

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 196

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Sonia touched her belly, a gentle smile curling her lips.

When Toby saw that, a thought raced through his mind. She doesn't seem like she hates the baby. So why is she...

"Mommy!" Douglas broke Toby's train of thought.

Douglas was swinging her arm again, while snitching on Toby.
"Dad bullied me."

Sonia snapped out of it and looked at Douglas. "What did M... Daddy do this time?" Whew, I nearly said the wrong thing!

"He pinched my face." Douglas pointed at his face, but he looked at Toby smugly.

Toby's face darkened. This brat...

"Let me take a look." Sonia didn't realize Douglas and Toby were fighting. Instead, she looked at Douglas' face carefully. When she saw the red patch on it, she frowned. "Toby, Douglas is just a child. How could you do this?" She chided Toby while hugging Douglas.

That made Douglas grin, and he even shot Toby a provocative look.

Toby pursed his lips. What an annoying brat. And Sonia actually scolded me for that brat? Who does she think she is? His mother?

Before Toby could say anything, the woman from earlier said again, "You look like a happy family."

Sonia was surprised. "Happy family?" Why does she think we're a happy family?

Toby was curious as well.

The woman chuckled. "That's how it is. The son and the father hate each other. When the father tries to do anything to the son, he'll tell his mother, then the mother will scold the father. That's what you guys were doing. Sure, it looks like an argument, but you guys are actually on good terms."

"I... I see." Sonia's lips twitched again. She never thought the lady would think they were a happy family. I just didn't like it that Toby was picking on a child.

Sonia's annoyed look cheered Toby up, and he answered, "You flatter us, madam."

"Oh, it's just the truth." The madam waved him down.

A moment later, the host—who was also the manager—came up to them. "The games are starting soon, everyone. Please take your seats." He pointed at five numbered sofas not far from them.

When Sonia looked down at the number on her waist, she realized the manager was asking them to take the seats according to their number.

There was also a number on Toby's waist. He knew what he had to do, so he told Sonia and Douglas, "Let's go."

Sonia nodded and was about to hold Douglas' hand, but Toby picked the boy up and nestled Douglas on his left arm.

"You..." Sonia was surprised.

"What is it?" Toby looked at her.

"I thought you're a germaphobe." Sonia was surprised that Toby didn't react when the dirt on Douglas' shoes fell on his suit.

Toby smiled and answered with a question, "You still remember that?" He thought she'd forget about it after the divorce.

Sonia pursed her lips and answered calmly, "I didn't get my head knocked in. Of course I still remember." I just fell out of love with you, but that doesn't mean I'd forget the person you are.

Of course, Toby didn't know what she was thinking. The fact that she still remembered it delighted him for some reason, and he extended his hand.

Sonia looked at his hand curiously. "What are you doing?"

"The other couples are holding hands," Toby reminded her.

Sonia looked at the other parents. Just like what Toby said, they were holding hands. So what? Doesn't mean we have to follow them. "We don't have to follow. They're real couples, but we aren't, so let's not do it. It's better this way." She looked away and gave him that answer calmly.

Toby pursed his lips, held his fist, and put his hand down. "I see," he answered darkly.

Sonia noticed his annoyance, and she arched her eyebrow. What's he getting annoyed about? We're just not holding hands. Does he want to hold hands with me? He must be joking.

Thus, she shook her head and put that behind her before sitting down on sofa number five, while Douglas and Toby flanked her. They didn't sit like that by choice; it was the rules.

After the families took their place, the manager asked the wait staff to give them the poker cards.

Sonia told Douglas to pucker his lips before putting a card on it, only letting go after knowing that the card wouldn't fall. "Good. Just like that. Stay there, Douglas. Or the card will fall," she told Douglas calmly.

Douglas blinked at her, saying that he wouldn't move.

Toby watched them as they interacted, and he fell into his thoughts again. She's so gentle to someone else's child. What about our child? Will she be gentler?

Halfway through his thoughts, the manager said, "All right. All the children have their cards now, so the game starts right now! Parents, get prepared. You have one minute. The three families with the fastest time at the end of one minute will proceed to the next round. Ready... Start!"

All the families started moving right after that.

Douglas turned around to face Sonia, who leaned forward to pick the card up with her lips, but she didn't pass it to Toby immediately. It was an indirect kiss after all. It wasn't a real kiss, but still, it was awkward.

Toby realized why she was hesitating the moment she stopped moving, so he said calmly, "We're going to end up in the last place if you don't pass it soon."

Sonia snapped out of it and turned around to make the pass, but since she turned too quickly, it caused the card to loosen up a little. She could feel the card slipping off of her lips.

