

## Chapter 283 A Sticker

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As Sabrina had said, Bettie did think so.

As Lance extended the phone toward her, Bettie felt an inner reluctance to accept it, a sentiment she concealed behind her obliging demeanor. With a multitude of curious onlookers surrounding her, she reluctantly acquiesced, delicately wiping the phone's screen before uttering her gratitude, "Thank you."

Lance responded with nonchalance, "It's no trouble at all." A subtle, enigmatic smile danced upon his lips. His golden-framed glasses exuded a mesmerizing, almost ethereal, metallic gleam.

In a frosty tone, Bettie inquired, "What brings you here?"

Lance replied candidly, "I'd heard whispers of the captivating scenery in this locale, so I embarked on a journey here, never anticipating our serendipitous encounter."

Bettie regarded him with a trace of suspicion in her eyes.

Shifting his gaze toward the thief being pressed on the ground by a passerby, Lance retrieved his mobile phone and promptly dialed the police.

Upon concluding the call, he reassured, "The law enforcement officers shall arrive shortly. Please remain here."

Sabrina rushed to Bettie's side, expressing her concern, "Bettie, are you okay?"

Bettie responded, "I'm perfectly fine. You can proceed without me. I will join you after cooperating with the officers' inquiries."

Sabrina shot a frigid glare in Lance's direction, inquiring, "What is he doing here?"

Bettie rolled her eyes before retorting, "He claims to be a tourist. Who can say for certain?"

Tyrone, perceiving the hidden meaning in her words, maintained an air of composure as he regarded Lance.

Their gazes locked for a fleeting moment before Lance averted his eyes, fixating them upon Bettie once more.

Tyrone averted his gaze, extending a delectable cupcake to Jennie nestled in his embrace.

Sabrina proposed with kindness, "I shall remain here by your side."

"No need, Sabrina. Time is of the essence. You should seize the opportunity to capture more photographs."

"Then, give me a call once you're through."

"Okay."

Turning toward Tyrone, Sabrina suggested, "Let's go, Tyrone."

As they strolled away, Lance caught a fleeting view of Tyrone's profile. A sense of familiarity washed over him, a recognition that transcended mere Tyrone's physical resemblance to Blayze.

However, the memory of where he might have crossed paths with Tyrone eluded him.

Perhaps it had been during one of Tyrone's overseas business ventures.

Observing the duo's departure, Lance casually inquired, "Is that Tyrone Blakely, the new CEO of the Blakely Group?"

"Indeed."

"I recall they went through a divorce."

"Yes, they have divorced. Yet, Tyrone seems to cling to Sabrina like a tenacious vine," Bettie mused, her words deliberate and measured.

She refrained from studying Lance's countenance further, instead

moving to express her gratitude to the two men who had apprehended the thief, extending an invitation for dinner once the police completed their tasks.

One of the men demurred, remarking, "No need. It's not a big deal. In my estimation, you should treat that young gentleman to a meal. Without him, our pursuit of the thief might have ended quite differently."

Bettie cast a sly glance back at Lance, her lips curling into a smile. She then turned to the men and graciously declared, "Certainly, I shall treat him. Let us dine together, all of us."

"No, thank you..." The two men waved off her offer with polite refusal.

Undeterred, Bettie proceeded to a nearby shop, where she purchased water and tokens of appreciation for the gallant men.

After a brief interval, the law enforcement officials arrived on the scene. They promptly procured the surveillance footage and conducted a series of inquiries before escorting the apprehended thief away.

As Bettie watched them depart, a wave of relief washed over her. She bid Lance farewell and began her departure. While on the move, she dialed Sabrina's number and waited for the latter to answer. She said to Lance without looking back, "If there are no further matters, I shall take my leave."

"Wait!"

"Is there something else?"

"Didn't you mention treating me to a meal just now?"

"When did I..."

Before she could complete her sentence, a realization swept over her, causing her countenance to darken. "I said that to those gentlemen. You needn't take it seriously."

"But I do take it seriously."

