

Chapter 238 Haunting

Exiting the cinema, Sabrina brushed her hair back. "Does your father have any of those materials left?"

Trevor replied, nodding. "Yes. He was about to deliver them to the homeowner, but then there were complaints about their quality."

"Let's head to your place then; we can grab some samples for testing."

"Sounds good."

Reaching the parking area, Sabrina slid into the driver's seat, with Trevor beside her in the passenger's seat.

Once he buckled up, he noticed Sabrina ready to drive and suddenly felt a pang of guilt. "Should I drive instead?"


Sabrina turned her head to give him a smile and responded, "No worries. Besides, you'd need to get a driver's license here first before you can drive."

"I'll sort that out soon," Trevor responded.

After about thirty minutes, Sabrina parked in a public lot, instructing Trevor, "Go on and grab the samples. I'll wait here."

"Okay, I'll be quick."

Having said that, Trevor unbuckled his seat belt and stepped out of the car.

Just as he was about to shut the door, Fiona called out to him once more. "Oh, and by the way, don't bring up my name with your parents." 

Pausing motherentarily, Trevor asked, "Why not? You've been such a help. I actually wanted to have you over for dinner as a thank you."

The actual reason was her fear that Zeke might become suspicious of

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The actual reason was her fear that Zeke might become suspicious of her once he learned her identity, which meant she had to stay cautious.

However, she couldn't say that to Trevor. Maintaining her calm, she gazed at him with a sincere look. "Because I've divorced. I doubt your parents would be comfortable with you spending time with an older, divorced woman."


After all, Trevor was an accomplished young man with so much ahead of him.

Suddenly, a smile appeared on Trevor's face, as though he'd caught onto an unspoken hint. Grinning, he said, "Understood! I won't mention a word about you."

With a wave goodbye to Sabrina, he headed home with a contented heart.

Had she said those words because she harbored feelings for him?

He was so happy on his way home.

Sabrina had a point. His mother probably wouldn't approve of their relationship. 

His mother had always been old-fashioned. Lately, she'd been attempting to match him with young professionals like doctors and teachers, believing they'd make the best life partners.

But he wasn't about to let her dictate his choices.

Now wasn't the time to bring Sabrina up with his parents. If his mother even got a whiff of it, she'd probably force him into arranged dates and set more boundaries.

It would be wiser to wait until he and Sabrina made things official.

The reported subpar materials included interior wall paint and PE pipes. Grabbing a paint sample and some pipe sections, Trevor dashed back, placing them in the car's back seat.

Slipping into the passenger seat, slightly out of breath, he buckled up, saying, "My parents asked about you, Sabrina."

Sabrina's grip on the steering wheel tightened involuntarily. "Is that so?"

"Good thing you warned me. I just mentioned you're a coworker."

Smiling, Sabrina responded, "Well, that's technically true. I was once with Blakely Group, wasn't I?"

"Exactly my thought," Trevor said, his eyes glistening.

Then Sabrina drove over to the testing agency.

Once they handed the materials to the testing staff, Sabrina and Trevor exited the testing agency together.

Eager to spend more time with her, Trevor gestured towards a new bakery and said, "Hey Sabrina, want to check out that new bakery?"

Catching the hopeful look he gave her, she gave a subtle nod.

The two walked side by side slowly.

As the people on the street rushed past, Sabrina and Trevor strolled along at a leisurely pace, engaged in casual conversation.

Suddenly, as Trevor gestured, his hand brushed against Sabrina's.

Without thinking, Sabrina instinctively withdrew her hand and carried on walking while talking. "I've been to a few bakeries around here..."

Trevor cast his gaze downward, not really paying any mind to what she was saying.

His cheeks flushed, and he took a moment to gather himself. Taking a deep breath, he boldly grasped her hand.

His hand, much larger than Sabrina's, clasped onto hers firmly.

Feeling his touch made Sabrina stiffen, her instincts wanting to pull away.

But she resisted the urge.

Silently, she pressed her lips together and looked down.

Right then, she felt a rush of embarrassment.

Unexpectedly, Tyrone's image popped into her head, casting a shadow on her mood.

Why was he on her mind again?

This was just madness!

Her thoughts were a mess. To prevent Trevor from noticing, she kept her gaze downward, hiding her turmoil.

"Sabrina, your hands feel a bit chilly. Next time you're out, make sure to wear a bit more. You wouldn't want to catch a cold," Trevor said with a warm smile.

"It might just be how I am. My hands usually get cold in the winter,"

Sabrina responded.

"In that case, I'll make sure to warm them every winter." Trevor's voice was filled with soft warmth.

