

# Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

## Chapter 536

### Chapter 536 The Way He Said It

"We'll just have to look into this and weed out her accomplices, whoever they are," Toby said darkly, narrowing his eyes ominously.

Sonia nodded in agreement with him. There was little point in guessing who might have helped Tina escape when a thorough investigation could give them all the answers.

"Get the bodyguards to come back for now," Toby instructed, pinching the space between his brows wearily as he glanced at Tom. Now that Tina had managed to get away, sending bodyguards after her would be redundant.

Adjusting his glasses, Tom answered, "Yes, President Fuller." With that, he returned to the phone conversation and ordered the bodyguards to come back.

Meanwhile, the doctor was done tending to the abrasions on Sonia's arm. He slipped off his disposable gloves with a flourish and announced, "You're all done, miss. I've disinfected and put ointment on the wounds. Now, you may be tempted to scratch the wounds while they're healing, but let the itching subside on its own, or the wounds might leave the scar."

"Got it, doctor. Thank you," Sonia said with a polite smile.

"You're welcome." The doctor grabbed the medical kit from the coffee table and slipped the strap over his shoulder. "I'll be taking my leave now, President Fuller."

Upon hearing this, Toby jerked his chin at Tom and said, "Tom, see the doctor out and drop by the security office along the way. We need to find out the precise time when Tina showed up around the area."

"Yes, sir!" Tom nodded respectfully, then politely indicated for the doctor to leave through the door. The doctor took the lead, and Tom fell in step behind him.

When the door clicked shut, Sonia and Toby were the only ones left in the large office.

Presently, her gaze flickered over to his bandaged ankle as she asked, "Do you need to use the restroom or go back to your work desk?"

Toby shook his head. "No. Why do you ask?"

Sonia replied, "What I meant was, if you need to go to the restroom or back to your desk to sort through documents, then all you have to do is tell me. Think of me as a human crutch, if you will, since you can't exactly walk on your own at the moment."

"Oh," he said, then nodded slowly as he considered this option. "Got it. I'll let you know if I need your help."

"Right, so you will," she said with a smile. "And if you don't because you want to save me the trouble or whatever, just know that it'll add to my guilty conscience. Regardless of how things culminated, the fact remains that you busted your ankle because you wanted to save me."

In all fairness, Tina had wanted to run the both of them down, but if Toby had dodged away without pulling Sonia along with him, he would have been completely unhurt. At the end of the day, Sonia was the reason he would be limping for the next few days.

At the sight of her guilty expression, Toby sighed. "Come on, don't be too hard on yourself. I brought this onto myself when I rushed to keep you from getting run down."

"You could say that, but—" She was cut off abruptly by the sound of her phone ringing. Frowning, she fished the phone out of her purse and saw Charles' name flashing on the screen. She turned to Toby and muttered, "Sorry, I have to get this."

Toby hummed in response. "Go ahead."

She slid her thumb across the screen to pick up the call and pressed the phone to her ear. "Hey, Charles."

"Hey, baby. I thought you'd have dropped the jewelry off at Toby's by now," Charles said on the other line.

Sonia gave Toby a brief look and replied, "I have."

"Then why aren't you back yet? It's been ages, and we said we'd go over to sign off on the factory later, remember?" Charles pointed out.

She checked the time. "Sorry, but I'll be running late. Something came up."

"Something came up? What is it, baby?" Charles grew concerned. "Do you need my help?"

"No," she said, smiling as she shook her head. "It's fine. Everything has been handled for now."

Relieved, Charles prompted, "Oh, well, in that case, hurry back. Any later and the construction team will be getting off their shift."

Sonia nodded and gave a small hum. "Okay, I'll get back as soon as possible."

"Alright. See you later, then." Having said this, Charles ended the call.

Sonia set the phone aside, and Toby handed her a glass of water as he asked, "So, what did Charles want?"

"Thanks," she mumbled as she took the glass. Then, in response to Toby's question, she explained, "You know how you gave me a piece of land a couple of months ago because of Tina? I built a factory on it, and now the construction is nearly done. They want me to go over and run a final check before signing off on it."

"Congratulations," Toby said cheerily. "Now that you have a factory, you won't have to outsource manufacturers for your inventory."

He raised his own glass of water and made a toast to her new achievement.

Seeing this, Sonia broke into a smile and clinked her glass against his. "You're right. I won't have to stoop down to beg for others' favors or put my pride on the line now that I have the factory set up."

She still remembered how she had gone to Autumn Crest Hill for a meeting with Director Sandberg and his team. She had only just taken over Paradigm Co. then, and she was supposed to negotiate for manufacturing contracts with Director Sandberg, but all she got out of the deal was a round of harassment from the old director and his team of leering

men. If Toby had not shown up to intervene back then, Director Sandberg and his employees might have had their way with her.

She shuddered at this, disgusted by how vile the experience had been and how she would hate to relive it.

