

## Chapter 260 It Suits You Very Well

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Glancing at Jennie beside her, Sabrina paused momentarily. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'm starving," Jennie responded with wide-eyed innocence.

Sabrina affectionately patted Jennie's stomach and decided to venture out of the warm water to fetch the requested items.

She towel-dried herself swiftly, wrapped herself in the bathrobe, securing it, and after a brief moment of contemplation, she headed out.

In the living room, Tyrone was deeply engrossed in his laptop. He appeared to be immersed in work, not even glancing up when Sabrina entered.

Noticing the snacks lying on the sofa, Sabrina grabbed them and queried, "Do you know where the iPad is?"

Tyrone, still buried in his work, ignored her.

Irritated, Sabrina approached him, waving her hand in front of his face. "Hey, Tyrone! Where is the iPad? Jennie needs it."

Finally looking up, Tyrone answered, "It's in my briefcase near the coat rack."

Upon retrieving the iPad, Sabrina heard Tyrone's voice from behind. "I'm sorry. My niece can be quite the handful sometimes."

With a hint of surprise, Sabrina retorted while holding the iPad, "Tyrone, you're apologizing to me? That's unexpected."

Tyrone's gaze met hers as he said, "I'm in the middle of a video call."

Sabrina stood still, her face frozen in shock.

Her mouth opened, but no sound came out as she asked in disbelief, "Is that true?"

"It's true."

Curiously, she leaned in for a closer peek and, to her dismay, realized he genuinely was on a conference call.

Everything she had just done and said had been witnessed by the people on the other end.

Blushing with embarrassment, Sabrina quickly turned around and hurriedly slipped away.

But in her rush, she didn't realize the belt of her bathrobe got caught on the table's edge.

As she rushed away, her belt slipped to the floor, causing her bathrobe to open up.

Her exquisite and elegant figure was vividly displayed before Tyrone's eyes.

Sabrina, in shock, gazed at the fallen belt on the floor, and when she looked up, she caught Tyrone's appreciative gaze on her body.

"Ah!" Suppressing a shriek and remembering the ongoing video call, she mouthed, "Don't stare, Tyrone!"

Ignoring the scattered snacks on the floor, Sabrina quickly placed the iPad on the table, wrapped the bathrobe around her chest, and leaned down to retrieve the belt.

But to her surprise, Tyrone beat her to it and picked up the belt. He casually looped one end around his fingers, fixing his gaze on Sabrina with a meaningful look.

"You look stunning. The clothes suit you well."

Understanding his intentions, Sabrina quickly clutched the bathrobe closed, offering herself some semblance of modesty. She shot Tyrone a sharp look, urging, "Hand over the belt."

But Tyrone simply shook his head, stood, and wordlessly offered, "Let me assist."

Sabrina backed away. "Absolutely not! I can do it myself!"

"Come on, let me help you," Tyrone persisted, inching closer.

The room was filled with a tense silence as the standoff continued.

Wishing to end the standoff, Sabrina adjusted the robe's collars, her gaze piercing, and snapped, "Get on with it!"

Grinning, Tyrone stepped up to her, his lips unintentionally grazing her ear. Gently, he wrapped the belt around her waist, threading it from the back and securing a neat bow in front.

As he fashioned the bow, he murmured, "The moment I first saw the swimsuit, I envisioned you in it."

"Psycho!" Sabrina muttered under her breath.

Once the belt was securely in place, she briskly stepped away, scooped up the snacks and iPad, and made a beeline for the hot spring.

Watching her hastened retreat, Tyrone couldn't help chuckling.

Returning to the couch, he realized the video call had ended.

Jennie, spotting Sabrina's return, climbed out of the pool, wrapping herself in a towel. "Why'd you take so long?"

"I didn't find the iPad just now," Sabrina said as if nothing had happened.

Settling on the pool's edge, Jennie's feet dangled in the water. She began to watch a cartoon on the iPad, munching on snacks, thoroughly enjoying herself.

