

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

Chapter 386

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But his delight was short-lived. When he saw the bandage on Sonia's head, he realized why Rebecca told him not to get mad when he saw Sonia. That must be why. He clenched his fists and stared down to hide the murder brewing in his eyes. Luckily, he made sure to do that subtly so no audience noticed it, or he'd make the next day's headlines. After he made a pose at the end of the runway, he walked back up the runway.

Rebecca leaned closer to Sonia. "He was upset when he saw your wound, miss. Yes, he tried to hide it, but it didn't escape me."

Sonia sighed. "It's fine. We'll just tell him the truth." She knew Carl would be unhappy about it, so she was already prepared.

Carl went to the waiting room after the show.

His manager handed him a bottle of water. "Have some water, Carl."

Carl ignored him. After he came in, he shoved all the makeup items on the table away and they fell onto the ground, attracting everyone's gazes.

"What happened, Carl?" a model asked.

Carl ignored the model. He was staring down, trying to control his desire for murder. Who hurt her? If I know who did this, I will kill them. His face was contorted with rage.

His manager quickly stood in front of him in case someone took his pictures. It will be troublesome if he makes the headlines. "What happened, Carl? Why are you so mad?" the manager tilted his head, whispering.

Carl took a deep breath and contained his rage. "Nothing," he answered calmly.

"That didn't look like nothing to me. You didn't even bother to hide your true self. Obviously—"

Before he could finish, a crew member announced, "Alright, models." He clapped his hands. "It's time for the closing ceremony. Get in line and be ready for it."

The manager had no choice but to swallow his words and told Carl, "Let's finish this, Carl. And remember to stay calm. Do not let anyone take any photos of your true self, or we'll get thrown through the wringer tomorrow."

Carl's eyes glinted. "I know." He massaged his temples to fully calm down and went onto the stage.

Back in the audience, Rebecca held her phone up to photograph Carl during the closing ceremony, while Sonia waited beside her in silence.

The ceremony ended in a while, and the model went offstage while the audience gave them a standing ovation.

Rebecca propped Sonia up.

After they clapped, Rebecca asked, "Are we going to see Carl, miss?"

Sonia nodded. "Of course. Let's go."

Rebecca returned Sonia's phone to her and helped her backstage, but they didn't go further once they were there. They wanted to wait for Carl, and luckily for them, his manager came out shortly after.

The manager knew Sonia, for he had seen her before, so he greeted, "Hi, Miss Reed. Here to see Carl's show?"

"Yes. He invited me." Sonia smiled.

The manager thought something was off with Sonia, but he couldn't put a finger on it. "Are you here to see Carl?"

"Yes. Can you call him for me?" Sonia asked.

"Sure," the manager agreed. "Give me a moment."

"Thank you." Sonia smiled.

The manager went into the makeup room to call Carl out, and he came out after a couple of minutes.

He had changed out of his show attire, but his makeup was still on, making him look like a handsome vampire in the medieval times. "Sonia." Carl came up to her and greeted her quietly.

"Hi. And here I thought you didn't want to see me."

"I would never," Carl denied.

Sonia snorted. "As if. You didn't even take my calls. Of course you don't want to see me."

"I—" Carl was at a loss for words. It took him a while before answering, "I just didn't know how I should face you. I can't face you. You probably hate me and are angry at me after what I did. I know you won't forgive me, so—"

"It's in the past now. I don't hate you, nor am I angry at you. I forgive you." Sonia sighed.

Carl's eyes shone, and he looked ecstatic. "You're forgiving me, Sonia?"

"Yes." She nodded.

Carl held her hands with a trembling one. "Is it true? You don't blame me for it?"

"Yes, but..." Sonia pulled her hand away. "But you'd better not do anything like that again, you hear me?" she said solemnly.

Darkness swirled within Carl's eyes, but he said, "I won't do it ever again."

"Good to hear." Sonia smiled. "And I found out about your condition."

Carl's face froze. "Y-You know about that?"

"Yes. So listen to me and get a therapist," Sonia advised him genuinely.

Carl squinted at her for a while and looked downward. "Of course."

