

## Chapter 323 Seduction

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How could she have found herself so easily enchanted by him! ☹

Oh, goodness! Tyrone was the embodiment of seduction.

As she stepped into the shower, her eyes fell upon the marks adorning the inner side of her thigh, intensifying her sense of shame.

Ah! The melancholy from yesterday morning still clung to her. Why had everything shifted overnight?

It was Tyrone who had orchestrated this transformation!

Sabrina made every effort to cleanse her mind of these thoughts.

After tidying herself up, she exited the room gracefully, as though nothing untoward had occurred.

The living room was vacant, devoid of any presence.

Curiosity piqued, Sabrina scanned the room, pondering if Tyrone had departed.

Just then, the rhythmic sound of chopping emanated from the kitchen.

Oh, he hadn't left.

Her pajamas lay strewn across the sofa. She approached and picked them up. But as she turned around, she abruptly halted.

A conspicuous damp spot marked the sofa.

That precise location...

A crimson blush graced Sabrina's cheeks.

Surveying her surroundings, she casually tossed a pillow onto the spot.

Fearing the pillow might not suffice as a cover, she circumvented the sofa, meticulously adjusting its placement. Only when she was certain that nothing was exposed did she finally breathe a sigh of relief.

However, she was afraid that she couldn't keep this sofa...

Sabrina felt fortunate that Bettie had not been present last night.

Indeed, Tyrone would not have dared to act so audaciously had Bettie been in attendance.

Feigning inebriation, he had appeared oblivious, though he was well-informed of Bettie's whereabouts. Damn it.

"Breakfast is served," said Tyrone as he emerged from the kitchen, carrying a plate which he placed upon the table. "What are you doing over there?"

Sabrina executed a graceful about-face, casting an accusatory glare in his direction and then retreated to the room, pajamas in tow.

Tyrone's gaze descended from her departing figure to the pillow resting on the sofa, a subtle smile dancing in his eyes.

Sabrina was utterly endearing.

In the past, she had given him the impression of being docile and sensible, perhaps because she had been residing in his household after her father's demise back then.

However, following their divorce, he had gradually unearthed another facet of her character.

This hidden side of her had remained concealed during their marriage for the simple reason that she had not harbored any affection for him.

The contemplation of this fact made Tyrone's face froze.

What version of her had she presented to the person she had loved during her university days?

Would she have been vivacious, exuberant and delightful?

Or would she have donned a cloak of silence and reserve?

His fists clenched involuntarily.

Normally, Sabrina should not have fallen for a man who already had a girlfriend. But she had and it seemed she was destined for a clandestine and ultimately fruitless love affair.

Yet, in Tyrone's eyes, Sabrina was flawless, making him question the questionable taste of the man she had loved.

Sabrina was an exceptional woman and it was galling that the man in question didn't recognize her worth.

If only he knew who that man was. Tyrone felt compelled to assess the current state of that man's existence. He was certain that the man must be leading an unhappy life!

At this time, Sabrina emerged from the room and took her place at the table.

Tyrone swiftly prepared some modest sandwiches and warmed two cups of milk.

"Give them a try and tell me what you think."

Sabrina delicately savored a single bite of the sandwich, finding it quite delectable.

She gently pursed her lips, gingerly returning the sandwich to its resting place on the plate. With an exaggerated sigh, she remarked, "Oh, this tastes dreadful."

"If it doesn't suit your palate, there's no need to force it. What would you like to eat instead? I can whip something up, or shall we dine out?" Tyrone inquired.

Sabrina pondered for a brief moment before suggesting, "I believe there's some mutton in the refrigerator. Could you prepare a mutton soup?"

Tyrone was momentarily rendered speechless.

"I can learn to make it now," he offered.

"Never mind. Let's just dine out," Sabrina said.

Tyrone promptly responded, "I recall there's a restaurant on Scholar Avenue that serves delectable mutton dishes..."

"I'm well aware," Sabrina retorted, narrowing her eyes at him.

Tyrone chuckled, touched his nose, donned his coat and accompanied her out.

During their journey, they happened upon a dessert shop. Sabrina's voice rang out, "Pull over, please. I'm craving some durian cakes."

Tyrone expertly maneuvered his car to a parking spot by the roadside and said, "Wait for a moment. I'll fetch some for you. Is there anything else you desire?"

