank account, then you can also put in an order for a custom made dress."

Anya gave her a wide-eyed stare. "Nine digits?"

Was that not the same as having over a hundred million? How was it any different from having to spend a hundred million with them?

"Yes, that's right." The sales assistant was still smiling as she nodded. "So, can you prove that you have such means, miss?"

Anya stared at the smile on the sales assistant's face and felt terribly insulted. If she had that much in her bank account, she would already have a VIP membership.

This sales assistant was humiliating her on purpose!

It was obvious that Anya did not have such financial means, and she did not believe that the sales assistant was unable to make that deduction. And yet the sales assistant still asked her such a question, which made it clear that sales assistant was mocking her.

Anya clenched the armrests on her wheelchair. She exerted so much force that her veins on her arm were more pronounced than usual.

In the private resting area behind her, Sonia had also heard how Anya had been humiliated by the sales assistant, and she could not resist laughing.

On one hand, Sonia did think that the sales assistant had been rather impolite, but on the other hand, the person on the receiving end was someone she hated, so naturally she had no qualms with what the sales assistant did.

If Anya had not been full of malicious schemes, then Sonia might have put in a good word for her out of consideration for being acquaintances. But she would not do it for Anya. Such a shameless person deserved to be taught a lesson by society.

Sonia smirked and lightly shook her head. She picked up a fashion magazine and slowly flipped through the pages.

Still, she could hear scuffles sounding out behind her. Sonia overheard some of the conversation and knew that it was Anya who was lecturing the sales assistant for treating her in that manner. However, the sales assistant was not a pushover. She used the politest tone possible and easily turned Anya's words right back at her.

Sonia was starting to feel rather entertained. It was a kind of enjoyment to be sitting there browsing through her magazine while the comedic drama went on behind her. Her smile deepened as she took a sip from the coffee that another sales assistant had just delivered to her.

Suddenly, her phone, which had been left on the coffee table in front of her, started vibrating. Sonia set her coffee down and checked the notification. When she saw a text message from Toby, she raised her brows unexpectedly.

Why is he messaging me now? Isn't he busy?

Sonia was a little puzzled, but she quickly unlocked her phone and scrolled through the messages. When she saw what Toby sent, she did not know how to react at all.

Toby was asking her if she felt any discomfort or pain in her tummy.

He was probably worried all along about how the spicy food would affect her digestive system. She had to give him credit for worrying about it all this time.

Sonia had a helpless smile on her face, but deep down inside her, she felt very moved by Toby's concern. Only someone who truly cared about her would ask her this question. Otherwise, who would be concerned if she felt any discomfort after eating spicy food?

Sonia's expression was warm as she typed out her response. 'I'm fine, no discomfort at all. You don't have to worry.'

Meanwhile, when Toby saw the reply from Sonia, his furrowed brows were finally released.

It was just as Sonia suspected. Toby had been worried all this time about how the spicy food at lunch would affect her stomach. That was why even in the midst of a busy day, he took the time to send her a message and ask her about it. Once Toby confirmed that she was fine, his heart could finally settle down again.

"President Fuller, the plane has arrived, so we'll take our leave now." Just as Toby was about to respond to Sonia's message, a few men in suits walked over with their luggage. One look was enough to tell that they were respectable men of society. All of them crowded over and respectfully bid their goodbyes to Toby.

They were all part of the management teams for Fuller Group's subsidiaries overseas.

Toby had gone to the airport to make arrangements for them to head overseas on his private jet. As their boss, Toby wanted to show his appreciation for these men, who were working overseas for the company and could only return to the country once every few years.

This was one of the ways Toby proved to them that he valued their sacrifice and did not take them for granted. Toby was a worthy boss who knew how to win the hearts of his workers in order for them to willingly work hard for his company.

Toby set aside his phone and nodded toward the men. "Alright, travel safe. If anything happens overseas, then give Tom a call. He will get the message to me immediately."

"Yes, President Fuller." All of them quickly acknowledged Toby before heading off toward the airport's VIP passage.

Toby remained standing there to send them off. Once they were out of sight, he and Tom then made their way back out to the parking lot.

At last, when Toby got in the car, he recalled that he forgot to respond to Sonia's message. He pulled out his phone and swiftly typed out a message. 'I'm sorry, I was sending off a few of my men at the airport and could not respond in time.'

Back when he stopped replying, Sonia assumed that he would not be responding anytime soon, so she was focused on the amusing drama behind her. However, she did not expect her phone to vibrate once more.

When Sonia saw Toby's apology, she gave another helpless laugh before replying to him. 'I know you're busy, so I won't be angry if you don't respond. You don't have to worry about it. Have they left the country already?'

Toby had a smile on his face as he sent his response. "Yes, they have just boarded the plane, and I'm heading back to the office now. There's still work to be done."

"He works so hard," Sonia sighed as she commented to herself. She continued to type out a message to him. 'Drive safe. I'm not in the office either.'

Toby narrowed his eyes when he saw that she was not in the office. 'What are you doing outside?'

Sonia took another sip of coffee before replying. 'My gown has arrived, so I came to the shop for a fitting.'

Toby pursed his lips. 'I told you that you should leave your outfit to me and let me make all the necessary arrangements. I was going to get the designer to come right to your doorstep and take your measurements for you, but you rejected my offer.'

Sonia chuckled when she read his message. She could sense the petulance in his words.

When she and Toby first received the invites, Toby had immediately requested that she be his companion to the event. They had already gotten back together by then, so she had no reason to decline. Toby happily started making the arrangements for her gown. But even so, she still rejected his offer.

Sonia's reasoning was still the same. She did not want to rely on Toby for things that she could handle by herself.

Toby was unable to convince her, so he had to leave it be. However, despite him never mentioning it again, Sonia knew that he was affected by her choice. In his mind, he believed that declining his help and refusing to rely on him were all signs that she did not fully accept him yet.

But that was not the case for Sonia. She just did not want to be reliant on him. She worried that if she did, then she would lose herself in the process. She did not want to

become a flower that was kept inside a greenhouse and could not survive the elements without it. If she grew to rely on him too much, then she would one day lose her ability to live on her own.

She was a rational woman who had her own dreams and ambitions in life. She would never allow herself to become reliant on someone else. That was why she kept refusing to accept Toby's well-meaning offers to help her.

After thinking about it at length, Sonia massaged her forehead and chuckled as she began shaking her head. It was time for her to start coaxing this man again.

Sonia swiftly tapped out her response. 'Okay, don't be angry. Why don't I let you handle my wedding dress?'

After she sent the message, her face began to flush.

It was the first time she brought up the topic of marriage since they had gotten back together. This was also her way of making it clear that she did want to marry him.

Sonia thought about Toby's reaction once he saw this message. He would most likely not feel upset anymore, right?

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Post](#)

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 843

Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Chapter 843

Chapter 843 Berserk

Sure enough, when he saw the word 'marriage,' Toby straightened his back immediately. He then held the phone closer to his eyes to see if he had read it wrong.

After making sure he wasn't mistaken, Toby's eyes sparkled with happiness. Just about anyone could see that he was in an excellent mood.

When Tom saw the delighted Toby in the rearview mirror, he couldn't help but wonder, "President Fuller, did something good happen?"

Toby was in a good mood, so he didn't hesitate to answer Tom, "Little Leaf said she wants me to prepare our wedding outfits."

“Oh, really?” Tom was surprised at this revelation.

Toby nodded with blatant pride on his face. “It’s true.”

“That’s great! Congratulations to you, President Fuller. It means that Miss Reed is genuinely willing to remarry you.” Tom also laughed as he was happy for Toby.

