

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 831

Chapter 831 Bathroom

“No.” Toby shook his head without hesitating.

Sonia was surprised. “Why?”

A flash of resolve glinted in Toby’s eyes. “Because I won’t change my mind even if you don’t like it. I’ll have you stay with me for life. You’re mine and only mine. You’re my wife and the lady of the Fuller Family. That fact will never change.”

She looked at him for a long while, and she laughed. “That’s not just being bossy. I call that unreasonable.”

“It doesn’t matter. This is what I want.” He held her hand and kissed it.

After peering at him, she said, “Since you want me to stay with you for life, then you must never have a change of heart. You can only have me. If you fall for someone else, I will take you down with me. After all, you said you want me to stay with you for life first. Remember what you said today and never go back on your word, or I will take you down even if that’s the last thing I do.”

“Of course,” Toby agreed without even thinking.

Sonia smiled happily. “That’s more like it.”

He touched her forehead with his and asked gently, “So, do you want to be Mrs. Fuller now?”

She looked away. “You know the answer to that.”

As he knew she was shy, he stopped teasing her and instead chuckled. “So, can you help me out here, honey?”

“What is it?” She nodded.

He let her go and spread his arms open. “I can’t stand my clothes sticking to me. Can you take it off for me, honey?”

Sonia’s eyes widened. “You want me to take your clothes off? Don’t you have hands, Toby?”

“But I don’t want to move.” Toby gazed at her innocently. “And my arm’s not fully healed yet. You said so, didn’t you?”

Sonia was annoyed, and the corner of her lips twitched. "I did say that, but I didn't say the wound is so bad that you can't take your clothes off."

Toby closed his eyes and said nothing. His arms were still open, and he obviously wouldn't put them down until she took his clothes off.

She was speechless. She knew he was being cheeky, but she never thought he could act like this. I guess the more shameless you are, the stupider the things you can do. She didn't let him carry her because his arm wasn't healed yet, and now he had used the same excuse to get her to take his clothes off. Well, that backfired.

Although she was annoyed, she took his clothes off anyway. It wasn't like she had any other choice. If she didn't do it, he might never lower his arms. What did I do to deserve this? He just plays me like a fiddle. She heaved a sigh and tossed Toby's black shirt into the laundry basket, where her laundry resided.

Then, Toby held her arm.

"What is it?" Sonia was surprised.

He gazed at her in silence before he pulled her into his embrace and held her chin up, then he kissed her.

Sonia struggled by reflex, but he quickly released her chin and held the back of her head. It pulled them closer to each other, and she couldn't break free.

Toby's kissing skill was improving over time. It was probably men's instincts to improve their skill. Sonia showed no improvement, and she couldn't even breathe normally when she was kissing. On the other hand, he was already starting to lead her into a world of enjoyment at this point.

Her strength left her halfway into the kiss, and everything around her started to spin. Her legs gave out and she slid down. He noticed that and quickly pulled her closer to him, but she still couldn't steady herself. Her legs turned to jelly, and if it weren't because she was leaning against him, she would have already collapsed in a heap on the ground.

Oh, this won't do. Toby's eyes glinted. He let her go and held her legs before lifting them up.

After she was carried, he took her to the basin and placed her on the counter so she could sit. That way, she couldn't slide down even if her strength left her. At the same time, he didn't have to hold her tight just to keep her from falling. He could spend more energy kissing her all over.

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About two or three hours later, the sound of running water coming from the bathroom finally stopped. Toby looked at Sonia, who was in the bathtub. Her eyes were closed, and her body was filled with hickeys. Toby changed into his bathrobe, a smile curling his lips.

Sonia's eyes were closed. She placed one hand on her belly and the other on the side of the bathtub. She didn't move, looking as if she was asleep.

After Toby changed into his bathrobe, he took a women's bathrobe from the rack and crouched down before the bathtub. He pushed the hair covering her face aside and called softly, "Little Leaf?"

Sonia heard that, and she opened her eyes with difficulty, her gaze filled with an unspoken complaint. "What is it?"

"Get up. We're going back to the room now," Toby said softly.

She raised her hand and waved it weakly. "I can't. I don't have the strength to." Her voice was soft and adorable. Her face was tinged with a red hue from all the love earlier, and she looked just like a little kitten playing around.

