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## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 796

### Chapter 796 Miscalculation

Upon receiving the document from Sonia, Daphne left with it, along with the thermos. After she left, Sonia leaned back in her chair. Pinching the bridge of her nose, she breathed out a sigh of relief.

All of a sudden, she was realizing how much Daphne had changed during this period. The Daphne from the past was stern, all business, and so devoid of facial expression as to be intimidating.

However, this Daphne was different. Not only was she no longer as strict and inflexible, but she had warmed and gentled to the point where she could even joke around with Sonia. A good example was a few minutes ago when she had dared to tease Sonia.

Moreover, it seemed like her sense of style had changed from before. Although the changes weren't too obvious and she still wore the same old black-colored business suit and A-line skirt, she no longer wore heels and had switched them out for a pair of soft-soled shoes instead.

That said, Sonia wasn't going to put too much thought into it. Perhaps Daphne had grown bored of heels and simply wanted to try out a new style. Even though Daphne didn't often dress up, she was still a woman. And like many other women, she still wanted to look pretty sometimes.

With that thought in mind, Sonia shook her head with a small smile and picked up her cell phone to let Toby know that she was having someone deliver him stew. However, before she did so, she checked her Messenger to see if he had replied to her.

Unfortunately, he hadn't. That alone showed her how busy he was during this period.

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Sighing, she speedily tapped out a few words on the screen. After checking to make sure that there were no errors, she sent the message. And then, once it was sent, she exited the app and picked up her pen to begin working.

Meanwhile at the large factory under the Fuller Group banner, Toby finally finished inspecting the various workshops and departments in the plant. He then emerged through the front doors wearing a white protective suit.

The moment Tom saw Toby, he strode over. "President Fuller."

Instead of going with Toby to inspect the factory, he had been out and about handling the matter with Damon, and had only just managed to rush to the factory in time to wait for Toby to emerge.

Taking off his suit and tossing it to Tom, Toby asked, "Did you get everything handled?"

"Yes." Tom nodded above the protective suit in his arms. "With the audio recording, Damon and his lackeys will be unable to explain things away. I've handed everything I heard over to the police, and the police have contacted the Business Investigation Department for arrests. They scared Damon's lackeys so much that the lackeys naturally capitulated and confessed to everything Damon was doing. With the way this is going, Damon will be jailed for at least 10 years."

At that, Toby smiled coldly. "In gratitude for him being a founding member of the Fuller Group, I once hinted at him to keep in line and cede his place to the younger generation before he became hated by them, but he would not listen. It's his own fault that he's ended up this way."

While Toby would admit that he wasn't a good person, he would not say that he was a bad one. All along, he had treated those who contributed to the Fuller Group with a measure of kindness and tolerance.

As long as these people minded their place, he could sometimes provide them with the highest honor. Yet, there were always people who assumed he was easily bullied and would pick on him in order to get things that weren't theirs. Since that was the case, they couldn't blame him for being merciless.

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Just like that, something so cold flashed through Toby's eyes, and anyone who saw it would have shuddered.

"You're right." Tom nodded in approval behind Toby.

The thing was, Tom couldn't understand what those people were thinking either. As a shareholder, they didn't even have to do anything to earn money. Wasn't that a good thing?

It was ridiculous for them to still be fighting for power at their age, especially when what they held was nothing in comparison to what Toby did. Even if they got that bit of power, who would they pass it to after they died? Their layabout, good-for-nothing children?

At any rate, those who didn't calculate their odds before trying to stir up a fuss deserved the end they met with. By now, Damon was already 60. When he was released from prison, he would be 70, and his health would already have been wrecked by his stay. What would it all have been for?

Feeling nothing but scorn for Damon and his gang, Tom curled his lip.

"By the way, President Fuller, you were right. After finding out that he wouldn't escape the law this time, Damon made plans to sell his shares. The person he's chosen is Wesley Barber. He wishes to incite Wesley's greed and turn Wesley into his successor—your future antagonist," Tom reported as he walked to the car with Toby.

After narrowing his eyes, Toby sneered, "He's chosen the wrong person, then. Wesley would never agree."

Tom chuckled. "You're also right on that front. Mr. Barber indeed would not take over Damon Lore's shares."

"Naturally." Toby opened his car door and got into the car. "Wesley is obsessed with his art and has never interfered with company affairs in the decades that he's been a shareholder, let alone been as ambitious as Damon. Clearly, Damon doesn't understand Wesley. Does he think every shareholder who doesn't have power or position in the company is as ambitious as him?"

"Indeed! Clearly, Damon doesn't know that Mr. Barber seeks you out every year hoping you'll buy his shares from him so that he can use the money to search for his own artistic spirit."

