

Chapter 281 Tyrone, Have You Lost Your Mind

"Tyrone!" Jennie's exclamation shattered the prevailing silence.

Jennie was quick to respond, her joyful trot bridging the distance as she inquired, "What brings you here?"

"I've got matters to attend to in this place and come to see you," Tyrone replied, his gaze subtly shifting toward Sabrina.

He adopted a tone that bore both concern and reproach as he continued, "Your wound on your head hasn't fully recovered yet. Your ankle healed just yesterday, and the doctor recommended more rest. Yet, here you are, taking photos. You ought to take care of yourself."

Sabrina suspected that Tyrone's motives were solely driven by her presence but she chose not to unveil his deception.

Instead, she responded composedly, "I'm perfectly fine. Please carry on with your business. We're here to capture some photographs."

Turning her attention to Blayze, she remarked, "Let's proceed. Our guide should be here by now."

As Sabrina exhibited her cold demeanor toward Tyrone, a subtle smile graced Blayze's countenance as he assented, "Certainly."

Before Sabrina could complete her query to Jennie about her companions today, Tyrone interjected, "Where are you headed? It's my first visit to Orden, and I find myself unoccupied now. Care if I tag along?"

Sabrina fixed her gaze upon him.

Undeterred by her scrutiny, Tyrone maintained his stance and added,

"And should you grow weary, I'll gladly offer to carry you."

Casting a sidelong glance at Tyrone, Blayze remarked, "I had presumed that a CEO's schedule would be packed. It's surprising to see you interested in such an activity and even make time for it."

"Blayze, you're more of an expert on managing your time than me. I mean, look at you, you can manage to be a photographer while overseeing the Fowler family," Tyrone stated calmly.

Sabrina playfully pinched Tyrone's waist, flashing a smile in Blayze's direction. "Time isn't on our side. Let's proceed."

Without further ado, Blayze pivoted and departed the hall.

Wayne briefly assessed Tyrone and Sabrina before trailing after Blayze.

Bettie threw a sideways glance at Tyrone and proceeded forward, arm in arm with Aylin. She whispered, "I thought it was annoying enough to see Lance. It seems that Tyrone is as annoying as Lance is."

With everyone gone, Sabrina fixed Tyrone with an icy stare and inquired, "Aren't you joining us? Why are you still here?"

Tyrone effortlessly hoisted Jennie's schoolbag and carried Jennie with a single arm, trailing Sabrina with a hint of remorse in his gaze. "I assumed you'd prefer my absence."

"Humph!" Sabrina retorted with a frigid glance. "Observe my countenance. Do I appear pleased to you?"

Tyrone found himself at a loss for words.

Jennie interjected, "You're not happy."

"I'd rather not reprimand you in front of others," Sabrina admonished Tyrone sternly. "I'll reserve some dignity for you. Once we arrive at our destination, kindly behave yourself, understood?"

Her tone bore the gravity of a teacher scolding an unruly grade schooler.

"Yes," Tyrone replied, touching his nose.

Outside the hotel, a minibus awaited with both a driver and a guide. It was designed for small tourist groups catering to independent guests. Sabrina and her companions had chartered this bus along with its driver and guide.

Tyrone, the final passenger to step into the car, encountered a middle-aged passerby just before entering. This gentleman, wearing a veneer of righteous indignation, extended a reassuring hand to Tyrone's shoulder and declared, "Young man, let me impart some wisdom. You mustn't coddle your wife. Maintain your dignity. How can you allow yourself to be henpecked?"

Tyrone cast a grateful glance at the man and replied, "Thank you. I wholeheartedly embrace that notion."

He secretly relished the interactions between Sabrina and him. Sabrina's occasional pinches and stern glares held a peculiar charm for him. Though it might seem Sabrina disliked him, Tyrone perceived their relationship deepening.

Take, for example, the recent incident where Sabrina wore a polite smile to Blayze while reprimanding him. Sabrina only unveiled her unfiltered emotions to those closest to her.

The man departed, disappointed by Tyrone's response. How could a man lack self-respect to such a degree?