“With the factory close to completion, have you looked into equipment suppliers?” Toby asked after sipping his water, drawing Sonia out of her thoughts.

She frowned. “I haven’t actually decided on that, but I’m considering international suppliers, since their engineering technology is much more advanced than what I could find in the local market. That being said, I’m going to need a buying channel if I set my mind on overseas equipment, and I am without one at the moment.”

“I could make arrangements for you,” Toby offered, eyeing her steadily.

She shook her head vehemently when she heard this and flapped her hand to turn him down. “Oh, no, don’t trouble yourself. I intend to take a look at the equipment myself when I go overseas.”

He cocked a brow at this. “I didn’t know you were planning a trip abroad.”

Clasping her glass of water, Sonia hummed thoughtfully and said, “A friend from my alma mater is throwing an engagement party next month on the tenth. She called me up two days ago and invited me to the party, and apparently, her fiancé comes from a family that owns a mining company. They’re supposedly collaborating with a lot of engineering companies, so when I go over next month for her party, I’ll try my luck and see if I can set up a buying channel.”

Next month on the tenth... Engagement party... The fiancé comes from a family that owns a mining company...

These strung together in Toby’s mind, and he wondered idly if they were part of a coincidence as he glanced in the direction of his work desk, the drawer of which contained the invitation to an engagement party.

Much like Sonia’s friend, the soon-to-be groom who had sent Toby the invitation was having the engagement party on the tenth of next month, and his family happened to also be in the mining business.

Connecting the dots, Toby deduced that he and Sonia would be attending the same engagement party in the following month.

Amused by the thought of this, he began to smile, and soon a low chuckle escaped him.

Next to him, Sonia shot him a baffled look and asked, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," he sputtered softly, lowering his gaze to hide the lingering amusement in his eyes. He had no plans of telling her that they would be attending the same engagement party, because he would very much like to see how she would react when she saw him on the day of. Would she be surprised or overjoyed? Or both?

He could almost see her staring at him, wide-eyed with astonishment. The picture alone was enough to entertain him, and he resisted the urge to laugh once more.

Sonia, on the other hand, was a little flustered by Toby's sudden mysterious front, but she didn't want to press further if he had no intention of telling her in the first place. Everyone had their own secrets, after all.

She put her phone into her bag, and she had only just tugged on the zipper when she heard Toby ask, "By the way, is Charles still calling you baby?"

At that moment, Sonia wasn't sure if she was imagining it, but she thought Toby had added emphasis to the word 'baby'. He had also said it in a hoarse voice, which only added a suggestive edge to the word that gave her stomach butterflies and made blood rush to her face.

Worst of all, he made a point to look deep into her eyes when he said the word 'baby', and she was having a hard time deciding if he had done so on purpose.

For a moment, she thought her face was heating up too much and too quickly for her own good. She instinctively reached up and patted her cheeks with both hands. Sure enough, her skin felt hot to the touch. It didn't help that her heart was suddenly thumping wildly in her chest, threatening to fly out of her chest even though she was trying to stay calm.

# Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

## Chapter 537

### Chapter 537 A Little Too Unreasonable

Sonia had one hand pressing her chest and the other fanning herself to cool down the flush on her face.

Toby stared at her in mild bewilderment and asked, "Are you okay?"

"I-I'm perfectly fine!" Sonia stammered, swallowing convulsively as she looked down to avoid his gaze. My goodness, what's wrong with me? Why is my heart beating so fast? Why is my face burning up? Calm down! He wasn't actually calling me 'baby'; he was only platonically referring to Charles' nickname for me, so why am I acting so weird about it?

Charles had more often than not called her 'baby', but never once had she ever felt the way she did now. Logically speaking, the way Toby had called her by the same nickname shouldn't affect her this much.

Presently, Toby could tell that Sonia was being evasive. With narrowed eyes, he gazed at her intently, as though he wanted to see through her.

After a pause, he appeared to understand what was going on. Dark amusement glittered in his eyes as he leaned forward, closing the distance between them. The corner of his lips curled with a devious smirk as he said slowly, "You still haven't answered me, Sonia. Does Charles still call you 'baby'? Hmm?"

This time, he added even more emphasis and bass to the word, and the suggestive edge that came with his gravelly tone only made Sonia draw in a sharp breath.

"S-Stay away from me!" She abruptly stood up and marched forward, effectively putting some distance between them. She had her back turned to him, and she refused to spin around no matter what.

Catching sight of the red tips of her ears, Toby more or less knew what her face must look like at the moment. It's probably the same shade of red as her ears.

By the looks of it, he was sure that his words earlier had brought about her sudden rush of embarrassment. Realizing this, he rested his cheek against the palm of his hand, and a teasing grin played on his lips as he drawled, "Make him stop calling you that from now on."