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Pushing his glasses up his nose, Tom continued with a chuckle, "Speaking of which, he's soon to come and seek you out this year to sell his shares, isn't he?"

At that, Toby's expression softened slightly. "Well, I'm not going to buy them. I still need him to be a figurehead. How could I let him go just like that?"

The Wesley Barber that they were referring to was also a founding member of the Fuller Group. Not only did he come from the same batch as Damon, he was also the Fuller Group's second-largest shareholder, with 5 percent of the company's shares.

Damon, knowing that he had lost to Toby with no way out and still wanting to leave him with the inconvenience of another enemy, had been prepared to sell the 3 percent of shares that he owned to Wesley. That way, the latter would become ambitious and fight for his side.

Of course, for a shareholder of such a large group, 8 percent of shares was an incredible amount. Any regular person would become greedy and ambitious enough to become dissatisfied with the previous idle lack of rights and decision-making power.

That was why it was actually a smart move on Damon's end.

However, what he failed to foresee was that Wesley was not a regular person. From the start, Wesley had no intention of remaining at the Fuller Group, nor was he greedy for money and power. His biggest dream was to be able to travel the world with an easel on his back and leave behind nothing but a soulless, enigmatic graffiti-style oil masterpiece. That was why pigs would have to fly before Wesley bought Damon's shares.

If Wesley had a choice, he would sooner have sold his shares to Damon so that he could extract himself and leave.

The only reason Toby needed some old shareholders to remain at the Fuller Group was to let the outside world know and see that he was not a despot who would switch out the old shareholders the moment he rose to his position. That was why he could not allow Wesley to leave.

That being said, he had reserved Wesley's shares a long time ago and once Wesley was old enough, Toby would naturally purchase Wesley's shares and allow the man to leave.

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Once Tom heard Toby's explanation, he laughed gleefully. "Mr. Barber must be so angry right now that he has steam coming out of his ears."

"He can be placated with a set of the newest oil-painting tools," Toby answered lightly.

It was obvious just how he appeased the old shareholder every year.

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Chapter 797 Tom's Speechlessness

"Alright, I'll have someone ready a set of oil-painting tools for the next time Mr. Barber gets angry." Tom chuckled, to which Toby hummed in response. "I'll leave it to you to decide."

Nodding, Tom switched his smile into a frown. "Although Mr. Barber wouldn't agree to buy Damon's shares, Damon won't sell them to us either, President Fuller. He says he would rather sit in jail with his shares than make things easy for us." Looking at Toby, he then asked, "How do you want to deal with this?"

"Won't make things easy for us?" Toby repeated as he crossed his legs. His expression was not easily distinguishable in the shadows, but the crook of his smile could lead someone to guess that he was in a very bad mood and was suppressing his anger at this moment. "Does he think that I wouldn't be able to get the shares I had my eyes on even if he wouldn't sell them to me?" Suddenly clenching his fists, he continued, "No, I will make him voluntarily sell those shares to me."

"You have a solution, President Fuller?" Tom hurriedly turned to him.

At that point, Toby looked up and said coldly, "He has a son who likes betting, doesn't he?"

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“Yes.” Tom nodded and commented, “However, after the son was severely beaten and shut up at home by Damon, he’s rarely gone to bet. He doesn’t really have the money to, for the most part.”

Toby snorted. “If that’s the case, have someone draw his son out. I want his son to fall into the habit of betting again and losing everything he has. When the time comes, go and visit Damon in prison, and he’ll voluntarily sign the share sales agreement. After all, he has only one son and will not bear to watch the boy be crippled by his creditors just like that. No, Damon would find a way to help his son clear all those debts.”

At that point, no one could blame Toby for using such vicious and indiscriminate methods.

After all, Damon himself was the one who insisted on challenging Toby’s limit despite the latter’s initial tolerance.

Not to mention that if Toby had been the one to lose today, Damon wouldn’t have spared him so easily.

Besides, all was fair in the business world. Weren’t such vicious methods simply the way things worked?

Sure enough, Tom didn’t have any objections to Toby’s suggestion, and he simply nodded without hesitation. “Roger that, President Fuller. I’ll have it arranged. There’s another thing…”

“Tell me.” Toby pulled out his cell phone and spun it around a few times, thereafter tapping on the screen to get it to light up.

In truth, he had only wanted to check the time, not expecting that there would be two unread messages on his phone from Sonia.

The pleasant surprise made his expression gentle by quite a bit.

After that, he quickly opened the messages to see what Sonia had sent.

The first one was her thanking him for having someone deliver her breakfast. The second was to say that she had made him some stew and that someone was delivering it to the Fuller Group.

