

Read Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again Chapter 202

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“I’m afraid you’re mistaken, President Fuller. These his-and-hers watches could never be meant for us because we aren’t a couple at all. You should take them back for Miss Gray and yourself.”

With that, Sonia took the box from the manager and closed it before she shoved it perfunctorily into Toby’s arms.

Toby’s expression stiffened as he was seized with the urge to throw the box out, but he eventually resisted the temptation to do so and tossed the box over to Tom instead.

After having caught the box, Tom briefly glanced at it. He noted the unhappy expression on Toby’s face while his own lips twitched in a show of helplessness. What am I supposed to do with this?

The manager, on the other hand, fixed his gaze on his shoes as regret washed over him. Had he known that the watches would only cause President Fuller to bicker with the young lady, he would not have taken the box out in the first place.

No one said a word as the tension in the room rose to nightmarish proportions. After what felt like a long moment, Toby broke the stifling silence and said, “Let’s go.”

Upon hearing this, Tom hurried forward to help Toby get on his feet.

Sonia reached out as well, making as if to help him, but as a sudden thought crossed her mind, she retracted her hand and let it fall to her side.

Toby did not miss the movement, which caused the air around him to grow cold. She could have helped me if she wanted to. Why did she change her mind halfway through?

The few of them exited the restaurant and arrived at the parking lot.

She opened the door to her car and ushered Douglas inside. Upon seeing this, Toby frowned and asked, "Are you going over to Zane's place?"

Sonia closed the door to the backseat and answered curtly, "No."

"But Douglas

"Douglas will be staying over at my place," she replied plainly as she eyed the man steadily

Toby was somewhat relieved to hear that she would not be going over to Zane's, but he did not show it and merely nodded to acknowledge her answer.

Sonia rounded the car and stood at the driver's side before she courteously announced, "I'll be making a move now, President Fuller."

He shrugged nonchalantly "Drive safely"

Astonishment registered on her face when she heard this. Did he just ask me to drive safely? Is this the Toby I know?

"What's wrong?" Toby asked gently at the sight of her distracted expression.

Sonia shook her head and snapped out of her reverie. “Oh, nothing. Drive safely as well, President Fuller.”

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Before Zane could speak up for himself, Douglas barreled toward Sonia and wrapped his arms around her waist, thereafter whining, “Aunt Sonia, Uncle Zane was pinching me!”

Sonia’s eyes narrowed into dangerous slits as she surveyed Zane reproachfully.

Zane was quick to raise his hands, as though the gesture was symbolic of his innocence. “No, I did not! Why would I pinch the little guy? I was only teasing him.”

“Teasing him, you say? So, why are his cheeks all red?” Her heart twisted as she soothingly caressed Douglas’ face, which was pink from the pinches. Then, she accusingly addressed Zane, “You’re just like Toby.”

At the mention of Toby, the playful glimmer in Zane’s eyes dimmed. “Toby?! What did he do?”

She rolled her eyes in exasperation and explained witheringly, “He practically kneaded Douglas’ cheeks until they were red last night. It’s always brute force when it comes to you men.”

His brows furrowed. “He kneaded Douglas’ face? Does that mean the both of you met Toby after I left last night?”

Sonia handed a spoon to Douglas and pulled up a chair at the table. “That’s right. Douglas was hungry, so I brought him out for food. We then ran into Toby at the restaurant. When Douglas needed to use the restroom, I was too embarrassed to bring him into the men’s room, so Toby brought him instead.”

“Oh, okay.” Zane nodded in understanding.

Meanwhile, Douglas was taking his oatmeal when he suddenly piped up, “Mr. Toby was hurt too.”

“Hurt?” Zane could not hide his shock as he looked over at Sonia. “How did that happen?”

She pinched the space between her brows in exhaustion as she began to narrate what had happened the night before.

After he heard the whole story, he rubbed his face and remarked, “There must have been some kind of jinx on you guys. I mean, the chances of stuff like this happening are practically slim-to none otherwise!”

