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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 200

“Your leg?” Sonia craned her neck in an attempt to check his leg, but since he was on top of her, she couldn’t even do it. Sonia couldn’t push him away either, since that might worsen his injury. Left with no choice, she yelled at the manager, “Quick! Check his leg!”

“O-Okay.” The manager snapped out of it and hurried to check on Toby’s leg. When he saw what happened, he gasped. “Madam, your husband’s leg was hit by the pole.” After he asked whether they were fine, the manager thought he was in the clear when he heard that Sonia was alright, so he forgot to check on the steel frame. That was why he was shocked to see Toby’s leg getting hit by it. This is it. I’m getting fired.

“He’s hit?” Sonia’s heart skipped a beat, then she shouted furiously, “Don’t just stand there! Get someone to move it away!”

“I did. They’re on their way.” The manager was wiping off his sweat.

A short while later, two burly waiters came over to move the board away, freeing Toby’s leg. After that, the manager helped Toby up.

Since the manager held him up, Sonia could finally get up as well. She pushed herself up and held up Toby’s right side. After that, they led him to the restaurant’s sofa. Sonia noticed Toby was pale and frowning in pain, so she asked worriedly, “How do you feel?”

Toby was touched that Sonia was worried about him, and he answered huskily, “I’m fine.”

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Sonia looked at his leg. Suddenly, she crouched down and took his shoes and socks off.

Her movements were too quick for Toby to stop her, so all he could do was stare at her. "What are you—"

"Stop talking. You call this fine?" His feet were swollen, and Sonia's heart sank. This isn't the first time he got himself hurt to save me. If this keeps up, it'll be impossible for me to cut ties with him.

The manager was shocked as well when he saw how swollen Toby's feet were. "Oh god. That looks bad."

Douglas started crying right after he saw that. And he just finally stopped a moment ago.

He looked at Toby guiltily. "I'm sorry, Mr. Toby. I'm sorry..." It's my fault. Mr. Toby's hurt because I wanted that model. I'm a naughty kid.

"Alright, stop crying. It's just a minor injury." Toby felt his head buzzing from all the crying, so he massaged his forehead.

Sonia patted the boy's head. "Douglas, Mr. Toby isn't blaming you, so be a good boy and stop crying."

"Really?" Douglas sniffled and looked at her tearfully. "Mr. Toby doesn't blame me?"

Sonia looked at Toby.

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Toby answered, "I'm not gonna blame a child." At least he knows I'm hurt because he wanted that model. Least he's not a total brat. But he knew he couldn't blame Douglas either, since this came too suddenly.

"Hear that? Mr. Toby said he doesn't blame you, so stop crying, okay?" Sonia wiped Douglas' tears away.

"Okay." Douglas nodded.

The manager wondered why Douglas called his father 'Mr. Toby,' but he didn't think too much about it. "Sir, madam. I just called the doctor. He should be on his way now, so give us a minute. The doctor will be here soon," he said in a hurry.

"Good to hear, but please tell him to hurry. The swelling's getting worse." She pointed at Toby's leg.

The manager nodded. "Certainly. I'll be on my way."

Tom came in not long after the manager had left. When he saw Toby, he asked, "Are you alright, President Fuller?" He was smoking outside the restaurant earlier, but when he heard the patrons saying an accident happened to family number five, he threw the cigarette butt away and came in.

Toby answered calmly, "I'm fine, but look into this. I want to know if this is an accident or a conspiracy." As the president and CEO of Fuller Group, countless people were eyeing the resources he controlled. They would either butter him up, or kill him to get his resources. That was why he couldn't be sure if every accident was just a coincidence.

Tom nodded solemnly. "I understand. But will you be fine if I'm gone?"

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"I'll stay with him. You look into this, Mr. Brown." Sonia smiled at him. After all, she couldn't leave Toby, not after he saved her.

Toby didn't expect Sonia to stay for him, but he was delighted that she did. However, his face fell when he realized Tom was still hesitating, and he frowned. "Don't just stand there."

When Tom met Toby's icy gaze, a shiver ran down his spine, and he realized what his boss was getting at. "I'll be going now." He coughed. "Right away." And he went to the backyard to investigate the board.

At the same time, the manager came in with the doctor.

Sonia made way for him. "Doctor, please check on him. His feet are swollen. Are his bones fractured?"

When Toby saw Sonia looking so nervous for him, a gentle smile curled his lips, unbeknownst to him.

"Calm down, madam. I'll treat your husband immediately." The doctor smiled at her before hunkering down to check Toby's feet.

Sonia stood beside the doctor. When she saw Toby frowning from the pain, she put her hand beside him.

"What are you doing?" Toby asked in surprise.

Sonia was fidgeting. "You can hold my hand if the pain is too much."

Toby chuckled. "It's fine. I'm not that weak." I'm not a woman. I don't need to grab her hand.

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Since Toby refused her, Sonia pulled her hand back without saying anything.

At the sight of this, Toby immediately regretted what he said, but since she had retracted her hand, he couldn't tell her to let him hold it again.

"Aunt Sonia." Douglas suddenly tugged on Sonia's sleeve.

Sonia looked at him. "What is it, Douglas?"

"Mr. Toby will be fine, right?" Douglas looked at Toby's feet and whispered.

Sonia nodded. "Of course. The doctor will fix him up." She wasn't sure about that, but she had to lie, or Douglas might be burdened by guilt for a long time.

Douglas hugged her leg and buried his face in it. "I won't do it again. No more free toys if I can help it."

Sonia squatted and hugged him. "It's alright, Douglas. Don't mind this. It's not your fault. We didn't know this would happen either."

Douglas said nothing, but he tightened his hug.

Sonia felt sorry for the boy. Toby's injury apparently shocked him, and it made him feel guilty. She wanted to make him feel better, so she kissed him on his forehead.

When Toby saw that, his face fell, and he grunted.

Sonia looked at him. "What is it, President Fuller?"

Toby stared at the floor. "Nothing. Just my leg. It hurts."

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Sonia turned to the doctor. When she saw him massaging Toby's feet, she reminded him, "Go soft on him, doctor. He just said his feet hurt."

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