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# This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 431 - 432

Chapter 431 Working With Carl Lee

A sharp twinkle appeared in Toby's eyes, and he abruptly turned the steering wheel in the opposite direction.

The sports car dashed out like a cheetah before turning into the ramp. Without wasting a second, the vans that were tailing him followed along.

It was after a half an hour's drive down the road when he suddenly slammed his feet on the brakes and stopped the car. Shockingly, he had reached an intersection. Utterly annoyed by the situation, he could only grip the steering wheel with so much force his knuckles turned pale from the lack of blood circulation.

Dammit! Why have I reached a fork this soon?

He had no idea which path did Sonia's abductors take. Even if he had the full map of the directions of each path, that would be of no help.

Once he took the wrong path and traveled away from her abductors, he would miss the critical chance to save her.

At the thought of it, he took a deep breath and suppressed the fear in him. Upon calming down, he dialed Tom's number.

"President Fuller." Knowing that Toby would be in touch frequently, Tom had carried his phone around so that he could take Toby's call on time.

"Can you figure out which one of the roads at the southside fork did those men take?" Toby was under stress, with his tone sounding a bit grimmer than usual.

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Tom shook his head out of regret. "I'm sorry, President Fuller. I have thought of that before, so I contacted the traffic police division and requested them to look at the surveillance footage there. But they told me that there are no surveillance cameras at the fork."

"There are no surveillance cameras..." Toby almost crushed the phone with his tight grip.

Without the help of surveillance cameras, they had effectively lost track of the abductors.

It would be more difficult to save Sonia now.

Tom was well-aware of the consequences. After a pause, he suggested, "How about this? You can split into three teams with the bodyguards and take a path each at the fork. Maybe you wouldn't choose the road that Miss Reed went down, but our men could at least save her while you're not around."

Toby closed his eyes for a while. When he opened his eyes again, there was sheer determination in them. "That's the only way for now."

He ended the call, got down from the car, and headed to the first van carrying the bodyguards.

When they saw him coming over, they went down to greet him. "President Fuller."

"Make some arrangements and split them into three teams. Two of the teams will take the two roads. The remaining pair will follow me; we'll be taking this one." He pointed at the leftmost path, for that path had a speed limit of 60 mph, which was higher than the other two. In a way, it was considered the fast lane.

Based on his trail of thought, if the abductors wanted to bring Sonia out of Seafield as quickly as possible, they were likely going to take the fast lane.

Of course, he could not be sure, but he was willing to take the bet.

After receiving instructions, the leader of the bodyguards nodded. "Got it. I will make the arrangements."

"Be fast," Toby grunted and urged him.

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“Okay.” The leader started making the arrangements. Ten minutes later, the seven vans were split into three teams. Four vans went into the middle and the right-most lane. The remaining three vans would follow Toby. After all, they needed more men to protect the president.

Just when he hopped onto the sports car and was about to start his journey, he was interrupted by the sound of a car horn blaring impatiently behind him, urging him to give way.

Toby narrowed his eyes and looked at the left mirror to find a black Mercedes G-Class behind him.

From the car model, he could instantly tell that it was Carl’s vehicle, as he had witnessed Carl enter the car at Bayside Residence before. In fact, even the car plate number was the same.

Does he also know that Sonia has been abducted? Is he rushing over for that?

If Carl managed to reach the fork, it proved that he had some clues about Sonia’s whereabouts.

With that in mind, Toby pursed his lips and drove a short distance before steering his car to the left. The car drifted and stopped horizontally in front of the G-Class.

An ear-piercing sound was heard as Carl’s car screeched to an emergency stop.

The car window was rolled down, and Carl’s head poked out with a scary expression on his face. Eyes glaring, he started yelling in the direction of the other car. “Get lost! If not, I’m going to crash into you!”

He badly wanted to save Sonia, but there was an unknown fellow blocking his way.

If the guy refuses to give way, I swear to crash into his car! Mark my words! I will not allow anyone to delay this rescue mission!

Toby heard the chilling threat loud and clear, but instead of showing fear, he merely frowned. Then he left his car and walked over to the G-Class.

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At that moment, Carl had recognized Toby as well, and the hostility in his eyes was replaced by shock. He was obviously surprised to learn that Toby was the driver.

Knock, knock! Toby rapped on the car window, prompting Carl to roll the window down again. "Toby Fuller!"

