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## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 676

Chapter 676 It Was All Him

"Then?" Sonia clenched her hands into fists.

So, the Ocean's Heart wasn't meant for Tina at all.

It was meant for Sonia from the very beginning.

"Then, after buying it, I suddenly realized that I have no way of passing it to you." Toby looked right into Sonia's eyes. "At that time, we were already divorced, so no matter what identity I used, or what ideas I came up with, it simply wasn't suitable for me to give you the Ocean's Heart. So, I decided not to give it in the end and I just thought it would be lovely to put it on display, if nothing else. However, I never thought that someone would leak the news of me buying the Ocean's Heart and even circulated rumors that I bought it as a wedding gift for Tina."

"However, you didn't try to mediate the situation, did you?" Sonia bit her lip as she was a little upset.

How could she not be?

Since it wasn't a wedding gift for Tina, then why wouldn't he come out to explain the misunderstanding? Why would he have remained silent?

To be honest, Sonia wasn't quite comfortable with that thought.

Toby smoothed Sonia's hair and chuckled. "Sorry, it was my fault, but I had my own reasons too."

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“What kind of reasons?” Sonia glared at him, acting like she would duke it out with him if he didn’t give her a good explanation.

He parted his thin lips and replied, “I didn’t know of the rumor at first. You know that I don’t follow news like this often. I only knew of it when Tom told me about it in the end. I was going to clear up the misunderstanding, but something happened at that moment.”

“The incident where Tina accused me of running into her?” She could immediately guess what he was referring to.

After all, that was the largest incident at the time.

Toby nodded. “That’s right. The Grays had spread the rumors that you crashed into Tina, which turned the public opinion against you. The people I sent to watch you told me that you were exasperated, so you worked with Charles and Carl to locate the CCTV recordings of Tina’s accident to prove your innocence. It was at that moment when I realized that I had wrongly accused you and that the Grays had deceived me. You never committed the act of running into Tina. I’m sorry.”

He placed his hand behind Sonia’s head to guide it against his chest as he apologized in a regretful tone.

In their 6 years of marriage, he was cold to her not only because he felt that he didn’t love her; the main reason was because he thought she had crashed into Tina.

So, in the end, when Toby learned that Sonia was searching for the CCTV recordings with Charles and the others, he finally realized that he had been in the wrong.

As Sonia listened to Toby apologizing for his earlier accusation, she felt her nose wrinkle while a bitter feeling welled up in her chest.

She felt wronged for all those years of injustice, but she was also letting it go because of his apology.

She realized then that she had always been bothered by his misunderstanding of her.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t have been so emotional when she now heard his apology.

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Toby could feel the woman trembling in his arms, so he held her closer and apologized again, "I'm sorry, Sonia. I'm really sorry."

Sonia shook her head in his arms as her voice quivered. "It's okay. You made up for it, didn't you? We could only locate the CCTV recordings with such ease because you helped us, right?"

She looked up at him.

There was an apparent change in Toby's expression.

When she saw that, Sonia knew she was correct and leaned her head against Toby's chest. "It really was you. When I was looking for the CCTV recordings with Charles and Carl, the process was too smooth-sailing to be true. I suspected that someone had helped us out since only the road traffic department had the recordings from that time. It had already been 6 years, so the department should've already sealed the recordings. Also, with our level of influence, we shouldn't have been able to ask the road traffic department to search for the recordings."

At that, she held the man's waist tighter. "When we arrived, the department was extremely cooperative with our request, though I was puzzled then, but I was too busy celebrating the found recording that I didn't give it much thought. When I heard you saying earlier that you knew of my innocence before Tina recovered, I thought you might have had a hand in this."

"It was indeed me." Toby lowered his head and kissed the top of her head. He had admitted that he was the one who helped her out behind the scenes.

"I have wrongly blamed you for 6 years, so I couldn't watch you copping the blame any longer. Also, I wanted to teach the Grays a lesson, for I had wrongly accused you wholly because of the Grays' insistence that you ran into Tina," he explained.

Sonia nodded as she realized the truth. "So, that was why you didn't stop me when I played the recording at the banquet to celebrate Tina's recovery?"

It wasn't that he didn't stop her, but he had only applied minimal force, as if he were simply pretending to do it.

However, as she was occupied with clearing her name at the time, she didn't notice it.

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Now that she thought about it, she finally realized how odd he looked at the banquet.

After all, with Toby's level of influence, he could have easily stopped her from playing the recording if he had wanted to. He could've thrown her out with Charles and Carl, but he didn't do so.

So, he had definitely held back.

"Yes." Toby nodded with a faint smile in his eyes. "I told Tom to switch the person checking the invitations at the entrance by replacing them with my own people so that you can enter the venue as easily as possible. If not, you would have been barred outside."