Panicked, she was about to hold the card and stick it back to her lips, but Toby was already leaning in. Just when Toby was about to take the card, it fell. Without the card standing as the buffer, Toby's lips came in contact with Sonia's.

Both of them froze, while Douglas widened his eyes and covered his mouth. The restaurant's patrons and the manager were surprised by the kiss as well.

After he snapped out of it, the manager laughed. "Looks like family number five is a loving one. What a good show of public affection. Give them a round of applause, everyone." The manager clapped first, and the patrons followed suit.

But Sonia's face turned red, and she pushed Toby away. She didn't expect the card to fall off right before Toby could take it. Thanks to that, they kissed in front of everyone, much to her intense embarrassment. Sonia covered her face, trying to hide her shame.

On the other hand, Toby was as cool as a cucumber. He didn't expect things to happen the way they did, but he didn't dislike the kiss. "We still have time, so let's go on. We're going to get eliminated at this rate." He picked up the card on his lap and looked at the side that was facing him. There was a lip print there, but he pressed that side to his lips after thinking about it for a second. Coincidentally, or not-so-coincidentally, his lips overlapped with the lip print.

Sonia didn't notice that. When she heard they were about to be eliminated, she threw her embarrassment out of the window and put her hands down.

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It wasn't the first time they had an accidental kiss. It happened once back at the turf club as well, so she didn't have to mind it that much. It's just like stepping in dog poo. That's all. She took a deep breath and turned to Toby, who was already waiting for her to take the card. She clenched her fists and told herself to not make any mistakes before leaning over to take the card from him.

Toby's eyes lit up a little when he felt the warmth coming from her lips, but it was gone after two seconds. It wasn't even enough for him to savor it. He stared at the sofa, feeling crestfallen.

One minute passed by quickly, and the manager announced the families that would proceed to the next round. They were number one, number three, and number five, the last one being Sonia's team.

Douglas clapped his hands happily. "We can go to the next round, Mommy."

"Yeah." Sonia nodded in disbelief. She thought they lost too much time after that mistake, so they would be eliminated. Instead, they managed to proceed to the next round.

Toby thought Sonia looked cute when she was bewildered, and he smiled. "Number one and number three did a perfect pass, but the other families made more mistakes than we did, so we made third place."

"How'd you know?" Sonia looked at him curiously.

Toby met her stare. "I kept an eye on them, so I know."

I see. Sonia gave him a thumbs up. "Good job." He managed to keep an eye on the competition even though we only had one minute. That's superb observation skill. No wonder he managed to lead the company to the top in the city.

"It's nothing. Just a habit." Toby smiled after getting praised.

However, Sonia thought it was a smug smile, so she pouted and turned away.

Toby arched his eyebrow. What's wrong? Did I say something wrong? He kept thinking about it, but he couldn't figure out how he annoyed her.

Before he could say anything, the manager announced, "Congratulations for proceeding to the second round. For this round, we'll be doing push-ups. Participants, please come here."

"Let's go, Mom." Douglas tossed the poker card away, jumped out of the sofa, and dragged Sonia to the clearing. He ignored Toby, since he knew Toby would go anyway.

Sonia didn't call him either. She paid all her attention to Douglas, telling him to slow down.

When Toby realized they weren't calling him, his face fell. That brat did that on purpose. He's getting back at me for the pinch.

He snorted, but Toby put his hands in his pockets and was about to follow them, but he saw something that made him stop in his tracks.

There was a poker card on Douglas' seat. It was the one they used earlier. Toby narrowed his eyes and picked the card up to see if Sonia's lip print was still there. It was, and clearly as well. For some reason, Toby put the card in his suit's pocket.

Right after he put it in, Douglas called out to him, "Come here, Dad. The game's starting."

Toby turned around and snorted happily. So what if he's trying to get back at me. He still has to call me "Daddy" if he wants to win

the games. Cheered up, Toby strolled over to where the boy was. "Coming."

The game was called push-ups. The father would do twenty push-ups with the mother sitting on his back to act as extra weight, while the child would count the number of push-ups the father did.

Before the game had even started though, the patrons knew which family would get eliminated. Family number three's mother was a chubby woman, but the father didn't seem too strong, so there was no way he could finish twenty push-ups with his wife on his back. Thus, the results were obvious.

"This is one heck of a game." Sonia frowned. She thought the whole family would be doing the push-ups, so she was surprised to find out that only the father would do it.

And she just had an accidental kiss in the first game too. Now I have to sit on his back. Toby's not gonna play along with this.

