

## Chapter 325 I Like You

Upon becoming Sergio's beloved, Marnie embarked on a quest to delve deeper into the enigmatic realm of the Blakely family and, in doing so, she stumbled upon a collection of Tyrone's photographs scattered across the internet.

Yet, she found herself unprepared for the unexpected sight of Tyrone and Sabrina embarking on a shopping excursion together, despite their divorce. A bewildering question arose within her. Could this rendezvous be signaling a rekindling of their affections?

With grace and warmth, Sabrina initiated the introductions, her voice carrying the weight of approval. "Tyrone, allow me to present you to Marnie, Sergio's girlfriend."

Tyrone, however, remained inscrutable, his response shrouded in silence. In the midst of this delicate exchange, Marnie experienced a touch of discomfort, subtly conveying her emotions with a fleeting glance toward Sabrina.

Ever the mediator, Sabrina endeavored to alleviate the tension. "He's always been like this. It's not a reflection on you, dear."

Marnie responded with a stiff nod, deftly steering the conversation into calmer waters. "Miss Chavez, would you care to step inside and explore? We've just received a delightful array of new arrivals."

"Sure," Sabrina acquiesced after a brief pause.

With an inviting smile, Marnie guided them inside, introducing Sabrina to new clothes with enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, Tyrone followed suit, cradling a bundle of dolls in his embrace.

As the temperature outside gradually warmed, signaling the arrival of spring, Sabrina selected a dress and proceeded toward the fitting room. Tyrone remained outside, waiting patiently.

Observing Tyrone's back, Marnie approached him with an inquisitive smile. "Tyrone, are plans of matrimony with Miss Chavez in the air?"

Tyrone responded with detached indifference, his words carrying a hint of reproach. "I have a preference for individuals who respect personal boundaries."

Marnie's complexion paled and she hastened to clarify, "I didn't mean..." Yet, before she could complete her sentence, Tyrone cast a chilly, dismissive glance in her direction, silencing her abruptly.

Unexpectedly, a stranger extended a friendly hand to pat Tyrone's shoulder from behind. "Brother?" The newcomer's voice held an element of surprise.

Tyrone shifted slightly and regarded the unfamiliar woman before him with a quizzical expression.

Raising an eyebrow, he inquired, "Have we crossed paths before?"

The woman possessed a striking countenance, adorned in the latest fashion trends and carrying a limited-edition bag at her side, indicating a lack of ulterior motives in her approach.

With clarity now dawning upon her, the young woman found herself taken aback upon recognizing Tyrone.

In response, Tyrone's eyes darkened, a shroud of mystery descending once more.

The woman suddenly snapped back to reality, her cheeks blushing with embarrassment as she wore an apologetic expression. "My sincere apologies. I mistook you for someone else. You bear an uncanny resemblance to my cousin."

She had previously encountered a man on the internet who bore an astonishing likeness to her cousin and that man was none other than Tyrone.

She had watched Tyrone's public address, finding it to be nearly as eloquent as her cousin's.

The gentleman before her seemed even more of a Tyrone doppelgänger than her cousin.

Tyrone's countenance darkened and he pivoted on his heel, retreating in silence.

"Wait!" The woman halted him and approached, holding her phone aloft. "May I extend a friend request to you on Facebook?"

She swiftly noticed his attire, exquisitely tailored and evidently of opulent origin. The timepiece adorning his right wrist, glimpsed while he cradled the doll, bore the prestigious mark of a globally renowned limited edition.

Therefore, it was clear that he was a person of considerable stature, possibly even the enigmatic Tyrone.

Tyrone declined gracefully, his words laced with courtesy. "No, thanks. I prefer not to connect with strangers on Facebook."

With the doll in tow, he relocated to another seat.

The woman's gaze lingered upon his departing figure, a tinge of anger flickering in her eyes. She glanced at Tyrone and then turned to Marnie. "Do you happen to have any new merchandise in your establishment?"

Marnie perceived an underlying intent to captivate Tyrone in the woman's demeanor, which did not sit well with her. "They are located over there. You can peruse them at your leisure."