"Why?" Sonia rubbed her face as though to relax her expression, inhaling deeply to calm her nerves before she spun to look at Toby.

He met her gaze and said plainly, "Because I don't like it."

She pursed her lips. "That's your problem. Why should Charles give up calling me that just because you want him to?"

"Because it's a term of endearment that connotes an intimacy the both of you do not share. You aren't lovers, and more importantly, I'll get jealous. I've tolerated his inappropriate behavior for long enough, and I have no plans to continue tolerating it. Sonia, I hope to be the only one who gets to call you by that nickname." There was no hesitation or mockery in his eyes as he said this, and his voice was as grave as it was steady.

Something glistened in Sonia's eyes as she demanded, "Don't you think you're a little too unreasonable right now?"

"Not at all. I'm just doing what I think is right," Toby countered gently, his features softening with an unspoken sentiment.

Sonia parted her lips, but just as she was about to say something, the door to the office swung open before Tom marched in with a laptop.

As soon as he came in, he registered the strange dynamics in the room and halted in his long strides. He saw that Sonia had stood up even though Toby was still seated on the couch, and immediately sensed that something was off. "Oh, did I—" He broke off and shot Toby a nervous look, his heart beating frantically in his chest. "Did I come in at the wrong time?"

From the looks of it, something had happened between Sonia and Toby, and his sudden entrance interrupted them. With that in mind, Tom wished that lightning could strike him on

the spot. He slowly assessed Toby's icy expression and instantly knew that he had come in at a bad time. His lips twitched anxiously as he tried to telepathically convey his apologies.

Sorry, President Fuller! It was my fault! I should have known better! This won't happen again!

"It doesn't matter. Are you here because you've finished going through the security footage?" Toby asked in a bone-chilling voice, rubbing his temple tiredly.

Upon hearing the words 'security footage', Sonia hurriedly resumed her seat.

Tom nodded grimly. "Yes, I've gone through all of them. Tina was seen pulling up outside our building at 2.00PM, and from there onward, she stayed put in the car. Here's the footage I've edited." Having reported that, he placed the laptop in front of Sonia and Toby, after which he clicked into the footage in question.

The first thing Sonia saw was her own red Mercedes-Benz appearing in the footage, followed by the scene where she got down from the car and walked into the building.

Right after she walked into the building, a black sedan pulled up on the street across from her car.

Tom pointed at the black sedan and said, "Right there! That's Tina's car!"

Astonished, Sonia gasped with her fists clenched, "This was the car she was driving?"

"Why? Does the car seem familiar to you?" Toby asked, looking at her intently.

She shook her head, then nodded. "I don't actually find the car familiar, but the license plate rings a bell."

"The license plate?" Toby narrowed his eyes and looked back at the footage, focusing on the license plate on Tina's car.

The footage was clear and in technicolor, and Toby had no trouble reading the license plate at all. It featured a number thirteen, which seemed appropriate, given how Tina was the very definition of bad luck itself.

"This morning, Charles and I were driving over to Paradigm Co. when we noticed a car tailgating us. It was the same car, and I know this because the license plate was particular



enough to catch my eye. But just as Charles and I were about to call the police, the car drove away. We figured it was only a coincidence that it was on the same route as us, but to be on the safe side, I had Daphne look into the owner of the license plate after I arrived at Paradigm Co.”

“So, who was the owner?” Toby urged, his face stormy.

Sonia chewed on her lower lip. “Well, the data showed that the owner of the license plate was just a normal civilian, so I let my guard down. But I didn’t think that Tina would turn out to be the owner!”

When Tina had tried to run her and Toby down earlier, Sonia had been so caught up with avoiding the collision that she didn’t even pay attention to the license plate. That would explain why, in the heat of things, she hadn’t noticed that Tina’s car was the same one that had tailgated her that morning.

“No, that can’t be. If Tina was the owner all along, then your secretary couldn’t possibly have said that the license plate belonged to a civilian,” Tom countered doubtfully. “Could it be that your secretary is an accomplice of hers, Miss Reed?”

“That’s impossible,” Sonia said defensively. “Daphne could never work for someone like Tina.”

Toby interjected coolly, “The problem likely lies in the license plate itself. Tom, look into the license plate and see if it belongs to Tina or the civilian Sonia mentioned.”

Tom nodded gravely. “Right away, sir!”

While Tom took out his phone to make a call, Sonia and Toby watched the rest of the footage. There was nothing particularly exciting after Tina was spotted pulling up by the curb because she never got down from the car, and the street saw its usual stream of pedestrians and passing vehicles.

It wasn’t until two hours later, when Toby and Sonia showed up on the other side of the street, that Tina’s car started to move.

After that, the scene of the almost-accident played before their very eyes. Tina had attempted to crash her car into them, and they tried to dodge her.

Having finished the footage, Toby laced his fingers together and placed his hands on top of his knees, then lowered his gaze in thought.