He felt something shooting into his heart, and he stopped breathing for a few moments. Oh my gosh. She's so adorable that it's almost illegal!

She almost never acted cute around him, so he didn't know what she looked like if she acted that way, nor did he know if she could act that way. Now that she was acting cute, he realized that she could be illegally adorable if she wanted to. I knew it. Just because a woman has never acted cute doesn't mean she doesn't know how to do it. It's just that they're almost always illegally adorable when they do. He gulped, and he said hoarsely, "Alright then. I'll take you out."

"But your arm—"

Toby huddled closer and whispered, "It's fine. Don't worry about it."

Sonia was too exhausted to move even a finger, let alone her whole self. As Toby was offering to help, she stopped refusing and nodded before she closed her eyes again.

He covered her with her bathrobe and carried her up, after which they came out of the bathroom.

Thanks to the heater in the living room, it didn't feel cold when they came out, and he didn't have to worry about her coming down with a cold. He laid her down on the couch, then helped her wear the bathrobe. After that, he placed her wet hair on the couch's armrest to keep it from sticking to her face and neck.

He then went to the bedroom and came back to her side with a blowdryer and clean towel. He dried her hair with the towel gently, worried that he might hurt her if he was being even just a bit rough.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 832

Chapter 832 Send You Off

Sonia wasn't really asleep yet. Her eyes might be closed, but she was half-awake, and she could feel what was happening around her, including the fact that Toby was drying her hair gently. Especially the fact that he was drying her hair gently. She smiled.

"Toby."

"Hm?" Toby stopped drying her hair for a moment, surprised that she wasn't asleep yet.

"What is it?"

"Will you dry my hair like this forever?" she asked, her eyes still closed.

And I thought she was going to say something else. He chuckled and answered, "Of course. You'll always be my wife, and I'll always dry your hair."

"That's nice." After she got the answer she wanted, she turned away and fell asleep.

She fell asleep just like that? He shook his head and pinched her cheek, mumbling, "You only care for yourself, huh?" You might have fallen asleep, but I still need some time. Toby might be grumbling, but the love in his eyes was palpable. He went back to drying her hair and blew it with the hair dryer. Then he picked her up and took her back to the bedroom, sleeping with her in his arms.

He opened his eyes at the break of dawn the next day. His circadian clock would never go out of whack unless something special took place. He would always wake up at the break of dawn, and he noticed something pressing down on him that day. It wasn't heavy, though it did get in the way of his breathing. He looked down and saw the silhouette of a head on his chest. Sonia was still sound asleep, and he chuckled silently.

No wonder I felt something pushing down on me last night. I remember pushing it away, but then it came back like it grew hands and legs, and it held onto me like some kind of octopus. So it's just Sonia. He brushed his hand down her hair and took his phone from the bedside table to look at the time. It was almost seven. He put his phone back and slowly moved Sonia's head to the pillow beside him. That was just the beginning, however, as he still had to move all of her away.

He gently lifted the blanket, and when he saw her beautiful long legs interlocking with his, a spark of desire flared in his eyes. He put his hand on the base of her thighs and caressed them, then he moved them aside. On a closer inspection, he seemed reluctant to do so. Of course he was reluctant. The woman in his arms was the one he loved, and

nobody would put the woman they loved aside right after they woke up. Nobody would do that, unless they didn't love the woman.

Toby had to do his best to hold his desire down, and he finally moved her legs away. However, his eyes were still glued to her thighs, and he massaged his temples, then he chuckled dryly. She really does know how to seduce people. Men are always horny in the morning, and she clung to me like a koala. Of course that won't help with my desire. If it weren't because he had a morning meeting that day, he would have done something lewd with her as punishment for seducing him so early in the morning.

Toby heaved a sigh. When his desire had lessened, he put his hand down from his temple and looked at Sonia's hand, which was on his waist.

He held her wrist and was about to put her hand away, but that woke her up. She stirred and opened her eyes, and she saw him holding her wrist while sitting on the bed. She moved around and adjusted her position.

He noticed that and turned around. Their eyes met, but she still looked groggy and confused. "Good morning."

"Good morning," they said at the same time.

They froze for a moment, apparently never expecting them to say the same thing at the same time.

They snapped out of it and said, "Why didn't you sleep in?" That was the second time, and both of them laughed.

