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This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 759 - 760

Chapter 759 Fine for Now

A car accident? How did that even happen? Sonia was in disbelief. She had only just texted Toby not ten minutes ago, and he had told her he was on the way home, that he was going back to her. And now, out of the blue, she got a call from Tom saying that Toby had met with an accident. How the hell am I supposed to cope with that?

She chewed hard on her lower lip as her eyes turned red with fresh tears. She felt a tightness in her chest, and her heart twisted so much that it hurt.

She knew how terrifying a car accident could be; on one end, it could result in minor injuries, but on the other, it could end up being fatal. Toby had already been through an accident once, and while he survived that one, there was no telling if such luck would repeat itself. I've only just gotten him back. Am I going to lose him again?

Crippling fear seized her the more she thought about it, and her breathing grew ragged once more.

On the other end of the phone, Tom had heard her question and cast Toby a brief look before saying, "Don't worry, Miss Reed. He's fine for now, though he is still unconscious. I'm on my way to the hospital right now to get him medical help."

"Is he really okay?" Sonia asked, still worried as her nails sunk into the fabric of the armrest. It was a car accident, after all, and she had every right to be nervous.

Tom nodded somberly. "President Fuller will be just fine. I was the driver, and if I made it alive, then surely President Fuller will pull through as well. More importantly, the accident wasn't a serious one; we merely ran into the hedge on the sidewalk."

Upon hearing this, Sonia felt reassured, and her heartbeat slowed. Indeed, there were plenty of accident cases where the first to die of their grievous injuries were the driver and the passenger in front, whereas those in the backseat had a higher chance of survival.

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If Tom had been the driver and he was presently fine, then Toby would surely pull through as well.

Comforted by the thought of this, Sonia let out a sigh of relief and felt the tightness in her chest wane, and the pain ebbed with it. But why would Toby black out? Given his physical condition, he should be able to sustain the collision.

More to the point, Tom had said that they ran into a roadside hedge. The impact would have hurt Tom more than it would Toby, but if the former was fine, then it didn't make sense that the latter had fainted after the accident.

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Narrowing her eyes, she was deep in thought for a few seconds, but gave up when she couldn't figure out an explanation for this. She didn't want to dwell on it, either; what mattered now was that she could get to the hospital to see Toby.

With that in mind, she dug her nails into her palm and forced herself to stay composed, then rose to her feet again. Bracing through the pain, she headed into her room. "Mr. Brown, which hospital are you heading toward? I'll be right over."

"The hospital where Dr. Lancaster works," Tom answered dutifully, referring to the First Hospital.

Nodding, Sonia said, "Got it. I'll be on my way. Take good care of Toby, and call me if anything else happens."

"I will, Miss Reed. Don't worry," Tom reassured.

Sonia forced out a smile and hung up the call, then hurried to put on a change of clothes. After barreling out the door, she made her way over to the First Hospital.

Along the way, she clenched the steering wheel tightly, so much so that her hands trembled, making the car swerve out of lane every once in a while. Her dangerous driving began to irk the other drivers on the road, and there were even a few of them who, in the process of overtaking her, rolled down their windows to hurl abuse at her.

But this was the least of her concerns as she gnawed on her bottom lip, her red-rimmed eyes staring ahead as worries over Toby's safety filled her mind.

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Tom might have said that Toby was fine for now, but the temporariness of such reassurance was what weighed on Sonia's thoughts. There was no medical diagnosis to confirm this, and for as long as Toby was not seen by a doctor at the hospital, her worries would only grow.

As things were, she had to get to the hospital and get to Toby as soon as possible.

And yet, fate had a way of withholding one's true wishes in the most desperate of moments.

Sonia had only just gotten onto the freeway when she saw that the traffic was badly congested, and the frustration that had been welling up in her made her give the steering wheel a hard slap. The tears that threatened to overwhelm her finally did.

Meanwhile, Tom had managed to get Toby to the hospital in time, and Tim happened to be on duty tonight.

Upon seeing Toby on the stretcher, Tim was astonished as he asked, "What in the world happened?"

"President Fuller blacked out following a car accident, but your questions will have to wait, Dr. Lancaster. You need to save President Fuller right now! Come on!" Tom said frantically, shoving Tim into the emergency room.

A cold frown etched itself on Tim's face as he became obviously displeased at being treated this way.

He was not altruistic, despite his profession, and most times, he would refuse to perform operations even though he could perfectly manage them. He knew full well that he could save lives if he had performed those surgeries, but out of laziness or apathy, he had watched those patients die instead. And he had done so without feeling even a trace of remorse.

Then again, Tim was antisocial by nature, and whatever sentiment that made society humane was decidedly non-existent to him. Presently, he shoved Tom aside and straightened his own wrinkled sleeve, pointing out sharply, "You should be grateful that your precious President Fuller is Sonia's boyfriend; otherwise, I wouldn't save him, no matter how powerful he is."

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"You—" Tom's surprise at the doctor's outrageous words quickly turned into anger.