Sonia, on the other hand, merely drew in a breath without saying anything.

Just like that, a tense silence descended upon the office.

A few minutes later, Tom hung up the phone and returned to stand before the two others, after which he reported dutifully, "President Fuller, we've looked into it, and the data shows that the license plate belongs to a normal civilian, just as Miss Reed's secretary had found."

"Which means Tina was using a forged license plate," Toby said with a wintry smile.

Tom nodded. "Apparently so. She must have had it made at the last minute; otherwise, she would be pulled over for driving a vehicle without a license plate, and that would hinder her plans of following Miss Reed."

"That's enough for now." Toby nodded solemnly. "Now, look into the Gray Family and the Stone Family. I want to know if they were helping Tina in the shadows."

Up until now, the news of Tina being alive had yet to be made public, though the police would have already informed the Gray Family about it. They had to, seeing as the Gray Family had previously been grieving after Tina reportedly took her own life by jumping off a building.

It would make sense then if the Gray Family, having stopped mourning over Tina's non-existent death, was secretly helping her plot revenge.

# Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

## Chapter 538

### Chapter 538 Toby's Bodyguards

"Right away," Tom replied solemnly, then left to carry out Toby's orders.

Presently, Sonia lifted her arm to glance at her watch and saw that it was drawing close to 4.30PM. Letting her arm fall back to her side, she was about to bid goodbye to Toby when he beat her to the chase. "Well, if you're going to sign off on the factory, then you should probably get going now. Go straight home as soon as you're done, or it won't be safe after nightfall."

"Okay," she agreed, rising to her feet. "I'll be leaving now."

Just then, he picked up his phone and stopped her. "Hold on. I'll get someone to escort you back."

"Oh, that won't be necessary. I can drive," Sonia said, turning him down with a cursory wave of her hand.

He looked at her gravely and pointed out, "I think it's entirely necessary. I don't like the idea of leaving you on your own; who knows if Tina will ambush you along the way?"

Upon hearing this, Sonia fell silent, and she pictured herself driving along the way and running into Tina. She'd probably step on the gas and crash into my car, then hope that the impact would be enough to kill me.

Sonia shuddered at the eerie thought of this and decided to take up Toby's offer. Bowing her head in polite gratitude, she said, "Thank you."

He nodded once, then sent out instructions through his phone. After that, he set his phone aside and announced, "Done. You can head down to the lobby now; the team I've arranged to escort you will be waiting for you there."

She gave a small nod. "Okay. I'll get going now, then."

Toby gave a casual flap of his hand to dismiss her. "Go on."

With one last glance at his bandaged ankle and a gentle reminder that he should keep the area dry, Sonia slung her purse over her shoulder and walked out of his office.

As she stepped out of the elevator and into the lobby, she indeed came upon the men whom Toby had arranged to escort her. These men were uniformed bodyguards who towered over her and boasted strong, bulky physiques, attributes that instantly made her feel a sense of security.

That being said, what surprised Sonia the most was not the bodyguards' physiques, but the way they intended to escort her. She would be driving back with one of their cars tailing her and the other in front of her.

She had believed that Toby would want the bodyguards to be in her car while escorting her back, but as it turned out, he had thought differently.

Now that she looked at it, an arrangement like this was for the best in terms of security. With two cars escorting her, Tina would not be able to reenact her murderous scheme from earlier that afternoon, at least not without crashing first into either one of the bodyguards' cars.

Warmth coursed through Sonia as she smiled to herself, a little surprised by Toby's foresight in planning all this.

She suddenly realized how much attention to detail Toby paid to whatever he did or intended to do.

At the entrance of the newly built factory, Charles flicked his cigarette butt away when he saw Sonia's familiar red car draw near and accused, "Took you a while to finally get here, baby,"

Sonia got down from the car and flashed him a quick, apologetic smile. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Charles."

“Nah, don’t worry about it. I’ve only been here for half an hour,” he said with a grin. Then, he noticed the two cars that had escorted Sonia back and asked curiously, “Hey, what’s going on here, baby? Who are these people?”

She was being frank as she pointed at the other two cars and explained, “Those are Toby’s cars, and the ones driving them are Toby’s bodyguards.”

“And why did his bodyguards follow you here?” Charles pressed, frowning.

“It’s a long story, but basically, Toby dispatched them for my own safety, and they’ll leave once they’ve escorted me back to Bayside Residence later,” she elaborated, running her fingers through her hair to keep it in place.

Charles gave another pointed look at the cars, and he was about to say something when Sonia glanced at the time and said, “Okay, that’s enough for now, Charles. It’s getting late, and we have a factory to see.”

“Oh, right,” he said, snapping out of his thoughts when he heard this. He stored away his questions and fell in step behind her as she walked through the factory entrance.

It was 6.00PM when they signed off on the factory. The sky was gradually darkening, and Sonia was ready to leave after she had finalized the amendments and handed them to the construction team.

