

Chapter 240 Tyrone's Trick

Lance's intense stare settled on Bettie, tracking her every move.

Bettie withdrew her sight and walked around Lance as if nothing had happened and walked forward.

As she moved past him, Lance's hand swiftly caught her wrist, bitterness evident in his eyes. "Bettie."

Bradley was the reason again.

Seeing her talk and laugh with Bradley made his heart ache in a way he couldn't put into words. It was like being submerged in seawater, a mix of bitterness and saltiness overwhelming him.

He felt like an outsider around her.

Bettie stopped and responded calmly, "Let's talk later when it's over. I'm swamped with work right now."

After looking at her for a moment, Lance released her, murmuring, "Carry on with your work."

Yet, when the awards ceremony officially started, Lance sought Bettie backstage, only to find she had vanished.

His fists tightened as he wordlessly retreated to his seat.

The gentleman next to him gestured towards Bradley, now performing on stage. "That's the guy?"

With a gloomy expression, Lance gave a subtle nod.

The man looked at Bradley up and down, touched his chin, and commented, "There's a similarity between you two."

His words weren't about looks but about their demeanor. They exuded a sense of purity and grace, similar to that of scholars.

As Lance's eyes remained fixed on Bradley, his mood darkened further. Simultaneously, Zeke, portraying himself as the victim, attended a mediation session with Becker and Cade.

Afraid of bumping into Zeke, Sabrina opted out, advising Trevor to keep her name out of the discussion.

As she sketched alongside Jennie in their art class, she received an update from Trevor; the mediation was unsuccessful.

The supplier didn't agree with the compensation terms that the Faulkner family put forward.

What lay ahead was either a second attempt at mediation or a legal battle awaiting the court's verdict.

Cade filled Sabrina in on the details. Zeke proposed a full refund on the materials and a tenfold payment. On top of that, he asked for three hundred thousand for lost opportunities, tarnished reputation, emotional distress, and other related grievances.

"Zeke's not backing down. The supplier counters, claiming Zeke was aware of the material issues. They're only willing to refund the material cost and offer an additional one hundred thousand for damages. Mediation might be futile; this could be heading to court," Cade's message read.

"What did Trevor say?"

"Well, it's mostly Zeke talking. Honestly, he's pretty confident he's in the right. He's cocky and frequently brandishes threats of legal action."

Sabrina wasn't surprised even a little.

After all, Zeke had a background in kidnapping. How upright could he be?

However, what did catch her off guard was her assumption that Trevor would intervene.

Considering the demand for ten times the materials' value, plus an additional three hundred thousand, it seemed like Zeke saw the suppliers as gullible. They weren't likely to comply.

The suppliers wanted to avoid the courtroom, hoping for a private resolution.

But pushing the suppliers to the edge and forcing a legal battle might mean the Faulkner family wouldn't get their desired compensation.

If their true aim was money, then Zeke's approach seemed flawed. Sabrina felt that with Cade involved, a more measured strategy could have likely ensured a win.

"If they're set on legal action, keep tracking the case and push for maximum compensation," Sabrina responded.

To her, this lawsuit was an outsider's affair. She was more interested in gauging the Faulkner family's stance.

Just then, a new message from Trevor popped up. "Are you acquainted with any private investigator?"

Sabrina asked, "Private investigator? Why bring that up all of a sudden?"

Trevor explained, "To be frank, I anticipated this outcome. Before the mediation, I spotted the head of the suppliers conversing with a man. This man was adamant that regardless of our compensation proposal, they'd rebuff us, pushing us towards a lawsuit. Their plan is to drag this out, even stalling after the sentence until the court enforces payment."

Such stalling tactics could span years.

This revelation from Trevor caught Sabrina off guard.

Trevor sent her a recording, almost like he was worried she might not trust his words. The recording captured only the latter part of the conversation, yet it verified the nature of their exchange.

No wonder Trevor hadn't reined in Zeke. He was aware the mediation

was doomed from the outset.

Upon attentive listening, Sabrina swiftly identified the person responsible for the suppliers and the one who had initiated the situation.

Yet, the identity of the instigator seemed vaguely familiar to her, echoing a faint memory.

But she couldn't remember.

Sabrina asked, "It's strange. Are you considering looking into that man's background?"

Trevor responded, "I have a hunch the homeowner is tied up with this man. It feels like all these hassles are his vendetta against us! We can't just roll over and let them delay us for years. We need to dig deeper into their affairs."

Was it possible Zeke was innocent about the materials' flaw and had just become a scapegoat?

Sabrina said, "I'm not acquainted with any detectives, but I can ask some friends. I'll let you know if they have any leads."

"Thanks, that'd be great."

Without hesitation, Sabrina told Darren, quickly laying out the scenario, and asking him to pretend to know nothing while assisting Trevor in the investigation.

Darren did not reply yet.

Sabrina saw Jennie was painting happily. Her face, hands, and clothes were all colorful.

She sat to the side, scrolling through her Facebook while waiting for Darren's response.

There were a lot of new posts.

She engaged by liking and commenting on several.

Among the posts, Sabrina spotted a video shared by Damon, showcasing a kitten.

It was unexpected to see a tough guy like Damon doting on a feline.

Intrigued, she played the video. Damon's voice echoed. "Come over here."

The smile on Sabrina's face froze.

That voice...

She continued to listen.

The sound of Damon interacting with the cat echoed once more.

A blink later, she abruptly closed the video.

Returning to her chat with Trevor, Sabrina replayed the recording, honing in on every detail.

Why was the voice so familiar? It was unmistakably Damon!

What on Earth was Damon's beef with Trevor?

Sabrina was certain that it had a connection with Tyrone.

Though Tyrone stayed away from her lately, making her think he had moved on, it seemed he was plotting behind the scenes.

Bastard!

Taking a moment to calm herself, Sabrina stifled the urge to lash out.

After a brief reflection, she messaged Darren. "Apologies. Everything's fine. Just forget my earlier request."

There was no need to investigate.

Given time, Darren would undoubtedly uncover the ties between Damon and Tyrone.

Sabrina rubbed her eyes and opened Damon's chat box, typing, "You seem quite relaxed these days, finding time to play with the cat?"

"I've just had some moments to spare. And why do you have time to contact me?" Damon answered.

"Are you free right now? How about we go get lunch?"

Damon was surprised and asked, "You're inviting me? To lunch?"

It had been a while since their last interaction in Norwen.

Out of the blue, Sabrina had the urge to invite him to lunch. There had to be some undisclosed reason behind this decision.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I have a soft spot for you. Didn't I make that clear in Norwen?"

Damon was stunned.