Toby pursed his lips upon hearing that and coughed, attempting to suppress his joy. Then, he lightly replied, “Thank you.”

After speaking, he lowered his head and replied to Sonia. ‘Okay, I will prepare the dress when the time comes.’

Although it was just a simple sentence, it was enough for Sonia to figure out how pleased he was.

Sonia smiled and replied, ‘I’ll leave it to you. Talk to you later; my dress is being prepared.’

Toby replied with an ‘alright’ and reluctantly put down the phone. Then, he looked at Tom and instructed, “After you go back, you have to collect information on all the world-class bridal designers. I want to see who has the best design to complement me and Sonia’s temperament.”

Upon hearing the order, Tom raised his eyebrows.

President Fuller is too proactive. Miss Reed had just told President Fuller to prepare her wedding dress. They haven’t even picked a wedding date yet, but he’s already getting impatient and working on the design immediately. He’s definitely a marriage maniac.

Despite what he complained in his mind, Tom didn’t dare show it on his face. He nodded with a smile. “Okay, President Fuller, I’ll make arrangements after returning to the company.”

“Great.” Toby raised his chin. “And see if there are suitable venues for weddings. I will check them out.”

“Understood,” Tom answered again.

After thinking for a short while, Toby said again, “Plus world-class jewelry designers. Find their portfolios for me. I’ll need them to design our accessories for the ceremony and the wedding ring.”

“Yes, sir. Is there anything else?” Tom said with a humorless smile.

Please just give me all the orders at once.

“Not for now.” Toby shook his head. “If I have more ideas, I’ll tell you.”

“Yes, sir.” Tom nodded and stopped talking.

Toby also fell silent to think.

In the past, Toby and Sonia hastily applied for the marriage certificate. He never organized a wedding ceremony for Sonia because at that time, he had been hypnotized to firmly believe that Sonia was coercing him into marriage. He hated Sonia at that time, so it was no surprise that he never organized a ceremony for Sonia.

However, Toby had snapped out of the delusion. Currently, he loved Sonia more than ever. So naturally, he wanted to give her the best wedding ceremony, reception, and everything else.

Even if Toby gave her everything in the universe, it was still not enough to express his love for Sonia.

On the other side, in the boutique.

Sonia locked her phone and put it in the bag.

Behind her, the manager had already taken out her dress from the storeroom and was walking toward her.

However, when the manager passed by Anya, Anya stopped her. “Wait a minute.”

Hearing that, the manager stopped immediately and turned around to look at Anya in the wheelchair. She then asked politely, “What’s the matter, miss?”

Anya didn’t look at the manager as she only had eyes for the dress.

It was a silver-blue off-shoulder fishtail dress with a unique design and novel fabric. In addition, it was embellished with countless tiny diamonds, making the dress look gorgeous even without the help of lighting.

After wearing it, you could become a mermaid that only existed in legends.

Anya’s eyes were fixed on the dress at the moment, and she couldn’t tear her eyes away.

Anya had fallen in love with this dress at first sight. She could already imagine how beautiful she would be when she wore it.

Suppressing her pounding heart, Anya pointed at the dress in the manager’s hand with undisguised determination and ambition on her face. “I want to try on this dress.”

Before Anya came here, she had already checked out all the new dresses released by the store this year on the official website, and she didn't see this fishtail dress.

Therefore, this fishtail dress didn't require a customer to have a VIP membership to purchase or order, right?

Since this is the case, I must take this dress.

The manager never thought that this woman stopped her because of the dress in her hand.

But the manager could understand. After all, this dress was so beautiful that every employee was amazed when the dress arrived at the store. Any woman would not be able to tear their eyes away from the dress.

Therefore, it was no surprise that the woman would want to snatch it.

Despite the request, the manager did not hand over the dress to Anya. Instead, she smiled at Anya and said, "I'm sorry, miss. This dress is custom-made, and it was specially made by our designer for the owner. Therefore, this is not a runway product. I can't let you have it."

Anya's face fell upon hearing that. "What? It's custom-made?"

"Yes." The manager nodded.

Anya bit her lip.

No wonder I didn't see this dress on the official website. It's because someone specifically commissioned the dress from a designer. Therefore, it is an exclusive dress.

In that case, I can't get this dress.

Anya looked at the dress in front of her, unwilling to part with it.

It was such a beautiful dress. No matter what, Anya couldn't let go of it.

Why don't I fight for it?

With resolution, Anya bit her lower lip and took a deep breath. After she calmed down, she smiled and said, "Since it's a custom-made dress, I have to give it up. However, the owner of this dress is not here now, so it should be fine if you let me try on this dress, right? I want to see if this design is right for me. After that, I can get your designer to customize one for me. What do you think?"

She looked around the store, and she couldn't see any other customers there.

Therefore, she was sure that the dress owner was not around.

Anya was sure that the sales assistant would accept her request. Especially since the assistant could get more commission if she ordered the dress.

Anya thought that her proposal was perfect. However, the smile on her face froze the next second.

The manager said with a smile, "I'm really sorry, miss. I still can't let you try on the dress. Everyone's physique is different, and this is a custom-made dress. There is a chance that you will deform the dress. If that happens, we can't explain it to the owner. It is also unethical to let other customers try on a custom-made dress without the owner's permission. We will lose our jobs once they find out we did that. Secondly, this is a commissioned dress. It is the one and only design in the world. If you want to get the same dress, you need to get permission from the owner. You can get the same dress after the owner gives her permission to let other people use the design. Of course, there are some more conditions."

When Anya heard that she couldn't try it on, she was already dissatisfied.

But then she heard that she even needed the owner's permission to have the same dress. This irritated her and she wanted to hit someone.

Now that she heard that more conditions were needed, she was so annoyed that she wanted to protest.

Isn't it just a dress?

Why are there so many rules?!

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Post](#)

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 844 Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Chapter 844

Chapter 844 What Are You

The more Anya thought about it, the angrier she became. She gritted her teeth. "Tell me, what are the conditions?"

The manager smiled. "The condition is that you also need to be our VIP client aside from obtaining the owner's permission."

Hearing that, Anya stayed silent. Now, Anya's face looked like hell and she was shaking as a result of her anger. VIP membership? This damn VIP membership again! Why does everything have to be associated with the VIP membership? I am crazy to even want to enter this store. This is so annoying.

The sales assistant who had argued with Anya stayed silent after that and finally couldn't help but laugh upon seeing Anya's angry face.

Even Sonia, who was behind them the whole time, burst out laughing when she heard the manager's words.

The sound of laughter entered Anya's ears, making her face even more distorted. She shouted, "W-Who is laughing?"

To answer the question, the manager turned around and looked at Sonia before he introduced Sonia to Anya. "Miss, the lady laughing is the owner of the dress."

"What?" Anya was stunned.

The dress owner? She never thought that the dress owner would be here. Shouldn't I be the only customer in the store right now? I thought she was not here.

While Anya thought that, she looked toward Sonia.

Sonia was sitting on the couch with her back facing Anya. The couch was big enough to obscure the whole body, which was why no one would notice someone sitting there.

No wonder I assumed I was the only one because someone was hiding there like a cat.

"Miss, if you want to order the same dress, you can discuss it with the owner and see if she agrees." The manager gestured to Anya and led her toward Sonia.

When Sonia heard footsteps, she knew she herself was about to confront Anya. At once, she lost interest in enjoying the drama and coffee. Sonia simply put down her cup of coffee and pulled out a tissue to wipe the corners of her mouth gracefully. Then, she waited for Anya to come.

Soon, the manager brought Anya over. Just when the manager was about to speak, Anya interrupted her.

