

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 542**

Jean had never imagined Toby would favor Sonia over her. She couldn't believe that if it came down to it, she would lose to Sonia.

The revelation struck her like a bolt of lightning. In a daze, she plopped down on the couch with a hollow look in her glistening eyes.

Toby's gaze darkened at the sight of this. He waved his hand mutely to have Tom wheel him upstairs, and the latter hurried to do as told.

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It didn't take long for the both of them to arrive in the upstairs hallway. Tom opened Toby's bedroom door and wheeled him in, saying, "Aren't you worried that you might have hurt Madam White's feelings with what you told her?"

Toby parted his lips and pointed out impassively, "Some things just can't be avoided. It's for the best if I let her know how much Sonia means to me; otherwise, she would never dial back on her unjust hostility and continue to mess with Sonia."

"That's true," Tom agreed, nodding.

Presently, Toby took out the Ocean's Heart from his pocket. "I'm going to need some cleansing solution." The necklace had been worn by Jean, and he hated to give it back to Sonia without first cleaning it thoroughly.

"Right away," Tom said solemnly, instantly catching on to what Toby intended to do. As such, he headed out the door to get the cleansing solution ready.

Owing to Jean's vast jewelry collection, the staff at the Fuller Residence practically stock-piled bottles of jewelry-specific cleansing solutions. Tom needed to only ask one of the servants to get a large cup of it, which he immediately brought up to Toby's room.

Toby had him place the cleansing solution on the desk, and when that was done, he dunked the Ocean's Heart into the liquid. It took only seconds for the solution to turn murky, and Toby used a long glass rod to gently stir the Ocean's Heart while it soaked in the solution, giving it a thorough cleansing.

Tom, on the other hand, stood to one side with a towel in hand as he watched the cleaning process.

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It was only after the solution had turned clear once more that he walked up to Toby with the towel. "Here you go, President Fuller."

Toby took the towel and placed it on the desk; then, using a pair of tongs, he retrieved the Ocean's Heart from the cup of solution and laid it on the towel.

Now that the Ocean's Heart was clean, it sparkled like it was new. In particular, the diamond that formed the centerpiece dazzled under the lights, emitting breathtaking rainbow hues.

Toby took the towel and gently wiped the remaining solution off the Ocean's Heart, then patted it completely dry. As he did so, he said to Tom, "Go into my wardrobe and bring me a jewelry box."

Following this, Tom went into the wardrobe and soon returned with an intricate jewelry box.

Having painstakingly dabbed every last droplet of the solution off the Ocean's Heart, Toby carefully placed it into the box. "You're dismissed."

“Yes, sir,” Tom replied, then nodded once respectfully before walking out the door.

Now that Toby was alone in the room, he picked up his phone and gave Sonia a call. It took only seconds for her to answer, and she asked on the other line, “Is there a reason why you’re calling me at this late hour?”

“Did I catch you at a bad time?” He pressed the phone to his ear and asked lightly, not answering her question.

Sonia was working away on her laptop, but when she heard what he said, she stretched her neck to loosen the stiffness that was setting in and gave a short laugh. “No, you didn’t. I’m not asleep yet, so I don’t think it’s a bad time.”

“Good,” Toby said slowly, toying with the jewelry box in his hand. Then, he asked, “You know you didn’t have to give the Ocean’s Heart back to me.”

She froze at this, then frowned and pointed out, “Are you bringing this up because you just got to know about it?”

He hummed in response. “Yeah.”

“No way,” she mumbled, her brows drawing closer together. “I passed the Ocean’s Heart to Jean after you were hospitalized so that she could return it to you on my behalf. How did you—” At the mention of this, she broke off and was suddenly reminded of how greedy Jean could be. Looking sullen, she asked, “Did Jean take the Ocean’s Heart for herself instead of handing it over to you?”

“Yes,” he confirmed with a nod, making no effort to deny Jean’s wrong. “I came back to the Fuller Residence this evening and saw her wearing the Ocean’s Heart, which was how I found out that you returned it.”

