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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 761

Chapter 761 I'm Sure You Won't Mind

The woman bit down on her lip. Not wanting to dwell on this, she took a deep breath and suppressed the tempest within her, then forced out a smile as she pointed out, "Doctor, with all due respect, I think the most important thing we need to know now is how that man in the emergency room is doing, so we'd be grateful if you could tell us more about that. As for what I used to look like..." She trailed off, and a dark gleam came into her eyes, though it passed just as quickly as she continued, "I won't ever show up again in front of any of you once that man recovers from his injuries, so I don't think it means anything for you to know what I used to look like, does it?"

"She has a point, Dr. Lancaster. I mean, she's only a stranger to you, and it's a little strange to ask about what she used to look like. It'd be great if you could tell me how President Fuller is doing now," Tom urged, nodding in agreement with what the woman said.

The fluorescent lights bounced off Tim's glasses. He rather agreed as well that this woman was a stranger to him, and logically speaking, he ought not to be so interested in the procedure she had done even if she made herself look like a toad. But for some reason, there was something urging him to find out what she used to look like. He had a feeling that unveiling her past face would reveal something most shocking to them all.

As he thought this, he adjusted his glasses and drawled meaningfully, "Fine, then. Let's talk about Toby for now."

He wasn't in a rush to find out what the woman used to look like. After all, he had plenty of time after this to dig through her past if he wanted. If he set his mind to it, he could uncover anything he wanted, unless of course, he suddenly lost interest in it halfway through.

"Please," Tom urged, his fists clenching at his sides as he eyed Tim imploringly.

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Tim threw a brief look over his shoulder at the emergency room, then looked back at the anxious assistant as he explained nonchalantly, "He's fine. He didn't get hurt from the accident, but he did hit the back of his head. That being said, the concussion is not the main cause of concern, nor did he black out because of it."

Upon hearing that Toby was alright, Tom let out a huge sigh of relief, and he placed a hand on his chest as he exclaimed joyously, "Oh, thank heavens! President Fuller is okay, which means I can give Old Madam Fuller a peace of mind. Guess I'll still get to keep my job!"

Next to him, the woman in the wheelchair did not seem overjoyed by the news of Toby's stable condition. On the contrary, she seemed a little peeved by the outcome, if not completely frustrated. He's fine? For goodness' sake, how is that possible? Damn it, why couldn't the impact have killed him on the spot? She had been so deliriously happy when she found out that he had fainted after the accident. She was convinced that he had been seriously injured. But as it turned out, he pulled through this just fine, and all he had was a concussion. This is... She clenched her fists and gritted her teeth, her heart filled with bitter resentment.

Tom had no idea what was going through her mind right now as he pressed Tim with even more urgency, "So what really made him pass out, Dr. Lancaster? Could it be his—" He broke off then, as if suddenly catching himself. He turned to look at the woman and bit out flatly, "Could you go somewhere else? You aren't allowed to be privy to the rest of this conversation."

There was no courtesy in his tone, and even though he phrased it as a request, it sounded more like a command.

"Very well," the woman replied mildly, then wheeled herself toward the other end of the corridor, away from the two men who wished to speak in private.

When she was out of sight, she lowered her head, and her gaze darkened. What did he mean by that? If he won't let me listen in on the conversation, could it mean that there's something going on with Toby's health that no one should find out about? In that case... A cold smirk tugged on her lips as an insidious look flashed in her eyes.

On the other end of the hallway, Tom turned back to Tim after dismissing the woman and asked, "Dr. Lancaster, did President Fuller black out because of his heart?"

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"You could say that." Tim toyed with the scalpel and added indifferently, "The accident must have caused his adrenaline to spike, and as a result, it put a strain on his heart. That probably sent his system into shock, which explains why he passed out. He's alright now, and he'll wake up soon enough, but you have to work on finding the heart as soon as possible; he can't keep going on like this."

"We've already found a donor," Tom said, raking his hand through his hair. "But the donor is still alive, which is why we're still waiting on the heart."

"Oh?" Tim raised a brow. "How much longer will he have to live?"

"About half a year."

Tim nodded slightly. "There's still time."

"You've put my worries to rest," Tom said with an airy laugh, clearly relieved to hear Tim's conclusion. He had been worried that Toby's heart would not be able to sustain the aftermath of this accident without its lifespan shortening, and if that were to come to pass, there was no telling if Toby could hold out another half a year longer. Now that Tim had said they would be in time for the heart transplant that could save Toby's life, Tom felt as if a weight had finally been lifted off his chest.

"Alright, pull yourself together. He'll be transferred to a hospital room soon, and he'll have to stay here for the night. But I want him out by tomorrow, or he'd just become a waste of space here," Tim said coldly, then let out a yawn as he turned to leave.

