

## Chapter 237 Go Fishing

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When Trevor uttered the words "my father," Sabrina's heart raced for a moment.

She took a shrimp, slowly peeled it, and savored its taste.

Once Trevor finished speaking, Sabrina took a moment, swallowed, and said, "Sounds like someone might be deliberately causing trouble."

Trevor nodded and said, "Exactly my thought. The man seems less interested in resolving the issue and more in dealing with my father."

Sabrina was amused by his words.

"But even if there's an issue with the materials, shouldn't the decoration company be the one responsible for this situation?"

"My father's crew works under that company, but he oversees the material selection," Trevor clarified.

With a thoughtful nod, Sabrina reached for another shrimp. Holding his gaze, she ventured, "Can I ask a question? Are you absolutely certain about the quality of the materials your father used? It's not that I'm doubting you, it's just important to the situation."

To many, Zeke had the reputation of a former kidnapper. It wouldn't be out of character for such a man to opt for subpar materials. ①

Yet, through Trevor's eyes, Zeke stood as an honorable and revered father, deserving of unwavering trust.

Maybe that was why Zeke seemed uninterested in arguing, while Trevor was completely convinced he wouldn't engage in such actions.

"I'm sure," Trevor asserted confidently. "My father is a truly honest person. He's been in the home decorating business for years, and this is the first time he's found himself in a situation like this."

The term "honest" made Sabrina briefly divert her gaze, a fleeting smirk suggesting deeper thoughts.

Sabrina scooped up a bit of braised pork and said, "Have you considered this? You've just returned from overseas, so you might not be fully aware of the current industry conditions here. Perhaps your father got tricked by the supplier?"

After some contemplation, Trevor admitted, "That could be the case."

Sabrina took a drink and proposed, "Here's a thought; I'll tap into my connection to get a re-evaluation. We'll also commission an independent agency for a second opinion.

If the test results turn out the same, it's possible there's an issue with the materials. If your father isn't aware of it, then the supplier should be the one responsible. In that scenario, even if the homeowner had some kind of grudge against your father, there wouldn't be much they could do.

But if the test results show a difference, it's possible it's a false accusation. In that case, we should consider whether the homeowner might have conspired with the authorities."

At Sabrina's words, Trevor's eyes sparkled with gratitude. "Sabrina, I can't thank you enough! Without your help, I honestly wouldn't have a clue about my next move!"

"No need for thanks. Now, let's enjoy our meal." Sabrina smiled and looked calm. "Remember, you're just beginning your internship. Stay focused on that."

"Okay!"

Trevor replied, nodding enthusiastically.

His smile might have faded, but his eyes radiated happiness.

He stolen glances at Sabrina, quickly averting his eyes whenever she noticed.

At first, when he met Sabrina in Norwen, he could sense from her appearance that they might be from the same country, and he found her appearance appealing.

To his surprise, it turned out that he and Sabrina shared the same

hometown, something he hadn't anticipated.

After spending time together a few times, his feelings for her shifted from just a surface attraction to a genuine fondness for her personality.

She offered him work advice, looked after Jennie with care, and even volunteered to assist him, all of which reinforced his belief in his positive impression of her.

He felt sure about one thing; Sabrina was the one he envisioned by his side.

Her past divorce? It mattered little to him.

Sabrina looked up and locked eyes with him.

Trevor gave a shy, crooked smile. His large, slightly crooked eyes, with their light brown color, shimmered with genuine fondness.

He exuded innocence.

It was evident that he never questioned whether his father would deceive him.

He was too young and had little experience.

While Sabrina appreciated his company as a friend, she couldn't envision them as a life partner.

The idea of watching a man become mature simply didn't appeal to her. If it wasn't for him being Zeke's son, she might have stopped communicating with him altogether.

After dinner, they decided to catch a movie at the mall's cinema.

The film hadn't started yet. Handing over his freshly bought popcorn to Sabrina, Trevor remarked, "Hold onto this and grab a seat, Sabrina. I'll be right back. Just need to use the restroom."

She gave a nod in acknowledgment.

Exiting the cinema, Trevor followed the mall's indicators to locate the restroom.

The mall's restroom was tucked away in a distant corner.

As he turned a corner, he unexpectedly collided with another person.

Instantly, the sound of a coffee cup crashing echoed.

Instinctively, Trevor retreated a couple of steps. Glimpsing the puddle of coffee, he swiftly looked up, blurting, "Oh, I'm so sorry..."

Before him stood a young woman, porcelain-skinned and strikingly pretty.

Observing the coffee spill on the floor, a hint of irritation crossed her gaze, yet she managed to maintain a smile and commented, "No worries. It's just a cup of coffee."

She then stooped to retrieve the fallen cup, subsequently making her way to the women's restroom.

In this mall, the men's and women's restrooms shared a common sink area.

Beside the sink was a garbage bin, and a mop stood in a nearby corner.

The lady tossed the cup into the garbage bin and then headed over to grab the mop from the corner.

Observing her, Trevor swiftly approached, intending to take over the mopping duty. However, in the process, their hands brushed against each other.

He withdrew his hand immediately, his ears coloring a shade of pink. "I apologize, miss. Let me handle that mess."

Just as the woman was about to say something, the janitor chimed in, "Excuse me, ma'am. What are you planning to do with that mop?"

"I'm sorry, I spilled my coffee. I just didn't want someone slipping on it."

The woman smiled, revealing two dimples on her cheeks that added an extra touch of cuteness.

The janitor instructed, "Just leave it there. I'll handle the mess in a bit."

"Thanks so much."

The woman returned the mop to its original spot.

"Appreciate it," Trevor remarked.

As the woman began to leave, Trevor called out, "Excuse me!"

She paused and looked back at him, a hint of puzzlement in her eyes.

"I feel bad about the coffee spill. Let me cover the cost so you can get another one."

She offered a gentle smile, dismissing the offer with a wave. "It's fine, really."

For a fleeting second, she reminded Trevor of Sabrina.

But the woman had walked away.

Trevor exhaled deeply, then made his way into the men's restroom.

Exiting the women's restroom, she glanced back, noting Trevor hadn't tried to follow. A weight lifted off her chest, and her once cheerful demeanor turned serious.

This was a first for Shirley, pulling off such a ruse. Her hands were sweaty, her face almost rigid from tension. ☹️

Still, she didn't glance back. Her father's presence awaited her at the hospital.

Back at the cinema, Trevor slid into the seat beside Sabrina.

As Sabrina munched on some popcorn, she observed, "What happened to your shoes?"

Trevor cast his gaze downward to inspect his white shoes, which were now covered in grayish-yellow stains. "I accidentally bumped into a lady carrying a cup of coffee, and well, the coffee ended up spilling."

Sabrina didn't ask more and changed the topic.