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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 231

Chapter 231, Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again!

“President Fuller!” Tom shouted in panic and lunged forward to pull Tina away before pushing down the emergency button above the headboard of the bed. At first, Tina was angry at Tom, but she realized what he did when she heard the alarm blaring through the room. “What’s wrong with Toby?” she asked anxiously. Before Toby passed out from the pain, Tom laid him down on the bed and turned to face her angrily. “Miss Gray, aren’t you aware that President Fuller is injured? You just opened up his wounds again by throwing yourself so hard at him!” he yelled, pointing at Toby’s chest where there was a bloody patch on his hospital robes. Skeptically, he wondered, *Does she really love President Fuller?*

If she really does, she should be more careful knowing that he’s injured lest his injuries get worse. But the way she’s acting so recklessly looks like she doesn’t care one bit about his injuries. Flustered, Tina uttered, “I-I didn’t do it on purpose...” On her part, she hugged Toby so tightly because she was excited to see that he had awakened, and she hadn’t thought of the consequences of her actions at all. Just then, Rose came into the room with Jean and Mary by her sides. “What happened?! Why did the emergency alarm go off?” Rose asked anxiously. Tom was wiping off the sweat on Toby’s forehead when they entered, and he quickly replied, “President Fuller’s wounds opened up.”

“Goodness, he’s bleeding!” Jean gasped in shock. Worried, Rose said, “Toby was still fine a minute ago, Tom. How did his wounds open up?” A guilty look flashed in Tina’s eyes, and she quickly cast Tom a look, hoping that he wouldn’t rat out on her. However, he simply pretended he hadn’t seen it and placed down the towel in his hands. “It was Miss Gray who bumped into him

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so hard that the wounds opened up.” “What?!” Rose exclaimed, her face trembling with anger. Throwing an icy glare at Tina, she added, “Great! I knew it had to be you!”

“I didn’t do it on purpose,” Tina whispered. Biting her lower lip, she silently cursed Tom hatefully in her heart. *He’s just a flunkey Toby is keeping by his side. How dare he disobey me! Just you wait and see! You’ll be the first person I dismiss once I’m married to Toby!* Rose snorted. “You didn’t do it on purpose? I think that’s exactly your plan! Ever since Toby started dating you, his reputation has been going downhill and our family paid a hefty price for you. Just because Toby covered up for you doesn’t mean I don’t know anything. The way I see it, you’re just a jinx sent here to bring calamity to our family!” she hollered as she pointed a finger at Tina, blood rushing to her eyes and face.

Right now, she was merely a regular grandmother who was concerned about her grandson, and not some elder from a reputable family—she couldn’t give two hoots about the etiquette expected of her and was just lashing out at Tina as she saw fit. Red with embarrassment and anger, Tina was boiling on the inside, but she knew that she couldn’t snap back at Rose. Hence, she gave Jean a puppy-look, hoping that she would put in some good words for her. Jean always had a liking for Tina, whom she regarded as her future daughter-in-law. It wasn’t solely because of her family background, but also because Tina really knew how to please her—frequently fawning upon her and giving her expensive gifts.

So, she wouldn’t think twice to speak up for her. “Mom, I think you’ve exaggerated things. What if she really wasn’t intentional?” Jean said, smiling at Rose. Rose gave her an indifferent stare. “So, you would rather speak up for the person who caused your son’s wounds to open up instead of blaming her? Is Toby incomparable to an outsider in your heart? Indeed, you don’t

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love him that much because he's not your biological son!" *What?! Toby is not Jean's biological son?* Shocked, Tina jerked her head up and looked at Jean with eyes the size of golf balls.

Then, she shifted her gaze to the man on the bed who had his eyes tightly shut; only God knew if he had passed out or not. *It's true*, she thought, convinced. *Toby doesn't look the least bit like Jean, and she always carries herself like a hillbilly. Nothing like a lady born of a reputable family at all. It makes more sense to say that they aren't related by blood.* In a corner, Tom was equally shocked to find out this secret. "What are you speaking about, Mom? Even though I didn't give birth to Toby, I've always regarded him as my own," Jean grumbled.

However, Rose merely glared at her from the corner of her eyes without a word. Soon, the doctor arrived and injected some analgesic into Toby. After the pain faded away, he gradually regained his consciousness, but his face was even more pale than before when he opened his eyes again. Feeling a sharp pain in her heart, Rose held his hand and asked gently, "Are you alright, Toby?" Nodding his head weakly, he uttered, "I'm fine. Don't worry, Grandma." "I'm sorry, Toby. It's all my fault. I'm so sorry..." Standing by his bed, Tina sobbed as she wiped her tears away.

