

# Boss Your Wife's Asking for A Divorce Again

## Chapter 916

Chapter 916 Old Mrs. Fuller's Motive

"I understand." Toby nodded. Rose thumped on her chest. "So, once again, after your father fainted from overdrinking because of your mother, I couldn't stand it anymore. I went to look for your mother and asked what she wanted. Why didn't she keep her word? Since she looked down on my son so much, why didn't she agree when the Fuller Family asked to cancel their marriage?"

Why did she have to marry into our family? Didn't we give her a chance? Yes, we did. After canceling the marriage, she could be together with Connor, and the Fuller Family would also help the Johann Family, but she disagreed. After she got married, she enjoyed the Fuller Family's contribution to the Johann Family, and still treated my son like that..."

No matter who it was, it would be intolerable, no? Toby lowered his eyes and did not respond. As a son, he knew that his mother's behavior was wrong, and even immoral. However, he couldn't say that directly. Even though he didn't have much affection for her, she was still his mother.

Rose had always been a reasonable woman. Hence, though she knew the reason for Toby's silence, she never blamed her grandson. After all, it was his duty as a son to not talk about his mother's mistakes. If he had said something, she would've thought that he was in the wrong instead.

"But, Grandma, did you never ask them to divorce?" Toby pursed his lips and asked suddenly. "With your personality, if you see Dad living in such pain and watching as Mom keeps thinking about another man, you should've asked them to divorce for everyone's good."

"Of course I did." Rose sighed. "When I was talking to your mother, I suggested a divorce. Although your mother was already pregnant with you at that time, I also told her clearly that she could abort the child and pursue her love. But..."

"My mom still refused?" Toby guessed.

Rose nodded. "That's right. Although your mother was a little stupid in love, she still possessed a sense of responsibility. She rejected my suggestion and said that because she had promised to give birth to an heir for your father, she couldn't go back on her word and thus wouldn't abort the child. Also, she told me that she wouldn't divorce for the time being, and that only after her child had grown up and could understand that there was no love between their parents would she divorce your father and leave.

She told me this very seriously, and I did want a grandson really badly. Besides, your mother was already pregnant with you, and I couldn't bear to let her get rid of the baby. I just didn't want to see her and your dad torturing each other anymore, which was the only reason I endured the pain and allowed her to abort it in the first place. But since she said she wanted to keep the child, I naturally stopped trying to persuade her."

"What happened next?" he asked.

She took a sip of her tea before continuing, "After that, I told your mother that as long as she didn't regret it, then it was up to her. That time, your mother smiled and touched her stomach, saying that she didn't regret it, and that although she could only be with Connor many years later, he would wait for her, and still protect his chastity just like she had. She and Connor had made an agreement, and I already found out about this when I looked into her, but I didn't tell her that. Even after she told me, I deliberately pretended to be surprised and said good for her."

Saying that, she scoffed mockingly. "Although I said that at the time, I thought it was ridiculous. How could she believe that a man would actually abstain for her sake? She had really overestimated Connor's feelings for her. If that man really loved her so much, why did he never stand up against her engagement to the Fuller Family or the fact that she was about to get married?

He didn't even make his relationship with your mother public. On the contrary, it was your mother who declared it before she got married. If that man really loved her so much, would he not object to her marrying another man, and would he hide his girlfriend's status? Hence, I never thought that Connor had loved your mother, but she... Sigh..."

Rose heaved a long sigh. "It turns out that what I thought back then was right. Connor even has an illegitimate daughter, and she's about the same age as Sonny. This obviously shows that he had broken his promise on his own when your mother hadn't even been married for more than two years. If she found out about this, she might rise from her grave in anger."

"Just keep it from her," Toby said indifferently, lowering his eyes.

Amused by his words, Rose burst out into laughter. "You have a point. But, although your mother was despicable, she was also really pitiful. If she had really left Connor behind and stayed with your father, she would've definitely been living a happy life now, and Jean wouldn't have come into the equation."

