

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 886

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

Chapter 886

Chapter 886 Audacious

I won't let him use that against me, and so what if he's feeling squirmish? He deserves it, Sonia thought bashfully.

Toby had no idea what she was thinking. Once he felt her easing up, he heaved a sigh of relief. The feeling earlier had subsided, and he moved around, smiling at her. "I told you nothing would happen. Did you hear them? They're terrified of me. They wouldn't want to cross me."

Sonia pursed her lips. "You knew how they would react even if we were found out?"

Toby did not answer.

Surprise flashed in Sonia's eyes. "How did you know?" She was curious. The couple did not know who the people in the car were, so it was surprising that they were struck by fear all of a sudden. On top of that, they deleted the footage and apologized despite not even having seen them.

Toby thought her flabbergasted look was adorable. He kissed the corner of her eyes and explained, "The car plate."

"The car plate?" Sonia asked.

"Yes. Everyone in Bayside Residence is in the upper echelon of society, so they know a lot more compared to most people. They know all the top dogs in Seafield have special car plates, and I'm one of the top dogs. They saw the number on my car plate and knew I'm not to be trifled with, so they apologized."

"I see." Sonia smacked her forehead. "I forgot about that."

She never expected the day would come where she would have sex with a guy in a car park. If someone told her she would do this eventually, she would have laughed at them. Something like this would never have happened in the past. This was the first time she let herself go and did something she had never thought about doing. It was exciting, but it terrified her. If someone caught them, it would be embarrassing.

She could not think straight when someone approached the car just now, and she forgot that the car plate alone was enough to ward off any curious bypassers. Hey, this is not fair. We're both involved here. Why am I the only one who's scared, while he can be the cool guy? What if someone uploads the video without knowing what the car plate number means? Someone might search the number and find out that it's us. She gave him a curious look.

She wore her heart on her sleeve, and Toby saw right through her. He touched her forehead with his. "Even if they uploaded the video without knowing anything, someone at the platform knows. Even if they don't, there's a safety mechanism tied to the car plate. It's secure, and nobody without clearance can find anything about it. You're worried for nothing."

Sonia looked up at him. "No wonder you wanted to do it here. You knew what would happen. You know we'd be fine even if we were found out."

Toby said nothing, much to Sonia's chagrin. Why didn't he tell me about it if he knows that? Is it that fun seeing me scared? Wait! What am I thinking? The corner of Sonia's lips twitched. Why do I want him to tell me sooner? That makes me sound like I want to do it here. No, I don't! I'm a decent woman! I'm only in this situation because he seduced me! I never wanted this! No, sir! Sonia thought nervously, her face red.

Toby noticed her spacing out and shifting her attention away from him. He squinted and thrust into her.

Sonia's eyes widened, and she let out a moan, though she covered her mouth right away. She also shot him a glare of annoyance. He did that on purpose! Just because I stopped halfway through. I know telling a man to stop before he has his release is going to kill the mood, but I did it for us.

This is not something to be proud of after all. Even if nobody could see who they were, and even if they would never cross them because they knew how powerful they were, doing it in public still felt awkward. She felt like she was performing in front of everyone, and it embarrassed her. Why doesn't he feel embarrassed? Oh wait. He suggested this and went for it without thinking twice. Of course he doesn't mind. He's indecent.

Toby noticed her spacing out again, and he frowned, then he bit her lip.

It was not painful, though it was enough to make her snap out of it.

Toby was breathing heavily, sounding sexier than ever. "Spacing out during sex is disrespectful to me, you know? You spacing out makes me feel like I'm not giving it my all. Maybe I should go harder."

Sonia dug her nails into his shoulders, sinking into his flesh. Toby, you bastard!"

Toby smiled. "I'll go slower. Focus on me and I'll finish sooner."

He did not finish sooner. Time passed, and about an eternity later, Toby finally stopped. She felt exhausted. It was like she had turned into a pile of mush. She leaned back into the chair, unwilling to move even a muscle. All her strength had left her.

Toby was not someone who would dump her after he was done though. After he put his clothes back on, he started cleaning Sonia up. There was no water around, so a full cleanup was impossible. Toby only wore a suit and nothing inside, since he used his black shirt to wipe Sonia clean.

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 887

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

Chapter 887

Chapter 887 Grumbling Tom

Sonia felt like laughing when she saw him using his black shirt as a towel, but she could not even chuckle. She had no strength for that, so she only smiled a little.