"I guess we're telepathic, huh?" Sonia stopped laughing a moment later and stared at Toby.

He straightened out the blanket. "We are telepathic. It's still early, and the sun isn't fully up yet. Sleep in. You must be tired."

Her face turned pink, and she shot him a playful glare. "And that's all your fault, you know that?" If we hadn't fooled around in the bathroom, I wouldn't have fallen asleep right away. We did it everywhere. The counter, the bathtub, and even the ground.

She thought she wouldn't get too exhausted if they had sex again, since she was improving her stamina, but he was also improving at the same time, which nullified her improvement.

Toby noticed the complaint in her eyes, and he chuckled. "Alright, it's my fault. Just go back to sleep, alright?" He patted her as if he was trying to get a child to sleep.

It actually worked on Sonia. She started yawning and blinking. "What about you? Why are you up so early? Are you leaving?"

"Yeah. The overseas branch company's top brass is here to give me a report on their management. They'll leave right after that, so we're on a tight schedule. It must be done in the morning, so I have to be there early." He took the clothes on the bedside table, which he had prepared beforehand, and he changed into them.

Sonia sighed. "That's the problem when your company grows too big. Good thing Paradigm Co. is still a small workshop."

Toby scraped her nose. "It's a small workshop for now, but not in the future. You'll get busy too."

She pulled his hand down and pinched it like it was a toy. "It's still too early to talk about that. Even if I can make it big, it won't grow as big as your company, so I won't be as busy as you are." She laughed in delight.

He flicked her forehead. "You really love to laugh at my misery, huh? Just sleep in. I'll get someone to send you breakfast. See you later." He got out of bed and tied his necktie beside it.

He looked very handsome while tying his necktie, and it was pleasing to Sonia's eyes. She turned to her side and held her head up just to stare at him. "I'll come back to sleep after I send you off."

"Aren't you sleepy?" He straightened his tie out, smiling. "Can you still sleep after you send me off?"

"I can watch some TV and wait for the sun to come up if I can't. Don't worry about me. I know what I'm doing." She sat up as well.

Toby patted her head. "Alright then. Let's go. I thought you're sending me off?"

"Alright then." She nodded and got out of bed. Toby extended his hand to her. She wore her slippers, smiled at him, and took his hand. He held her hand firmly, and they walked out of the bedroom.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 833

Chapter 833 Sendoff

They came to the porch, and Toby bent over to change his shoes. Sonia opened the door, and a gust of cold breeze smacked her in the face. She shivered from the chill that ran through her body.

Toby noticed that, and he frowned. He then took his scarf off and wrapped it around her shoulder. "I should have asked you to put on another layer. Alright, that's enough. You should go back to the bedroom now."

"It's alright." She shook her head and held the scarf on her shoulders. She was refusing to leave. "It won't take long, and nothing will happen. I've never sent you off to work before. This seems fun, and I want to try it. Don't tell me to go back to the room."

He noticed the light in her eyes, and he couldn't bring himself to ask her to go back to her room. He patted her head lovingly and relented. "Fine, you can send me off if you want to, but just to the door, alright? You don't have to send me off to the lift."

"Alright." Sonia nodded. She knew he wouldn't let her even if she wanted to send him all the way to the elevator. The weather outside would only get colder, and he wouldn't let her suffer that. Letting her send him to the door was already the limit, and she wouldn't want to challenge that.

Toby stopped patting her head and pulled her into his embrace, happy that she listened to him. He put his chin on her shoulder and said gently, "I'm going now. See you tonight."

"See you tonight, and drive safely." She raised her hand and hugged him back, and she patted his back.

Toby chuckled. "I will. It's cold outside, so go back in." He let her go.

"Yeah, sure. You should go now. I'll go back in once I see you off."

So she won't go back in until I leave? Toby had no choice but to leave, but right after he took one step, he stopped and turned around. Then he gave her a hug and kissed her.

Sonia was surprised at first, but she wrapped her arms around his neck and responded to his kiss in a moment.

Toby knew when to stop. He had work to do, and she was feeling cold, so he only kissed her for a minute before he let her go. He looked at her crimson lips and wiped the saliva off the corner of her lips, and he smiled. "I'm going now."

"Okay." Sonia nodded, her face red, and she was a little out of breath.

