

Chapter 360 Can't Reverse The Verdict

Sabrina responded with composure, "I'll continue visiting Wanda whenever I find the time."

Tyrone persisted with his questioning, "Then why establish the foundation all of a sudden?"

Facing Tyrone's scrutiny, Sabrina maintained her calm demeanor. "I just feel that keeping the money for myself is rather pointless. Why not put it to good use by helping those in need?"

Recollections of her lonely childhood resurfaced when she learned about Rita's true identity not long ago. Those memories remained vivid in her mind.

In a twist of fate, she found herself with these assets in her hands, which prompted her to establish the foundation.

Tyrone harbored doubts regarding her explanation.

He regarded Sabrina with a cold stare and pressed, "Once you've donated all the money, you could leave without any reservations, right?"

Sabrina was visibly taken aback.

Truth be told, that was exactly how she planned to do.

Currently, she still had scenes to shoot. During this period, she would appoint a suitable deputy director and other management personnel for the foundation.

Once the shooting concluded, she could embark on a journey to anywhere her heart desired.

She had once been willing to relinquish everything for Tyrone, but now,

she was willing to part ways with him for the sake of her future.

Observing Sabrina's silence and her expression, Tyrone knew he hit the nail on the head. He clenched his jaw, overwhelmed by a mix of anger and despondency.

His eyes bore a heavy, brooding gaze, and he lowered his head to inquire, "Why the sudden urge to leave? Is it because of Larry? What if Larry didn't kill your father? Would you still hold me responsible for it?"

Sabrina suspected that if she refuted the notion, Tyrone might resort to fabricating evidence to incriminate Larry.

As she gazed into his profound eyes, Sabrina found herself momentarily stunned. She held her breath and said, "I don't intend to leave."

Back when they had just divorced, and she embarked on her overseas journey, she had firsthand experience of Tyrone's unwavering determination.

She attempted to distance him, but he trailed her relentlessly.

If he had no intention of letting her go, he could track her down wherever she ventured.

Consequently, if she intended to leave, she had to devise a meticulous plan.

Her priority was to placate Tyrone before devising this plan.

"Truly?" Tyrone arched his eyebrows, his gaze piercing as if he could peer into her very soul.

Sabrina nodded serenely. "If I truly wished to leave, I could discreetly sell my assets and vanish, without establishing a foundation and waiting for you to apprehend me."

In truth, her motive for setting up the foundation was an aversion to retaining that amount of money.

She couldn't precisely articulate the rationale. Perhaps the money was somehow connected to her father's demise.

Tyrone pondered Sabrina's words thoughtfully, offering her a meaningful smile. Then, with significance, he uttered, "That's good, Sabrina. If the day comes when you wish to part ways with me..."

"And?"

"Then it would be best if you abandoned that notion. I won't allow you to leave," Tyrone asserted, his gaze locked onto her.

He couldn't fathom his life without her.

If he were to let her go, who would keep him grounded?

Without Sabrina's absence, he was uncertain what he'd become.

Sabrina felt helpless.

"Sabrina, why did you suddenly decide to set up this foundation?"

Tyrone inquired again, raising an eyebrow.

Sabrina averted her gaze, her eyes welling up with tears. "I'd had this idea not long after I arrived in Violetholt. I met a person, and it stirred up memories from my childhood..."

Tyrone understood that the person in question was Rita, thus dispelling his suspicions. He swiftly extended his apologies, "I'm sorry, Sabrina. I shouldn't have brought it up. The most challenging times are behind you. Whatever you aspire to do in the future, I'm here to support you," Tyrone assured her. "As for the person you've mentioned, there's no need to take that person seriously."

Rita held no significance for Sabrina, just as Kira held none for him.

"I understand. I was just venting," Sabrina replied, her head hung low. "But why do you think I'd leave because of Larry when I established the foundation? Now that you firmly believe he's not the mastermind, you should gather the evidence. Is it because you think Larry can't overturn the verdict at all?"

Tyrone admitted, "No, it's simply my fear of you leaving."

"Yet just a few days ago, you implored me to have faith in you and grant you time. I have promised you, but it seems you don't trust me..."

Sabrina pinched her thigh to stifle her tears. "You don't care about me at all. You only care about yourself."

Tyrone grew anxious. "I'm sorry, Sabrina. Please don't cry. I didn't mean it that way. I just..."

He embraced Sabrina tightly and declared, "I can't bear the thought of living without you. I promise I'll never doubt you again."

"Only the naive would buy into your words." Sabrina shot him a frigid glare and continued, "You promised not to hound me, and yet, here you are."

Sabrina had already discerned that Tyrone was spouting nonsense occasionally, making it impossible to take his words seriously.

Tyrone flashed an awkward smile, his head tilting to gently kiss her cheek. "Love makes shamelessness bearable."

"I can't believe how shameless you are!" Sabrina couldn't help but roll her eyes.

As he gazed at Sabrina, Tyrone found her incredibly alluring. He planted another kiss on her cheek and whispered, "How about joining me upstairs tonight?"

Sabrina met his gaze but replied, "I'm utterly spent. I'm going home to rest."