"It's you!" Anya looked with disbelief at Sonia sitting on the couch.

The dress owner is actually Sonia Reed!

So, it was Sonia who laughed at me earlier?! Now that I think about it, doesn't that mean that she saw the whole process of me being embarrassed by that sales assistant earlier too?

When Anya thought of this, her face darkened.

To lose respect in front of someone she disliked was worse than getting killed.

As if Sonia didn't see Anya's hideous face, she raised her eyes and showed Anya a cold smile. "Miss Steinfeld, what a coincidence. We meet again."

Hearing that, the manager was surprised. "Do you know this lady?"

Sonia glanced at Anya, her red lips curled into an unforgiving smile. "Not really. We've met only once, but it was enough to leave a deep impression on me. I didn't expect Miss Steinfeld to be a stealer. Alas, she didn't manage to poach my employee and apologized to me on the Internet instead."

"You..." Anya's eyes widened. She obviously was not expecting Sonia to be so direct and expose what she had done.

Now, Anya could feel the manager looking at her strangely.

She did it on purpose. She is doing this to humiliate me.

Anya clenched her fists tightly with hatred.

In response, the manager looked at Anya with a comical expression but soon withdrew her gaze and nodded at Sonia. "I see. That explains why I thought she felt familiar, but I could not remember where I saw her. It must be on the Internet, then."

Sonia smiled but said nothing.

Finally, the manager remembered her job and she handed over the dress with both hands. "Miss Reed, this is the dress you ordered. Please try it on and see if you need further adjustment."

"Thank you." Sonia took the dress. Then, she uncrossed her legs and stood up.

Just as Sonia was about to take a closer look at the dress and head to the fitting room, Anya narrowed her eyes and said, "Miss Reed, you said that I am a stealer, right?"

Hearing that, Sonia put down the dress and stared at Anya alongside the manager.

"What do you want to say?" Sonia asked in a low voice.

Anya flicked her nails with a wicked smile on her face. "Since I am a stealer, I have to act like one to fit your opinion. I like your dress very much. Can you let me have it?"

Then, Sonia frowned.

The manager didn't expect Anya to directly attempt to steal the dress in the presence of Sonia.

Miss Reed is angry. It will be an interesting fight.

As a manager, she had to do her best to not offend anyone. The best thing to do now was to withdraw from the battlefield to let the women fight with each other, but she couldn't do this.

After all, President Fuller is supporting Miss Reed. He is one of the shareholders of the brand, and not many people know that he is my boss. On the other hand, Miss Reed is also my boss.

Therefore, the manager could not allow Miss Reed to be bullied in the store that she was in charge of. Otherwise, it would be a problem if President Fuller found out.

Thinking of this, the manager took a deep breath, then stepped forward and stood in front of Sonia. She looked down at Anya with an oh-so-polite smile infused with coldness. "Miss Steinfeld, I said before that Miss Reed reached out to our designer and commissioned the dress. Therefore, the dress is owned by Miss Reed. You are not qualified to take it away, and you can only ask for the permission of Miss Reed if you want to order a second dress. Do you understand?"

However, Anya didn't care about this and sneered. "So what? Even if she commissioned the dress, it doesn't mean that this dress can't be mine. Anyone could have this dress. So, Miss Reed, dare to give it to me?"

Anya believed that Sonia would definitely fall into a difficult situation as soon as she said those words.

If Sonia refused, Anya could tell the others in their circle that Sonia was extremely unreasonable. In this way, those cooperating with Paradigm Co. would reconsider whether they should continue doing business with them. After all, if they somehow had some disagreement, Sonia would never let them off the hook.

However, if Sonia agreed to give it to her, then Anya could say that Sonia was a coward. In that case, anyone could step on her.

The more she thought about it, the more excited she became. Anya was convinced that Sonia would figure out that she was in a difficult situation.

Sonia would definitely understand the significance of her choice. To save her company, Sonia could only give up the dress.

Anya could already imagine the upset look on Sonia's face when she gave up the dress.

Looking at Anya's blatant wicked smile, Sonia could tell what the woman was daydreaming about.

So, with a trace of ridicule flashing in her eyes, Sonia said coldly, "I won't answer your question. But I can say that I will never let go of my dress. Moreover, you don't have the right to ask me to give up my belongings. What makes you think you have such a right? What are you?"

Excellent!

The manager was cheering for Sonia.

If it weren't for the circumstances, she would have applauded Sonia.

After all, the manager hated Anya too. She saw how Anya argued with the sales assistant earlier and was convinced that this woman was being unreasonable.

So, the manager was happy to see Anya reprimanded by Sonia. It was an understatement to say she was happy.

Not far away, the sales assistant who argued with Anya saw that she was being roasted by Sonia. Now, Anya was stunned by the imposing Sonia, and the sales assistant was pleased to see it.

After all, she thought that Anya deserved to get stumped by Sonia.

[Previous Chapter](#)
[Next Post](#)

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 845

Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Chapter 845

Chapter 845 Useless Threat

Although the manager and the sales assistant did not speak, one could clearly see the gloating in their eyes.

Seeing that these people dared to laugh at her like this, Anya almost snapped.

But this wasn't the worst. What angered Anya the most was Sonia saying, 'what are you' to her.

This was the first time she had been referred to as a thing.

To Anya, this was pure humiliation.

"So, you don't want to give me your dress, right?" Anya held the armrest of the wheelchair tightly with both hands, her voice extremely gloomy.

In response, Sonia looked at her coldly. "It's mine. Why should I give it to you? If it was yours, would you let me have the dress?"

Of course not!

Anya replied silently.

But she didn't show her thoughts on her face.

Moreover, in her opinion, she could steal other people's possessions, and others had to obey her.

But if someone dared to steal from her, it would be a heinous crime and could not be forgiven.

Anya was such a hypocrite.

"So, you're saying that you're not afraid of people in the circle thinking that you have no sympathy and are unforgiving at all, right?" Anya narrowed her eyes and made a threat.

Sonia looked at Anya like she was a fool. "I know what you want to say and do. I'm telling you, the people in the circle are not fools. Since they have been accepted by the circle and have not been eliminated, they are all smart people. It is impossible for them to not see who's in the wrong in this situation. If I give up the dress, it will be a shame for me and everyone in the circle. If I did that, did that mean they have to give up their possession unwillingly, too? If they don't, does that mean they're in the wrong and unreasonable?"

Speaking of this, Sonia stepped forward to get closer. "Miss Steinfeld, if I were to share your idea to the circle, how would they react?"

Anya's face was pale, and a trace of panic flashed in her eyes.

How else? Of course, they would want to kill me.

She thought that if Sonia did not give in, she would make people believe that Sonia was an assertive and arrogant person. Those who cooperated with the Reed Family in the circle would keep their distance from Sonia. However, Anya never thought that her idea would offend everyone else in the circle.

Indeed. As Sonia had said, if someone took a fancy to the possession of the people in the circle and asked them for it, would it be unreasonable if they declined it?

Anya didn't expect Sonia to quickly catch the loophole in her words.

Now, Anya was the one in a difficult situation.

Seeing Anya's face changing like a palette, Sonia smiled coldly.

Sonia thought that Anya could hold on for long, but now she had almost lost.

As a result, Sonia smacked her lips in boredom. "Miss Steinfeld, I know that if I don't give in to your demands, you will tell my business partners to be wary of me, and if I give in, you will make me a laughing stock. In this way, everyone will think that I'm a weakling everyone can step on. But you never thought that no one would keep their distance from me if I didn't give in. This is because not simply letting go of my possession is right. My business partner will only appreciate me because I am a firm person, and they will be more comfortable cooperating with me. You are not a manager, so you don't understand how it works. Moreover, you are taking them too lightly and thinking they're stupid!"