However, Tim did not bother waiting for a heated response from Tom before he turned and marched into the emergency room.

Seeing this, Tom had no choice but to quell the rage in him. I can't very well lash out at him now that he's gone in to save President Fuller.

Scratching his hair in frustration, he crouched down and pulled out his phone, then informed Sonia through a text that Toby was currently undergoing emergency treatment by Tim.

Having read this message, Sonia finally felt the divot between her brows smooth out, and she no longer felt so uptight. Now that Toby had safely arrived at the hospital and was receiving treatment from Tim, there was a strong likelihood that he would pull through just fine.

She clutched her phone to her chest and tipped her head up slightly as tears of relief and joy cascaded past her cheeks. The frustration, helplessness, and desperation she had felt when she realized she was going to be held up in traffic and that she wouldn't be able to make it to the hospital in time finally subsided.

Over at the hospital, Tom did not kick up a fuss when he read Sonia's reply, which told him that it would take her a while to reach them due to traffic conditions.

After all, traffic congestions were commonplace in Seafeld, and earlier on, they would have been caught up in traffic as well had the police officer not turned on the siren and cleared the way.

"Excuse me, sir, now that your boss is receiving treatment, I'm going to need you and the lady to come with me so I can get your statements on how the accident happened," said the police officer as he approached Tom with a pen and notepad in hand, gesturing at the woman in the wheelchair.

"Very well," Tom agreed wearily with a nod. He kept his phone and rubbed his face once, then stood up and shot the woman a baleful look.

She did not object to having her statement taken down by the police, either, and merely said delicately, "Okay."

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It wasn't a malicious car crash but rather an accidental one, so the statements were taken quickly and without hassle. The only thing left for them to do now was to agree on a solution.

"I'm willing to compensate all his medical and rehabilitation bills, and I'll nurse him back to health," the woman promised, glancing at the door of the emergency room as she clutched the armrests of her wheelchair tightly.

While that sounded like the most sensible solution to this conundrum, it would only work out if the person lying unconscious was not Toby.

"Our boss doesn't need your measly compensation," Tom replied stoically, eyeing the woman with sharp indifference.

For some reason, he found the woman familiar, even though he had never seen her anywhere before the accident.

Shaking his head, Tom did not ponder on this and brushed the thought off, then resumed his cold and angry stance as he barked, "Seeing as my boss is the one who got injured, I don't have the right as his assistant to decide on these matters on his behalf, so we'll just have to settle this after he wakes up. As for you, don't you dare think of leaving until then!"

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Chapter 760 Thorough Work

"Of course. I wouldn't dream of running away from my responsibility," the woman promised with a trepidatious nod.

Tom looked away from her, turning instead to stare fretfully at the doors to the emergency room, hoping that Toby would be wheeled out soon.

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After getting Tom and the woman's statements, the police left the hospital for the accident scene to retrieve the car. The police added that he would return as soon as the patient was awake to work out a settlement between the patient and the woman who caused the accident, but that would all have to wait until the car was taken care of.

In the event that no settlement could be reached, the police would have to pass the case on to the police station and let the law take over.

Just then, the woman in the wheelchair maneuvered herself over to where Tom was standing and called out gently, "Excuse me, mister."

Tom looked down and eyed her with no small amount of hostility. "What do you want?"

There was a gleam in her eyes as she asked curiously, "I was wondering if you were speaking to that gentleman's girlfriend while we were on our way here?" As she said this, she glanced at the emergency room, indicating that the gentleman she referred to was Toby.

Upon hearing this, Tom frowned deeply and countered icily, "What's it to you?"

She lowered her gaze and let out a sheepish laugh. "Nothing, I was just curious is all."

"Huh." Tom snorted, then pointed out in a withering tone, "Maybe you should devote your curiosity to other things, like the consequences that will befall you now that you've sent my boss into the emergency room!" Then, he broke eye contact and returned to staring at the emergency room doors, no longer paying any attention to the woman.

She clenched her fists on top of the wheelchair armrests, and the fearful look on her face slowly faded away, replaced by a cold and menacing grimace as she eyed Tom venomously.

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However, she quickly retracted her outward hostility toward him and made as if she was unaffected by the assistant's icy rebuff, then lowered her head and stayed mute for the rest of the time.

For a while, the hallway was filled with a heavy silence, and the air grew eerily still.

After what felt like a long time, the emergency room doors finally swung open.

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When Tom heard this, he quickly stood up and walked over to the doors with the woman wheeling herself after him.

Presently, Tim was making his way through the doors, taking off his surgical mask as he did so.

At the sight of this, Tom reached out to stop the doctor so that he could ask about Toby's condition, but before he could get his words out, the woman in the wheelchair suddenly piped up, "Doctor, is everything alright?"

Infuriated by the woman's interruption, Tom frowned and shot her a hard look. But on account of the fact that he had been about to ask the same thing she did, he decided to swallow his anger for now.