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The message was from about half an hour ago.

Since Paradigm Co. was more than an hour from the Fuller Group, it was obvious that the stew hadn't been delivered yet.

If Toby rushed back now, he would likely be able to receive the stew himself.

"Drive!" he snapped immediately, slamming his phone down.

Since Tom was still thinking about what he wanted to say to Toby, the sudden command made him jump and choke on his own spit. After coughing a few times, he asked with a red face, "Did something urgent happen, President Fuller?"

Toby grunted in acknowledgment, not bothering to elaborate.

Having no other choice, Tom could only shut up and start the car.

It wasn't until the car had left the factory that Toby suddenly asked about the previous topic. "You said there was something else. What was it?"

Silently, Tom grimaced.

He had assumed that Toby had forgotten.

After tugging on his necktie with one hand, he finally admitted with a cough, "It's nothing important, just that the lawyer I sent out to discuss compensation with Anya Steinfeld returned this morning, saying negotiations were complete."

"Oh?" Toby glanced up to meet Tom's eyes through the rearview mirror. "How much is she paying?"

"She agreed to cover the maintenance costs of the car without hesitation and transferred 300,000 into our account just like that. That's not even taking into consideration your medical bills and follow-up treatment expenses," Tom replied.

Startled, Toby paused before narrowing his eyes. "She paid 300,000 for fixing the car, just like that?"

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"Yes." Tom nodded.

"She must be rich." Toby scoffed at that.

Not finding anything was amiss, Tom agreed with a chuckle, "After all, she did get full-body plastic surgery. Someone who could do that naturally isn't poor."

Toby hummed. "Well, since we've been compensated, you needn't keep an eye on her anymore. She's just an unrelated stranger."

"Alright, President Fuller. I understand." Once again, Tom nodded.

With that, Toby closed his eyes and ended the conversation. He was starting to look forward to the stew that Sonia made him.

He had no idea what kind of stew it was either.

As he thought about it, Toby found the smile on his face deepened to the point where he couldn't suppress it no matter what.

Witnessing Toby's lovesick expression through the rearview mirror, Tom couldn't help rolling his eyes.

There was no doubt Toby was thinking about Sonia again.

Why would he smile so freely otherwise?

Now he was just mocking Tom as a bachelor!

Despite the resentment in his heart, Tom didn't dare to say anything out loud and only continued to drive quietly.

Nearly an hour later, they arrived at the Fuller Group.

At first, Tom was about to drive the car directly into the parking lot, only to have Toby stop him by instructing, "Stop at the front entrance."

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Although he was surprised, Tom did as he was told and stopped at the entrance of the company building.

When Toby first officially took over the Fuller Group, he had ordered that no one be allowed to park outside the front entrance, even just temporarily.

Now, it turned out that the first person to break that rule was none other than Toby himself.

It wasn't the only time he had broken a rule, either—there was also the time when his cell phone had rung during a meeting.

As Tom heard from the people who attended that meeting, Toby got angry once the phone started ringing—assuming it belonged to someone else—only to discover that it was his own cell phone in the end.

And then, once he looked at the phone, his anger not only dissipated but turned into a smile.

No doubt the ringing was because of a call or message from Sonia.

At any rate, it was due to Sonia that Toby broke multiple rules of his own. What Tom didn't know was simply what particular reason Toby had this time for breaking his own rules.

After stopping, Tom opened the car door and got out of the car.

At first, the security guard by the door stepped up to chase him away, only to immediately halt in his tracks once he saw who it was. And then, he turned and returned to his position to continue standing guard.

If the driver was Tom, the person in the backseat had to be Toby.

That was why it was best he pretended he didn't see any rules being broken.

No one in their right mind would chase their boss away unless they wanted to lose their job!

"We're here, President Fuller." Tom opened the rear car door for Toby.

After climbing out of the car, Toby straightened up, dusted off his suit, and strode toward the main entrance.

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Dutifully, Tom followed behind Toby until he reached the security guard. Tossing the keys to the security guard, he instructed, "Move the car to the parking lot."

"Yes, Mr. Brown," the security guard hurried to answer, catching the keys before jogging over to the car and driving off to park.

After checking to make sure that the security guard was doing his job, Tom continued to follow Toby.

When he saw Toby stop at the front desk, he asked curiously, "Are you looking for something, President Fuller?"

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Chapter 798 The Laughing Stock of the Company

Toby ignored him and rapped his knuckles against the top of the front desk.

The receptionist at the front desk was in her seat with her head low as she jotted something down into her files, and she didn't notice that there was someone at the counter at all until she heard the knock. She put her pen aside and looked up, only to see that the person in front of her was none other than the big man himself.

