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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 249

Chapter 249 The Cracks in Her Story, Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again!

It was at that precise moment that Toby became sure of the truth: Tina was not Maple. After all, if she indeed was Maple, then why would she burn the letters which had brought them together instead of keeping them and reminiscing over them? *Because she was afraid that keeping those letters would one day bring her lies crumbling down.* Jean saw that Toby was trembling slightly, like he was suppressing insurmountable rage. A chill ran down her spine as she swallowed and asked hesitantly, "T-Toby, what's the matter with you?" Toby ignored her and took out his phone to make a call. Before long, Tom's groggy voice sounded from the other line as he yawned and asked, "President Fuller, is there something wrong?"

"Come by the Fuller Residence now. I need to ask you something." Having said that brusquely, Toby hung up the call without another word.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the phone, Tom sat up in bed with a spaced-out look on his face. *Did he just ask me to drop by the Fuller Residence?* As his mind cleared up, he detached the phone from his ear and stared at the screen. When he saw that it was close to midnight, he let out a frustrated groan. *For heaven's sake, it's late at night, and it's nearly midnight! He must be insane to have asked me to go by the Fullers' Residence! Whatever this is about, why couldn't he have told me over the phone and*

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insisted that I go over to his place? Despite Tom's resentment, he got out of bed anyway and begrudgingly began to get ready, then headed over to the Fuller Residence as ordered.

At around 1.00AM, he found himself standing in Toby's study. "What is it that you needed to ask me, President Fuller?" he asked with a polite smile, though he was cursing Toby over and over in his heart. As though sensing the man's annoyance, Toby shot him a pointed look and tapped his fingers against his ice-cold desk. "Do you think Tina is Maple?" "Huh?" Tom was taken aback by this, but he quickly regained his composure. "President Fuller, are you suspecting that Miss Gray is not your pen pal from all those years ago?" Toby nodded in affirmation. Tom stared at him intently for a while, and after making sure that the man was not joking, he said after a long pause, "To tell you the truth, President Fuller, I don't think Tina and Maple are the same person at all. I've been by your side for all these years, and I've seen you exchange letters with Maple.

From what I've gathered about her, she's warm and kind, not to mention outgoing and witty, but Miss Gray boasts none of these qualities." When he was done speaking, he peered up at Toby apprehensively, worried that he might have angered the latter. Much to his surprise, Toby did not appear furious at all but looked as if he was immersed in thought. Tom let out a quiet breath of relief. *Thank goodness President Fuller isn't mad at me for making those disparaging comments about Miss Gray, but I wonder why he doubts her identity as Maple.* He scratched his head, unable to figure out

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what Toby was thinking. Minutes ticked by, and Toby finally said in a cold voice, "You're right."

She has none of these qualities, and she has no right to assume Maple's identity." Upon hearing this, Tom felt something click in his mind. He pushed his glasses up his nose bridge and asked, "Have you discovered something that made you doubt Miss Gray's identity as Maple, President Fuller?" *It's no wonder then that President Fuller's been cold and distant to Miss Gray for the past two days. That makes sense, seeing how he was only kind and loving to her because he believed she was Maple. If the opposite were true, then he would naturally grow indifferent toward her. After all, Miss Reed is the one he's truly in love with.* Toby narrowed his eyes pensively without answering Tom's question and asked instead, "You were the one who collected Maple's letters on my behalf when I was too tied up with work before, so you would know her postal address, right?"

Tom nodded hastily. "I remember her address. Do you want me to drop by the place and find out if Maple truly isn't Miss Gray?" "Yes," Toby replied. "I'll get right on it, sir," Tom said dutifully. "I'll head over to Marina City right away and—wait!" He broke off, and his eyes widened as the sudden realization that something was off dawned upon him. Toby frowned at this. "What is it?" "There's something odd going on here. President Fuller, Maple lives all the way in Marina City, but the Gray Residence is in Eastbourne. Both these cities are practically sixty kilometers away, and the Gray Family

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has been in Eastbourne for the last twenty years; they never once moved. It's as clear as day now that Tina really isn't Maple!"

