

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 452

Tim had his hands in the pockets of his white coat as he commented, "According to the cardiology department, the heart will last you another three years, give or take."

"Three years..." Toby clenched his fists in aggravation. How did my lifespan shorten by so much in such little time? It's supposed to last as long as the average person's heart.

"Yes, three years. So, if you want to keep on living after that, you're going to have to search for a suitable heart within these three years for your transplant," Tim affirmed as he signed with three fingers.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

When he heard this, Tom's eyes reddened. "How do you suggest we do that? President Fuller's body and blood type are as rare as they are specific. It could take ages before we look for another heart that is compatible with the rest of his organs! If it's such a walk in the park, then it wouldn't have taken twenty-four years for him to locate a heart in the first place. So, don't tell me that he can find the perfect donor in three years because it's just nonsense!"

"Then, my hands are as tied as yours. If the right donor doesn't come along in the next three years, Toby's heart will wither out and he can do nothing else but wait for death to knock on his door," Tim pointed out nonchalantly, putting his hands out like he was leaving all up to fate.

Upon seeing this, Tom grew incensed and demanded, "What the hell are you even saying? Aren't you a doctor? How can you talk about a patient's imminent death so casually?"

"And what would you rather hear me say?" Tim impassively gazed at the assistant. "I'm a doctor, not a walking organ procurement organization. No doctor can perform a miracle on him without first obtaining a compatible heart for the transplant, so whatever I said were only matters of fact."

“You—”

“That’s enough!” Toby massaged the space between his brows and grimly said, “Back off, Tom. He’s right; no one can save me if we don’t get a compatible heart donor in the next three years. Death really is imminent.”

“I know, but I just don’t like how he put it,” Tom snapped as he glowered at Tim angrily.

Tim slid his glasses up his nose bridge as he pointed out flatly, “If you don’t like the way I have described it or if you find that I was way too brusque with my words, go and help your boss to find the perfect heart donor instead of hovering here picking arguments with me. Every day for the next three years is a day he spends fighting for his life, and for what it’s worth, that might be all the living he gets to do before his heart collapses. Maybe you guys would get lucky in the end, and the perfect heart would come along to save your boss from the brink of death. That’s all I have to say. Goodbye for now.”

Powered by Hooligan Media

With that, he turned to leave.

However, Toby called out to stop him in his tracks, “Hey, wait a minute.”

“Yes, President Fuller?” Tim halted before he could walk out the door and cast Toby a sidelong glance.

Toby pursed his lips. “You can’t let anyone know about this. If word gets out that I have a heart problem—”

Tim interrupted, “You don’t have to worry about word getting out. I’m a doctor, so it’s a given that I’ll remain reticent about your condition. Besides, it’s not as if I’m dying to spread the news. I didn’t even tell Sonia when she asked about you yesterday, right, Mr. Brown?”

Tom scoffed at this. The only reason why you didn't say anything to Sonia was because I stopped you, he thought sourly.

"Sonia?" Toby stiffened at this. He couldn't hide how flustered he was when he demanded, "How is she doing now?"

"Ask him." Tim jerked his chin in Tom's direction and added pointedly as he walked out of the room, "He knows best."

Now Tim was gone, Toby and Tom were alone again in the hospital room.

Upon receiving a look of askance from Toby, Tom had no choice but to elaborate, "Sonia's fine. She's dandy. I mean, how could she not be after you saved her?"

As he picked up on the snide tones, Toby frowned and asked unhappily, "What, do you have something against Sonia?"

Tom had never intended to hide his displeasure toward Sonia and now that Toby had asked, he was more than ready to admit it. "Yes, I do have something against her. You've been injured way too many times because of her. I won't talk about what happened in the past, but this time, your heart will wither in three years' time because you risked your life to save hers. Am I supposed to congratulate her for surviving at your expense?"

"I'm going to let this go on account of the fact that you've been loyal to me all these years and that you're speaking up for my own good, but I swear I won't forgive you the next time you decide to badmouth Sonia in front of me." Toby eyed his assistant coldly.

Tom's eyes widened to the size of saucers as he gaped at Toby incredulously. "President Fuller?"