In the bus, which accommodated his towering 6-foot frame, Tyrone had to stoop slightly to fit.

Bettie played a playful prank, opting to sit separately from Aylin. Upon Sabrina's entry into the vehicle, she waved her hand, inviting Sabrina to occupy the adjacent seat. They now sat across the aisle from Aylin.

Tyrone and Jennie found themselves seated in front of Sabrina.

Despite the holiday's end, Orden still beckoned numerous travelers.


Upon reaching the natural scenic area, Sabrina emerged from the car, clutching her camera.

Different scenes demanded different photographic techniques, and as they strolled, Blayze shared his personal preferences. Sabrina listened attentively, while Aylin chimed in with her insights.

Bettie, perplexed by the intricacies of photography, embarked on her own photo-taking venture, willingly stepping into the role of their model.

Tyrone regarded Sabrina with a smoldering undercurrent of resentment before he gallantly escorted Jennie to savor the picturesque surroundings.

Among the bustling array of stalls, vendors peddled local delicacies and keepsakes. A particular stall captured Jennie's curiosity.

"Tyrone, I want this," Jennie proclaimed, standing before a vendor's display, her tongue lightly grazing her lips. 

Tyrone inspected the brand and promptly procured ten delectable treats.

Jennie, being young and possessing a modest appetite, gingerly tore off a small portion to savor unhurriedly.

Tyrone's gaze lifted, shadows clouding his eyes.

Not far off, Sabrina was engrossed in showcasing a freshly snapped photograph to Blayze. Their heads almost touched, drawing them intimately close.

With one hand cradling Jennie, Tyrone hastened to interject their conversation, brandishing a bag. He inquired, "I've brought some extra pieces of cake. Would you care for a taste?"

Sabrina raised her gaze, momentarily enticed by her appetite.

Accepting the bag, she selected a morsel, placed it in her mouth, and turned to Blayze. "Blayze, would you like some?"

Hearing this, Tyrone's countenance momentarily froze, his features darkening.

"I'll pass," Blayze responded with a faint, enigmatic smile.

Sabrina plucked another cake from the bag and delicately put the bag back in Tyrone's hand. She cast her gaze downwards, engrossed in the camera's viewfinder. "Go inquire whether Bettie and Aylin have a hankering for these."

Tyrone carried the bag and absorbed her imperious directives, his demeanor brimming with reluctant compliance. A smoldering resentment flickered in his eyes.

Observing Tyrone's lingering presence, Sabrina raised her head and added, "Oh, don't forget to check with Wayne."

Tyrone found himself rendered momentarily speechless.

As Sabrina strode ahead alone, Tyrone leaned closer, squinting quizzically. "I distinctly recall your claim of your hazy recollections during your days as an exchange student abroad."

"Indeed," Sabrina affirmed, retrieving a cake from the bag Tyrone held and nibbling on it before responding with unwavering seriousness.

"So, how do you recall his name?" Tyrone inquired.

"He told me."

"And you address him as he said? Then why don't you call me Ronie from now on?"

Sabrina peered at Tyrone as if he'd just uttered the most preposterous notion. "Tyrone, have you lost your mind?"

Tyrone was poised to offer a rejoinder but Sabrina, connecting some dots, fixed him with a piercing stare and posed a pointed question, "How

did you come to know about my encounter with him during my time abroad? Did you investigate me?"

"I..." Tyrone's countenance froze and he averted his gaze. "Jennie, would you like to have that? I'll purchase it for you."

Having uttered those words, Tyrone swiftly spirited Jennie away in his arms, not lingering to await Jennie's response.

Sabrina found herself rendered utterly speechless.

In due course, Tyrone returned, bearing a cornucopia of delectable fare, including cakes, pizza, burgers, sandwiches, and assorted snacks. Furthermore, he had procured a selection of trinkets, including key chains.

His watchful eye occasionally flitted toward Sabrina, ensuring he remained close to her.

Completing the transaction, Tyrone retrieved the croquettes from the vendor and offered one to Jennie. He then scanned the surroundings, searching for Sabrina.

Upon spotting her, Tyrone's countenance darkened once more.



