

## This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 201

The doctor's hand paused in mid-air as he looked up in mild surprise, his gaze flickering from Sonia to the impassive Toby. He didn't think he was using much force at all, so it was unlikely that Toby felt any pain. Besides, judging from the man's lack of expression, I highly doubt he's in pain, the doctor concluded.

As the doctor shook his head, he did not dwell further on Sonia's remark before dismissing it as a wife's show of concern for her husband's well-being. Well, I guess I'll just be as gentle as I can. After having decided on this, the doctor sighed and carried on with the massage.

The massage had continued for quite a while before he opened the medical kit and began to rummage through its contents, selecting the bandages for Toby's wound.

Sonia patted Douglas on the back as she stood up. "How's his foot, doctor? Is there a fracture or something?"

While he dabbed antiseptic onto Toby's foot, the doctor answered dutifully, "Don't you worry, ma'am. Your husband's foot will be alright. There's no damage to his bones, although he has sprained his ligament and tendon. He just needs to take it easy for about two weeks or so before he'll make a full recovery."

Upon hearing this, she let out a breath of relief. Then, she nodded with a smile as she answered, "That's good to know."

The guilt she had felt earlier significantly waned after she heard that Toby would recover just fine.

She knew he had only tried to save himself, but it didn't disregard the fact that he saved her all the same, even though such a feat was more of a coincidence than anything else. She would have been indebted to him had his foot suffered any real and serious injury.

He, on the other hand, was regarding Sonia with a dark look when he noticed the wide grin on her face. She might as well congratulate me, he thought sullenly.

As though she sensed his gaze, Sonia turned to look at him in askance. "What is it?"

"Nothing," Toby answered curtly as a resentful look flashed in his eyes.

She shrugged and looked away.

A few minutes later, the doctor rose from his seat and declared, "Okay, sir. Your foot is all wrapped up and you're ready to go. Make sure to keep the bandaged area dry and after a day, you can replace your dressings with a new one from any clinic or hospital."

Sonia nodded on Toby's behalf and replied, "Alright. Thank you so much, doctor."

The manager saw the doctor out and when he returned to the scene, he had a large Gundam action figure in his arms along with an intricate box. He gave Sonia and Toby an apologetic look as he explained, "Sir,

Madam, I'm terribly sorry for the injuries you sustained due to our negligence today. If you don't mind, we offer you these as compensation."

With that, the man handed the Gundam action figure and the box over to her.

However, she did not take them and merely glanced at Toby as she pointed out, "You're the injured one, so you should take a look at the gifts instead."

Toby scanned the Gundam toy and the box before he snapped icily, "It's a little too early to dismiss this incident as one of negligence on the restaurant's part. Any talk of compensation will have to wait until after my assistant has thoroughly looked into this."

The manager bristled when he heard this and he couldn't help the panic that seized him. He thought that a hefty compensation such as his offer would be enough to put an end to this matter, thereby allowing him to retain his job.

However, now that Toby was looking into the incident, the manager realized that it would take more than a generous compensation to resolve the matter at hand. And given the previous mention of an assistant, it seemed as if the injured man was not an average Joe.

The manager's lips twitched into a bitter smile. He knew how hard it was to placate men with such power like Toby; it looked like he would be out of work soon.

Approximately ten minutes had passed when Tom hurried back to the scene.

Toby looked up at his assistant and demanded, "So, what's the verdict?"

Sonia was also looking at Tom while even the manager's posture straightened to listen to the outcome of the investigation.

Tom answered solemnly, "President Fuller, I've looked into this and as it turns out, the whole thing was an accident. The attendant who installed the beam lost a couple of screws. When the other attendants saw that the beam held up just fine, they didn't bother looking for replacement screws. They didn't report this to the restaurant either, hence the accident."

The divot between Toby's brows smoothed when he heard that the incident was not part of some wicked scheme.

Sonia, on the other hand, pursed her lips in dismay and snapped, "How irresponsible of the attendant! He has caused this huge mess all because he couldn't be bothered to go the extra mile to properly set up the beams. He didn't even try to explain himself after the whole incident either! We were the only ones hurt by some sheer good fortune. Can you imagine how fatal things might turn out if young children were crushed by the beam?"