Sure enough, Toby was transferred to the normal hospital ward around ten minutes later, and the nurse hooked him up to the IV for the night.

Naturally, Tom and the woman in the wheelchair went over to the room as well. However, given that there was paperwork to go through for Toby's hospital admission, Tom had to hurry off to the front desk not long after he had stepped foot into the room.

Before leaving, he had made it a point to chase the girl out of Toby's hospital room and closed the door behind them both. Then, he warned her tersely to stay away from Toby and that she was not to come into close contact with him.

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After all, there was no telling what she would do to Toby once Tom left to settle the paperwork.

Granted, Tom didn't think she had it in her to kill Toby, but that didn't mean she wouldn't take advantage of Toby's unconscious state and force herself on him like some depraved creature. After all, with Toby's fine looks, the possibility of this happening was scarily real.

With that in mind, Tom warned the woman once more that she must not sneak into the room while he was away, and only then did he leave the vicinity.

Alas, his warning did nothing, for the woman immediately scoffed and threw Toby's door wide open as soon as Tom walked away. Having done so, she wheeled herself in, paying no heed to Tom's forbidding words at all.

Meanwhile, Sonia finally arrived at the hospital after what felt like ages.

She immediately fished out her phone and gave Tom a call, pressing him for details on Toby's condition.

Upon hearing that Toby would be fine after a night's rest at the hospital and that he had only blacked out from a concussion, she was elated. The weight seemed to roll off her chest in an instant, and air filled her lungs once more.

Relieved, she asked where Toby's room was, then smiled as she kept her phone and made her way over. She had every plan to take care of Toby until he recovered, but as soon as she opened the door to his hospital room, the smile on her face froze.

Inside the room was a woman who sat by Toby's bedside while gently dabbing his sleeping face with a damp towel, looking like a compassionate angel as she did so. In fact, she looked like a good wife who was lovingly taking care of her sick husband, and anyone who didn't know better would find it heart-wrenching that she would devote herself to such sacred duties.

Sonia clenched her jaw. If it weren't for the fact that the man lying there was her boyfriend, she might just get sentimental about this scene and praise the woman for being such a caring wife. But it was precisely because the man on the bed was her boyfriend. It wasn't as if Sonia could be ecstatic that some strange woman was taking care of him.

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More importantly, that woman didn't look like a caretaker at all. She's in a wheelchair, for goodness' sake. How is a caretaker supposed to take care of others if she can't even walk on her own?

What displeased Sonia even more was that the girl actually looked pretty.

As if not expecting someone to walk in at that moment, the girl turned to look at Sonia in surprise, then asked softly, "And you are?"

Sonia pursed her lips and made no answer. She let go of the doorknob and instantly marched over to the bed with a grim look on her face.

If this was six years ago, she might be heartbroken to find some other woman taking care of the man she loved, and she would have run out crying without even asking for an explanation. But now, she had outgrown those timid ways of hers, and her mind was clearer than ever.

She didn't know who this woman was, and she had never seen her before. She most definitely is not related to Toby in any way, seeing as I've never seen her hanging around him before this. At the thought of this, Sonia figured that this woman must be the culprit behind the accident, and she secretly thanked Tom for having told her about this on the phone earlier.

With a frigid expression, Sonia came to a stop next to Toby's bed. She glanced at the towel the woman was holding, then at the hand that rested on Toby's chest. A stormy look passed over her face as she said icily, "Miss, could you please take your hand off my boyfriend's chest?"

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 762

Chapter 762 The Way of the Skank

"Boyfriend?"

The woman in the wheelchair took her hand off Toby's chest and flashed Sonia a sheepish smile. "I'm sorry, miss, I didn't mean to offend you. I was only trying to clean his face, and I must have put my hand on his chest to keep myself from falling. I'm sure you won't mind."

She might be apologizing, but she didn't look like she meant it at all, and there was even a trace of a smirk tugging on her lips, as if she was challenging Sonia.

What was even more infuriating was the way the woman drawled 'I'm sure you won't mind'. This skank is outright provoking me!

Sonia was so mad she thought she might combust on the spot.

She had more or less figured out that the woman was only provoking her because she had her eyes set on Toby. In all fairness, any woman would prey on him, seeing as he was tall and handsome with a well-built figure, not to mention he carried himself with such natural grace and a sense of nobility that belied his billion-something net worth.

At the thought of this, Sonia glanced over at the man lying unconscious in bed, and while she was frustrated at him, she was also sympathetic toward him. She was frustrated that he had gotten the fancy of yet another hussy within such a short span of time, but her heart twisted at the sight of him lying in bed with a bandage wrapped around the crown of his head. The impact must have really hurt him.