Chapter 282 A Perfect Match

Sabrina turned her camera toward Blayze. Several photos on the camera looked good in terms of angle and color. Blayze praised and encouraged her, offering valuable advice.

Despite Sabrina's attempts with varied shooting angles, she struggled to achieve the desired outcome.

Blayze stood behind her to capture the same perspective. With his arms over her shoulders, he expertly angled the camera and taught her how to find the best angles.

But all Tyrone saw was Blayze taking advantage of the situation to get physically closer to Sabrina. To Tyrone, it looked as if Blayze was holding Sabrina in his arms.

Tyrone's eyes narrowed, and his lips formed a tight line. The veins on his forehead bulged in anger. Then he strode toward the two with Jennie by his side.

As Tyrone neared them, Blayze lowered his hands and positioned himself next to Sabrina, both peering at the camera screen. "How about this one?" Blayze inquired.

Sabrina scrutinized the photo on the camera, offering praise with a smile. "Wonderful. This angle of the same scene gives a completely different impression than the one just now. You are indeed an internationally renowned photographer."

Standing close, Blayze admired Sabrina's silky-smooth skin and beautiful eyes, framed by long eyelashes and dark pupils. Her radiant smile was both genuine and sincere.

Blayze was charmed by her grace and beauty. His heart skipped a beat

as he stood so close to her. He had to use all his willpower to resist the urge to reach out and caress her. Gazing into her enchanting eyes, he couldn't help but smile.

Tyrone's face darkened at this sight, his eyes flashing like an impending storm.

Stepping forward, he interrupted them. "Sabrina, I brought you some fried chicken. Would you like some?"

Hearing this, Sabrina turned her head and responded with a smile, "Yes, I'd love some."

She hung the camera around her neck and casually picked up one piece. Dropping it immediately, she complained, "Ouch! It's so hot! I nearly burned my fingers. But I really want to eat it now! I'll have to wait a few minutes for it to cool."

Tyrone couldn't help but smile as he watched Sabrina blow on her fingers, finding her cute. However, his smile disappeared when he looked at Blayze next to him. Clearing his throat, he asked in an icy tone, trying not to appear rude in front of Sabrina, "Mr. Fowler, would you like some?"

"No, thanks. You two go ahead and eat. I'm going over there to take a look at something." Blayze declined with a smile.

Tyrone's eyes darkened as he watched Blayze walk away.

Allowing Blayze to target the Blakely Group in business was one thing. But he couldn't bear the thought of Blayze harboring romantic intentions toward Sabrina.

"I think it's cooled down now," Sabrina said eagerly, looking forward to tasting the fried chicken.

Tyrone snapped back to the present. He promptly handed her the box of fried chicken. Sabrina picked up one and took a bite, continuing to walk.

Tyrone carried Jennie, who was tired, as he strolled alongside Sabrina. Trying to keep the conversation light, he asked, "You're into photography?"

He saw how she smiled at Blayze, her expression genuine and unpretentious. The sincerity of her smile touched him as it came straight from the heart.

It was the first time he had seen her smiling so brightly since they started to go through the divorce.


Blayze was captivated by Sabrina's radiant smile. However, in Tyrone, it only elicited feelings of sadness and bitterness.

Tyrone adored Sabrina's smile. But he was anxious that he wasn't the reason for her happiness. He was concerned that instead of him, someone else was helping her get through her tough times and out of the haze, bringing a smile back to her face.

"Yes, I've liked it since I was a child."

"I haven't seen you spending much time on it before."

Sabrina took a cupcake from the food bag dangling from her finger, brushing the crumbs from her mouth as she ate it. She spoke casually.

"I've never had the time." 

"Why? I remember your university having a photography club. Why didn't you join it?"

After a brief pause, Sabrina glanced at Tyrone and posed a question, "Do you truly want to know why?"

"Of course I do."

"There are two main reasons. The first one is that my father's death was a big blow to me. I couldn't bring myself to touch the camera from that time up until our divorce." Her voice carried a hint of sadness.


"What about the second?"