"No wonder." Sonia raised her head. "Before I entered with Charles and Carl, I was thinking that it wouldn't be an easy task to accomplish, that we might suffer some injuries before we could even leave. However, everything went surprisingly well that night and it was so smooth that it even felt eerie. I didn't know why I felt that way, but now, I know it's because you had made arrangements beforehand."

"Yup."

"All right." He patted his chest. "Seeing as to how you have helped me after realizing that you had wrongly accused me, I forgive you for the 6 years' worth of false accusations."

With that, she bit the man's chest under his clothes.

It wasn't a forceful bite and his clothes were shielding him, so he wouldn't have felt any pain.

However, the man still feigned an injury as he grunted.

Hearing the sound, Sonia hurriedly released her grip and rubbed the spot she had bitten moments earlier. "Did it hurt, Toby?"

Toby took her hand and squeezed it. "No, I was just pulling your leg."

She slapped his hand away in exasperation. "Get lost."

He gave a low chuckle before he placed his hands back on her waist.

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Sonia looked at him. "You still haven't told me the whole deal about the Ocean's Heart."

"So, the person whom I sent to keep an eye on you told me that you were trying to locate the CCTV recordings of the accident with Charles and the others. After you found it, you would cause an uproar at the banquet to celebrate Tina's recovery. You wanted to reveal their cunning plot to shift the blame and you also wanted to bring shame on the Grays and Tina at the banquet itself. When rumors circulated that I bought the Ocean's Heart for Tina, the Grays never doubted it and even thought that the Ocean's Heart was indeed my gift for her. So, the Grays didn't suppress the rumors and added fuel to the fire instead. You thought that if you stole the Ocean's Heart during the banquet, the Grays and Tina herself would be terribly ashamed..."

Hearing that, Sonia finally understood everything as she gaped in shock. "So, you just went along with it and didn't clear the misunderstanding on purpose. You felt that I would come to steal it if you allowed the rumors to continue?"

## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 677

Chapter 677 Stay the Night

"That's right. It was the only way I could give you the Ocean's Heart without anyone getting the wrong idea about it," Toby explained slowly as he tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear. "And it just so happened that you were stepping up to take over Paradigm Co.. I knew you needed a lot of resources to rebuild the company and I had hoped that you would sell the Ocean's Heart to raise the funds to save Paradigm Co., but you never did."

"I couldn't just sell something as precious as that. Who knows what others might think of me if I had done so? I would much rather donate it for charity. At least that would sound better on paper," Sonia answered as she absentmindedly played with his hand.

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He froze when he heard this. "You donated the Ocean's Heart?"

She nodded, a little embarrassed to be confronted about this. "Yeah, I got Charles to arrange for the donation, but he never went through with it. He kept the necklace instead, which was why I could return it to you the other day. If the donation had gone through as planned, I... I would never have been able to give it back to you."

As such, she was grateful that Charles had never donated the necklace as per her request; otherwise, both the ring and the Ocean's Heart would have been lost forever.

Upon hearing this, Toby pressed his lips in displeasure. "I gave you that necklace so that you could sell it off and get the funds you needed to pull through tough times. How could you have decided to donate it?"

"I'm sorry," Sonia apologized. She knew she had been wrong to make arrangements for the donation and she felt increasingly apologetic now as she tugged on Toby's hand, saying coquettishly, "We were so at odds with one another back then and I thought I had no choice, but things turned out okay anyway, right? The Ocean's Heart is still with you."

"My mom's already worn it, though, so I can't possibly give it back to you." His hand grazed her bare neck as he murmured, "I'll give you something else in the future and this time, don't you even dare to think about donating it."

"Okay," she promised solemnly with a nod. "I won't."

"Good." While he was satisfied with her answer, his hand lingered on her neck and he didn't look like he was going to withdraw it anytime soon as he caressed her bare skin in an almost absentminded manner.

He loved how warm her neck was and how her soft, supple skin felt beneath his fingers. He couldn't stop running his hand along the curve of her collarbone.

Staring at Sonia's neck, Toby couldn't help but think how good it might feel to kiss it, seeing as to how touching it was already making him restless.

At the thought of this, his gaze darkened as it zoned in on her neck and his head slowly inched forward. His actions made him look like a predator about to pounce.

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Sonia, on the other hand, felt his warm breath stirring the sensitive skin of her nape. She looked up at that precise moment to see the man's chiseled face looming close to hers and the both of them were only separated by mere inches.

When she registered the lust and hunger in his eyes, she panicked and quickly brought her hand up, thereafter blocking his face as she said, "Don't even think about it, Toby."

He shuddered and snapped out of his reverie.

When Toby realized that he was peering through her fingers, which were spread over his features, a pitiful look surfaced on his handsome face. "Sonia, I—"

"No," she interrupted, already knowing what he was going to say and do. Blushing furiously, she averted her gaze as she enunciated, "Not right now."

"Then, when? We've already made up, haven't we?" he argued, not willing to back down without a fight. Anyone could tell how much he wanted to claim her as his own. Previously, he had been suppressing his desires at bay out of respect for her, seeing as they weren't official until recently. However, now that they were a couple again, he figured that there were a couple of bedroom things that they most definitely should explore.