Toby trusted her words as Rose said before that his father used to love his mother. If it weren't for Valerie refusing to reciprocate Homer's affection and kept pushing him away, he wouldn't have fallen in love with Jean. However, although Jean was crude and not up to par, she was indeed a good person. Because she felt that she was the other woman and that she had caused the death of his mother, she treated him completely like her own son.

It was also because of this that even though Rose didn't like Jean, she still recognized Jean as her daughter-in-law.

"Perhaps, Dad wasn't destined to be with Mom, and his real fate was with stepmom." Toby looked at Rose and said, "Besides, Grandma, don't you think that after Dad got together with stepmom, he has become so much happier?"

Rose huffed. "If I hadn't been sure that the two of them did have feelings for each other and Jean was also kind to you, even if your father had accepted punishment, I wouldn't have allowed Jean to marry into our family."

He chuckled. "Grandma, even if you don't like stepmom, you still give her enough recognition. You just don't like her personality, but it doesn't mean that you didn't acknowledge her as the daughter-in-law of the Fuller Family."

She sighed. "Yes, she's gaudy and uncouth, and I can't find anything about her to like. She still wouldn't change after I'd tried for so many years and gives me a headache, but I can't find any problems in the way she treats you. In the end, she's unqualified to be the daughter-in-law of the Fuller Family in terms of family ties, but I have to admit that she's a good wife and mother. Still, I didn't hold high hopes for her in the first place. As long as she did her duty well as a wife and mother, I wouldn't ask for anything more."

Saying that, she waved her hand with a disdainful look.

Toby laughed for a moment before his expression returned to a cold look. "Right, Grandma, you still haven't told me how you realized that Mom raised me to have Connor's personality."

When Rose heard that, her face darkened. "I really didn't know at first. When your mother said that she wanted to foster your character personally, I didn't think much about it because I thought that it was normal for a mother to raise her son. I couldn't deprive her of her rights as a mother, so I went along with her words.

It was only until you turned eight and I went to Westsashire for your grandfather's fellow comrade's 80th birthday that I met Connor there. The moment I saw him, my first impression of him was like Sonny's, as you've said. In an instant, I understood your mother's actions, and I was angry. How could your mother be so foolish to raise her son into her lover's replacement? Was that something a mother should do?"

Her face flushed red from anger.

As though suddenly recalling something, Toby raised his head and looked at her. "No wonder you suddenly asked me to come and live with you after coming back from Westsashire. You just wanted to prevent my mother from continuing to brainwash me and fully turn me to have Connor's personality."

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Chapter 917 Convincing Old Mrs. Fuller

"That's right," Rose admitted with resignation. "I was so mad back then. I trusted your mother so much. I thought even if she didn't love your father, she still wouldn't divorce him immediately because she wanted to be a responsible mother to you. I thought she'd treat you well because of it.

Yes, she had indeed treated you well, but who'd have thought she selfishly raised you to be a man's double? You're my grandson and the Fuller Family's third successor. How can you become some person's double? I'm sure you wouldn't want to even if you're from an ordinary household."

"You're right. I don't." Toby nodded in agreement. This was his pride. In fact, it was anyone's pride. Everyone came into this world as a unique individual. No one would be willing to be anyone's double, be it the rich or the poor.

"See what I mean? How am I supposed to tolerate your mother's behavior?" Rose tapped her cane. "So, I came up with an excuse to take you away from Fuller Residence, saying that you need to come and learn here. I couldn't continue letting you stay by your mother's side, for you'll eventually become a second Connor. I couldn't watch my own grandson become someone else, so I tried to turn your character around. Yet, who'd have thought I was still one step too late? Your character had basically fully formed by then and I couldn't shape it anymore."

She shook her head woefully at that. "I had no choice but to let you be, but six years ago—I don't know what happened—your personality did a complete one-eighty, leading you to finally behave as you do now. I'm not going to lie. I was genuinely happy."