Perceiving Bettie's discontent, Lance added with a gracious smile, "I've already contemplated our dining choice. I aided you in capturing the thief just now. You won't be so petty, will you? Besides, they're not far away."

Lance directed a fleeting glance toward the two men.

Following his gaze, Bettie spotted the pair engaged in conversation not too distant from their current location.

She clenched her teeth and reluctantly acquiesced, "Very well."

As Sabrina answered the call, she inquired, "Bettie, have you concluded your affairs? We're currently..."

"Sabrina, I've decided to treat Lance instead of joining you. We can discuss this later."

After a moment of contemplation, Sabrina acquiesced, saying, "Alright. Just be cautious and don't hesitate to reach out if you need anything."

"I appreciate it."

Having concluded the call, Sabrina tucked her phone into her pocket, retrieved her camera, and directed Jennie and Tyrone, positioned a few meters away, with instructions, "Come closer... That's it, just like that. Flash your smiles. Wonderful!"

Tyrone was not particularly fond of being photographed but Jennie insisted on taking a photo with him.

He strolled over and joined Sabrina to review the images on the camera's display. In a casual tone, he inquired, "Was that Bettie who called just now?"

"Yes, she mentioned she wouldn't be joining us," Sabrina responded, her gaze fixed intently on the photograph.

"Is her former boyfriend of mixed race?" Tyrone inquired, a hint of surprise coloring his words. Startled, Sabrina arched an eyebrow and

regarded him quizzically, asking, "What makes you say that?"

"I was just observing his eyes and facial structure."

"I've never heard Bettie mention it before," Sabrina stated, casting doubt on Tyrone's assumption. Lance boasted impeccable facial features, but at first glance, he didn't appear to have mixed-race heritage.

Having taken the initiative to scout out the restaurant in advance, Lance had selected a hot pot establishment renowned for its distinctive offerings.

Seated across from each other, a waiter arrived with the menu in hand. "How may I assist you today? Valentine's Day is approaching and we have a special couple's set meal that has been quite popular. Would you like to give it a try?"

"No, thank you."

"Yes, please."

Bettie and Lance simultaneously responded.

Their synchronized reply prompted a moment of mutual contemplation. Bettie spoke up first, asserting, "No, let's opt for other specialty dishes. I can cover the expenses."

With a sardonic grin, Lance remarked, "Miss Ramirez, your generosity knows no bounds!"

Without further ado, he took hold of the menu and proceeded to order a multitude of dishes.

Bettie couldn't help but realize that he had deliberately ordered an abundance of items, seemingly as a form of retaliation.

As soon as the waiter departed, she sighed and remarked, "Lance, you've changed."

Arching an eyebrow, he inquired, "How so?"

"You've become stingy yet hungrier than before. Can't you enjoy a good meal when you're abroad?"

Lance graced her with a tender smile and ventured, "A few days ago, I happened upon you enjoying a meal with a gentleman at an upscale restaurant. Was he your blind date? He appeared somewhat follicly challenged, possibly in his fifties. I imagine enduring that dinner was quite the feat for you."

The mention of blind dates invariably dredged up memories of her illegitimate younger brother, a thought that never failed to trigger Bettie's ire.

In a sharp retort, she countered, "I doubt you've ever had a blind date yourself."

Just as Lance was poised to respond, the mobile phone resting on the table abruptly chimed with an incoming call.

In a hushed tone, he raised a hand in a gesture of silence, then answered the call, his voice adopting a softer cadence. "What's going on, Keilani?"

Keilani was a girl's name.

Bettie remained uncertain about the nature of their conversation over the phone. She observed Lance listening attentively before reassuring her, "Don't fret. I'll return in a few days and bring you some gifts. Alright then. Bye."

Concluding the call, he placed the phone back on the table and cast an amiable smile in Bettie's direction. "You were saying?"

"Nothing," Bettie replied, her eyebrows raised as curiosity got the better of her. "Your girlfriend?"

A grin tugged at his lips as he scrutinized Bettie intently, opting not to deny it.

Bettie sighed wistfully, remarking, "Alas, I can't fathom why she's so besotted to fall in love with you."