Presently, she let out a dry cough and turned away from him while muttering hesitantly, "Not for the time being, okay? I... I'm on my period."

Sonia wasn't lying; she really was on her period. More importantly, she hadn't mentally prepared herself for such intimate acts just yet, and she couldn't very well go all the way with him if she didn't have the time and space to give herself a pep talk.

Disappointment flashed in Toby's eyes when he heard her reason, but it disappeared just as quickly as he said placidly, "Fine, we'll revisit this conversation when your period is over."

He had been patient and understanding for so long that a few more days of waiting couldn't hurt him.

Sonia did not respond to this because she couldn't be sure that she would be mentally prepared for bedroom endeavors even after her period had ended. She didn't want to make promises she couldn't keep; if she wasn't ready by then, it would be another disappointment for him, so she decided to say nothing at all.

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"Let's just get on with dinner," she said, changing the subject.

He nodded and pulled her to sit down by the table before they carried on with their meal.

After that, Sonia cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher in the kitchen. Throughout the entire process, Toby followed her like a shadow, going wherever she did.

At first, she found it amusing, but she was slowly and dangerously getting irritated by it. She wasn't so much annoyed by the person as she was by his constant obstruction; she would fumble just to dodge him when he got in her way.

She had only just placed her clothes out on the line when she turned and, much to her exasperation, saw Toby looming over her like an overly-attached mastiff. "Toby, why in the world are you following me around?"

"Just because," he answered with a grin.

The corner of Sonia's lips twitched as she retorted, "What's that supposed to mean? Don't you have better things to do?"

"Of course I do," he replied nonchalantly as he nodded since he still had plenty of documents to peruse.

She massaged her temples wearily. "In that case, why don't you go and get those things done while leaving me alone?"

"But if I do, will you stay?" he asked curiously, his gaze burning into hers.

Raising a brow, she countered, "So, you're following me around because you don't want me to leave?"

When his silence translated into confirmation, she sputtered. "Toby, in case you haven't noticed, I'm currently doing my laundry because I have nothing to wear. Do you think I could leave without a spare change of clothes? What am I supposed to do? Walk out in these?"

Sonia looked down at the pajamas she was wearing, which had been altered to fit her for the night. While there was an athleisure edge to them, they couldn't possibly be passed off as actual athleisure wear.



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If she were to wear them out, someone was bound to realize that she was wearing pajamas—men’s pajamas, no less—and she would become the laughing stock. She might even find pictures of her circulating on the Internet tomorrow morning. All things considered, she thought it was pointless for her to take the risk, not while it meant inevitable ridicule.

Having heard what she said, Toby was elated.

He had been worried that she would insist on leaving after a while. After all, she wasn’t as shameless as he was, and if he were over at her place, he would have tried to find a way to stay the night. Conversely, there was a high chance of Sonia leaving his place even though she already had dinner here, which was why he had followed her all this time while hoping he could pester her into staying.

Alas, she never thought about leaving at all.

At that moment, Toby brightened up instantly and he wanted to pat himself on the back for having pulled her into the bathtub. There was no finer drunken accomplishment than that, he thought proudly, and if that never happened, she would have gone home by now.

“I’ll go and turn down the bed for you,” he offered excitedly as he turned to hurry into the bedroom.

Sonia stared after him, nearly reaching out to stop him to ask whether he knew how to go about turning down the bed at all.

However, when she saw how eager and anxious he was, she decided to let him figure it out on his own. Nah, I’ll just leave him be, seeing as he’s so excited to do this for me. Besides, I can always turn down the bed later if he messes it up.

With that in mind, she brought the laundry hamper into the bathroom.

She had only just exited the bathroom when she heard her phone ringing in the living room. As she paced over, she picked up the phone to see that it was a call from Tim.

The frowning Sonia wondered why he was calling her at this hour.

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Not pausing to think, she swiped toward the green icon to answer the call. "Dr. Lancaster," she greeted as she pressed the phone to her ear.

Tim's voice filled the other line as he said, "Sonia, Jessica's been wailing to get out of the hospital."

"What? She wants to leave?" She asked as her eyes narrowed.

He adjusted his glasses, seemingly unfazed as he elaborated, "Yes, and she's still hysterical now. She even destroyed a few of my equipment in the hospital room. If it weren't for the fact that you still have some use for her, I would have drawn out half of the blood in her body or taken one of her kidneys as compensation for the damage she has caused."

As far as he was concerned, Jessica was an insignificant small fry whom he could dispose of at any given moment, and he certainly had no qualms drawing out her blood or taking her kidney.

## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 678

### Chapter 678 Jessica's Suspicion

Sonia didn't for a second doubt Tim. She could hear how angry he was, but she knew that he had swallowed his fury for her sake; otherwise, he would have told her to come to the hospital with a body bag for Jessica instead of informing her about Jessica's hysterics.