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With a sigh, she decided to reason with herself. It wasn't Toby's fault that the wheelchair-bound vixen had decided to set her eyes on him, and Sonia's anger ebbed away following this line of reasoning. She retracted her gaze and turned to eye the woman imperiously, then barked, "Of course, I mind. I mind very much! Move!"

She was not leaving any room for negotiation, and there was even a commanding edge to her tone as she ordered the woman to move away from the bed.

The smile on the woman's face slipped. Obviously, she hadn't expected such a blunt and cutting response from Sonia. A dark look flashed in her eyes, but it quickly disappeared as the woman gave Sonia yet another gentle smile. "I'm sorry, miss. I know my presence here disturbs you, but I can't leave right now. See, I was the one who caused him to get into the accident, and it goes without saying that I have to take responsibility for it. I would like to remain by his side and nurse him back to help, so I hope you'll understand, miss."

Sonia gaped at the woman in disbelief. She didn't think the woman would spew such disgusting nonsense just to stay by Toby's side.

Resisting the urge to retch, Sonia shot the woman a look so frigid that it was a wonder she didn't turn to ice. "Listen here, lady—my boyfriend is only lying here because of you, so of course, you'd have to take responsibility, but there are plenty of ways for you to go about it. I don't think my boyfriend needs you to take care of him, considering I'm already here to do just that, and I'm well within my rights to do it, too. So I suggest you stop crossing the line," Sonia snapped with angry contempt.

Sonia thought she was being subtle with her words, if not diplomatic. After all, she highly doubted that other women would go easy on the shameless hussies who went around seducing their men. Other women in Sonia's position might even abandon reason and shriek at the top of their lungs or resort to violence. And here I am being civilized, if not just a bit terse with her.

She hoped the woman would know better than to be thick-skinned. If she insisted on staying instead of moving away, Sonia would have to get rid of her the hard way. She was no longer the compassionate and empathetic person she used to be; she would much rather let someone else bear the brunt than shoulder through it like a naive fool.

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Alas, Sonia underestimated the woman and how brazen and shameless she could be. It didn't take long after Sonia had delivered her warning that the woman looked wounded. The next second, the woman's eyes turned red with fresh tears, and she started to cry.

Frowning, Sonia demanded irritably, "What's with the waterworks?"

The woman buried her face in her hands as she whimpered, "Miss, I know you don't like me taking care of your boyfriend, but I really didn't mean to cross any lines at all. I genuinely want to nurse this man back to health, seeing as I was the cause of all this in the first place. I have to do something to make it up to him, and if I don't, I'd only blame myself even more; this will haunt me, and the guilt will eat me alive, and I'd feel as if something is pressing down on my chest. Please, Miss, I'm only hoping that you could give me a chance to make things right and allow me to take care of him. But I promise you that I won't do anything more than that, so don't you worry. I only want to atone for my mistakes and spare myself from the guilt. Otherwise, I'd..."

When the woman trailed off, Sonia's face grew somber as she demanded through gritted teeth, "Otherwise, you'd what?"

The woman chewed on her bottom lip. "Otherwise, I'd only live in guilt for the rest of my life, and I might grow so depressed that I'd take my own life to save myself from the pain."

"Really?" Sonia asked, narrowing her eyes.

Nodding earnestly, the woman affirmed, "Really."

However, Sonia let out a cold bark of laughter and countered, "And what does all that have to do with me?"

"What?" The woman was stunned. She clearly hadn't been expecting such a response.

The corner of Sonia's lips lifted in an impassive smirk as she elaborated, "I don't see how a suicidal attempt on your part has anything to do with me. I can't just leave my boyfriend under the care of a scheming no-good woman in order to protect your feelings, can I? Sorry, but I don't think I'm that altruistic!"

With that, she shot the woman a look of unadulterated disgust, then immediately pulled the wheelchair away so that the woman was removed from Toby's bedside.

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Sonia's push made the wheelchair roll forward uncontrollably, bringing the woman meters away from the bed as it went along with momentum.

If the woman had not reacted in time to stop the wheelchair, she might have rolled right out the door of the hospital room altogether.

Having regained control over the wheelchair, the woman spun around to face Sonia, who was sitting next to the bed and gently caressing Toby's forehead. A grimace twisted the woman's features, but she quickly hid it and resumed a miserable front as she whined, "You're being a little unreasonable, miss. I'm only trying to take responsibility for my mistakes, and you won't even give me the chance to do that. It's cruel, don't you think?"

She certainly never thought Sonia could be so heartless. I even put out the suicide card, and she still stood her ground, the woman thought angrily, frowning. It's as if she's no longer the Sonia I used to know.

Presently, Sonia dipped a cotton bud into the water and gently brushed it over Toby's lips to moisturize them, not at all paying any attention to the wheelchair-bound hussy.

