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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 746

Chapter 746 Liquid Courage

Sonia's movements had been bold and exaggerated when she first drank the wine, but Toby burst into laughter when he saw the way she scrunched up her face in response to the taste of the alcohol. "Slow down. You don't want to choke."

"I'm not going to choke!" Sonia placed the wine glass down with a loud clang before pushing it closer to him. "Give me another glass of that."

"Doesn't your heart ache over the price of the drink now?" Toby raised an eyebrow. She glared at him. "Of course my heart still aches, but I'd rather finish it than let it turn bad. Hurry and pour me another glass," she urged.

"Okay. I'll pour you another glass," he uttered after laughing for a while more. Then, he held the wine bottle up to refill her glass. Sonia let out a sigh as she held the wine glass up and glanced at the sparkling, red liquid inside. "It's all your fault. Why did you decide to prepare a meal out of nowhere?"

"What?" Toby was confused. "Did you say it's my fault?" How can it be my fault? he wondered.

"It's obviously your fault!" Sonia stomped her foot on the ground. "I wouldn't have thought of celebrating anything if you hadn't made me a meal. I wouldn't have recalled the existence of this red wine if I hadn't thought of celebrating anything. You wouldn't have gotten the chance to open this bottle if I hadn't thought of it. So, whose fault do you think it is?"

Toby was shocked and speechless upon hearing her explanation. This brat is so two-faced! I can't believe she's putting all of the blame on me. She's expecting me to deal with all the

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consequences on my own! Sure, I made the meal, and I suggested the idea itself, but I wasn't the one who suggested having a celebration, and I even tried to stop her when she brought it up. She's the one who insisted on bringing a bottle of wine here. Yet, it sounds like everything's my fault now. Great. Toby pressed his palm against his forehead while feeling sorry for himself.

Sonia seemed even more displeased when she saw Toby pressing his lips together with a contemplative look on his face. She smacked her palm against the table. "What is it? Are you unhappy now? Don't you think it's your fault?"

Toby pursed his lips. So, she's forcing me to admit my wrongs, huh? "Fine, fine. It's my fault. It's all my fault!" Toby had no choice but to shoulder the burden of being wrong. He patted the woman's shoulder to calm her down. Forget it, he thought. Since she's my woman, I'm okay with taking all of the blame. I'll just have to coax her later. A man like me shouldn't get too petty about such matters, anyway.

Toby took a sip of his red wine at that thought. "You're lucky you're with me. I don't think anyone else would pamper you like this." He swirled the wine in his glass and looked at the red liquid before letting out a soft laugh. This was the first time he was being blamed for something he hadn't done, and he willingly accepted the blame. He was certain that no one would believe their ears if they found out about this.

Of course, Sonia knew what Toby meant by his words, and she knew how unreasonable she was being. But why does that matter? He's the man, right? What's wrong with taking the blame for me sometimes? Sonia responded with a stubborn scoff in Toby's face. "At least you know what's the right thing to do."

Toby couldn't resist pinching her face. "Why didn't I know that you had this side to you in the past?"

She flicked his hand away. "There are tons of things you haven't realized. You don't even know how many sides of me there are."

"Oh?" He smirked. "Guess I'll have to continue digging deep into you, then."

"You can go ahead and do that. I'd like to see how much you can find about me." Sonia raised her glass and finished her wine once more. Again, she placed it in front of Toby to

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indicate that she wanted another glass. He frowned without making a move. "You should stop drinking," he uttered.

"No. I can't waste this." Sonia shook her head as she insisted on having another glass. Toby placed his large palm over her glass as he spoke. "You'll get drunk. This red wine's alcohol percentage is a little higher than the usual red wines. On top of that, your tolerance isn't that great, and you'll get drunk after a few glasses. Why don't you just listen to me and stop drinking? We can drink another day."

"No." Sonia felt oddly displeased when her lover stopped her from drinking, so she raised her sharp eyebrow before speaking in a coquettish tone. "I insist on drinking this! The alcohol tastes good. I'm not done drinking!"

"I don't care." Toby continued to reject her while he began keeping the wine bottle away. Sonia immediately pressed her palms against the table to stand up. "Don't you dare, Toby! Don't put it away, okay? Otherwise... I'll..."

"Otherwise, what?" Toby stopped and turned to look at her. There was a gleam in his eyes that made his gaze seem rather mysterious.