Rubbing the divot between her brows, Sonia apologized, "I'm terribly sorry for troubling you, Dr. Lancaster. Rest assured that I'll get her to pay for the damages she has caused in the hospital."

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Sonia would take a cut of Jessica's share dividends as compensation for the damages and she didn't care what Jessica might think of it. After all, such reparations were a natural consequence of Jessica's tantrum.

"And what do we do about her?" Tim asked, leaning into his seat insouciantly. "Are you going to let her out of the hospital? Because if you don't sign off on her discharge, I'd have to ask someone to give her a strong sedative and have her in complete isolation."

"No, there's no need for that," Sonia responded with a shake of her head. "Let her out. The longer we keep her in the hospital, the more she'll grow suspicious. If she were to figure out that we're up to something, she'd cause trouble for us."

"It won't matter even if she does figure something out, though," Tim pointed out. "The microchip embedded into her forehead wound has already been activated; she could go anywhere and we'd still be able to track her down, wouldn't we?" His spectacles glared under the lights as he added, "And we can always lock her up and force her to have the baby."

He spoke so lightly of such horrific crimes that it was plain to see he had neither fear nor respect for the rule of law. Sonia, however, was already used to his somewhat sociopathic disposition and she was not alarmed by his direct choice of words. In fact, she thought his idea was a rather merciful one compared to his usual suggestions of murder.

Alas, she shook her head and turned down his idea, saying, "No, I haven't found the DNA sample for the child's father, so we'll have to wait. Just let her out of the hospital for now, and don't worry about her absconding because she won't. She'll still try to come after my shares and she won't leave until that mission is accomplished. Besides, even if she were to run, her microchip has already been activated and we can track her down anytime and lock her up. I don't think there's anything else for us to worry about."

Jessica had injured her forehead after Sonia made her bow before their father's grave the last time. Shortly after that, Toby had asked for a tracking microchip to be made and asked that Tim slip it into the wound on Jessica's forehead while treating it.

Having done so, they would have access to Jessica's location at all times and there was nowhere in the world she could hide from them.

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As such, Sonia was not at all concerned that Jessica would do a runner. On the contrary, she had no qualms about letting the girl roam around as she liked.

'Well, in that case, we'll go along with your decision,' Tim said readily, pushing his glasses up his nose bridge. 'I'll have someone throw her out of the hospital later.'

Sonia laughed. 'You have my gratitude.'

Tim suddenly narrowed his eyes and added, 'By the way, there's something you have to keep an eye out for.'

'What is it?' Upon hearing his grave tone, she grew somber as well.

He explained, 'Apparently, Jessica swiped one of the nurse's uniforms from the counter last midnight and sneaked into the hospital's record room so that she could look through your files here.'

'What was she after?' Sonia asked, her brows knitting close together.

Tim toyed with his scalpel. 'I only heard about this when the nurses discussed it this morning. One of the floor attendants caught Jessica scurrying out of the record room after she looked through your files and I went to demand an explanation from her as soon as I found out about this. She told me that she was doing it out of concern for you, and she wanted to know what conditions could have led to your hospitalization the past couple of times.'

'What a blatantly false excuse,' she drawled with a scoff. As if anyone could truly believe that Jessica felt anything other than pure hatred for her. Concern for me? Hah!

Besides, if Jessica truly had any ounce of compassion for Sonia, she could have easily asked Sonia about it. There was no such need to steal the nurse's uniform to sneak into the record room and look into Sonia's files.

Even if she had no intention of asking Sonia about her previous hospitalization, she could have asked the nurses and doctors for details instead.

However, Jessica had resorted to underhanded ways to look for answers instead, which meant that she was up to no good.

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"Yes, well, she was obviously lying, so I didn't bother wasting time on baiting the truth out of her. I hypnotized her on the spot and made her confess to her reasons, and as it turned out, she was suspicious of your birth story, which was why she decided to look through your files. She wanted to see whether her guess was correct by checking if your blood type was the same as your father's, which would conclude any biological relation you might have with him, or the lack thereof. Who knows what she would do with the information? Anyway, just watch your back," Tim warned grimly.

Sonia clutched her phone even tighter when she heard those words as she demanded, "You're saying she's doubting my identity? How did her suspicions arise in the first place? What could possibly have made her skeptical of my birth story?"

There were only a handful of people who knew Sonia was not the biological daughter of her parents. However, aside from Charles, Toby, Curtis, Tim and herself, no one else knew the truth—not even her own grandfather and Carl. So, how could Jessica have found out about it? Who could have told her?

Tim shook his head slightly. "I don't know and while I did press for an answer, her reply was vague. She told me she heard about it from someone or somewhere, but even while hypnotized, she offered no clear explanation."

"Okay," Sonia said, biting down on her lip.

"She'll definitely use this information to plot against you. Should I just kill her instead and let the secret die with her?" he asked, bringing up the topic of murder once more.