Sabrina sighed. "Well, the second... I once had a massive crush on someone. I liked him so much that I thought he was perfect in every way. If I had any chance of being with him, I would have to study and work hard to be a worthy match for him. So something like photography was not an option for me to make time for."

Tyrone stiffened, feeling a lump in his throat. His heart ached, and he struggled to breathe.

He had always known that she had a crush on someone. She spoke with such emphasis and passion that he could tell how deeply she felt for this person.

Who the hell was that person? Tyrone couldn't understand why Sabrina, with her impressive educational background and the support of the influential Blakely family, believed that she wasn't good enough for the man she loved. After all, she had graduated from one of the best universities and joined the prestigious Blakely Group. It seemed to him that Sabrina would be a perfect match for anyone.

But unfortunately, that person was oblivious to this so he still had chances. 

Tyrone's throat tightened as he struggled to speak, his voice hoarse and dry. "Did you... Did you ever tell him how you felt?" Tyrone managed to ask, the words catching in his throat.

Sabrina shook her head. "No. He was already deeply in love with someone else when I met him. So I never dared to show my feelings for him."

Tyrone clenched his fists until his knuckles turned white. His heart was bitter, and words escaped him.

He could imagine how Sabrina felt when she saw the man she loved with his girlfriend. She might have forced a smile and swallowed the bitterness and envy. Most probably kept out of their way and remained

silent. Perhaps she cried herself to sleep at night. It must have been painful every time she saw them together. ②

Thinking about all of that broke Tyrone's heart.

The jealousy and envy that Tyrone felt for that man drove him crazy.

Tyrone vowed that if he were the one that Sabrina loved so much, he would never let her suffer like that.

Tyrone took a deep breath to muster the courage to ask. "Do you still have feelings for him now? If he were to pursue you now, would you be with him?" he asked, fearful of her answer.

"No, I wouldn't," she said without hesitation. "Those who observe from the sidelines often see more than those in the game. When I fell for him, I overlooked his flaws and magnified his strengths. After I let go of my feelings, I saw the man for who he truly was. He was a male chauvinist with a narrow-minded and selfish attitude. What's more, he is scum with a lack of moral sense and a tendency to bully those with less power. He had no respect for others."

Oblivious that the person Sabrina once fell for was himself, Tyrone let out a sigh of relief at her words and raised his eyebrows in surprise. "So many flaws? I can't imagine why you fell in love with him in the first place. Thank goodness you've come to your senses now, or you would have been miserable for the rest of your life!" he exclaimed.

Sabrina couldn't hold it in and burst into laughter at the irony of Tyrone's words.

Tyrone was stunned. He looked slightly confused at the smile on her face and then smiled as well. "What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing. I agree with you," Sabrina said with a smile.

She wished she could see the look on his face if he found out he was that guy.

But it was impossible. Sabrina wouldn't tell Tyrone about this, or he would only pursue and pester her even more shamelessly.

Seeing Sabrina's bright smile, Tyrone's smile deepened.

Suddenly, a loud cry pierced the air, causing Sabrina and Tyrone to turn their heads in alarm. "Thief! He took my phone!"

It was Bettie. She was frantically chasing after a man dressed in black.

Many people stopped to watch the scene unfold. Two men joined in the pursuit, hoping to catch the thief, but the thief ran too fast and managed to outrun them.

Tyrone set Jennie down and prepared to chase after the thief when another figure ran past him. Tyrone watched on as the person kicked the thief, tripping him. Then the person snatched the phone from the thief and handed it to Bettie.

Sabrina got a clear look at the "hero" and rolled her eyes while shaking her head.

As Tyrone picked up Jennie again, he noticed Sabrina's reaction and asked in confusion, "He caught the thief. Why are you shaking your head?"

"Because the man who caught the thief is Bettie's ex-boyfriend. She wants nothing to do with him and would rather lose her phone than have any contact with him."

"I see." Tyrone nodded in understanding.

Sabrina continued, "It's like when you got my purse back for me in Norwen."

Tyrone was left speechless, feeling awkward.

Clearing his throat, he mumbled, "You don't have to say the last sentence."