

Chapter 318 That's Tyrone

When Kira emerged from the elegant jewelry boutique, her eyes chanced upon a familiar silhouette in the distance.

With a graceful pivot, she turned to investigate, only to find that the enigmatic figure had gracefully vanished behind the entrance of a nearby establishment.

Kira cast her gaze upward and discerned that it was a bar.

Did Sabrina just go to the bar?

Embarking on a tentative path forward, Kira allowed her inquisitive eyes to scan the surroundings. Lo and behold, the unmistakable sight of Sabrina's automobile greeted her gaze.

A notion crossed Kira's mind, prompting her to produce her smartphone and initiate a phone call.

During the daytime, the bar exuded a tranquil emptiness, with only a handful of industrious staff bustling to and fro, ferrying boxes laden with merchandise.

Behind the bar counter, the bartender was diligently restocking the assortment of ingredients with precision.

Sabrina, with an air of quiet determination, proceeded to request several bottles of wine. Seating herself with an air of purpose, she deftly uncorked one of the bottles and expertly poured herself a generous portion.

As the bittersweet elixir coursed down her throat, Sabrina's countenance contorted ever so slightly, bearing witness to the lingering anguish and sorrow that refused to be assuaged.

Desperate to find solace, she consumed a few more glasses of the wine.

In that poignant moment, the spectral visage of her towering father materialized before her, both intimately familiar and hauntingly distant. Unbidden, tears welled up in Sabrina's eyes.

At long last, she believed herself to be on the precipice of securing justice for her beloved father.

But, alas, the truth had proved to be far more harrowing than her imaginings.

Her once stalwart and formidable father had not fallen victim to the machinations of heartless capitalists. Instead, he had become unwittingly ensnared in a web of intrigue utterly unrelated to him. He had met his untimely demise amidst a power struggle within the Blakely family and Galilea's insatiable pursuit of money and status. He had perished in a kidnapping scheme he had unknowingly participated in and had been slain by the very "victim" he had endeavored to aid.

Sabrina found herself yearning for the simpler explanation that her father had fallen prey to ruthless capitalists.

Alas, no solace could be found in this revelation and her heart remained heavy with sorrow.

Sabrina gracefully raised the glass to her lips again and indulged in a succession of sips.

She found herself ensnared in a trance-like reverie, as though Tyrone himself had materialized before her very eyes.

A furrow etched upon her brow as Sabrina clung to the glass, her delicate hand sweeping through the air to dispel the spectral apparition that persisted.

Tyrone's spectral presence lingered like a relentless specter, an ever-present haunting in her thoughts.

How could he have failed to see through Galilea's deceit?

The years of deception at Galilea's hands weighed heavily upon her, leaving Sabrina feeling a bewildering mix of sympathy, self

-pity, and irony.

The notion of Tyrone, the Blakely Group's esteemed chairman, being so thoroughly deceived appeared preposterous.

In her inebriated state, Sabrina lost count of her indulgence. Her cheeks adorned a rosy hue and her vision had become a painter's blurred canvas.

Rarely did she succumb to the embrace of inebriation, yet today seemed to beckon it with a siren's call, blurring the boundaries of her consciousness.

Three young gentlemen made their entrance, their eyes scanning the dimly lit expanse of the bar with purpose. It didn't take them long to spot Sabrina amidst the subdued ambiance.

Wordless communication passed between the trio as they made a beeline for Sabrina's table.

"Dear lady, why do you sip your sorrow in solitude?" remarked a man with stylish, spiky hair, as he gracefully settled into the seat opposite Sabrina. His gaze, slightly intoxicated, found her beauty irresistible.

The other two gentlemen positioned themselves, one to her right and the other standing tall to her left.

Sabrina carefully lowered her glass, regarding the trio with a hint of consternation. She spoke with a modicum of annoyance. "Excuse me. I seek solitude in this moment. Would you kindly refrain from disturbing me?"

The intrusion felt particularly irksome in the broad light of day. Infuriating, indeed.

"Hey, if there's sorrow that burdens your heart, share it with us and we shall endeavor to alleviate it," the man implored, his companions nodding in agreement.

But Sabrina, wearied and vexed, repeated her plea, "I insist, please, just leave me be."

She gingerly massaged her temple, seeking respite from the unwelcome intrusion.

"What if we choose not to depart?" boldly inquired the man, his audacious words hanging in the air like a challenge.

In the wake of a brief pause, Sabrina, swaying slightly, mustered the resolve to rise from her seat, intent on making her exit.

To her dismay, the man on the left interposed himself, blocking her path. "And where might you be headed, my dear beauty? I shall accompany you," he declared with an impish grin.

"To settle the bill."

"There's no need for you to concern yourself with the tab," the man retorted, his voice laced with a hint of insidious charm. "Why not linger a while longer?"

