

Chapter 236 Is Tyrone Sick

After finishing breakfast, Sabrina called Wanda to ensure Tyrone wasn't there. Assured, she took Jennie and some presents for a visit to Karen's grandson.

Exiting the hospital room, she headed towards the parking area.

Scanning the vicinity, her eyes caught what looked like a familiar figure, possibly Tyrone.

By the time she focused, the figure had already vanished around a corner.

Was Tyrone sick?

Shaking off the thought, Sabrina approached her car and unlocked it.

She hopped into the driver's seat and opened the car door. Instead of firing up the engine, she pulled out her phone and gazed at the screen.

"I apologize, Sabrina. I've been tied up lately, but not due to work," Trevor's message read.

Sabrina inquired, "Anything troubling you? If there's a way I can help, just let me know."

Trevor responded with a meme, displaying his buoyant mood.

"Thanks for the offer, Sabrina. But I've got it covered. No need for concern."

"All right then. But remember, if things get tricky, I'm here to help you out," Sabrina responded, trying to appear casual.

"Truly appreciate that, Sabrina."

"Friends are supposed to help each other."

Sabrina glanced at her phone screen with a neutral expression. Mulling

over something briefly, she began browsing the latest movie listings. Casually, she captured a screenshot of a film and uploaded it to her Facebook.

"Anyone up for a movie this weekend?"

After that, she shared a picture of the screenshot.

Once posted, she stashed her phone away.

She had set the post to be visible only to Trevor.

It was quite clear to her; she believed Trevor might be facing some challenges.

Helping him could forge a stronger relationship between them.

However, Trevor seemed reluctant to share his current predicament. She felt it wasn't her place to pry.

Given his current preoccupation, inviting him for dinner or a film seemed out of the question.

She needed to find an approach that would spur him to make the first move.

If her post piqued his interest, he'd surely reach out.

As Trevor gazed at his phone screen, a smile crept onto his face as he remembered Sabrina's lovely face.

With Sabrina by his side, he felt fearless in the face of any challenge.

He exhaled deeply, took a moment to glance back at the police station, and then made his exit.

A few days ago, a complaint was lodged against his father's interior design firm. Allegedly, substandard materials were used, prompting the homeowner to voice his grievances to the Consumer Rights Association and other relevant regulatory departments.

As experts from the concerned departments reviewed, certain materials were indeed found to be subpar.

During the mediation, the homeowner's demeanor was both condescending and aggressive, intentionally provoking Zeke. In a fit of rage, Zeke physically confronted the homeowner and consequently found himself under police custody.

Trevor had swiftly taken steps to secure bail.

The day before, he'd visited the hospital, attempting to make amends with the homeowner and exploring an out-of-court settlement. His efforts were rebuffed, with the homeowner even hinting at suing Zeke.

Trevor had grown suspicious, feeling the homeowner had a vendetta against his father.

His father had been in the design business for over a decade. He was always diligent and responsible, doing his utmost to fulfill homeowners' wishes. How could he possibly use substandard materials?

Whether within the country or overseas, such an occurrence had never taken place previously.

His father also had a hunch that the homeowner might have been persuaded by a rival to tarnish their team's reputation.

However, at this point, there wasn't much they could do.

Thankfully, the request for bail got the green light, allowing his father to leave the police station ahead of time.

Zeke's mindset was resigned; he felt the homeowner, with his apparent vendetta, wouldn't opt for a settlement. If charged, the worst-case scenario would be a financial penalty.

Trevor, on the other hand, bristled at the perceived injustice. The thought of his father being framed was intolerable. He was determined to seek a reassessment of the entire incident.

Zeke let out a resigned sigh, trying to reason with his son. "Things won't magically change. Having been around for so many years, I've seen how

this goes down, especially when you're not wealthy or influential. Despite our materials being up to the mark, they still managed to tarnish our reputation. If you attempt to explain things to them, you'll just be using up your time and energy. It won't make any difference."

"Dad, right from the start, you shouldn't have engaged with that man. You could've outright rejected the examination results. Now, it's probably too late to contest their findings."

On Saturday, Trevor made his way to the respective agency, hoping for a re-evaluation.

The official there stood his ground, asserting the report's accuracy and dismissing the possibility of a retest.

Trevor tried to persuade him but failed.

After a morning of fruitless efforts, he left the department hall, feeling weary. He stared at the road ahead, unsure of where to head next.

The idea of heading home seemed unappealing, so he aimlessly roamed around.

While walking, Sabrina's post from the previous evening popped into his mind.

He checked and saw that the post was still up, indicating that Sabrina hadn't found a movie companion yet.

He opened their chat and typed, "Hey Sabrina, I saw your post. I've been really excited about watching the same movie. Have you found someone to go see it with yet? If not, do I have the honor?"

Sabrina's response lit up his screen with a smiley, followed by, "Would be awesome!"

She added, "You had lunch yet?"

"Not yet, how about we grab lunch and then head to the cinema for the

movie?"

"Sounds good! I'll send you the details, come here."

"On my way!"

As soon as Trevor replied, he hailed a taxi to the destination.

Sabrina had messaged him the restaurant's address and the menu.

Upon his arrival, Sabrina was already comfortably seated, awaiting their meal.

Scanning the restaurant, Trevor's gaze found hers. He approached, greeting, "Hello, Sabrina."

Her face brightened up. "Please, have a seat."

The warmth of her smile was contagious, prompting a smile from Trevor and lifting his spirits.

"Where's Jennie today?" he inquired, settling into the chair opposite Sabrina.

That kid was finally gone.

"She's spending time with her great-grandmother today. I visited a friend at the hospital, so I left her behind."

"With so many catching colds lately, I hope you're taking precautions."

As they talked, the waiter started laying out their dishes.

As they dined, conversation flowed easily between them.

A weight seemed to lift from Trevor's shoulders.

Sabrina pretended to ask casually, "By the way, did you manage to sort out the issue from yesterday?"

When the topic came up, Trevor's eyebrows knitted, and he felt a touch of irritation, but he didn't want to reveal it to Sabrina. "No worries. It's all sorted out."

"You're lying. Your expression says otherwise." After playfully teasing

him, Sabrina said in a serious tone, "If you ever need help, don't hesitate to ask."

Feeling a bit embarrassed, Trevor cast his eyes downward.

In his mind, returning to their homeland meant they were somewhat out of touch with old acquaintances. Facing such challenges without a supportive network seemed inevitable.

However, Sabrina stood apart from the rest. Rooted in the community and with ties to the influential Blakely family, her connections were vast.

Perhaps she had the means to help him solve it.

If the evidence was enough, settling the medical expenses would suffice.

After contemplating, Trevor divulged the entire story to her.