"Good boy." Sonia patted his arm. He was right beside her, so she didn't need to see to know where his arm was.

At the same time, Rebecca smirked and mouthed, 'You're just saying that so she won't nag at you. You won't see a therapist, right?'

Carl managed to get what she said so he shot her a warning glare, but he retracted it after a moment, worried that Sonia might see it.

Rebecca rolled her eyes. She wanted to tell him to relax since Sonia couldn't see. But in the end, she decided to let him find out about it himself.

"What happened to your head, Sonia?" Carl looked at the bandage coldly, but he was worried for Sonia.

Sonia touched the bandage. "Some madman got to me," she answered calmly.

"Who?" Carl asked.

"Stop asking, Carl. I'll handle this myself. We should go now. Someone might be coming through soon."

Carl was angry that she was keeping it a secret and he clenched his fists, but he had promised he wouldn't do anything outrageous, so he loosened them up. "Let's go to my room. Every model here has one."

"Sure." Sonia nodded and extended her hand.

Carl wondered why she was doing that, but then he got his answer. Rebecca went to hold Sonia.

Sonia waved her hand across the air as if to see if there was a wall. Once she confirmed there wasn't a wall there, she put her hand down.

Carl was shocked and shaken to see that. "Sonia, what happened to your eyes?"

"I can't see, but it's only temporary," Sonia answered honestly. She knew she couldn't hide it for too long from Carl.

Carl held her face. "You can't see? Why? How? What happened?"

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Chapter 387 Toby's Lies

"Let's talk about this in your room." Sonia waved him down, telling him to calm down.

Since there were people staring at them, Carl nodded and calmed down for now. "I'll lead the way."

After leading the ladies to his room, he closed the door and urged Sonia to tell him what happened.

Sonia told him everything.

Carl squinted darkly. Taylor, huh? You'll be getting it soon. "Are you sure you'll heal up, Sonia?" He touched her eyes gently.

Sonia nodded. "Yep, but I don't know when." I'll be leaving Paradigm Co. in Charles' hands for the time being. "Let's not talk about this, Carl. Charles is keeping an eye on her, and I'll handle it once I get back. Let's talk about you. You have another show tomorrow, right?" Sonia asked.

Carl knew she didn't want to talk about Taylor, so he went along with it. "Yes, the show is in the morning."

"I might not be able to attend then." Sonia sighed regrettably.

Carl got nervous. "Why? Are you going back tomorrow morning?"

"No. My flight's the day after tomorrow, but I have things to do tomorrow," Sonia answered cryptically. She wanted to find out if she was really switched at birth and switched back again.

"What is it?" Carl asked.

Sonia smiled. "It's a secret."

Carl's face fell, and he was obviously upset that she wouldn't tell him.

Sonia noticed his displeasure, so she patted his arm. "Calm down, Carl. This is my family business. I don't even know what's going on, so it's not the time to talk about it. I'll tell once I find out about the truth."

"Alright." That cheered Carl up.

Sonia turned around and told Rebecca, "Rebecca, I want to use the restroom. Please take me there."

"Sure." Rebecca put her juice down and helped Sonia go to the restroom. A moment later, Rebecca came back out alone. She stood before Carl and crossed her arms. "So, have you considered it?"

"Consider what?" Carl looked at her darkly.

Rebecca chuckled. "You know what I'm talking about, but since you're playing dumb, I don't mind jogging your memory. Are you coming back to the Hayeses?"

Carl pursed his lips. "I refuse."

"Are you sure?" Rebecca's smile faded. "Carl, I told you before. If you don't come back, you'll lose everything you have in the Hayeses. They're your birthright, but if you don't come back,

those b*stards are going to usurp the family. Do you want that to happen? The Hayeses got this strong all thanks to your grandfather. Do you want to waste his life's work?"

Carl looked at her darkly and clenched his fists.

Rebecca calmed down after stirring him up. "So you don't want to. Then come back. And there's something else I need to tell you. According to my dad's intel, Declan is already in Seafield. We don't know where he is, but we know he's there for you, so look out."

"Rebecca," Sonia called out to her just as Rebecca was done talking.