She jumped in her seat and stammered, "P-President Fuller!"

Toby frowned, but he didn't look like he planned on giving her a hard time. He knew his presence was a terrifying one to entry-level employees, so he wasn't surprised to see how intimidated the receptionist was. In fact, he was already used to being greeted with such fear and respect.

"Did anyone from Paradigm Co. come by?" he asked after withdrawing his hand from the countertop.

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The receptionist blinked at him and repeated inquisitively, "Paradigm Co.?"

Toby hummed in response, and behind him, Tom immediately realized what was going on.

Oh, so that's why he wanted me to park the car outside all of a sudden. He's breaking old habits for Sonia, Tom thought wryly. Then again, I should have known. Sonia is the only person who can make Toby give up his old habits and principles.

"No, President Fuller," the receptionist replied dutifully.

Toby pursed his lips. Looks like the person in charge of delivering the soup isn't here yet.

Upon seeing Toby's lowered gaze, Tom cleared his throat and took the initiative to ask, "President Fuller, did Miss Reed ask someone to drop something off for you?"

Toby nodded slightly in affirmation.

Tom chuckled. He then adjusted his glasses and said, "In that case, why don't you go up to your office first and I'll stay here to look out for the delivery guy? I'll bring whatever it is up to you later."

He cast a sidelong glance at Tom, and it looked as though he was telling him to stay out of his business. "That won't be necessary," he said curtly. "I will personally sign off on anything she delivers to me, so don't be bothered by this."

At the sight of this, the corner of Tom's lips twitched with the urge to snap back at him. Excuse me? Why do you think I'm offering my services? It's all because of you, you jerk! After all, no assistant would want to see their own boss waiting for a delivery at the front desk like some hapless fool. It was only right for him to make the offer because it was well within his job scope as an assistant.

And yet, instead of complimenting me on being a good employee for offering to help, this guy decides to take it the wrong way and implicitly accuse me of wanting to take his special stuff! The audacity of him! Who cares if you're in love, President Fuller? It's not a big deal.

At that moment, Tom vowed to himself that he would and he must find a girlfriend soon. If he has to deal with Toby and Sonia's sickening lovey-dovey moments any longer, he might go insane.

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Although he was cursing in his head, the poor assistant maintained a professional smile that perfectly concealed his disgruntlement.

Meanwhile, Toby was not one to guess Tom's thoughts. He sat down on the chair the receptionist had pulled up for him and crossed his legs leisurely while waiting for the delivery guy to show up.

It took about an hour to get to Fuller Group from Paradigm Co., and he had taken the same amount of time just to get back from the factory. If his estimation was correct, the delivery guy would arrive anytime soon.

At the thought of this, Toby raised his arm and glanced at the time. Then, he tapped his fingers absentmindedly against the tops of his knees. His eyes were fixed on the main entrance of the company building, and there was no hiding the anticipation that glittered in his obsidian orbs.

Now that he was determined to stay and wait at the front desk, Tom couldn't very well leave him alone. As such, he pulled up a seat behind Toby and sat down to wait with him.

Behind them, the receptionist at the front desk stared helplessly at the two most important men in the company sitting alongside her. The smile on her face was nearly frozen as she thought, What in the world is going on here? Why are these two big shots sitting here still?

The pressure of having them sit so close to her was crazy. She couldn't even focus on her work, and she dared not breathe too loudly for fear that they might suddenly look at her or notice her presence.

She wanted to sigh. Her cheeks were already stiff from all the smiling, and she cursed at fate's dark humor.

In the receptionists' group, the women would either brag about the number of times they had seen Toby or discuss his breathtakingly handsome face. There were even times when this receptionist would dream of Toby showing up in front of her and letting her stare at his unreal beauty to her heart's content. That way, she would become the most enviable and luckiest girl among her colleagues.

And now, her fantasy was realized; Toby had indeed shown up in front of her and sat down by her work station. However, she did not dare to stare at him and take in his handsome

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face like a lovesick schoolgirl as she had fantasized. She didn't even dare to sneak a glance at him, fearing that if she did, he would suddenly turn around, catch her staring at him, and fire her right away.

After all, there had been examples where female subordinates and employees in the group had stalked Toby around the building and stared at him from afar. They were all dealt with by Toby and Tom, and they never showed up again for work.

As such, every female employee in Fuller Group dared not act upon their fantasies of Toby. They didn't want to gamble away their careers before they could even bring their hopes to reality. More importantly, if they were fired from the company, it would show on their record and affect their job-hunting prospects.

Don't look. You can't look and you mustn't! The receptionist gripped her pen tightly as she told herself this over and over. Do not even think about peering at President Fuller!