However, her cries merely made Toby's head throb, and he wasn't in the mood to console her at this point. Rubbing his temples, he groaned, "Stop crying already!" Hearing the annoyance in his voice, Tina immediately stopped crying and looked at him with a hurt expression. *Looks like he already has a certain level of resistance toward my cries. When he hears me crying now, he's not going to prioritize and comfort me, even when he's busy, like he used to anymore.* At the thought of this, panic washed over her and she couldn't help but start biting her nails. "Okay, we've reapplied the antiseptic and dressed the wounds again. The next step is to take good care, but he shouldn't be hit so strongly again. Otherwise, not only will his wound

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open up again, but his ribs which were fixed in place will also break,” the doctor warned sternly as he removed his blood-stained gloves.

Rose bobbed her head. “Don’t worry. I’ll keep a close eye on him and I won’t let some idiot hurt my grandson again!” she said and glanced at Tina intentionally. Ashamed, Tina hung her head and didn’t dare to even make a squeak. After the doctor left, Rose tapped her walking stick on the floor a couple of times and said, “Alright, all of you should go back now. I have some things to say to Toby.” “I’m not leaving,” Tina said immediately, tugging Toby’s sleeves. “I wanna stay by Toby’s side.” With a grim look, Rose looked at her with grave eyes. “Miss Gray, can’t you tell that you’re the last person I want to have here?”

Embarrassed to be told so bluntly that she was unwelcomed, Tina gazed at Toby and moved her lips to say something, but he jerked his sleeve away and muttered, “Go home for now, Tina.” “But Toby...” she whined, sounding unwilling. Pursing his lips, Toby returned her gaze with a solemn look. “Go home.” Feeling as though he had seen through her with those eyes, Tina shuddered from his gaze and broke the eye contact subconsciously. “Okay, I’ll visit you again next time,” she replied with a nod and left after grabbing her handbag. A few seconds later, Jean and Tom left the room as well, leaving Rose and Mary together with Toby. With Mary’s help, Rose sat down and glanced at her own grandchild studiously.

“Somehow, I realized that your attitude toward Tina has mellowed down a lot after waking up this time. Now, you’re not as accommodating as you were to her before.” With one arm over his eyes, Toby muttered, “I figured out some things all of a sudden. Maybe it’s because I was too accommodating toward her before this that made her more and more spoiled.” More importantly, he could clearly feel that the shackles that were bounding his heart were all released after he woke up this time. Previously, whenever he saw Tina crying

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or looking aggrieved, a voice in his head would command him to comfort and spoil her.

But now, he suddenly realized that that voice had turned much softer now, and in turn, he became more relieved. “I’m glad you realized that.” Rose gave him a thankful smile. “Toby, you’re finally back to the way you were before.” “The way I was before?” he repeated, looking at her in a daze because he didn’t understand what she meant.

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Chapter 232, Boss, Your Wife’s Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Nodding, Rose answered, “Yeah. How you used to be was a different person than how you are now. You were much more friendly and gentle, even. But ever since what happened to you six years ago... you’ve become a changed person. If it wasn’t for the birthmark on you, I would’ve thought that it was someone else in your place.” Toby’s pupils shrunk. *From Grandma’s description, it seems like I have two completely different personalities before and after what happened six years ago. But I don’t remember how I used to be at all. Is this normal?* he asked himself, holding his palm against his forehead as his head started to throb again.

Once more, the weird images popped up in his mind, flashing past in his head like a merry-go-round, and he was unable to make any sense out of it.

“What’s wrong, Toby?” Rose asked in concern when she saw how distressed he seemed. Pinching the bridge of his nose, he answered, “I’m fine, Grandma. Tell me more about how I used to be.” “Sure,” she agreed gladly.

“Your old self was more chatty and was polite to everyone. However, ever

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since you told me that you started dating Tina, your pen-pal, I realized that she's the only one in your eyes and heart, and you can no longer see anyone else. All you do is revolve around her like a puppet." "No, that's impossible," he muttered, holding his fists tightly.