Before she could say anything, Toby blurted, "It is, but still acceptable. Right, let's get on with it." He then went down to get into the push-up position.

Sonia couldn't believe what she heard, and she looked at him in disbelief. "What did you say? You want me to sit on your back?"

"Yes," Toby said.

Sonia opened her mouth. I thought he'd say no! But he's actually okay with it.

Toby noticed that Sonia was spacing out, so he called her again. "Make it quick. Everyone's waiting for you."

Sonia looked around her and realized everyone was already in position, so she went up to sit on Toby's back. It was the first time she was sitting on the back of a proud man like Toby, as if he was a horse. This feels great. She was excited, but she pretended like it was nothing. As she looked at the man below her, she asked, "Am I heavy? If I am—"

Before she could finish, Toby answered, "No." He thought it wasn't enough, so he added, "You're really light." That wasn't a lie though, since Sonia felt lighter than Tina was. However, she was significantly taller than Tina, so obviously she was underweight. On top of that, she was pregnant. "You should eat more. Gain more weight." He looked at her and made that suggestion seriously.

Sonia knew what he was talking about, so she answered coolly, "Thanks, but you should be caring about Miss Gray, not me. I can handle this, so just get on with the game." Funny. You never cared about me in the past, but now you're concerned all of a sudden? So fake.

Toby frowned, bummed that Sonia refused to take his advice. Nonetheless, he turned back without saying anything.

The game started immediately. Toby told Sonia to sit tight, and he started doing the push-ups, while Douglas counted at the side.

Toby might be busy with work, but he always spent some time working out and swimming every week, so he was stronger than the men in teams number one and three.

The other men obviously never exercised, especially the father in team number one. He looked like he was six months pregnant. The father of team number three was in better shape, but his wife obviously wasn't.

Sonia noticed that the guy's face was flushed, and his arms were trembling. I wonder if his arms will break.

Compared to them, Toby's push-ups were perfect and beautiful.

The women in the restaurants glued their eyes on him.

However, Toby ignored them. He only had eyes for Sonia, but when he realized she was looking at the other teams, his face darkened. "Hey, focus."

"Huh?" Sonia was surprised. You're the one doing the push-ups. I just need to sit on your back. Why should I be focusing? That's your job.

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Sonia ignored him and kept staring at team number three, wondering how much longer would the guy last.

Toby's face fell, and his anger rose. That guy is uglier and weaker than I am. Why is she staring at him? He knew she wasn't taking a liking to the guy, but still he felt frustrated. When Douglas counted to twenty, Toby stopped and said, his voice chilly, "Get down."

Sonia wondered what got into him again, but she got down from his back anyway.

Toby stood up. Even though he just did twenty push-ups, he didn't even break a sweat. Apparently, twenty push-ups were nothing to him. The guys in teams number one and three looked at him enviously. Look, that guy's already done, but we still have to go on.

Sonia noticed their looks, and she chuckled, but suddenly, she felt someone taking her bottle of water from her hand. When she looked around and saw Toby gulping the water down, her jaw dropped.

He noticed her sight, so he put the bottle down. "What is it?"

Sonia looked at the bottle. "That's my water."

"But it's unopened." Toby put the cap back on the bottle calmly.

Sonia sneered. "Doesn't mean you have to take mine. There's a ton of water over there. You can just pick one."

"I'm beat. I don't want to move." Toby put the bottle aside.

Sonia twitched her lips in annoyance. Exhausted? You don't look exhausted to me. But it's just a bottle of water. I can just get a new one. She snorted and went to get a new bottle of water.

Seeing her getting annoyed made him smile, and he felt happy again. Yeah, I did it on purpose. That's what you get for looking at another man.

"Mr. Toby." All of a sudden, Douglas called out to him from below.

When Toby looked down, he saw Douglas staring at him like he saw through everything. "What is it?" Toby asked.

Douglas stood with his arms akimbo. "Are you trying to steal Miss Sonia away?"

Steal Sonia away? Toby arched his eyebrow. "No. Why do you say so?"

"Because you look at her the same way my dad looks at my mom," he answered.

Toby pursed his lips. What kind of answer is that? Just because I look at her a particular way means I want to steal her? Wait, I am not looking at her like I'm in love. "Alright, that's too much for a kid. She's my ex-wife. We're divorced, so I'm not in any position to date her." Toby put his hands in his pocket.

Douglas snorted. "So? My aunt and uncle are divorced, but my uncle's trying to get back with my aunt. I bet you'll do the same thing too. I have to tell Uncle Zane to stay away from you." Douglas frowned precociously.