Pushing Tyrone away, she swung open the door.

Tyrone took a step forward, attempting to follow her.

Bang! The door slammed shut, leaving Tyrone standing there, bemused.

He touched his nose and called through the door, "Get some well-

deserved rest, Sabrina. I'm heading upstairs."

When Sabrina locked eyes with Bettie after closing the door behind her, her guilt led her to quickly look away, steering the conversation in a different direction. "Bettie, you're still up."

Bettie had been perched on the couch, on the verge of disposing of some trash when she heard the commotion outside the door. She peeked at the electronic screen, spotting the two figures locked in an embrace. She quickly retreated.

Looking at Sabrina, who was fraught with guilt, Bettie remarked, "I'll be heading to bed shortly. By the way, how's your foundation coming along? Have you found some free time recently?"

"What's going on?" Sabrina inquired. Observing that Bettie appeared to be unaware of her encounter with Tyrone moments earlier, Sabrina breathed a sigh of relief.

"My father insists on setting me up on a blind date. He's threatened to kick me out of the house if I refuse," Bettie grumbled as she ran her fingers through her hair.

"When's this date?" Sabrina inquired.

"It's at the Sunset Bar the day after tomorrow."

Sabrina furrowed her brow and inquired, "A bar? Isn't it a bit odd to have a blind date at a bar?"

Bettie responded, "You find it strange as well? I had a hunch that he might not be a good person."

Glancing at her phone, Sabrina agreed, "Alright, I'm free that day. I'll accompany you."

Bettie breathed a sigh of relief. "Great, we'll leave as soon as I see that guy. Thankfully, you're with me. Otherwise, I wouldn't know who to talk to."

"Has Lance been bothering you lately?" Sabrina asked.

Bettie's face contorted with frustration. "Don't even mention him. He's got a girlfriend now, and he's still bothering me. It's infuriating to run into him."

Sabrina was taken aback and her disdain for Lance deepened. "I'm going to freshen up."

"Okay," Bettie agreed.

Just as Sabrina was about to enter the room, Bettie suddenly stopped her and inquired, "Sabrina, I seemed to hear a man's voice outside a moment ago."

Sabrina halted and replied with feigned composure, "You must have misheard."

"Really?"

"Of course."

Bettie couldn't help but quirk a knowing smile, finding amusement in Sabrina's feigned earnest demeanor.



Chapter 361 You Should Be Smart

At precisely eight-fifteen in the evening, the Sunset Bar was teeming with life.

Bettie and Sabrina had orchestrated their late arrival with a hint of mischief, defying the originally scheduled eight o'clock meeting.

Bettie had reckoned that the blind date might grow impatient and depart before they graced the scene.

The bar buzzed with a kaleidoscope of patrons, each submerged in their own world.

Bettie and Sabrina, however, managed to secure a cozy booth, summoning two drinks to their service.

With her phone in hand, Bettie sent a message to her blind date, saying, "I'm here. Where are you?"

A swift response from her date appeared on her screen. "Haven't made it there yet. Just hold tight."

"Alright," Bettie typed back, her fingers drumming with mild frustration. "This guy's clock seems to tick slower than mine," she quipped to Sabrina with an arched eyebrow.

In a dimly lit corner not far from the entrance, a man lounged in a booth, sipping on his wine with an air of nonchalance. His gaze darted intermittently toward the entrance, hinting at anticipation.

This gentleman was a sight to behold, with sharp features framed by golden-rimmed glasses and an unmistakable air of affability that drew others in like moths to a flame.

Before long, a parade of admirers approached him, both men and women, all seeking his company. Yet, he politely turned them all away, preserving his solitude.

Then, as a particular figure entered and took a seat, his eyes ignited with enthusiasm. With a swift gulp, he prepared to rise, only to be intercepted.

"Lance?" Sierra gracefully made her way toward him, a radiant smile gracing her face. "Meeting you in Mathias is quite the coincidence, don't you think?"

Lance nodded in agreement, returning her smile. "Indeed, quite a surprise."

Sierra, in her sociable demeanor, proceeded to introduce Lance to Brady. "Brady, meet Lance Carter, a friend of Blayze's. And this is Brady Garrett, Blayze's childhood chum."

Observing Sierra's somewhat flattering introduction, Brady cast a discerning eye over Lance. Extending his hand, he offered a cordial greeting, "Hello there."

Raising an eyebrow, Lance took a moment to appraise Brady before reciprocating with a handshake. "Hello," he replied, his tone holding a hint of detachment.

"I do have other matters to attend to, so I won't be able to entertain you for long."

Sierra beamed, acknowledging the abrupt departure of Lance. "Sure, go ahead. Seems like you have got a lot on your plate."

As Lance rose and made his exit, Brady and Sierra reclaimed their seats at the table.

Brady, however, couldn't quite shake off his discontent over Lance's indifferent demeanor, prompting him to inquire, "Who exactly is he?"

Sierra shared what she knew, her voice tinged with curiosity. "I only know he's a friend of Blayze from Blayze's time overseas. He's quite the enigma. When he returned from abroad last year, he paid a visit to the Fowler family's residence with Blayze, and that's when I first crossed paths with him."