Sabrina remained silent.

She really didn't know what to say.

Trevor just assumed she was being shy.

It didn't matter. Things were unfolding nicely.

Soon, they stepped into the bakery.

Looking at the array of cakes behind the glass, Trevor's eyes sparkled.

"Sabrina, see any cakes that you like? How about that cupcake?"

Sabrina's mood darkened. "I'm not a fan of cupcakes."

Whenever she spotted cupcakes, it brought back painful memories from the past.

And then there was Tyrone, the man who continued to linger in her thoughts, even though he was no longer present in her life.

"In that case, let's pick something different."

In the end, Sabrina chose a Matcha cake, a ruby-red mousse cake, and a tiramisu.

They also grabbed some coffee.

By the time they exited the mall, dusk had settled and the day had grown late.

Sabrina dropped Trevor off at his place, and then went to pick up Jennie.

The little girl lounged on the couch, swinging her legs in mild annoyance.

"Auntie Sabrina, why'd you take so long to pick me up?"

Sabrina, taking a seat beside her, gently ruffled her hair. "I was busy today."

Jennie said nothing.

After a brief chat with Wanda, Sabrina and Jennie made their way out.

Jennie hopped into the back seat of the car and was taken aback by the sight of the cakes and coffee. "Cakes! I love them."

As Sabrina buckled in and started the engine, she replied, "Go ahead."

With coffee in one hand and a cake in the other, Jennie remarked, "This cake is tasty! And I like the coffee as well!"

Seeing from the rearview mirror that Jennie's cheeks were puffed up with cake, Sabrina smiled and started the car.

Out of the blue, Jennie pondered for a moment before exclaiming, "Aunt Sabrina, I've got it! Were you on a date with Trevor?"

Sabrina was stunned.

Was it that obvious?

"How'd you figure that out?" she asked.

With a sly grin, Jennie whipped out two cinema tickets and said, "Looks like you missed some clues!"

Sabrina was speechless.

Chapter 239 Swindle Of Trust

A couple of days later, Sabrina was handed two assessment reports concerning the subpar materials associated with Zeke.

One hailed from an independent testing firm while the other came from authorities.

While both reports phrased their findings differently, their verdicts aligned; the materials were indeed flawed.

Sabrina couldn't help but harbor immense skepticism towards Zeke. He likely had clues about the materials' defects yet chose to feign ignorance. He even let Trevor bring the materials for testing to underscore his supposed unawareness.

Based on the details Darren had shared earlier, Zeke had relocated his family overseas due to work commitments. For the initial years abroad, their living conditions were quite comfortable, surpassing what his income alone could afford. The Faulkner family wasn't affluent from the start, and even if they had some savings, it wasn't substantial.

Over time, the Faulkner family's standard of living gradually decreased, essentially returning to the same level it was at before they had moved abroad.

One would think, that with the house sale and a supposed lucrative job abroad, the Faulkner family should have been thriving, but the opposite seemed to happen.

Piecing it together, Sabrina surmised that Zeke didn't actually land a high-paying job overseas. Instead, he likely benefitted from some shady deals. But as that illicit funding dried up, their lifestyle was downgraded.

Back in their homeland, Zeke sought a fresh start. But without connections or funds, he took shortcuts, resorting to using inferior materials and skimming off the top of the material expenses.

However, Sabrina's purpose was to assist Trevor and gain his trust, not exposing Zeke just yet.

He could choose to pretend not to know for now. It would be wise to uncover the suppliers responsible for the low-quality materials.

Sabrina forwarded the digital copies of the reports to Trevor, noting, "The analysis confirms the materials' inadequacy. It seems your father might have been duped by the suppliers."

Trevor's reaction upon seeing the reports must've been one of dismay. The chat displayed an ongoing typing notification.

A few minutes later, Trevor responded, "Understood. I'll discuss this with my father. After that, we'll alert the concerned agencies and seek compensation."

"Do you need me to find a lawyer for you?" Sabrina offered.

Trevor said, "That'd be very helpful. Given our unfamiliarity with the local scene, we're rather vulnerable to supplier swindling. I owe you big time, Sabrina. Without your help, I'd be in a big mess."

"No need for thanks. When can you meet in the coming days? Coordinate with the lawyer and ensure you have your father's material purchase receipts," Sabrina advised.

Trevor said, "I'm free tonight. I'll be out of work at 5:30 pm. Sabrina, can you set up a meeting with the lawyer?"

Sabrina responded, "Sure thing."

She then reached out to Cade Hobbes from Blakely Group's legal department. While Cade typically avoided private cases, he was quick to make an exception for Sabrina, handling the matter with extra care.