Toby squinted. Just when he was about to say something, Sonia came back and looked at them. "What are you two talking about? Seems fun."

"Aunt Sonia, we're talking about—" Before he could finish, Toby picked him up and covered his mouth.

"It's nothing. They're done here, so let's go. The third round's starting." He looked at her before going ahead with Douglas in his arms.

With a bottle of water in hand, Sonia was left behind, confused about the situation.

“Mr. Toby!” Douglas pried Toby’s hand away and glared at him. “Why didn’t you let me finish?”

Toby looked at him. “You’re still too young for this.”

“But I’m not a normal kid. I—”

“And don’t call her Aunt Sonia from now on,” Toby interrupted him. He would accept no negotiations.

Douglas was shocked, and he stared at Toby. “Why?”

“Because she’s not married to your uncle yet, get it?” Toby gazed at him. When he came here, he thought Sonia and Zane were going out with each other, but then he realized that couldn’t be the case, since Sonia didn’t like Zane. But why did they bring this kid here?

“Hmph. They’ll still end up together. I like Aunt Sonia, so I’m helping Uncle Zane out.” Douglas raised his chin proudly.

Toby’s face fell. He was seized by an urge to toss Douglas out, but he held it down in the end, though his anger was almost palpable for the people around him.

The third game was going to take place shortly. It was a three-legged race, though only the parents would be racing. They had to take the basketball at the finish line and walk all the way back to give it to the child. The child would then throw the ball into the net. The one who tossed it in first would take first place. The race would take place in the backyard. It was big enough, so the staff drew a race track there and set up obstacles.

The manager came up to Sonia and Toby with two red strings in his hand.

After Toby had taken the strings, he said, “Can you change this into a walk?”

“Any reason for that, sir?” The manager smiled.

Sonia looked at him curiously.

Toby glanced at her belly. "My wife's pregnant. I don't want her to trip."

That surprised Sonia. "You—"

Toby held her arm, telling her to keep quiet. Sonia reacted quickly and held back her shock.

The manager didn't notice that. "I see," he answered. "Congratulations, sir, madam."

"Thank you," Toby answered.

The manager nodded. "Since one of the participants is pregnant, a race would be inappropriate. As such, this will be a walk, and every team will have five minutes to finish the game. Is that fine?"

"No problem." Toby nodded.

The manager went to family number one. The guy from family number three couldn't do twenty push-ups with his wife on his back, so they lost to number one, which made Sonia's team and family number one the final contestants.

After the manager was out of sight, Sonia clenched her fists and asked her unanswered question again, "How'd you know I'm pregnant?" She only told Zane and Charles about that. Not even Carl knew.

Toby stared at the floor to keep her from seeing the sadness in his eyes. "Zane told me by accident."

"I see." She pouted. "That loudmouth. He tells you everything."

Toby looked away guiltily, but he didn't answer her.

Sonia didn't notice him averting his gaze, and she massaged her forehead. "But thanks for speaking up for me."

"It's nothing," Toby answered, then he clenched his fists. "Are you really planning to abort the child?"

A frown creased Sonia's forehead. "He even told you that?"

"Yes." Toby nodded.

"That guy..." Sonia muttered angrily. "Yes, I am," she answered.

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Toby clenched his fists even more tightly. "Why?"

Sonia looked at him weirdly. "Why? This baby's an accident. I don't love it, and its father doesn't want it either. There's no reason to keep it around." Sonia knew it was cruel, but she had to be responsible. It'd be too cruel for the baby to be born into a broken family where its parents didn't love it.

Toby asked, "If... If the baby's father wants it, will you give birth to it then?"

"Huh?" Sonia paused.

Only then did Toby realize he had said too much. She might get suspicious, so he thought up an excuse and said, "It's nothing. Just asking."

Sonia didn't dwell on it and flicked her hair. "Of course not."

Toby frowned. She won't do it even if the father wants it?

Sonia knew what he was thinking, so she answered, "Why should I give birth to the child of a man I don't know and love?"

Toby couldn't say anything to that. She didn't know he was the guy who knocked her up, so there was no reason for her to give birth to the child. Even if she knew he was the father, she'd probably abort the baby as well. After all, she did say she wouldn't do it for a man she didn't love, and he was the man she didn't love. The mere thought of that made Toby upset, and he pursed his lips.

All of a sudden, he wanted to ask her why she fell out of love. They had been dating for six years, but she fell out of love in only a couple of months. Ever since then, he would sometimes suspect that she was just playing him for a fool, and that she never loved him.

The urge to ask her grew stronger and stronger, but just when he was about to ask, the manager suddenly said, "Parents, please tie the strings. The game shall begin soon."