She knew that vixens like her would only be spurred on if the conversation dragged on. The more Sonia said to her, the more she would try to rile her up. As if I'm stupid enough to hash things out with you, you skank. Go waste someone else's time.

Upon seeing that Sonia was determined to ignore her, the woman clenched the edge of her armrest so tightly that her hands began to tremble. Her eyes turned red, and her blood was boiling with rage. When did Sonia become such a tough cookie?

Just as the woman bit down on her lip and tried to provoke Sonia further, the sound of approaching footfalls came from outside the door, followed by Tom's voice as he asked aloud in confusion, "Hey, why's the door open?"

Then, he appeared in the doorway with a bunch of invoices in hand, ready to confront the lady in the wheelchair.

He had warned her repeatedly to stay out of Toby's room, and yet he returned to see that the door was left ajar and the woman, who was supposed to be outside in the hallway, was nowhere to be found. It didn't take a genius to know that she had deliberately gone against his warning and wheeled herself merrily into Toby's room.

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At the thought of that, Tom grew mutinous, and his face was as dark as a stormy sky as he marched into the room.

However, as soon as he did, he saw that the woman in the wheelchair was not the only one in the room, for Sonia was standing next to Toby's bed as well.

At the sight of Sonia, the dark look on Tom's face was quickly replaced by a wide grin as he greeted, "Miss Reed, you're finally here!"

Sonia discarded the cotton bud into the trash can by the corner, then set the glass of water down before she turned to nod at Tom in mild acknowledgment. "Yeah, if I hadn't hit traffic on the way here, I would have arrived ages ago."

"Well, you got here with plenty of time to spare anyway, Miss Reed. I'm sure President Fuller will be very happy to wake up and find you at his bedside," Tom said with a kind smile.

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 763

Chapter 763 All It Took Was One Look

Sonia let out a small laugh as well, but her smile faded when she suddenly thought of something. She glanced over at the woman in the wheelchair, who was fuming in the corner of the room, and pointed out mockingly, "But it looks like I'm not the only one who's waiting for your precious President Fuller to wake up."

"What?" Tom blinked, but he quickly caught on to what Sonia was implying, and when he turned to look at the woman in the corner, there was not a shred of warmth in his eyes.

Sonia had no intention of letting this woman off the hook. She had tried to go easy on the woman when she first came, but her patience and tact had run out after she saw how insistent and stubborn the woman was. Fine, then, Sonia thought wickedly. If it's humiliation you seek, then so be it.

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“This lady has been here taking care of President Fuller before I came in. I asked her to leave, given that President Fuller is my boyfriend and I’m the one who should be taking care of him instead of some stranger, but she refused to budge. She was going on about how she caused the accident and how she simply must stay by his side to nurse him back to health, claiming that doing so was the only way to ease her conscience. She even tried to force me to give the green light, too, saying that she’d take her own life if I wouldn’t!”

Tom was rendered speechless after hearing this, and the corner of his lips twitched with the urge to sputter. Wow, who would have thought that something this dramatic would happen in the short time that I was away?

Presently, he fixed his icy stare on the woman and accused, “So that’s why you asked me about President Fuller’s girlfriend when we were outside the emergency room—you’ve got your eyes on him!”

“No, that’s not true!” The woman panicked as she quickly shook her head and waved her hands vehemently to deny this. However, the flustered look on her blushing face was incontrovertible proof of her lying.

Sonia frowned in disgust. “Mr. Brown, I’ll leave her to you. I want her out of my sight at once.” No woman in the right mind would tolerate seeing her own boyfriend surrounded by scheming skanks. Just seeing one of them makes me sick, she thought.

“Of course, Miss Reed.” Tom nodded solemnly, then shot her an apologetic look as he said, “Miss Reed, I’m truly sorry about what happened. I promise I didn’t put her up in here; she wheeled herself in while I was settling President Fuller’s admission paperwork. I even warned her to stay out of the room and remain in the hallway, but I didn’t think she would... Anyway, Miss Reed, you have to know that President Fuller is a decent man, and he would never be entangled with anyone else, especially with the likes of this lady. I hope you won’t jump to any conclusions.”

He was actually terrified that Sonia would suspect Toby was cheating on her and break up with him unilaterally while he was unconscious. Tom would lose his head for sure if Toby woke up to discover that his girlfriend, whom he had just gotten back together with, had fled his side in a fit of rage.

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As if sensing Tom's latent worries, Sonia clapped a hand over her mouth and giggled, then said, "Don't worry, Mr. Brown, I'm not jumping to any conclusions here. President Fuller was still unconscious when I came in earlier, so it wasn't as if he and that lady could get up to anything scandalous."