"Coming!" Rebecca went to the bathroom.

Carl stared at the ground, immersed in his thoughts.

The ladies said goodbye to Carl at midnight and went back to the hotel.

Carl didn't stay in a hotel. The host had a place for the models to stay and he had a meeting later, so he couldn't send Sonia back. But he didn't worry, for Rebecca was by her side. Every time he remembered how powerful Rebecca was and how she had managed to pin him against the wall, he felt frustrated.

After arriving at the hotel, Rebecca pushed Sonia, who was in a wheelchair, toward the elevator. Just when they were in front of the elevator, Rebecca saw a couple of men coming to them from the left. "Mr. Fuller is here too, miss," she exclaimed.

"Toby?" Sonia frowned.

Rebecca stammered, "Y-Yeah."

Right after she said that, Toby came up to them and looked at Sonia. "What a coincidence. You're here too?" he asked gently.

Tom was behind him, rolling his eyes. A coincidence? You followed her here. He only thought about that in silence though. Of course he wouldn't say it, but he could see that Sonia didn't believe Toby either.

Sonia arched her eyebrow. "Really? Didn't hear you were coming to Norfolk."

Toby came up with an excuse, "It's a last-minute decision. The branch company got into some trouble, so I'm here to handle it."

Tom rolled his eyes again. This is the first time I have heard someone cursing their own company.

"Is that so?" Sonia didn't know if he was lying or not since she couldn't see. All she did was nod and keep her silence.

The four of them stood before the elevator in awkward silence.

A short while later, Toby broke the ice by asking, "I heard Tim found out who the assailant is. It's Taylor, isn't it?"

Sonia grunted.

"Did you tell Zane about it?" Toby looked at her. They both made the call to hire Taylor. If that woman's going to get culled, Zane should also play a part in it.

Sonia shook her head. "Not yet. I'll do it after I get back."

"When are you going back?" Toby asked, feigning nonchalance.

Sonia answered coolly, "I don't know. I can go back whenever I want to."

Toby knew she was just hiding her schedule from him. That saddened him, and he stopped asking.

Silence fell upon them again. Even after they got into the elevator, none of them said anything, and the atmosphere felt somber.

After Sonia got out on her floor, she heard Toby coming out after her. "You stay here too?" she asked curiously. This is the business suite area. He should be staying in the presidential suite area.

Toby knew what she was thinking, but he lied, "Someone reserved the presidential suite."

Sonia chuckled. As if. You might not own this hotel, but they are your business partners. And hotel bosses always have their own rooms in their own hotels. If they know you're here,

they'd give their room to you. That's a lie. At that moment, she knew Toby had followed her from the start. "Let's go, Rebecca." Sonia didn't want to talk to him anymore. She patted her wheelchair's armrest, telling Rebecca to take her away.

Rebecca smiled faintly at Toby before taking Sonia away.

Toby didn't follow them. Instead, he saw them off and pursed his lips.

"Sir, Miss Reed seems to be angry." Tom stroked his chin.

Toby stared down at the ground. "Because she knows I was lying."

Tom snickered. "You are a lousy liar, sir. Everyone could tell you were lying."

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Toby looked at him coldly, telling him to shut up.

Tom shrugged, but he said nothing else.

After he saw them going into their room, he turned around and walked to the elevator. Now that he knew where they were staying, there was no point being there anymore. Time to go back to my room.

Rebecca woke Sonia up the next day, since they had to go to the hospital. Rebecca prepared the toothbrush and towel for her, so Sonia could wash herself up right after she went to the

bathroom. There was no need to rummage around. Yep. Bringing Rebecca along was the right decision.

It was then someone rang the doorbell. Rebecca shouted in Sonia's direction, "Someone's here, Miss Reed. I'll take the door."

"Okay." Sonia spat the toothpaste out.

Rebecca looked through the peephole to see who it was. After she realized it was just the hotel staff, she opened the door. "Yes?"

"Are you Miss Reed?" The staff smiled.

Rebecca shook her head. "No, but she's my boss."

"One Mr. Fuller ordered room service for her. Can you sign here, please?" The staff member pushed a breakfast cart out.