The situation was relatively simple, with clear inspection findings and purchase documentation.

Their main concern was that discussions around compensation with the supplier might hit a dead end, leading them to pursue legal action.

With Cade's expertise, Trevor took steps against the suppliers and sought compensation.

The concerned agencies were quick with their actions. After verifying the suppliers' subpar products, they seized the defective materials, mandated factory corrections, and arranged a conflict-resolution meeting.

At the Golden Phoenix Performing Art Awards ceremony, Bettie's afternoon was quite hectic.

Amidst the award presentations, various acts took the stage. In the public dressing room, Bettie was applying makeup to the backup dancers.

An assistant hurriedly approached, saying, "Bettie."

"What?" Bettie replied, but her gaze remained fixed on the backup dancer's face. Swiftly, she got to work with a brush in her hand.

"Bradley's makeup specialist fell sick and had to be hospitalized. He needs you there right now. He has a rehearsal coming up, and there's little time left."

Bettie promptly packed up her makeup set, instructing, "You handle things here."

"Okay. Bradley is in the No. 3 dressing room."

"Got it."

After organizing her makeup kit, Bettie headed to dressing room No. 3.

The amenities in the room surpassed those in the shared makeup room.

It was reserved for two performers, one of whom was Bradley, as the



assistant had mentioned, and the other was a renowned celebrity.

The door of the dressing room was open. Bettie knocked lightly on it before entering. She approached Bradley, who was sitting before a mirror.

An assistant offered her a steaming cup of coffee, saying, "We're so grateful. Our makeup artist was suddenly taken ill with stomach pains and had to be rushed to the hospital."

"I appreciate it. Just set the coffee down for now. When's his rehearsal?" Bettie then set the makeup box on the dressing table right in front of the mirror.

"In about an hour. Oh, and here are the autographs you requested," Bradley said, gesturing to some signed postcards. "Make sure to take them."

"Will do, thank you." Bettie opened the makeup box and took out some brushes. "I'm indebted to you for the other day. Lucky I headed to your room; it saved me from embarrassment."

"It was nothing," Bradley replied with a smile.

"Did you do your skin care already?"

"Yes."

Evaluating Bradley's skin tone and texture, Bettie selected a foundation from her makeup kit and gently brushed it onto his face. "Your skin is flawless. I don't think you need too much makeup."

This was the first time that Bettie had cooperated with Bradley.

Bradley's assistant immediately answered, "Yes, it is. All the makeup artists who've worked with Bradley have said he's a dream to work on."

The other celebrity's makeup artist by his side observed the uneven and lackluster skin with enlarged pores under her brush, and she couldn't help feeling a sense of sympathy for herself.

After the foundation, Bettie applied a soft coat of makeup on Bradley, then proceeded to shape his eyebrows.

In her mind, she had already envisioned the perfect eyebrows for him. Leaning slightly forward, she held an eyebrow powder matching Bradley's natural shade in one hand and a brush in the other, gently shaping and outlining the brows.

Setting the brush box aside, Bettie grasped a flat eyebrow pencil in one hand, gently holding Bradley's face with the other, instructing, "Hold still for a moment."

"Okay."

With precision, Bettie meticulously drew out each hair on the eyebrows. They looked so natural, each strand distinct, making it seem as though they had always been that way.

Without showing any emotion, Bradley glanced at Bettie.

The two were so close that he could discern the fine details of her lashes.

Her skin appeared perfect even under the makeup. Upon closer inspection, there wasn't a hint of flaking, setting her apart from many actresses in the entertainment industry.

Bradley had noticed on TV how some celebrities sported thick makeup, their skin appearing dull and tinged yellow. Such imperfections often necessitate heavy post-production enhancement. The final images, drastically retouched, were sometimes unrecognizable even to their own families. Unedited photographs were typically off-limits.

Bettie's eyes were bright and fixed on his eyebrows without moving. She seemed serious, quite different from her usual playful self.

Bradley's assistant exclaimed, "You've done such a great job on his eyebrows!"

After a while, a staff member, identifiable by the work badge on his chest, tapped on the door, saying, "Bradley, are you set? You're up for rehearsal shortly."

Taking a makeup spray, Bettie responded, "Just a moment."

After spraying the makeup, she organized her makeup kit. "You're good to go for your rehearsal."

Bradley stood up and straightened his clothes in front of the mirror, saying, "See you later."

"See you."

With that, Bradley headed off for his rehearsal.

Bettie walked out of the room with the makeup box and suddenly stopped.

A figure she recognized stood in the hallway.