How is it possible that I became a puppet? he refuted the idea instinctively. Despite that, when he recalled how he would spoil and protect Tina without any bottom line, he suddenly lost all words to say. He was aware that she had made many mistakes, but he never thought of lecturing or punishing her. Instead, he would help clean up her mess, no questions asked. Because he saw her crying, he became softhearted and did what he shouldn't. What was he if not a puppet? Even though this wasn't how he was supposed to be, the memories in his mind told him that he had already turned into such a person. Seeing how he was now sinking into a deep sense of self-doubt, Rose sighed.

"Alright, let's not talk about this. It's not helpful to you right now. Let's talk about something else. Why did you have an accident close to Sonia's place? Were you looking for her?" she asked, stroking his forehead. Toby's eyes flickered, but he didn't answer. Sulking, she said, "Forget it if you don't want to tell me. I'm going home now. Sonia had advised me to rest well even when I'm worried about you." "She knows that I was in an accident?" he blurted out immediately, looking a little worked up. "Yeah," she answered with a nod. "How could she possibly not know when the news of your accident made the headlines?" Lowering his gaze to hide the emotions in his eyes, he uttered, "Then, did she..." *Ask about me or come to visit me at the hospital?*

he finished the sentence in his head. "What were you saying?" Rose asked, her eyes fixed on him. Opening his mouth, Toby then decided against finishing his sentence and said instead, "Nothing." Sighing, Rose looked at him from the corner of her eye and said, "Forget it, I'm going now. Rest well." "Yeah," he murmured with dismay in his eyes. *It seems like Sonia*

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didn't ask about me, let alone visit me. Otherwise, Grandma would've told me about it. Sonia knew that I had an accident at Bayside Residence and must have figured out that I was there to look for her. Still, she didn't even come and visit me. Is she really that heartless? Crestfallen, Toby lay in bed, full of frustrations and discomfort in his heart.

..... In Paradigm Co., Carl was having afternoon tea in Sonia's office until he received a call from his manager asking him to attend a meeting in his agency. He was barely gone for a minute when Rebecca showed up. Upon knowing that he had just left, she sighed in disappointment. "I'm a minute too late." "Why are you so concerned about Carl?" Sonia asked, gesturing for her to take a seat in a chair opposite her. After plopping herself into the chair, Rebecca turned serious and began, "President Reed, I'll be honest with you. I think he's the person I'm looking for." "Huh?" Sonia blurted, puzzled. Taking a sip of tea, Rebecca then said, "You know that I've been looking for someone, don't you?" Sonia nodded. "Yeah, I know that, and you asked for leave two times before because of this as well." "Exactly." Rebecca sighed.

"Actually, I'm from Westsashire, and a bodyguard for an influential family there. The reason I came to Seafield this time is to look for my master's youngest son." "So you think that Carl is the person you're looking for?" Sonia asked with a raised eyebrow. "Yes. Because Mr. Lee looks a lot like Master, and his age fits the description as well. So, I'm pretty sure that he's the young master I'm looking for," she explained. Sonia chuckled. "What if you got it wrong? And Carl did have parents. Even though they had passed away for a long time, I've seen how much he resembles them in pictures." "Of course I have proof for the things I said. First of all, it's the place where Mr. Lee grew up, Jordain County.

We found out that the young master lived there before, too. In addition, he looked so much like Master that the coincidences are simply too uncanny. So, he has to be Young Master." "That sounds true," Sonia answered, nodding.

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Grabbing her hand, Rebecca pleaded, “Please do me a favor, President Reed. Please get me a few strands of Mr. Lee’s hair. I would like to have a paternity test done on it.” “Well... I’ll need to ask for his permission. There’s nothing I can do if he doesn’t agree to it,” she answered after giving it a thought. Rebecca gave her hand a squeeze. “Thank you, President Reed. It’s good enough for me that you’re willing to help me out. I’ll think of other ways if he’s not agreeable to it.

Alright, I’m going back to the finance department to finish my work.” Then, she released her hand and left while humming a tune. “She’s really eager to find him, huh?” Sonia shook her head helplessly. Suddenly, her cell phone rang, and she put down the pen in her hand. When she saw that it was Zane calling her, she picked up the call without hesitation. “Hello.” “Aunt Sonia!” A child’s voice came from the other end of the line instead of Zane’s. All at once, Sonia’s face lit up. “Douglas?” “Yes, it’s me. I miss you!” Douglas said in his baby voice, clutching the cell phone with both hands. With an affectionate expression, Sonia said, “Tell your uncle to bring you here to meet me if you miss me.”