There were a few plates on it but they were covered, so the contents were unknown.

Rebecca arched her eyebrow. "I see."

The staff member handed the cart over to her and left.

When Rebecca came in, Sonia just came out of the bathroom by feeling the wall.

When she heard the creak of the cart's wheel, Sonia stopped. "Who was it?"

"The hotel's staff member. He came to deliver our breakfast." Rebecca pushed the cart to the dining table.

Sonia was surprised to hear that. "You already ordered breakfast? I was going to order once I was done washing up."

"This isn't me. It's from a certain someone who loves you." Rebecca pointed at the roof.

Sonia couldn't see where she was pointing, but she knew what Rebecca was talking about. "This is from Toby?" She pursed her lips.

"Yep." Rebecca nodded and took the lids away. When she saw the scrumptious breakfast, she gasped. "Not bad. Let's dig in, miss."

"No. You can eat it yourself." Sonia shook her head.

Rebecca put the lids down and went to Sonia to take her toward the dining table. "Oh, don't do that. This is a free breakfast. Don't waste it. The hotel accepts no refunds, I can't finish it alone, and I don't want to waste food. I know why you don't want to accept it, but we can pay him back later." Rebecca stuffed a spoon into her hand.

Sonia couldn't throw her offer away just like that, so she gave in and sat down. "Pay him back using my phone later."

"Sure." Rebecca nodded as she drank the milk.

After breakfast, they went to the biggest hospital in Norfolk, where Sonia was born twenty-six years ago. Her father said he had gone to Norfolk for business, and her then-pregnant mother had insisted on going with him. In the end, her water broke, and Sonia was born. I have to find out if I was switched at birth.

Back at the hotel, Toby was upset when he found out that Sonia was gone. He knew Carl had another show that morning, and he thought Sonia was for sure going to see it before going back.

Tom glanced at his frustrated boss and adjusted his glasses. "Are we going to the show, sir?"

"No." Toby frowned. It's just a bunch of guys on a runway. "Send two men over to keep an eye on her. Don't let anyone bump into her." Toby pinched the area between his brows. Sonia might have Rebecca with her, but she was just one person. There was a limit to her, especially when it came to crowded places. Sonia couldn't see, so she might bump into someone.

"Yes sir." Tom nodded.

But when Tom's men didn't find Sonia after they went to the runway, Toby realized Sonia didn't attend the show at all.

That worried him. If she isn't there, then where is she? Did someone take her away? Or is she attending to her own matters? He had a lot of questions, but he knew what he must do. Toby narrowed his eyes and ordered, "I want you to look into this. Find out where she is." He would not rest until he found where she was.

Tom knew Sonia's disappearance could mean some serious stuff was going on, so he obliged at once.

On the other hand, Sonia was standing outside the file room in the hospital, waiting nervously. After all, the case happened more than twenty years ago, so it'd take some time for the admin to dig out the relevant files.

She clasped her hands, looking scared. Rebecca noticed that, so she calmed Sonia, "Take it easy, Miss Reed. I know you're the Reeds' daughter. I'm sure of it."

Sonia smiled. "I think so too. There's no reason why my parents loved me so much otherwise, but I just want to verify some things for myself." She wanted to know why Charles saw a different baby on his second visit. She had a hunch that the answer behind that was important. If she couldn't figure it out, it'd haunt her forever.

A while later, the admin came out of the room, holding a yellowing file. "Here's the file you want, miss. It's the record of your birth twenty-six years ago."

Sonia stood up. "Thank you." She felt around for the file, then took it from the admin.

Rebecca said, "I'll help you, miss."

"Sure. Thank you." Sonia handed her the file.

Rebecca took it and opened it carefully. Of course she did. It had been twenty-six years, and the paper could crumble at any given moment. If she exerted too much force, it could turn into a fine powder. PCs weren't that accessible back then, so all the records were written on paper. If she ruined the one she was holding, there would be no backup files to compensate for it.

"What does it say, Rebecca?" Sonia asked urgently.