Toby let her go and left the house. This time, he didn't stop, nor did he turn around to give her a hug or a kiss. All he did was go ahead.

Sonia stood at the door and saw him off. Toby came to the lift and turned to wave her goodbye. She waved him goodbye as well, and after he went into the lift, she put her

hand down and stopped smiling. Then she closed the door and went back to the bedroom. It was cold outside, but the room was adequately warm.

Sonia took her slippers off and went into the bed. It was still warm, and the moment she went back to bed, she felt herself surrounded by warm air, and she stopped shivering from the cold. "Nice." She lay back down and stretched her arms. Sonia closed her eyes and tried to sleep, since the sun wasn't fully up yet.

However, her sleepiness was all gone after she said goodbye earlier, and she couldn't sleep. Sonia opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling. She pushed the blanket down to her belly and heaved a sigh. "I can't sleep."

Toby's right. He said I won't be able to sleep once I send him off, and now I can't sleep. She flailed her legs and messed the blanket up even more before she calmed down. She then turned to the side and touched the spot where Toby slept in. There was still some warmth there, but it felt a lot cooler than her side of the bed. Even so, she felt happy to feel that, for it was as if she could feel him by her side.

It was funny though. It hadn't been long since they got back together, but she was already starting to find his short absences unbearable. Even though they would meet every night, she still felt empty during the day. She wanted him to be by her side at all times. He had just left, but she was already missing him. Oh, why is love so torturous?

She thumped his pillow in frustration, then she fell silent and spaced out. That spacing-out session lasted for more than an hour, and by then, the sun was already fully up. Sonia heard her phone's alarm ringing, and she snoozed it before she got up. She washed herself up and went to the porch to see if breakfast had arrived. Lo and behold, when she opened the door, room service was already standing outside, and it was still the same waiter who served them the last time.

Toby must have known that she couldn't sleep after she sent him off and asked the hotel to send some room service after he left. Sonia took the breakfast from him and smiled. He knows me best. "Thank you." She smiled at the waiter and closed the door before she came back in.

After she put the breakfast on the table, she took a photo of it with her phone and sent it to Toby. 'Breakfast is here. Do your best at work today.' She then sent a cute panda emoji to him. The sight of that emoji reminded her of the photo where Toby saddled her bag. He was in black attire in the photo, and her bag was beige. The colors matched that of a panda's, and she chuckled at the thought of that. Sonia locked her phone and put it on the table before she went to have breakfast.

Toby was probably busy and wouldn't text her back, so she didn't wait for his reply. He'll text me back after he's done with work. But the phone rang not long after she put it down, much to her surprise. She paused for a moment and stared at her phone.

Whoa. I thought he was working. He's calling me now? She put her spoon down and quickly picked her phone up, but when she saw who the caller was, her smile faded. It was Tim, not Toby. Why is he calling me so early in the morning? She took the call curiously. "Hello, Dr. Lancaster."

"I hope I'm not disturbing you." He was sitting behind his desk, leaning into his chair. His phone was held in one hand, and a scalpel in the other.

Sonia shook her head. "No. I'm not working just yet, so you aren't disturbing me."

"Good." Tim nodded.

She tilted her head and held her phone between her head and shoulder. "Why did you call me?"

"Nothing big, really. I just want to know if you have found the genes of Jessica's child's father. You did, right?" Tim asked.

"Yes," Sonia said. "How did you know? I don't remember telling you that." She was going to tell him after Zane came back with the genes so Tim could help her with its cryopreservation, but she never expected him to find out before she told him.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 834

Chapter 834 Daphne is Pregnant

"Yeah. We found it. But how did you know about this?" Sonia ran her fingers through her hair as she asked him curiously.

Tim spun his scalpel around furiously. "Zane told me about it. He gave me a call and told me to prepare the equipment needed to cryopreserve it."

"I see. So, he was the one who told you about it!" Sonia nodded thoughtfully. "Tsk. He told you about it even before I had the chance to do it." She felt like laughing.

He lowered his scalpel before he pushed his gold-rimmed glasses up the bridge of his nose. "He sounded so full of himself when he told me about it. He just helped with completing a task, yet he felt so proud about it," he muttered.