"I know." Toby walked up to his grandmother and held her hand. "Sorry for making you worry all these years, Grandma."

At that, Rose patted the back of his hand with gratification. "I'm your grandmother. It's only natural that I'd be worried about my own grandson. Fortunately, everything I've done wasn't for nothing. You've finally abandoned the personality your mother shaped you and lived like yourself."

Though he was aloof and somewhat exasperated, as long as he was himself and not forcibly shaped by others, she would be pleased no matter how.

"Alright, I've said all that I should and even told you your parents' history. Is there anything else you want to know?" Rose took a sip of her tea as she looked at Toby, who shook his head in response.

"Not at the moment—no. My main purpose for coming over today is to find all this out. Thank you for clarifying, Grandma."

"This is nothing. You're my grandson. I'll tell you anything you want to know, or do you expect me to treat these things as secrets and take them with me to my grave?" Rose joked.

However, Toby wasn't amused. He frowned as he replied, "Grandma, you have to stop saying things like that. You're still young and will live a long life."

“Okay, okay, I’ll stop.” She gave in upon seeing him becoming upset and promising that she wouldn’t say such doleful words anymore.

Only then did his tense face relaxed.

Meanwhile, Rose looked toward the sky. “My, would you look at time? It’s already getting dark.”

At that, Toby checked his watch only to end up locking his brow into a tight furrow—it was already six.

On the other hand, Mary, who had been quiet all this while, suggested, “Old Mrs. Fuller, it’s almost time for dinner. Since Young Master Toby is here, shall I ask the kitchen to make a couple more dishes?”

Rose, however, didn’t answer right away but looked toward her grandson. “What do you say, Toby? Do you want to have dinner with me, or go to Sonny’s and be with her? That reminds me, you’ve moved into her place, haven’t you?”

“Yeah, I’ve been staying with her for a while now.” Toby didn’t hide the truth from her.

Rose and Mary exchanged a glance and smiled when they saw his smile and hints of triumph in his tone.

And Rose, even more so, nodded as she smiled. “So?”

“I can’t stay for dinner. I’ve promised Little Leaf that I’d go to Lane Residence with her tonight. Mrs. Lane wants to see me,” Toby explained as he took another glance at his watch.

A surprised Rose asked, “Mrs. Lane? Do you mean Gracie, your mother’s friend here in Seafield?”

Mrs. Lane’s name was Grace, so Toby knew immediately that his grandmother was referring to her. With that, he nodded. “Yeah, she was also Mother’s classmate in college, but Mrs. Lane was closer with Sonia’s mother compared to my mother. Hence, Sonia sees Mrs. Lane as her second mother, and the reason why Mrs. Lane wants to see me today and also to test me since she’s Sonia’s second mother.”

“This means you’re meeting Miss Reed’s family, aren’t you, Young Master?” Mary teased.

Toby cleared his throat in response as he felt a little embarrassed. "Something like that."

Rose giggled upon seeing his reaction like she had discovered something interesting. "Have you prepared any gifts then? I have a lot of supplements and tonics here that you can take."

Toby refused her offer by shaking his head. "You should keep them for yourself, Grandma. They're all for you. It won't be right to gift them. No need to worry, Grandma. I know what to do. I've already made the arrangements."

Knowing that he never talked through his hat, she nodded as she was never in doubt of his words. "Alright, you should get going then. It's getting late. Bring Sonny over for dinner another day."

"Sure. I'll be leaving then, Grandma." Toby bid his grandmother farewell before glancing over at Mary, who instantly received the message and smiled at Rose. "Old Mrs. Fuller, why don't I go and see Young Master Toby off?"

Of course, Rose understood the glance her grandson gave Mary. She wanted to stop them but knowing that they were worried for her, she sighed in the end and merely waved her hand. "Go on then."

"Alright," Mary answered with a smile as she was relieved that Rose didn't refuse the suggestion, for she knew Rose surely would've understood Toby's gaze.

