

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 199**

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.

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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.

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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."