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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 245

Chapter 245 She's the Antidote, Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again!

The pain subsided the moment he said that. Toby stared at the desk, hiding the murderous look that was swelling within his eyes. *I knew it. That's not the last time. That means I'll have to cheer her up or get anything she wants whenever she wants. If I don't, I'll get punished. Sh*t. That means I'm just a puppet!* "Thank you, Toby. You're the best." Tina didn't notice his fury, so she smiled sheepishly. *He's back to how he was before the car crash. I guess we're all patched up now.* Toby kept quiet, but he was actually holding back his urge to destroy Tina. At this moment, the manager came back again, but now with a doctor. "Dear customers, please let the doctor have a look," he quickly told the four of them. At the same time, he complained, *What the heck is this? That guy with the crutch almost died earlier, and now the chandelier right on top of that guy fell. Did that guy break a mirror and see a black cat at the same time?* "Doctor, I need you to look at Sonia first." Carl quickly dragged the doctor toward Sonia. However, Tina rolled her eyes and piped up, "Miss Reed, can you hold on for a minute?" Carl's face fell, and he looked at Tina darkly. "What? You want to go first?"

A frown creased Toby's forehead, and he felt disgusted as well. Ever since he knew he had to protect and spoil Tina despite the fact he didn't love her, he started disliking Tina. But he couldn't show it, or he'd get punished. "Yes. She only injured her arm, but I got one on my face, so—" For the first time in his life, Carl couldn't hold his anger in, and he cursed at her directly. "Shut the f*ck up! So what? That's not even half as serious as Sonia's wound!" He pointed at Sonia's bleeding arm, and he felt like throttling Tina. Tina bit her lip. "I know, but it'll leave a scar on my face if I drag it on for too long. Even if she gets a scar on her arm, she can keep it hidden under her sleeve. Miss Reed's a kind person, so she won't want to see me having a scar on my face."

"No. I'm an evil person. I *want* to leave a scar on your face. Better yet, the wound festers and rots your flesh," Sonia retorted coldly. Tina stared at her in disbelief. "Miss Reed, what are you—" Toby couldn't take it anymore, so he snapped, "Enough. Let Sonia go first." "Toby..." "Let her go first." He gazed at Tina and repeated himself. Only God knew how much pain he was in at that moment. His heart felt like it would explode any moment, and the voice kept

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telling him to force the doctor to treat Tina first. It told him to leave Sonia alone, since she deserved all the pain and sadness in the world. *Why? Just because you told me to? Fine, kill me if you dare, voice. Release me from my misery.* At that point, he knew a mysterious power was controlling him, forcing him to love and spoil Tina.

Perhaps, he had never loved her to begin with. What he thought was love was just an illusion the power created for him. He didn't think he would fall for Tina either. The one he loved was that bubbly pen pal of his—Maple. But Tina's personality was totally different from his pen pal. He didn't think she'd change so much just because she was in a coma for six years. It was a gigantic flaw, but he never noticed that. *That's not normal. It's that power. It's controlling me, keeping me from realizing that Tina isn't Maple.* He didn't know why the power was protecting Tina, but it didn't matter. *If it wants to control me, then I'll fight it.* Toby flinched. The next moment, he suddenly lost his balance and knelt on one knee, his face contorted with pain.

Everyone was shocked when they saw this. *What happened? Again?* Sonia pursed her lips curiously. *He seems to be in pain. Does he have an illness I don't know about?* "Toby." Tina wanted to help him up. However, Toby swatted her hand away. Because of that, he let the table go and fell down to where Sonia was. When she saw him falling toward her, she subconsciously extended her good arm and helped him out. But much to Toby's surprise, the intense pain subsided a little when he came in contact with her. He looked at Sonia, shocked. Toby was sure the pain lessened when Sonia came in contact with him. *So she might be the key to my freedom. She might be my antidote, the one who can free me from my curse!*

Toby was filled with delight at the thought of that. Thus, he held her hand tightly, as if he wanted to merge their hands together. When he did that, the pain subsided even more. It was as if it wasn't there at all. Sonia realized what he was doing. When she noticed the passion in his gaze, she felt odd, wondering what happened to him. "Let go!" But Toby kept holding on, ignoring what she said. Carl's expression darkened, and Tina's face contorted, while the manager and doctor were flummoxed. *Is this a love square? Wow, complex.* The air was tense and quiet, as if something was waiting to get unleashed. After the doctor put his scissors down, he broke the silence. "Alright, I'm done with her wound.

Remember to stay away from water for twenty-four hours. Change the meds in regular intervals, and it won't leave any scars." "Got it, doctor." Sonia smiled at him, saying that she had made a note of it. Then, she looked at Toby, annoyed. "Let go. How much longer do you

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want to hold on to me?" "Let her go." Carl went up and separated the both of them. Toby thought his heart would throb again once he let her go, but to his surprise, nothing happened. *Seems like once I touch her, the pain won't act up even if I break contact.* "Toby..." Tina called out to him weakly.

Toby leaned against the table and got up. "Take a look at her, doctor," he said coolly. "Of course." The doctor nodded. Tina added, "Toby, this might be painful for me. Can you hug me?" Toby scoffed silently. *Sonia didn't even say anything, and her wound is bigger than yours. Weakness disgusts me.* "Sure."