Toby noticed that. "Why are you laughing?" he asked.

"Just thinking that I'm a really lucky girl. A company president worth billions is serving me like I'm his master, and he's even using a shirt worth a few ten thousand as a towel. Of course I feel happy." She looked at him.

Toby was only wearing his suit, and there were only two to three buttons, all of which were located under the chest. She could see his naked chest and perfectly-toned muscles. He was radiating and glistening with sweat after all that sex earlier, but it did not make him look ugly. Instead, he seemed primal and alluring.

Sonia thought she was a whole lot stronger, mentally speaking. At least she would no longer blush every time she saw a naked part of Toby's body, nor would she turn away the moment she saw it. Now, she could enjoy the view and allow him to clean her up. It would have been impossible in the past, but not now.

She had no strength to move, but she did not want to feel sticky and slimy either, so she allowed him to clean her up. He was still energetic and strong. Besides, it was great having a billionaire fussing over her. At least her ego was stroked. Besides, he had seen her naked and gone even further than that before. There was no need to feel embarrassed. Well, whatever.

Toby gently cleaned the stains off her. "It's my honor to serve you, and I don't feel unfair. I feel proud. I can do this all my life. If you'd like, I can buy some towels that cost the same as the shirt for this job."

"No!" Sonia mustered all her strength to raise her hand. "I'm fine with you doing this all your life, but don't use that kind of towel. They cost a fortune." That's just unnecessary.

Toby saw the look on her face, and he smiled. "Of course."

Using his shirt was the same thing anyway, and he preferred using the shirt compared to a towel. Cleaning her off with his shirt made him feel hot. He started to tighten his grip on the shirt, as if he was holding something in. A moment later, he heaved a sigh and held the urge down. I can't go another round, or it would break her.

He massaged his temples and perished his sexual thoughts. He took the clothes on the driver's seat and put them over Sonia. He loved helping her get into her clothes, especially when she was lying in his embrace. It melted his heart, and that helpless look of hers enticed him. Toby could have finished helping her in moments, but he dragged on and took advantage of her.

Sonia knew that, of course, but she was too tired to say anything. She could not even roll her eyes.

When he finally finished helping her get into her clothes, Toby cleaned the stains in the car. He made sure that there were no suspicious stains left before getting out of the car with Sonia in his arms, then he walked to the elevator.

Sonia leaned against his chest, her eyes closed. The thought of what happened over the last few hours made her feel embarrassed. She never would have thought that she would have sex with Toby in public. That's kind of an achievement, huh?

It was fortunate that the people here knew a lot of stuff, and that Toby was driving his usual car instead of a regular one. If he was in a regular car, then the car plate would have been a regular one as well. If they had sex in that kind of car, the couple would have uploaded the video without fear or fervor. Once the public went through with the doxxing, their reputation would be ruined. Good thing nobody else passed by, or I would have to go through it a second time. She eventually loosened up, and the exhaustion caught up to her. Eventually, she leaned closer to his chest and fell asleep.

Toby noticed her taking deeper breaths than usual, and he looked down to find her asleep. He chuckled, holding her tighter as he quickened his pace into the elevator.

It was three in the afternoon when he came back to Bayside Residence. He put her on the bed and tucked her in. He wanted to wake her up and tell her to have lunch before she went to sleep, but she would not wake up, so he let it slide. He knew she was in a

deep sleep after exhausting herself, and it was impossible to wake her up. Since that was the case, he had no choice but to let her sleep.

He pushed her hair out of the way so she could breathe easier, then he got back up and rummaged through her wardrobe until he came across some clothes that fitted him. He tiptoed out of the bedroom and headed to the bathroom. Toby was drying his head with a towel when he came out, and he made a call.

It went through in a moment. “How can I help you, Mr. Fuller?” Tom said, sounding lethargic and a little bitter.

Of course he was bitter. It was nearing the festival, and everyone in the company was working overtime to get things done, but Toby skipped out on work instead. Tom knew the reason for that, and he could understand why, but he thought it was unfair to take on so much of the work. He ran around the company the whole day without even resting, and his mind was about to explode.

Toby ignored the bitterness in his voice. He said, “Come to Bayside Residence after work and get the car’s interior washed.”

“Huh?” Tom was flabbergasted. “Get the interior washed?”

“Yes.”