Sonia blinked—she was at a loss for words. Soon enough, she came up with a reply. "Otherwise... I'll start crying in front of you!" Then, she stuck her lower lip out and forced herself to start wailing. However, regardless of how much she tried to cry, she simply couldn't squeeze the tears out of her eyes.

Toby was stunned by her actions. He had already been shocked when she smacked her palm against the table before that. The woman Toby knew wasn't someone who would smack her palm against the table when she didn't get to drink. Yet, that was exactly what she had just done. That was the reason Toby suspected that she was starting to get drunk. Perhaps her temper is coming out because she's drunk. Now, as I'm watching her attempt to cry, I know for a fact that she's drunk.

But Sonia wasn't entirely wasted—she simply seemed rather tipsy. The slight tipsiness had turned her gentle and smart character into a more aggressive person who seemed livelier than her usual, day-to-day self. When Toby saw the confusion in Sonia's eyes and the redness in her cheeks, he felt the urge to tease her more. "Didn't you say that you wanted to cry for me? Why aren't you crying yet?"

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"I can't do it..." She pouted while looking sorry for herself. He let out a deep chuckle that made his chest vibrate as he laughed. That was how funny she was to him. "I'll return the wine to its place since you can't seem to cry." He began to act as if he was about to leave.

She immediately clung to his waist. "No! I told you I wanted more of it. You can't take it away."

"But you're drunk," he replied.

"I'm not."

"You are!" Toby stared at the woman in his arms as he repeated himself in a patient tone. Sonia frowned and kept quiet for a while as if she were making sense of his words and checking if she were actually drunk. After a while more, Sonia looked up at the man with her gaze more confused than before. "Isn't that perfect? You're in luck. You can do whatever you want now," she muttered,

Toby's pupils narrowed, and his face darkened once he heard her. Sonia giggled. "I know. I know you've always wanted my body, and that it has been hard for you to control yourself all along. It was all because I couldn't get past my own views on this. You must have struggled to hold it in for so long. Today morning, in the meeting room, I sensed some changes in you, and I wanted to find an opportunity to hand myself over to you completely, but I didn't know how to do it, so I thought that drinking some wine would help us a little. At least I'd have a little more liquid courage then. I don't want to stay stagnant at this point and not go further with you."

Upon hearing her words, Toby's pupils trembled as his Adam's apple bobbed up and down once every 2 seconds. "So... The celebration was a lie, and you were just using it as an excuse to have some drinks? You wanted to get yourself drunk so that you could let me take control over your body, huh?"

"That sounds about right." Sonia rested her head against the man's chest as she listened to his rather elevated heartbeat. Her tone of voice made it clear that she was intoxicated. "But the celebration was real too. I'm killing two birds with one stone!" she insisted.

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 747

Chapter 747 She's Finally Mine

At this point, Sonia let out a sudden laugh. "It's true when they say that alcohol builds your courage. I'm so much braver now, aren't I? I'd never say such things if I were sober."

"Yeah. You do seem much more brave now." Toby gently kept her in his arms. His heart was still racing from what just happened. I had no idea that she was already prepared to surrender herself to me. I can't believe she drank alcohol just to gather the courage to let me know that she's ready to let go of herself with me. Well, it is a pretty good idea, he thought.

"Well, why aren't you doing anything yet?" Sonia didn't know what the man was thinking, so she grabbed onto his necktie hanging in front of his chest. The slight stench of alcohol traveled through the air and into Toby's nose as she continued speaking. "It took me a long time to decide to do this. I even went through with my plan to get drunk! What are you waiting for, Toby? I'm not that drunk now, and I'm sober enough to know what's going on. Soon, I'll be too sober to do anything with you. Why don't you appreciate this opportunity?"

It was clear that Sonia was much braver when she was drunk—she was excited enough to urge him to get into bed with her. Toby's gaze was as dark as the bottom of a well as he stared at Sonia, and he parted his lips to speak. "I'll take this opportunity since you're the one who offered yourself to me. However, I'm not a man without principles, and I don't want to do anything to you while you're drunk or unconscious. That's taking advantage of someone. I want you to do it willingly, so I'd like to make sure that you're currently sober and aware. Do you know what's going on?"

"Are you looking down on me?" Sonia widened her eyes to glare at him. "Of course I know what's going on. I might be tipsy, but I'm still clear-headed. I know what I'm saying and doing. Do you think I'd be able to hold such a proper conversation with you otherwise?"