Charles, on the other hand, was sitting in Sonia’s car as he eyed the bodyguard’s car up front, then poked his head out of the window to peer at the other car following them. Suspicion filled him as he prompted unhappily, “I think it’s about time you explain to me why Toby sent two bodyguards to escort you, baby.”

He hadn’t wanted to ask back at the factory, not while Sonia had been busy checking through the construction work. However, now that they were already making their way home, he figured she had no reason to avoid his questions anymore.

Next to him in the driver’s seat, Sonia was unfazed by Charles’ curiosity. Knowing him, she knew that he would not relent until she gave him all the answers he wanted.

With her hands on the steering wheel, she began unaffectedly, “Well, if you must know, something happened this afternoon...” She told him about the incident where Tina tried to kill her in a car crash.

Having heard the end of the story, Charles looked aghast as he exclaimed, "What the hell? I didn't know something as dramatic as that went down!"

"Yeah, and out of concern for my safety, Toby dispatched two bodyguards to escort me. He's just worried that Tina might ambush me again," Sonia said, glancing at the car behind her through her side mirrors.

Charles couldn't bring himself to be unhappy with Toby after this. After all, Toby was taking all the necessary measures to keep Sonia safe. If I start protesting over something like this, then I'd look downright petty.

"By the way, baby, didn't you say that Toby sent someone after Tina? If he's having these bodyguards escort you home, does that mean Tina got away?" Charles asked, his brows knitted tightly together.

Sonia hummed in response. "They were close to cutting off her escape route, but she had back-up and got away. Now, Toby's looking into her potential connections to see who's been helping her in the shadows, and once he finds out, he'll let me know."

"Damn!" Charles slapped his thigh in a fit of anger. "I don't get it. How could anyone still back Tina up after all the mess she brought onto herself? What kind of connections does she have?"

Sonia lowered her gaze in thought, looking somber as she said, "Who knows? But no matter who her connections are, I won't let her get away that easily!"

He nodded at this. "Obviously."

Without adding anything more to the conversation, Sonia pursed her lips and grew reticent. At the sight of her grim expression, Charles left her alone and began to scroll through his phone in silence.

They pulled up at Bayside Residence half an hour later, and the bodyguards who had done their job bade Sonia goodbye before leaving in their respective cars.

Watching their cars drive into the distance, Charles rubbed his chin pensively and pointed out, "To be honest, baby, I think you should hire a couple of bodyguards to follow you around at all times like those two did, seeing as Tina is still lurking in the shadows and probably getting ready to ambush you."

Sonia did not object to his suggestion and merely laughed good-naturedly. "I'll consider doing just that."

Then, she opened her side of the door and got down from the car while Charles followed suit.

She rounded the front of the car and walked up to the passenger's side where Charles was standing, then said, "Why don't you take the car tonight and pick me up here tomorrow morning? There's a meeting at Paradigm Co. tomorrow that you could sit in for."

"Okay," he answered readily with a grin, then walked over to the driver's side of the car jauntily.

Having done so, he held the door open and waved goodbye at Sonia. "Guess I'll be leaving then, baby."

She hummed in response, but just as Charles was about to duck into the car, she suddenly thought of something and spun around to call out to him, "Hey, wait a minute, Charles!"

"What's wrong?" Charles was already halfway behind the steering wheel when he heard her and ducked out from the car.

Toby's words echoed in Sonia's mind, and she parted her red lips as she stammered, "Uh... Charles, do you think you could maybe stop calling me 'baby' from now on?" She found herself agreeing with Toby that the term of endearment was far too intimate to be appropriate for a friendship like hers and Charles'.

The grin on Charles' face slipped when he heard this, and he demanded in bewilderment, "Did you just ask me to stop calling you 'baby'?"

"Yes," she replied with a firm nod.

"But why?" He slammed the car door shut and closed the distance between them with a couple of long strides, seeking an explanation from her.

She looked up at him and said, "Because I don't think it's appropriate."

Confusion dawned upon him. "How is it not appropriate?"

# Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

## Chapter 539

### Chapter 539 Charles' Feelings

"It just isn't, okay?" Sonia let out a weary sigh and went on to say, "Look, a term of endearment like this should only be used if you and I are lovers, but we aren't. We're just friends, and calling me 'baby' is a little over-the-top."

Charles laughed, but it was cold and devoid of his usual humor. "Oh, suddenly it's 'over-the-top'? I've been calling you that for over a decade, and you've never said there was anything wrong with it until now. Did somebody talk to you about this and make you stop me from calling you that?"

Sonia's eyes widened by a fraction, but that was enough to make Charles understand the truth behind this unexpected shift. He clenched his fists and said through gritted teeth, "So somebody does want me to stop calling you that. Let me guess—is it Toby?"

There was no answer from Sonia, but something flashed in her eyes that looked a lot like admission.

