

Chapter 431 How Could He Get So Ahead Of Himself

As Sabrina emerged from the police station, she couldn't contain her amusement and chuckled.

She didn't pay attention before, and that was why she didn't see it.

Now that she knew Tyrone's plan, she studied his facial expressions while saying those provoking words. She quickly discovered a few inconsistencies.

While Tyrone was an expert in using words to deceive her, his eyes couldn't lie.

Sabrina could see the pain in Tyrone's eyes even though he tried to hide it behind his harsh words. Tyrone must think he was an expert at disguising his feelings. Sabrina chuckled again. She remembered how heartbroken she felt when she saw Galilea in Tyrone's office that day.

However, it turned out that the whole scene was a ruse. In that case, she had no reason to be sad at all. But she couldn't let Tyrone off the hook so easily. She had to ensure he felt the same way he made her feel when he cut ties with her.

Now it was finally Tyrone's turn. How could he get so ahead of himself? Who gave him the right to make this decision for her? He believed he was making a decision in her best interest, but it was not aligned with what she truly desired.

Despite her desire to prank Tyrone, Sabrina knew she had to find a way to save him from being sentenced. But how could she save him?

Sabrina didn't believe for a second that Tyrone would commit economic crimes.

Even though the matter was under investigation, there was no guarantee that others wouldn't forge evidence to incriminate Tyrone.

But the good news was that forged evidence would always leave a trail.

Consequently, the mindset of the government officers played a crucial role. As long as they remained committed to uncovering the truth, it was certain that they would ultimately prove Tyrone's innocence.

Sabrina suddenly thought of Royce. He was a big shot who often appeared in the news. As long as she could get him to agree to prove Tyrone's innocence, Tyrone would definitely be fine.

But people like Royce were always swamped. Even if she managed to track him down, he had several bodyguards that would never let anyone get near him.

So how was Sabrina going to get a one-on-one meeting with him? The light bulb went off in her head and she remembered Lance.

That day at the police station, she and Bettie saw how familiar Royce acted with Lance. Evidently, Royce appreciated Lance.

If she wanted to see Royce, she would need Lance's help. Lance... Sabrina called Collen and asked for Lance's phone number. The second she got it, she called Lance.

The phone rang for a few seconds.

When the phone was connected, Lance said, "Hello?"

"It's me, Sabrina," Sabrina announced.

"What's the matter?" Lance replied.

"Lance, I need your help."

"Why should I help you?" Lance asked dryly.

Sabrina knew what Lance wanted and was willing to make a deal. So she said, "I'll delete the photos I took that day, and I will never mention them to Bettie, as long as you agree to help me."

In any case, Sabrina had already sent a photo of Lance being intimate with another woman in a shopping mall to Bettie the very day she took the photo. So Bettie already knew what Lance's true color was. It didn't matter whether Bettie saw the photo Sabrina had recently taken.

If it weren't for the photo Sabrina had already sent to Bettie, she wouldn't have offered such a deal with Lance. However, Lance should be oblivious to this.

After weighing the pros and cons, Lance inquired, "Tell me first, what do you want me to help you with?"

"I want to see Royce. I need you to introduce me to him."

"You want to save Tyrone?" Lance asked, his smile giving away that he knew exactly what she wanted to do.

"Yes."

"You betrayed your best friend for a man? Have you considered the possibility that if I were a malicious person, Bettie could be in danger because of your actions today?"

"But you are not a bad guy, are you? Will you help me or not?"

After a second of silence, Lance said, "Okay, I will help you. I will call you once I have a set time."

"I hope I can see Royce as soon as possible." Sabrina's lips curved into a mocking smile.

Despite Lance's righteous words, he still agreed to her request.

"Okay." Lance hung up the phone and turned to find Keilani standing behind him. He had no idea when she came close to him.

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"Lance, who are you talking to on the phone?" Keilani looked at him suspiciously.

"My business partner," Lance replied flippantly and put his phone in his pocket.

"I don't believe you." As Keilani pursed her lips together, she gazed up at Lance with her wide eyes and whispered, "I heard a woman's voice just now."

Lance was in the living room when his phone rang. Then, he snuck out here just to answer the call. It must be Sabrina who called him.

Keilani had no idea what Sabrina had asked him to do, but he had agreed so readily.

"You misheard," Lance refuted calmly, expression blank. "Let's go inside."

"I didn't hear it wrong. Hey, wait for me. Stop!" Keilani shouted as she trailed after Lance.

But Lance didn't spare Keilani another glance. Keilani fumed, stamping her feet on the ground as she watched his retreating back.

Sabrina found a hotel to lodge in.

The next day, Lance called Sabrina at noon. He told her that he had contacted Royce's secretary. Royce would have dinner with other leaders in a restaurant tonight. After dinner, Royce could spare half an hour to see her.

As for the photo Sabrina had taken, Lance wanted Sabrina to delete it in front of him.

According to his words, Lance had returned.

At half past eight in the evening, Sabrina arrived at the restaurant. She was several minutes earlier than the agreed time.

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The restaurant was elegantly designed, secure and isolated. All chambers were reserved for only the most esteemed guests.

Sabrina requested a chamber and waited there. Then, she sent a message to Lance to inform him she was already there.

A while later, Lance pushed the door open and sat down across from Sabrina.

Sabrina glanced at him and stated, "I'll delete the photo after I meet Royce."

"Okay."

Around nine o'clock, Lance went out for a while and came back.

But he didn't enter the chamber. He stood by the door and informed Sabrina, "Their dinner is over. Come over."

"Okay." Sabrina stood up, grabbed her bag and followed Lance.

They arrived at the door of another chamber a while later. Lance knocked twice on the door.

The person who opened the door was someone Sabrina knew. It was Royce's secretary.

"Mr. Carter." The secretary gave a nod of acknowledgment and shifted his gaze to Sabrina.

Lance hummed softly in reply. He stepped to the side, signaling for Sabrina to enter. "You can go in now," he said quietly.

"Alright." Sabrina walked forward and nodded at the secretary who was still standing beside the door.

The secretary moved aside and whispered, "Keep it short."

"Thank you. I understand." Sabrina walked into the chamber.

The discussion had come to an end, but the faint scent of smoke and alcohol still lingered in the air.

The room was spacious. A round table on the right held various leftovers, a few bottles of wine, and empty boxes of cigarettes.

To the left, Royce lounged on the sofa, leaning against its back. He seemed at ease, with his right arm shielding his eyes as if he were taking a break.

"Hello, Royce," Sabrina said softly.

Hearing the familiar voice, Royce lowered his arm and turned to see Sabrina. It seemed as though he had dozed off and just awoken. "Oh, it's you. What can I do for you?"

"Royce, do you remember me?"

"Yes, you are Tyrone's wife." After a pause, Royce asked, "Are you here for Tyrone?"

Sabrina nodded, her expression serious. "Now that you know, I won't bear around the bush. Ever since Tyrone took over the Blakely Group, he has been incredibly responsible. He follows the law, contributes to charity, supports government policies, and works toward the development of Mathias. He will never engage in any criminal activities."

"In that case, why did you come to me?" Royce asked.