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Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 889

Chapter 889 Toby's Fault

This is all Toby's fault. I wouldn't have gotten so tired and slept through the afternoon if not for him. I could have gotten some work done. Ooh, I'm so mad. He's gonna pay for this.

She turned to the side and flipped the switch of her lamp on. The light illuminated the room, and Sonia could see everything. She put her phone down and got out of bed, but the moment she did, her legs gave out. She fell down with a thud, kneeling on her knees and hands.

It was fortunate that the floor had a rug over it, and the impact did not hurt that much. However, she turned beet-red from the awkwardness.

She fell because she had gone the whole day without eating, and a part of her was feeling sore. She had pulled on it when she got off the bed, and that was why her legs gave out.

As she looked at her knees and hands, something bubbled within Sonia. Tears welled up in her eyes, and she kept muttering Toby's name. It's all Toby's fault. I wouldn't be kneeling here like some kind of weakling if not for him.

The more she thought about it, the sadder it made her. She bit her lip, and she was on the verge of tears. Sonia had never embarrassed herself like this before, but after she met Toby, all she did was embarrass herself. What did I ever do to make that guy do this to me?

She took a deep breath and held her tears down. Sonia slowly got back up, holding the edge of her bed as she did so. She sat on the edge of her bed to check her legs.

Sonia was in pajamas. Toby probably changed her clothes after he took her back. She bent over and rolled her pants up to see if her knees were bruised. She had fallen down hard, and it might leave a bruise even though it did not hurt. She had to check.

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She rolled the legs of her pants up, revealing her fair and lovely calves. They shone like jade under the illumination of the light, attracting the eyes of those who would look at them.

She took a close look at her knees and heaved a sigh of relief, as they were fine. She rolled the legs of the pants down and went outside, leaning against the wall.

She had to. Sonia almost lost all feeling of her body, and she was starving. There was not an ounce of strength left in her, and she would fall if she did not lean against something.

It was some time past seven, and Toby was not in the room. She wondered if he was in the living room or outside. If he was in the living room, she would bite him hard to get back at him for making her fall.

She was walking slowly, but eventually, she came out of her bedroom and stepped into the living quarters. All the lights were on, and the room was bright. In other words, Toby was in the house. He was not in the living room, however, which meant he was either in the kitchen or bedroom-turned-study.

Sonia changed directions, heading to the left, where the study was. The door was ajar when she arrived, and some light seeped out of the crack. She heard the sound of someone tapping the keyboard coming from within, and she knew the culprit was right in there. Sonia took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

She did not make any sound when she opened the door, so Toby did not realize that she had come in. He was sitting behind the desk, working seriously.

Sonia was still leaning against the wall, tiptoeing into the study, as if she was worried about disturbing him. The study used to be hers and only hers. She could barge in like an elephant without having to worry about disturbing anyone. However, she had split the study in half now.

There was an extra desk, computer, chair, and most importantly, a book shelf filled with books that bored her. She did not understand what they were talking about either. Obviously, they belonged to Toby.

Toby had a lot more stuff than she did, causing her desk and computer to be placed in a corner. She only took up a third of the space, while the rest belonged to Toby. She was the owner of the room, but Toby had taken it from her and turned her into something like an

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assistant. On top of that, she had to walk on tiptoes just so she would not disturb him. It annoyed her a little.

However, when she remembered how her clothes took up two thirds of the cabinet while Toby's expensive clothes only took up a third of the space, it cheered her up a little. A smile curled her lips, and she coughed.

Toby stopped typing when he heard that, and he looked up. When he saw Sonia standing not far from him, the deadpan look on his face turned into a gentle smile, and surprise flashed in his eyes. "Good evening."

He pushed the chair back and got up. Toby stopped right before Sonia, looking at her. "Why didn't you call me?"

Sonai rolled her eyes. "I had no idea where you were. How am I supposed to call you?"

"Your phone," Toby answered.

Sonia shook her head. "It's alright. I don't need to call someone just because I woke up. And why would I? I'm not hurt or anything. I don't need you to treat me like I'm a patient."

"You're not a patient. Don't call yourself that." He poked her forehead and frowned. "You're perfectly fine, and I'm happy to do anything for you. Are you hungry?"

Sonia looked down and rubbed her belly. It growled.

Toby smiled. "I think you are. Let's have dinner."

He held her hand and led her out.

Sonia looked at his desk. "Don't you have work to do? You seem busy. Why don't you finish your work first? I can make my own dinner."

"It's alright. It's not that important. I can finish them tomorrow." Toby opened the study's door. No matter how important his work was, Sonia would always take precedence. He would rather spend time with her than working.

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They came to the dining room, and Toby pulled a chair back for Sonia. Once she sat down, he said, "Give me a minute. The food's in the kitchen."

"It's in the kitchen?" Sonia sat up straighter. "Dinner's already made?"

Toby nodded. "Yes. I've been keeping it warm for you. Give me a minute." He patted her shoulder and went to the kitchen. A moment later, he came back with a variety of food, and there was even chicken soup too. They smelled great. Toby gave her the cutlery. "Dig in."

"What about you?" Sonia took it from him.

Toby sat across from her. "I had dinner already. Dig in. I want your opinion. I just learned how to make these."

Sonia stopped taking the food for a minute and gave Toby a look of surprise. "You made these?"

"Of course." Toby nodded, looking proud of himself.

Sonia smiled. "I bet they're good. You learn things fast, and you learn them well. I'm confident about that." She speared a piece of meat and popped it into her mouth.

Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again Chapter 890

Chapter 890 Don't Call Me Baby

They were great, as expected. Sonia gave Toby a thumbs up as praise.

Toby smiled. "Have some more then." He filled her bowl with all kinds of food, and when he was done, the food in her bowl looked like a small mountain. Even so, Toby did not show any signs of stopping. It was like he was having fun filling her bowl with food.

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Sonia held his hand before he could continue, and she shook her head. "Stop it. Are you trying to fatten me up?"

Toby looked at her bowl and realized that he had gone a bit too far. He put his fork down sheepishly and coughed. "Sorry. I'll stop now. Dig in."

Sonia let his hand go and went back to dinner. Halfway through, she remembered something, and she stopped chewing for a moment. Wait, wasn't I going to bite him as payback for exhausting me and making me fall? Why haven't I done that yet?

Sonia looked at the food before her as she fell into her thoughts. In the end, she chalked it up to him being too good at cheering her up. Fine. Since he made dinner for me, I'll let it slide.

Sonia tossed her annoyance out the window and kept eating. Hey, I'm not easily bought. I'm just too kind to bite someone. Yep, that's it. I'm just too kind. Sonia nodded.

Toby looked at her and squinted. He extended his hand and patted her head. I wonder what she's thinking about.

The head pat came all of a sudden, and Sonia shot him an angry glare. "What are you doing?"

Toby smiled. "Nothing. Your head is just too cute, so I couldn't hold back."

Sonia was not happy at all. In fact, she felt terrified. Her lips twitched, and she nudged her chair back to put some distance between her and Toby. He's patting my head because he finds it cute? What are you going to do next? Tear my head off because it's cute?

Toby noticed her moving backward, and he blinked in confusion. "What's wrong?" Why did she move backward?

Sonia would not tell him that she misinterpreted what he said. She popped a piece of meat into her mouth and shook her head. "It's nothing. I wasn't feeling too comfortable sitting at that angle, so I moved."

Toby nodded, but he said nothing. He did the dishes after dinner, and Sonia did not refuse, seeing as he was so adamant. She lay on the couch to recuperate. There was no reason not

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to let him do it, as he was so eager. She stretched her arms out, but just then, her phone rang.

The vibration was making her leg numb, and she took it out from her pocket. Charles had sent her a text. It's late. Why is he texting me? Did something happen?

Sonia quickly sat up and clicked into the text. The message read, 'Sonia, Mom asked me if you're free tomorrow. She wants you and Fuller over for dinner.'

Sonia smacked her forehead. I totally forgot about this. Charles did tell her that his mother knew she had gotten back together with Toby, and she wanted her to bring Toby over for dinner. She had agreed to it and even said she could make it in two days, but things happened, and she failed to fulfill her promise.

Mrs. Lane was understanding, however. She said Sonia could go after she was done with work, but Sonia forgot all about it after she was done with work. She had not told Toby about it either. If it were not for Charles, Sonia would have forgotten all about it. Tomorrow, huh?

Sonia recalled her itinerary for the next day. She did not have much to do, so she could go, but she was not sure if Toby had the same luxury. Sonia put her phone down and turned around. She knelt on the couch, holding the back of it with her hands. "Toby!" she called out in the direction of the kitchen.

Toby was cleaning up the kitchen at the moment. He was wearing an apron, and his sleeves were rolled up. The man was wiping the counter with a cloth, and it looked like he was used to it.

He looked just like a househusband who was used to doing chores. If Tom was here, he would probably cry seeing his employer doing chores like a househusband. Toby, however, was used to this, and he seemed happy doing it.

When Sonia called him, he quickly tossed the cloth away and washed his hands, then he took his apron off before going over to Sonia. "What is it?" He came to the living quarters and looked at Sonia.

Sonia waved her phone. "Charles texted me. He wants to know if we're free to go over to his place for dinner tomorrow."

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“At his house?” Toby frowned. He did not understand why Charles wanted them over. There’s no way Charles sent that invitation. He would only invite Little Leaf, not me. Someone else must have sent the invite. He thought about Charles’ folks and arched his eyebrow. “Did his mother invite us?”

“How did you know?” She looked at him, shocked. Wow, he’s smart. He can guess a lot of things just from one clue. No wonder the company has grown so much under him. He’s smart, so of course it’ll grow.

Toby noticed the astonishment in her eyes, and he chuckled. “Easy. Charles hates me, so he wouldn’t invite me to his place. There’s only him and his parents there, so only his parents would invite me for dinner. His father’s a man, so he won’t ask us over for no reason. The only one who would do that is his mother.”

“Nice deduction.” Sonia gave him another thumbs up. “If you weren’t a part of the Fullers, you would probably be a detective or police officer by now.”

Toby sat down and held the back of her head, then he kissed her forehead. “I’m flattered, baby.”

Sonia felt a chill run down her spine from being called that. She rubbed her arm, and her face was red. She shot him an awkward but embarrassed glare. “Don’t call me baby. It sounds so icky.”

She was twenty-seven, not seven, and she was not a girl who was in the early days of a relationship. She did not need her boyfriend to call her ‘baby’. It was hard to get used to, and it sounded like she was trying to act like a teen girl when she was almost thirty years old. Wait. Where did he learn that?

He doesn’t look like the kind of guy who would say that. Despite her disbelief, Toby did say that, and he sounded so sexy when he did it, she felt really flattered in spite of how embarrassed she was.

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