

Chapter 215 Honey Trap


Suddenly, the room grew tense.

Sabrina lifted her gaze to meet Tyrone's penetrating eyes. Sensing something amiss, much like a caught rabbit, she questioned with growing alarm, "Weren't you supposed to be busy? And why are you showering in the guest room, especially at this time of the day?"

It was so weird.

She couldn't shake the feeling that Tyrone was setting a trap for her.

Tyrone casually spread out his hands and replied, "One question at a time, please. Yes, I was occupied, but now I'm not. The reason for the guest room shower? Jennie claimed the master bedroom so she could watch cartoons. As for my shower timing? Jennie and I had a late gaming night. Are you content with those responses?"

Giving Tyrone an icy stare, Sabrina merely huffed and made her way to the master bedroom. 

However, before she could get far, Tyrone's grip closed around her wrist.

"What are you doing?" Sabrina struggled.

With deliberate slowness, Tyrone gestured to his toned abdomen, teasing, "Didn't you want to touch it?"

As her fingers brushed against his firm muscles, a surge of familiarity hit her. Pulling back abruptly, she shot him a venomous look, exclaiming, "You're out of your mind, Tyrone!"

Not waiting for his retort, she briskly moved on and swung open the master bedroom's door.

Jennie, engrossed in her cartoon on the iPad, looked up as the door opened. Her face brightened instantly. "Aunt Sabrina!"

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"Give me a sec!" Swiftly, Jennie shut off her cartoon. "I'm ready!"

Sabrina trotted downstairs with Jennie.

As she left the living room, she had the distinct feeling of being stared.

Suppressing the urge to glance back, she continued to walk forward.

From behind, Jennie cheerfully shouted, "Uncle Tyrone! Aunt Sabrina and I are off to have fun!"

"Have fun and be a good girl, okay?" A voice came from behind.

"I will."

The amusement park was their destination, where Sabrina and Jennie enjoyed several rides.

After the thrill of the pirate ship, Jennie's enthusiasm was palpable.

Handing her a marshmallow, Sabrina checked her wristwatch. "Jennie, we should go get something for lunch."

"Okay!" Jennie agreed, enjoying her marshmallow. "What are we having today?"

She fondly remembered the previous day's meals and had been eager for today's feast since morning.

"I've made a reservation at a restaurant. We'll be placing our orders there. Once we're at the restaurant and have the menu, you can choose whatever you'd like."

"I'm craving for meat!"

"There'll be plenty of that. Oh, and just so you know, we'll have a friend joining us for lunch."

The little girl thought quickly. "Is it Trevor?"

A bit sheepishly, Sabrina tapped Jennie's nose and said, "Yep, that's him."

Jennie's eyes grew large, her face a picture of betrayal. "But you promised not to reply to him. You lied! You broke your promise! Why?"

Trying to ease the tension, Sabrina hastened to clarify, "Jennie, please understand. Trevor and I are just friends. Think about it; if there were more between us, would I have invited you along?"

Sabrina had thought about whether she should take Jennie with her or not.

After thinking it over, she decided to take Jennie with her.

It was a mere lunch.

Considering that Decker and Zeke were aware of her being Connor's daughter, rushing her approach towards Trevor could raise suspicions.

Besides, her only intention was to discuss work matters with Trevor.

She had to tread carefully.

Jennie glanced at her and remarked with a hurt expression, "Whether or not you bring me doesn't bother me. But yesterday, you promised that you wouldn't reply, and now you're going to have lunch with him. You lied to me. It's like you see me as a gullible child..."

"Jennie, it's not as you think..." Sabrina tried to clarify, struggling for words. "I didn't lie to you. There was an unexpected situation..."

"What unexpected situation?" Jennie pouted and looked up at her.

Sabrina hesitated to reveal the real story.

What could she possibly say?

After a moment's reflection, Sabrina confessed with a conflicted look, "Jennie, here's the real story. I'm fond of him. I believed you'd side with your uncle, so I kept my distance from him in your presence..."

Jennie stood there in astonishment, mouth wide open and her big eyes,

staring at Sabrina with an expression of disbelief.

"You have feelings for him? What of Uncle Tyrone?" The young girl's eyes welled up. "He's genuinely fond of you. Uncle Tyrone confessed he felt lost without you, vowing to reclaim your affection. If he fails, he's sworn off love forever. Would you consider giving him another shot?"

"Jennie, I understand your hopes for me to reconcile with your uncle, but the reality is different. We've both moved on to other relationships. Our paths have taken different directions, and it's just not possible..."

Confessing her feelings for Trevor, Sabrina felt a weight lift from her heart.

She felt the need to confess this in everyone's presence, ensuring no one would suspect her.

Jennie's eyes filled with tears, and she threw the marshmallow to the ground. "I've always hoped for you and Uncle Tyrone to be together. It's not right for you to like someone else..."

Sabrina's heart ached when she saw her tears.

She leaned down, wrapping Jennie in a comforting embrace. Softly, she whispered, "Don't cry, Jennie. How about a treat? Some candy, perhaps?"

"Candy isn't what I want. I just want you!"

"Jennie, I can't make that promise to you. If you're uncomfortable with Trevor, would you still like to join us for lunch? If you don't want to, I can drive you back home."

Jennie paused, absorbing it all. "Of course! I choose to share lunch with you!"

Her lips puckered in a sulky manner, muttering, "I want to see what kind of person this guy is. He can't possibly hold a candle to my uncle!"

Observing her mildly irate expression, Sabrina playfully tweaked her

cheek. "Alright, let's get some food."

Sabrina steered the car to Rowland's, leading Jennie to a private dining room.

In Trevor's absence, the server set the table, placing down the utensils, lemonade, and the menu.

To console Jennie, Sabrina placed the menu in front of her and said, "What would you like to have? Feel free to choose whatever you want."

Peeking up, Jennie queried, "Who's paying the bill? You or him?"

"He's the one paying," Sabrina clarified.

"In that case, I'll choose a handful more dishes."

Amused, Sabrina grinned, giving the young girl a gentle tap on her forehead. "You are naughty!"

Jennie's nose crinkled as she retorted, "He's taken you away, hasn't he? Why shouldn't I get a bit of payback?"

Sabrina found herself at a loss for words.

She suddenly felt sorry for Trevor.