“But it was only washed two days ago.” Tom was confused. Toby was a germaphobe, and he would wash his regular car’s interiors once every week. It was a deep clean as well. It’s only been two days, and Mr. Fuller wants it cleaned again? Odd. “Did you get it dirty, Mr. Fuller?” Tom asked curiously.

Toby’s face fell, and he pursed his lips. “No. Just do as I say and ask no questions!”

Tom scratched his nose awkwardly. “Alright, Mr. Fuller. I understand. I’ll take the car to the shop after work.”

Toby grunted. “And take the spare key with you. Don’t come upstairs.” He sounded like he did not want to be disturbed.

“Of course, Mr. Fuller,” Tom replied. He sounded like he was smiling, but the man was rolling his eyes in silence. You don’t want me to go upstairs? Well, I don’t want to go anyway. I’m not stupid. I’m not going to watch you guys make out.

Boss Your Wife’s Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 888

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

Chapter 888

Chapter 888 Bizarre Call

Tom stopped complaining in silence and asked, "What else do you need, President Fuller?"

Toby lowered his head pensively for a moment. "Have you received any weird calls today? Or did you see any weird people?"

Weird calls? Weird people? Tom shook his head in confusion. "No, President Fuller. Did something happen?"

"Anya hired our ex-legal department head as her lawyer," Toby answered.

Tom tried to recall who it was, and he remembered someone. "Oscar?"

"Yes." Toby nodded. "Connor's the one who hired him. He thought he could use our connection to get Anya off the hook, but the negotiation broke down, so he might call you to find out more about me. He might also send his spies as well."

Connor would not contact him that easily. Homer was his father after all, and no man would want to come in contact with the son of the man who took their beloved away.

"I see." Tom nodded. "Don't worry, President Fuller. I haven't received any weird calls today. Didn't see any weird people either."

Toby nodded. "That's good to hear."

"By the way, sir..." Tom remembered something and he adjusted his glasses. "Is Connor related to Anya? Why did he do so much for her? Are they father and daughter just like what we guessed?"

Toby did not answer, but he had a dark look on his face.

The silence was an answer in and of itself.

Tom knew that, and his eyes widened. "She's actually his daughter?"

Toby chortled sardonically. "The product of an affair."

Tom gasped. "She's born out of wedlock? If I remember correctly, she's twenty-seven, isn't she? Then, that means..." Tom's eyes were as big as saucepans now, and he did not finish his sentence, though he felt sad for Toby's mother.

He was one of the people who knew about what Toby's mother did in her younger days. Of course he could not stay still after finding out that Connor sired an illegitimate daughter three years after Toby's mother was married to Homer. Didn't he say he would wait for the madam?

He promised he wouldn't get another woman, but in the end, not only did he do that, but they had a child as well. Everyone in Westsashire calls him a loyal man. They say he's staying single for the madam, but he's been sleeping around like everyone else. The madam should have never fallen in love with him.

Tom cursed Connor silently and he asked with concern, "Are you alright, sir?"

Even he felt angry after he found out that Anya was Connor's love child, let alone Toby. President Fuller's heart is getting weaker by the day. He can't get furious or too emotional. He was worried about Toby.

"I'm alright." Toby squinted, a storm brewing in his eyes. "I had a guess, so I was prepared for this. I won't lose my mind and kill him or something, and I have Little Leaf with me. All is good."

Tom had a deadpan look on his face. He laughed at himself in silence. I still have to hear about your love life on the phone? Why are you doing this to me?

I'm just trying to help. This is just ungrateful. I can't do this anymore. Imma hang up. He rolled his eyes but pretended that he was fine. "That's good to hear, sir. I'll be going now. There's work to do."

"You do that." Toby nodded coolly.

Tom hung up, still looking deadpan.

Toby had no idea that Tom was already grumbling. He put his phone down and tossed it onto the couch, then he went back to drying his hair.

Once he was done, he tossed the towel onto the couch's armrest and headed to the kitchen. His hair was still wet, but he was not going to blow them dry. He wanted to make some soup so Sonia could have it after she woke up.

She had better strength and stamina after doing all the workout. It was better than how she was at first, but it was far from what he had in mind. She's still weak. She needs her nutrients. Toby brewed the soup as fast as he could.