Toby stiffened when he heard Tom's deduction, and his eyes widened by a fraction as he pondered on this new revelation. *That's right. If Tina really was Maple, then the postal address would have been Eastbourne and not Marina City.* While Toby was deep in thought, Tom spoke up again from across the desk, "I remember you mentioned that Maple used to have a pet dog, President Fuller." Toby's chin jerked slightly. "Bucky." "That's the one. However, the Gray Family has never had any pet dogs. You also mentioned that Maple has a stepmother and a sister, but Mrs. Gray has always been the first wife. All these aside, I caught a glimpse of Tina's handwriting last month when she got bored in your office and scribbled a couple of things.

While she didn't often write after she was discharged from the hospital, I noticed that her penmanship is completely different to Maple's," Tom informed solemnly. Tom had never read any of the letters Maple wrote to Toby, but she did pen the address on the envelopes, which was enough to make him come to the conclusion that she had understated and refined handwriting. It was distinct and easy on the eyes, unlike Tina's, which was as plain as it was common. Granted, a person who had been comatose for six years would not necessarily have the best handwriting, having not touched pen and paper for so long.

However, muscle memory would kick in as the body recovered, and the person's handwriting would eventually start to look the way it had before.

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As such, it made no sense that Tina's handwriting could have changed so drastically even after she had been hospitalized for six years. Tom felt goosebumps raised along his skin at the thought of this. "It gets stranger and stranger the more I think about it, President Fuller. How could we not have realized that there was something off when these doubts have been present all along? Besides, there were cracks in Tina's behavior and stories that should have made us suspicious, so why did it take us this long to look back and discover this despicable charade?"

Toby lowered his gaze and fell silent. When Tom was speaking earlier, it was as though a veil that had been obscuring Toby's sight was finally lifted. It was like the lights had shifted at that moment, and he could finally see the world with sharp clarity. *Indeed, how could I have missed all the cracks and inconsistencies in Tina's stories and behavior? More to the point, how did Tom manage to overlook all these, too?* All these questions flooded Toby's mind, and he grew unsettled at how wrong everything was. Even as he thought this, he knew well the reason why he never saw through Tina's pretenses—it was all because of that strange and mysterious force. That being said, he didn't think Tom would be influenced by it as well.

"Why are you looking at me like that, President Fuller?" Tom asked uneasily. Toby pursed his lips and said hoarsely, "No reason. Anyway, drop by Marina City tomorrow and find the real Maple." *She's the person I'm truly in love with!* "Yes, sir!" Tom nodded. Then, seemingly remembering something, he paused and added, "So, about Tina..." A dangerous gleam flashed in Toby's eyes as he replied ominously, "I'll take care of it. I'll let her know that Maple

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isn't just some mask she can put on at her own whim and fancy!" There was an insidious undertone to his voice that made Tom shudder.

He knew at that moment that Tina was done for. *But she's definitely getting what's coming for her. She should have thought better than to pretend to be Maple and deceive President Fuller for the past six years.* Dark glee rose within Tom as he adjusted his glasses and turned to leave the study. When the door closed, Toby rose from his seat and crossed over to where the French windows to the side of the room, whereupon he stared out at the night scene with his brows drawn together as all the doubts plagued him. *What is that mysterious force? How did it manipulate me into loving Tina?*

And what other secrets is Tina hiding? All these questions seemed to crack the strange rose-colored glass that had shielded Toby from reality. He had believed that he was fine, but what he had not expected was that he would be unknowingly pulled into the drowsy depths of the mysterious force. As soon as he thought of this, a sharp headache attacked him.

For a moment, he thought he might have seen the light at the end of the tunnel, but that was before the dizzying halos came into his vision.

Submitting to the inexplicable pain that overcame him, he couldn't help but lower his head in hopes of finding quick relief.

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 250

Chapter 250 Feigning Comprehension, Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again!

At the same time, the explosive crack of thunder sounded overhead just as a purplish-white streak of lightning split the night sky in half, ominously igniting the darkness that fell over the land. Tucked away in Bayside Residence, Sonia bolted upright in bed and gasped. Her heart felt constricted with panic, but she had no idea why. To switch on the bedside lamp, she had to bring her hand up. After that, she massaged her temples and reached for the glass of water on her nightstand, then took a sip as she tried to calm herself down.

