

Chapter 230 I'll Go With You

Tyrone patted Jennie on the shoulder reassuringly.

Sabrina had a crush on Trevor, so what?

She was attracted to Trevor's appearance and energy, but his charm would be useless if he became involved with another woman.

The thought gave Tyrone an idea. He picked up his phone and messaged Damon.

Jenny and Tyrone enjoyed each other's company and had fun throughout the afternoon. As evening approached, Tyrone received a response to his message from Damon.

After reading the message, Tyrone locked his phone and asked Jennie, "Hey, do you still want to have a sleepover at Sabrina's tonight?"

"Yes!" Jennie clapped her hands with excitement.

Jennie loved to sleep over at Sabrina's.

"How about I drive you there now?" Tyrone offered.

He believed convincing Jennie to stay in Mathias after only one month might be challenging.

However, the situation was entirely different if Sabrina was involved.

If Jennie spent every night with Sabrina, their relationship would grow stronger. He wondered if Jennie would still want to leave after becoming accustomed to the routine. ○

"Okay."

Tyrone packed a few items of clothing for Jennie before driving her to Sabrina's apartment.

Fortunately, Sabrina was at home when they arrived.

When she heard the doorbell, Sabrina walked to the door and asked, "Who is it?"

"Auntie, it's me!" The little girl's voice came from the other side.

When Sabrina opened the door, she found Jennie standing there with a big smile and a large schoolbag beside her. She blinked up at Sabrina, happy to see her aunt.

Jennie pointed to the large schoolbag and explained, "Uncle Tyrone said you didn't want to see him, so he asked me to come here myself. Auntie, can I sleep with you tonight?"

Sabrina picked up the schoolbag and said helplessly, "Alright, come on in."

"Yippee!"

Jennie's face lit up with excitement as she followed Sabrina into the room.

When Bettie arrived home from work and saw Jennie there again, she had mixed feelings.

Sabrina avoided eye contact, afraid that she would meet Bettie's disdain for her. ⓪

She couldn't refuse Jennie. The little girl was so cute that Sabrina found it impossible to say no.

During dinner, Sabrina noticed that Bettie seemed a little down. She could sense that something was bothering her friend.

Initially, Bettie seemed fine, but after spending some time on her phone, she appeared downcast.

"Bettie, is everything alright? You seem a bit down."

"Yes," Jennie echoed.

"It's nothing," Bettie mumbled.

"Your expression doesn't say that."

Bettie ran her fingers through her hair, pounding the table with frustration, and muttered, "What should I do? The get-together of my classmates at high school is just two days away."

"So why are you so upset?"

"Well, my ex-boyfriend will be there as well."

"Would it be okay if you didn't go?"

"They urged me to join them, and I'd feel guilty if I don't go," Bettie said, rolling her eyes.

"It's fine. There's nothing to be worried about. I'll go with you."

Bettie's face lit up with gratitude. She leaned over and gave Sabrina a peck on the cheek. "You're so kind, Sabrina."

Jennie eagerly joined in and kissed Sabrina on her other cheek.

Once Tyrone was sure that Jennie was safe with Sabrina, he headed to the club where he had arranged to meet with Damon.

As Tyrone entered the private room, he found Damon inside, alone, pouring himself a drink.

At the sound of the door, Damon looked up and greeted Tyrone. "Please take a seat."

Tyrone settled into the single sofa opposite Damon, who promptly poured a glass of wine and handed it to him. After taking a sip, Tyrone got straight to the point. "Have you found the right person I asked for?"

"Don't worry. There are plenty of suitable girls here for you to choose from. It's just to seduce Trevor, isn't it?"

He sympathized with Tyrone. Who would have thought that Sabrina would fall in love with Trevor?

Damon dialed a number, and within minutes, several young and beautiful

ladies entered the room one after the other.

They lined up, waiting for Tyrone to choose one among them.

Standing behind them was a man who looked unpleasant, perhaps their pimp.

Although he knew Damon, he was unfamiliar with Tyrone.

When he met Tyrone's piercing gaze, he felt anxious, and his heart began to race. Quickly diverting his eyes, he timidly handed a dozen folders over to Damon and said, "Here are the files with their information."

Without glancing at the documents, Damon handed them to Tyrone and said, "You choose."

Tyrone took the files and flipped through them, page by page.

The room was quiet, and the air was thick with tension.

After what felt like an eternity, Tyrone finally reached a page and read a name on it. "Which one of you is Shirley?"

The girls glanced at each other and pursed their lips. Then one hesitantly stepped forward and looked down submissively. "Sir, I'm Shirley."

Tyrone narrowed his eyes and gave Shirley a sharp once-over.

After a moment, he said indifferently, "You stay. The rest of you can go."

The man with the girls spoke up boldly. "Aren't you going to choose one more?"

Did they only want one woman?

"No need," Damon replied.

"Okay, then. Shirley, serve the two gentlemen well," the man said before leaving with the rest of the girls.

The others reluctantly left the room with disappointment etched on

their faces, leaving only three people behind.

Shirley stood in front of the table, enduring the scrutinizing gazes from Tyrone and Damon.

She tried to remain calm and hide her nervousness by squeezing her fists tightly under her sleeves.

"Please have a seat," Tyrone said, gesturing to the sofa.

Shirley obediently sat down on the sofa. She straightened her back and clasped her hands, resting them on her lap.

As he looked at her, Tyrone couldn't help but recall the first time he had seen Sabrina. Like Shirley, Sabrina tried to appear calm, but her behavior gave away her nervousness.

Tyrone chose Shirley because of her likeness to Sabrina.

"Do you know why I chose you?"

With a sharp flick of his lighter, Tyrone lit a cigarette, took a smooth drag, and casually tossed the lighter onto the table.

As smoke escaped his lips, it coiled and twisted like a serpent, leaving a trail of hazy mist in its wake.

Shirley shook her head. "No, I don't."

"I want you to seduce a man."

Shirley suddenly raised her head and looked at Tyrone in astonishment.

After Tyrone briefed her on the details, Shirley left the room. Damon poured a glass of wine for Tyrone and said, "Zeke has returned from abroad and continued to work in the decoration industry. However, my investigation revealed that his materials aren't up to standard. You can use this to your advantage and take him down."

"Okay."

Damon asked, "Are you sure you don't want to visit Galilea?"

About two weeks ago, Damon found Galilea.

However, at the time, Tyrone was not in the country. When he received the news, he called Damon and said, "I heard that your uncle was the director of the Third Hospital."

Mathias' Third Hospital happened to be a psychiatric hospital.

Damon immediately understood what Tyrone meant. He admitted Galilea to the hospital.

Galilea had always wanted to see Tyrone, but he had been back for about ten days and still hadn't gone to visit her.

"How's she doing?" Tyrone asked, drawing on his cigarette and slowly puffing out the smoke while tapping the ash with his finger.

Galilea knew Sabrina's background. If Sabrina ever found out, it would devastate her. Furthermore, the media would likely have a field day with the information and ruin her life.

It was like a ticking time bomb, ready to go off at any moment.

Galilea's information on Sabrina was the only leverage she had left to use against Tyrone. With Osiris gone, Evie incarcerated, and Elton showing no concern for her, she hesitated to expose her little secret too hastily. Instead, she intended to use it as leverage in her negotiations with him.

Nevertheless, Tyrone seized the initiative and now held the upper hand. He had no intention of allowing Galilea to blackmail him or exploit the information to harm Sabrina.

"She often asks about you. But the doctors have been giving her sedatives, which make her sleep for long periods."

"I'm not in a hurry," Tyrone said as he extinguished his cigarette in the ashtray.