As Sonia said that, she sneered. "If I give in, you think that people in the circle will bully me, but that's impossible because I will never give in. Besides, even if I let you have the dress, do you think it will look good on you? Are you worthy of the dress?"

Sonia unfolded the dress, shoving it toward Anya's face that looked ready to kill, and continued, "This dress is based on my measurements. Although you're taller than me, your figure is too bad. Do you think you will look good in this dress? No, it'll look ugly. You're just an ugly woman trying to imitate beauty."

At first, Sonia didn't want to speak so harshly, but she really hated Anya too much.

She hated Anya to the point that she didn't want to save any respect for her.

For some reason, she hated Anya to the same extent as she hated Tina Gray, which exceeded the hatred she had for Taylor Carey.

Obviously, Anya had no machinations besides verbal abuse, but Sonia just hated this woman a lot.

This was probably a natural misalignment.

In addition, Sonia felt that this woman's ruthless appearance was somewhat similar to Tina's.

Sure enough, there were similarities between the bad guys.

Anya was so annoyed by Sonia's words that she could hardly bear it, so she stood up from the wheelchair and rushed over in an attempt to strangle Sonia to death.

Sonia Reed, I'm okay with you mocking something else, but not my figure! You even made me sound worthless!

Is this still the same cowardly Sonia from the past?

Even the manager and sales assistant on the side didn't expect Sonia to be so merciless. When Sonia was getting serious about hurting people, it would hit where it hurts.

However, upon seeing Anya being roasted, they still felt happy.

"Fine, you win." After a while, Anya finally took a deep breath and smiled coldly. "Since I can't get this dress, you can't have it either."

As soon as these words came out, everyone, including Sonia, became vigilant.

It was especially so for the manager and sales assistant.

The manager stared at Anya. "Miss Steinfeld, what do you want to do?"

Does this woman want to ruin the dress?

Another sales assistant took out her mobile phone and entered the police department's contact number. As soon as Anya made a move, she would immediately call the police.

Anya glanced at the mobile phone in the sales assistant's hand and snorted. "Don't worry, I won't do something stupid like destroying the dress. I know that I will never be able to get out of this store once I do, and the compensation fee can bankrupt me."

Hearing this, the manager and the sales assistant were relieved.

The sales assistant also put down the phone.

Only Sonia still tightly grabbed the dress hanger and stared at Anya with squinted eyes. "Then what do you want?"

Anya sneered. "Manager, I remember you said that if I want a custom-made dress like this, I need the permission from the owner and a VIP membership, right?"

“Yes.” Although the manager didn’t know what Anya meant, she still nodded and answered truthfully.

Anya went on to say, “Getting a VIP membership requires you to spend more than 100 million in any store of your brand. Since customizing such a dress requires a VIP membership, the same is required for commission, right? As far as I know, Miss Reed’s Paradigm Co., which is currently not profitable, is ranking at the bottom in the city. Does Miss Reed have 100 million to spend?”

Seeing that Sonia pursed her lips and said nothing, Anya smiled proudly. “I don’t think so. Then Miss Reed definitely doesn’t have a VIP membership. Since she doesn’t, how can Miss Reed succeed in making a request for a commission? You must be letting her walk through the back door. Then, don’t blame me for exposing this truth to the public and making your brand less valuable.”

The manager raised her eyebrows as she immediately understood what Anya meant. The sneer in her eyes dissolved immediately. “So, what you mean is that, I should take back the dress and not let Miss Reed have it?”

“That’s right.” Anya raised her chin arrogantly.

Anya firmly believed that Sonia had walked through the back door.

In the past, Anya was wealthier than Sonia, but she still didn’t manage to spend 100 million on this brand. So, Sonia couldn’t have the VIP membership.

Therefore, something had to be wrong with the origin of this dress.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Post](#)

Boss Your Wife’s Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 846

Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Chapter 846

Chapter 846 Lowlife

Anya firmly believed that Sonia’s dress was the product of corruption.

Anya never thought about the reason behind this brand allowing Sonia access from the back.

Anya only knew that she could use this to threaten the brand to let them take back the dress.

In short, if Anya couldn't get what she liked, she wouldn't let others have it, especially Sonia.

Seeing Anya's smug look, Sonia felt disgusted.

At the same time, the manager was speechless too. The corner of her mouth twitched, and then she said, "Miss Steinfeld, I'm sorry. We can't accept the return of the dress as Miss Reed didn't go through the back door."

"What?" Anya's expression immediately froze, looking very ridiculous.

Sonia simply sat down and put the dress aside. Right now, she didn't feel the need to rush and try the dress on. Instead, she picked up her unfinished cup of coffee and sipped it.

"How is this possible?" Anya finally came to her senses and shook her head, unwilling to accept the truth. "How could she not have gone through the back door? Then how did she commission a dress from your top designer without the VIP membership? Who are you kidding?!"

She shrieked.

The manager frowned and became impatient. "I'm not lying. Miss Reed did not go through the back door. Just as you said, Paradigm Co. is currently not profitable. Therefore, she never spent 100 million to get the VIP membership. Our brand looks down on someone like that, so we won't let Miss Reed walk through any back door. However, her boyfriend is President Fuller. Instead of Miss Reed, President Fuller has the money instead. President Fuller is the VIP of our brand and many other luxury brands. This is why we let Miss Reed have a custom-made dress."

Having said that, the manager looked at Sonia, who was drinking coffee calmly. A trace of apology flashed across her face. "I'm so sorry, Miss Reed. I've just said something rude about you."

To say that the brand was looking down at her was really offensive.

I hope Miss Reed doesn't get angry. Otherwise, it would be troublesome if President Fuller decides to punish me.

Hearing that, Sonia put down the coffee cup, raised her eyes, and smiled at the uneasy manager. "It doesn't matter. After all, you're just telling the truth. I must accept the truth."

What the manager said was the truth. Paradigm Co. was just a corporation with a small reputation in Seafield, and it ranked near the last in terms of size and profitability.

To put it nicely, Paradigm Co. was a corporation. In truth, Paradigm Co. was just a mid-sized company and was far from a corporation. After all, only a company with multiple subsidiaries could be called a corporation.

Six years ago, Paradigm Co. sold off many of its subsidiaries. Now, only a few of them remained. The reason why it retained the name was that no one renamed it. Strictly speaking, it should be named Paradigm Company instead of Paradigm Corporation.

Paradigm Co. had no place in Seafield, not to mention how it did worldwide. So, it was typical for a luxury brand with a century-old heritage to look down on a chairman of a small company.

Sonia couldn't even get angry about this. After all, she knew where she stood the whole time.

Moreover, it was the truth that she could get this dress only because of Toby.

At first, Sonia didn't want to use Toby's power to get the dress. However, a proprietress was going to attend the business banquet. The proprietress was a loyal fan of this haute couture brand. From daily wear to evening gowns, she only wore clothes from this brand.

If Sonia wanted to get an exhibition platform at the shopping mall, she had to start with the proprietress.

Because she didn't know the proprietress, Sonia had to find a way to befriend the proprietress. The best way to befriend her was to start with her preferences.

Only this brand could work. After research, Sonia found that the proprietress loved the clothes from this brand. She even collected all kinds of bags and accessories from the same brand. Therefore, Sonia gave up on visiting her usual boutique which sold affordable luxury dresses.

However, it didn't work if she chose an ordinary dress from this brand. It had to be a unique dress not available on the official website. Only then could she attract the attention of the proprietress and form a friendship with her using the dress as a medium.

