

Chapter 257 Is It Just A Coincidence

Upon hearing Sabrina's question, Trevor found himself deeply pondering. Indeed, both the Faulkner and Harvey families were pretty average. How did Decker manage to secure such a hefty loan from a friend?

Who would've been bold enough to lend him that amount at that time? Weren't they scared that Decker might vanish with their cash or couldn't repay it?

These questions clouded Trevor's mind. Looking up, he sought clarity from Sabrina. "You think Decker might have acquired the funds through dubious means?"

With a slight smile, Sabrina responded, "Don't think I'm being paranoid. But it's hard not to doubt someone who, under the influence, took my father's life. I can't help but suspect the worst."

"I get where you're coming from. Even if his actions were an accident and he faced the consequences, it doesn't mean you have to forgive him. After all, it resulted in your father's death."

Had her father survived, she would never have crossed paths Tyrone.

"Your empathy means a lot, Trevor." Sabrina's words were filled with heartfelt gratitude.

Sabrina's words sent Trevor's heart racing, and a blush crept up his ears. With earnestness, he remarked, "Of course. As my girlfriend, I should always see things from your standpoint."

"I don't wish to unjustly doubt someone. Was it possible for him to have wealthy acquaintances?" Sabrina pretended to ask casually while

eating.

Without a hint of uncertainty, Trevor pondered for a moment before saying, "I... well, I'm not sure."

A flicker of disappointment crossed Sabrina's gaze.

"Given his relationship with your father, could he have sought financial assistance from him? Or, considering your father's vast connections, perhaps he facilitated a loan for Decker? The person who set up your father's overseas job must've been well-off, right?"

"My father, to my knowledge, didn't lend him money. As for that contact who got my father the overseas work, I met him once as a kid and haven't seen him since then."

It seemed typical for those orchestrating overseas kidnappings to break ties eventually.

"Can you recall what he looked like?" Sabrina asked casually. "Mathias has a fair share of wealthy people. Chances are, I might be acquainted with someone fitting the description."

"I'm not convinced he's wealthy."

"What makes you think that?"

"Years ago, I noticed he had an extra digit, a sixth finger next to his thumb on his left hand. Anyone from a well-off family would've gotten that surgically corrected."

"Six fingers..." Sabrina murmured, deep in thought.

Suddenly, an image came to mind; She had seen a man with a similar anomaly, and its placement aligned with Trevor's description.

That man was Larry's driver.

Could her father's death somehow be connected to Larry?

That seemed far-fetched. Surely, it was just an uncanny coincidence.

Out of the blue, Trevor exclaimed, "I remember now!"

Catching her attention, Sabrina prodded, "What did you remember?"

"My father and Decker did mention a wealthy acquaintance. After my recent return, considering they hadn't met in ages, they shared a drink at our place. I vaguely remember them discussing a mutual friend, reminiscing about old times."

Could that man be involved in the kidnapping?

A glimmer of hope shone in Sabrina's eyes. Excitement surged as she asked, "Do you know his name?"

Trying to sound casual after her sudden burst of enthusiasm, Sabrina continued eating, saying, "I'm just curious if he's as rich as they say. If not, Decker's funding might be suspicious."

Scrunching his face in deep thought, Trevor responded, "That man's name seems to be... Hobson Gordon."

Clap!

Sabrina's fork slipped from her hand and fell to the floor with a clatter. She quickly reached down to retrieve it, but her fingers shook, causing it to slip from her grasp once more. It rolled forward and came to a stop near Trevor's feet.

Spotting Trevor reaching for it, she swiftly sat upright, inhaling sharply. Hobson Gordon. According to the intel she got from Darren, that was the name of one of the sought-after kidnapers in the criminal database!

Yet, the police hadn't discerned the connection between Hobson and Zeke. Had they made that link, Zeke wouldn't have slipped through the net.

It was clear as day they were acquainted!

Still, even after Zeke's return, Hobson refrained from coming back.

Trevor retrieved the fallen fork, setting it aside and handed a fresh one

to Sabrina.

Regaining her composure, Sabrina expressed, "I appreciate it."

She offered a smile, serving Trevor a slice of meat, and remarked, "Hobson? From Mathias, you say? I haven't heard of him."

"No. He's not from around here. I believe he's in Mallowsnow."

Mallowsnow, the former capital of Manmar, stood as the largest city in the region with a bustling population and thriving economy.

"I see." Sabrina's pulse quickened, though she smoothly steered the conversation elsewhere. "I had plans to travel to Manmar with Bettie. But we eventually settled on Norwen."

Seemingly, Hobson was living the good life overseas, beyond the reach of local law enforcement.

She pondered on the idea of tracking him down in Mallowsnow and having him detained for an interrogation.

Yet, even if it was a viable plan, executing it might be quite challenging.

"If you went to Mallowsnow instead, we wouldn't get to know each other," Trevor teased with a grin.

"But if Hobson's in Mallowsnow, how are Decker and your father acquainted with him?" Sabrina focused solely on Hobson, brushing aside Trevor's affectionate remarks.

Trevor, slightly puzzled, admitted, "I'm not sure. Maybe I could ask my father."

Sabrina was momentarily torn.

If Trevor were to seek answers from Zeke, it might be perilous, potentially alerting Zeke.

At that time, the police had their sights set on only two suspects. There likely were others, but concrete proof was elusive.

Upon uncovering the link between Hobson and Zeke, the investigation would follow the breadcrumbs. The photographic evidence she held could lead to a victim's identification. This could solidify the case against Zeke.

After pondering for a bit, Sabrina said, "I'm planning to have someone look into where Decker's wealth comes from. But he's connected to your father. If you're not on board with this, please don't betray my trust, alright? Trevor."

"Rest assured, Sabrina! I will definitely give you my full support!" Trevor said with a smile.

Given the choice between loyalty to his girlfriend and the friend of his father, his affections lay clearly with the former.

All the blame initially fell on Decker. Trevor genuinely wished that there wouldn't be any shady trails linked to Decker's funds. If anything came to light, Decker alone would bear the consequences.

"Why don't you check with your father? But remember, no word about Hobson or me. Just ask about the warehouse Decker set up shortly after his prison release. I'm curious about your father's response."

Sabrina's heartbeat raced.

She was threading a dangerous path.

Trevor remained unaware of the manhunt for Hobson. While many criminals were on the wanted list, the general public rarely kept track. Zeke, on the other hand, was in the know. Bringing up Hobson around him would set off alarms.

If Trevor accidentally blurted out in front of Zeke...

"Don't worry, Sabrina. I'll keep your involvement out of it," Trevor reassured.

He refrained from bringing up Sabrina in front of his parents because he

understood that their connection to Decker might lead them to favor him and not his girlfriend.

"Thank you, Trevor! Now, let's eat." With a thankful glance, Sabrina blinked and placed some vegetables onto his plate.


Trevor was deeply trusting, and she felt she was merely exploiting him. Sabrina scolded herself internally.

"Alright."

"Trevor?" Suddenly, a familiar female voice resonated from a short distance.

Sabrina's gaze followed the voice, landing on a chic young lady approaching them with a beaming smile. "My, it really is you! I never imagined running into you here."



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