"This way please, Young Master." Mary gestured as she looked toward Toby.

Toby dipped his head in response and headed out.

Neither of them spoke until they were out the main door and standing in front of Toby's car. At that, he turned to Mary. "Mary, please convince my grandmother to move to the nursing home. I'm sure you know why I can't forcibly send her there."

"I do." Worry crept up Mary's face. "Sending Old Mrs. Fuller there by force might upset her, and the rehab won't work, or worse, might even accelerate the deterioration of her condition. I understand where you're coming from, Young Master Toby."

"That's good." Toby nodded.

"Don't worry, Young Master. I'd try to persuade Old Mrs. Fuller even if you didn't ask me to."

“Alright, I’ll have to trouble you, Mary.”

At that, he bowed to her.

“What are you doing, Young Master Toby? You can’t possibly do this.” Mary hurriedly straightened his body. “I’ve known Old Mrs. Fuller for decades. How can I bear to see her continue like this? Old Mrs. Fuller and I have long become family, not just master and servant. So as family, I should do what’s best for her and see that she continues to live for a few more years. Anyhow, you can leave the convincing to me. Alright, Young Master, you should go to Miss Reed now. I’ll keep you updated on Old Mrs. Fuller.”

“Alright, thanks.” Toby nodded and went into the car.

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Chapter 918 He Came With the Wind

Mary stood still and waved Toby goodbye as she watched him drive away, only going back inside after the car could no longer be seen. Inside the car, Toby had been glancing toward the rear view mirror until the old manor was completely out of his sight before rolling the window up.

Following that, he grabbed his phone, searched for Sonia’s contact, and called her. Meanwhile, Sonia had been waiting for Toby to show up at Paradigm Co.

However, he was still nowhere to be found when there was only half an hour left until seven, and it got her worrying if he was only still talking to Old Mrs. Fuller or if something had happened on his way there.

Just as she was about to call and check on him after a few seconds of hesitation, her phone, which she had left on her desk, suddenly rang.



At that, she turned around to find it was Toby calling, leading her worries to fade away as she answered it with a smile. "Hello?"

"Sorry for keeping you waiting. My chat with Grandma went on longer than expected," he apologized immediately.

"Don't worry about it," she said, shaking her head. "Grandma's more important. Besides, there's still time. Have you finished chatting with her?"

"Yeah." Toby nodded. "I've just left her place. I'll reach in about ten to twenty minutes."

"Ten to twenty?" Sonia chuckled with a quirked brow, amused. "You're joking. The old manor is up on the hill, miles away from the city. You've just left, and it'd take at least half an hour to get here by car. No way will you be able to get here less than that. If you think it'll be too late by the time you get here, I can tell Mrs. Lane we'll be late. Don't speed just because you want to get here in time. It's perilous."

He wouldn't be able to reach in less than twenty minutes even if he sped, but he would still be able to show up sooner.

Hence, she worried he would actually do it. What if he got into an accident?

Speeding was one of the leading causes of car accidents!

Toby smiled and chuckled under his breath upon hearing her worry and disapproval. "Relax. I won't speed. I have a plan. I mean it when I said I'll be there in ten to twenty minutes. You wanna bet?"

"What do you have in mind?" Sonia couldn't think of any other way he could get here so quickly.

However, Toby wouldn't say anything as he continued acting all mysterious. "You'll find out soon. Alright, I'm hanging up now. See you in a few."

At that, he ended the call.

And just like that, her words got stuck in her throat. H\*ll, she wasn't done talking!

She looked at her phone, which now displayed the homescreen, and shook her head, chuckling. "Alright, fine. Let's see if you'll actually show up in twenty minutes."

It better not be just big talk, or the person being laughed at will be you.

After mumbling, she put her phone down and headed to the washroom.

Meanwhile, after Toby parked his car on a private lane on Tolher Hill, he got out and looked up into the sky.