Despite herself, she was amused by his forthright suggestion and countered, "And how would I make her produce an heir to the Reed Family if she's dead? Don't be rash, Tim."

He adjusted his glasses once more. "Then, you'll have to stay vigilant."

She hummed in response. "Don't worry, I will. Thank you for the reminder, but regardless of how she has heard about my birth story, she still can't oust me from Paradigm Co.."

After all, the shares she held were not inherited from her father's fortune, and even if they were, she was still technically adopted into the Reed Family, which would make the shares her birthright. Jessica could scheme all she wanted, but she would make no headway.

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When Tim heard Sonia's reply, he lifted his chin and said, "Well, then, I have nothing more to say on the matter. I'll go ahead and process Jessica's discharge now."

Sonia made a noise of agreement. "Go on then, but as for her rehabilitation—"

"Don't worry about that. I had her on a special medication while she was hospitalized that could suppress her migraines for a while. I'll keep her on other medications that could stimulate her uterus and tell her that it's a treatment for her migraines and she will unknowingly become more fertile. When her uterus is no longer hostile, we could proceed with the implantation procedure at any time."

"Then, I shall leave it up to you, Dr. Lancaster," Sonia said, finally relaxing.

When the call ended, she set her phone aside, but her brows were still drawn together.

At that moment, Toby walked out of the room after turning down the bed and drew up behind her. Then, he wrapped his arms around her as he murmured in a low, captivating voice, "What is it? Who were you speaking with on the phone?"

She turned slightly to look up at the man glued to her back before gently nudging him. When she realized that he would not move away, she resigned to staying in his embrace as she replied, "It was Tim."

"That guy?" Toby frowned. "Why did he call you at this hour?"

Parting her shell-pink lips, Sonia explained, "He told me that Jessica has been throwing a fit to leave the hospital."

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"It won't matter even if she does figure something out, though," Tim pointed out. "The microchip embedded into her forehead wound has already been activated; she could go anywhere and we'd still be able to track her down, wouldn't we?" His spectacles glared under the lights as he added, "And we can always lock her up and force her to have the baby."

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She hummed in response. "Don't worry, I will. Thank you for the reminder, but regardless of how she has heard about my birth story, she still can't oust me from Paradigm Co.."

After all, the shares she held were not inherited from her father's fortune, and even if they were, she was still technically adopted into the Reed Family, which would make the shares her birthright. Jessica could scheme all she wanted, but she would make no headway.

When Tim heard Sonia's reply, he lifted his chin and said, "Well, then, I have nothing more to say on the matter. I'll go ahead and process Jessica's discharge now."

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Sonia made a noise of agreement. "Go on then, but as for her rehabilitation—"

"Don't worry about that. I had her on a special medication while she was hospitalized that could suppress her migraines for a while. I'll keep her on other medications that could stimulate her uterus and tell her that it's a treatment for her migraines and she will unknowingly become more fertile. When her uterus is no longer hostile, we could proceed with the implantation procedure at any time."

"Then, I shall leave it up to you, Dr. Lancaster," Sonia said, finally relaxing.

When the call ended, she set her phone aside, but her brows were still drawn together.

At that moment, Toby walked out of the room after turning down the bed and drew up behind her. Then, he wrapped his arms around her as he murmured in a low, captivating voice, "What is it? Who were you speaking with on the phone?"

She turned slightly to look up at the man glued to her back before gently nudging him. When she realized that he would not move away, she resigned to staying in his embrace as she replied, "It was Tim."

"That guy?" Toby frowned. "Why did he call you at this hour?"

Parting her shell-pink lips, Sonia explained, "He told me that Jessica has been throwing a fit to leave the hospital."

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## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 679

### Chapter 679 Sleepover

Sonia did not tell Toby that Jessica had discovered the truth of her birth story—that she was not her parents' biological daughter.

If she told him, given how much he cared for her, he would only take it upon himself to investigate how Jessica had discovered such information in the first place. More importantly, Sonia thought she could look into this herself without troubling him; otherwise, she would appear truly useless.

Toby, on the other hand, didn't notice that she was hiding something from him as he lowered his head and burrowed into the dip in her shoulder. "So, you've agreed to it?" he asked.

She hummed in response, nodding once. "With the microchip that you gave us implanted in her, we don't have to worry about losing track of her. Besides, I highly doubt that she would do a runner."

"That's good enough," he murmured softly before he glanced at the clock on the wall. "It's getting late. We should get some sleep."

As it was drawing close to 10:00P.M, Sonia let out a full-body yawn and said groggily, "You're right. I am pretty tired."

She had stayed up the whole of last night to knit him a scarf on top of babysitting and nursing him out of his hangover for a better part of today. As of now, she was drained.

All she wanted to do was to lie down and sleep through the night.

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“Come on, I’ll bring you to the room,” Toby offered as he took her hand in his. She glanced down at their intertwined hands and did not plan on pulling away. After all, holding hands was par for the course for any loving couple.