Lance's good looks had captivated Sierra from the moment they met. She had quizzed Blayze about him, learning of his previous stint at a foreign investment company and his plans to return. The implications suggested Lance hailed from a humble background, making Sierra reconsider any romantic notions.

Brady, sporting a smug expression, shifted his focus to Lance. Lance appeared to have an air of familiarity as he seated himself at a table graced by two lovely women.

The query that lingered on Brady's lips took a more pointed turn. "Is it easier for someone of mixed heritage to charm the ladies?"

Several moments passed without a response from Sierra. Brady, lifting his gaze, noticed Sierra's gaze fixated on the two beauties near Lance.

Upon closer inspection, Brady discerned that one of the captivating women seated across Lance was none other than Sabrina.

Meanwhile, as soon as Bettie set down her phone, an all-too-familiar figure made a beeline in her direction.

This man's face was etched in her memory.

Under her breath, Bettie vented her frustration, "That bastard's approaching."

Sabrina was taken aback, her curiosity piqued. Then, with an air of composure, Lance took his place at their table.

His smile revealed pearly whites as he addressed them, "Bettie, Miss Chavez, what a coincidence!"

Bettie couldn't help but roll her eyes in response. "Can't you play it a bit smarter?"

Lance appeared genuinely baffled. "What do you mean?"

Bettie rebuffed him with a wry grin. "I don't like you. You should've just walked by and pretended not to see me."

It was reminiscent of the time they'd crossed paths in a shopping mall, and Bettie had expertly executed the same maneuver.

With an affable smile, Lance offered a polite apology, "My apologies, I won't commit such a discourteous act."

The subtle implication lingered that it was Bettie who had breached the bounds of decorum.

Bettie let out a derisive snort. "Now that you've said your hellos, can't you just take your leave?"

Lance, undeterred, countered with an attempt at charm. "It must be a twist of fate, letting us cross paths in this vast city. How about a drink together?"

Bettie fixed him with a withering look and chose to remain silent, expressing her disdain through her silence.

Sabrina couldn't help but equate Lance's shamelessness to Tyrone's.

Noticing the lack of response, Lance arched an eyebrow and inquired, "What's the matter? Why the rush to shoo me away? Worried that you'll be caught by your blind date?"

"I'm afraid you might make him sick," Bettie retorted.

Lance, unfazed, continued, "Well, I also happen to have an appointment with my blind date here, but I'm not worried that she'd find you repulsive. We can wait together and make introductions."

Bettie found herself momentarily dumbfounded, and Sabrina was

equally caught off guard.

Sabrina was left utterly flabbergasted by his words.

Was he seriously suggesting an introduction of his date to his ex-girlfriend?

Had Lance picked up these peculiar customs during his years abroad?

Bettie, however, recognized the underlying intent. Lance aimed to disgust her.

Her chest tightened as her anger surged. But then, in a surprising turn, Lance piped up, "Oh, by the way, the matchmaker mentioned that my blind date's last name is Ramirez. Could it be you?"

Bettie's shock was palpable.

She took a deep breath and firmly denied, "No."

"Why not?" Lance pressed.

"The username of my blind date is different from yours," Bettie explained.

With a mischievous glint in his eye, Lance added, "I have another account, of which the username is HY."

Bettie was left momentarily stupefied, and Sabrina struggled to contain a wry smile. Sabrina distinctly remembered seeing Bettie engaged in a conversation with this very person.

"Are you kidding me?" Bettie seethed through gritted teeth, her anger simmering.

Sierra couldn't help but offer a disdainful sneer.

Although Sierra couldn't eavesdrop on their conversation, she assumed that as long as Sabrina or her companion declined the advances of the affluent-looking man, he'd take his leave.

Lance, blessed with good looks and an impressive pedigree, didn't seem

like the type to cling on.

However, as time passed, she noted that Lance had remained seated opposite Sabrina, defying her expectations. Sierra couldn't help but surmise that perhaps Sabrina and Sabrina's friend had yet to firmly rebuff him and were perhaps even stringing him along.

Sierra pursed her lips and confided in Brady, "Seems like any well-heeled stranger can strike up a conversation with Sabrina. How could someone like that deserve Blayze?"

Brady, who harbored his own grudge against Lance and an even deeper resentment toward Sabrina, proposed a daring idea. "What if I give her a little lesson?"

Sierra's curiosity piqued. "What do you have in mind?"

In hushed tones, Brady outlined his plan. "Once this is over, even if Blayze accepts her, his father won't."

Sierra hesitated, voicing her reservations. "I'm not so sure about this. What if Blayze finds out?"

Reassuringly, Brady vowed, "Don't worry. I won't breathe a word to him."

"And if he does discover it, don't let on that I had any inkling," Sierra added cautiously.

Brady affirmed, "You have my word."

With that, Brady placed a call.

A few minutes later, a rugged-looking young man approached Brady.

Brady whispered instructions in his ear, and the man nodded in agreement. He retrieved a bag containing some white substance from his pocket and began to advance slowly toward Sabrina.