Tim looked down at the woman, and there was a strange glimmer in his eyes as he asked, "Who are you?"

She looked down, then answered hesitantly, "I... I'm the one who caused that man in there to get into an accident."

A dark shadow passed over Tim's face when he heard this, and there was no warmth in his eyes as he gazed down imperiously at the woman. "So you're the reason why Fuller is in the emergency room."

"Yes..." The woman's head drooped lower as though she was ashamed.

Tim narrowed his eyes at her and said with cool malice, "If these were old times, I probably wouldn't say anything if you somehow got Fuller killed; I wouldn't even care. But now, Fuller belongs to someone who is really important to me. He got injured because of you, and in turn, the person most important to me has her heart broken over this. What do you intend to—"

"Alright, Dr. Lancaster," Tom cut him off impatiently. "I know you're upset on Miss Reed's behalf, but now isn't the time to hash things out. What matters most is President Fuller's condition; once he stabilizes, you can do whatever you want with this woman."

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Naturally, Tom was only exaggerating to scare the woman. He wouldn't actually leave the woman in Tim's hands. The doctor had a twisted mind and a perverse way of settling the score; there was no telling what might happen to the woman should she become his victim.

Seemingly interested in the prospect of punishing the woman, Tim raised a brow and asked keenly, "Oh, whatever I want, you say?"

Tom cast a sideways glance at the woman, who looked ashen-faced as she gaped at them in horror, and nodded slightly. "That's right."

"Mister, are you actually—" The woman broke off, her red-rimmed eyes wide and glistening as she stared at Tom in utter disbelief. "I can't believe you'd just leave my fate up to some stranger. I know your boss got injured because of me, but I didn't mean for the accident to happen in the first place. You'd be going against the law if you were to let someone else punish me in private!"

Tom did not spare her a look, pretending as if he had not heard her at all.

Tim toyed with his scalpel and appraised the woman with a somewhat eager gaze. "I must say, the plastic surgeon did a rather splendid job with your face."

"What?" Tom froze, obviously unaware of what Tim was talking about.

The woman, however, faltered as cold sweat broke out over her temples. She backed away from Tim immediately, as if shrinking into her wheelchair. Her hands clenched tightly on top of the armrests, so much so that her knuckles turned white. It took him one look to tell that I had work done on my face!

Tim ignored the look of askance Tom was giving him and quirked a brow at the woman's evasive behavior instead. "Why are you backing away from me? Plastic surgery is common nowadays, so why do you look so afraid after I pointed out that you had it done?"

The woman stiffened in her wheelchair. It was then that she realized she might have overreacted earlier, and she quickly lowered her gaze to hide the panic in her eyes. Forcing out a watery smile, she said, "On the contrary, doctor, I'm not so much afraid as I am embarrassed that you proclaimed I had work done in front of everybody. Any woman would prefer to have their looks deemed as natural, and what you did would rub anyone wrong."

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"Is that so?" Tim hummed and nodded, seemingly convinced. Then, his gaze fell upon her legs. "Looks like plastic surgery isn't all you've done. You even got limb-lengthening surgery for your legs, and you're still in the recovery stage, which is why you're in a wheelchair. Plastic surgery and limb lengthening, huh? I can tell that you had a lot of work done on your face, judging by how much bone-shaving was involved, and your legs are longer by an inch or so, aren't they? Your calves are no longer symmetrical, which means you won't be able to run or jump even after you've recovered; you won't even be able to pull exaggerated faces, so you'd forever be a porcelain doll. Pretty harsh stuff to put up with just to look beautiful, if you ask me."

Having said all this, he began to look at the woman with interest. "I must say, I've seen more than my fair share of people—of any gender and age—who have had plastic surgery done, but none of their procedures were as thorough as yours. I'm well-versed in anatomy and the human bone structure, but even I can't tell what you used to look like, and believe me when I say I'm just dying to know. This is the first time I've encountered something like this, and I want to know what made you decide to undergo such an extreme overhaul."

Having heard all this, Tom turned to look at the woman in bewilderment. He had to admit that it took serious courage for her to have undergone all those procedures to look the way she did now.

He had no in-depth knowledge of plastic surgery, but he was familiar with limb-lengthening procedures. He used to have a friend back in elementary school whose legs had been asymmetrical, and in order to correct this, he had gotten limb-lengthening surgery done. The doctor had surgically cut through the lower leg bone and thereafter attached an internal fixture between the two ends of the cut bone, which added length to correct the previous discrepancy.

The procedure was as painful as it sounded, and most people wouldn't dare attempt it under normal circumstances. This woman is either really gutsy or some kind of masochist to go through all that.

Meanwhile, the woman felt a chill run down her spine as she gaped at Tim, stunned that he could tell from one brief appraisal that she had had plastic surgery and limb-lengthening procedure done. Does he have X-ray vision or something? How can he tell how much work I've done just by one look? As incredulous as she was, the woman was also infuriated. Also, it's one thing to know I had work done, but to declare it out loud? What if they start getting suspicious?

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