

## Chapter 249 Accept Him

A wave of confusion washed over Sabrina's face. She was caught off guard, feeling both taken aback and self-conscious, with no other emotions.

The noise from the crowd grew louder.

With a bouquet cradled in his arms, Trevor looked at her earnestly, the depths of his eyes mirroring her image. He said sincerely, "Will you be my girlfriend?"

With a whirlwind of thoughts spinning in her head, Sabrina steadied herself and made a quick choice.

She masked her reluctance and flashed a convincing smile. Before all the onlookers, she gently responded, "Alright." ⓪

Joy instantly lit up Trevor's face, showcasing his dazzling white teeth, and his eyes sparkled with happiness.

Trevor was surprised when Sabrina agreed right away. He had expected, at best, that she wouldn't decline immediately and would take some time to consider.

"Oh, my God!"

The people surrounding them erupted in joyful cheers of congratulations.

Under the scrutinizing eyes of many, Trevor handed Sabrina the bouquet. Drawing closer to her, his cheeks flushed, he whispered, "Thank you."

Receiving the flowers, Sabrina beamed at Trevor, replying, "My pleasure."

The playful energy from the audience continued.

One man from a nearby table called out, "Seal it with a kiss! Kiss her!"

His chant was quickly picked up by others, "Kiss her! Kiss her!"

Trevor's ears tinted pink, and a watery sheen coated his eyes. He looked deep into Sabrina's eyes, his hands slightly sweaty. Mustering up his bravery, he inquired, "May I?"

After a moment's hesitation, Sabrina tried to smile, averted her gaze, and lightly gestured towards her cheek.

"Thank you."

Eyes brimming with happiness, Trevor leaned in, his breath warming Sabrina's skin.

As the atmosphere thickened with laughter and whistles, Sabrina went rigid, shutting her eyes tightly.

Being close to someone without genuine affection was quite the challenge.

If Tyrone truly didn't harbor feelings for Galilea as he professed, then why would he embrace her?

Was this just the nature of all men?

And why had Tyrone entered her mind once again?

Caught in her reverie, Sabrina barely felt the gentle touch of Trevor's lips on her face.

Sensing her unease, Trevor's peck was fleeting, like a butterfly's touch, easing the tension building inside her.

She blinked back to the present, took a steadying breath, and placed the bouquet at the table's edge.

"Thank you all for bearing witness and for the good wishes. If you'd like a slice of cake, please help yourselves," Trevor said.

The cake was a work of art, decorated with creamy lace, crowned with fruits, and inscribed with "I love you" in white chocolate.

Carving out the three words "I love you," Trevor placed a generous slice on a plate and offered it to Sabrina.

"Thanks."

"Sabrina, there's no need for formalities," Trevor responded.

"It's just... this is all so new to me."

Taking charge, Trevor sliced up more of the cake, personally handing out pieces to eager children.

A steady stream of people approached to claim a piece.

Sabrina lowered her head and tasted the cake.

She absentmindedly scooped up a piece and took a bite, her mind already wandering elsewhere.

The fact that Trevor proclaimed his feelings for her caught her off guard.

But, this newfound relationship could offer a plausible reason for her to dig deeper into matters concerning the Faulkner family.

She came to understand that throughout Trevor's younger years, Zeke had kept certain truths hidden. Trevor's unwavering faith in his father meant that any direct questions might yield answers shaped by Zeke's narrative.

Navigating this situation, she had to tread lightly, devising a way to coax valuable insights out of Trevor without making him suspect anything.

Regrettably, her deceptions took a toll. As Trevor's affection for her deepened, she felt the weight of inevitable disappointment. The quandary of addressing the issue hung over her like a cloud.

"Would you like more?" Trevor inquired, noticing Sabrina's empty dessert plate.

Laying down her fork, Sabrina responded, "No. Thank you."

"Should we head out now? It's still early. Let's go for a walk by the river," Trevor suggested, a cheerful twinkle in his eyes.

It could be seen that Trevor was pleased tonight and didn't want to part with her.

She smiled back and said, "Sounds good."

Reaching the car park, Trevor headed to the driver's side, boasting, "You know, I just got my driver's license. Mind if I drive?"

Sabrina handed him the keys and took the passenger seat.

The air conditioner was blasting out warm air, quickly heating up the car. Resting against the seat, Sabrina gazed outside, taking in the receding cityscape.

Trevor, on the other hand, was laser-focused on the road.

Their new relationship status had quieted their usual banter. It felt like they were still adjusting to this fresh intimacy.

The car ride was wrapped in silence.

After what felt like ages, during a red light halt, Trevor popped a question. "Sabrina, can I announce our relationship on social media?"

Sabrina pondered for a moment before responding, "I'm okay with that. But I'd appreciate it if you could manage to keep this information from reaching your parents. And please make sure that your friends in your social media won't leak this news to the public. I prefer to keep my personal life away from the public eye."

Being Tyrone's ex-wife, she was no stranger to attention.

The last thing she wanted was for opportunistic platforms to exploit her budding relationship with Trevor for clicks, potentially alerting Zeke in the process.

Upon hearing her meticulous reasoning, Trevor felt a void growing within, as if he'd never truly been close to Sabrina. Regardless, he

acknowledged her sentiments, responding, "I get it."

Their relationship was fresh. Sharing their relationship with his family might be premature; they'd likely discourage it. Waiting until things settled seemed wise.

Regarding Sabrina, it was clear to him that she preferred to keep her personal life private. When he'd uncovered her true background, he had delved into past news articles. The slander he found on Internet aimed at her made him feel even more compassionate towards her plight.

After a moment of contemplation, Trevor suggested, "What if we share a photo of our hands intertwined, without revealing who you are?"

Sabrina hesitated momentarily, then softly agreed, "That sounds okay."

The car parked in a public lot near the river's edge.

Stepping out, Sabrina was met with a brisk chill.

The cold winter night by the riverside might not have been her brightest idea, she mused.

She contemplated retreating to the warmth of the car. But Trevor, still basking in the euphoria of their newfound relationship, seemed unaffected by the cold.

Feeling somewhat obligated, she decided to join him, walking beside the river, feeling the weight of his arm draped over her shoulder.

Their hands intertwined, Trevor's larger hand enveloping hers with warmth.

Under the gleaming neon lights, Trevor's eyes sparkled. "Sabrina, now I can proudly hold your hand for the world to see."

Caught in the intensity of his gaze, Sabrina's heart fluttered. "Shall we take a picture of this moment?"

Sabrina believed that when the truth eventually surfaced, Trevor would

have to confront a twofold challenge.

First, the painful realization that his trusted father might have dark secrets.

And then, his lover didn't hold genuine affection for him; instead, there was an ulterior motive behind her approach.

Sabrina couldn't bear it and looked away unconsciously.


"Absolutely!" Trevor nodded.

Five minutes later, a new post popped up on Trevor's Facebook.

He captioned it with two radiant hearts, accompanied by a snapshot.

The image showcased two hands, one large and one small, interlocked, exuding warmth and connection.



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