While Toby's presence was giving her immense pressure, the receptionist was determined to hold out until after he left. However, the nerves she was feeling at the moment reflected the unease of the other employees who walked through the lobby. As such, they were undoubtedly nervous as well.

None of them had expected the president to be sitting at the front desk instead of lounging in his cushy office. If they didn't know any better, they would have thought that Toby was here to be a receptionist for a day or to ambush problematic employees.

Either way, the employees who brushed through the lobby immediately slowed in their steps and lightened their footfalls when they caught sight of him. Moreover, they dared not so much as breathe as they lowered their heads like nervous schoolchildren and pretended they had not seen him. All of them were terrified that he would suddenly call their names and question them.

However, as afraid as they were of him, they couldn't help finding this whole scene ridiculously funny.

That much was understandable. After all, Toby and Tom stood at the top of the pyramid in Fuller Group, but each of them were sitting in a simple chair that did not, in any way, complement their fine clothes and intimidating aura. Not to mention, they were staring at the door from where they sat at the front desk. No matter how one looked at this, one had to appreciate the humor of it.

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When these employees were safely out of Toby and Tom's view, they sputtered and burst into laughter. Some of them even took out their phones and spread the hilarious news to all their company group texts.

It didn't take long for the entire company to learn of their president's return, but instead of being cooped up in his office, the big man was seated at the front desk like some guardian deity. Not a single employee who heard about this refrained from laughing out loud.

Presently, Tom was oblivious to the fact that he and Toby were now the biggest joke among their subordinates, but he could feel the shift in their expressions when they walked past the lobby. They had gone from looking shocked, to cautious, to wary, and eventually to amused. At some point, they looked like they were shaking with the effort to keep themselves from laughing.

Oh, I know exactly what they want to laugh about! They probably think it's hilarious to see me and President Fuller sitting here!

In all fairness, it was quite the absurd sight for two important corporate figures to be manning the front desk in the lobby when they should be in the expansive and opulent confines of the president's office and sitting in fine armchairs.

Here, they were warming up old plastic chairs that had been occupied by an indefinite number of people before them, allowing themselves to be in full view of the employees who walked in and out of the lobby.

In fact, they should be handling all kinds of documents for multi-million business deals right now instead of sitting here and staring at the glass-door entrance like two mindless idiots.

Whatever the case might be, Tom and Toby had officially humiliated themselves today.

Tom had never been so embarrassed before. He decidedly kept his head down and clapped a hand over his features, hoping that might save his last shred of dignity.

This is all President Fuller's fault!

Toby, on the other hand, was solemn as he glanced at his watch from time to time, which was the only other thing he did aside from staring at the entrance. He did not notice that he and Tom had become the laughing stock of the entire company at all.

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However, Tom knew better than to point this out to the man. It was bad enough that he had to endure this shame, and he didn't want to be snapped at in the process. My goodness... he found himself musing. He sighed in frustration. Well, as things are, I can't do anything about us becoming the butt of the joke, so what else is there for me to do other than to keep this guy company while he continues to wait?

## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 799

### Chapter 799 Don't Even Think About It

While Tom was resigned to this humiliation, he couldn't help but pray fervently that the delivery guy from Paradigm Co. would show up soon. If he did, then Tom and Toby would be spared from this embarrassment.

Perhaps the heavens decided to take pity on Tom and moved to spare him and Toby from the awkward situation, because not long after that, a man in a suit came through the entrance with a thermal container in hand.

As soon as Tom spotted the man, he stood up and announced enthusiastically, "President Fuller, the guy from Paradigm Co. is here! I remember that thermal container he's holding because Miss Reed used it while she was taking care of you!"

Toby had been glancing at his watch when he heard Tom's words and looked up immediately. Sure enough, the familiar thermal container came into view, and as for the man carrying it, Toby decided to pay no mind to him at all.

A smile tugged on his lips as he rose from his seat and walked up to the man from Paradigm Co.

On the other hand, the man was a little startled to see Toby approach him personally. "President Fuller," he greeted.

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“Give it to me,” Toby said in clipped tones as he reached for the container.

Without delay, the man quickly handed it over and smiled respectfully as he said, “President Fuller, this is the soup Chairman Reed made for you and had me send over here. She also wants to remind you to drink it while it’s hot.”

Toby grabbed the thermal container and replied warmly, “Thank you. You may go back now.”

“Very well,” the man said courteously with a nod.

Then, Toby turned and headed for the elevators with Tom hurrying after him.

It was only after the two of them had disappeared into the elevator that the receptionist let out a sigh of relief. Thank goodness, the two heads of Cerberus are gone! It was as if she had been brought back to life after turning into stone. She didn’t have to gird her loins or bear with the suffocating pressure anymore!