She allowed him to guide her toward one of the bedroom doors, but her expression shifted slightly when she saw which bedroom he was leading her to, and she stopped in her tracks.

Toby stopped as well, and turned to look at her in askance. “What’s wrong?”

“This is your room,” she pointed out, jerking her chin toward the door before them.

He nodded. “I know.”

She stared at him incredulously with wide eyes. “Toby, are you actually asking me to sleep in your room?”

“Don’t you want to?” Toby asked, his gaze even and unaffected.

Sonia fell silent at this.

It looked like things had turned out the way she felt they would. When he said he was going to turn down the bed earlier and went into his own bedroom, she didn’t think much of it, only assuming that he had retreated into his room to locate spare blankets or whatever. After all, with all the other rooms in the penthouse left vacant, it would only be natural that the beds were bare.

Alas, she had given him too much credit. Toby had never intended to set up any of the guest rooms for her; he wanted her to sleep in his room instead.

Then again, she shouldn’t have been too surprised by this, given his past record of climbing into her bed in the middle of the night while he was staying over at her place.

She wondered how far he would go just to sleep with her on the same bed and what other ungentlemanly tactics he might employ to that end. He’s probably going to reenact the whole incident where he sneaked into my bed.

At the thought of this, she facepalmed like she was in utter disbelief before she sighed as she said in resignation, “You know what, it’s fine. I’ll just have to make do.”

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As she said this, she put a hand on the doorknob and twisted it. When the door swung open, she led the way into the room.

Meanwhile, Toby's eyes brightened when he saw that she agreed to sleep in his room. He practically flew after her, and he would have glued himself to her like they were magnets if he could. He had been pretty worried earlier that she would turn him down, but now that things were progressing in the direction he liked, he visibly relaxed.

Upon entering Toby's room, Sonia immediately caught sight of his bed, which was large enough to fit several people at once, and blushed. While she knew that intimacy was off the table tonight, she still found herself thinking about it and the size of the bed didn't help to quell her rampant thoughts.

She rubbed her temples and winced. This is all Toby's fault. That pervert has been polluting my good senses with his own impurity. Why else would I be having such thoughts as soon as I see the bed? Stop thinking about it. Stop right now.

Then, she tapped her forehead with her knuckles, forcing herself to calm down by taking a deep breath.

At the sight of this, Toby quickly intervened to pull her hand away from her head and he looked serious as he asked, "What's wrong? Do you have a headache?"

"No," Sonia answered. She squeezed out a faint smile and responded, "I just thought of some amusing things."

"Amusing things?" He clearly did not understand what she meant by that.

She waved her hand dismissively. "It's nothing. Okay, let's go to bed. I'm exhausted." A yawn followed her statement, as though to prove her point.

Toby surveyed the fatigue on her face and the pale shadows beneath her eyes, and his heart twisted. He gently ruffled her hair as he said endearingly, "Okay, let's sleep."

Sonia hummed softly, then lifted the covers before sliding beneath them.

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While she did so, he rounded the bed to lie down on the other side before he reached out with an arm to pull her into his embrace, his gesture so natural that one might think they had been sleeping together for the longest of time, much like an old couple.

Her fingers brushed his arm, which was snug around her waist, and she felt her lips twitch in amusement. He's a complete natural. He didn't even bother to ask before cuddling me. Apparently, he had none of the bashfulness that came with the tender beginnings of a relationship, which was just another way of saying he was roguish.

She shook her head in mild exasperation but did not lift his arm off her, and took this unexpected gesture of affection in stride.

She was already worn out from the day's events, and her eyelids felt heavy as soon as her head hit the pillow. Darkness was slowly washing over her, tempting her with rest.

All in all, she was desperate for sleep, and she couldn't be bothered if the world collapsed on itself. Very quickly, she could no longer resist the darkness that was beckoning her and she fell into a deep slumber. Her exhaustion was evident in the sound of her breathing, which seemed louder than usual.

Toby, on the other hand, had only just woken up not too long ago, so it went without saying that he was a bundle of energy. He lay on his side, propping his head up with one hand as he gazed at Sonia's sleeping profile.

No matter how long he looked at her for, her face remained the same, and this was true even as she lay unmoving on her side of the bed. However, he realized that he could not look away, and he was only growing more enamored with her.

After what felt like a long moment, Sonia finally turned to her side. It was only then that Toby switched off the main lights in the room, leaving only the yellow night light that illuminated the dark. Having done so, he slid beneath the covers and closed his eyes contentedly.

The next day, Toby was woken up by the sound of a ringing phone.

He opened his eyes slowly and glanced at the woman in his arms.

Her eyes were still closed, and she was sleeping soundly, completely undisturbed by the incessant ringing of her phone.

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As he was worried that she would eventually be stirred from sleep if the ringing continued, Toby carefully propped himself up and grabbed the phone from the nightstand.