But to get such a dress, one could only contact the designer of this brand for a commission.

As Anya said, Sonia did not have a VIP membership, so she was not qualified to have this brand design her a dress. Then she thought of using Toby's membership, and she finally got the brand to agree to design for her.

Of course, Sonia had to pay for the dress herself.

Toby wanted to pay for her, but Sonia had refused.

The dress cost her two million. After spending the money on the dress, Sonia's bank account was emptied.

However, Sonia didn't mind as it would let her gain the rights to the exhibition platform. Even if her bank account was emptied, she could still earn the money back in the future.

Anya didn't know what Sonia was thinking, but she was stunned when the manager said that Sonia was using Toby's VIP membership.

Toby Fuller. Is it actually him?!

Anya gritted her teeth.

Of course. How could I forget about him?

They are back together now!

Anya bit her lower lip, her face filled with resentment.

How is this happening?

I don't understand.

Whenever I feel my plan is working as intended, and sometimes, even when I'm so close to succeeding, there will always be a twist at the very end of the situation.

Is Sonia a favorite of God?

Why is luck always with her?

Seeing Anya doubting herself with anger, Sonia felt a little bored.

So, Sonia picked up the dress and stood up. "Miss Steinfeld, do you still want my dress? If you still feel like it, I—"

"Of course not." Anya clenched the armrest of the wheelchair with both hands while looking at Sonia. She clearly hated Sonia, but she still smiled. "This is your dress. I can't steal it from you. If I were to steal it, you wouldn't let me go so easily, right?"

Upon hearing that, Sonia raised her eyebrows and smiled. "Since you have already figured it out and took the hint, I will excuse your rudeness earlier. After all, we wouldn't

want this incident to escalate while being in public. Well, it's getting late. I should try the dress now. Please excuse me."

After saying that, Sonia took the dress and brushed past Anya to walk toward the dressing room.

Anya stared at Sonia's back with bloodshot eyes as if she wanted to kill Sonia. She felt resentful.

B*tch! 'Take a hint', my ass! You use the phrase 'take a hint' on servants and lowlifes, but this b*tch had the nerve to use it on me. You're belittling and humiliating me! Just you wait! One day, I will kill you, and...

Anya narrowed her eyes viciously as she swore fiercely in her heart.

The manager on the side frowned uneasily when she saw Anya's expression, then she asked, "Miss Steinfeld, Miss Reed has gone to try on the dress. Do you want to see other dresses?"

"No need." Anya raised her head and looked at the manager coldly. "I can't afford your dresses."

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Post](#)

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 847

Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Chapter 847

Chapter 847 You're Gorgeous

How could the manager not hear the disdain in Anya's tone? While the manager's smile didn't falter, the warmth had faded away from her voice. "Since you think the outfits here are below you, please check out the other shops."

The manager was implicitly kicking her out of the store.

Of course, Anya understood the message, and she was furious about being kicked out.

However, she knew that things were different now. Currently, she couldn't even afford to offend the branch manager of some insignificant brand.

And so, all she could do was swallow her anger, and she scoffed coldly. “Fine, I’ll go. There’s nothing much your brand can offer anyway.”

“Our sincere apologies,” the manager replied with a fake smile.

In the end, Anya wheeled her way out of the store with her lips pursed tightly together.

The manager watched her leave with scorn in her eyes.

In her time as the branch manager of this shop for the past few years, she had met all sorts of people. However, it was her first time encountering someone as crazy as Anya.

She would love to see how long Anya’s arrogance could last, for Anya was arrogant beyond belief.

One day, someone would teach her a lesson!

After Anya’s departure, the manager calmly turned around and walked toward the dressing room.

Just as the manager arrived at the dressing room, the door opened.

Then, Sonia walked out dressed in a beautiful blue off-shoulder diamond-embellished dress with a mermaid tail.

The moment she stepped out of the dressing room, it was as if the world lit up.

The manager inhaled sharply as awe was painted on her face. “Miss Reed, you’re out of this world.”

There was no attempt to disguise the admiration in the manager’s eyes as she scanned Sonia up and down.

In the manager’s opinion, Sonia might be beautiful, but she wasn’t the most beautiful kind of girl. In fact, she had seen women prettier than Sonia.

However, none of those women had ever awed the manager as much as Sonia did.

Also, the manager could tell there was something unique about the way Sonia carried herself. There was something about her air that other ladies didn’t have. Perhaps it was because Sonia had been through too much and carried too many secrets with her.

Not only that, the mermaid tail dress had the same aura as Sonia. Hence, it complemented Sonia so naturally that her beauty amazed everyone who saw her.

When Sonia heard the manager's praises and felt her admiring gaze, Sonia blushed with embarrassment. "You're too kind."

"No, no, Miss Reed," the manager said, hurriedly shaking her head. "I'm speaking the truth. You're beautiful. If you don't believe me, take a look for yourself."

The manager then pointed at the full-length mirror nearby.

Sonia turned to look at where the manager pointed and saw herself reflected from head to toe.

Upon seeing herself in the mirror, Sonia paused in surprise. She could scarcely believe that the woman in the mirror was her.

She... She was indeed quite the beauty!

The realization made Sonia's heart race, as she slowly walked over to the mirror to carefully look at her reflection.

She then realized the more she looked at herself, the more beautiful she was.

Humans were creatures who appreciated beauty, and she was no different. Anyone would be stupefied to see an astonishingly beautiful version of themselves.

Hence, she was similarly stupefied.

It wasn't like she had never worn a pretty dress before, but she had never looked as beautiful.

However, she had no idea why that was.

Nevertheless, none of that mattered. What was important was that she was beautiful.

At that thought, Sonia smiled at her reflection. Due to the gentle and warm nature of that smile, her beauty increased.

"Well, Miss Reed?" The manager walked over to stand beside Sonia. "Isn't the dress heavenly?"

"It's quite nice," Sonia replied with a nod and a smile.

"Your beauty will be even more out of this world if you wear some nice make-up, a few matching accessories, style your hair, and change into a matching pair of heels."

Sonia chuckled. "That's not a bad idea. I'm making a note in my head."

“Trust me. You’ll look amazing,” the manager said, giving her a thumbs up. Then, as though she was just reminded of something, she asked, “Miss Reed, would you like to take a photo?”

“A photo?” Sonia raised an eyebrow.

“Yes. You’re so beautiful that it would be a shame if you don’t have anything to remember this by. You can also send the picture to President Fuller. He’ll find it very hard to look away.” The manager winked.

Hearing that, Sonia’s mouth twitched awkwardly. She handed her phone over to the manager and said, “Take a few photos for me, but it’s just for myself. I won’t be sending him any pictures.”

Sonia’s words sounded like a rather bad attempt at disguising her intent.

Pretending as though she didn’t realize it, the manager merely smiled and accepted the phone. “Okay. Miss Reed, please strike a pose. I’ll definitely make sure you look stunning.”

“Okay.” Sonia nodded and took a few steps back. When she was far enough away from the camera, she struck an elegant pose.

As the manager frequently took photos for customers, she was a great photographer. Hence, in the photos, Sonia stood out from the background.

Frankly speaking, the manager was so good at taking photos that she could be a freelance photographer if she decided to quit her job.

When Sonia looked at the photos of herself, she recalled what the manager said to her. Then, after a few moments of hesitation, she sent one to Toby.

Fine. She would send him a photo of herself. Otherwise, if he looked through her phone in the future, he would blame her for not showing it to him.

After all, he had gone out just to buy her Thai food today, and he had sent messages asking if she felt alright.

Since he was being so attentive and sweet, she should reward him.