Sonia let out a hearty laugh this time, and Tim lowered his hand from his glasses as he continued speaking. "Alright. Enough about him. I just contacted you to check whether you've really found the gene. Since you did, I'll order the hospital to prepare their cryopreservation tools."

"Okay. Thank you so much." Sonia nodded gratefully.

Tim's glasses glinted for a moment. "It's nothing. It's just a small thing to me—I can get it done after sending a few orders."

"That's because you're about to get the role as the dean," she replied with a smile.

He curled his lips into a grin as well. "By the way, there's something else I want to tell you," he uttered.

"What is it?" Sonia took a mouthful of her porridge.

Tim glanced at the pregnancy report on his table. "Your secretary dropped by at the hospital yesterday for some tests," he stated.

Sonia was surprised to hear this. "Are you talking about Daphne?"

"Yeah, that's her name," he uttered as he checked the name on the report.

She felt a surge of worry when she was certain that it was her secretary they were talking about. "What is it? Is she ill?" Sonia asked worriedly.

"That's not the case." He shook his head. "She went for some tests with the gynecologist. I guess you know what that means, right?"

The gynecologist?! A look of disbelief spread across Sonia's face. Of course I know what that means. How could I not understand?! I went to the gynecologist back when I was pregnant. That means...

She parted her red lips in surprise. "Is Daphne pregnant?"

"Yeah. She's two months into her pregnancy," Tim uttered with a nod.

"H-How can this be true?!" Her voice went a few octaves higher as a look of utter shock spread across her face. How could Daphne be pregnant for two months?! Right then, she recalled how Daphne had been feeling nauseous when she was in Sonia's office.

She had been worried about Daphne's health and had suggested she visit the doctor in the company's infirmary. However, Daphne had rejected Sonia's suggestion with a look of panic and even said that she didn't need the doctor as she had just eaten something bad.

Sonia didn't think much about it back then, but it seemed like Daphne knew about her own pregnancy all along now that she recalled her conversations with Daphne. That's why she declined my suggestion for her to visit the doctor. She didn't want her pregnancy to be exposed, but why can't she tell others about it? There has to be some issue with the child's father. Otherwise, Daphne wouldn't have to hide it at all. She's a grown woman—it's normal to get pregnant. Yet, Daphne chose to keep it a secret. She

doesn't have a boyfriend, and she isn't married, yet she's now pregnant... That means that she has to be hiding her pregnancy because of the child's father. But who is the child's father?

She bit her lip as she found a probable answer in her mind.

When she thought about the unique chemistry between Charles and Daphne, how Charles had suddenly seemed rude toward Daphne, and how Daphne looked like she had things she wanted to tell Charles... I'm afraid she might be pregnant with Charles' kid.

Sonia massaged her temples. "Is the child healthy, Dr. Lancaster?" she asked.

Tim glanced through the reports on his table. "The child's pretty healthy, but the mother seems to be under a lot of stress. She's not doing too well, and this might cause problems in the long run," he replied. If he hadn't realized how loyal Daphne was to Sonia, he wouldn't have paid much attention to the pregnancy report, and he wouldn't have retrieved a copy from the gynecologist and called to tell Sonia about it either.

Sonia frowned when she heard that Daphne wasn't in good health. She was about to say something when Tim spoke up. "Anyway, Daphne is thinking of aborting the child and she just had a conversation with her gynecologist yesterday."

"What? An abortion?" Sonia's eyes widened as she had a dumbfounded look.

He nodded. "She has the intention of doing it, but nothing's set in stone yet. She mentioned that she would go home to think about it, but I think there's a high chance she might follow through with the procedure."

Sonia felt her heart sinking as she tightened her grip on her phone. "I got it. Thank you for telling me about this."

"No worries. I only paid more attention to her since she's related to you." Tim waved it off. Sonia chuckled—she knew that Tim wouldn't even have noticed Daphne's name if it weren't for her.

"Okay. That's all for now. I have a patient entering surgery today, so I have to get prepared now." He gazed at the clock on the lower bottom corner of his laptop. Then, he straightened his back as he decided that he couldn't laze around anymore.

She nodded. "Okay, go ahead. I'll buy you a meal when we have the time."

"Sure. I'll be waiting," Tim uttered as he smiled and adjusted his glasses. After the call was over, Sonia clutched her phone with both hands as a complicated expression formed on her face.