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"No!" Toby shook his head.

"Hmph. That solves your issue, doesn't it? Don't worry. I'm perfectly conscious of what I'm doing. I'm just a little more courageous than usual," she uttered while patting herself on the chest. As she patted her chest, her soft breasts jiggled in response. Toby let out a gentle sigh as he felt beads of sweat forming on his forehead. This woman sure is getting really bold. She'd never do such a thing on a normal day. She's not afraid to say or do anything now that she has the guts to do it, huh?

"You sure are killing me." He lowered his head to let out a deep, airy whisper in Sonia's ear. She let out a sly laugh when she understood what he meant. Then, Toby lifted her up and grabbed both her butt cheeks. She spread her legs open to hook them around his waist. To make sure that she wouldn't fall, she looped her arms around his neck.

Toby gulped as he lowered his gaze to stare at her. "Sonia, since you mentioned that you're conscious, I'll give you another chance. You can still change your mind now."

"I'm not changing my mind!" Sonia shook her head furiously before she flashed him a silly grin. "I've always been curious about what it feels like, but I've just been too shy to let you know about this all along. Previously, I had been too drunk and someone had drugged me, so I wasn't conscious at all and had no idea what it felt like. I'm expecting you to do well tonight, Toby. You need to show me what the feeling's like, and if it's really as good as they say it is."

Toby was shocked by her words. Did she ask others about details regarding this matter?

When Sonia saw him hugging her and zoning out without taking action, she pouted to show him an unhappy expression. "What's going on? Why are you zoning out? Do you want to do it or not?" She tapped him on the shoulder.

Toby's gaze refocused as he snapped out of his daze. When he saw that Sonia was annoyed by his lack of action, he let out a deep laugh. "Of course I want to do it. You're already rushing me to do it, right? If I don't take action now, you probably won't see me as a man anymore, right?"

"At least you know." Sonia scoffed. He narrowed his eyes a little. "Well, let me show you whether I'm a man or not." Upon finishing his words, he lowered his head to bite her lips. His kiss was especially harsh, perhaps because he wanted to punish her for what she said

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earlier. He bit and sucked on her lips, and he only became gentler when she began to whine in discomfort. Then, he continued to kiss her as he led her back to their room.

They went crazy that night. Toby was especially harsh in bed; perhaps it was because he finally managed to have the woman he loved. There were times when Sonia couldn't stand it any longer, and she tried to shrink away from him. Other times, she crawled to the edge of the bed to escape him. However, she never managed to escape in the end—Toby would hold her ankle and drag her back.

Sonia wailed and hit the man to get him to release her. However, the man didn't go easy on her even when he saw her crying and sobbing. Instead, he got rougher and rougher with her. Her teary-eyed look may seem pitiful in his eyes, but it only made him want to bully her more. He wanted to make her cry harder. Sonia had practically lost her voice by the second half of the night. Her eyes were extremely swollen, and she no longer had any tears left to cry. All she could do was whine and sob quietly.

By 4AM in the morning, Sonia was too tired to continue, but the man on top of her was still full of energy. It was almost as if he had an endless amount of energy. Sonia couldn't help but feel a tight feeling in her chest—she was filled with regret for deciding to surrender herself to the man. She was too tired to lift a finger, but she wouldn't have been in this state if she hadn't made the decision to surrender.

Although she enjoyed herself, it was also true that her entire body was drained and in pain. Was he this harsh with me in bed when we did it the last time? Was I this tired as well? Sonia let out a sob before speaking in a hoarse and weak voice. "Stop it, Toby. You... Stop it... I'm so tired. I really want to sleep..." She couldn't hold on for much longer. Yet, the man seemed like he wanted to go on.

When Toby finally stopped and lowered his head to look at the woman under him, he saw her panting with her eyes barely open. He reached over to push away the strands of hair that were stuck to her forehead because of her sweat. When he spoke, his voice was hoarse, but he didn't sound as weak as her. "Oh? Are you sleepy?"

"Mmm..." Sonia gave him a barely-visible nod. Toby lowered himself to kiss her red and swollen lips. "You can sleep if you want to, but you have to answer my question first."

Sonia felt the urge to cry. This man is a devil. I just told him that I wanted to sleep, yet he still wants me to answer his question?

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Toby didn't know what was going on in Sonia's head. "Tell me—am I a man to you?"