Rebecca was flipping through it carefully. "I'm reading it. Calm down, miss. This record says that twenty six years ago, Mrs. Reed—that's your mother—gave birth to a female baby that weighed 2.3 kilograms on the sixth of July."

"And? Was the baby switched?" Sonia clenched her fists. That was the most pressing question. If she was switched at birth, her parents would have come back and told the staff to contact the other couple, not to mention that this detail would have been recorded as well.

"Let me take a look." Rebecca kept flipping, then shook her head. "No. Nothing of the likes happened, but there are a lot of checkup reports here. They said the baby wasn't healthy. Wow, you were a sick child, Miss Reed."

Sonia pursed her lips. "I have no idea if that's true. My parents never told me that, but that's not the point. The point is, why isn't there any record of the babies getting switched?" If that's true, then I was not switched at birth. So who was the baby Charles saw? Who was the baby without the birthmark?

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Chapter 389 Clean Background

That's not right. Riddled with questions and wanting answers, Sonia handed her phone to Rebecca. "Call Charles for me."

"Sure." Rebecca closed the file and took Sonia's phone to call Charles.

It didn't take long for the call to make it through. "Hi, babe," Charles said.

Rebecca suddenly had the idea to prank Charles. "Oh, hi, darling."

Sonia choked on her water.

Charles was petrified for a moment, then he growled. "Who the f*ck are you? Who are you calling darling?"

Rebecca wanted to tease him some more, but Sonia stopped her while holding back her laughter. "Alright, enough. Stop messing around, Rebecca. Give me the phone."

Rebecca handed it over, but she was laughing. "It's fun seeing him so nervous though."

Sonia shook her head in amusement and took the call. "It's me, Charles."

Charles was relieved to hear her familiar voice. "Who was that woman, babe? She called me darling out of nowhere and gave me a big shock. I thought I got the wrong number, but I'm sure I didn't."

"It was Rebecca. I told her to call you. She was just playing around." Sonia smiled.

Charles answered angrily, "Damn that wench! Tell her she's getting a piece of my mind once she comes back. How dare she fool around with me?"

"Sure." Sonia chuckled.

Charles was disgruntled, but he calmed down after a moment and got to business. "Didn't expect a call from you at this hour, babe. Did you find anything?"

Sonia's smile faded away. "Yes," she said somberly. "I am in the hospital where I was born, and I saw the file. Our guess was wrong. I was not switched at birth."

"What?" Charles raised his voice then covered his mouth immediately, realizing the people around him were staring. "Are you sure, babe?"

"Yes." She nodded. "That's why I'm calling you now. I want to know about the baby you saw back when you came to my place for the first time when you were a kid."

"For the record, I wasn't hallucinating." Charles went to a corner.

Sonia pinched her nose. "I didn't say you were. I just want you to ask your mother about it. She's my mother's best friend after all, so she might know something."

"Sure. I can do that," Charles said okay and went to ask his mother.

Grace was talking to the relatives. When she saw her son waving at her, she frowned in annoyance, but still she went over to him. "What is it?"

"Mom, I want to ask you something. I saw two bab—Sonias back when I was a kid. What was up with that?" Charles looked at his mother.

Grace glanced at him. "Two Sonias? Did you knock your head something?"

Charles stomped his foot. "I'm talking about the baby I saw when I was a kid. Why did she become a different baby the second time I saw her?"

Grace was slightly shocked to hear that from him and she almost gasped, but she collected herself and calmed down, pretending nothing had happened. "Of course it was a different baby." She smiled.

Charles held his mother's arm, excited that he found a lead. "So who was the baby I saw the first time?"

Grace looked at the floor. "She was the daughter of the Reeds' relative. They wanted Sonia's father to take care of her for a couple of days. That was the baby you saw the first time. Sonia was in her room back then."

"Is that so?" he asked suspiciously.

Grace poked his forehead. "What else is there to it?"

"I thought she got switched at birth and was switched back again," Charles mumbled.

Grace rolled her eyes. "Are you stupid? The news would have been all over it if that happened."

"True." Charles nodded.

Grace breathed a sigh of relief, then squinted at her son. "Why did you ask that all of a sudden, son?"