At that thought, Sonia smiled and put her phone away. Then, she walked back into the dressing room to change into her clothes before paying for the new dress.

While she was changing, her phone began to ring from where it sat inside her jacket pocket. It was a call from Toby.

However, she had left her jacket outside, so Sonia couldn't hear the phone ringing from within the dressing room.

After a few moments, the phone stopped ringing and silence ruled the shop once more.

But soon, the store phone began ringing.

Although the manager answered the call, no one knew what the conversation was about. All anyone knew was the manager walking around the shop after ending the call as if she was looking for something.

When Sonia eventually exited the dressing room, she was greeted by the sight of the manager walking over to her with a man's suit in her hands.

Upon closer inspection, the suit was visibly different from the average suit style. It was a little bit more stylish, and the fabric used wasn't the usual dark and dull fabric. Instead, the suit's fabric shimmered.

Sonia could tell at a glance that the manager wasn't carrying an ordinary suit, but a tuxedo.

But why was the manager bringing it over to her?

Furthermore, the tie paired with the tuxedo seemed to match her dress.

If a man's tie was similar to a lady's dress, then it signified to all that the wearers were a couple.

Was the manager trying to recommend to Sonia a tuxedo for Toby?

It turned out Sonia's guess was almost accurate.

"Miss Reed, this is President Fuller's tuxedo. President Fuller has asked for your opinion, and for you to bring it to him if you find it is suitable for him," said the manager with a smile as she showed Sonia the tuxedo.

"Toby's tuxedo?" Sonia's eyes went wide. "And he wants me to decide?"

"Yes, miss."

"That means," Sonia asked the manager, "Toby called the store just now?"

"Yes, Miss Reed," the manager replied, nodding. "President Fuller had just called us to purchase a suit. As he is unable to be here, he has requested for me to select something for him before asking you for your opinion. If you think this suits him, you can

bring it to him. If you don't think it suits him, you are to select a set for President Fuller. He has stated he'll be wearing it at the event which he'll attend with you."

Sonia's lips twitched.

To be worn at the event which he would attend with her?

Didn't Toby already have an outfit chosen for it?

Why did he want another outfit now?

Just what was Toby up to?

"I see," Sonia said, facepalming herself. "Put the tuxedo down for now. I'll ask him for his opinion."

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Post](#)

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 848

Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Chapter 848

Chapter 848 Matching Outfits With You

"Yes, Miss Reed." The manager smiled and nodded.

Sonia then walked over to where she had left her jacket.

After searching through her jacket's pockets for her phone, what she saw displayed on her phone screen surprised her.

Toby had tried to call her a few minutes ago.

However, she didn't hear the phone ring because she was in the dressing room.

Sonia placed the outfit she was holding on top of her jacket and unlocked her phone to call Toby.

Toby immediately picked up, but before she could even speak, Toby spoke in a hoarse voice that sounded like he was suppressing his emotions. "Little Leaf."

He had only called her by her nickname.

Even though it was just two words, something felt different about the way he had said them.

Whenever his sensual, raspy voice called out her name in that kind of sweet and seductive tone, Sonia always thought he was flirting with her.

Sonia cleared her throat as her cheeks and ears burned. "What is it?"

"You look stunning in the photo you sent me." There were a few seconds of silence before Toby continued, "Can you put it on and show it to me tonight?"

His voice sounded even raspier as he spoke.

Finally, Sonia understood why Toby's voice had suddenly taken on this hoarse tone; she even figured out why she thought that he was trying to seduce her.

In actuality, he had been tempted by her.

Sonia fully understood just how beautiful she looked in the photo she sent. Even she was stunned when she saw how she looked in that dress, let alone Toby.

As such, the reason behind Toby's emotional state was found.

Not only that, the way he said the word 'Tonight' was an obvious implication.

If she wore that dress that evening, he would instantly pounce on her and tear her new dress to shreds.

From her understanding of Toby, it was definitely something he was capable of.

Upon thinking about this, Sonia huffed and rolled her eyes before decisively saying, "No!"

Toby frowned. "Why not?"

"Why not?" Sonia glanced toward where the manager was standing before she raised a hand to cover her mouth as she whispered into the phone, "If I wear that dress tonight, will it still be intact?"

That question stunned Toby. For a moment, he didn't know what to say. However, the answer was loud and clear in his mind.

It would definitely not be intact.

When he received the photo, he had been working through his paperwork.

Initially, he had planned on ignoring the phone when he heard it buzzing, but he glanced at it nonetheless.

From that, he saw that it was a message from Sonia.

His first reaction upon realizing it was a message from Sonia wasn't joy. Instead, he had been worried.

After all, they had just contacted each other. Why was she messaging him all of a sudden? It wasn't hard for him to wonder if she was in trouble.

With that, he swiftly abandoned his urgent documents and looked at his new message.

Unexpectedly, he had been unable to tear his eyes away from his phone screen since then.

Sonia's message wasn't just a random message, for she had sent him a photo of her in an evening dress that made her look divine.

Although he had seen how beautiful she was when dressed in evening gowns, this was actually his first time seeing her look so gorgeous.

A mermaid tail dress was meant to fit tightly around the wearer's waist and hips. When Sonia put on such a dress, her curvy body was perfectly emphasized.

In fact, it made her look like an actual mermaid.

How he wished he could rush over to her right then and there so that he could have his way with her. It was the only way he could ensure no one else knew about her beauty.

Of course, that was impossible.

The only thing Toby could do was call Sonia and ask her to wear the dress later that evening, for he desperately wanted to have her.

After all, it was impossible for a man to feel nothing when faced with such heavenly beauty.

Just like she said, he wanted to tear her dress to shreds and have her all to himself.

In the end, she unexpectedly pointed out his intentions before he could even do a thing.

When Toby remained silent, Sonia was even more certain of her refusal and her guess that her dress would be ruined. She let out a huff and said, "I just know that you're up to no good."

"No, that's not it." Toby scratched his nose guiltily as he replied, "I wasn't going to do that."

"As if I'd believe you," she said with a pout. "If you weren't going to do that, explain to me what you meant when you asked me to show it to you tonight."

His eyes darted around the room as he thought hard. Then, he calmly replied, "I only wanted to see you in the dress in person, not through my phone screen."

"Oh, is that so? You want to see it in person, and as you look at it, you'll have an irresistible urge to pounce on me, right?" Sonia rolled her eyes again. "It's not like I don't know you."

At that, Toby had run out of explanations.

Upon hearing silence, Sonia waved her hand in exasperation. She didn't want to continue with this topic.

That being said, she quite enjoyed hearing Toby tell her that.

Every woman was vain in some way, and she was no exception.

She liked being praised, and she liked it when people paid attention to her.

Hence, she felt quite proud of being able to charm Toby into staring at her all day long.

"By the way, did you ask the store manager to find you an outfit just now?" she solemnly asked, putting aside her vanity.

"Yes," Toby said, tilting his chin upward. "Did she do it?"

"She did." Sonia nodded. "She chose a nice outfit, but why are you buying this all of a sudden? Haven't you already asked your tailor to custom-make you one?"

"It's custom, but I don't like it," he replied with a frown.

"You don't like it?" Sonia felt the edges of her mouth twitching. "It is made specifically for you. The fabric is only cut after you decide on a style that you are satisfied with. You're telling me you don't like it now?"

"Well, I just don't," Toby haughtily said. "It doesn't match your dress."

When Sonia heard that, she understood what Toby was trying to say.

It was because his designer outfit would not match a single aspect of her new dress.

They would be appearing at the same time, after all. Also, he wanted them to wear matching couple outfits. Hence, he couldn't wear the tuxedo he had originally ordered and had to buy a new outfit that complimented her dress better.