Sonia's eyes shot wide open the moment she heard his question. I can't believe he still remembers what I said about him earlier. Was he especially harsh to me tonight just because he wanted me to answer this question? She genuinely felt like she was on the verge of tears. If she had known how vengeful the man was, she wouldn't have provoked him.

Toby shoved himself deeper into the woman when he saw her sobbing without answering his question. "Stop... Stop moving..." she groaned.

"Answer me, then. Am I a man or not?" Toby narrowed his eyes.

Sonia sniffed before answering in a meek voice. "Yes. Yes, you are."

"Whose man am I?" he asked again. She felt even more sorry for herself. "Didn't you say that you were only going to ask me one question? This is the second..."

"It doesn't matter how many questions I ask. What matters is your answer." Toby gently ran his fingers across her flushed face. Her eyes glistened with tears as she opened them slightly to look at the man. "You're mine."

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 748

Chapter 748 Tom's Best Wishes

The pitiful sight of the woman made Toby feel like torturing her even more than ever. However, he knew that she could no longer handle his harsh treatment, so he had no choice but to take a deep breath and suppress the urge to continue bullying her. He ran his hand across her burning face as he spoke in a deep voice. "Who do I belong to? Tell me your name. How am I supposed to know if you don't tell me your name?"

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Sonia knew that the guy was trying to cause her trouble. If she wasn't so weak, she would definitely kick him off the bed!

"Hmm?" Toby lowered his head when he saw her eyes looking around the room for a while. "What are you thinking about?" He gave her a peck on the lips.

"Nothing much." Sonia looked away as she didn't want him to know what she was thinking. What if he can tell what I'm thinking about, and what if he decides to go on with me after this? But Toby stopped forcing her to answer his question when he saw her keeping quiet. Instead, he only got her to answer his previous question. "Tell me—who do I belong to? I'll let you rest after you answer me."

"How do I know if you're being honest? How do I know you won't make me answer another question?" Sonia bit her lip as she answered in a pitiful tone.

He chuckled. "I won't. This is the last one. Trust me, alright?"

Sonia shifted her gaze to look at him. She kept staring at him as if she was trying to decide if she could trust him. In the end, she gave in when she thought about how tired she felt. She decided that she would trust the man once more. "You're Sonia's." Her swollen lips parted as she spoke softly.

Toby was rather disappointed at how soft her voice was, but he gave up on asking for her to repeat herself in a louder voice when he saw how tired she looked. Instead, he rubbed his forehead against hers as he spoke in a gentle voice. "Okay. Look, I kept my word, right? You can go to bed now. Thank you for tonight." He gave her another kiss on her lips before resting his hands on top of the woman's face to close her eyes.

When he finally released her, she felt her entire body relaxing. She no longer had to fight the sleepiness, and she allowed herself to close her eyes beneath the man's warm hand. After about two minutes, she fell asleep, snoring a little louder than usual as she was too tired.

Eventually, Toby removed his hand from Sonia's eyes to find her fast asleep. When he saw her flushed face and the hair that was stuck to her forehead due to her sweat, he felt as if his heart was about to melt. After that, he pulled the sheets off of him and picked his pants off the floor to put them on. He didn't put on a shirt, and he leaned down to pick the woman up before carrying her to the bathroom.

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By the time he changed the bedsheets and showered both himself and Sonia, it was nearly sunrise. He tucked her into bed and took his phone from the bedside table to send Tom a text, telling him to contact Sonia's company to inform them that she was taking a day off. Once that was done, he got into bed and curled up beside the girl before falling asleep. The next day, he only woke up when he received a call at 2PM.

The moment Toby opened his eyes, he immediately hurried to find the ringing phone before ending the call and turning to check on the woman beside him. He wanted to see if she had been awakened by the phone call. When he was certain that she was still fast asleep, he massaged his brows as he let out a sigh of relief and got out of bed. "It's 2PM already?" Toby frowned when he saw the time on his phone. He hadn't expected to sleep past noon. If it weren't for Tom's call, he might have slept for even longer. My quality of sleep does seem better when I have my lover in my arms.

Toby lowered his phone to look at the sleeping woman with a tender and loving gaze. He knew that he had worn her out yesterday—that was probably why she hadn't woken up despite the loud ringing of his phone. By the looks of it, she is going to remain asleep for a while longer. I guess that's fine. I should just let her continue sleeping. After bending down to give her a kiss, Toby left the room to return Tom's call.

