

## Chapter 364 Wingman

Even in her wildest dream, Sabrina could never have envisioned that Brady would ask someone to put drugs in her drink.

Sabrina knew he spoke ill of her when she was Violet Holt, but she didn't take it to heart because she didn't expect everyone in the world to like her.

However, she couldn't help but wonder if she had offended Brady in some way.

After a moment, she shook her head.

No. She had done nothing that would prompt Brady to do this to her. He only did this because he didn't like her.

Luck was on Sabrina's side this time around. However, if Brady tried something like this again when she was off guard, would she become an addict?

The very idea made Sabrina tremble with fear.

"How about this person? They are together," the policeman asked, pointing at the woman beside Brady.

"Sierra!" Sabrina blurted out, her brows furrowing in thought.

Could it be that Brady hated her because of Sierra?

The policeman looked at Bettie, a question in his eyes. Bettie shook her head and said, "I don't know her."

The policeman turned to look at Sabrina and enquired, "Have you ever had any problems with them?"

Sabrina pointed at the screen and answered, "Not with him. But I have a little bit of history with her."

"Tell me more."

With his arms folded tightly in front of him, Lance studied Sabrina, a contemplative expression on his face.

Even though he only spent a night in the Fowler family's house, he could tell right away that Sierra liked Blayze.

However, Blayze had a crush on Sabrina.

This was probably the reason why Sierra set Sabrina up.

However, Sabrina's explanation of the root cause of the animosity Sierra held toward her completely blew his mind as well as Bettie's.

Blayze's stepmother was Sabrina's biological mother. Sabrina and Sierra were cousins, but their relationship had been frosty and strained since they were children. In fact, Sierra stole Sabrina's photography not long ago.

The policeman asked Sabrina a few more follow-up questions. When he was satisfied, he told Bettie and Sabrina, "Okay, you can leave after paying the fine. But you have to be very careful from now on. I will contact you if anything happens."

As they walked out of the police station, Bettie conversed with Sabrina while Lance sauntered after them in a carefree manner.

"So, Blayze is kind of your brother? I was surprised to learn that you shared such a connection. Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I just found out about it recently. My biological mother and I have been separated for over 20 years, and I don't think she wants to officially recognize me as her daughter, so there is nothing to say about it."

Sabrina rolled her eyes, looked back at Lance before turning back to Bettie. "What would you have done if I had told you earlier?"

"I would have made you my wingman so you can assist me in wooing Blayze," Bettie blurted out.

Her eyes widened in shock as if she was surprised that those words had left her mouth.

Before either woman could say anything, Lance asked dryly, "A wingman? Woo him?"

Bettie swallowed and turned her head to glower at him. "Is there any problem?"

Lance smiled at her toothily. "You can woo him now if you want. I will be your wingman."

Bettie shook her head quickly. "That's unnecessary..."

"I'll call him right now and tell him that you want to woo him." Lance took out his phone and pretended to call Blayze.

"No!" Bettie rushed toward him with the intention of taking his phone away before he could call Blayze.

In her mad dash to stop him, she didn't realize that Lance had stretched out his leg.

Bettie stumbled and would have fallen if Lance hadn't wrapped his arms around her.

Shocked at her fall, Bettie looked up at Lance and the two of them were lost in each other's gaze.

Sabrina coughed and suddenly announced, "Mr. Carter, Bettie and I will take a taxi home. Have a good day."

The sound of Sabrina's voice broke the spell Bettie had fallen under. Turning red, she stumbled away from him and said hastily, "Bye!"

Lance was left staring at her departing back in shock.

"Why are you still here?" Bettie demanded a while later.

Lance arched a brow at her. "You haven't left either."

"We are waiting for the taxi," Bettie huffed and rolled her eyes at him.

"I'm also waiting for the taxi."

Bettie had no witty reply to that statement, so she turned her face away from Lance and pretended he wasn't there.

They had been standing outside of the police station for a while now, trying to hail a cab to no avail. Bettie surmised they couldn't get a cab because it was late in the day, but she kept trying.

Sabrina was about to suggest that Bettie try the taxi app on her phone when a car suddenly came to a stop in front of them.

The window of the passenger seat was rolled down to reveal Blayze's handsome face.

Blayze tilted his head and said, "Get in. I'll drop you at home."

A small smile curved Sabrina's lips and she nodded. "Thank you, Blayze."