Growing increasingly exasperated, Sabrina raised her voice, summoning a waiter. "Waiter!"

Emerging from the depths of the establishment, two waiters, having just transported boxes, responded to her call.

Observing the situation, one of the waiters stepped forward, casting a measured glance at the trio. "How may we assist you, madam?"

"I wish to settle my bill but these gentlemen seem unwilling to allow my departure," Sabrina explained, her frustration evident.

The waiter appealed to the obstinate intruders, "Kindly step aside and refrain from causing any further disturbance, sir."

"Fuck off!" retorted the man with the spiky hair, abruptly and menacingly interrupting the waiter. His fierce warning hung heavily in the air.

"Bro, calm down..."

"Who do you think you are, calling me 'bro'?" the man with the

spiky hair retorted with disdain. "Attend to your own affairs!"

"Sir, if you persist in creating a scene, we shall have no choice but to ask you to leave," the waiter cautioned.

With a haughty raise of his eyebrows, the man with the spiky hair advanced menacingly. "What's that? How dare you drive me out?"

The man to the left couldn't resist joining the fray, gesturing at the waiter. "How dare you treat Kody like this! Summon your manager at once!"

Similarly, the man to the right chimed in, "Are you new here? Don't you recognize Kody's significance?"

Yet another waiter intervened in an attempt to mediate the escalating dispute.

But Kody and his cohorts remained unyielding, refusing to let Sabrina go.

Recognizing a fleeting opportunity, Sabrina seized it and swiftly made her escape from the tumultuous scene they had created.

As Sabrina took her initial strides toward freedom, Kody made an abrupt pivot, his fingers enveloping her delicate wrist. "My dear beauty, do not be hasty in your departure," he purred, his grip surprisingly tenacious.

"Release me!" Sabrina implored, her efforts to break free proving futile in her semi-intoxicated state.

Her voice, while unyielding, lacked its usual commanding force.

"I shall liberate you on one condition: indulge me with a drink," he proposed, a sly glint in his eyes.

Sabrina scoffed. "Dream on!"

Kody's mirth evaporated, his demeanor taking a more sinister turn. "Hey! You leave me no choice but to be rude!"

With a forceful tug, Sabrina found herself recoiling into the booth.

Undeterred, Kody swiftly poured a glass of wine and positioned it before her. "Drink it," he commanded.

Sabrina, however, lifted her gaze to meet his, her lips tightly pursed, an unwavering silence her chosen response.

The standoff between them intensified, casting an ominous shadow over the atmosphere.

"What's going on here?"

A sudden interruption shattered the impasse. A voice, originating from a nearby vicinity, pierced through the tension.

All heads swiveled in unison toward the source of the sound.

Kody arched an eyebrow and inquired, "Who might you be?"

Sabrina, momentarily caught off guard, experienced a spark of recognition. Her eyes lit up and she exclaimed, "Tyrone!"

In an instant, her prior antipathy toward Tyrone dissipated, replaced by a sense of relief and gratitude that he had arrived in the nick of time.

Kody regarded the newcomer with a prolonged, assessing gaze, eventually breaking into a placating smile as he spoke. "Could you be Tyrone Blakely, the esteemed president of the Blakely Group? It is an absolute honor to cross paths with you in this establishment."

Yet the man remained silent, neither confirming nor denying the accusation. His gaze, ice-cold and unyielding, bore into Kody as he delivered his command, "Get out of here. Hurry up!"

A fleeting transformation swept across the countenance of Kody, his initial urge to retort ultimately yielding to restraint. With an air of compliance, he yielded, remarking, "Very well, I shall take my leave. Mr. Blakely, the course of action is yours to

determine."

As they exited the establishment, the other two men couldn't help but express their curiosity to Kody, "Was that truly Tyrone?"

Kody contemplated for a moment before affirming, "I believe it was him."

"Indeed, he bore a resemblance but not an exact one. He seemed somewhat different from the man in the news," one of them remarked.

Kody elucidated, "The images in the media have likely undergone some manipulation. The woman is his former wife, Sabrina. As for that man, there's no doubt."

"His identity is inconsequential. Anyway, we got the money."

The trio left, leaving Sabrina exhaling a sigh of relief. She squinted her eyes and smiled, directing her gratitude toward the man, "Tyrone, I must thank you for your timely arrival. You're forgiven for a few minutes."

The man approached, taking a seat opposite Sabrina, his demeanor earnest as he posed a question, "Do you know who I am?"

In the brief pause that ensued, Sabrina blinked, a hint of incredulity tinging her voice, "Tyrone, have you lost your senses?"

Blayze remained silent, his heart heavy with the realization that Sabrina's recognition of him as Tyrone had been a product of her inebriation.

Lowering his head, his eyes cloaked in shadows, Blayze grappled with the weight of the truth.