A rueful smile played on Sonia’s lips. “Believe me, I know.” She thought they had been rather unlucky as well.

“You’re fortunate to have escaped unscathed,” he pointed out with a lopsided smile, his eyes meeting hers.

The corners of her lips slightly tipped up. “That’s only because Toby shielded me and was hurt instead. I’m still thinking about how I should thank him for it.” She didn’t want to show up at his place to deliver her thanks in person. If she did, a certain lunatic named Tina might very well unleash chaos once more.

As though he read Sonia's mind, Zane took a bite of the pancake and casually responded, "That should be easy. It's not as if you were the one who forced him into saving you. Why don't you rustle up a get-well-soon hamper or something and have someone send it over to him?"

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See, that's how different this hamper is from the others. He can't even be mad now that he knows Miss Reed has sent this. Tom thought with glee.

"Sonia sent this?" Toby's fingers tightened around his pen as a pleased look flashed in his eyes.

Tom noticed it and he quickly carried the hamper across the room to Toby. Then, Tom feigned innocence as he asked. "Do you still want this, President Fuller? I could always take it down to the finance department if you don't." I don't think you'd say no, President Fuller.

"Just put it aside for now," Toby instructed coolly, jerking his chin in some vague direction.

As expected, Tom stifled a laugh as he nodded and responded, "Yes, sir." So, I was right when I guessed that President Fuller would keep the hamper. More to the point, he could tell how happy Toby was and he found the man's efforts to maintain a straight face rather pointless.

Tom set the hamper down without another word. He was just about to leave when his phone rang in his pocket. As he took it out, he glanced at

the screen to see that it was the receptionist calling “I need to get this, President Fuller.”

Toby hummed distractedly in response as his gentle gaze lingered on the hamper.

Taken aback by how enamored Toby was with the gift, Tom mused, I bet he’d have torn into the hamper if I wasn’t here. Nonetheless, he looked away from his boss and simply answered the phone.

Barely two minutes had passed when he drew the phone away and informed plainly, “President Fuller, Miss Gray has arrived.”

When Toby heard this, he frowned. “What is she doing here?”

“I’m not sure, but she has probably caught the news of your injury.” Tom’s eyes fell upon the wheelchair in which Toby was sitting.

Toby massaged the space between his brows. “Let her through.”

“Yes, sir.” Tom placed his phone to his ear once more and relayed instructions to the person on the other line.

It took only moments for Tina to come up to the presidential office and as soon as she entered the room, she urged, “Is it true that you were hurt, Toby? How did that happen?”

Toby raised his cup and took a tentative sip of coffee. “It was a minor accident, that’s all.”

“Really?” She eyed his injured foot as worry was etched on her face. “What kind of an accident was it?”

He placed his cup down and answered stoically, “It’s nothing—just a sprain. Don’t worry about it.”

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“Things don’t have to be so complicated, you know, I think I have an idea,” Charles drawled with a low chuckle.

Sonia eyed him warily. “What is it?”

“Did you forget that you gave me your wedding ring and the Ocean’s Heart two months ago? You wanted me to sell them off and donate the proceeds to the rural areas, remember? The jewelry pieces are still with me and I figured you could donate them for the auction.” As he said this, he put his hands out like he was holding the solution he came up with.

She gaped at him with wide eyes. “You didn’t sell those off?”

“Yeah.” He nodded and went on to say, “The Ocean’s Heart fetches a hefty price on the market, so it’s not exactly affordable for most. More to the point, everyone knows that it was specifically made under Toby’s orders. They’re terrified that they might offend him somehow if they were to buy the Ocean’s Heart off the market like that. And as for your wedding ring...” He trailed off as he gazed at her thoughtfully. “I was planning to sell it off but only after the Ocean’s Heart was sold. Seeing as that never happened, though, I’ve been keeping the wedding ring as well.”

