

Chapter 256 The Murderer

Trevor got a room in a nearby hotel. He gently laid Shirley down on the bed, then checked his reflection in the bathroom mirror, noting the many bruises that marred his face.

He mentally thanked his busy schedule. By the time of their corporate celebration, these bruises should have faded.

The idea of Sabrina seeing him like this was unbearable.

There weren't any drugstores close by, and the hotel lacked any suitable ointment.

Opting for a modern solution, he ordered some medicine online and settled in to await its arrival.

He lounged on a chair, scrolling through his phone.

Suddenly, the lady on the bed began to murmur anxiously, trapped in some terrifying dream. "Stay back... No... Please, no..."

Setting his phone aside, Trevor approached, sitting beside her. He reassured her gently, "You're safe. The bad guys have run away!"

Shirley's eyes fluttered open. She impulsively clung to Trevor, tears flowing freely.

Caught off guard, Trevor's instinct was to pull back.

But Shirley refused to release him. She clung to him tighter and wept, saying sadly, "I was so scared... I'm really scared..."

After a brief moment of uncertainty, Trevor relaxed his stance.

She was clearly traumatized. Rejecting her now seemed heartless.

Well, if she sought solace in his embrace, he'd allow it. Just for a bit...

On the day of the corporate party, staff members, accompanied by their

companions, assembled at the company's entrance.

Bettie pulled her car over to the makeshift parking area by the roadside and opened the door to step out.

Sabrina donned a face mask and emerged from the passenger side.

She hadn't intended to enter a romantic relationship with Trevor, and so, hadn't told Bettie. It was only the previous night that Bettie found out, pressing Sabrina for the truth, leading Sabrina to mislead her a bit.

Side by side, they made their way towards the entrance of the company.

A handful of staff, accompanied by their families, were already there.

Trevor was casually sitting on the stairs, munching on some snacks.

Upon spotting Sabrina and Bettie, he quickly stood up. "Sabrina! And Bettie, good to see you too!"

Bettie playfully tapped Trevor's shoulder, teasing, "Look at you, winning Sabrina over already! You better cherish her, got it?"

"Trust me, Bettie, I'll always be good to her." He cast a glance at Sabrina.

Sabrina chose to stay silent.

With the car keys in her hand, Bettie said, "Then I'm leaving now. Bye!"

"Drive safe, Bettie."

Once Bettie hopped into her car, Trevor escorted Sabrina to the stone steps and handed her some breakfast.

"Trevor, is she your special someone?"

As the day unfolded, several colleagues approached them with warm greetings. Giving Sabrina an appreciative once-over, one commented, "Even behind that mask, we can all tell how pretty you are judging by your eyes."

Sabrina offered a modest smile, explaining, "Apologies for the mask. I've

got a bit of a cold."

"No worries! A dip in the hot spring with Trevor should make you feel better," a colleague said with a smile.

The bus arrived punctually, and Sabrina and Trevor boarded together. They found seats towards the back and sat down side by side.

The car began to fill up with more people, sparking friendly chatter amongst colleagues.

Suddenly, Trevor greeted Sergio.

Upon hearing this, Sabrina glanced up to see Sergio backing towards a vehicle.

Sergio's gaze landed on Sabrina, who now wore a mask.

She gave him a quick nod.

Returning the gesture, Sergio proceeded to the back seat.

Once everyone settled, the bus journeyed towards the hot spring resort.

Sabrina recalled her prior visit to the location. Despite the chill, she eagerly anticipated a warm soak in the winter hot spring.

The bus continued, approaching the freeway interchange, inching ever closer to their intended destination.

While laughter bubbled up from various corners of the bus, Sabrina found herself growing quieter, clutching her backpack.

Soon, Decker's storage facility came into view.

But just as they were about to turn, the bus came to an abrupt halt.

The colleagues looked forward curiously.

Blocking their path was a truck, surrounded by scattered crates strewn across the road.

Warehouse personnel scrambled to clear the mess.

Standing on the roadside, hands on his hips, Decker looked on with

evident impatience, signaling the bus to hang on a bit longer.

Sergio stood up from his seat, advancing to the front, and inquired, "What's the issue?"

The bus driver swung open the door, explaining, "Looks like a delivery truck had a mishap."

Sergio stepped out of the vehicle and approached Decker for a brief conversation. He came back shortly after and informed the bus driver, "Just a bit more time. They'll clear it up shortly."

Curiosity bubbled from a passenger asking, "How did the delivery truck end up like that?"

"The truck's tire went flat as it pulled into the station," Sergio explained. Visibly frustrated, Decker blurted out, "Fuck! Who scattered nails all over the ground?"

Trevor's eyes brightened upon spotting Decker. As he was about to roll down the window for a greeting, he caught Sabrina's somber gaze fixed on Decker.

Softly, Trevor inquired, "Sabrina, is something the matter?"

"Nothing." Sabrina looked away, cast her gaze downward, and gave a gentle shake of her head.

She claimed she was okay, yet her expression hinted at a burden on her thoughts.

Soon enough, the bus resumed its journey.

Afterward, Sabrina's face became serious and her mood turned sour.

While feeling genuinely unhappy, she also intentionally showed her feelings to Trevor.

While the group indulged in morning activities, Sabrina opted to remain in her room, further emphasizing her sour mood to Trevor.

By lunch, Trevor approached Sabrina and the two headed to the dining area together for lunch.

As he noticed her pushing her food around without eating, he asked with concern, "Sabrina, is everything okay? Are you in a bad mood? Or perhaps you feel uncomfortable?"

Sabrina let out a weary sigh, admitting, "I'm just not feeling great."

"What happened? You seemed okay earlier."

Sabrina tentatively took a bite of her food and said, "Do you remember the man chatting with Sergio near the warehouse?"

"Of course..." Trevor took a moment before responding, "I know him. He's an old friend of my father."

Sabrina's eyes widened in surprise.

"Is something wrong?" Trevor continued to ask.

"He's responsible for my father's death," Sabrina said with a mix of sadness and indignation.

Trevor was stunned.

While he was aware of Sabrina's father, Connor, passing away in an unfortunate car incident and of Decker's stint in prison, he hadn't pieced the two together.

A trace of apology flashed across his face. "Sabrina, I had no idea. I'm truly sorry."

Sabrina murmured bitterly, "I didn't expect to run into him there. He must be a warehouse worker."

"No. He is the owner of the warehouse. This warehouse has been standing for quite a few years and it's been running smoothly. My father has a good rapport with him. When my parents returned this time, he even went to the airport to pick them up," Trevor explained with a touch of embarrassment.

Surprised, Sabrina raised her head and asked, "Several years?"

"Yes."

"He lost everything in the lawsuit. How did he get the money to start the business?"

After a brief pause, Trevor said, "Perhaps he took a loan?"

Looking intently at Trevor, Sabrina pretended to ask him casually, "Fresh out of prison and penniless, who would lend him such a huge sum of money? And how'd he even know such rich friends?"