Now, if Toby had been awake while the lady was cleaning his face and he allowed her to take care of him, then Sonia might feel very differently. She might implode.

Upon hearing her reassurance, Tom let out a sigh of relief. "Okay, that's good. Excuse me while I take out the eyesore, Miss Reed. You can stay here and keep President Fuller company in the meantime. He's alright, just hit the back of his head during the collision. The doctor said he could be discharged tomorrow."

"I know," Sonia said with a nod. "You told me just now."

"Just a friendly reminder," Tom teased as he pushed his glasses up his nose bridge. The next second, his expression turned grim again, and he maneuvered the lady in the wheelchair out of the room.

The lady had kept her head down the entire time after Sonia called her out about her nonsense, and she did not utter a word of objection. It was as if she had turned into a different person altogether, shedding her skank persona and adopting an ashamed and guilty stance instead.

Sonia highly doubted the woman was ashamed of what she had done. Skanks didn't have the capacity to feel shame, and they were already thick-skinned, to begin with.

As such, Sonia didn't believe the woman had become quiet and demure after the humiliation. She probably has something up her sleeve.

Then, Sonia shrugged off the thought. There was no point dwelling on this when the woman could very well be sent away by the time Toby regained consciousness tomorrow. When that happened, Sonia wouldn't ever cross paths with the woman again and pondering on what tricks she might have up her sleeves would be a waste of time.

But for some reason, she kept thinking there was something familiar about the woman in the wheelchair. It's like I've seen her somewhere before, but where?

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Lowering her gaze in thought, Sonia still couldn't quite put her finger on where she had seen the woman before this. She gave up, then gently nudged Toby closer to the other side of the hospital bed to make room for herself. Having done so, she folded her arms on the bed and rested her head on them, then drifted off into sleep.

She was exhausted; her body ached everywhere and coupled with her constant worry over Toby's condition, she had been listless for the better part of the day, which in turn took a toll on her nerves.

Now that she had seen Toby and knew he was going to be alright, the uneasiness in her finally waned, but it was quickly replaced by a strong sense of fatigue.

She didn't torture herself by insisting that she would stay awake the whole time until Toby regained consciousness and chose to rest instead. If she expended herself now, she couldn't very well take care of him the next day.

Outside, Tom had successfully sent the woman in the wheelchair off on her way and asked her to only return tomorrow. He sauntered back to the room and raised his hand to knock on the door, asking, "Miss Reed, may I come in?"

When he heard no response from within the room, his brows furrowed. Is Miss Reed not in there? As the thought crossed his mind, he pushed open the door and peered in, only to see Sonia holding Toby's hand while she slept by the bedside. He let out a small breath of relief and muttered quietly, "Oh, she's still here."

Well, of course she is. Where would she go at this hour?

Just then, his gaze fell upon Sonia and Toby's overlapping hands and seeing how sweet they were even while they were sleeping exasperated him all of a sudden. To keep himself from wallowing in self-pity, Tom promptly left the room and closed the door so he wouldn't have to look at them.

He didn't think it was strange to feel sorry for himself. He and Toby were the same age, but where the latter had already been married, divorced, and subsequently reconciled with his ex-wife, Tom was still a bachelor with no prospects whatsoever, and seeing Toby and Sonia stick together like glue only served as a sore reminder of his lonely, partner-less life.

Time passed quickly, and within a blink of an eye, it was past midnight.

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Toby was stirred from sleep by thirst. Frowning, he opened his eyes.

He was first greeted by a bright white light, which made him wince and shut his eyes. He waited a while before opening them again, and this time, his eyes had adjusted to the brightness, so he could register his surroundings.

He took in the pristine white ceiling above him and the plain, practical fluorescent lights. His brows drew together as he thought, Where am I?

He turned his neck, looking around the room, and it was only after he saw the IV pole next to him that he understood he was in the hospital.

Simultaneously, he could wager a guess as to why he had ended up here in the room. He distinctly recalled the sharp, stabbing pain that had seized his heart after the car collided with the roadside hedge. Apparently, the impact had put a strain on his heart and sent his system into shock. Tom had probably been the one who sent him to the hospital after he blacked out.

Toby pursed his lips. He wasn't too bothered by his own condition, regardless of whether the accident had damaged his heart even further. Besides, he was convinced that the absence of pain in his chest meant he had pulled through just fine. In that case, he wasn't overly concerned about his heart.

Presently, what he worried about most was whether Sonia knew about the accident. Did Tom tell her? If she heard about it, did she faint out of shock?

He was just thinking of this when he suddenly sensed something encircling his right wrist. He froze at first, then quickly glanced over to his right and saw that there was a figure asleep by his bed with her head in her folded arms.