"I'm right, aren't I?" Charles sneered in disgust. "Look at you being an obedient little girl and asking me to stop calling you a decade-long nickname just because he told you to."

Guilt rose within her when she heard this, and she chewed on her lip as she tried to explain, "I'm sorry, Charles. I'll admit that Toby was the one who asked me to do this. He said to tell you that he wants you to stop calling me 'baby' because it's inappropriate, but when I seriously considered it, I found myself agreeing with him. A nickname like that really is inappropriate between the both of us."

Sonia hadn't given much thought to this matter until Toby brought it up. After he had, it was as if something clicked in her. The nickname Charles had given her was far too intimate and flirtatious to be considered platonic.



However, Charles was less than understanding as a contemptuous smirk tugged on his lips. "No, this has nothing to do with whether the nickname was inappropriate or not. You're just worried that if you let this continue, you're going to make a certain someone very unhappy, and you don't want that."

Sonia stiffened. "W-What?"

"Nothing!" Charles took a step back and returned to the driver's side of the car. He opened the door, then ducked to retrieve the key from the ignition. "I'm going to ask you one last time: do you really want me to stop calling you by that nickname?"

She parted her lips, hesitation overwhelming her. But at that moment, Toby's face flashed in her mind and batted away the doubt that threatened to cloud her judgment, and she finally nodded with a firm hum.

Upon hearing her answer, Charles felt his heart drop to his stomach, and the hope he had been clinging to disappeared.

There was bitterness in his eyes as he drawled, "Got it. I can see that you've made up your mind on this, and if that's what you want, then I'm fine with it. From now on, I won't call you 'baby' anymore, but you know what? As soon as I stop calling you that, our relationship will no longer be the same."

She frowned. "What do you mean? All we're dropping is the nickname, but that doesn't have to change anything between us."

"If it's a real friendship we're talking about here, then of course, nothing will change. But we're different." He tightened his grip on the car keys and took in a breath. "You were the only person I've ever called 'baby', because doing that makes me feel like I have a special place in your heart, like I'm irreplaceable. Now that you've taken away my privilege to do that, it only goes to show that I'm no different than any other friend you have; I'm not as important or irreplaceable as I thought. So I guess this is it."

With that, he put the keys on the car's hood and turned to head for the pavement.

"Charles!!" Sonia cried out at the sight of this, suddenly growing frantic.

However, it was as if Charles hadn't heard her at all. He didn't look like he was going to turn around or stop in his tracks as he marched toward the pavement, then raised an arm to hail an approaching taxi. The next second, he got into the idling car and left.

Seemingly frozen in place, Sonia watched the taxi speed away with indecipherable emotions rushing through her.

She had picked up on several things from Charles' soliloquy earlier, and one of them that she was suddenly made aware of was his feelings for her.

She felt her nails dig into her palms, and she shook her head to clear her thoughts as disbelief colored her expression.

Needless to say, she couldn't believe that Charles had never treated their friendship as a platonic one all along and that he actually had developed romantic feelings for her over the years.

If he hadn't said all that, then Sonia would have been completely kept in the dark.

So that was why he wanted to call me 'baby' and why he reacted the way he did when I asked him to stop.

Indeed, had he seen her as just a friend and nothing more, then he wouldn't have reacted quite so dramatically when she asked him to stop calling her 'baby'. He might be wounded, but not to the extent of wanting to keep a distance from her.

"Oh, Charles..." Sonia muttered under her breath ruefully, staring in the direction where Charles had gone.

Although she grew sad at the sour turn their relationship had taken and how they would no longer be as close as they had been, she didn't regret what she had done.

Maybe she would regret it if she had never discovered Charles' hidden romantic feelings for her, but right now, she was sure she had done the right thing. If she had allowed the nickname to go on between them, then Charles' feelings for her would only grow deeper and take root, so much so that he wouldn't be able to let them go.

But she could never love him back, and whatever sentiments he had for her could never be reciprocated. She would only hurt him in the end.

Having him give up his affectionate nickname for her had as good as clarified her feelings toward him. Her stance in the matter was clear: she saw him as just a friend and nothing more. Perhaps all this had happened soon enough to keep him from falling even more for her, and he could save himself from inevitable heartbreak.

At the thought of this, Sonia sighed ruefully and walked up to the car. She picked up the keys Charles had left on the hood and turned to head into the apartment building.

Meanwhile, Toby went back to the Fuller Residence after Sonia had left his office, and he had only just gotten down from the car when his phone rang.

He raised his hand, signaling Tom to stop pushing the wheelchair, and answered the call.

"President Fuller, we have escorted Miss Reed safely back to Bayside Residence," the man on the other line reported.

Toby hummed. "Well done. Any sightings of strange cars along the way?"

"No, sir."

A frown etched upon Toby's face as he replied stoically, "I see. From now on, I want the both of you to watch over Sonia and keep her safe, but stay hidden throughout."