She wiped off the beads of cold sweat that had broken out over her forehead and smiled in tired relief. After that, she picked up her phone and immediately texted into the group chat to tell her colleagues what had happened.

Everyone in the group clamored to guess what Toby could have been doing at the lobby, and when it was revealed by the front desk receptionist that he had been there to personally collect the soup Sonia made for him, everyone burst into an uproar.

None of them would have thought that he was there for such a simple reason, for it seemed too surreal.

However, the female employees in the group chat seemed to have descended into a frenzy. Each of them thought it was incredibly romantic of Toby to wait in the lobby just so he could personally collect the soup Sonia had made for him. More importantly, it only went to show just how much he cared for and loved her. This is a fine example of a good man!

Following that, the male employees in the group chat were mercilessly criticized for not being as romantic or considerate or devoted as Toby. Alas, they could make no retort even if they thought the criticism and comparison were unfair. After all, they were being compared to the president of Fuller Group, and any protest on their part could easily be construed as an insult to Toby.

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If they were caught muttering even a word of dissatisfaction about Toby, then it would only take 10 minutes before their supervisors came up to them and demanded an explanation. As things were, they could do nothing but swallow their pride and reluctantly admit their own shortcomings.

Meanwhile, Toby and Tom had returned to the office. The latter was just about to ask if there were any documents to be sent to relevant departments in the company when Toby spoke first. "Bring me a bowl."

Oh, yes, by all means, set aside important work just so you can enjoy your precious soup, Tom thought sarcastically while suppressing the urge to roll his eyes. He maintained a smile as he very obligingly went into the utilities room to retrieve a bowl and a spoon.

When he returned, he saw that Toby had already twisted open the lid of the thermal container. Sure enough, the soup was still piping hot, and white smoke unfurled from the opening of the container. This was coupled with the savory, appetizing scent of the bone broth.

Tom took a sniff and swallowed as he stared longingly at the thermal container. "President Fuller, Miss Reed sure has a way with making bone broth! That smells delicious!"

"Of course," Toby agreed proudly as he lifted his chin at a haughty angle. My Little Leaf is the best at cooking, and the bone broth she makes is the finest there is!

At the sight of Toby's smug look, Tom rolled his eyes. I'm not complimenting you, so wipe that grin off your face, sir! But even as he thought this, he uttered not a single word and hurriedly passed the bowl and spoon over.

Toby took the utensils and promptly served himself a bowl of soup.

It was obvious to see that Sonia had stewed the bone broth for hours on end; the broth was milky-white in color, which only went to show that all the flavor and goodness of the beef bones had been released and stewed over a slow fire.

The soup was precious indeed.

Tom swallowed once more as he stared at the milky-white soup with the spring onions sprinkled on top. He was completely enamored with it. Look at that gorgeous coloring, he

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thought wistfully. This is driving me crazy. I can already imagine how good the soup will taste.

With glittering eyes, he asked hesitantly, "Uh, President Fuller..."

Toby pulled up his seat and plopped down at the table. Then, he eyed Tom curiously. "What?"

Tom's gaze was fixed on the remaining soup in the container. He rubbed his palms together eagerly as he chuckled. "President Fuller..."

It was obvious what he was hinting at.

A dark look passed over Toby's face as he asked, "Do you want some too?"

Tom's eyes lit up at this and he quickly nodded. "Yes. I mean, Miss Reed is a brilliant cook, and that soup smells really delicious, so I was—"

"No!" Toby cut him off ruthlessly and dashed his hopes.

Tom gaped at him with wide eyes. "But why, President Fuller?"

Toby snorted and pointed out, "My lover made me this soup, so no, you can't try it no matter what! If you want some soup, go find your own girlfriend and have her make it for you!"

This rendered Tom so speechless and disappointed that he lowered his head. Find a girlfriend? Like it's that easy! If it weren't so difficult, why would I still be single at 30 years old?

Upon seeing how dejected Tom looked, Toby put down his spoon and frowned in annoyance. "What are you still standing there for? Get out. Don't think that I'd take pity on you just because you're sulking over there. Go on."

He waved his hand to dismiss Tom impatiently. He even made it a point to pull the thermal container closer to him, making it seem as though he was terrified that Tom might snatch it and run away with it.

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The corner of Tom's lips twitched in disbelief. And now he thinks I'm a soup robber? Come on! It's just a bowl of soup, and I couldn't care less about drinking it! He was lying to himself while cursing at Toby, but he forced a smile and said pleasantly, "Okay, I'll get going then."

Toby did not spare him a second glance as he lowered his head and drank the soup in earnest.

Tom pouted, and after giving the thermal container another wistful look, he sighed and walked out the door.

