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## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 887

Chapter 887 Grumbling Tom

Sonia felt like laughing when she saw him using his black shirt as a towel, but she could not even chuckle. She had no strength for that, so she only smiled a little.

Toby noticed that. "Why are you laughing?" he asked.

"Just thinking that I'm a really lucky girl. A company president worth billions is serving me like I'm his master, and he's even using a shirt worth a few ten thousand as a towel. Of course I feel happy." She looked at him.

Toby was only wearing his suit, and there were only two to three buttons, all of which were located under the chest. She could see his naked chest and perfectly-toned muscles. He was radiating and glistening with sweat after all that sex earlier, but it did not make him look ugly. Instead, he seemed primal and alluring.

Sonia thought she was a whole lot stronger, mentally speaking. At least she would no longer blush every time she saw a naked part of Toby's body, nor would she turn away the moment she saw it. Now, she could enjoy the view and allow him to clean her up. It would have been impossible in the past, but not now.

She had no strength to move, but she did not want to feel sticky and slimy either, so she allowed him to clean her up. He was still energetic and strong. Besides, it was great having a billionaire fussing over her. At least her ego was stroked. Besides, he had seen her naked and gone even further than that before. There was no need to feel embarrassed. Well, whatever.

Toby gently cleaned the stains off her. "It's my honor to serve you, and I don't feel unfair. I feel proud. I can do this all my life. If you'd like, I can buy some towels that cost the same as the shirt for this job."

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"No!" Sonia mustered all her strength to raise her hand. "I'm fine with you doing this all your life, but don't use that kind of towel. They cost a fortune." That's just unnecessary.

Toby saw the look on her face, and he smiled. "Of course."

Using his shirt was the same thing anyway, and he preferred using the shirt compared to a towel. Cleaning her off with his shirt made him feel hot. He started to tighten his grip on the shirt, as if he was holding something in. A moment later, he heaved a sigh and held the urge down. I can't go another round, or it would break her.

He massaged his temples and perished his sexual thoughts. He took the clothes on the driver's seat and put them over Sonia. He loved helping her get into her clothes, especially when she was lying in his embrace. It melted his heart, and that helpless look of hers enticed him. Toby could have finished helping her in moments, but he dragged on and took advantage of her.

Sonia knew that, of course, but she was too tired to say anything. She could not even roll her eyes.

When he finally finished helping her get into her clothes, Toby cleaned the stains in the car. He made sure that there were no suspicious stains left before getting out of the car with Sonia in his arms, then he walked to the elevator.

Sonia leaned against his chest, her eyes closed. The thought of what happened over the last few hours made her feel embarrassed. She never would have thought that she would have sex with Toby in public. That's kind of an achievement, huh?

It was fortunate that the people here knew a lot of stuff, and that Toby was driving his usual car instead of a regular one. If he was in a regular car, then the car plate would have been a regular one as well. If they had sex in that kind of car, the couple would have uploaded the video without fear or fervor. Once the public went through with the doxxing, their reputation would be ruined. Good thing nobody else passed by, or I would have to go through it a second time. She eventually loosened up, and the exhaustion caught up to her. Eventually, she leaned closer to his chest and fell asleep.

Toby noticed her taking deeper breaths than usual, and he looked down to find her asleep. He chuckled, holding her tighter as he quickened his pace into the elevator.

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It was three in the afternoon when he came back to Bayside Residence. He put her on the bed and tucked her in. He wanted to wake her up and tell her to have lunch before she went to sleep, but she would not wake up, so he let it slide. He knew she was in a deep sleep after exhausting herself, and it was impossible to wake her up. Since that was the case, he had no choice but to let her sleep.

He pushed her hair out of the way so she could breathe easier, then he got back up and rummaged through her wardrobe until he came across some clothes that fitted him. He tiptoed out of the bedroom and headed to the bathroom. Toby was drying his head with a towel when he came out, and he made a call.

It went through in a moment. "How can I help you, Mr. Fuller?" Tom said, sounding lethargic and a little bitter.

Of course he was bitter. It was nearing the festival, and everyone in the company was working overtime to get things done, but Toby skipped out on work instead. Tom knew the reason for that, and he could understand why, but he thought it was unfair to take on so much of the work. He ran around the company the whole day without even resting, and his mind was about to explode.

Toby ignored the bitterness in his voice. He said, "Come to Bayside Residence after work and get the car's interior washed."

"Huh?" Tom was flabbergasted. "Get the interior washed?"

"Yes."

"But it was only washed two days ago." Tom was confused. Toby was a germaphobe, and he would wash his regular car's interiors once every week. It was a deep clean as well. It's only been two days, and Mr. Fuller wants it cleaned again? Odd. "Did you get it dirty, Mr. Fuller?" Tom asked curiously.

Toby's face fell, and he pursed his lips. "No. Just do as I say and ask no questions!"

Tom scratched his nose awkwardly. "Alright, Mr. Fuller. I understand. I'll take the car to the shop after work."

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Toby grunted. "And take the spare key with you. Don't come upstairs." He sounded like he did not want to be disturbed.

"Of course, Mr. Fuller," Tom replied. He sounded like he was smiling, but the man was rolling his eyes in silence. You don't want me to go upstairs? Well, I don't want to go anyway. I'm not stupid. I'm not going to watch you guys make out.

## Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 888

### Chapter 888 Bizarre Call

Tom stopped complaining in silence and asked, "What else do you need, President Fuller?"