And the person had instinctively held his hand earlier. She must have been dreaming when she reached for his wrist, and he was only alerted of her presence when he felt the ticklish sensation.

While he couldn't see the person's face, all it took him was one look to know that it was Sonia.

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 764

Chapter 764 Toby's Apology

Toby softened his gaze at the sight of Sonia lying there. He gently pulled his hand out of hers so he wouldn't wake her, then lightly stroked her hair.

If she was here next to him, then Tom had clearly told her about the accident. She must have been startled when she heard the news, Toby thought grimly, and an apologetic look flashed across his features as he reached to tuck her hair behind her ear so that it wasn't all in her face.

Then, he drew his hand back and lifted the covers. He slid out of bed and came over to her side, thereafter bending down to scoop her into his arms.

Meanwhile, Sonia had not fallen into a deep slumber, and she started as soon as she felt someone touching her. Her eyes flew open, and the first thing she saw was a familiar and handsomely chiseled face.

At first, she thought she might be imagining things, so she blinked hard to snap out of it.

However, when she saw that the same face was still there, she knew that she was not delusional. It's really him, she thought as she broke into an elated grin. "Toby, you're—"

She broke off when she suddenly felt that there was something off about the weightless sensation that gripped her. Turning, she was astonished to find that at some point, Toby had swept her into his arms.

"You're awake," Toby pointed out softly as he gazed down at her. "Sorry for waking you."

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She shook her head. "It's fine. I wasn't really sleeping that well, anyway. What are you doing, though? Put me down right now." He was still injured, and he ought not to be straining himself by carrying her in his arms.

However, he brushed her off and only put her down on the bed, in the same spot where he had laid. "If you kept sleeping the way you did just now, you're going to wake up tomorrow morning with a crick in your neck and your back. I wanted to let you have the bed so you could sleep better, but it looks like I woke you up instead."

"Oh," Sonia said with a smile, acknowledging his efforts. There was still residual warmth on the bed where he lay just now, and she felt snug and comfortable as soon as her back touched the mattress. Coupled with what he had said earlier, she couldn't help the rush of warm sentiments that seized her.

"But you shouldn't be too concerned about me. You're still a patient, after all, and this bed is meant for you, not me. Here, you can have it back," Sonia said, reaching to lift the covers off her so she could get out of bed.

Toby frowned and pinned the covers down, tucking her in firmly as he said authoritatively, "Do as you're told and just go to sleep already. Do not get down from the bed, understand?"

She gaped at him in mild amusement. "There's no need to be so controlling."

He caressed her face lovingly. "I'm not being controlling; I just can't bear to see you uncomfortable, is all."

This made her heart swell, and the smile on her face grew even warmer.

"Okay, go to sleep. I can still see how groggy you are. You must be tired after I woke you up accidentally earlier." With that, he began to rearrange the covers.

She hummed in response before suddenly scooting further to the side, then patted the space next to her on the bed.

He raised a brow. "What are you doing?"

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"I know the bed isn't very big, but I'm sure we could squeeze in together. Come over here and take a nap with me," she said, staring at him.

He wouldn't let her get down from the bed, and she couldn't very well make a patient slouch over the side of the bed, so she decided that the only solution was for them to share the bed.

Toby's eyes lit up at the suggestion. "Is that an invitation?"

She rolled her eyes at him in mock exasperation, then said, "Yes, it is. Now, can you please get into bed with me, my dear Mr. Fuller?"

He was amused, but he kept up an oh-very-well expression as he let out a dry cough and muttered, "Fine, then. Since you've offered, I see no reason to upset you by rejecting it."

"Aren't you reluctant?" she drawled sarcastically and gave him a playful pat on the shoulder as soon as he burrowed beneath the covers.

Toby was lying on his side, and he wasted no time in drawing her into his embrace. His arms wound around her tightly as he nibbled her ear and muttered, "How are you feeling? Does it still hurt?"

Sonia hadn't thought that he would prey on her even while they lay in the hospital bed together. The corner of her lips twitched in disbelief as she countered, "You're the one who got into an accident and sustained injuries, so why are you asking me if I'm hurt? I don't think transitive property works that way."

He let out a low chuckle. "I see you don't understand what I'm referring to. What I meant to ask was, does it still hurt down there?" As he murmured this close to her ear, his hand began to trail past the dip in her waist and toward a certain sensitive area.

As realization dawned upon her, her eyes widened, and her hand darted under the covers to seize his wandering one. Blushing furiously, she demanded through gritted teeth, "What are you doing, Toby?"

He eyed her innocently. "I just wanted to help you check if it still hurts."

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“As if!” She batted his hand away and snapped, “Checking? Hah! You know as well as I do that you’d be getting up to no good if I let you.”

