

## **This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 659**

Sonia rose from the couch and hurried into her bedroom while speaking into her phone, "Don't worry, Grandma, I know what to do. I'd have rushed over now, even if you didn't call me."

"That's great. Well, then, you should get going, Sonia. Remember to keep this old woman updated as soon as something happens," Rose said.

Sonia nodded. "Fret not, Grandma. I promise I'll call you."

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"Alright. In that case, I'll leave Toby to you, and maybe you could talk to him for me, see if you can't bring him out of grieving over his mother's passing."

"I'll do my best," Sonia promised solemnly.

Rose hung up the phone in relief, and Mary came over with a cup of tea. Upon seeing the distressed expression on the older woman's face, Mary put on a comforting smile. "Now, do stop worrying, Old Mrs. Fuller. I'm sure that the Young Mistress will handle this without a hitch; she'd be the cure to Young Master Toby's heartache, if not the beacon of light that guides him out of his grief."

"Well, here's to hoping," Rose said wistfully as she took a sip of tea. With a sigh, she added, "It's not so much that I don't believe in Sonia's capabilities that I am worried about Toby's deep-seated trauma following his mother's suicide. It's not just something that he could be coaxed out of within a day."

"But I firmly believe that if Young Master Toby were to open himself to the Young Mistress' gentle counseling, his condition would improve greatly," Mary prompted as she came up behind Rose and started to rub the latter's shoulders.

Rose nodded tiredly. "I suppose you're right. I just hope Sonia could get to Toby quickly enough to bring to fruition the results we hope for, otherwise..."

"Don't trouble yourself, Old Mrs. Fuller. You have to have faith in the Young Mistress. I'm sure she'll get to Young Master Toby just in time," Mary interrupted the old woman's worried chain of thought. "We all know how much he loves the Young Mistress, and by virtue of that alone, he will allow her to approach him."

"Hopefully," Rose muttered as she lowered her gaze, then blew on the tea in the cup before her.

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Meanwhile, over at Bayside Residence, Sonia had put on a change of clothes and was grabbing an umbrella, ready to leave to find Toby.

She had only just opened the door when the icy air attacked her, biting at her skin and making her shudder. "The weather's freezing," she mumbled to herself, her face turning white in the cold as she rubbed the backs of her hands to keep warm.

As much as she wanted to slip back into the warmth of her apartment, she knew she didn't have a choice. She blew warm air into her hands, then lifted her foot to step past the doorway.

However, she suddenly thought of something at the exact moment she put her foot out. Retracting her step, she spun on her heels and headed back into her bedroom, then came out again a minute later with a paper bag in hand. It was only then that she took the elevator down to the lobby, and while she walked, she called Toby's phone.

He had promised her that he wouldn't switch off his phone today, which meant she should be able to get through to him. Alas, an automated voice greeted her, informing her that the number she dialed was unavailable.

Anger and frustration coursed through her; she was angry that he had gone back on his word and frustrated that she had no idea of what was happening to him right now, given he wouldn't put her through.

Out of desperation, she could only call Tom. Fortunately, the call went through, and he greeted her politely. "Miss Reed."

"Mr. Brown, is Toby at Skylark Tower right now?" Sonia did not bother with pleasantries like she usually would. Instead, she went straight to the point, given that it was a matter of urgency. She was already worried about Toby, and her mind was far too preoccupied for her to remember her phone etiquette.

Upon hearing Sonia's question, Tom nodded frantically. "That's right. President Fuller has been at Skylark Tower since yesterday, and he never left. I'm waiting right below the tower, and I've already knocked several times, but he refused to open the door. I even tried calling Old Mrs. Fuller just now, but for some reason, I couldn't get through."

At that moment, Sonia realized why Rose had said she couldn't get through Tom's phone; it was likely that both their lines had been busy as they tried to call one another.

Presently, with Toby's location confirmed, Sonia felt her shoulders sag in relief. As long as he's at Skylark Tower and not somewhere remote that we don't know of. "Okay, got it. I'll be over right now."