"What is it?" Toby walked over to the couch, where he sat down and poured himself a glass of water while talking on the phone. Tom was shocked to hear his boss's rough and rather sleepy voice from the other end of the line. "President Fuller, you didn't just wake up, did you?"

"Mhmm." Toby took a gulp of water to soothe his dry throat.

"Did you really just wake up?" Tom stared out of his office window, where the blinding sun—a rare sight during winter—hung high up in the sky. The sunlight reminded Tom that it was past 2PM in the afternoon. Yet, President Fuller just woke up... I... This is... Tom gulped. Is this the diligent workaholic that I know?

"Is anything the matter?" Toby didn't want to know the reason Tom was so shocked, so he phrased his question in a flat tone.

Tom hastily shook his head. "No, no. There's no issue at all."

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Toby scoffed as he lowered his glass and changed the topic. "I texted you at 5AM this morning and got you to inform Paradigm Co. that Sonia won't be going to work today. Did you do it?"

"Of course. I'd never not follow your orders." Tom pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. Despite his polite and flattering tone of voice, Tom wore a stiff, icy smile on his face. He was furious about what happened at 5AM that morning. The sun wasn't out yet, and Tom had been dreaming about meeting a new girlfriend, but before he got to take a good look at the girlfriend's face, his work phone on his bedside table began to ring and vibrate like mad.

The loud noise had startled Tom, sending his imaginary girlfriend up into thin air. Tom had two phones, and the one that vibrated was the one he used only when he was contacting Toby. When he heard that phone ringing so early in the morning, he assumed that something huge and urgent must have happened to Toby. Tom didn't even attempt to recall what his girlfriend in his dream looked like and instantly picked the phone up to check his messages.

However, he then realized that it was no big deal at all. Toby simply got him to apply for leaves for both Toby and Sonia as they weren't going to work the next day. Tsk! What's the big deal? Can't he just tell me that later? Why does he have to wake me up at 5AM to tell me about this? Despite feeling annoyed by the matter, Tom proceeded to fulfill his tasks once he woke up the next day.

Initially, Tom assumed that Toby and Sonia were taking a day off from both their workplaces because they wanted to go on a date. Tom was, therefore, shocked when he heard that both of them had slept through the entire morning. Wait... They slept? Tom widened his eyes as he seemed to realize something. If all they did was sleep, they couldn't have remained in bed until this hour. That means... President Fuller and Miss Reed...

Once Tom realized what was going on, he looked around his room before speaking into the phone with a careful tone. "President Fuller."

"Yes? What is it?" Toby frowned.

"Well..." Tom spread his lips into a perverted smile. "You and Miss Reed were up to something last night, weren't you?" As Toby's trusty assistant, Tom was well-aware of everything going on between Sonia and Toby. Although both of them were officially dating, Sonia hadn't gone beyond third base with Toby as she wasn't mentally prepared for it.

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But considering the fact that both President Fuller and Miss Reed applied for leaves today, and considering that they just woke up, it's likely that they did something last night. That's why they're only waking up now.

Toby narrowed his eyes when he heard Tom's question. "Why are you asking me about this?" Although Toby didn't give Tom a solid answer, Tom knew his guess was right.

The perverted smile on Tom's face widened. "Oh, it's nothing. I just wanted to congratulate you. You've finally gotten what you wanted! Miss Reed is completely and utterly yours now."

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 749

Chapter 749 Jessica Wants to See You

Deep down, Tom was aware of Toby's insecurities even after Toby rekindled the old flames with Sonia, as she still appeared to reject him somehow. Therefore, he believed Toby should probably feel more uplifted and confident now that he had managed to win Sonia over completely.

As Tom had anticipated, Toby curled his lips upward upon hearing his congratulations. "Alright, that's enough. What's there to congratulate me for? After all, what we did was nothing uncommon," Toby said as he barely hid his complacency.

Tom rolled his eyes upward in a speechless manner but still responded with a smiling face. "Of course, President Fuller."

"By the way, why did you call up?" Toby asked and continued to say, "I told you I won't be in the office today, so don't bother looking for me for anything because I'll only be back to look into them tomorrow."

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"I know, but I must tell you this because it's not about our company's affair but Jessica." Tom sounded serious.

As soon as Toby heard Jessica's name, he sat up straight and showed a keen interest. "Really? Jessica?"

"Yeah." Tom nodded. "I got a call from the police station this morning and was told that Jessica would like to see you."