It was Sonia's phone that was ringing with an incoming call and the screen was flashing with Daphne's name displayed on it. With a quick swipe of his thumb, he put the call through and lowered his voice deliberately. "What?"

When Daphne heard this, she froze on the other line before she hastily pulled the phone away so she could look at the screen. Having made sure that she had indeed called Sonia's number and not someone else's, she put the phone back to her ear and asked cautiously, "P-President Fuller?"

Toby hummed in confirmation.

She sighed, relieved that it was indeed Toby on the phone. She had thought that it was some other man, and that gave her a fright. Why is President Fuller the one answering Chairman Reed's phone, though? And at such early morning hours, too. Could they be...

The sudden realization that Toby and Sonia had spent the night together dawned upon Daphne, and all her doubts dissipated instantly. She adjusted her black-frame glasses and asked delicately, "President Fuller, may I know whether Chairman Reed is with you at the moment?"

"She's still sleeping," Toby answered impassively in his crisp morning voice, one hand pressing the phone to his ear and the other toying with a strand of Sonia's hair.

Daphne raised a brow. She's still sleeping? She gave the clock on her office wall a cursory glance, and noted with no small amount of astonishment that it was nearly 10:00A.M. Heavens, if Chairman Reed is still asleep at this hour, that could only mean that she had quite the rough night with President Fuller! She's probably too worn out to wake up.

Not knowing that Daphne had sorely misunderstood, Toby continued in a clipped tone, "I could pass on a message for you if you'd like. If it's nothing urgent, I'll get her to call you back as soon as she wakes up and you can talk to her then."

"That's fine by me, President Fuller. Please get Chairman Reed to call me back when she's awake. It's nothing particularly important or urgent," Daphne replied courteously.

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He nodded slightly. "Understood." He hung up and set the phone down on the nightstand, then took his own phone so he could call Tom.

At this moment, a pair of delicate hands darted out from under the covers and wrapped around Toby's arm, followed by a soft voice asking, "What time is it?"

## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 680

Chapter 680 Atonement

Sonia's voice was soft and raspy with sleep, and given that her eyes were still closed, she clearly wasn't fully awake yet.

That being said, for her to ask for the time despite having not fully awakened meant that she knew she was lying next to him all along. Otherwise, she would have bolted upright and demanded an explanation for his presence, and he didn't think she would do it kindly either.

Toby glanced at his watch on the nightstand and said evenly, "It's 10:00AM."

At that moment, Sonia's eyes flew open as she exclaimed, "What? It's already 10:00AM?" Judging by her high pitch, she was more than astonished by his answer.

He nodded slightly. "Yes, that's right."

She scrambled to get up. "Oh, no. Oh, crap. I'm late! I have a meeting that I'm supposed to get to this morning."



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She raked her fingers through her hair and made to throw off the covers, but just as she was about to tumble out of bed, Toby reached out to pull her back into the confines of his arms. Startled, she tried to pry his arms off as she asked urgently, "What are you doing, Toby? Let go of me right now. I have to wash up and get to work!"

"Hold your horses," he said with a low chuckle. "Your secretary called earlier, probably to ask why you haven't gone into work at this hour. After she found out that you were with me, she hung up, though. She didn't urge me to wake you up so you could rush over to Paradigm Co., which means the meeting this morning isn't really that important, is it? So, why don't you just relax and have some breakfast before you head over?"

"But..." Sonia trailed off hesitantly. She knew the meeting today wasn't that important, but she had never been one to bail on company matters, or on anything in general.

Toby took one look at her frown and immediately knew what she was thinking of. He reached up to massage and smooth out the divot between her brows, then muttered softly, "I know what you're thinking, but sometimes, being late and bailing on a company meeting aren't necessarily bad things. On the contrary, it will only add to your authority because you're the chairman of the company and you have the privilege of showing up late."

It was only after she heard this that she calmed down and the panic that had seized her moments ago slowly ebbed. With a nod, she relented and responded, "Well, if you say so, then I guess I'll be slacking off today for the sake of it."

He was the president and chairman of Fuller Group, so he couldn't possibly lie to her about these things. Besides, she knew for certain that her tardiness today wasn't going to hurt Paradigm Co. in the slightest.

Now that she was consoled, she figured that if she was already running late as it was, she might as well just enjoy her half-day off. "I know I'm not in a rush to get to work, but I still have to get up at some point. I mean, aren't you starving?" she turned to ask the man who was hugging her from behind.

Toby had his head dipped as he toyed with her hand, which was right on top of his own. Her hand was soft and delicate, and for some reason, he found it one of the most enchanting things about her, so much so that he couldn't bring himself to let go.

"I'm fine, but we should probably get up," he decided, releasing her hand.

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Sonia could sense his reluctance as he detached his hand from hers and she was highly amused by it. What's so fun about holding my hand? She brought her hand up before her and inspected it from every angle; she hadn't sprouted an extra finger overnight, and she couldn't find anything remotely interesting about her hand that could enthrall him so.