“I would not!” he insisted, still feigning innocence.

At that moment, she pried off his arm from her waist and turned to her side so that her back was to him, then decidedly ignored him.

It was then that Toby knew he had crossed the line. After all, women were all prideful creatures, and most of them were easily flustered by such roguish teasing. Great, now she’s mad at me, he thought ruefully.

With his gaze fixed on the back of her head, he let out a contrite dry cough and nudged himself forward. When his chest was pressed against her back, he tried to reach around her and pull her back into his embrace.

But his arm had only just begun to snake around her waist when she shoved her elbow backward, knocking his arm away as she grumbled, “Don’t touch me.”

This did little to dissuade him from his efforts, and it only spurred him on. Summoning his strength, he forcefully drew her close and wrapped his arm around her tight.

She froze at first, then started to struggle.

He lifted his head slightly and whispered huskily close to her ear, “Don’t move unless you want me to break my arm again before it could mend. Also, I still have a mild concussion from the accident; if you keep moving like this, I’ll take it as you want me to pass out for another day.”

Upon hearing this, she stopped struggling and fixed her eyes on the wall across from her. After a while, she bit down on her lip and pointed out sourly, “You always seem to have the upper hand, Toby.”

He buried his face into the crook of her neck as he muttered humorously, “It’s less about me having the upper hand and more about me knowing that you love me enough to be considerate. Naturally, I’d do the same for you.” While saying this, he slowly prompted her to turn over to face him.

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She did not object this time and merely allowed her body to flip as though his guiding hand was an axis on which she spun. The next moment, they found themselves facing each other as they lay on their sides.

He reached out and brushed his thumb over her cheek, then toyed with the long strands of her raven-black hair as he said apologetically, "I'm sorry if I made you mad earlier, but I really did have the intention of checking if you still hurt, you know, down there. I'm not a beast, and I certainly wouldn't dream of doing anything to you while you've barely recovered."

Sonia's eyes glistened when she heard this. Does this mean he wasn't feigning innocence at all just now? I misunderstood him, then? At the thought of this, she shot him an embarrassed look and averted her gaze, mumbling, "It's fine. I forgive you."

He chuckled lightheartedly. "Thank you."

A few seconds of silence later, she gazed into his eyes and said quietly, "I'm feeling much better down there. It's not as painful as it was during the day. I guess the ointment you got for me really worked."

"That's good to know," Toby replied, then inched closer to give her a quick peck on the lips before he added, "I'm sorry if I hurt you last night. I was only too excited to claim you as my own, and I didn't bother holding back when I should have. I promise I won't be so rough with you next time."

Sonia hummed and teased, "I hope you'll keep your word."

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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 765

Chapter 765 Never Again

"You have my word." Toby nodded.

Finally, Sonia smiled ever so slightly, her mood lifted. "Good. But how about you?"

"Hm?" Toby asked in a low voice. "What about me?"

"Your back..." Sonia put on an awkward smile. "I mean, the scratches on your back..."

Toby finally realized what she was asking. Before she could finish, he parted his thin lips and answered in a clearly cheerful tone, "They're recovering."

"That's good to hear." Sonia sighed lightly in relief, then said, "Then don't you want to know your current condition? Ever since you woke up, you haven't asked me anything about your condition."

"I just realized I didn't." Toby nodded, admitting.

Sonia pouted and gave his chest a half-hearted slap. "What's with you? I put it that way so that you can ask me about your condition on your own. You got into an accident, so why aren't you more concerned about your own body?"

Well, look at you. He didn't ask anything, as if he weren't the one who got into an accident.

Toby pinched her hand, which was still on his chest, and let out a chuckle. "Don't get mad. I didn't ask because I guessed that I was all right. If there really is something serious, you

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wouldn't recover so quickly from the surprise when you see me awake. This is why I'm very sure I guessed correctly that my condition is not serious. Am I right?"

He pulled her hand out from under the blanket, then guided it to his lips and kissed it.

Sonia humphed. "All right, your guess is correct. It's true that there's nothing too serious about your condition. Tom said that you fainted because you got hit on the back of your head. You will be discharged tomorrow."

"I see." Toby jutted out his chin slightly to signify that he understood what she said, but his eyes told a different story.

This excuse was probably something Tom made up to deceive her. After all, Toby knew very well how painful his heart was before he fainted.

Of course, the back of his head was also hurting, but that sort of pain definitely wouldn't be enough to cause fainting. So, his fainting naturally had something to do with his heart.

Also, he had told Tom not to tell Sonia about his heart problem, so naturally, the latter had no choice but to make up a plausible excuse to deceive Sonia.

Coincidentally, the back of his head was actually hit, so this became the best reason to explain his fainting. Also, by the looks of it, Sonia had believed it right away, without any doubt.