“Okay, my uncle—” Before he could finish, Sonia heard Zane’s voice cutting him off. “Give me the phone, kid.” “No!” Douglas said and hid the phone behind his back. Zane watched him and snorted. “Kid, did you think I wouldn’t be able to reach it if you hid it behind your back?” Bending over, he snatched the cell phone out of Douglas’ grip and placed a palm over his head, keeping him out of reach no matter how much he struggled. Realizing that his limbs were too short, Douglas pouted his lips and almost cried, but Zane burst into laughter and placed the cell phone to his ear with his other hand. “It’s me, Sonia.” “You’re bullying Douglas again?” she interrogated. Zane rolled his eyes in guilt, but he replied earnestly, “No, I’m not.

He’s my nephew. How could I bring myself to bully him?” “Really?” she asked, narrowing her eyes doubtfully. Hurriedly, he nodded and said, “Of

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course it's true! I'll let Douglas tell it to you himself." Holding the cell phone out to Douglas, Zane gestured at the pile of toys on the floor with his lips, threatening that he would keep them away if Douglas told Sonia the truth. Immediately, Douglas understood what he meant and tears of anger welled up in his eyes, but he forced them back and succumbed to his mean uncle's threat, suffering the grievance in silence.

Forcing out a smile, he said into the phone, "Aunt Sonia, it's true that Uncle Zane didn't bully me." Only then was Sonia convinced, and Zane flashed Douglas a satisfied look. Then, he went upstairs with the cell phone and continued, "Sonia, I found a suitable candidate to be Rina Gray's double."

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Chapter 233 Initiating the Attack, Boss, Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce, Again!

Sitting upright, Sonia asked, "You found one?" "Yes." Zane nodded. Sonia bit her lower lip. "Where did you find her?" "In a village from a family where they have little regard for her. She's been abused since young and didn't receive much education, either," he replied. With a frown, she asked, "She doesn't really meet the requirement, no?" *How can she be our mole if she's uneducated?* As though reading her mind, Zane chuckled. "No, no, not at all. On the contrary, she checks all the boxes. Her eyes look exactly the same as Mrs. Gray, and more importantly, she's more likely to gain their

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affection because she was abused since young and hadn't been educated.” Instantly, Sonia's eyes sparkled, and she understood what he meant. “In other words, you're trying to make use of the Grays' guilt toward their long-lost daughter?” “That's right. The more horrible Rina Gray used to live, the more likely it is for the Grays to treat her better. That way, the Rina Gray we are planting will have easier access to the interior workings of the Grays and will be able to retrieve the information we need,” he explained, flopping himself comfortably into his bed. Twirling the pen between her fingers, she answered, “I got it now. So, when are you planning to let her meet them?” “In a few more days, I think.

I have to prep this fake Rina in the next few days so that she wouldn't give us away. Also, I'll need your help to get a DNA sample from the Grays so that I can make the arrangements secretly in major hospitals. Then, this fake Rina will turn out to be their daughter no matter where the Grays do the paternity test.” With a smirk on her face, she promised, “I'll think of a way to get it.” “Okay.” Zane stretched and added, “I believe you can do it.” After hanging up the call, Sonia placed down her cell phone, and her eyes glowed with joy. *Looks like I have to find a way to meet Tina and get a sample of her hair.*

As for her parents... Well, I won't even try. First of all, there was no excuse she could use to meet Titus and his wife, and even if she could meet them, she had no way to get their hair sample unless she went ahead and pulled it out of their scalps directly. But it was different with Tina because she could actually pull her hair out with a reason. With that thought in mind, she called Daphne into her office. “What can I do for you, President Reed?” Daphne asked, standing in front of her desk. Leaning back into her chair, she instructed, “Send someone to keep a watch on Tina Gray and let me know where she's going for the next couple of days.” Although Daphne was unsure why Sonia wanted to do something like this, she didn't raise her questions and merely nodded.

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“I got it.” “That’s all.” Sonia gestured at the door with her chin. When Daphne was out of her office, she picked up her pen again and resumed her work. According to the information from the people watching Tina, she almost never left her house for the next two days. There were only two times when she left her house, and both times were visits to the hospital. Most probably, she was there to visit Toby. However, for some unknown reasons, she was barely at the hospital for five minutes before going home again, and it was the same for both occasions.