After lounging in the hot spring for the better part of the afternoon, a now wearied Jennie, iPad tucked under her arm, left wrapped in her

towel.

Left at the pool's edge, Sabrina was torn.

Fresh from the hot spring, Sabrina relished the soothing sensation that enveloped her body. Reluctant to end the comfort so soon, she hesitated to slip into her clothes.

Yet, the thought of exiting in just her bathrobe and risking another encounter with Tyrone's teasing deterred her.

Finally, Sabrina still put on her clothes. When she went out, she found that Tyrone was not in the living room. He seemed to have gone out.

Relieved, Sabrina discarded the bathrobe into a laundry basket. It would be taken, cleaned, and sanitized in due time.

Casting a disdainful glance at the swimsuit, Sabrina promptly threw it into the garbage bin.

By the time dinner rolled around, Tyrone returned, bearing meals for the three of them.

Noting Sabrina was dressed in her own attire, he remained silent.

The three of them finished their dinner in harmony.

Heavy eyelids weighed on Jennie, who, in her drowsiness, nestled into Sabrina's embrace, murmuring, "Auntie, can I sleep with you tonight?"

Turning to Sabrina, Tyrone proposed, "Would you mind sharing a bed with Jennie this evening?"

Their accommodations consisted of a spacious suite, complete with two bedrooms and a shared living space.

The bedroom doors could be locked from the inside.

Given Jennie's presence, Sabrina wasn't concerned about any unwarranted advances from Tyrone.

She agreed to sleep with Jennie.

After ensuring Jennie had her face washed and teeth brushed, Sabrina accompanied her to their shared bedroom.

Once Jennie drifted off, Sabrina propped herself up on the headboard and skimmed through her phone.

Trevor inquired if she had eaten, to which she responded, "Yes. And you?"

Trevor's reply came with a hint of frustration. "I'm still at the table... The drinks keep coming. I guess I'll have to join in..."

"Don't drink too much. It's not good for your health. If needed, don't hesitate to step away."

"Okay."

Roughly an hour afterward, Sabrina shot Trevor another message. "Have you finished your dinner?"

"Nope, not yet... There's some game up next. I can't tell how long will it take. Get some sleep, Sabrina. We'll catch up tomorrow."

"Okay, see you tomorrow."

After sending a message in her photography course group chat, Sabrina set her phone aside and succumbed to sleep.

Morning came, and after freshening up, Sabrina went back to her room.

Trevor might want to grab breakfast together. She had to ensure he was unaware she'd spent the night with Tyrone.

Before leaving, for some inexplicable reason, she glanced at the trash bin.

It was empty inside.

It seemed the cleaning staff had cleared it out.

Approaching her room, just as she was about to enter, a couple came out.

The lady was a colleague of Trevor's. With a pleasant grin, she inquired, "Grabbed breakfast yet?"

The gentleman, presumably her boyfriend, seemed to have slept in Sabrina's room since she wasn't around the previous night.

"Not yet."

"Why not join us?"

Understanding the invitation was more of a polite gesture, Sabrina gracefully declined. "Thanks for the offer, but I've plans to eat with Trevor."

"Alright, we'll head out then."

Once they had departed, Sabrina ducked into her room to switch outfits and pinged Trevor. "You awake?"

For a long time, there was no response.

She tried giving Trevor a call but no one answered.

Perhaps he'd indulged a bit too much last night and was still sleeping.

Sabrina headed straight to Trevor's room and knocked on his door, but met with silence.

Knocking again, she called out, "Trevor? You in there, Trevor?"

There was still no response inside.

Making another attempt, Sabrina called Trevor. Just as she considered hanging up, the call connected.

On the line, Trevor sounded groggy and rasp, as if he'd been roused from sleep. "Hey, Sabrina?"

She was poised to reply when an unexpected female shriek echoed through the call. "Ah!"

There was chaos coming from the other end of the phone.

Amongst the disarray, Sabrina faintly discerned a woman's voice.

"Trevor, what are you doing in my room?"



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