She was done drinking and was just about to place the glass back on the nightstand when her eyes widened in horror; the curtains had not been drawn over the French windows at the foot of her bed, and on the rain-splattered glass appeared a terrifying figment of what looked like a skull. *Am I imagining things?* Sonia shut her eyes tight and opened them again, then looked up at the French windows once more. This time, she was met with darkness, which was weakly illuminated by the neon lights of the nightscape that refracted off the glass. There was no skull at all. "Phew." She let out a huge sigh of relief and patted her chest to soothe her wildly-beating heart. As it turned out, she had been imagining things after all.

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Of course I was. With the way modern society is progressing, I should be jaded enough to ignore all the nonsense about paranormal stuff. She shook her head and let out a self-effacing laugh at her own rich imagination. When Sonia arrived at work the next day, Daphne—who had been waiting at the former’s office doorway—bowed and greeted, “Good morning, President Reed.” “Good morning. Why are you here waiting for me? Has something happened?” Sonia asked as she took out her card key and swiped it across the sensor on the door, then made her way into the office. Daphne fell in step behind her. “I just got a call from Fuller Group. They want you to go over for a meeting; it’s about alternative energy collaboration.”

Sonia was pulling up her chair when she heard this and paused. “Is the meeting at Fuller Group?” Daphne nodded earnestly. “Yes.” The divot between Sonia’s brows went as quickly as it came. “Very well, then. What time is the meeting?” In all honesty, she was reluctant to go over to Fuller Group, but Toby was the person in charge of the collaboration, and he called the shots when it came to the time and place for any relevant meetings. No one would dare speak up against his decisions unless they were prepared to lose out on the project. Sonia had fought tooth and nail to procure the partnership, so abandoning the project halfway was not an option, which meant she was left with no choice but to attend the meeting. “It’s scheduled for 2.00PM,” Daphne answered dutifully. Sonia took off her coat and sat down.

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“Got it. Is there anything else?” “Yes—Mr. Lee has left you a ticket this morning.” Daphne opened the folder she was carrying and produced a ticket, then handed it over to Sonia. Taking it and reading the brief introduction on fashion inscribed upon it, Sonia couldn’t help but laugh while musing, “I can’t believe he actually gave me this.” “He wanted to wait to give it to you personally, but he got a phone call and had to leave urgently,” Daphne explained. Sonia kept the ticket in the drawer and said, “Maybe it was a work call. Speaking of which, you should get back to work now.” “Alright.” Daphne nodded once and left the office. Presently, Daphne opened up her laptop and set herself to work.

When lunchtime rolled around, she got a call from the police station and was informed that the investigation into the restaurant incident had been completed. The police concluded that the whole thing had been an accident, and having checked through all the security footage, they were sure that no one sabotaged the crystal chandelier. As to why the chandelier had fallen in the first place, the investigation showed that it was purely due to a worn-out supporting chain. While Sonia found the explanation to be lazy and unreliable, in the absence of rust and sabotage, she could come up with no other reason as to how the incident could have occurred in the first place.

Regardless of her dissatisfaction, she allowed the incident to come to an end and did not press further on the matter. She hung up the phone and glanced at her bandaged arm, then heaved a sigh before carrying on eating her meal. Afterward, she got into her car and drove over to Fuller Group all

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on her own. Meanwhile, in the presidential office at Fuller Group, Toby's gaze flickered over to the time displayed on the bottom right corner of his laptop screen and asked, "Has everyone arrived?" Tom, who was standing to the side, immediately understood what Toby was asking and nodded. "I saw three of the collaborators on my way here, so I assume the rest of them ought to have arrived by now."

Toby hummed curtly in response. "Let's go, then." He took the cane that was resting against the edge of the table and hoisted himself to his feet, then proceeded toward the door. Tom, on the other hand, carried the documents as he followed suit. Upon their arrival at the conference room, Toby and Tom made their way through the door, and those who were already waiting inside immediately stopped chattering as they stood up and greeted, "President Fuller." Naturally, Sonia maintained a courteous and formal front along with the rest of her peers.