“My goodness, so she did take it for herself! The nerve—” Sonia pursed her lips, catching herself before she called Jean names in front of Toby; he was her son, after all, and such disparaging remarks on Sonia’s part would seem rude. With that in mind, she swallowed her words.

However, even as she stayed silent, Toby could still wager a guess at what Sonia had been about to say. He wasn't angry, given how Jean truly had been in the wrong when she took the Ocean's Heart for her own intentions.

"If it makes you feel better, I've already taken the Ocean's Heart back from her," he informed softly, caressing the top of the jewelry box.

Sonia let out a breath of relief. "Oh, that's good to know."

"But what I really want to know is why you gave it back to me in the first place," he said, narrowing his eyes as a grim look passed over his face. He was starting to wonder if she was cutting him off after she returned everything he had ever given to her.

Hearing how unhappy he sounded, Sonia let go of the mouse and explained forthrightly, "I thought about it for a really long time, and I only gave the Ocean's Heart back to you because I owe you too much. After you jumped off the cliff to save me, I realized just how much you have risked and given up for me, so much so that I can't ever dream of repaying you. I can't carry around the accumulated weight of your favors because it will only suffocate me, so returning the Ocean's Heart just so happened to be my first step in repaying you. There'll be more to come until I'm finally liberated."

Oh, so that's why. Having heard her reasons, he felt the frown on his face begin to ease. If anything, he empathized with her. There was nothing special tying them together, no sentiments that would justify all that he had done for her. Instead, he was burdening her, and eventually, she would crack her mind just so she could find a way to repay his efforts.

He should have known that she would be this way. She had never been the type to take things for granted, and she would find ways to return the favor or the guilt would crush her.

"I understand. In that case, I'll keep the Ocean's Heart," he said with an air of finality as he placed the box on the desk. If she so desperately wants to repay my deeds, then so be it. I'll keep the Ocean's Heart if it makes her feel better.

He figured he could wait until they were back together again before he stopped her from avidly trying to repay him for what he had done in the past, because by then, his love would no longer burden her.

On the other line, Sonia was oblivious to his thoughts and merely broke into a relieved smile at his words. "I'm glad you could see my point."

Some of the weight lifted off her shoulders now that he had agreed to take back the Ocean's Heart. That's one favor down. I'm slow, but at least I'm making progress in returning his favors one by one. Over time, the guilt I feel would lessen for sure, and then I'll be free.

As for the rest of his deeds, she had every intention of repaying them in time.

Just then, she thought of something and straightened up. "By the way, I, uh, talked to Charles about the whole nickname thing."

"So soon?" Toby raised a brow as a trace of astonishment glimmered in his eyes. He had assumed that she would take things slow and work up to the conversation with Charles; in fact, he had been prepared to listen to Charles addressing her as 'baby' for a while before she put a stop to it.

Little did he know that she would act on his suggestion so quickly and ask Charles to drop the nickname. At the thought of this, Toby smiled, and his spirits were obviously restored. If she acted so quickly, then it means she does care about me and my feelings.

"I mean, it wasn't that soon," she countered feebly now, her eyes watery as she looked down at her lap. "I just happened to be with Charles earlier this evening, and I decided to bring it up to him on a whim."

"And did he agree to drop the nickname?" Toby prompted gently.

She nodded. "Yeah, he did, but..."

"But what?"

"Nothing." She shook her head, withholding the consequence of her talk with Charles. Glancing at the time displayed on the bottom right corner of her computer screen, she said, "Right, President Fuller. It's getting late and I'm going to call it a day."

“Okay.” While his curiosity was urging him to probe for details, he quelled it when he heard that she was going to bed; he didn’t want to wear her out with his questions.

“Get some rest then. Goodnight,” he said now, the words coming out in a pleasant drawl that put emphasis on the bass of his voice.

Sonia felt her skin prickled at his voice, as if someone was tickling her with a feather. She shuddered and bent to rub her ear against her shoulder as she mumbled softly, “Goodnight.”

When the call was ended, Toby put his phone down and took up the box, then maneuvered his wheelchair toward his walk-in wardrobe.