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A ringtone woke Sonia up. She extended her hand from under the blanket and rummaged around the bedside table. Her eyes were still closed and she had no idea

where she was, but she still did it because of her muscle memory. She found her phone and swiped right on the screen before placing the device against her ear. "Hello, may I know who you are?" she asked, her voice languid and hoarse.

She received no answer.

There was a frown on her forehead and she opened her eyes with difficulty. She placed her phone in front of her, but the screen shone like the sun in the dark room. It almost blinded her, so she closed her eyes and put her phone back against her ear.

It was just for a moment, but Sonia could see that the call was from an unknown number. She could not see where the location was, and there was only a string of numbers.

Apparently, the caller had hidden their location, but Sonia did not think it was weird. She received a lot of similar calls every day—it was either sales calls or her client. The call did not faze her at all, and she asked politely, "Hello, can you hear me?"

She still had no answer. If it were not because the call was still ongoing, she would have thought the caller had hung up on her.

Sonia did not force them to talk. She covered her mouth and yawned, which sobered her up a little and jogged her awake. She tried to sound a lot less sleepy as she explained, "Hello, I'll be hanging up now if there's nothing you want to talk about. If you're Paradigm Co.'s client, you can call me once you figure out what you want to talk about. My phone is on 24/7. See you."

She finished talking and raised her phone to hang up. Sonia opened her eyes and blinked a few times so she could get used to looking at her phone in the dark.

When she saw the time, Sonia froze for a moment, and her eyes widened. "It's already seven?" She sat up abruptly.

Sonia scratched her head and looked at the French window. The curtains were closed, preventing her from seeing the view outside. However, she noticed that there were neon lights shining in the distance, and she realized that she was not seeing things. Her phone was working correctly. Indeed, it was already 7.00PM.

The days were short in winter. It would get dark at six and night would fully descend at about seven. All the neon lights in the city had been turned on. Those lights aren't natural. They're neon lights. I'm sure of it. She held her forehead, looking a little disappointed in herself.

She never thought she would sleep through the afternoon and wake up only at night. Sonia knew she had fallen asleep from the sheer exhaustion, but she never thought the slumber would last that long.

Right before she slept, she even thought she would just take a nap and go back to Paradigm Co. after that, but so much for that.

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 889

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

Chapter 889

Chapter 889 Toby's Fault

This is all Toby's fault. I wouldn't have gotten so tired and slept through the afternoon if not for him. I could have gotten some work done. Ooh, I'm so mad. He's gonna pay for this.

She turned to the side and flipped the switch of her lamp on. The light illuminated the room, and Sonia could see everything. She put her phone down and got out of bed, but the moment she did, her legs gave out. She fell down with a thud, kneeling on her knees and hands.

It was fortunate that the floor had a rug over it, and the impact did not hurt that much. However, she turned beet-red from the awkwardness.

She fell because she had gone the whole day without eating, and a part of her was feeling sore. She had pulled on it when she got off the bed, and that was why her legs gave out.

As she looked at her knees and hands, something bubbled within Sonia. Tears welled up in her eyes, and she kept muttering Toby's name. It's all Toby's fault. I wouldn't be kneeling here like some kind of weakling if not for him.

The more she thought about it, the sadder it made her. She bit her lip, and she was on the verge of tears. Sonia had never embarrassed herself like this before, but after she met Toby, all she did was embarrass herself. What did I ever do to make that guy do this to me?

She took a deep breath and held her tears down. Sonia slowly got back up, holding the edge of her bed as she did so. She sat on the edge of her bed to check her legs.

Sonia was in pajamas. Toby probably changed her clothes after he took her back. She bent over and rolled her pants up to see if her knees were bruised. She had fallen down hard, and it might leave a bruise even though it did not hurt. She had to check.

She rolled the legs of her pants up, revealing her fair and lovely calves. They shone like jade under the illumination of the light, attracting the eyes of those who would look at them.

She took a close look at her knees and heaved a sigh of relief, as they were fine. She rolled the legs of the pants down and went outside, leaning against the wall.

She had to. Sonia almost lost all feeling of her body, and she was starving. There was not an ounce of strength left in her, and she would fall if she did not lean against something.

It was some time past seven, and Toby was not in the room. She wondered if he was in the living room or outside. If he was in the living room, she would bite him hard to get back at him for making her fall.

She was walking slowly, but eventually, she came out of her bedroom and stepped into the living quarters. All the lights were on, and the room was bright. In other words, Toby was in the house. He was not in the living room, however, which meant he was either in the kitchen or bedroom-turned-study.