“Okay.” Sonia processed this in a daze and lifted her chin by a fraction as she asked, “So, where’s the ring now?”

“At my place. Are you going to donate it for the auction then?” Charles asked.

She hummed in response. “You have said so yourself that the Ocean’s Heart fetches an extravagant price, so even if I were to donate it, there’s no guarantee that anyone attending the auction might bid for it. Besides, Toby will be there too. Anyone who bids for the Ocean’s Heart would greatly offend him one way or another. Donating the ring would be a wiser choice, and it’ll still fetch a couple hundred thousand for the cause.”

“I guess you’re right. In that case, I’ll donate the ring in your name after your operation,” he offered as he rubbed his chin.

The both of them headed for the hospital after lunch that afternoon. Upon their arrival, she had only just stepped out of the car when Zane approached her, waving his hand in greeting.

Hostility radiated from Charles as he glared at the other man. “What are you doing here?”

As if paying no mind to Charles’ animosity toward him, Zane grinned and replied, “I’m here for moral support, seeing that Sonia’s going for surgery and all.”

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Charles tore his gaze away with mild disgust and shot a glance at Sonia. “I can’t believe you told him about this, baby.”

“He asked—and I answered without thinking too much of it,” Sonia explained good-naturedly.

“I thought we agreed that I’d be the only one here for you, darling,” Charles protested as he

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Regardless of what Tim's doubts were, Tina was still his savior. Even if she had somehow turned into a wicked person, he was bound by his promise that he would fulfill all her wishes.

At that thought, he regained his composure and nodded as he replied, "I understand. I'll make the arrangements immediately."

He hung up the call and kept his phone away. Then, he headed toward the OB-GYN.

Meanwhile, it wasn't long before the nurse informed Sonia that the operation theater was ready for her surgery. Sonia stood up and eyed the doors to the operation theater. At that moment, she became reluctant to take another step forward.

Douglas' cherubic little face flashed in her mind and she thought about how sweetly he had called out for her. He made her realize how adorable children could be.

Besides, she was close to turning 27 and most women of her age were already mothers.

If she had consummated her marriage to Toby like any other woman, then her child would be of the same age and possibly cuter than Douglas.

Perhaps she would have boldly stepped into the operation theater without any hesitation if she never spent time with a toddler beforehand.

However, now that she had done so, she was now tortured by her dilemma.

She clutched her lower abdomen and bit on her lip, growing more reluctant with every passing minute. At the sight of this, Charles walked up to her and asked gently, “Baby, what’s wrong?”

“Yeah, Sonia. What’s wrong?” Not wanting to lose out on showing his concern for Sonia, Zane rose from his seat in the waiting area and strode up next to her.

Sonia drew in a deep breath and did not try to deny her doubts as she confessed her thoughts, “I... I don’t really want to lose this child.”

Upon hearing this, Charles and Zane exchanged a meaningful look.

Charles was the first to speak up. “Why the sudden change of mind?”

Zane was also looking at her as he waited for her answer.

She looked down and muttered, “Maybe it’s because I’m not brave enough to do it.”

“I understand completely,” he solemnly responded. “After all, we’re talking about a living thing here. As the operation theater has already been set up, Sonia, it’s too late for you to back out of this now. You can’t keep the baby.”

He liked Sonia, but that didn’t mean he liked the idea of her carrying someone else’s baby and he would much rather if the child disappeared altogether.

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The nurse looked down at the person. “I’m sorry, Director Lancaster. It was my fault that I didn’t notice that.”

“Enough! Take her hand off her stomach.” Tim shot a frustrated gaze at her.

The nurse then responded with an affirmative hum and placed her hand on Sonia, ready to take Sonia’s paw off her stomach while he coldly watched aside.

Suddenly, the man noticed a red mole on Sonia’s wrist around her pulse, whereupon he appeared to be stunned. “Wait a second!”

The nurse was startled by his reaction as she froze. “W-What’s wrong, Director Lancaster?”

