

## Chapter 226 Extremely Jealous

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Sabrina made her way to the hangar.

Tyrone swiftly took off his jacket and draped it over her shoulders.

The biting cold greeted them as they left the studio's warmth.

"Get in the car."

Tyrone reached out to take Sabrina's hand, but she skillfully evaded his grasp.

He hesitated for a moment, then swiftly moved to the side of the car and courteously opened the back door for her.

Sabrina lifted her dress and sat in.

Without missing a beat, Tyrone shut her door and made his way to the driver's side.

The car was running with sufficient heating.

As they approached the venue, Sabrina took off Tyrone's jacket and kept pace with him.

Suddenly, just before the entrance, Tyrone paused, offering an arm to Sabrina with a knowing glance.

With a slight arch of her brow, Sabrina slid her arm through his, and together they stepped into the hall.

The host of the party quickly came over. "I'm truly delighted to have you grace us with your presence!"

Tyrone held substantial assets, including the recent tech venture Merlin Technology, the real estate firm responsible for the iconic landmark, and the city's tallest skyscraper, known for its record-breaking

transaction volume.

So, even without being Blakely Group's CEO, he was quite the catch at any event.

"Thank you," Tyrone responded graciously.

"Is this Ms. Chavez?"

Their recent divorce was common knowledge, and their presence together at this party was intriguing.

It should be a peaceful divorce, right?

"Nice to meet you," Sabrina responded with a gentle smile and a nod.

"Right this way."

"Okay."

Tyrone and Sabrina walked inside slowly.

"Ah, Mr. Blakely, it's been ages..."

"Look, Mr. Blakely has brought his wife along..."

"A pleasure to see you, Mr. Blakely."

Many of the attendees raised their glasses in salute, engaging in pleasantries with Tyrone.

Traditionally, Tyrone's assistant would accompany him to these business gatherings.

Sabrina didn't know these people. So, as Tyrone mingled, she mainly played the role of a gracious companion, though the unfamiliarity caused her expression to tighten at times.

Perhaps noticing her discomfort and boredom, Tyrone made a point to introduce Sabrina to each new acquaintance they met.

Sabrina couldn't help but wonder why. She had no business ties with these people. So what was the point of all these introductions?

The other attendees seemed equally puzzled.

News of Tyrone and Sabrina's recent divorce was widespread, and a few had brought their daughters in hopes of making a match. However, seeing Tyrone whispering affectionately to Sabrina, they second-guessed their initial plan.

Growing restless, Sabrina gave Tyrone a gentle nudge.

He tilted his head, allowing her to whisper into his ear.

Sabrina whispered, "Can I sit over there?"

This party was not a place for Sabrina to stay.

She was uncertain why Tyrone was so keen on having her chat with everyone.

"Feeling tired?"

"Not tired, just a bit bored," Sabrina replied.

"Just a bit longer," Tyrone coaxed.

"I can't last much longer."

Tyrone suggested, "Let's find you a seat."

"I'll pass." Sabrina attempted to slip her hand away from his grip, but he held her firmly.

Tyrone, noticing the need for a quick exit, told the surrounding guests, "Excuse us."

Reaching the couch, Sabrina took a seat. She gestured towards Tyrone, remarking, "Alright, I'm settled. You can head off."

Perceiving her eagerness to be on her own, a somewhat dejected Tyrone said, "There are sweets on the side table. Grab a bite if you're hungry. After that, we can grab dinner."

"Just go ahead."

"Then I leave now."

Tyrone turned around and left.

"Hold on!"

He paused and gave her a puzzled look. "Something wrong?"

She approached him, retrieving her phone from his pocket. "Alright, you're free to go."

Tyrone merely shook his head, lost for words.

Settling back on the couch, Sabrina began browsing her phone.

A stranger tried striking up a conversation, but sensing her disinterest, he wisely moved on.

Not long after, a familiar voice exclaimed, "Sabrina!"

She looked up to find Trevor approaching with a wine glass in hand. "It is you! I thought I was seeing things."

Her eyes sparkled with amusement. "What brings you here?"

Considering the implications if Trevor realized she came with Tyrone, she pondered...

His eyes showed a hint of surprise.

"Trevor?" Sabrina called out.

"Ah... A friend of mine invited me." When Trevor returned to his senses, his cheeks tinted pink. "What about you? Why are you here?"

Sabrina said calmly, "I received an invite, and I had nothing else to do."

After saying that, she discreetly scanned the room.

The hall was bustling with guests mingling, making it hard for Sabrina to get a clear view.

Trevor, seemingly unaware of Tyrone's presence, offered, "Same here. Anything particular you'd like to eat? I can grab it for you."

"I'll join you." Sabrina got up and trailed Trevor to the food section.

Wanting to ensure Trevor wouldn't spot Tyrone at the food counter, she decided to engage him in conversation to divert his attention.

Sabrina chose a couple of cakes and some cookies.

She glanced between the wine glass and her phone.

Trevor swiftly took the plate from her, offering, "Let me take care of this for you."

"Thank you. Aren't you grabbing something to it?" Sabrina raised a glass of wine to her lips and had a sip.

After a brief pause, Trevor, using a clip, picked up some cookies and asked, "Is it alright if I put them on the same plate?"

"It's fine."

He then added an assortment of cookies, cakes, and chocolates to his plate.

After Sabrina came back, she glanced around discreetly and spotted Tyrone's figure.

He was accompanied by a young woman with a seductive figure.

Sabrina quickly averted her gaze.

Trevor located a spot to sit.

Realizing he was positioned to face Tyrone, Sabrina felt a quick jolt of anxiety. She suggested subtly, "How about here? The lighting's better."

Trevor glanced around, seemingly puzzled but complied, positioning himself with his back to Tyrone.

With a quiet exhale of relief, Sabrina took a seat across from him. She nibbled on a cake, sipped her wine, and enjoyed her chat with Trevor.

They engaged in conversation, discussing everything from Trevor's classmates to his intriguing stories during his time studying abroad. Sabrina also chimed in, sharing her own university experiences, including the fact that she once participated in an exchange program abroad, even though she didn't recall many details.

As they conversed and chuckled, the gap between them seemed to

naturally narrow.

Lifting her eyes, Sabrina found herself locking gaze with Tyrone.

His face drained of color, marched in the direction of her and Trevor.

She couldn't let Tyrone see Trevor!

Sabrina considered it a stroke of bad luck and promptly placed the wine glass back on the table. She informed Trevor, "Sorry, I need to use the restroom."

With that, she stood up, clutching her dress, and dashed off in the direction of the bathroom.

A feeling of panic drove her to hurry away.

Tyrone, witnessing her rapid retreat, wore an inscrutable expression. With a brief motion of his tongue over his back teeth, he pivoted and pursued.

After spending a brief time in the restroom, Sabrina cautiously peered outside.

There was no one in the corridor.

Tyrone didn't chase after her, which made Sabrina more worried.

Did Tyrone go to see Trevor?

With hastened steps, she made her way back to the hall.

Suddenly, a firm grasp on her arm disoriented her.

Regaining her senses, Sabrina found herself pinned against the door of the men's restroom.

Tyrone's striking face came into focus, his sharp features making a powerful impression.

Recovering from her momentary shock, she shoved him back, demanding, "What are you doing, Tyrone?"

His face, dark and unreadable, offered no immediate reply. Instead, his

hand reached down to the door handle.

With a click, he locked them in.