Sonia changed directions, heading to the left, where the study was. The door was ajar when she arrived, and some light seeped out of the crack. She heard the sound of someone tapping the keyboard coming from within, and she knew the culprit was right in there. Sonia took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

She did not make any sound when she opened the door, so Toby did not realize that she had come in. He was sitting behind the desk, working seriously.

Sonia was still leaning against the wall, tiptoeing into the study, as if she was worried about disturbing him. The study used to be hers and only hers. She could barge in like an elephant without having to worry about disturbing anyone. However, she had split the study in half now.

There was an extra desk, computer, chair, and most importantly, a book shelf filled with books that bored her. She did not understand what they were talking about either. Obviously, they belonged to Toby.

Toby had a lot more stuff than she did, causing her desk and computer to be placed in a corner. She only took up a third of the space, while the rest belonged to Toby. She was the owner of the room, but Toby had taken it from her and turned her into something like an assistant. On top of that, she had to walk on tiptoes just so she would not disturb him. It annoyed her a little.

However, when she remembered how her clothes took up two thirds of the cabinet while Toby's expensive clothes only took up a third of the space, it cheered her up a little. A smile curled her lips, and she coughed.

Toby stopped typing when he heard that, and he looked up. When he saw Sonia standing not far from him, the deadpan look on his face turned into a gentle smile, and surprise flashed in his eyes. "Good evening."

He pushed the chair back and got up. Toby stopped right before Sonia, looking at her. "Why didn't you call me?"

Sonia rolled her eyes. "I had no idea where you were. How am I supposed to call you?"

"Your phone," Toby answered.

Sonia shook her head. "It's alright. I don't need to call someone just because I woke up. And why would I? I'm not hurt or anything. I don't need you to treat me like I'm a patient."

"You're not a patient. Don't call yourself that." He poked her forehead and frowned. "You're perfectly fine, and I'm happy to do anything for you. Are you hungry?"

Sonia looked down and rubbed her belly. It growled.

Toby smiled. "I think you are. Let's have dinner."

He held her hand and led her out.

Sonia looked at his desk. "Don't you have work to do? You seem busy. Why don't you finish your work first? I can make my own dinner."

"It's alright. It's not that important. I can finish them tomorrow." Toby opened the study's door. No matter how important his work was, Sonia would always take precedence. He would rather spend time with her than working.

They came to the dining room, and Toby pulled a chair back for Sonia. Once she sat down, he said, "Give me a minute. The food's in the kitchen."

"It's in the kitchen?" Sonia sat up straighter. "Dinner's already made?"

Toby nodded. "Yes. I've been keeping it warm for you. Give me a minute." He patted her shoulder and went to the kitchen. A moment later, he came back with a variety of food, and there was even chicken soup too. They smelled great. Toby gave her the cutlery. "Dig in."

"What about you?" Sonia took it from him.

Toby sat across from her. "I had dinner already. Dig in. I want your opinion. I just learned how to make these."

Sonia stopped taking the food for a minute and gave Toby a look of surprise. "You made these?"

"Of course." Toby nodded, looking proud of himself.

Sonia smiled. "I bet they're good. You learn things fast, and you learn them well. I'm confident about that." She speared a piece of meat and popped it into her mouth.

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 890

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

Chapter 890

Chapter 890 Don't Call Me Baby

They were great, as expected. Sonia gave Toby a thumbs up as praise.

Toby smiled. "Have some more then." He filled her bowl with all kinds of food, and when he was done, the food in her bowl looked like a small mountain. Even so, Toby did not show any signs of stopping. It was like he was having fun filling her bowl with food.

Sonia held his hand before he could continue, and she shook her head. "Stop it. Are you trying to fatten me up?"

Toby looked at her bowl and realized that he had gone a bit too far. He put his fork down sheepishly and coughed. "Sorry. I'll stop now. Dig in."

Sonia let his hand go and went back to dinner. Halfway through, she remembered something, and she stopped chewing for a moment. Wait, wasn't I going to bite him as payback for exhausting me and making me fall? Why haven't I done that yet?

Sonia looked at the food before her as she fell into her thoughts. In the end, she chalked it up to him being too good at cheering her up. Fine. Since he made dinner for me, I'll let it slide.