After he left, Toby scoffed as a triumphant smirk tugged at his lips. You want to drink my soup? Over my dead body! Sonia is the one who made me this soup and no one gets to have it but me!

He took another mouthful of soup as he fished out his phone to give Sonia a call.

Sonia had only just come out of the washroom when she heard her phone ring. She flicked off the water droplets on her hands and walked up to her desk. When she grabbed her phone and saw Toby's name flashing on the screen, she lit up considerably and swiped to answer the call without any delay. "Hello?"

Toby's heart melted into a pool when he heard Sonia's voice. "Hey, are you busy at the moment?" he asked softly.

She shook her head on the other line. "Not at all, but what about you? I didn't hear from you for the entire morning; you must have been so tied up with work that you didn't even have time to check your phone."

He hummed in response. "I was checking up on things at the factory this morning and I didn't have time to check my messages, but I'm free for now. I still have to visit the site two hours later, so I might be home late tonight. Have dinner without me and don't wait up, okay?" he said after drinking some soup.

"Okay, I got it," she replied with a nod, but a frown quickly etched itself on her delicate face.

He hadn't slept much last night, and it was bad enough that he had to work for the whole day. Yet, he was going to have to work through the night as well.

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It's going to take a toll on his body.

However, she sighed and did not try to persuade him to get off work early today. She was also the chairman of a company, and she knew it was impossible to just set work aside on a whim. After all, they had their employees' livelihoods to consider.

That said, she was still worried about how the workload might affect his body. As things stood, all she could do was to make sure he had all the right food. At the thought of this, she asked, "By the way, did you get the soup?"

## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 800

Chapter 800 The Rival's Confrontation

Toby hummed earnestly in response as he replied, "I got it, and I'm drinking it right now." As he said this, he took up a spoonful of soup and slurped it loudly. "Hear that?"

Sonia laughed and nodded. "Yes, I heard it. How is it? I stewed it for ages just to get the flavor right."

"It's delicious," he answered with a firm nod. Then, his brows drew together as he added, "Tom was here too, and he wanted to give a taste after he saw how good it looked. He even asked me if I could spare him some."

"Oh?" She raised a brow in amusement. Sonia then laughed and said, "If he truly thinks that way, then I must have displayed exemplary culinary skills."

"I didn't let him try it, though," Toby said huffily on the other line. "You made the soup for me, and it's mine—all mine! No one else gets to have it."

Upon hearing his stubborn tone, Sonia couldn't help being entertained. "That's a little selfish of you, isn't it?"

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“Not at all.” He shook his head slightly. “I’m just trying to protect what’s mine, so how is that selfish? Besides, you said you made the soup for me. It wouldn’t seem right to let someone else have it too.”

“That’s true,” she agreed with a nod. She was admittedly gratified to hear how defensive he was over something she gave him. After all, it wasn’t a pleasant feeling to know that the gift one gave a person was passed on to another. It’s a good thing to see him appreciate the soup so much, she thought with a smile.

Just then, she remembered something and said, “By the way, Anya apologized to me today.”

Toby stopped drinking his soup when he heard this, but quickly regained composure as he nodded. “Well, as long as she apologizes.”

He had thought about getting someone to give her a reminder if she didn’t apologize to Sonia in the next two days. After he swallowed his soup, he then asked, “What was she like when she apologized?”

He had been too busy today to follow up on these things, much less even hear about it.

Sonia sputtered as she said, “What was she like, you ask? Disgusting.”

He frowned at this and asked, “What happened?”

“I mean, it’s not actually a big deal or whatever, but...” She went on to tell him all about Anya’s apology and the way she had gone about it.

After hearing the details, Toby frowned.

Sonia rubbed her temple in a tired manner and said, “All in all, she basically misled the netizens.”

“I’ll get Tom to handle this,” Toby offered in a stone-cold voice.

She shook her head. “There’s no need for that. Daphne offered to take care of it too, but I turned her down. It’s not like Anya and I are ever going to cross paths again, so I’ll let this die off on its own. I never expected a genuine apology from her anyway, and I thought she might have had some dirty tricks up her sleeve. I guess you could say I saw this coming, and

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whatever she did was not surprising at all. She's such an attention-seeking person that the more we try to get back at her, the more she would pester us. Let's just ignore her from now on."

The gloomy look on Toby's face waned after he heard this, and his tone was considerably less stony as he muttered, "Fine, I'll let this go."

Although he sounded like he was willing to turn a blind eye to this, he had no plans of doing so. After all, he wouldn't allow anyone to hurt Sonia without paying the price. She was kind-hearted, but he certainly was not.