He looked downward and obliged, for he knew he would get punished again if he didn't. Yes, he could relieve it, since Sonia was there, but if he did that, Sonia would get irritated at him. She didn't know he needed her to relieve the pain, so she might think he was trying to take advantage of her. *Not a good strategy. I'll come up with a way to get in touch with her and fight this power.*

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 246

Chapter 246 Tina Is a B*tch, Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Toby went over and hugged her. Everyone thought he cared about her, but only he knew this hug was only done because he didn't want to get into trouble. "We need an explanation, manager." Carl took his jacket off and covered Sonia with it before asking the manager coldly. *I knew it.* The manager sighed. "We're very sorry, customers. We never expected this to happen. It's an overlook on our part, so we'll take full responsibility for this. Your bill will be waived, and we'll pay for your medical bills. And we'll also give you a member card. Is that fine with you?" He looked at Carl and Toby carefully, since they looked like the ones calling the shots. But Carl looked at Sonia. "What do you think, Sonia?" Sonia massaged her forehead. "Sure. It's not completely their fault anyway. This is just an accident, and we ran straight into it."

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“Alright. Do as she says,” Carl replied to the manager. The manager thanked them profusely, “Thank you for your understanding. We’re very sorry for ruining the experience.” He bowed to Sonia and Carl. Carl pulled the manager back up and looked at Toby. “What about you two?” Worried Tina might go on a rampage again, Toby answered, “Same here.” The manager thanked him, since he was worried they might not let it slide so easily. It was obvious Tina was a fussy one, but luckily Toby was an understanding man, or the injury on Tina’s face alone could cost them a ton. Now that the problem was settled, the manager wiped the sweat off of his forehead and heaved a sigh of relief.

But then, the waiter who was handling the aftermath said, “Sir, something’s off with this chandelier.” “How so?” The manager went over. Carl and Sonia looked at them curiously, and even Toby shifted his attention to the chandelier. “This one.” The waiter pointed at the column. “The column isn’t rusty or corroded, so how did it break?” “Um...” The manager couldn’t come up with the answer. He kept staring at the column, but he couldn’t figure out what happened. The column connected the chandelier to the ceiling. It was big, sturdy, and made out of alloy. Not even a strong earthquake could break it unless it was corroded. However, alloys wouldn’t rust that easily. It’d take at least a decade or two to corrode, but the restaurant hadn’t been open for even a year.

Sonia squinted. “Someone might have sabotaged you guys.” Carl nodded. “It’s possible. Since it’s almost impossible to break by itself, someone might have done this.” “S-Someone did this?” Shocked, the manager said, “This is not a joke, sir. We won’t do anything to our customers. That’ll be bad for business.” Sonia smiled. “You got it wrong. He isn’t saying you guys did it.” The manager heaved a sigh of relief, but he got curious. “Then who did this?” Sonia shook her head, having no answer to his question. At the same time, Toby was reminded of his car crash. Someone planned that, but he couldn’t find the culprit even until now.

Today, the chandelier fell down on him. Technically, Sonia got the brunt of the impact, but his table was less than a meter away from hers, so it might have been targeting him. *Maybe the same person did this.* But he refuted his guess right away. When he and Tina came out, they only said they were out for dinner, but they didn’t mention their location. They only came to this restaurant since they came across it on their way. In other words, he made the decision on the spot, but sabotages had to be done beforehand. Not even the culprit knew he’d come here, so they couldn’t have done this. Unless they were clairvoyant. Another person shared his sentiment—Carl. Ironically, he was the one who proposed the sabotage theory.

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He looked up at the ceiling, then the chandelier, and puzzlement painted his face. "Odd." "What is it, Carl? Did you notice something?" Sonia looked at him. Carl rubbed his chin and nodded. "The ceiling's too high. Probably around ten meters. Most ladders can't reach that height, so it's impossible for anyone to climb up there. They could have used a forklift, but it's too big for this place." The manager agreed, "He's right. Our restaurant is built with the style of Renaissance-era English castles in mind. Back then, ceilings stretched really tall, so we installed the chandeliers using lift platforms. The doors were installed last, since the platforms were too big for the place." "So it's not sabotage?"

Sonia frowned. Before Carl could answer, Tina interrupted, "Mr. Lee, first you said it's sabotage, and now you say it isn't. Don't you think throwing random guesses is a bit irresponsible?" Carl glared at her. Sonia clutched her arm. "He's just pointing out his guesses based on the clues he has. It's not random guesses. Besides, interrupting someone is rude, Miss Gray. Oh wait, someone like you doesn't have an ounce of decency in them, so I guess being rude is natural for you." "Why you..." Tina glared at her. Sonia sneered. "Look at you, gnashing your teeth. Do you want to bite me?"

Well, come on then." She beckoned Tina, as if Tina was a dog. Tina trembled, her eyes turning red with anger. "I am not a dog, Sonia!" "Hey, I didn't say anything. But since you think you're a dog, I don't mind seeing you as one. Stop overreacting, will you?" Sonia flicked her hair and shook her head. "Can't believe someone actually *wants* to be a dog. Very well then. Carl, don't argue with her. I mean, she thinks she's a dog, and I'm sure you don't really argue with dogs, right?" Carl knew Sonia was insulting Tina for his sake, and he was touched.

He looked at her, his gaze as gentle as the spring breeze. "Sure, Sonia. I don't argue with dogs, really." The manager watched the argument quietly. *Hot damn. Catfights are seriously intense.* "Why you..." Tina was pointing at them, her finger trembling. However, Carl and Sonia didn't even look at her, obviously seeing her as less than human. She almost fainted from her fury, but she turned around and held Toby's sleeve. "Toby, they insulted me." She gave him a look of complaint. "Aren't you going to do something?"

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