I would've never expected Tim to drop me such a huge bomb early in the morning. Daphne is pregnant, and the child might belong to Charles... Does Charles know about this? Sonia lowered her gaze and glanced at her phone before unlocking it. She found Charles' phone number as she wanted to call him to ask about his relationship with Daphne. She wanted to ask if the child belonged to him.

However, right before she tapped on Charles' name, she seemed to recall something, and she stopped herself at the very last minute. No. I can't call him. Not now, at least! Daphne's pregnancy seems to be a secret, and it doesn't seem like she has told anyone about it. That means that she isn't ready for others to know. Wouldn't I be causing harm to Daphne if I told Charles about it?

Furthermore, this is Daphne's matter—she should be the one announcing it to others. I have no right to do it for her. With that thought, Sonia lowered her phone once more. However, she still felt worried. She decided to do what she could—she would call and ask Daphne since she couldn't ask Charles about it.

Sonia was sure that Daphne would no longer keep it a secret from her at that point. So, Sonia dropped Daphne a text.

To Sonia's surprise, Daphne replied almost immediately. 'Is anything the matter, President Reed?'

Sonia glanced at the reply for a while before moving her fingers to type. 'Can we meet in person? There are some things I'd like to talk to you about.'

On the receiving end, Daphne felt her heart sink when she saw Sonia's text. Daphne had been sitting down and eating her breakfast, but an uneasy feeling spread across her chest after receiving the text. Daphne's heart was racing—she felt like someone had found out about her secret.

She lowered her spoon and contemplated for a moment. Instead of agreeing to Sonia's request, she replied with a question. 'What would you like to talk about, President Reed?'

Sonia scoffed. She's being really cautious. After shaking her head exasperatedly, she typed a reply to Daphne. 'It's about work.'

She didn't plan on telling Daphne that she knew about the pregnancy just yet. She knew Daphne well; Daphne would refuse to meet her and would use all sorts of excuses to avoid her if she confronted Daphne about the pregnancy.

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 835

As expected, Daphne was more relaxed after she heard Sonia claiming that Sonia wanted to meet for work-related matters. Daphne massaged her rather tense cheeks before she responded with a text. 'Sure, President Reed. Let me know where to meet. I can meet you anytime.' Daphne was still on holiday, so she had all the time in the world.

Sonia glanced at the watch on her wrist. 'Let's meet at 10.00AM at the milk tea shop right below the office.'

'Okay.' Daphne texted. After that, Sonia lowered her phone and continued eating. Her breakfast had turned cold since she had been talking on the phone and texting for a while. After eating a few more mouthfuls of it, she lowered her cutlery and decided not to have any more. She cleaned the table before picking her bag up and heading out.

As Sonia sat on her desk at the office, she found herself distracted by thoughts of Daphne's pregnancy. She couldn't focus on the work she was doing. She only managed to deal with two to three documents after an entire hour—she was much less efficient than she usually was.

Sonia only felt a little calmer after Toby replied to her text. Toby was busy, so they didn't talk for long. However, he tried his best to find the time to reply to her texts every now and then. After they texted for a while, Toby continued to focus on his work. It was about 10.00AM then, so Sonia headed downstairs after she was done texting Toby. She went to the milk tea shop right beside her office.

Daphne was extremely punctual—she was already in the store when Sonia arrived. Sonia entered the store to find Daphne waving at her, and Sonia smiled and waved back before walking over. Daphne stood up and pulled the chair out for Sonia to sit in. "Please take a seat, President Reed."

"Thank you." Sonia beamed as she sat down. Daphne only returned to her seat and sat down after Sonia did. "What would you like to drink, President Reed?" Daphne gazed at Sonia while handing her a menu. After going through the menu for a while, Sonia ordered an original-flavored milk tea. Without asking for Daphne's order, Sonia simply returned the menu to the waiter. "Give her some warm milk," Sonia told the waiter.

The waiter was just about to respond when Daphne frowned. "I don't want to drink milk, President Reed. I don't like its smell," she uttered.

"No." Sonia gazed at her sternly. "You're pregnant, so it's best for you to drink milk."

Clang! Daphne's glass fell from her hand, making a loud noise as it landed on the table. Water spilled out of the glass onto the table in front of her. Fortunately, the glass didn't roll off the table, or it would have shattered.