In fact, he even asked the manager to select a tuxedo with a blue tie.

Honestly, he only wanted to match his outfit to hers. Was there a need to be so sly?

Emotions warred in her as she said, "It's just an outfit. Do you need to do all that?"

"Of course." Toby solemnly nodded. "This is a chance to let everyone know that we're lovers."

"You're so childish." Sonia was stuck between crying and laughing.

Toby didn't think much of it, though. Who cared if he was childish?

Either way, he would be happy to wear matching outfits with her.

"Do you think the tuxedo chosen by the manager matches your dress? If it doesn't, why don't you help me pick one?" Toby said, handing her the mission.

Sonia glanced at the manager. "I think it's fine, and the manager has good judgment. While the dresses she led me to were made of different fabric, they didn't look any different when I looked closer."

"That's good," Toby said. "It's settled, then. Could you help bring the outfits home?"

"Okay," Sonia agreed.

The couple kept chatting for a while longer. When she heard Tom asking Toby about some documents, Sonia ended the call, not wanting to distract him from work.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Post](#)

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 849

Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Chapter 849

Chapter 849 Stolen

Sonia put down her phone and turned to the manager. "Please wrap these two for me. I'll be paying now."

"Sure." The manager smiled and nodded. She grabbed the dress and tuxedo, draped them over her arm, and led Sonia over to the cashier.

Once the outfits were packed, the manager handed two bags over to Sonia and said, "You only need to pay for your dress, Miss Reed. There's no need to pay for President Fuller's tuxedo."

"Why is that so?" Sonia's hand froze while she was pulling out her card.

"It's because President Fuller usually pays for his purchases at the end of the year," the manager explained. "We usually send the bill to President Fuller on the last day of the year."

"I see." Sonia nodded dazedly.

Indeed, many rich people only paid for their purchases at the end of the year.

"Alright. Card, please." Sonia handed over her card.

Although the manager accepted the card, she didn't swipe it immediately. Instead, she asked Sonia, "Miss Reed, President Fuller said your dress could be put on his tab during the call earlier. Would you..."

"No," said Sonia as she interrupted the manager and shook her head. After all, she knew what the manager was going to say next. "I was the one who ordered the dress, and I've already used his VIP account. I can't spend his money as well."

"I see. Understood." The manager smiled and handed the card over to the cashier.

Frankly speaking, the manager didn't understand Sonia's logic.

Wasn't she dating Toby?

Why was Sonia insistent on keeping separate accounts when shopping?

Although the dress was rather expensive, President Fuller was very wealthy. In fact, the cost of the dress was just a drop in the bucket for him.

Why was Sonia unwilling to spend Toby's money?

Despite the barrage of questions in the manager's mind, she didn't intend on asking any of them.

After all, this was a private matter, and it would be rude if she asked about it.

"Your card, Miss Reed." After the transaction was done, the manager handed Sonia's card back to her.

"Okay. I'll be going now," Sonia said with a smile.

"Take care, Miss Reed," the manager said as she walked Sonia out of the shop.

Once she was outside, Sonia walked out of the mall and back to her car. She planned to drive home to Bayside Residence.

She had spent two hours in the store, and it was already past 5.00PM. Since it was almost time to get off work, she didn't need to return to the office. Instead, she could head straight home to prepare dinner.

During the call just now, Toby announced that he would be home late because he needed to pick something up from the Fuller Residence on his way home.

Sonia wondered what it was Toby had to pick up.

However, she shook that thought out of her head. Once she stood beside her car, she looked down into her purse in search of her car keys.

Just then, a masked man dressed in black with a cap began to walk over from across the street.

At first, there was nothing weird about the way the man was walking, and he looked just like an ordinary passerby.

Hence, Sonia merely glanced at him before ignoring him.

Right as the man brushed past her, he suddenly reached out, grabbed the two bags out of her hands, and pulled hard.

As the bags' handles were quite weak in the first place, they could not handle being tugged around so harshly.

In an instant, the handles snapped.

The two bags fell to the ground, hitting Sonia's feet on the way down.

Since the boxes inside the bags were hard and sturdy, the force from the impact had Sonia letting out a muffled grunt of pain.

Meanwhile, the man seized his chance while Sonia was distracted by the pain. He bent down, picked up the bags from the ground, and ran.

When Sonia finally snapped back to her senses and realized that she had just been robbed, she hurriedly got into the car. Ignoring the pain radiating from her feet, she drove after the thief.

She never once imagined she would be so unlucky as to be robbed, and the branded logo on the bags probably attracted the thief's attention.

After all, that was the logo of a luxury brand. Whatever was inside the bag would definitely be worth a lot, so it was a bigger target for greed.

Sonia's hands tightened around the steering wheel as she stared coldly at the man who was running away.

Since the man was running on the pedestrian walkway where cars couldn't drive on, Sonia had to pursue the man through traffic.

While she drove after the thief, she pulled out her phone to call the police.

She knew that her only choice was to drive after the man, for she could not stop her car anywhere she liked. If she knew where he ran off to, it would be easier for the police to catch him.

However, just as Sonia got off the phone with the police, the thief suddenly darted into an alleyway to the left.

Upon seeing that, Sonia's face twisted.

There was no way her car could fit in that alleyway, so she had no clue where the thief went after running in there.

That meant it would be quite hard for the police to find the thief unless there were security cameras within the alleyway.

"Damn it!" As soon as Sonia found a place to safely stop her car, she smacked the steering wheel furiously.

Anyone would be fuming if they encountered such an incident.

Not only that, she didn't think she would be so unlucky as to be targeted as soon as she left the mall. Her eyes were bloodshot due to the anger within her.

However, there was no point in getting angry. Her outfits had been stolen, so the immediate task at hand was to capture that thief and drag him back.

Still, the event was happening tomorrow night.

After forcing herself to take a few deep breaths and suppress the blazing anger within her, Sonia called the police once more to let them know where the thief ran off to, and she even requested them to look through the surveillance cameras in the area to find where the thief went afterward.

Naturally, the police accepted the leads she provided and reassured her that she shouldn't panic as they would ensure a satisfactory ending to the case.

Eventually, Sonia was able to force a smile and agreed to the suggestion.

After all, what else could she do?

There was no way she could find the thief when she was all alone, and she had to wait for the police to settle the case.

Hence, all she could do was believe in the police.

What should she say to Toby?

He had asked her to bring the tuxedo back, yet she couldn't even do that.

In an instant, Sonia was filled with self-reproach, and she felt so useless.

She couldn't help letting go of the steering wheel and covering her face with her hands while guilt filled the air.

Time passed, and someone eventually knocked on the window glass. Sonia's hands fell away from her face while revealing her red eyes, and she turned to wind down her window.

The person who knocked on the window was a traffic officer. "Miss, you can't stop your car here for long. Please park it somewhere else."

"Okay," Sonia nodded and said in a somewhat hoarse voice. "I'll drive away right now. My apologies."

The officer didn't say anything in response but saluted her and walked away.

Sonia sighed. After calming herself down, she started the car once more.

The police had yet to call her back, so they were likely still in pursuit.

They had told her over the phone that they would call her back when they caught the thief. Would they be able to call by the end of the night?

Sonia rubbed her brows in frustration before deciding to put it out of her mind. The more she thought about it, the more frustrated she got. In turn, she would be even more distracted from her driving. Needless to say, it would be troublesome if she got into an accident.

By the time she arrived at Bayside Residence, it was 6.30PM.

After putting away her bags, Sonia slouched across the couch and stayed there. Even though she was starving, she was in no mood to cook.