"What?" Toby knitted his eyebrows. "She wants to see me?"

"Yeah."

"Are you sure Little Leaf is not the one she wants to see?" Toby had no idea why Jessica wanted to see him because there was nothing personal between him and her. Instead, he reckoned Sonia should be the one she wanted to see before going to jail.

"I'm pretty sure it's not Miss Reed she wants to see because that was not what the officer said. In fact, I was surprised after confirming with the caller because you're indeed the one Jessica wants to see, not Sonia," Tom replied.

Toby pursed his lips. "Alright, I heard you. By the way, did Jessica mention why she wanted to see me?"

"Yeah, she did." Tom nodded. "The police said Jessica wants to see you for something about Miss Reed, so I called to inform you about the matter." Tom knew Toby would be interested in learning anything about Sonia, or he would have turned Jessica down on his behalf in the first place.

After all, Jessica had nothing to do with Toby at all, and Tom wouldn't have mentioned her request to his boss. However, the situation became different when Sonia was involved.

"About Sonia?" Toby squinted warily. "Did she say what it was about?"

"No, she didn't, and the police weren't sure about it either. After all, Jessica's political rights were not stripped of her, and she has the right to maintain silence." Tom helplessly asked, "So, would you like to meet her, President Fuller?"

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Toby grunted in a ponderous manner as he jutted his chin. "Tell the police I'll be there tomorrow. I want to hear what that lady has to say."

"Alright." Tom nodded and continued to say, "In that case, I'll hang up the call and leave you and Miss Reed to it, President Fuller. See you!" As soon as he finished his words, he immediately hung up the call, unlike his unusual response to end the call only after Toby did that.

Thinking he was doing Toby a favor by leaving him alone with Sonia, he doubted his boss would be angry with him. After all, he was aware that Toby would be blinded by his affection for Sonia as long as he was distracted by anything related to her. Therefore, he wasn't worried about angering him at all, and as it turned out, he was right about his intuition.

On the other hand, Toby instantly lightened up after hearing what Tom said, despite his initial irritation toward the latter's audacity to hang up on him. Well, Tom is still wise enough to choose his words carefully. Otherwise, he could just forget about the bonus this month.

Toby grunted coldly and put his phone away, getting up from the bed, whereupon he planned to make Sonia some porridge in the kitchen before waking her up. Although he knew she was tired from what they did the night before and might hence be reluctant to wake up, he reckoned it was necessary for her to eat a little something for the sake of her health.

For that, Toby made his way to the kitchen and started getting down to work. With the cooking experience he had the night before, he found it easier to prepare food, although he only knew how to make a few simple dishes. By the time he was making porridge, it was already three-something in the afternoon.

Toby took a look at the time and realized it was about time to wake Sonia up, so he turned off the stove and took off his apron. When he arrived in the room, he saw Sonia still sleeping soundly, like a log. Thus, he trod carefully while making his way to the bed, where he sat down and gently shook Sonia's shoulder. "Wake up, Little Leaf."

Meanwhile, Sonia was still in her dream, in which she was happily flying in the sky until a huge palm appeared out of nowhere and nudged her, causing her to plummet to the ground. It was then that she woke up from her sleep in fright, screaming out loud while opening her eyes.

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At the same time, Toby was awakened by her sudden scream as he was caught in a trance for two seconds before he asked, "Did you just have a nightmare?"

Sonia blinked and took a moment to calm herself down. Then, she glared at the man. "Yeah, you were the nightmare!"

Toby speechlessly curled his lips upward. "Why was I your nightmare?"

"You were the nightmare." Sonia grunted and said, "I was flying in the air until I got dragged down by someone's hand. The next moment, I woke up to the fall that felt so real, and this is all your fault!" Noticing the man's hand on her shoulder, Sonia was sure that Toby was the one who frightened and woke her up from her sleep. Whose fault is it if it's not his?

Seeing her bitter face, Toby was amused by her expression. "Alright. Alright, it's my bad. Okay, I'm sorry."

"Hmph! That's more like it." Sonia grunted and chuckled, propping herself up with her arms. However, she had no memory of what happened the night before, so she sat up straight like she normally did, only to collapse onto the bed due to her sore body.

As her face turned pale, the soreness on every inch of her body seemed to be reminding her of something that she had just gone through. At that moment, she stared blankly at the ceiling, her eyes slowly filled with lust as the memories of what happened the night before, including how she felt, slowly flooded her mind. Soon, she was able to recall the fact that she intentionally made herself drunk, in order to muster the courage necessary to help her initiate her intimate approach with Toby.