"Are you here to save Sonia?" Toby stared at him, but he merely replied by scrunching up his eyes.

Toby lifted his chin. "Fine, I'll take it as a yes. I'm here to save her too. But now, there's a fork with three roads. I don't know which road the abductors took, so I wanted to check if you have any clue. If you managed to get here, I bet you have received information on the movements of those men."

"So what?" Carl gritted his teeth.

A glimmer of light flashed across Toby's eyes and vanished almost instantly. With a serious face, he explained, "It'd be great if you have the details. We can save her as soon as possible. From the sound of it, you seem like you know which road they took. Carl, let's work together."

"Why should I?" Carl lifted his head slightly and stared down his nose at Toby.

The latter was not at all provoked by the disrespectful attitude because his only goal was to find Sonia. He was willing to overlook any conflicts to get to her.

"Why so, you ask?" Toby pointed at the couple of vans behind him. "That's because I have a bigger team, but you're going solo. Who knows how many men are involved in the abduction? Do you think you could save her on your own?"

Carl's expression changed after he heard the explanation, and he was momentarily speechless.

Indeed, no one knew how many men were with Declan. If he had a lot of men with him, Carl believed that he could not win against them.

In his hurry to save Sonia, he overlooked the crucial point.

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He looked into the rear-view mirror and scanned the vans behind him. Then, he looked at his feet as though he was hesitating.

Still, Toby did not urge him. He stared coldly at Carl, for he knew that Carl would eventually agree to his proposition.

Just like what he had expected, ten seconds later, Carl tightened his grip on the steering wheel and loosened his tongue. "Alright. I'll work with you. I do hope that your men will be able to save Sonia."

"Of course they will." Toby nodded confidently. "Now, can you tell me which road the abductors took?"

"The leftmost lane. They were headed to Misty Mountain," Carl pointed at the leftmost path and answered with a glum tone.

## This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 432

Chapter 432 Stuck in Traffic

Toby looked in the direction of Carl's finger. "It's really the road I picked!"

He guessed that the abductors had taken the fastest lane, and he was proved right.

Anyway, this was not the time for him to ponder on how Carl knew the right direction. He also had no time to figure out how Carl knew that they were headed to Misty Mountain.

Those were not important compared to running after the guys and saving Sonia. His burning questions would soon be cleared up after they found her.

Without further ado, he rushed back to his car, started the engine, and took the lead.

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When Carl realized that Toby had left, he banged on the steering wheel in anger but soon ignited the car and went after him. Simultaneously, the three vans with bodyguards followed the duo into the leftmost road.

Although the road had a speed limit of 60mph, Toby ignored the rule and drove at 90mph as he continued to accelerate.

The speedometer of his sports car maxed out at 250 mph. As long as the vehicle wasn't moving faster than his vision, he could keep accelerating.

The hand of the speedometer rose up to 110 mph.

The other drivers on the road were taken aback by his rash driving and hurriedly gave way in case they were run over by the sports car.

Behind him, Carl understood that Toby was speeding out of the wish to save Sonia, but he could not help but turn green with envy.

The last thing he wanted was to lose to Toby. His age put him at a disadvantage compared to Toby, and he was forced to watch Toby marry Sonia. Not only that, he had to mimic Toby's past behavior when he interacted with Sonia.

Now that the couple was finally divorced, he saw an opportunity to pursue his dream girl. No matter what, he would not allow himself to lose to Toby in any aspect.

With that in mind, he started accelerating as well.

Still, the G-Class was considered a heavy vehicle. No matter what, it could not reach the speed of the sports car. In the end, he was lagging way behind Toby.

At the same time, Toby had no idea about Carl's jealousy and competitiveness, for Sonia's safety was the only thing on his mind.

When he finally saw the road sign that read 'Misty Mountain' in front of him, he tightened his grip on the steering wheel.

Sonia, I'm here!

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On the other side, in another MPV, Declan checked the time and questioned the driver Johnny from the back again, "How long more before we reach Misty Mountain?"

"About half an hour more," Johnny replied.

Declan nodded at the answer. "Speed up. Let's make it in 20 minutes."

"But..." Johnny stared at the traffic in front with a troubled expression. "Young Master Declan, I can't. The traffic has slowed down in front. I think an accident must have happened. We could only stay at this speed. I don't know if there's going to be traffic congestion ahead. If that happens, it's impossible to get to Misty Mountain within 30 minutes."

