

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 244**

Sonia shook her head. "I don't think so. He doesn't have any heart condition." Or at least not that I know of. She looked at Toby, who was getting paler and paler, then at Tina, who couldn't do anything else but cry. Sonia shook her head, for she couldn't believe how incompetent Tina was. "Miss Gray, if you want your fiancé to live, you should call an ambulance. Crying helps no one."

Tina stopped crying, then she felt awkward about the fact Sonia had to remind her what to do before she even thought about calling a doctor. However, that didn't stop her from glaring at Sonia. "Of course I will. You think I'm stupid?"

Sonia shrugged. "Very well then. Suit yourself. Dig in, Carl."

"Sure, Sonia." Carl nodded.

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They went back to their meal without another word. Tina snorted and was about to call an ambulance, but Toby suddenly raised a hand to stop her. "It's fine. I'll be fine."

"But Toby..."

"Don't cry!" Before she could finish, Toby fought through the pain and put his hand on her face, wiping her tears off with his thumb. "I'm fine, so don't worry." He calmed her down gently, but his voice was hoarse. The moment he said that, Toby could feel the pain in his heart subsiding. A few moments later, the pain disappeared completely. If it weren't for the sweat on his forehead, nobody would know he was in pain just a moment earlier.

He stared downward, hiding his shock and fury. Toby just wanted to see if the pain would go away if he did as the voice told him to, and it really did on his first try.

His heart acted up because he refused to calm Tina down, but the pain stopped once he did. Because of that, even an atheist like him felt spooked. He wondered if the same thing would happen again if he stopped doing as Tina told him to.

In the meantime, Tina didn't know what he was thinking, but when she saw some color returning to his face, she heaved a sigh of relief. "You're okay, Toby. Good to see that."

Toby wanted to say something, but he stopped himself, though fury glinted within his eyes. Tina didn't notice that, so she went back to her seat immediately.

After the manager cleared the glass shards away, he looked at Toby. "Are you sure you're all right, sir? Why don't I call a doctor over?" He came here with a crutch, and he had a heart attack all of a sudden. Even though Toby seemed all better now, the manager was still worried. If that happens again and he dies here, it'll be trouble for us.

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"I'm really all right now. No need for the doctor. Put the broken glass on my tab." Toby massaged his forehead as he spoke.

The manager stared at him for a while, but he eventually believed Toby. "Very well then. Call us if you need anything. Enjoy the rest of your meal."

"Alright." Toby nodded.

After the manager took his leave, Sonia suddenly chuckled, and everyone wondered why.

“Why are you laughing, Sonia?” Carl asked.

Sonia stirred her salad. “A stranger actually cared more about Mr. Fuller than his own fiancée. She believed him right away when he said he’s fine. Do you even love him, Miss Gray?”

“What are you talking about, Miss Reed? Are you insulting me? Of course I love him!” Tina slammed her cutlery on the table.

Sonia shrugged. “I’m just asking. Why are you overreacting? Oh, did I hit the bullseye? Too close for comfort, huh?”

“Nonsense!” Tina bit her lip and looked toward Toby for help. “Trust me, Toby. I really care about you. I just—”

“All right. Enough. Just finish your meal.” Toby interrupted her, slightly impatient.

That made Tina stop talking and go back to her meal.

Toby thought about it for a moment, then he suddenly said, “Tina, I’ve been thinking about it for the past few days, and I—”

Before he could finish, a loud crash interrupted him. The sound came from the next table, so Toby’s face fell, and he looked at the direction of the sound. What he saw was a big crystal chandelier sitting on top of Sonia’s table.

The chandelier fell from the ceiling and smashed all the plates on the table, sending porcelain shards flying everywhere. One of them cut Sonia’s arm, drawing blood.

Even Tina was cut, but she got it on her face, and her wound measured around four centimeters. But since it flew too quickly, she didn’t feel any pain. It wasn’t until she felt something dripping from her face did she realize she was bleeding. All the color drained from her face, and she screamed.

At the same time, Carl noticed something was up with Sonia as well. When he looked closely, he realized she was clutching her arm, while blood was flowing from the cracks between her fingers. It dropped onto her clothes, painting it in red. "You're hurt, Sonia!" His face fell, and his voice rose.

When Toby heard that, he was worried about her, so he went over to Sonia despite his wounds and raised her arm. "Let me take a look."

Sonia's wound was serious. It was around ten centimeters, and it ran deep, so blood wouldn't stop flowing out.

Sonia was surprised Toby came to her, while Tina's face contorted with rage. After all, she was the one closest to him, and she was also his fiancée. He went straight to Sonia without even asking about me! Tina trembled with rage, glaring at Sonia murderously.

Sonia noticed her glare, so she pulled her arm out of his hand. "You got the wrong person, Mr. Fuller. Miss Gray is that way," she said coldly.

"She's right, Mr. Fuller. Out of the way, please." Carl came over with a torn handkerchief and pushed Toby away before he stopped Sonia's bleeding.

Toby almost fell, but luckily, the table stopped his fall, and he regained his balance. He stared at Carl and Sonia, his expression dark and his lips pulled into a thin line. Frustration and irritation was rising within him as well.

Just when he was indulging in his annoyance, Tina suddenly called out to him, her voice trembling. "Toby..."

Oh, right. She's still here.

"Toby, my face is injured. Will it ruin my looks?" She covered her face, her tears almost streaming down her cheeks.

“No,” Toby answered. Your wound isn’t even half as serious as Sonia’s. Of course it won’t.

“Really?” Tina couldn’t believe it.

Toby was getting impatient, so he didn’t even feel like answering her. But the moment that thought was formed, his heart started aching again, and his face darkened. He clenched his fists, gritted his teeth, and answered coldly, “Of course. I’ll get the best doctor for you. You’ll be fine.”