She opened the door of the backseat and got in, followed by Bettie. Bettie was about to close the door when Lance gripped its handle from outside.

"What are you doing?"

"What are you doing?"

Bettie and Lance asked each other at the same time.

Lance opened the door wider and made a move to get into the car. "I want to get in, so please adjust."

It took a while for Bettie to come to her senses and realize what was going on. It was Lance who informed Blayze of what happened, so naturally, Blayze would give him a ride.

Flushing, Bettie reluctantly moved to make space for Lance.

Lance got in and closed the door. He was so close to Bettie that Bettie immediately smelled his scent.

Sabrina turned her attention to the front seat and asked, "Blayze, why are you here?"

"Lance told me what happened," Blayze replied calmly. He glanced at Sabrina in the rearview mirror, brows furrowed. "Are you okay? Were you scared?"

"I'm fine."

"Do you know what happened?"

"Yeah.... We've figured it out."

"Who did it?" Blayze asked.

Sabrina hesitated.

But Lance didn't suffer the same hesitation that plagued Sabrina. He replied bluntly, "It's Sierra and a man called Brady."

Blayze's eyes flared wide in surprise and his head whipped around to stare at Lance.

Lance nodded his head to confirm that he was certain.

All of a sudden, there was a cruel glint in Blayze's eyes. He gazed at Sabrina and smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry, Sabrina. It's my fault. I failed to restrain my family and friends. I'll ask the Garrett family to give you an explanation for this matter."

With a shake of her head, Sabrina remarked, "This has nothing to do with you."

As far as Sabrina was concerned, Blayze was not responsible for Sierra's actions.

Silently, Blayze turned his head back and looked at the road ahead. The cruel glint was back in full force as his expression darkened.

It appeared he had indulged Sierra so much that she had deluded herself into thinking she could always get away from the consequences of what she did.

Lance leaned into the seat and rubbed his eyes. "Will this matter cause more trouble?" he murmured.

"It has been settled."

After listening to their conversation, Sabrina realized someone had filmed the moment they were arrested and posted it on social media. Rumors were bound to be floating around if the video went viral.

Sierra was still smarting over the countless castigations and abuse the netizens rained on her for stealing Sabrina's achievements, so she didn't want to log into her social media account. However, this was her chance to make Sabrina suffer. Would she allow Sabrina to escape just because she was afraid of seeing the horrible comments? Most definitely not.

Fortunately, the video was deleted a second after Sierra posted it online. Besides, the caption and post about the content of the video were deleted. In short, there was no trace of anything related to the video online, leaving Sierra confused and upset.

Sabrina looked at Blayze gratefully.

Sabrina shuddered just thinking about the torrent of vicious remarks that would hit her inbox if the video went viral.

She already experienced it once and never wanted to go through it again.

Soon, the car arrived at the community where Sabrina and Bettie lived. The ladies bid farewell to Blayze and alighted from the car.

When the two of them entered the community, the car drove off.

Lance spread out so he was more comfortable in the backseat. He crossed his legs and studied Blayze's profile.

Begrudgingly, he admitted that Blayze was handsome.

Did Bettie like the type of men like Blayze?



"Why are you looking at me?" Blayze asked, staring at Lance through the rearview mirror.

Lance snapped out of his musings and asked, "Blayze, what are you going to do about Sierra? As for your stepmother..."

"I can do whatever I want. Do I need to care about her?" There was icy indifference in Blayze's gaze when he stated. It seemed Rita and Sierra meant nothing to him.

Lance smiled. He knew a little about Blayze's state of mind.

Even though Blayze seemed to respect Rita, but in fact, he didn't take her seriously.

Rita and Nicol didn't pose any threat to Blayze.

That was the very reason why Blayze didn't object Rita to marrying into the Fowler family back then. This way, he appeared obedient to his father and dealt a heavy blow to Kira.

As the saying went, the enemy of his enemy was his friend. As long as Kira didn't have an easy life, Blayze was happy to pretend to respect Rita.

This train of thought led Lance to the revelation of Sabrina's identity.

When Lance heard the news, his first thought was to tell Blayze about it as soon as possible. He was afraid that Rita would take advantage of Sabrina.

But now that Lance knew that Bettie had a crush on Blayze, he decided not to say anything. Blayze didn't do anything wrong on this, though.

"What are you laughing at?" Blayze demanded when he saw Lance's expression. "Why are you smiling so deviously?"

"Did I laugh?" Lance asked, shrugging his shoulders.