Tim didn’t say a word as he placed the scalpel in his hand aside before grabbing Sonia’s hand from the nurse’s palm to take a closer look at the red mole. Why is there a red mole on her wrist? With furrowed eyebrows, the man tried to rub the red mole with his thumb to see whether it was just some red ink stain. However, he quickly realized that it was never going to fade away, no matter how hard he tried to rub it.

Oh gosh! That means her red mole is genuine. In fact, I can even feel her mole bulging on her skin. At the thought of that, his heart raced a million times faster as he cast a complicated look on Sonia. Suddenly, he was reminded of the girl who saved him many years back and noticed that Sonia’s eyes had resembled his savior. Now that he had discovered her red mole, he found himself wondering whether she was the little girl who had rescued him.

Nonetheless, Tim was soon bewildered by another unanswered question when he thought of the red mole that Tina also had. Thus, he found himself in deep confusion as he wondered which one of the two was his savior. As he placed his hand on his forehead, he was overwhelmed by

his puzzlement. After all, he had assumed all along that Tina was the girl who saved him in the past the moment he saw her red mole and her eyes. Nevertheless, now that he had made the shocking discovery, he was no longer sure of his assumption.

Upon noticing his reaction as he tightly held the patient's wrist, the nurse asked in a bewildered manner. "Are you alright, Director Lancaster?"

"I'm fine." Tim closed his eyes and took a moment to pull himself together. "Keep the equipment away."

"Keep the equipment away?" The nurse blinked in confusion. "Are we calling off the surgery

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Meanwhile, Tim noticed Toby's reaction, which prompted him to darken his gaze, as it appeared that Toby cared about Sonia more than he thought. Thus, he couldn't help but wonder how Toby felt toward Tina.

His feelings for her are... questionable.

"She is fine. All she needs is just some rest, and she'll be up and around again. Alright, I still have work to attend to. Sonia will be transferred to the general ward later on, and she'll be good to go as soon as she wakes up." Tim turned around and walked away after he finished his sentence. As soon as he left, the nurse emerged behind him, wheeling Sonia out of the operation room.

Soon, Charles and Zane quickly got closer to Sonia to check on her not long before they noticed her rosy cheeks, which indicated that Tim was

telling the truth that he didn't harm her in the surgery. After making sure Tim didn't do anything hurtful to Sonia, the two men felt as if they had taken a huge load off their chest. In the meantime, although Toby didn't approach Sonia, he could clearly see her lying on

the bed restfully, whereupon he heaved a sigh of relief.

Not long after that, Sonia was wheeled into the general ward while the nurse tended to her. Desperately, Zane and Charles rushed into the ward, but on the other hand, Toby merely watched from afar as he sat in his wheelchair. Seeing how Zane and Charles expressed their concerns toward the lady, Toby suddenly envied the two of them because they could tend to her without having to hold their feelings back.

As the two men's loving interaction with Sonia slowly turned Toby's envy into jealousy, Tom could sense the unpleasant aura his boss was radiating. Knowing why that was happening, he rubbed his nose and asked, "Let's get inside, President Fuller."

"No." Toby looked down a little, thinking he wouldn't be of help since there were so many other men around Sonia to look after her. "Let's go." Toby pursed his lips, unknowingly giving away his bitter jealousy.

"Alright." Tom wheeled Toby away in his wheelchair, turning around before heading toward the elevator. Oh, come on, President Fuller! How much more does it have to take before you finally understand who you're really in love with? It'll be too late if Miss Reed falls for someone else.

In the ward, Zane noticed Toby leaving from the corner of his eye but did nothing to

make the latter stay or say goodbye. After all, they were love rivals despite their friendship, and he wasn't going to ruin his day to persuade Toby to stay.

As he expected, Toby left in a fit of pique after seeing how he and Charles tended to Sonia.

Ten minutes later, the anesthesia in Sonia's body began to wear off as she slowly woke up. Soon, she opened her eyes with her trembling eyelashes before the white ceiling came into view. Then, when she found herself covered in a white blanket, she immediately knew where she was.