Toby lowered his head pensively for a moment. "Have you received any weird calls today? Or did you see any weird people?"

Weird calls? Weird people? Tom shook his head in confusion. "No, President Fuller. Did something happen?"

"Anya hired our ex-legal department head as her lawyer," Toby answered.

Tom tried to recall who it was, and he remembered someone. "Oscar?"

"Yes." Toby nodded. "Connor's the one who hired him. He thought he could use our connection to get Anya off the hook, but the negotiation broke down, so he might call you to find out more about me. He might also send his spies as well."

Connor would not contact him that easily. Homer was his father after all, and no man would want to come in contact with the son of the man who took their beloved away.

"I see." Tom nodded. "Don't worry, President Fuller. I haven't received any weird calls today. Didn't see any weird people either."

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Toby nodded. "That's good to hear."

"By the way, sir..." Tom remembered something and he adjusted his glasses. "Is Connor related to Anya? Why did he do so much for her? Are they father and daughter just like what we guessed?"

Toby did not answer, but he had a dark look on his face.

The silence was an answer in and of itself.

Tom knew that, and his eyes widened. "She's actually his daughter?"

Toby chortled sardonically. "The product of an affair."

Tom gasped. "She's born out of wedlock? If I remember correctly, she's twenty-seven, isn't she? Then, that means..." Tom's eyes were as big as saucepans now, and he did not finish his sentence, though he felt sad for Toby's mother.

He was one of the people who knew about what Toby's mother did in her younger days. Of course he could not stay still after finding out that Connor sired an illegitimate daughter three years after Toby's mother was married to Homer. Didn't he say he would wait for the madam?

He promised he wouldn't get another woman, but in the end, not only did he do that, but they had a child as well. Everyone in Westsashire calls him a loyal man. They say he's staying single for the madam, but he's been sleeping around like everyone else. The madam should have never fallen in love with him.

Tom cursed Connor silently and he asked with concern, "Are you alright, sir?"

Even he felt angry after he found out that Anya was Connor's love child, let alone Toby. President Fuller's heart is getting weaker by the day. He can't get furious or too emotional. He was worried about Toby.

"I'm alright." Toby squinted, a storm brewing in his eyes. "I had a guess, so I was prepared for this. I won't lose my mind and kill him or something, and I have Little Leaf with me. All is good."

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Tom had a deadpan look on his face. He laughed at himself in silence. I still have to hear about your love life on the phone? Why are you doing this to me?

I'm just trying to help. This is just ungrateful. I can't do this anymore. Imma hang up. He rolled his eyes but pretended that he was fine. "That's good to hear, sir. I'll be going now. There's work to do."

"You do that." Toby nodded coolly.

Tom hung up, still looking deadpan.

Toby had no idea that Tom was already grumbling. He put his phone down and tossed it onto the couch, then he went back to drying his hair.

Once he was done, he tossed the towel onto the couch's armrest and headed to the kitchen. His hair was still wet, but he was not going to blow them dry. He wanted to make some soup so Sonia could have it after she woke up.

She had better strength and stamina after doing all the workout. It was better than how she was at first, but it was far from what he had in mind. She's still weak. She needs her nutrients. Toby brewed the soup as fast as he could.

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A ringtone woke Sonia up. She extended her hand from under the blanket and rummaged around the bedside table. Her eyes were still closed and she had no idea where she was, but she still did it because of her muscle memory. She found her phone and swiped right on the screen before placing the device against her ear. "Hello, may I know who you are?" she asked, her voice languid and hoarse.

She received no answer.

There was a frown on her forehead and she opened her eyes with difficulty. She placed her phone in front of her, but the screen shone like the sun in the dark room. It almost blinded her, so she closed her eyes and put her phone back against her ear.

It was just for a moment, but Sonia could see that the call was from an unknown number. She could not see where the location was, and there was only a string of numbers.

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Apparently, the caller had hidden their location, but Sonia did not think it was weird. She received a lot of similar calls every day—it was either sales calls or her client. The call did not faze her at all, and she asked politely, “Hello, can you hear me?”

She still had no answer. If it were not because the call was still ongoing, she would have thought the caller had hung up on her.

Sonia did not force them to talk. She covered her mouth and yawned, which sobered her up a little and jogged her awake. She tried to sound a lot less sleepy as she explained, “Hello, I’ll be hanging up now if there’s nothing you want to talk about. If you’re Paradigm Co.’s client, you can call me once you figure out what you want to talk about. My phone is on 24/7. See you.”

She finished talking and raised her phone to hang up. Sonia opened her eyes and blinked a few times so she could get used to looking at her phone in the dark.

When she saw the time, Sonia froze for a moment, and her eyes widened. “It’s already seven?” She sat up abruptly.

Sonia scratched her head and looked at the French window. The curtains were closed, preventing her from seeing the view outside. However, she noticed that there were neon lights shining in the distance, and she realized that she was not seeing things. Her phone was working correctly. Indeed, it was already 7.00PM.

The days were short in winter. It would get dark at six and night would fully descend at about seven. All the neon lights in the city had been turned on. Those lights aren’t natural. They’re neon lights. I’m sure of it. She held her forehead, looking a little disappointed in herself.

She never thought she would sleep through the afternoon and wake up only at night. Sonia knew she had fallen asleep from the sheer exhaustion, but she never thought the slumber would last that long.

Right before she slept, she even thought she would just take a nap and go back to Paradigm Co. after that, but so much for that.

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