"No, thanks," Sabrina replied.

Tyrone unbuckled his seat belt and exited the vehicle.

A mere ten minutes later, he returned, presenting a bag to Sabrina. "These are fresh durian cakes."

Sabrina accepted the bag, opened it and playfully chided, "Why did you take so long?"

"There was a considerable queue," Tyrone explained.

Sabrina responded with a huff, picking up a durian cake and taking a bite.

Before long, the car interior was filled with the unmistakable aroma of durian.

Tyrone didn't particularly despise the scent of durian but in the confined space of the car, it became somewhat overwhelming.

Just as he contemplated rolling down the window, Sabrina beat him to it. "I'm feeling chilly. Please turn up the heat."

Tyrone found himself at a loss for words.

Very well, he thought.

The once sweet and sensible girl had transformed into quite a handful.

Tyrone wore an affectionate yet somewhat helpless smile. Nonetheless, he was profoundly content.

He had feared that, after the events of the previous night, she might come to resent him and choose to ignore him. In comparison, the current minor retribution felt almost pleasant, like a charming game.

Upon their arrival at the Scholar Avenue restaurant, Sabrina hastened ahead, entering the establishment before Tyrone.

After parking the car and joining her inside, he discovered Sabrina seated at the most conspicuous spot in the restaurant's dining hall.

Tyrone rarely dined in the open area of restaurants, let alone in a place where one's presence was immediately noticed upon entering.

He approached and placed the car keys on the table. "Wouldn't you prefer a private room?"

Lifting her gaze, Sabrina replied, "I like it here."

Tyrone found himself once again at a loss for words.

Perhaps he shouldn't have asked.

He took a seat opposite her and inquired, "Have you already placed an order?"

"Yes," she affirmed.

It wasn't long before Tyrone comprehended the full scope of Sabrina's "Yes."

She had ordered nearly every dish on the menu, to the point that their table could scarcely accommodate them all. The waiter had to provide an additional table for their meal.

Moreover, the restaurant predominantly featured mutton-based dishes, including spicy mutton and stewed mutton, among others.

Other diners in the restaurant couldn't help but cast curious glances in their direction.

The pervasive aroma of mutton filled Tyrone's nostrils. With an impassive countenance, Tyrone picked up his fork and offered, "Please, go ahead."

Sabrina cast a fleeting glance in his direction before indulging in her meal.

It didn't escape Sabrina's notice that Tyrone wasn't partaking in the feast with much enthusiasm.

Exasperated, she rolled her eyes and deposited a succulent piece of mutton onto his plate. "Give it a taste."

Tyrone hesitated momentarily, then acquiesced, "Alright."

As he consumed the morsel, Sabrina proceeded to load his plate with more mutton until it was overflowing.

With a satisfied grin, she proclaimed, "Savor every bite."

Tyrone found himself once again rendered speechless.

During this meal, Tyrone devoured more mutton than he had consumed in his entire lifetime.

After they had finished dining, Tyrone occupied the driver's seat and inquired, "Heading back, or shall we take a leisurely stroll?"

Sabrina responded, her tone tinged with irony, "Let's make a detour to the furniture store and buy a sofa."

"Alright," Tyrone agreed.

Noticing his unchanging expression, Sabrina couldn't help but snort and sent a text message to Bettie on her phone, saying, "Bettie, I

accidentally spilled a drink on the sofa yesterday and it's beyond repair. I have to buy a new one."

Bettie took it lightly, replying, "I've been wanting a new one, too. Once you've made a selection, show it to me."

"Of course."

Upon arriving at the furniture store, a welcoming sales assistant began to elucidate the various sofa materials available, including genuine leather, synthetic leather, and fabric, among others.

Curious, the sales assistant inquired, "Which type of material are you both interested in?"

"Leather," Tyrone promptly replied, preempting Sabrina.

Sabrina promptly contradicted him, stating, "I prefer fabric."

Tyrone pursed his lips and, mindful of the sales assistant, whispered into Sabrina's ear, "Fabric isn't a practical choice."

"Why not?" Sabrina inquired.

"If it gets wet, we'll have to replace it. Leather, on the other hand, can be easily wiped clean."

Damn it! Sabrina shot him an irritated glare. The scoundrel!