What have I done? And Toby... He acted like an animal, a machine that could never get tired of torturing me. "Ugh!" The more Sonia dwelled on that matter, the more she felt angry and embarrassed about it. Soon, she grabbed the blanket and covered her head, as if she wanted to detach herself from the world.

Deep down, she couldn't believe she was the one who got drunk and started everything that happened after that. What made her even more ashamed was the fact that she provoked and encouraged Toby to proceed with their intimate moment, so she reckoned it was technically her own fault for what Toby did to her.

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In the meantime, Toby was stunned when she saw Sonia covering herself. Wondering what was wrong with her, he reached out for her blanket to lift it. "What's wrong with you? Why are you burying herself underneath the blanket? Come on, lighten up, and let go of the blanket."

"It's none of your business." Sonia wouldn't release her tight grip on her blanket, refusing to let the man lift it while her voice was so muffled under the sheets.

Toby furrowed his eyebrows. "I'm your lover, so whose business is it if it's none of mine? Therefore, listen to me and let go."

While Sonia was still reluctant to let go, Toby eventually stepped up his approach and pulled the blanket away from her. In that instant, Sonia was left staring at him with her eyes wide open, finding it hard to believe that he would be this straightforward. "You..."

Noticing Sonia's blushed cheeks and the embarrassment that filled her eyes, Toby suddenly understood why she wanted to stay hidden underneath the blanket, as he believed she was feeling shy about what happened the night before.

"Alright, that's enough. What's there to be embarrassed about? It's not like we did something embarrassing." Toby tossed Sonia's blanket aside, keeping his head down while looking at the lady with a smile.

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 750

Chapter 750 Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other

Sonia squirmed, disagreeing with Toby's words.

Who says it wasn't embarrassing? We're talking about the intimacy we had last night, so how was that not embarrassing?! Furthermore, I just sacrificed my first time technically, so there is no way I won't feel embarrassed about that. Moreover...

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Sonia pulled on the collar of her pajamas, revealing her fair neck that would have looked otherwise perfect if it hadn't been for the reddish kissing marks. Then, she looked at her own collarbone with a blushed face, laying eyes on the hickeys before she gawked at the man beside her in annoyance. "Look at what you've done! This is completely unacceptable. How do you expect me to meet anyone like this?"

Noticing the marks that he had left on Sonia's body, Toby curled his lips upward and replied, "It's winter now, so all you have to do is just wear something with a high collar, and no one will be able to spot your hickeys. Furthermore, I'm not the only one who was being naughty."

"What?" Sonia straightened her spine, having a bad feeling on the inside. The next second, she saw Toby turning around and facing away from her.

"What are you doing?" Sonia asked the man in confusion.

Toby didn't respond as he only looked down and untied his sleeping robe, taking it off and revealing his muscular back. While Sonia had seen his bare back before, she hadn't forgotten how many scars were left by Rose's caning during her punishment.

However, she quickly noticed a few fresh wounds on the man's back that ran from his shoulders all the way down to the birthmark on his waist besides the caning scars. As the wounds looked horrible, the milder ones were blue-black in color without any signs of bleeding, but the more severe ones resulted in his scraped skin with scabs on the surface.

Needless to say, Sonia was able to tell how Toby developed those wounds on his back. Upon noticing the cuts on the man's skin, she suspected that they were inflicted by someone who scratched him with her nails. Then, she immediately turned her attention to her fingernails and noticed blood stains on them. As what she saw suggested, she was the one who left the scratch marks on Toby's back.

No wonder he said he was not the only one who was being naughty because I inflicted those scratch marks on him while he covered my skin with hickeys all over. We're not so different, I guess.

At the sight of the scratch marks left on Toby's back, Sonia was rendered speechlessly awkward.

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Then, Toby slowly looked back at her, setting his eyes on her embarrassed look. After that, he chuckled and shrugged his shoulders a little, putting his sleeping robe back on before he turned around and stretched out his hand toward her. "Get up, girl. Aren't you hungry?"

Of course, I'm hungry. After a long night and the long sleep she had just had, Sonia felt so hungry that she barely had any strength left.

In fact, the reason she struggled to get up was because of her hunger, along with the soreness she was experiencing. Due to that, she extended her arm to seize Toby's hand.