Declan's expression was twisted after he heard the forecast. "Dammit! Why does it have to happen now?"

"What can we do? I guess it's our bad luck." Johnny sighed.

Declan tightened his fists. Although he was mad with fury, he could not deny the truth. Due to bad luck, he got into trouble with Toby; because of the bad luck, he was stuck in traffic on his way to Misty Mountain.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. Finally, he banged his fists on the seat and growled, "Has everything at Misty Mountain been arranged?"

"Don't worry. Everything's ready." The man in the passenger seat turned around and replied loudly, "Once Lucius set foot in the area, he won't leave alive."

Declan was cheered up by the good news. "Great." There was a smile on his lips as he shut his eyes.

In the van behind Declan's vehicle, Sonia clearly sensed that the van had slowed down. The bulky man who was driving would honk at traffic impatiently from time to time.

She was excited at the change in situation because she knew that traffic must be heavy.

Traffic congestion is a godsend!

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Now, there was a higher chance that Toby could get to them in time.

Nevertheless, she had no idea if Toby could successfully find his way to them. She had no idea if they encountered any forks on the road, but since they had traveled this far, the possibility was high.

I wonder if Toby could successfully pick the right road at the fork. I'd be saved if he picks correctly. If not...

She looked at her feet and bit her lip.

No, stop overthinking!

In the past, every time she fell victim to Tina's various murder attempts, Toby had shown up to save her. This time, she chose to trust him just like any other time before this. She closed her eyes and comforted herself.

Meanwhile, Declan's worst fears came true—the traffic congestion had occurred.

With a glum expression, he got out of the car and gazed at the endless queue of cars that did not even inch at all. He appeared like Satan as he teetered on the brink of madness.

To him, getting stuck in traffic at this moment put him and his men in danger. If they couldn't get to Misty Mountain in time, and Carl or Toby managed to reach them, they would be done for.

"You! Go to the front and check with them! I want to know when the traffic is going to get better." Declan kept taking deep breaths to calm his urge for destruction. He pointed at Johnny, who also got out of the car and gave out the order.

Johnny agreed and jogged to the front to ask about the traffic.

Tens of miles away, Carl had already gotten the news of Declan's unfortunate situation through the phone.

When he learned about the traffic congestion, a cold look appeared in his eyes, but he reluctantly made a call to Toby.

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Toby put on the Bluetooth earbuds. "What's up?"

"Good news. Declan is stuck in traffic," Carl reported.

Toby narrowed his eyes. "Who the heck is Declan?"

Carl was taken aback by the reaction and belatedly realized that he had exposed the identity of Sonia's abductor. At the same time, he learned that Toby had no idea about the mastermind behind the abduction.

"He's the fourth bast\*rd son of the Hayes Family of Westsashire. He's the one who abducted Sonia." Carl decided to let the cat out of the bag.

No matter what, Toby would get to the bottom of the abduction, so there was no point in hiding anything from him.

"The Hayes Family?" Toby's eyes wavered in shock.

How does a member of the Hayes Family end up abducting Sonia? Since when is she acquainted with that family?

The Hayes Family of Westsashire was similar to the Fullers—the Hayes patriarch and Toby's grandfather were both towering politicians with great contributions to the founding of the country.

As Edgar Hayes died later than Toby's grandfather, the Hayes had managed to keep hold of their influence. For a while, they were more powerful and superior to the Fullers.

Five years ago, everything changed when Edgar Hayes passed on. After the Hayes lost their patriarch, the family business was passed to the useless heir, Robert Hayes. Under the new leadership, the Hayes saw their fortunes decline and went from an elite family to a less powerful existence.

Even so, most of the top families dared not offend the Hayes Family because of Edgar Hayes's contribution to the country. Although the Hayes Family were not as influential as before, they still enjoyed wealth and prestige.

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How did Sonia get onto the wrong side of a powerful family like the Hayes? Or, in other words, how did she even have the chance to offend them in the first place?

The Hayes were based in Westsashire, and the family members wouldn't leave the city for no good reason. Sonia definitely had no opportunity to meet with anyone from the family. Logically, she couldn't have gotten into trouble with them.

What's actually going on here?

He frowned and sank into deep thoughts. Failing to understand the situation, he tucked away his questions and replied with his lips tightened, "Got it. Since they're stuck in traffic, let's take this opportunity to catch up to them!"

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