He had been merciful enough to give Anya a way out when he asked her to apologize to Sonia. Little did he know that the girl would end up making trouble when she could have had an easy escape.

In that case, she will reap what she has sowed.

At the thought of this, Toby narrowed his eyes dangerously.

Meanwhile, on the other line, Sonia smiled when she heard that he was going to let this matter go. Alas, she had no idea that the petty and vengeful man she called her lover was already planning to get Anya back for her misdeeds.

Following this, they moved on to another topic, and they hung up the call shortly after exchanging words of affection.

"Tom," Toby called for his assistant as soon as he set his phone down.

When Tom came into the office, he saw that Toby was standing at his desk while clearing away the utensils and carefully keeping the thermal container.

He looked like the perfect house-husband. Tom quickly averted his eyes and thought grimly, How far has this guy fallen? This can't possibly be the same workaholic who couldn't even take care of himself on the daily.

He never would have expected Toby to look so adept at simple chores like this, nor did he know when the man had started picking up such habits. Without dwelling on this, he cleared his throat and asked, "Is there anything I can help you with, President Fuller?"

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Toby set the utensils and the thermal container aside before pulling out a couple of tissues to wipe his fingers. Then, he said darkly, “Did you see Anya’s apology?”

“Apology?” Tom froze in surprise, which meant he hadn’t seen it at all.

Toby didn’t blame him, though; Tom had been too tied up with work today, so it was no surprise that he hadn’t heard of this.

“Apparently, Anya went to apologize to Little Leaf today, but she clearly didn’t mean it,” Toby elaborated icily as he threw the used tissues into the bin and sat down once more.

Tom frowned. “I had no idea about this. I’m sorry, President Fuller—I’ll look into it right now.” With that, he pulled out his phone and searched the internet.

Sonia had managed to get the public relations team to keep the news of the apology from trending, but Tom thought he might still be able to find something if he dug deep enough.

It didn’t take long before he came across a video of Anya’s apology to Sonia.

Anya was crying in the video and apologizing to Sonia under the guise of telling her sob-story to the netizens. She wailed about how she was innocent and how she had been forced into apologizing just to gain sympathy.

Having seen all this, Tom grew sullen as he hissed through gritted teeth, “This woman is incorrigibly despicable!”

Toby eyed him steadily. “Do you now know why I called you in here?”

Tom nodded. “Don’t worry, President Fuller. I’ll make sure to teach her a lesson for this.”

Humming in response, Toby reminded, “Make sure to do it quietly. She just apologized to Little Leaf, and if anything too alarming happens to her, the public might think that Little Leaf is the one behind it. It’ll only make things worse for her.”

“Don’t worry, President Fuller. I know what to do.” Tom pushed his glasses up his nose bridge as a cold gleam flashed in his eyes. “I’m just going to make sure she runs into various obstacles in her life and career. It’ll all seem like bad luck on her end, and no one will be able to tell that we had anything to do with it.”

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Toby made a small noise of agreement and waved to dismiss him. "Well then, please get to it."

"Yes, sir." Tom turned on his heels to leave the office.

Now that he was left alone, Toby glanced at the thermal container and decided to wash it in the adjoining kitchenette.

But before he could lift a finger, his phone rang again.

Toby took his phone out to check the caller ID with a frown on his face, and a look of astonishment flickered in his dark eyes for a moment. However, he quickly snapped out of the initial shock and thought, Why is he calling me out of the blue?

Toby pursed his lips. He had no intention of answering the call, so with a decisive swipe of his thumb, he rejected it.

However, he had only just dismissed the call for a few seconds before his phone buzzed again. The ringtone was starting to sound like a hymn at some point, and he had a feeling that the person would not stop calling until he picked up.

Toby's face was dark as he picked up the phone impatiently and pressed it to his ear. "What do you want?" he barked unhappily. He was clearly irritated, and if it weren't for the fact that the person might go to Sonia and make up ridiculous lies to paint him in a bad light, he wouldn't have picked up the call in the first place. In fact, he would have turned off his phone right away.

On the other line, Charles' thunderous voice roared, "What the hell are you up to, Toby? Did you get Sonia into trouble again?"

He was currently sitting in his office chair. He had one hand on the phone and the other clenching the edge of the desk. He was so angry that the veins near his temples were throbbing, and his handsome face had turned red with fury. Even his eyes were growing bloodshot as well. He looked like he could kill, and his body was trembling with rage.

Anyone could tell that he was close to bursting into flames, looking as though he might even explode.

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Again? The air around Toby grew cold when he heard this word, and his face was sullen. There was fury in his eyes as he demanded venomously, "Don't be ridiculous, Charles. When and how did I get Little Leaf into trouble again?"

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