"Yes, sir," the man on the other line said solemnly, nodding.

Without another word, Toby hung up the phone.

Upon seeing Toby put his phone down, Tom proceeded to wheel him through the doors of the Fuller Residence.

As soon as Toby entered the living room, he was greeted by the sight of Jean sitting with her back turned to him on the sofa.

She appeared to be holding a mirror in one hand while the other was placed on her collarbone, her fingertips brushing against something. She was also muttering something along the lines of, "Absolutely gorgeous."

Toby quirked a brow and asked aloud, "Mom, what are you doing?"

Startled by his voice, Jean faltered, and the mirror she had been holding nearly clattered to the ground. It dropped onto her lap instead with enough force to bruise her skin, and she hissed at the impact.

However, she paid no mind to this as she threw the mirror aside and rubbed the sore spot where the mirror had landed. With one hand pressed to her collarbone, she hurriedly spun around and flashed Toby a nervous smile as she said, "Toby, I didn't know you were coming home today. I thought you'd be staying at your own place."

Seeing the panic that lay behind her forced smile, Toby narrowed his eyes and explained flatly, "I'm just here to take a couple of things. What's wrong with your neck, Mom? Why are you covering it?"

His piercing gaze made her all the more uneasy as cold sweat threatened to roll down her temples. She gazed at him with wide, watery eyes as she said, "I-I'm having allergies, so my neck—"

Before she could finish speaking, her phone rang and cut through the brewing tension in the room. Upon hearing the ringtone, Jean reached for her phone instinctively, but she realized what she had done the moment she lifted her hand away from her collarbone. A cry nearly escaped her as she thought, Oh, no! He caught me!

Standing behind Toby, Tom felt his jaw drop in surprise when he saw the necklace Jean was wearing and demanded incredulously, "Is that the Ocean's Heart?"

Having seen it too, Toby frowned and asked darkly, "Mom, isn't the Ocean's Heart supposed to be in Sonia's possession? Why do you have it on you right now?"

Jean swallowed when she heard his confrontational tone, and her gaze darted from one corner of the room to the other as she tried to come up with an excuse. "T-This is a knock-off! A premium knock-off! It's not the real thing!"

# Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

## Chapter 540

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Chapter 540 Jean's Confession

"A premium knock-off?" Toby repeated grimly, the air around him growing cold.

Tom's lips twitched, and he was rendered speechless as he thought, A premium knock-off of the Ocean's Heart? What a ridiculous lie!

Not knowing that Toby and Tom had already caught her in her lie, Jean thought she had them fooled. Nodding frantically, she said, "Yes, a premium knock-off. I specifically went to the mall to get it, and it cost me thousands!"

"Mom, do you seriously think the Ocean's Heart would have a knock-off in the market?" Toby demanded as he stared at her impassively.

Upon hearing this, Jean felt the sirens going off in her head, and a wave of uneasiness crashed over her as she stammered, "W-What do you mean?"

"What I meant was that the Ocean's Heart was auctioned off as soon as it was made, and no photos of it had ever been made public. The rest of the world only knew the Ocean's Heart as an extremely valuable piece of jewelry, but they never saw what it looked like. As for that shop that you supposedly went to, why don't you tell me where they came across the real Ocean's Heart and thereafter produce a counterfeit like that?" he asked icily and pressed his lips into a thin line.

She blanched and began to stammer, "I-I..." She was at a loss for words, having reached the peak of embarrassment now that her bluff had been called.

Rubbing the space between his brows, he asked, "So, are you ready to tell me how the Ocean's Heart came to be in your possession?"

She held onto the Ocean's Heart that was nestled upon her collarbone and forced herself to meet Toby's piercing gaze. Understanding that she could not lie any further, she finally spoke the truth. "Sonia gave it to me."

"That's impossible!" Toby countered sternly with a frown.

Hurrying to her own defense, Jean insisted, "She really did give it to me! You were hospitalized when she came over to look for you. I was the one who greeted her at the door, and she handed the necklace to me so I could pass it to you, but I—"

"But you decided to keep it for yourself instead when you realized that it was the Ocean's Heart, is that it?" Toby asked, narrowing his eyes dangerously.

Jean looked down in shame as though to confess in silence.

Taking a deep breath to keep his rage at bay, Toby reached a hand toward her and barked coldly, "Give me the necklace."

"No," she cried in protest when she heard this and tightened her grip on the Ocean's Heart. She shook her head vehemently, her unwillingness showing on her face. "You were the one who bought the Ocean's Heart in the first place, Toby, and when you first gave it to that bit—"

His expression grew sullen. "Hmm?"

Knowing how he felt toward Sonia at the moment, Jean realized that she had said something wrong. She opened and closed her mouth, then tried to cover up her mistake as she argued, "What I meant to say was, Sonia was the one at fault when she snatched the Ocean's Heart away in the beginning, and now that she has returned it out of her own good conscience, you could give it to me instead of letting it lie around the house."