Toby sighed in relief at the sight. As he was thinking, he suddenly felt something on his face.

He looked down to see that Sonia had suddenly sat up and was squeezing his face with her hands. She looked at him sternly. "Toby, do you know how scared I was when I heard Tom say that you got into an accident? I was so shocked I thought I was going to die, and I almost fainted. In order to prevent myself from fainting so that I could find out how serious the accident was, I pinched my thighs hard so that the pain could keep me focused. I—"

"What?" Before she could finish, Toby quickly sat up in alarm. "You pinched your own thighs?"

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Sonia blinked. "I did, to maintain my consciousness and calm."

"Who gave you permission to treat yourself like that?" Toby glared at her sternly and said in a harsh tone.

Sonia widened her eyes. "I did that all for you, and you're here criticizing me for that?"

For a moment, she felt an indescribable injustice.

Toby also realized that he was a little too harsh on her, so he softened his attitude. "Sorry, I wasn't telling you off; I just ache for you. Isn't it painful when you pinch yourself?"

Sonia humphed. "What do you think? But in order to keep myself conscious and stop myself from fainting, it's the only thing I could do. Who would've expected you to get into an accident so suddenly on a casual trip outside? It's all your fault. If you hadn't gotten into the accident, I wouldn't have to pinch myself. But look at what you did! You turn back on me and reprimand me."

Toby pursed his thin lips and fell silent because he really was the one with the most faults here.

Toby rubbed between his eyebrows, then looked at Sonia apologetically. "Sorry for frightening you like that. Does your leg still hurt? Let me check."

With that, he bent over so that he could take a look.

Sonia shifted her thigh away. "It's fine. I'm all right now. It only hurt at the moment, so the pain stopped a long time ago. Also, I'm wearing pants, so I can't just show you my tights. If you really want to look, you can look when you get home tomorrow."

Toby was originally upset by her refusal. After all, he was concerned about her, but she didn't accept it, so he naturally didn't feel too happy about it.

However, when he heard her say afterward that he could check after he got home, his originally bad mood was instantly lifted.

Sonia looked at the upturned corners of his mouth and could immediately guess what he was thinking. She couldn't help but smile as she shook her head.

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In the next second, however, her face fell. Toby noticed her change in expression. He raised an eyebrow as he somehow guessed that she was finally turning to the main issue at hand.

Just as expected, Sonia crossed her arms and looked at him coolly. "Toby, I heard from Tom that you got into an accident because a woman was running the red light when she crossed the road. Then Tom couldn't brake in time, so you told Tom to run into the flowerbed instead, right?"

Toby nodded. "Yes, or we might hit the woman."

At the mention of the woman crossing the road, Toby put on an annoyed expression.

Those who jaywalk at their own convenience are the worst! They don't care about their own or others' lives.

Sonia could see the displeasure Toby had toward that woman, and she was glad to see it. She would be happiest if he hated the woman.

Though she knew Toby didn't know the woman or had any chances of dating her, she was still bothered and upset when she saw the woman staying by his side and taking care of him.

So, now that she saw how much he hated that woman, she felt much better.

"Even though you did it because you didn't want to hit anyone, have you ever thought that you yourself would get hurt as a result?" Sonia leaned in toward Toby.

Toby was surprised by her sudden movement, so he reached out to hold her. Sonia looked up at him and felt giddy. Well, he's a quick learner.

"I did a quick calculation then. If we ran into the flowerbed at that distance and speed, it wouldn't be too serious of an accident. This was why I told Tom to swerve in that direction." Toby placed his chin on the top of Sonia's head as he spoke.

Sonia pursed her red lips. "Yes, you calculated minimal damage at that time because there was a flowerbed conveniently placed there at the moment. But if the accident took place somewhere else and there were no flowerbeds in sight, what would you do? Would you also tell Tom to swerve to the side? What if there's opposite traffic on the other side? You'd run

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into a car then. If both cars were going at high speeds when they ran into each other, the car and the people within wouldn't survive. So, Toby, I would rather you hit the woman than get hurt yourself, understand?"

She looked at him with her eyes reddened. It wasn't that she was cold-blooded and wanted him to run over people.

But compared to a stranger, she would rather he be the one who was safe.

Hearing Sonia's words, Toby constricted his pupils, an obvious shock in his eyes. He knew how kind she was, but now she was willing to throw that kindness away so that he would be safe and sound.

This was enough evidence to show how important he was to her.

At that thought, Toby hugged Sonia tightly, as if he was trying to meld her into his body. He said in a hoarse yet touched voice, "Got it. I won't do it again. I won't cause you such anxiety ever again."

"Really?" Sonia turned her head slightly to look at the man's profile.

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