After that, she would stay home for the entire day. This made Sonia a little worried because Zane would be finished with fake Rina’s prep course soon, but she still hadn’t caught hold of Tina’s hair. “I have to do something,” she muttered under her breath, placing her jacket over her shoulders and grabbing her handbag before leaving her office. *I have to initiate the attack and not sit here waiting like a duck.* Her informant had just told her that Tina had driven out from her place and was going in the direction of the hospital. Even though Sonia didn’t know how long she would stay at the hospital this time, she had to catch her at the hospital before she left. Soon, Sonia arrived at the hospital, and she called Tim while walking through the doors.

“This is the first time you’re calling me!” Tim answered her call within a split second, and she could hear the delight in his voice. Not knowing if his delight was genuine, Sonia stood in a corner of the lobby and asked, “Is Tina still in the hospital?” “Are you looking for her?” he asked, brows knitted. “Yeah, is she still around?” “She’s standing outside of Toby’s ward and wants to visit him, but he doesn’t allow her.” Standing not far off, Tim watched with ridicule at the woman standing outside of Toby’s ward—her hands were clenched tightly on her sides and a spiteful look was on her face. Blinking, Sonia asked in surprise, “Toby doesn’t want to see her?” *That can’t be true!* she thought.

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That's his beloved Tina we're speaking about. How could he bear to leave her outside his door? “Yes. Toby has been weird for the past couple of days. He'd meet anyone except for Tina,” Tim added, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose. Shocked, Sonia thought, *So he really didn't see her for two days? No wonder my informants told me that Tina was only here for a few minutes. So, that's why. But aren't they supposed to be deeply in love? How could their relationship be on the rocks now?* Snorting indifferently, she decided to not overthink it and said, “I see. May I ask you for a favor?” “Ask away! I'll do anything you ask of me,” Tim said confidently, sounding excited all of a sudden.

Is my sweet angel going to forgive me now that she's asking me for help? Noticing the excitement in his voice, Sonia felt the edges of her lips twitching as she didn't understand why he was so happy that she was asking for his help. “I would like you to lure Tina into the direction of the lobby. I want her to see me.” He narrowed his eyes. “Do you have some business with her?” “You could put it that way, I guess,” she answered vaguely. Regardless, Tim didn't press on with more questions and nodded. “Okay, I'll get her there as soon as possible.” “Thank you.” Sonia hung up after that. After keeping away his phone, Tim walked toward Tina and stopped next to her with his hands tucked in his white robes. As he stared at the tightly shut door with her, he began, “Since he doesn't want to see you, you should head back first.

There's nothing you can do by waiting around here. You should already know this after the past two days.” Tina tightened her fists. “Tim, do you think Toby has found out about some things I did? Like, I faked my identity disorder...” *Or maybe... he found out that I impersonated Sonia,* she finished in her mind, and the thought of these two possibilities made her heart race fearfully. No matter if Toby found out either of it, it would just mean the end of her. “I don't think so. If it's true, he would've asked to see you a long time ago and not refuse to see you as he's doing now,” Tim answered with a shrug. His words made her feel somewhat relieved, but she was still a little worried.

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“Then, why do you think he doesn’t want to see me?” Even if those two issues weren’t the reason Toby didn’t want to see her, she was still feeling uneasy because he became aloof toward her without knowing anything about either issues. In effect, her position as his fiancée was now hanging by a thread. “Who knows? Maybe he’s still angry over the fact that you opened up his wounds two days ago,” he answered with a smirk. Gasping in surprise, she said, “Toby isn’t that petty, is he?” “That’s just my guess, but you have to find out for yourself whether I was right.

Nevertheless, he clearly doesn’t want to see you now. You should just go home for now and ask him about it in a couple of days when he’s willing to see you again,” he suggested, nudging his glasses upward. Thinking that he had a point, Tina uttered, “Okay. Please let him know that I’m leaving now.” “Sure,” Tim said, and went into Toby’s ward. After watching the door close, Tina twirled around and left for the elevators.

Meanwhile, Toby was going through a document in his ward. Hearing the approaching footsteps, he asked without lifting his head, “What are you doing here? It’s not time for my checkup yet.” “I’m here to pass a message for Tina. She’s gone now,” Tim replied, looking at him as he leaned against the wall. In response, Toby merely mumbled softly. When Tim saw how composed he seemed, his brows shot up. “How cold of you. That’s not how you usually treat Tina.”

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