It wasn't like children could duck for safety in time and even if they did, there was no guarantee that the beam wouldn't fall upon them. They simply had no physical means to avoid danger and they could have died on the spot.

At the thought of that, she shuddered with fear.

It went without saying that Toby shared the same line of thought and his face was stormy as he barked, "Where's the attendant now?"

"I've accosted him. He's being held in custody in the kitchen," Tom responded.

Toby glared at the manager mutinously. "You may have no fault in this incident, but you can't escape the repercussions of it as the manager of this restaurant."

"Y-Yes, of course. I wholeheartedly agree," the manager stammered nervously, his head jerking stiffly in a series of nods.

Toby continued imperiously, "Fire the attendant immediately and make sure he never works in this industry ever again. The Fuller Group will have a bone to pick with anyone who dares to hire the man."

"Fuller Group?" The manager's blood went cold as he felt like lightning had struck the place where he stood.

The assistant had earlier addressed this man as President Fuller. Now that the man himself has mentioned Fuller Group, could this man be...

Just as he was close to figuring out Toby's identity, Toby's piercing gaze fell upon him once more. "As for you, three months' worth of your pay

will be docked as punishment for this severe oversight. Make sure you keep an eye on your employees from now on because you'd end up like that attendant from earlier if any mishaps such as this one were to happen again."

The manager's posture stiffened as he answered hastily, "Yes, sir! I understand!"

As it turned out, his guess was right—this was indeed the president of Fuller Group, otherwise known as the man at the top of the organization. This is the man to whom my superior answers!

Who could have thought that the person whom he had invited on a whim was the big man himself? And now that he's injured, I only have my poor luck to blame, the manager lamented with self-deprecating humor. I suppose things could be worse. Thankfully, he's only docked three months of my pay instead of demoting or firing me altogether.

The thought comforted the manager and as his panic quelled, he raised the Gundam figure and the box once more. "President Fuller, about these gifts—"

"Douglas." Toby glanced at the little boy standing next to Sonia.

"Mr. Toby is asking for you," she encouraged as she nudged Douglas toward the imposing man.

It was almost instantaneously after that when Toby said to Douglas, "Go on, then. You like Gundam, don't you?"

“I don’t want it anymore,” Douglas muttered feebly with his head hung low.

Sonia eyed him with curiosity. “Why not?”

“It’s because I wanted Gundam that Mr. Toby became hurt in the end. I—”

“Now, Douglas, you shouldn’t look at things that way. It wasn’t your fault at all and we’ve said as much. Be good and take the Gundam home with you. After all, we can’t let Mr. Toby get hurt for nothing, right?” She affectionately brushed the tip of Douglas’ nose.

The little boy blinked as he considered her words before he decided that it was only sensible for him to take Gundam. If I don’t, then Mr. Toby would have been injured for nothing.

With that in mind, Douglas stepped forward and took Gundam from the manager’s hold.

At this moment, Toby’s gaze fell upon the box in the manager’s hand. “What’s inside there?”

The manager opened the box without delay as he explained, “President Fuller, this is a set of his-and-hers watches from the latest collection by Clovis.”

The manager had intended to gift the watches to his daughter and son-in-law, but he decided to grit his teeth and offer the accessories as compensation in the hopes of keeping his job. If he had known that he would not be terminated, he never would have been so generous and could only sigh in regret now.

His-and-hers watches... Toby narrowed his eyes as he asked, "And these are for us?"

"Yes," the manager replied with a tight smile.

Toby turned to look at Sonia. "Do you like them?"

She raised a brow as she was slightly taken aback by the question.

As if on cue, the manager brought the box into Sonia's line of sight so that she could take a better look.

She would be lying if she said that she didn't like the watches as it was gorgeous, but that didn't change the fact that the item was meant for couples.

The barest hint of a smile tugged on her lips as she graciously answered, "It doesn't matter whether I like them or not. You should ask Miss Gray, and if I may, I think the watches are perfect for the both of you."

Sonia thought about how Douglas had addressed Toby as 'Mr. Toby' earlier. They had as good as confessed to the manager that they were not husband and wife in real life. As such, there was no need for her to carry on with the charade.

However, Toby's face darkened as he bit out, "The watches are for us. Why do you have to bring Tina into this?"