As soon as the man held Sonia's hand, he flexed his arm a little and effortlessly got her out of bed. However, the moment Sonia's legs landed on the ground, she immediately went weak at the knees and fell forward.

Toby, who noticed the reaction, quickly caught her in his embrace to prevent her from falling, but even so, she still moaned in pain.

"What's wrong?" Toby looked down with a nervous look on his face.

"Ouch! It hurts," Sonia took a deep breath and tearfully said.

"Where does it hurt?" Toby asked anxiously.

Sonia bit her lip with her blushed cheeks without saying anything while Toby was able to tell where it hurt from her embarrassed look. In that instant, the man's ears turned red as he awkwardly faked a cough and replied, "I'm sorry for what happened last night. I..."

"No! Don't say it!" Sonia seemingly knew what he was going to say and quickly covered his mouth, cutting him short in an awkward manner.

Toby nodded, expressing his agreement not to say a word more as Sonia wished.

I must have gotten carried away when I finally got to share an intimate moment with her last night, which was why I forgot to be gentle. Oh man! I can still remember the miserable look on her face in the shower after that. The pain in there must have hurt her like hell. This was all my fault!

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In the meantime, Sonia had no idea what was on Toby's mind but decided to take her hands off his mouth after noticing his willingness to go along with her cheeks still blushing. Then, the man caught his breath a little and tried to carry her in his arms.

"What're you doing?" Sonia appeared to be startled.

"You're not feeling well, so don't strain yourself with the walking. I'll carry you," Toby said as he carried her and walked out of the room.

"No. Let me down. Your arms are hurt." Sonia sounded anxious.

Upon hearing her words, Toby felt helpless, yet flattered. "Don't worry. My arms are recovering well, and I know what I'm doing, so I'll be fine."

In the face of the man's serious response, Sonia eventually gave in and let him continue to carry her since his left arm seemed fine, not to mention the fact that she was already in his arms. Furthermore, she could barely walk without much strength left in her, while the burning sensation she felt in her crotch with each step she took only served to discourage her from walking. Frustrated and annoyed with that, she patted the man's shoulder impatiently. "This is all your fault."

Toby hissed in pain and smiled. "Are you blaming me now? What do you say if you get to punish me for that?"

"Hmm?" Sonia's eyes lit up as she reckoned Toby's suggestion was a good idea that had just piqued her interest. "Alright, how would you like to be punished, then?"

With mischief filling his eyes, Toby replied, "Do the same thing to me like what I did to you. Make me suffer so much that I can't walk."

"Are you serious?" Sonia was stunned.

"Of course!" Toby nodded seriously. "Isn't that fair?"

"Jeez!" Sonia rolled her eyes at the man with her face flustering in embarrassment. Fair? Like hell, that's fair! I'm still going to be at the losing end, even if I manage to make him suffer so badly that he can't walk.

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Believing that women could never match men's physical strength, Sonia feared that her fate would be much worse if Toby had a problem walking. For that, she reckoned Toby was actually trying to take advantage of her with the excuse of his so-called punishment.

Hmph! Forget about it, Toby!

"I'm just kidding, so lighten up." Toby chuckled when Sonia caught on to what he was saying.

"You know you could be beaten to death for making such a lame joke, don't you?" Sonia then patted Toby's back, hurting the scratch marks on him, which caused him to moan in pain with a frown on his pale face.

"What's wrong with you?" Sonia seemed scared.

"Nothing. Just don't be scared," Toby responded with a deep voice.

"That serves you right." Sonia seemingly understood Toby's meaning behind his words and grunted. Despite her mean reply, she still took her hand off his back and placed her grip around his neck playfully, showing her concern to Toby, who was aware of that.

Soon, Toby brought the lady to the dining table and sat her down. When Sonia saw the table full of dishes, the messy arrangement gave the man away and implied to her that he was the author of this masterpiece.

"Not bad." Sonia happily shook her leg, feeling warm on the inside to see the man she loved to cook for her.

Then, Toby placed the spoon in her hand and asked, "I specially prepared you some porridge. How does it taste?"

"Yeah." Sonia nodded with a smile and scooped a spoonful of porridge.

Toby looked at the lady, seemingly waiting to hear her comments. Nonetheless, Sonia reacted in a coy manner and said, "Well, I suppose it wasn't easy to screw up amidst the preparation of a simple dish, right?"

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