

## Chapter 261 Will You Break Up With Me

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Suddenly, there was a loud clatter, as if the phone had dropped, muffling the voices.

A worried crease formed on Sabrina's forehead as she queried, "Trevor, where are you right now?"

The rustling continued, yet there was no response for quite a while.

"Trevor? Talk to me."

Trevor's voice quivered, almost like he was on the edge of falling apart.

"Sabrina... Oh, Sabrina... I... I don't know. I just..."

He sounded drained, his voice shaking and intermingled with soft sobs.

A woman's muffled crying was barely discernible in the background.

Piecing the situation together, Sabrina had an inkling of Trevor's predicament.

She said in a reassuring tone, "Deep breath, Trevor. Keep it together. Now, dress up and find the bedside phone. There should be a room number beside it. What does it say?"

Taking a moment, Trevor finally responded, "0305."

"I'm on my way. Just stay calm and try to make sense of the situation."

The company had reserved rooms on the fourth floor, and whoever occupied room 0305 wasn't from their firm.

Interestingly, the room allocated to Trevor by the company was 0405. It was quite plausible that, in his inebriated state, Trevor mistakenly entered the wrong room.

Upon reaching Room 0305, Sabrina knocked on the door.

After a couple of minutes, the door creaked open.

Trevor looked a mess, his clothes were in disarray and his face weary. A glimmer of relief appeared in his eyes upon seeing Sabrina, similar to seeing a savior.

However, a shadow quickly crossed his face, as a grim realization set in.

"Sabrina... I just..." His voice was soft, dripping with despair.

Gently placing her hand on his shoulder, Sabrina reassured him, "It's alright. Let's head in and sort this out."

She could sense Trevor's fear of her possibly ending things with him.

Yet, with unanswered questions about Zeke, how could she even think of ending things with Trevor?

Moving inside, Sabrina shut the door behind her.

Although the room appeared neat, the scene by the bedside told a different story—clothes scattered haphazardly, creating a mess.

A woman sat huddled at one corner of the bed, her face hidden by her knees as she wept softly. The blanket draped around her, revealing pale shoulders and arms marred with red streaks.

"Hey, take a deep breath and try to stay calm. Now that it's happened, we need to figure out a solution. Do you wish to involve the police?" Sabrina asked.

A subtle shift crossed Trevor's expression, and he tightened his fists.

His memories of the previous night were blurred, lost in a fog of alcohol.

Suddenly, the woman looked up, her face streaked with tears. "No, no; don't call the police."

Sabrina's eyebrows shot up in recognition. "Shirley?"

Gathering herself, Shirley's voice trembled. "Just go. Trevor helped me once; I won't involve the police. Let's just pretend this never happened."

Although Sabrina had numerous questions bubbling inside, she chose to keep them to herself.

"Alright. Take some time to relax and calm yourself. Reach out if you require anything."

Offering Shirley her contact details, Sabrina then turned to Trevor and said, "Collect your belongings. We need to head back."

"Alright."

With his thoughts in a whirl, Trevor could only follow Sabrina's lead.

He tidied up his clothes, took his coat, and followed Sabrina out. He couldn't wait to explain, "Sabrina, please believe me... I don't know... How did this happen? I can't recall a thing from last night..."

"Let's go back to your room first."

"Okay. But..." Trevor had a thought to speak up but decided against it.

"Sabrina, will you break up with me?"

"Nobody's perfect, Trevor. One mistake won't make me leave you, but it doesn't mean I'll be completely open with you either."

"I understand..."

Reaching his room, Trevor retrieved the key card from his pocket and unlocked the door.

The room was empty.

His roommate's bed was untouched, the covers neatly arranged, suggesting he hadn't returned the entire night.

Why did no one notice why Trevor didn't come back last night?

Settling onto the couch, Sabrina lifted her gaze to meet Trevor's.

His face was a canvas of anxiety, his fingers playing nervously with the bottom of his shirt. "Sabrina, you have to trust me..."

"Just relax. Take a seat and try to remember what happened last night,"

Sabrina said.

Taking the seat across from her, Trevor's brow furrowed in concentration. "I had a bit too much to drink. I can't recall how I made it back to the hotel. There were endless toasts, and I went along with it. I never imagined I'd lose control and get drunk like that..."

"What's the last thing that's clear in your mind?"

Trevor massaged his temples, his discomfort evident. "It's all a blur. Maybe it was when a colleague raised a glass to me..."

"Were you aware that Shirley was staying in Room 0305?"

Trevor exclaimed urgently, "I didn't know. I swear, Sabrina. Please believe me. Remember when she encountered those thugs? She passed out, and I just helped her get to the hotel. That was all!"

Deep in thought, Sabrina's gaze dropped.

What were the odds?

Trevor was incredibly drunk and ended up in Shirley's room instead of going upstairs.

"We need to review the security footage," Sabrina said. "Even though Shirley claims nothing happened, you should prepare yourself in case she changes her stance."

"I know." Resting his elbows on his knees, Trevor ran his hands through his hair in a helpless manner. His eyes pleaded with Sabrina, resembling that of a lonely puppy. "Sabrina, you won't abandon me, right?"

He couldn't shake off the memory of Sabrina's past, where Tyrone betrayed her, leading to their divorce. He knew it cast a shadow for Sabrina.

After a contemplative pause, Sabrina responded, "Trevor, I can't commit to anything at this moment. Let's first review the footage and get insights from your co-workers."

To her core, Sabrina believed Trevor wouldn't act so out of character while sober.

Trevor was clearly intoxicated, and due to an unusual set of circumstances, he found himself in Shirley's room. Shirley had also been drinking and was unconscious, leaving the door unlocked. It was a highly unlikely sequence of events.

There had to be more to this story.

"I get it..."

Though disheartened, Trevor sensed a glimmer of hope in the fact that Sabrina hadn't severed ties on the spot.

"Freshen up a bit. I'm going to access the footage," Sabrina offered, rising from her seat.

"Okay. Do you want me to go with you?"

"No need."

Determined, Sabrina headed to the surveillance center, informing the staff of her need to view the camera feeds from the main building's second and third floors.

The employee responded regretfully, "I'm sorry for the inconvenience. Our main building's surveillance system malfunctioned yesterday and is currently under repair."

"Is that so?" Sabrina questioned, a bit taken aback.

"It's the truth."

The staff member pointed to the computer as evidence.

"Alright, thank you." Pinching the bridge of her nose, Sabrina exited the surveillance center.

A malfunctioning camera on that particular night? Another peculiar coincidence.

The deeper she delved into the matter, the more her suspicions grew.

She then dialed Sergio's number.

Ring after ring went unanswered until it finally disconnected on its own.

Determined, she redialed and this time, he picked up.

Sergio sounded like he'd just stirred from sleep. His voice was raspy, tinged with irritation. "What is it?"

"Sergio, did you double-cross me and spill everything to Tyrone?"

There was a brief pause before Sergio, in a gentler tone, replied, "Sabrina, I felt trapped. You know how Tyrone can be..."

"Did you overindulge in drinks last night?"

"They were filled with excitement and wanted to offer a toast. I couldn't avoid having a drink." Sergio pulled his collar and accidentally touched the wound on the back of his neck, which was scratched by a woman.

"How much did Trevor drink last night? He claims he barely drank. I find that hard to believe."

"Trevor? Honestly, he didn't drink much. Some people tried to get him to drink more, but I intervened."