"Sonia has nothing to do with this incident," Toby explained somberly. "I was the one who voluntarily jumped off the cliff to save her, so your rage toward her is obviously unjustified. You usually have more sense than to blame everything on her like this."

When he heard this, Tom opened and closed his mouth like a fish. He snapped out of his daze a moment later and muttered numbly, "My apologies, President Fuller."

Toby waved his hand dismissively. "It's fine. We'll let the matter drop now and I don't want you bringing it up again or grumbling about Sonia either, am I clear?"

"Yes, sir." Tom nodded despite his reluctance, lowering his gaze.

The vein near Toby's temple throbbed to signal his weariness and he rubbed it as he asked, "Where's Sonia now?"

"She was discharged this morning. She's fine and probably at Paradigm Co. right now," Tom answered.

With a brief hum, Toby noted, "As long as she's fine. Remember, she can't learn about my heart issue, do you understand?"

He might have jumped off the cliff on his own will, but if Sonia found out about it, she would blame herself and think that she was the reason for his current predicament. She can't ever find out about this. It's for her own good.

"Don't worry, President Fuller. I never planned on telling her anyway," Tom solemnly assured. That much was true. He had no intention of telling Sonia about Toby's injuries, not because he was worried that she would blame herself, but more along the lines of worrying that Toby wouldn't be able to take the hit if she were to confront him about it.

However, now that Toby was aware of the extent of his injuries and calmly accepted his substantially shortened lifespan, it no longer mattered.

On the other hand, Toby didn't know the real reason why Tom was keeping this a secret from her. He didn't actually care, as long as she remained oblivious to news of his injuries.

“You’ll have to keep this from my mom, my grandma and Tyler as well. I don’t want them to worry either,” Toby reminded him as an afterthought as he leaned against the headboard.

Tom nodded. “I know, President Fuller. I didn’t tell Old Mrs. Fuller and the others in the household, not even about how you jumped off a cliff to save Miss Reed. I didn’t breathe a word to the public either; so, as far as they are concerned, you’re on a business trip. If word gets out, the company and the market would take a great hit and the press would have a field day making headlines out of your cliff-jumping endeavors.”

“You’ve done well,” Toby praised.

A little tremor worked its way into Tom’s voice as he promised, “I’ll find the perfect heart for you, President Fuller. You’ll keep on living. I swear.”

The perfect heart, huh? The corner of Toby’s lips curled into a half-smile as he commented, “In that case, I wish you all the best.”

He sounded optimistic enough, but such words were good for offering empty solaces. Deep down, they both knew that the chances of coming across a compatible heart for a transplant were slim to none.

“How’s Tyler doing in the competition?” Toby asked after the thought crossed his mind.

Tom paused for a while before replying, “The U17 Cross-Country Championships that Young Master Tyler took part in has ended and he was able to secure our country a ticket for the FIBA Basketball World Cup. The first round of preliminaries are underway as we speak.”

Toby hummed in response. With a small nod of acknowledgement, he lowered his gaze in thought and said, “When the Basketball World Cup is over, pull Tyler out of the team and have him transferred to an elite prep school.”

“President Fuller?” Tom looked aghast when he registered this. What does President Fuller mean by this? Is he already making arrangements for Young Master Tyler to take over his duties now that he knows he won’t have much longer to live?

Toby knew why his plan would come as a shock to Tom. As he pursed his lips, he changed the subject instead of elaborating further, "Right, why don't you tell me how Sonia and I returned to Seafield?"

"I brought a rescue team with me and found the both of you in some villager's home," Tom explained sullenly. He knew that Toby was intentionally changing the subject, which only served to confirm his suspicions that Toby planned on training Tyler to be his successor.

Tom was more than understanding of this, but it didn't mean he could accept it. Doesn't President Fuller have the slightest bit of faith that he will be able to continue living? It's no easy feat to search for a heart donor, but there's still hope for a miracle, isn't there?

"A villager's home?" Toby repeated, his eyes glimmering with doubt. That doesn't make sense, he thought. We were supposed to be found in the cave.