Toby's gaze swept across those who gathered at the conference table before it lingered briefly on Sonia, and only then did he look away. "Please take your seats." Sonia and the others did as they were told, and Tom began to hand out the information related to the meeting agenda. However, a look of astonishment flashed in his eyes when he noticed Sonia's bandaged arm as she reached for the document, but he quickly recomposed himself. It was only after he had returned to his usual spot behind Toby that he pointed out in a low voice, "President Fuller, it seems as if Miss Reed has been injured."

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"I know," came Toby's stoic reply, though there was a meaningful gleam in his eyes. Tom raised a brow. *Okay, so I've unnecessarily voiced out my observation. I thought he had no idea about her injury.* The meeting officially began, and the agenda for the day was with regards to the essential uses for which the alternative energy technology might be used after business discussions were concluded, as well as the pros and cons of such uses. Sonia might have read up as much as she could on the subject of alternative energy, and she might have sat through several college classes for the same, but her knowledge on the matter was superficial at best.

Seeing as she had never done an extensive study on alternative energy, she couldn't very well grasp whatever content and opinions Toby presented throughout the meeting. She felt like she was listening to gibberish. Left helpless, she resorted to writing down every single point of discussion, planning to review and read up on them once she got home that evening. Alas, Toby spoke much too quickly for her to jot down anything coherent, and her hand grew tired before her brain could register his words. Frowning, she shook her wrist to relieve the onset of a cramp. Meanwhile, from the main seat, Toby's gaze darkened when he noticed her gesture out of the corners of his eyes and decidedly slowed down in his speech.

Now, Sonia could finally catch up with whatever he was saying, and her notes were starting to look more put-together than they had moments ago. However, she couldn't resist peering at him once or twice. She did wonder why he had slowed down in his speech all of a sudden, but she was not narcissistic enough to think it had anything to do with her. Nearly two hours

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later, Toby raised his mug of coffee to his lips and took a sip. "That's all for the meeting today. Do any of you need clarification on anything we've discussed today?" He might sound as if he was offering everyone the chance to seek further explanation, but his stony gaze was fixed on Sonia alone. Sonia, on the other hand, stared at her notebook uneasily and bit down on her lip.

She wanted to say she had plenty of things she needed clarification on, but when she saw that no one else was asking questions, she figured she would be made the laughingstock of the industry if she were to say she was clueless about pretty much everything on the agenda. Of course, she wouldn't mind if she was made the laughingstock, but she couldn't live down the possibility of Paradigm Co. becoming the butt of the joke, too. She refused to even weigh the risk of it. *I'm better off going through these notes when I get back to the office so that I can try to understand them better.* With that in mind, she lowered her head and remained silent. At the sight of this, Toby pursed his lips, displeased by her stubborn silence.

Does she take her pride so seriously that she'd rather feign comprehension than ask questions? He supposed that the few men in her life must have put in their fair share of work in order to keep her afloat in the business world. A shadow passed over his handsome face when he thought about Charles, Carl, and the other men in Sonia's life, and the air around him suddenly grew cold. He slammed his coffee mug against the table and said darkly, "Seeing as all of you have a firm grasp of the subject matter, I want each of you to go back and write out an analytical report on the uses of alternative energy.

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I want the report emailed to me by tomorrow. Dismissed!" *An analytical report?* Sonia looked up anxiously when she heard this. *How am I supposed to write a report when I can't even make sense of the meeting today? More importantly, how am I going to finish the report in less than a day?* She looked around and noted how everyone was unfazed, unlike herself. Before she could hold herself back, she stood up and began slowly, "President Fuller..." Toby turned to look at her, and his expression softened slightly as he said, "Go on."

She dug her nails into her palms and asked, "May I have a copy of the security footage for the conference room?" She knew that the security camera would have recorded the audio along with the progress of the meeting, and if she could get her hands on the footage, then she could easily fill in the gaps in her notes. *So I'll lose out on sleep tonight, but surely I could finish writing up the report if I were to burn the midnight oil, right?*

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