Charles averted his gaze. "Just curious. I suddenly had a thought about that, and I wanted to know the truth, so here I am. Alright, that's all I had to ask. I'll be going now." He then went away.

Grace saw him off and sighed, her eyes glinting with secrecy.

"Did you hear that, babe?" Charles went back to where he stood and put his phone to his ear again to ask Sonia.

Sonia nodded. "Yes. It was my relative's child." Grace is nice to me. She wouldn't lie.

"Yep," Charles said. "That's a good thing too. Now you know you're really your parents' daughter."

"Yep." Sonia smiled. She did feel relieved after knowing that the first baby was her relative's child.

"So Taylor meant something else when she said your birthmark is a threat to her," Charles suggested.

Sonia sneered. "Yes, but we can get the answer from her after we go back." What's important is knowing I'm the Reeds' daughter.

"True." Charles nodded.

Then someone called out to him, "Time to pay your respects, Charles."

"Coming!" Charles replied.

Sonia heard that, so she said, "You should finish your stuff first, Charles."

"Okay, I'll be leaving now. See you at the airport tomorrow." He hung up and went toward the guy who called him earlier.

Sonia put her phone down as well. "We should go back now, Rebecca."

Rebecca—who had been quiet all this time—pointed at the file. "Are you done with that?"

"Yes. I got all the answers I wanted." Sonia smiled.

Rebecca was happy for her. "That's good news. Give me a second to return the file."

"Sure." Sonia gestured.

Rebecca went back to the room to put the file back. A short while later, she came back to take Sonia and leave the hospital.

After they left, someone went to the file room and asked why Sonia and Rebecca were there. Once he got his answer, the guy called someone.

When Tom found out what happened, he pushed his glasses up his nose. "I see. You can come back now." He put his phone down and went to the study in the presidential suite. Tom knocked on the door, saying, "I found it, sir. Miss Reed went to the hospital to look into her birth record."

Toby frowned. "Now why did she look into that?"

"According to the admin, Miss Reed said she suspected herself of being switched at birth," Tom answered.

Switched at birth? Why did she suspect that? Toby squinted. "And? Was she switched at birth?"

"No. The admin said Miss Reed even made a call to ask someone about that, but she confirmed that she was not switched at birth." Tom shook her head.

Toby nodded. "I see. Since there's nothing wrong with it, then you should drop the case. Go back to work."

"Yes." Tom went out.

After the door was closed, Toby crossed his legs, then clasped his hands and rested them on his stomach. He stared at his desk, deep in his thoughts.

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Chapter 390

Chapter 390 Pay Him Back

A moment later, he unclasped his hand and made a call.

At the same time, Sonia had come back to her room. Since she finally got rid of her big baggage after the trip, she looked happier than ever.

Rebecca noticed that she was humming as well, and she smiled. "You seem happy, miss."

"Of course." Sonia nodded. She was happy to find out that she was no imposter.

Rebecca was infected by Sonia's cheeriness. When she looked at the time and realized it was noon, she went to call the hotel staff. "Are you hungry, miss? I'll get us some room service."

"Sure. But get an extra." Sonia blinked.

Rebecca wondered why she wanted to do that. "Why? There's just the two of us."

"It's for Toby." Sonia pursed her lips. "He gave you back the money you gave him this morning, didn't he? Let's just buy him lunch. He can't give that back, can he?"

Rebecca smiled. "True. I don't know what he likes to eat, but you do, right?" She might not love Toby now, but she used to, so she must still know what he likes to eat.

Sonia didn't give her a straight answer. All she did was give her the names of the dishes. Rebecca made a note and called the receptionist to order room service. Half an hour later, the staff member took the cart to the presidential suite.

Tom opened the door, and he was surprised to see the lunch cart. "We didn't order this." He and Toby were going to go out later for a meal. The person in charge of the Norfolk branch wanted to treat them, so he didn't make any orders. Why did they send room service?

The staff member smiled. "Miss Reed ordered this for Mr. Fuller."

"Miss Reed did?" Tom's eyes shone.

"Yes."

"I see. Give me the cart. I'll take it inside." Tom quickly took over.