The only thing on her mind now was the outfits. As long as the outfits were still missing, she was no longer in the mood to cook or eat.

Sonia bit her lips and silently stared at the darkened screen of her phone, hoping it would light up.

However, all of that anticipation would lead to nothing.

Although she waited and waited until the sky grew dark, no one ever called her. It was clear the police had yet to catch the thief.

Anger, panic, and resentment rose within her. Sonia was also upset because she wanted someone to keep her company and wait with her; after all, she didn't want to wait alone in fear.

Sonia thought of Toby, and her red lips pursed together.

She missed him.

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 850 **Boss, Your Wife is Asking for A Divorce, Again!**

Chapter 850

Chapter 850 Chubbier Jean White

Sonia didn't know what Toby would think of her once he learned that she had lost their outfits.

All she knew was that she was feeling very uneasy, and she desperately wanted someone to be by her side—she wanted someone she could rely on.

In the past, before she got back together with Toby, she would just grit her teeth and bear with it no matter how uneasy she felt. The emotion would pass if she just stayed strong enough.

However, now that she had gotten back together with him, she was no longer alone. Naturally, she was going to depend on him a little.

After all, that was what boyfriends were meant for.

Sonia's hands curled into fists as insecure thoughts flashed through her mind.

Meanwhile, Toby's car came to a stop at the Fuller Residence. The moment Toby got out of the car, he spotted a rather chubby figure happily walking over to him from the front door.

"Toby! Why are you here?" Jean jogged over to Toby. She was panting as she had run toward him out of excitement. Not only that, she was being weighed down by her chubby figure. Her fat cheeks were bright red from the exertion.

Anyone could tell that she was exhausted.

Toby frowned. "Mom, you should go on a diet. You only ran a short distance, yet you're panting hard. It's not good for you."

It had been a while since he last saw Jean, and he was shocked to realize that she had grown even fatter since the last time he saw her.

Previously, her eyes were tiny dots on her face. Now, all that could be seen were two slits.

Jean was upset to hear Toby call her fat. "A diet? Why? I'm just fine. The other ladies say that this is a sign of prosperity and good luck for our family."

"They're lying, yet you believe them?" Toby pursed his lips. "If this is a sign of good fortune, why don't they look like you? Why don't they try bringing good luck to their family?"

His line of questioning stunned Jean.

He had a point; if a plump figure was a sign of prosperity, why were those women so obsessed with slimming down?

Indeed, Jean was not a stupid woman. She soon realized what was going on, and the look on her face was very unpleasant.

Those women had lied to her!

They had deliberately tricked her so that they could laugh at her. In fact, their goal was to prevent her from slimming down so that they could mock her.

As for Jean, she thought they were speaking the truth; she even felt proud of herself. To think that they were all aiming to make fun of her from the start!

It was very likely they had been gossiping about her behind her back.

At that thought, Jean was furious. Due to her chubby figure and intense anger, she was heaving so badly that it looked like she was going to explode.

Additionally, she was also swaying as if she would collapse at any moment.

Upon seeing that, Toby's frown deepened. He reached out to support her and said, "Careful."

Jean gradually calmed down. Then, she happily patted Toby on the back of his hand and said, "You're still the best, Toby. Thank goodness you supported me just now. Otherwise, I would've collapsed."

"What happened just now?" Toby asked through pursed lips.

He could tell that something was off about her moments ago.

"Oh, I was just feeling dizzy all of a sudden," Jean said with a wave of her hand. "My head was throbbing."

Instantly, Toby understood what had happened.

"It's high blood pressure," Toby uttered in a deep voice.

Jean's eyes widened with disbelief. "High blood pressure?"

"Yes," Toby said while nodding. "To have those symptoms when you're agitated means you have high blood pressure."

"H-How could I have high blood pressure?" Jean's jaw dropped in astonishment. "Isn't that something only elderly people have?"

"Who told you that?" Toby frowned. "Even young people can have high blood pressure, let alone a middle-aged woman like you. Additionally, obesity means a higher chance of getting high blood pressure."

Jean immediately knew what Toby meant by that. Her plump cheeks wobbled as she asked, "Are you saying that I have high blood pressure because I'm too fat?"

Instead of answering her, Toby merely shot his mother a glance.

"Those women have ruined me!" Jean shouted in fury. "If they hadn't kept saying it was a sign of good luck, I wouldn't have put on so much weight so suddenly! Those women are evil! Toby, you must avenge me!"

She grabbed Toby by the arm, nearly in tears from her rage.

Upon seeing Jean's crazed eyes, Toby rubbed his throbbing temples. "They were doing something bad, so I will warn their husbands and let them punish their wives. However, you are also at fault, Mom. You just let your vanity and thoughts run free. A few flattering words were all it took for you to believe them. Then, you started binge eating."

Jean guiltily lowered her head.

"I'll have the doctors do a thorough full-body checkup for you and draw up a personalized diet plan," Toby said to her. "I'll also have some of my people monitor you so that you'll exercise every day and control your food intake. Let's try and slim down as fast as we can."

"D-Diet?" When Jean heard Toby's request for her to go on a diet, her face twisted in fear. Refusal radiated from her as she said, "I don't want to go on a diet. Toby, can I not?"

She stared at him with a mournful gaze.

After all, everyone knew going on a diet was her greatest fear.

In the past, she had gone on diets before. There were so many things she couldn't eat, and she had to wake up early to exercise. It was so exhausting, and it made life so dull and miserable.

If the doctors hadn't eventually said she wasn't so fat that it affected her health, she would've been tortured to death by that diet.

Jean even thought that she would never have to go on a diet again after that experience.

Who would've known that she would need to go on a diet again and relive that torturous time of her life?

"Nope!" Toby mercilessly answered, acting as if he had not seen the pain in Jean's face. "You have high blood pressure because of your obesity. If you don't slim down, your

health will not improve, and the other ladies will continue to ridicule you. Tyler is also going to be home soon. Do you want him to see you like this and worry about you every day?"

Upon hearing that, Jean's eyes widened. She swiftly stood up straight, making the fat on her neck and cheeks wobble and tremble. "I don't."

The three people she cared most about were her husband and her two sons.

In particular, she cared greatly about Tyler, the son she had given birth to.

The thought of her son worrying over his mother every single day upset her.

"If you don't want that to happen, you have to go on a diet." Toby narrowed his eyes at Jean.

As she gazed into his eyes that brook no dissent, Jean opened her mouth in an attempt to say something, but she ended up saying nothing. Instead, she nodded in defeat. "Okay, I'll go on a diet."

It was only then that Toby's face stopped being so unpleasant.

When Jean saw that, she let out a small sigh of relief.

Frankly, she had always been afraid of Toby, particularly when his face clouded over. His anger only increased her terror.

Now that he didn't look as upset, she could let out the breath she had been holding in.

"By the way, you haven't answered me yet, Toby. Why are you back so suddenly?" Jean asked as she changed the topic. "Will you be staying the night? I've been the only one living in this house. It's so quiet and lonely that I don't even have anyone to talk to."

"I'm only here to pick up something," Toby calmly said as he smoothed out the sleeve that had been crumpled by her grip.

The message between the lines was that he would be leaving as soon as he got what he wanted.

As Jean followed Toby through the doors of the Fuller Residence, she asked, "What are you looking for?"

"My mother's jewelry," Toby answered, striding into the house without so much as a glance backward.

"Valerie's jewelry?" Jean paused and asked.

Toby grunted in affirmation, but he didn't stop walking. Soon, he was about to ascend the staircase.

Jean hurriedly rushed over to him. "Why do you want Valerie's jewelry? Are you also going to give them to Sonia?"

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Post](#)