Just like that, Toby's urge to ask was doused, and he glared at the manager angrily.

Sonia noticed him glaring at the manager, and she was confused. Why isn't he tying the string? What is he doing? Gosh, he's so unpredictable. "Give me the string, President Fuller. I'll do it." She extended her hand.

Toby retracted his gaze and looked at her. When he saw what she was wearing, he frowned. "I'll do it. You can't bend down wearing that."

He bent down and started tying the string.

Sonia looked down, wondering why she couldn't bend down. When she saw how revealing her shirt was, she blushed. At the same time, she was surprised that he knew it would be awkward for her to bend over with that shirt, since she didn't think of it in the first place. Never knew he's so meticulous. She looked at him, not knowing what to feel.

Toby felt her gaze, so he looked up. When he realized she was spacing out, he squinted. "What is it?"

"It's nothing." Sonia averted her gaze.

Toby was slightly bummed that she didn't want to talk about it, but he didn't dwell on it. "It's done." He stood up. "Try moving around and see how it feels."

Murmuring a reply, Sonia moved her leg as he told her to. Since her leg was tied with Toby's, she'd inevitably make skin contact with him.

Toby gulped whenever he felt the touch of her skin. "How does it feel?" he asked hoarsely.

Sonia didn't notice the change in his voice, as she was getting used to the feel on her leg. She nodded. "Yep. It's fine."

Once she stopped moving, Toby heaved a subtle sigh of relief. "Hold my waist once the race starts, then move the legs that are tied together. I need you to take big strides, understand?"

Sonia knew he was telling her all that to keep her from tripping, so she didn't object to the idea. "Alright. I get it."

Toby said nothing more after she agreed to it. He was worried for a second there that she might say no to holding him, but luckily she knew it was just for the game. If she refused, he'd have to find another way to keep their balance so they wouldn't fall.

The game started a moment later. After the manager blew the whistle, Sonia and Toby raised their legs that were tied together first. They managed to leave the starting line, while family number one made a mistake from the very beginning.

They didn't hold each other by the waist, and they didn't discuss which foot they should raise first. In the end, they started on the wrong foot and fell down before they could take a step. When she saw that, Sonia had to give it to Toby for his planning, or else they might've ended up in the same situation.

"Focus." When he realized she was spacing out again, he pinched her shoulder to snap her out of it.

Since they were still in the competition, Sonia turned back and didn't look at their competitor again. After that, it was smooth sailing.

But just when they were nearing the finish line, Toby heard a soft creak coming from above. It sounded like something loosening up, and it worried him. When he looked up, he noticed that the board holding up the finish line was wobbling.

It was then he realized where the creak was coming from. The screw must be loose. That's why it's unstable. What are they doing? Didn't they check their stuff? Toby stopped all of a sudden. His face fell, and fury surged within him.

Sonia felt him stopping all of a sudden. She wanted to ask him why he wasn't walking, but then his eyes widened, and he pounced at her, pulling her into his embrace to roll aside. Crash! Right after they rolled out of the way, the board crashed down right on the spot where they stood a few seconds ago.

Everyone in the restaurant was shocked, especially the manager. He almost had a heart attack, but he stayed calm and went up to them. "Are you alright, sir, madam?" Oh dear. Please let them be alright, or I'm getting fired!

Douglas ran up to Sonia, pale and in tears. Apparently, he was shocked as well. "I'm sorry, Mom. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have asked for the model. I'm sorry, Mom..." He was sobbing and shedding tears of regret; he thought it was his fault. If he didn't insist on getting the model, Sonia wouldn't have gotten herself in trouble.

Sonia was still in a daze, but Douglas' cries waved her fears away. She turned around and smiled at him. "Don't cry, Douglas. M... Daddy saved me in time, so we're fine."

"Really?" Douglas looked at her with tearful eyes.

Sonia nodded. "Yep."

Douglas thought she was lying, but when he saw how serious she was, he broke into a smile.

The manager heaved a sigh of relief as well. "Good to hear. Good to hear."

Sonia turned back to Toby, who was on the ground. "Can you stand up, Toby?" Toby didn't move, so she called out to him again, "Toby?"

Toby finally stirred. He looked up, pale and sweating buckets. "I'm sorry," he apologized painfully. "I don't think I can stand up."

Sonia was shocked. "What happened? Are you hurt?" He was right on top of her, so she couldn't see his injury. Judging from his current state, however, he was obviously wounded.

He buried his head in her shoulders and grunted weakly. "I can't move my legs."

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"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."

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.

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?”

“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.

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."

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."