

Chapter 320 I'm Safe, Leave Me Alone

Blayze reclined gracefully upon the plush sofa, a sleek laptop stationed before him, his mind engrossed in labor.

Startled, Sabrina roused herself, her gaze sweeping the room in astonishment.

The room bore conspicuous traces of habitation, distinct from the aura of a freshly occupied space.

With a curiosity that danced in her voice, she inquired, "Why am I here?"

Blayze found himself momentarily at a loss for words, finally responding, "What is your surmise?"

Following a contemplative pause, Sabrina ventured, "Did you retrieve me from the bar?"

It was not Tyrone but Blayze, who had come to her aid on that occasion. She had drunk a fair amount. Had she erred in her judgment?

Blayze arched an eyebrow, offering no denial.

"Blayze, I extend my heartfelt gratitude for your assistance."

Sabrina, her countenance tinged with bashfulness, tentatively inquired, "In my inebriation, did I utter anything that may have offended you?"

Such as calling Blayze Tyrone?

Though the case of mistaken identity held no grave consequence, it remained discourteous to the unrecognized, especially one such as Blayze.

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Delicately, she retrieved the down jacket from the paper bag and unfurled it. It was a crisp, short, white garment.

She gingerly unzipped it, draping it over her form and then checking her reflection before the full-length mirror. "Your secretary certainly possesses exquisite taste."

Blayze remained silent, rendered wordless by her response.

Subsequently, Sabrina shed the down jacket, ventured into the bathroom and attended to her face, dabbing away makeup with a tissue.

The visage that gazed back at her bore no trace of cosmetics. She scrutinized her reflection and found the scar on her face to be less conspicuous than anticipated.

She smoothed her hair and concealed her face with a veil of modesty.

Upon her return from the bathroom, she surveyed the room and spotted her phone resting on the bedside table. She approached it, lifted it and pressed the power button.

Huh? Her phone had run out of battery?

She pressed the power button once more, and the device came to life, revealing that it still possessed half its charge.

With an uncanny sense of her inner thoughts, Blayze chimed in, "I noticed a persistent stream of calls directed your way. Fearing it might rouse you from your slumber, I took the liberty of silencing your phone. I hope you did not miss anything important."

"Thanks."

The call records were shown instantly.

Sabrina meticulously perused the extensive roster of incoming calls, each one bearing Tyrone's name.

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"No, not in the slightest," Blayze responded, his smile reassurance itself.

Sabrina breathed a sigh of relief, murmuring, "That is a relief."

Blayze's countenance took on a wry twist as he admitted, "But you did throw up all over me."

"What? Well..."

Sabrina was taken aback.

"What? Your jacket bore witness to the aftermath of your indisposition. I took it upon myself to dispose of it."

With a contrite smile, Sabrina gingerly extricated herself from the covers and stood. "I apologize profusely... And how much was your attire? I will gladly compensate you."

"You needn't trouble yourself with that. I possess substantial wealth."

To Blayze, a mere garment hardly registered as significant. After a moment's reflection, Sabrina proposed, "How about I treat you to dinner tonight?"

Given Blayze's assistance in apprehending Hobson and his aid at the bar, it seemed only fitting for Sabrina to extend an invitation to dine.

Blayze lifted his gaze to meet hers. "Sounds great."

Pointing at the paper bag resting on the sofa, he remarked, "By the way, I arranged for the acquisition of that new down jacket for you. What are your thoughts? Is it to your liking?"

"You have an impeccable sense of style."

"It was actually my secretary who made the selection."

Sabrina's praise was misdirected.

Speechless, Sabrina stood there, at a loss for words.

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With an intent and meaningful gaze, Blayze inquired, "Why not pick up the call?"

Sabrina responded with casual nonchalance, "It's nothing important."

Her declaration was barely uttered when her phone erupted in a persistent ringtone.

It was Tyrone once more.

"Why don't you answer it? There could be something significant," Blayze suggested, his voice tinged with concern. "I recall that Hobson is scheduled to arrive in Mathias this afternoon. He might have unearthed some information."

Contemplating the unsettling truths she had uncovered earlier this day, Sabrina pursed her lips and terminated the call. "It's nothing. I don't need to take it."

A subtle smile graced Blayze's countenance.

The evening had descended, the clock nearing seven.