About a minute later, the sound of a propeller buzzing grew louder, and a lavish, silver-white helicopter appeared in the sky the next second, coming closer and closer to Toby, ultimately hovering about thirty feet above his head.

After he gave a signal to the helicopter, the hatch opened, and a rope ladder was chucked out of it. Following that, a man in a bodyguard uniform poked his head out and nodded toward Toby before climbing down the rope ladder.

Very quickly, the bodyguard jumped off the rope ladder and saluted Toby. "President."

Toby dipped his head in response and chucked his car key to the bodyguard. "Take it back to Fuller Group."

"Yes, sir," said the bodyguard as he caught the key.

At that, Toby walked past the bodyguard and climbed up the rope ladder, leaving the bodyguard to his task.

He stopped when he got to the middle of the rope ladder, and with that, the helicopter elevated.

It wasn't until it rose to a certain height that someone in the helicopter began pulling the rope ladder in, bringing Toby inside.

Meanwhile, Sonia still had no clue that a certain someone was already on his way to Paradigm Co. in a helicopter.

After returning to her desk, she grabbed her phone and began counting down for Toby.

Though she was certain he wouldn't show up in less than twenty minutes, she still wanted to see if he could do it.

Hey, what if there's a miracle? She thought while smiling.

Time ticked by, and when it came to the fourteenth minute, her phone suddenly vibrated.

Startled, she nearly dropped it.

Fortunately, she responded in time and caught it. With that, she heaved a sigh of relief and mumbled, vexed and amused with herself. "Oh my. You just have to send a message so suddenly."

Though complaining, her eyes were all smiles as she opened the Messenger app.

Fifteen minutes had passed since he last called. Surely the sudden text was to apologize for his big talk and that he couldn't make it in time.

Ha, why boast when you know you will eventually have to admit you're wrong? She thought as she clicked into their chat interface.

Lo and behold, there were only four words: Come to the rooftop.

Rooftop? His request stumped her for a split second.

Rooftop? Why does he want me to go to the rooftop? To jump?

At that, she shook her head, chucking the ridiculous inchoate thought out the window, before mulling over his purpose for asking her to go up there.

Surely it isn't to jump or to view the rooftop. There's nothing up there apart from a helicopter landing pad. Only a lunatic would view—wait. Landing pad?

An idea struck her, and she widened her eyes with incredulity as she jumped out of her seat.

"No, he can't possibly be coming in a chopper, can he?"

But he did say he would reach in ten to twenty minutes, and only an aircraft could do that.

Besides, this guy had all sorts of private aircraft, yachts, and whatnot. He just had to give the order, and someone would fly the helicopter to him, no?

Since he wanted her to go up to the rooftop now, no doubt it was a helicopter.

Sonia chuckled at that.

She had really underestimated him, thinking it was impossible for him to reach in twenty minutes.

But, in reality? He absolutely could.

Sonia wasted no more time and jogged upstairs.

Right as she opened the heavy metal door to the rooftop, she heard the sound of an approaching propeller.

With that, she looked up to find a helicopter slowing down in her direction, bringing along a gust of wind. It caused her hair to fly in every direction and forced her to squint.

She hurriedly pressed her hair down while staring at the helicopter with squinted eyes.

Soon, it came and hovered above the landing pad for a moment before slowly descending, clearly wanting to park there.

Meanwhile, Sonia's gaze continued to follow the helicopter, lowering her eyes as it descended.

The rotor finally stopped after it parked, and the wind had also disappeared along with it.

When she finally no longer had to squint and press her hair down, she went up to the helicopter.

Right as she got to the hatch, it opened, and there Toby was, in his full glory. He was sitting inside with his legs bent, and both hands were holding onto the hatch, smiling at her. "Well? I didn't miss the twenty-minute mark, did I?"

"No," said Sonia as she shook her head, smiling. "You're very much on time. Precisely twenty minutes. You sure didn't let me down, Mr. Fuller."