Sonia tossed her annoyance out the window and kept eating. Hey, I'm not easily bought. I'm just too kind to bite someone. Yep, that's it. I'm just too kind. Sonia nodded.

Toby looked at her and squinted. He extended his hand and patted her head. I wonder what she's thinking about.

The head pat came all of a sudden, and Sonia shot him an angry glare. “What are you doing?”

Toby smiled. “Nothing. Your head is just too cute, so I couldn’t hold back.”

Sonia was not happy at all. In fact, she felt terrified. Her lips twitched, and she nudged her chair back to put some distance between her and Toby. He’s patting my head because he finds it cute? What are you going to do next? Tear my head off because it’s cute?

Toby noticed her moving backward, and he blinked in confusion. “What’s wrong?” Why did she move backward?

Sonia would not tell him that she misinterpreted what he said. She popped a piece of meat into her mouth and shook her head. “It’s nothing. I wasn’t feeling too comfortable sitting at that angle, so I moved.”

Toby nodded, but he said nothing. He did the dishes after dinner, and Sonia did not refuse, seeing as he was so adamant. She lay on the couch to recuperate. There was no reason not to let him do it, as he was so eager. She stretched her arms out, but just then, her phone rang.

The vibration was making her leg numb, and she took it out from her pocket. Charles had sent her a text. It’s late. Why is he texting me? Did something happen?

Sonia quickly sat up and clicked into the text. The message read, ‘Sonia, Mom asked me if you’re free tomorrow. She wants you and Fuller over for dinner.’

Sonia smacked her forehead. I totally forgot about this. Charles did tell her that his mother knew she had gotten back together with Toby, and she wanted her to bring Toby over for dinner. She had agreed to it and even said she could make it in two days, but things happened, and she failed to fulfill her promise.

Mrs. Lane was understanding, however. She said Sonia could go after she was done with work, but Sonia forgot all about it after she was done with work. She had not told Toby about it either. If it were not for Charles, Sonia would have forgotten all about it. Tomorrow, huh?

Sonia recalled her itinerary for the next day. She did not have much to do, so she could go, but she was not sure if Toby had the same luxury. Sonia put her phone down and turned around. She knelt on the couch, holding the back of it with her hands. “Toby!” she called out in the direction of the kitchen.

Toby was cleaning up the kitchen at the moment. He was wearing an apron, and his sleeves were rolled up. The man was wiping the counter with a cloth, and it looked like he was used to it.

He looked just like a househusband who was used to doing chores. If Tom was here, he would probably cry seeing his employer doing chores like a househusband. Toby, however, was used to this, and he seemed happy doing it.

When Sonia called him, he quickly tossed the cloth away and washed his hands, then he took his apron off before going over to Sonia. "What is it?" He came to the living quarters and looked at Sonia.

Sonia waved her phone. "Charles texted me. He wants to know if we're free to go over to his place for dinner tomorrow."

"At his house?" Toby frowned. He did not understand why Charles wanted them over. There's no way Charles sent that invitation. He would only invite Little Leaf, not me. Someone else must have sent the invite. He thought about Charles' folks and arched his eyebrow. "Did his mother invite us?"

"How did you know?" She looked at him, shocked. Wow, he's smart. He can guess a lot of things just from one clue. No wonder the company has grown so much under him. He's smart, so of course it'll grow.

Toby noticed the astonishment in her eyes, and he chuckled. "Easy. Charles hates me, so he wouldn't invite me to his place. There's only him and his parents there, so only his parents would invite me for dinner. His father's a man, so he won't ask us over for no reason. The only one who would do that is his mother."

"Nice deduction." Sonia gave him another thumbs up. "If you weren't a part of the Fullers, you would probably be a detective or police officer by now."

Toby sat down and held the back of her head, then he kissed her forehead. "I'm flattered, baby."

Sonia felt a chill run down her spine from being called that. She rubbed her arm, and her face was red. She shot him an awkward but embarrassed glare. "Don't call me baby. It sounds so icky."

She was twenty-seven, not seven, and she was not a girl who was in the early days of a relationship. She did not need her boyfriend to call her 'baby'. It was hard to get used to, and it sounded like she was trying to act like a teen girl when she was almost thirty years old. Wait. Where did he learn that?

He doesn't look like the kind of guy who would say that. Despite her disbelief, Toby did say that, and he sounded so sexy when he did it, she felt really flattered in spite of how embarrassed she was.