However, Daphne didn't care about the glass at all. Her pupils were shrunken, and her face was pale as she gazed at Sonia. Her lips twitched for a moment before she spoke in a trembling voice. "P-President Reed, how—"

"How did I find out?" Sonia interrupted. She was calm in the face of Daphne's shock. Daphne could only open and close her mouth without saying much. It was clear that her silence was an agreement to Sonia's words. Sonia pressed her palms together. "Calm down. For now, let's clean up the mess in front of you." Sonia called for the waiter beside her. "Excuse me! Sorry, can we get some help?"

The waiter smiled. "Sure. It's no problem at all." He quickly gathered some cloth and cleaning tools before he came over to Daphne's side of the table and cleaned up the mess. Only then did Daphne realize that she had spilled a glass of water while she was panicking. She felt rather guilty. "I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose," she uttered.

"Don't worry about it, Miss. This is no big deal. We can clean it up. What matters is that you aren't hurt," the waiter said with a smile. His actions were swift and smooth, and he cleaned the table up in an instant. After the waiter left, it was just Sonia and Daphne at the table.

Daphne felt even more afraid when she was alone with Sonia. In fact, Daphne was so nervous that her hands were shivering. She was unconsciously scratching the back of her own hands, and red marks had formed all over her skin.

Sonia sighed upon seeing what Daphne was doing. "That's enough. You're going to start bleeding if you scratch any harder." Daphne lowered her gaze to see the red marks on her hand before she immediately pulled her hands off the desk and hid them under the table. Sonia lifted the glass in front of her and sipped on her drink before she spoke at a slow pace. "You went for a pregnancy checkup at First World Hospital yesterday, didn't you?"

Daphne's pupils shrank. Her first instinct was to lie, but she couldn't seem to utter any of her lies when she looked directly into Sonia's eyes. Instead, Daphne remained silent for a long while. Sonia sighed and smiled upon seeing Daphne's expression. "The next dean of the First World Hospital is actually my friend. You guys have met in the past," Sonia explained.

"Is it Dr. Lancaster?" Daphne immediately thought about the man in his white lab coat. "Yeah." Sonia nodded. Sometimes, Daphne would accompany Sonia to the hospital for Sonia's checkups, so Daphne had definitely seen Tim around.

"He saw you at the hospital yesterday, and he had a look at your records since you're my assistant. He found out that you went for a pregnancy checkup, and he called me to tell me about it this morning—that's how I found out that you're pregnant," Sonia explained as she lowered her drink.

Daphne bit her lip. "I see. I thought you realized it on your own, President Reed."

"You're too good at hiding it. I would never have realized it on my own. Furthermore, there was once where you showed pregnancy symptoms in front of me, yet you managed to convince me that you just ate something bad. I didn't even suspect that you were lying! I was once a pregnant woman myself—I can't believe I was fooled by your lies!" Sonia chuckled.

Daphne laughed along with her. She knew that Sonia was trying to make her feel better by claiming that she was a good liar. Sonia was trying to ease the mood to make Daphne less tense. However, after speaking to Sonia about it, Daphne did feel a little less worried than before. "You were only pregnant for about two months, and you didn't know much about pregnancy, so it's no surprise that my little trick fooled you," Daphne said as she took her glass of milk that the waiter handed her.

Sonia took her milk tea and sipped on it before speaking. "Yeah. But I should have also checked on you more. If I did so, I might have seen through your lie earlier."

Daphne shook her head. "You're already good enough to me. You even gave me a holiday!"

"How are you feeling now?" Sonia gazed at the other woman. "Tim said that your health isn't that great. He said that you overthink, which causes all sorts of health issues in the long run."

"Did Dr Lancaster tell you that as well?" Daphne was shocked.

Sonia stirred her drink in the cup. "Since he decided to tell me about your pregnancy, he provided all the details as well."

"I guess that makes sense." Daphne nodded before responding to Sonia's earlier question. "My health isn't that poor. My blood sugar is a little low, and I get dizzy easily. I have a few of the symptoms of pregnancy, but apart from that, everything's fine," she said.

"That's still pretty bad." Sonia frowned. "I don't think you should come for work anymore. You need to stay home and rest. How does a three-month break sound?"

"No." Daphne shook her head immediately. "I don't need rest, President Reed. I can go to work."