Without dwelling too much on this, she lifted the covers and crawled out of bed before heading into the adjoining bathroom.

Toby fell in step behind her, resuming his role as her shadow as he made to wash up with her.

They had done this together the night before, so in a show of acceptance of his behavior, she did not stop him from following her into the bathroom. After all, she was in his territory as a guest, and certainly there had never been a guest so bold as to forbid their hosts from going anywhere in his own home.

After washing up, Toby sauntered into his own walk-in wardrobe to put on a fresh change of clothes for the day while Sonia went out to the balcony to retrieve her laundry.

She had already thrown her laundry into the tumble-dryer last night, and she wasn't too concerned that they hadn't dried in time.

Presently, he emerged from his bedroom after wearing his clothes, and Sonia was done putting on hers as well. She was sitting on the couch in the living room and holding up a hand mirror as she applied her make-up.

"What do you feel like having for breakfast?" she asked, casting him a sideway glance as she tried to draw in her eyebrows.

He walked up to her, his gaze falling on her clothes as he suggested, "Why don't we dine out?"

Sonia put down her hand mirror. "Okay."

"Since you like the sausages at Royal Restaurant so much, we'll have breakfast there," he said as he straightened his necktie.

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He noticed that she was wearing her clothes from the day before. He had told her that he would have Tom send over a new outfit for her, but she rejected his offer, saying that she wasn't sure how long Tom would take with the delivery and that she wouldn't mind wearing the same clothes.

However, Toby suddenly had a feeling that it was time he had some of her clothes here for nights she decided to stay over.

At the thought of having her clothes inside his wardrobe, he started to tingle all over with excitement. He swallowed, and when he saw her checking through her purse to make sure she had all her stuff, he said hoarsely, "Let's go."

"What's wrong with your voice?" She slung her purse over her shoulder and looked at him with genuine concern, then pressed, "Is your throat still fried from all the alcohol you drank yesterday?"

Sonia tilted her head to the side, a little confused as she thought, That can't be it. He sounded fine when he woke up this morning.

Toby avoided his eyes and lowered his gaze while mumbling, "It's nothing; I'm just thirsty, that's all."

He was not going to tell her that he grew a little too excited at the thought of having her clothes in the wardrobe along with his. He knew she would not let him live this down, and would make fun of him mercilessly.

Sonia did not doubt him at all when she heard his reason, seeing as he truly had not taken a sip of water since he woke up that morning.

She bent over and poured out a glass of water for him. "Here, drink some to soothe that throat of yours before we leave."

He hummed in response and took the glass before he gulped down the water. He couldn't very well refuse, because that would mean he wasn't thirsty at all and that he had been lying to her.

When he was done with the water, they walked toward the door. They had only just reached the threshold when the bell rang.

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Toby turned on the intercom, and through the camera, he saw that the person standing outside the door was none other than Tom. He was pacing around and wringing his hands with a long sigh every now and then; he looked worried and nervous for some reason.

Seeing this, Sonia frowned and guessed, "He's probably here to apologize to you."

"Apologize?" Toby was about to open the door for Tom, but he stopped when he heard this.

She tucked a loose strand of her hair behind her ear. "Yeah. It totally slipped my mind, but Mr. Brown was here with me as well when you were drunk yesterday. Grandma called and asked how you were doing and I'm not quite sure what Mr. Brown told her, but she fainted on the spot after that."

"She fainted?" Toby's eyes widened, and a shrewd expression etched itself upon his face.

Sonia reached out to pull his hand. "Hey, don't get mad and don't worry, she's fine. The stress probably got to her and she collapsed after panicking. Mr. Brown called me the same afternoon to tell me that she was coping well. I was going to tell you about this after you sobered up, but I was busy taking care of you that I forgot, until Mr. Brown showed up here looking like a bundle of nerves."

Upon hearing her explanation, he felt his heart calming in his chest and finally lodging itself back into place.

All that matters is that Grandma is fine, otherwise... A dark gleam flashed in his eyes as he tightened his grip on the doorknob and opened the door with much more force than needed.

Outside was Tom, who straightened up and stood to attention when he saw the door open. "President Fuller!" he greeted with utmost respect and what appeared to be contrition.

Toby merely stared at him icily without uttering a single response, and at the sight of this, Tom felt a bitter chuckle bubbling up behind his throat. Well, looks like President Fuller has already found out that Old Mrs. Fuller collapsed out of shock yesterday.

Tom was not the least bit surprised that Toby had learned of the incident. Even if Sonia hadn't broken the news, he would have shown up and ready to atone for his grave mistake. In fact, that was precisely what he was doing right now.

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With that in mind, Tom took in a deep breath and bowed apologetically at Toby. "I'm sorry, President Fuller. Whatever happened to Old Mrs. Fuller was my fault. I'll take any punishment you deem fit."