The staff member gave it to him and left. Tom immediately took it inside, and he could already imagine the look on Toby's face when he saw it. "Sir." Tom came to the study and knocked. "Miss Reed ordered you lunch."

Toby was in an online meeting with the branch company's person in charge. When he heard what Tom said, he was stunned for a moment, then he closed his laptop and strode toward the door. Sonia got me lunch? Toby was beaming when he opened the door.

After he saw the cart behind Tom, Toby was obviously excited and overjoyed, but he pretended to be calm and collected. "Sonia ordered this for me, you say?"

"Yes." Tom nodded. "Are you happy, sir?" He chuckled.

Toby smiled. "Maybe." He knew why Sonia got him lunch. It's probably because of the breakfast. She doesn't want to owe me. That made him uncomfortable, but he was still happy anyway, since he could pretend that Sonia ordered it specifically for him and not because she wanted to pay him back.

Tom rolled his eyes silently when Toby pretended to be calm despite the fact that his joy was overflowing. "Should I send this to the table for you, sir?" He pointed at the dining table.

Toby waved him down. "I'll do it alone." He then pushed the cart and went toward the dining table.

Tom followed him as Toby pushed the cart around, and he chuckled inwardly. For some reason, he had a feeling he and Toby had switched positions. At that very moment, he was like the boss who had nothing to do, while Toby was the busy assistant. It's nice being the

boss. After they came to the dining table, Tom helped Toby set the table up. When Tom took the lids away and saw the food inside, he was surprised. "It's your favorite food, sir."

Toby looked at the food gently. "I know." He noticed that the moment he saw it. So she still remembers.

"You must be really happy now, sir." Tom gave him a sardonic look.

Toby looked at him and just sat down without even giving Tom an answer. "Tell Stephen that I won't be there for lunch." Toby picked up his fork and spoon.

"Yes." Tom nodded. With Miss Reed ordering his lunch, of course everyone else's lunch is taking a backseat. Tom texted Stephen about it. After the text was sent, he sat down and was about to dig in.

Toby's face fell. "What are you doing?" he asked coldly.

"Digging in," Tom answered matter-of-factly.

"Who said you could eat this?" Toby's voice turned even colder.

Tom blinked at him. "Miss Reed, of course. It's obvious this is a lunch for two. There are even two sets of cutlery. She had me in mind as well."

Toby sneered. "Even if that's the case, you're still not eating this."

"Why?" Tom stared at him in disbelief.

Toby leaned against the chair. "Because it's all mine," he declared bossily. "If you want to eat, go get your own room service. This table here is exclusive."

Tom's lips twitched. He knew his boss was just being territorial about the lunch and was selfish about it. "But you can't finish it alone. It would be a waste if you threw the rest away. That would be an insult to Miss Reed." Tom snickered. He must let me eat now that I've said that. I'm starving.

"Why should I throw it away? I can save it for dinner." Toby looked at him calmly.

"But then you'll be eating leftovers," Tom said.

"I don't care." Toby looked up proudly.

Tom had nothing to say to that, but he was impressed. Toby would never have leftovers for dinner, but he was willing to eat leftovers just because his lover was the one who ordered the food. He had to say he was impressed. He can really go the extra mile just to get her back. All the more impressive when someone like him does it for the sake of love. Pity Miss Reed won't get back with him even if he did this. Tom took a last look at the table of food before leaving in annoyance. So you want me to get my room service? Fine. I'll get the priciest one, and you'll pay for it.

...

Carl came to the hotel to see Sonia after work was done for the day. Just when Sonia was chatting happily with him, Rebecca came in guffawing like a maniac.

The both of them stopped talking and looked at her. Sonia couldn't see, but it didn't stop her from asking, "What happened, Rebecca? Why are you laughing like that?"

"It's not me. It's—" Before she could finish, Rebecca burst into laughter again.

Carl frowned. "Can you stop laughing?" he asked impatiently.

"Sorry. It's not my fault, but this is just too funny. Someone just died from embarrassment." She wiped the tears away from the corner of her eyes. "Just when I came back, I saw Tom dragging a doctor in with him."

"And?" Sonia arched her eyebrow.