"Alright, Miss Reed. I'll be waiting for you right here," Tom said, lighting up with surprise instantly when he heard that Sonia would be coming over. He and the rest of his team might not be able to see Toby, but that didn't mean Sonia couldn't. She has a special place in President Fuller's heart, after all.

"Okay, thanks. By the way, do you have the keys to his apartment?" Sonia asked.

Tom shook his head ruefully. "No. He rarely ever stays in Skylark Tower, so I don't have the keys to his apartment there."

"Right," she said with a soft hum. "In that case, I'm going to need you to find a locksmith."

“A locksmith?” he repeated in shock.

With a firm nod, she replied, “Yes, because neither of us has the key, and Toby refuses to open the door. So if we want to break in, we need a locksmith.”

“But—”

“Don’t argue with me right now, Tom. As things are, saving Toby is our utmost priority, and I promise I’ll take responsibility if he gets mad at us breaking in,” Sonia promised with a hand to her chest, as if she was taking an oath.

When Tom heard this, all his hesitation dissipated, and he nodded in agreement. “Roger that. I’ll make the arrangements right away.”

He knew Sonia was right. Even if Toby were to get angry over the matter of breaking into his apartment, his safety overrode that concern. Moreover, Miss Reed promised that she would take responsibility if he were to throw a tantrum, and it’s highly unlikely that he’ll lash out at her. There’s nothing for me to worry about. As he hung up the phone, he felt reassured, and he wasted no time in hunting down a locksmith.

Sonia, on the other hand, entered the elevator, and she arrived at Skylark Tower within an hour’s time.

Tom was standing at the entrance of the building with a locksmith next to him, and at the sight of Sonia’s approaching figure, he put up an arm to wave at her. “Over here, Miss Reed!”

Sonia hurried over to join them at the entrance, whereupon Tom gestured toward the door courteously. “Please follow me, Miss Reed. I’ll bring you up to his apartment.”

“Thank you,” Sonia replied, nodding at him once as she tightened her hold on the paper bag in her hand.

Tom led the way, and she fell in step behind him while the locksmith traipsed after her.

A few minutes later, the three of them arrived at Toby's apartment, which really was just the penthouse that occupied the entire top floor of the apartment building. As of now, Tom brought Sonia over to a large ornate door, then said, "We're here."

She nodded, then turned to look at the locksmith meaningfully. "We'll let you get to work, sir."

"Oh, you're too formal, miss," the locksmith said genially, waving off her courtesy. He had a toolbox slung over his shoulder, and having set it down on the floor next to him, he proceeded to take out his tools to break the lock. He made quick work of it, and the lock was opened in the blink of an eye.

At the sight of this, Sonia hastily pushed the door open, and as she did so, she saw something roll toward her, stopping just next to her foot.

She looked down to see that it was a now-empty bottle of red wine. Frowning, she bent over to pick up the bottle; there was not a single drop of wine left in the green glass bottle.

It was clear to see that Toby had spent the whole of last night downing an entire bottle of wine. The frown on her face deepened, and as she put the empty bottle on the shoe cabinet, she marched through the front door.

The moment she did, her senses were assaulted by the overpowering fumes of alcohol. What was more bewildering was the fact that there were a few more empty bottles of wine lying on the floor of the living room.

Which meant Toby had downed not only one but several bottles of red wine last night. And these might not be all of the wine he drank, Sonia thought gravely, her face twisting into an angry grimace. Was he actually planning on killing himself?

She surveyed the living room for a glimpse of Toby's silhouette, but after looking around once, she saw that he was nowhere in sight.

More to the point, the penthouse was expansive and covered close to eight hundred square meters. It would take up a lot of her time just to search through each of the many bedrooms housed within this space.

Left helpless, Sonia called Tom in and asked that he search through some of the rooms while she did the others. The both of them began scurrying in and out of rooms, and finally, Tom found Toby in the study.

“Miss Reed, he’s over here!” Tom cried out to Sonia, who was in the other room down the hallway, while standing anxiously at the study’s doorway.