"No!" Toby snapped through gritted teeth, then reached out to her once more. "Give me the necklace."

Jean tried to persuade him once more. "Toby—"

However, he did not budge as he hissed, "Give it to me!"

She heard the impatience and dangerous undertone in his voice and thought better than to push his limits. She quickly unclasped the necklace and handed it over to him reluctantly, all the while clenching her jaw.

Having taken one end of the necklace, Toby made to pull it in, only to find that it would not budge in mid-air. Frowning, he looked up to see that Jean had not entirely released the other end of the necklace even as she handed it over, and her face was the perfect picture of reluctance.

He sighed wearily. "Tom."

"Yes, sir," Tom replied swiftly.

"Have a set of jewelry made for Madam White tomorrow."

"Very well, sir," Tom answered respectfully with a nod.

Then, Toby turned to look at Jean like he was dealing with a child. "Did you hear that, Mom? Tom is going out tomorrow to have an expensive set of jewelry made for you, so could you please let go of the Ocean's Heart and let me have it now?"

He couldn't pull the Ocean's Heart out of her hands by force. Otherwise, he might risk breaking it.

Meanwhile, Jean stared longingly at the Ocean's Heart, not at all interested in or overjoyed at the prospect of owning new jewelry. She knew that no jewelry could come close to being as valuable as the Ocean's Heart, and naturally, she would not settle for less.

"Let's talk about this, shall we, Toby?" Jean forced out a smile on her plump face as she desperately argued, "Sonia has already returned the Ocean's Heart, which could only mean that she no longer wants it. You—"

"No," he snapped in brusque rejection. "Even if she returned it because she didn't want it anymore, I would still keep it for her. As far as I'm concerned, she's the only one who gets to have the Ocean's Heart."

"But—"

Toby had completely lost his patience now, and through gritted teeth, he hissed, "No buts. Let go of the necklace."

At last, Jean let go of her end of the necklace and let him take it. As unwilling as she was, she dared not go against him. He might be raised by her, but his demeanor took after his grandmother's, and hell hath no fury like a scorned Toby.

Presently, after taking back the Ocean's Heart, Toby felt the anger in him subside as his expression softened. He carefully slipped the necklace into the pocket of his pants, then shot Jean a somber look. "Mom, I'm sure Grandma has told you about how Sonia and I would eventually remarry and how you should stop having such unwarranted hostility against her, right?"

Jean nodded slowly at first, then asked unhappily, "Are you really planning on going through another marriage with her, Toby?"

"Yes," he answered firmly.

Incensed, Jean protested, "What's so wonderful about her anyway? Why can't you just let her go?"

"Maybe you should tell me why you have such little regard for her. What did she ever do to make you hate her so much?" he countered coolly instead of answering her questions.

Scoffing, Jean began to say, "She's a terrible person through and through! She—" Just as she was about to come up with examples of Sonia's supposed terrible personality, Jean found herself at a total loss of words. Surprised and somewhat bewildered by this realization, she wondered why she couldn't pinpoint any of Sonia's flaws.

As though reading her mind, Toby rubbed his temples wearily. "Do you know why you can't think of a single bad thing about Sonia, Mom? Because you know as well as I do that she has done nothing wrong. Six years ago, she showed you respect regardless of how you treated her, and she never retaliated. She took care of Tyler even when he bullied her, but she only brushed it off and did what was asked of her. It's precisely because she has done everything right that you can't nitpick on her, so I don't understand why you hate her so much."



Why? Jean lowered her gaze and muttered, "Because she comes from a terrible family, and she'll only pull your leg if she sticks by you. How do you expect me to tolerate having a daughter-in-law like her?"

"A terrible family?" He scoffed incredulously. "That's the most ridiculous reason I've ever heard!"

Behind him, Tom nodded in agreement with Toby; he couldn't quite understand Jean's argument, either.

Granted, having daughters-in-law who came from questionable or below-average family backgrounds was taboo among older women in the upper-crust society, but these women differed from Jean. They were born and raised as blue-bloods with impressive wealth at their disposal, so Tom could see why they might think lowly of daughters-in-law who had poor roots.

However, Jean's background was worse off than Sonia's. At the very least, the latter's family had been affluent, even if for a short while. The former, on the other hand, was born into an average working-class family, so for her to look down on Sonia's upbringing was confounding.

"Why is that ridiculous?" Jean put her hands on her hips, indignant. "I just don't want you to marry someone who can never match up to the Fuller Family's standards, someone who could never offer you the help or support you need. Bringing a woman like her into the family will only make you the laughing stock of the circle. Can't you imagine the shame of it all? I'm saying this because I see you as my own son, Toby, and I don't want you to go through what your father did back in the day."