"Shall we depart? Where do you reside? I can give you a lift," Blayze kindly offered.

Sabrina relayed the name of her residential community.

Upon reaching the community's entrance, Sabrina alighted from the car, extending a wave to Blayze. She expressed her gratitude, stating, "Thank you, Blayze. It's getting late. Have a safe drive home. Bye."

"See you next time," Blayze responded.

It was only as Sabrina entered the community that Blayze drove away.

Sabrina reactivated her phone and entered the building.

A plethora of missed calls adorned her call log.

Evidently, he had grown increasingly anxious since he was unable to establish contact with her.

Should she return his calls?

While Sabrina wrestled with this dilemma, Blayze concluded his laptop activities and gracefully stood. "Shall we venture forth for dinner?"

The clock had already ticked past four in the afternoon, and by the time they reached the restaurant, it would be approaching the more auspicious hour of five.

"Okay," Sabrina agreed, donning her down jacket and slipping her phone into her pocket.

Sabrina assumed the mantle of decision-maker when it came to their dining destination.

Having admitted that he had not traversed the streets of Mathias in quite some time, Blayze sought Sabrina's recommendation. She, in turn, chose an upscale establishment.

As they indulged in the fare, Blayze couldn't help but lavish praise upon the delectable flavors.

In the midst of their repast, Sabrina's phone, resting upon the table, sprung to life with a familiar ringtone.

She retrieved it, discovering Tyrone's name flashing on the screen.

Sabrina hesitated momentarily, then opted to decline the call.

Uncertain of what words to exchange with Tyrone, she contemplated her response.

After careful deliberation, she composed a message for Tyrone, saying, "I'm safe, please leave me alone."

Having dispatched the message, Sabrina placed her phone back on the table, offering a warm smile to Blayze.

All of them were from Tyrone.

Facing the elevator, Sabrina contemplated her options. She glanced at the ascending button, then at her phone's screen. After a moment's hesitation, she initiated a call to Tyrone.

After a brief interlude, the unmistakable ringtone chimed softly from beside her.

Sabrina swiftly responded, eyes glued to her phone screen. When she finally looked up and found herself ensnared in Tyrone's piercing gaze, she was taken aback.

"Tyrone! How... Why didn't you make any noise just now?" Her voice quivered with surprise.

She had scrutinized her phone so intently moments ago, convinced that the person waiting for the elevator next to her was someone else entirely.

Tyrone, a cigarette dangling from his fingers, regarded Sabrina with intense, searching eyes. His gaze lingered on her face. Her face revealed subtle scars with varying shades beneath the overhead light.

He couldn't help but recall her meticulously applied makeup from this morning at the police station.

Her once-tied ponytail now draped on her shoulder freely, and her attire had undergone a transformation.

Beneath Tyrone's eyes, a fleeting glimmer of pain surfaced, only to be swiftly overshadowed by an aura of hostility, like a trapped beast in the throes of a relentless struggle.

His brow furrowed and he clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles emitted an audible creak. He stood there, silently regarding Sabrina.

After a few heartbeats, Tyrone ambled toward the space between the two elevator doors, extinguishing his cigarette against the rim of a nearby trash can with vigorous force. The

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sparks vanished as the cigarette was crushed and broken.

Following his line of sight, Sabrina noticed an accumulation of cigarette butts atop the trash can, while the floor was veiled in a layer of ash.

Sabrina shivered, feeling as though it weren't the cigarette but rather herself that had been crushed by Tyrone.

Involuntarily, she took a step back, swallowing hard. "Tyrone, what's the matter with you?"

Was he acting so peculiar merely because she hadn't answered his calls?

Tyrone pivoted, his gaze fixed upon Sabrina, each stride measured as he approached her. He wrestled to subdue his impulses, addressing her in a raspy voice, each word carrying weight, "Where have you been since departing from the police station earlier today?"

An assertive, masculine presence, tainted by the pungent aroma of cigarettes, seemed to envelop her. Instinctively, Sabrina held her breath and replied, "I simply took a drive."

"And what else?" he probed.

"I indulged in some drinks at a bar," she retorted.

Tyrone persisted, his voice relentless, "And what else?"

Sabrina arched an eyebrow, her resolve unwavering. "I see no need to furnish you with a detailed account of my activities."

With those words still lingering, the elevator doors slid open.

Sabrina prepared to step inside.