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Sonia stood up and lifted her left wrist. "What's wrong with my wrist?"

"How did you get the red mole on your wrist?" Tim stared at her and asked.

Amused by Tim's question, Sonia said, "I was born with it. How else could that have ended up on my wrist otherwise?" I couldn't have faked that red mole, could I? While red moles were unique and uncommon, many people were usually seen with black moles instead of red ones.

Tim's expression didn't change much after he heard Sonia's reply. Then, he looked down in a preoccupied manner, leaving Sonia in bewilderment as she rubbed her red mole and asked, "Why are you asking me all this?"

Tim adjusted his glasses and asked another question instead of answering Sonia's. "I have another question. Did you once save a boy in your youth?"

"Save a boy?" Sonia raised her eyebrows.

Appearing as if this matter didn't concern him, he responded with an affirmative hum.

Sonia squinted and asked, "How old are we talking about?"

"Around 10 years old." Tim looked at her and replied.

Sonia smiled. "Yeah, I did save a boy's life back then."

Tim's eyes dilated in a stupefied manner as his sitting posture became seemingly rigid. Then, he desperately asked, "Where was it?"

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Zane turned to look at Sonia, who shook her head cluelessly. "It beats me too." After all, she was also curious about how the situation turned out this way.

Soon, Charles chipped in and said, "That's right. Darling, both of us can tell that Tim was being serious just now. Moreover, he said he will make everyone who has ever hurt you suffer so much that they wish to go to hell, and Tina is one of them, so is he going to do her any harm as he promised? Because they have always been on the same side, haven't they?"

While Sonia knitted her eyebrows in silence, Zane asked another question. "By the way, why did Tim hug you?"

"Oh, come on. Wasn't it obvious? He must have fallen for my darling's beauty, of course," Charles angrily replied. Soon, something seemingly

crossed his mind as he patted his lap and added, “I know what’s going on now. The reason he wants to protect Sonia is that he lusts after her.”

When Zane and Sonia heard his words, they both helplessly rolled their eyes upward. “That makes no sense.” Zane continued to justify his point, stating, “If Tim really had feelings for Sonia, he would have done something to her in the operating theater. Why would he wait until she was transferred to the general ward?”

Sonia nodded in agreement. “That’s right. Moreover, I could feel that Tim was hugging me because of his agitated emotion, as if he had just found someone who was important to him. It’s just like running into a long-lost friend whom you hug in a loving manner because you can’t help it.”

“Well, now that you put it that way, there is something that just springs to my mind.” Zane was suddenly seen with his eyes wide open.

Sonia and Charles turned their attention to him. “What is it?”

Zane answered, “Do you guys still remember what Tim just told Sonia? He said, ‘You have a kind heart indeed, which is something that has never changed at all? That means he must have known Sonia at some point in the past, and their brief reunion merely just reminded him of their old days.’”

“Wait a second...” Sonia stood straight, subconsciously rubbing the red mole on her wrist.

“Is there something you’re not telling us, Darling?” Charles pressed on with his question.

Sonia responded with an affirmative hum and said, “Right after you all left, Tim asked me how I got the red mole and whether I rescued a drowning boy from the pond. It seems that Tim was the poor little boy who was being bullied back then.”

In fact, when Sonia was 10 years old, she went through her mother’s pictures on the latter’s death anniversary day but unknowingly angered her step-mother, who subsequently got physical with her. Heartbroken, she ran away from home and made her way to her mother’s favorite park, where she later heard someone screaming for help.

When she got closer to investigate what was going on, she saw a drowning boy who was about her age in the pond. Without a second thought, she grabbed a wooden stick and stretched it out to the boy, saving his life. Needless to say, the rescue wasn’t easy due to her limited physical strength, as she nearly fell into the pond as well. While everything fortunately played out well in the end, she didn’t think the boy she rescued was Tim.