

## Chapter 262 It's None Of Your Business

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After a brief moment, Sabrina questioned, "Is that so?"

If Trevor barely drank, how did he end up in the wrong room?

Sergio answered, "If you don't believe me, you can always check with others."

"When did you head back?"

"I don't remember. I had one too many drinks and I'm not sure how I made it back."

"Try to limit your drinking. It's not the best for your wellbeing."

"It's a bit of an obligation. At these business events, men typically drink to build connections. It's about the social aspect. Don't stress over it," Sergio responded.

"I get it. Thanks for looking out for Trevor, Sergio. If you're vouching for him, how can I stay mad? Anyway, I'll let you go now. Take care."

"Bye."

As the call ended, Sabrina stared at her phone's display, deep in thought.

Trevor said he was drunk and knew nothing.

Sergio insisted Trevor barely had a drink.

On top of that, the security footage was conveniently unavailable.

Quite the string of coincidences.

Regardless of the underlying truth, her best bet was to place trust in Trevor. She couldn't do without him.

Yet, recalling her past ordeal with Tyrone, she felt compelled to pretend displeased with Trevor. Otherwise, it was not her style.

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Furthermore, Trevor might not be in the right frame of mind to inquire about Hobson for her.

She might need to delay that conversation.

After Sabrina and Trevor exited the room, Shirley felt utterly drained. She sank into the bed, shutting her eyes.

Out of nowhere, her phone buzzed, sounding like an impending doom.

Shirley snapped out of her daze and retrieved her phone from her clothes lying on the floor. Glancing at the caller's name on the screen, she couldn't help but feel anxious.

With fingers that barely stopped shaking, she managed to press the answer button, attempting to steady her voice. "Hello, Mr. Blakely."

A deep, imposing voice resonated from the other side. "How did things play out?"

Shirley hesitated briefly, then shared, "When Trevor found himself in my room, Sabrina reached out to him and personally took him away..."

"And after that?"

Anxiety pulsed through Shirley.

Overwhelmed by fear, regret, and sorrow, tears welled up silently in her eyes. Her voice faltered as she confessed, "I apologize, Mr. Blakely. I didn't call the police to blow it out of proportion. I messed up..."

"Why so?"

Why, indeed?

As Shirley shut her eyes, a recollection flashed through her mind. she had executed her plan as intended, sipping on wine and retiring to her room by herself last night.

Out of the blue, someone forcefully yanked her into a hallway and

raped her. Despite her frantic resistance, she couldn't break free.

The suffocating darkness didn't even allow her to identify her assaulter. Later, when he tried to drag her to his room, she seized an opportunity and fled.

Fearful of sabotaging Tyrone's scheme, she sprinted back to her own room.

Trevor's drunk state rendered him unconscious, leaving Shirley with no alternative but to remove her clothes and settle beside him.

As long as she called the police, everything would be exposed.

Even if she could find the person who raped her, Tyrone's plan would crumble, depriving her of the funds she desperately needed for her father's sake.

After a restless night, she resolved to keep the police out of it.

She'd originally intended to be intimate with Trevor, so did it really matter if it had been someone else?

When faced with Tyrone's probing, Shirley laid out the entire story before him, anxiously awaiting his judgment.

Tyrone was silent for a moment before instructing, "Given the circumstances, stick to the story that you had sex with Trevor."

"Okay. Mr. Blakely, is there anything else you'd like me to do?"

"We'll wait and see."

"Got it."

Shirley could read between the lines. Tyrone was waiting to see if Sabrina would end things with Trevor.

Should they break up, Shirley's mission would be accomplished.

Otherwise, she'd need to maintain her connection with Trevor.

Sabrina stopped by a restaurant, picking up two breakfast sets, before

heading to Trevor's room.

Impatient, Trevor swung the door open upon hearing a knock, a mix of relief and astonishment on his face. "Sabrina, you're finally back."

Stepping inside, Sabrina remarked, "Considering your current state, I doubted you'd want to go to the restaurant, so I brought breakfast."

Placing the meals on the table, she continued, "I visited the monitoring room. Strangely enough, the main building's surveillance was down last night."

"I swear I'm clueless. How could I tamper with the footage?" Trevor explained in a panic.

"I'm not accusing you. Relax. I spoke with Sergio and he confirmed you were drunk. Let it go for now. Eat up and calm yourself. I need some time to mull things over."

Think about what?

Sabrina was probably pondering whether she should continue being with him.

"I apologize, Sabrina. Please don't end things with me. I can't bear losing you!"

In his distress, he smacked his face with force, twice. "This is my fault! Why did I drink so much? I brought this upon myself..."

"Don't do that." Sabrina intervened. "I never mentioned ending things with you. This situation is tough for you to swallow, and I need some space to process it as well."

"So... How long do I have to wait?" Trevor inquired delicately.

"Give it three days. Let's discuss this in three days. Take some time to relax and consider it calmly."

Trevor bit his lip and hung his head, looking like a forsaken puppy. "Okay.

"I'll come to you in three days."

"I need to head back to my room now," Sabrina said, leaving with her meal in tow.

Sabrina went back to her room and began to have breakfast.

After breakfast, her phone buzzed with a call from Tyrone.

She felt a pang of irritation. She wasn't in the mood to talk but took the call, thinking it might be Jennie.

Sure enough, Jennie's voice greeted her.

She was keen on exploring the hill behind the resort alongside Sabrina.

Agreeing, Sabrina walked over to Tyrone to pick up Jennie.

Upon arrival, she found Tyrone and Jennie indulged in their breakfast.

When Sabrina entered, Tyrone observed her with a serious gaze, hoping to discern something from her facial expressions, but he found himself disappointed.

She appeared unshaken, seemingly unaffected by what had happened to Trevor.

Jennie waved at Sabrina and asked, "Aunt, have you had breakfast? Come with me."

"I've already eaten, Jennie."

Tyrone maintained his composure and asked with a knowing smile, "I noticed you went to the restaurant alone to buy some food. Where's Trevor? Is he alright?"

"He drank too much last night," Sabrina responded.

She appeared protective of Trevor, almost as though warding off Tyrone's probing.

A shadow crossed Tyrone's eyes.

He already knew what happened, yet it appeared that Sabrina didn't

care at all.

Was Sabrina trying to spare Trevor from embarrassment in Tyrone's presence, choosing to address it privately? Or had she come to terms with Trevor's misstep, deciding against breaking up?

It should be the first reason.

The thought of a woman tolerating her boyfriend being with someone else was hard to accept.

"He drank so much that he's still sleeping? He couldn't even join you for a meal? Seems like he doesn't value you much."

"It's none of your business." After saying that, Sabrina turned her head to look at the balcony.

All of a sudden, she froze.

The luxury suites' services at the resort were impeccable. Worn clothes, placed in a designated bin by the door, were routinely collected for laundering. Once cleaned, they were returned. Thus, the balcony was primarily a space to relax.

However, she noticed clothes hanging over the balcony.

More notably, it was the swimsuit she had donned the previous day.

