

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr Chapter 246

Toby went over and hugged her. Everyone thought he cared about her, but only he knew this hug was only done because he didn't want to get into trouble.

"We need an explanation, manager." Carl took his jacket off and covered Sonia with it before asking the manager coldly.

I knew it. The manager sighed. "We're very sorry, customers. We never expected this to happen. It's an overlook on our part, so we'll take full responsibility for this. Your bill will be waived, and we'll pay for your medical bills. And we'll also give you a member card. Is that fine with you?" He looked at Carl and Toby carefully, since they looked like the ones calling the shots.

But Carl looked at Sonia. "What do you think, Sonia?"

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

Sonia massaged her forehead. "Sure. It's not completely their fault anyway. This is just an accident, and we ran straight into it."

"Alright. Do as she says," Carl replied to the manager.

The manager thanked them profusely, "Thank you for your understanding. We're very sorry for ruining the experience." He bowed to Sonia and Carl.

Carl pulled the manager back up and looked at Toby. "What about you two?"

Worried Tina might go on a rampage again, Toby answered, "Same here."

The manager thanked him, since he was worried they might not let it slide so easily. It was obvious Tina was a fussy one, but luckily Toby was an understanding man, or the injury on Tina's face alone could cost them a ton. Now that the problem was settled, the manager wiped the sweat off of his forehead and heaved a sigh of relief.

But then, the waiter who was handling the aftermath said, "Sir, something's off with this chandelier."

"How so?" The manager went over.

Powered by Hooligan Media

Carl and Sonia looked at them curiously, and even Toby shifted his attention to the chandelier.

"This one." The waiter pointed at the column. "The column isn't rusty or corroded, so how did it break?"

"Um..." The manager couldn't come up with the answer. He kept staring at the column, but he couldn't figure out what happened.

The column connected the chandelier to the ceiling. It was big, sturdy, and made out of alloy. Not even a strong earthquake could break it unless it was corroded. However, alloys wouldn't rust that easily. It'd take at least a decade or two to corrode, but the restaurant hadn't been open for even a year.

Sonia squinted. "Someone might have sabotaged you guys."

Carl nodded. "It's possible. Since it's almost impossible to break by itself, someone might have done this."

“S-Someone did this?” Shocked, the manager said, “This is not a joke, sir. We won’t do anything to our customers. That’ll be bad for business.”

Sonia smiled. “You got it wrong. He isn’t saying you guys did it.”

The manager heaved a sigh of relief, but he got curious. “Then who did this?”

Sonia shook her head, having no answer to his question. At the same time, Toby was reminded of his car crash. Someone planned that, but he couldn’t find the culprit even until now. Today, the chandelier fell down on him. Technically, Sonia got the brunt of the impact, but his table was less than a meter away from hers, so it might have been targeting him.

Maybe the same person did this. But he refuted his guess right away. When he and Tina came out, they only said they were out for dinner, but they didn’t mention their location. They only came to this restaurant since they came across it on their way. In other words, he made the decision on the spot, but sabotages had to be done beforehand. Not even the culprit knew he’d come here, so they couldn’t have done this. Unless they were clairvoyant.

Another person shared his sentiment—Carl. Ironically, he was the one who proposed the sabotage theory. He looked up at the ceiling, then the chandelier, and puzzlement painted his face. “Odd.”

“What is it, Carl? Did you notice something?” Sonia looked at him.

Carl rubbed his chin and nodded. “The ceiling’s too high. Probably around ten meters. Most ladders can’t reach that height, so it’s impossible for anyone to climb up there. They could have used a forklift, but it’s too big for this place.”

The manager agreed, “He’s right. Our restaurant is built with the style of Renaissance-era English castles in mind. Back then, ceilings stretched really tall, so we installed the chandeliers using lift platforms. The doors were installed last, since the platforms were too big for the place.”

“So it’s not sabotage?” Sonia frowned.

Before Carl could answer, Tina interrupted, "Mr. Lee, first you said it's sabotage, and now you say it isn't. Don't you think throwing random guesses is a bit irresponsible?"

Carl glared at her.

Sonia clutched her arm. "He's just pointing out his guesses based on the clues he has. It's not random guesses. Besides, interrupting someone is rude, Miss Gray. Oh wait, someone like you doesn't have an ounce of decency in them, so I guess being rude is natural for you."

"Why you..." Tina glared at her.

Sonia sneered. "Look at you, gnashing your teeth. Do you want to bite me? Well, come on then." She beckoned Tina, as if Tina was a dog.

Tina trembled, her eyes turning red with anger. "I am not a dog, Sonia!"

"Hey, I didn't say anything. But since you think you're a dog, I don't mind seeing you as one. Stop overreacting, will you?" Sonia flicked her hair and shook her head. "Can't believe someone actually wants to be a dog. Very well then. Carl, don't argue with her. I mean, she thinks she's a dog, and I'm sure you don't really argue with dogs, right?"

Carl knew Sonia was insulting Tina for his sake, and he was touched. He looked at her, his gaze as gentle as the spring breeze. "Sure, Sonia. I don't argue with dogs, really."

The manager watched the argument quietly. Hot damn. Catfights are seriously intense.

"Why you..." Tina was pointing at them, her finger trembling. However, Carl and Sonia didn't even look at her, obviously seeing her as less than human. She almost fainted from her fury, but she turned around and held Toby's sleeve. "Toby, they insulted me." She gave him a look of complaint. "Aren't you going to do something?"