The woman's expression shifted, her face registering surprise at the unexpected curt tone. Why was the Mathias shop assistant so

discourteous?

Were it not for her desire to maintain her image in front of Tyrone, she might have contemplated summoning the manager to voice her displeasure.

With a final glance at Tyrone, the woman spun on her heel and departed, leaving a trail of unresolved intrigue in her wake.

Sabrina emerged from the fitting room, swathed in a brand-new, elegant long dress, and meticulously adjusted her collar before the full-length mirror.

Stepping forward with an appreciative smile, Marnie extolled, "Miss Chavez, your figure is truly remarkable. This dress complements you exquisitely."

Sabrina, positioned slightly away from the mirror, scrutinized her reflection before turning gracefully. "It's quite satisfactory."

Her physique possessed impeccable proportions. In truth, any attire she donned would adorn her flawlessly.

Tyrone approached, casting his discerning gaze upon her mirrored image. "You radiate sheer beauty in this ensemble. You don't need to take it off. Just wear it."

"Very well."

With a fluid motion, she extracted her sweater and short skirt from the fitting room, neatly folding them. She then slipped into her overcoat and proceeded to the counter to settle the bill.

Observing this, Marnie cast an encouraging glance toward Tyrone, gently suggesting, "Why not explore more wardrobe options? Your physique is perfectly suited for a variety of styles."

Tyrone maintained his silence.

Sabrina said with a warm smile, "I have some matters to attend to. Perhaps I'll come back later."

"Of course," Marnie responded as she escorted them toward the exit. "Please take care."

Once they departed, Marnie returned to her shop duties. A fellow employee approached her leisurely and remarked, "Marnie, it seems those two individuals were..."

Marnie nodded nonchalantly, as if accustomed to such encounters. "Indeed, it's them. My boyfriend's brother and his wife."

"I must say, you're quite fortunate to have such an impressive boyfriend." Marnie offered a modest smile. "There's nothing extraordinary to envy. Merging into a wealthy family is no straightforward endeavor."

"Even with ordinary families, it's no walk in the park!"

After a brief exchange, the two colleagues parted ways, the latter discreetly rolling her eyes in response to Marnie's newfound sense of belonging within Sergio's affluent family, despite the brevity of their relationship.

The prospect of Marnie marrying Sergio remained uncertain, casting a veil of ambiguity over their future.

Upon exiting the store, Sabrina couldn't help but notice Tyrone's continued aloofness. "What's troubling you?" she inquired, her voice laced with concern.

Tyrone, ever the blunt one, quipped, "Sergio's taste leaves much to be desired."

Her response remained elusive, a whirlwind of thoughts swirling within. Recollections of Claire's grievances resurfaced in her mind.

At that time, Sergio had been preoccupied with his work and it had been

an extended period since Claire's fateful encounter. Common sense dictated that Claire should have confided in Sergio regarding that day's events, yet Sergio had taken no action, leaving her to wonder if he harbored an unconventional preference.

"Perhaps Sergio likes women of this ilk."

Tyrone nodded in agreement, adding a playful twist, "And as for me, I like you."

Sabrina countered with a disdainful glare, sensing a shift in Tyrone's demeanor. When had he regressed to such a puerile state?

The day unfolded leisurely, marked by their tardy awakening and a leisurely noon repast. The languorous afternoon dissolved into evening.

Their dinner comprised a serving of noodles, much to Tyrone's chagrin, as his typically handsome countenance contorted with discomfort.

How could something as simple as noodles taste so unpalatable?

In that moment, Tyrone even found himself contemplating that perhaps mutton was a more agreeable option.

Post-dinner, they embarked on a leisurely stroll through the bustling streets.

"Are you heading back?" Tyrone inquired.

Sabrina shook her head, her gaze resting upon him as she beamed. "I have a yearning to go to the bar."

After a contemplative pause, he responded, "Indulging in nighttime drinks isn't advisable."

"If you don't, then I will."

Be it due to concern for Sabrina's well-being or his own health, he could not partake in the consumption of alcohol.

Noticing his continued silence, Sabrina huffed in frustration. "If you

won't come, I shall go on my own!"

Twenty minutes later, they arrived at the basement bar within the confines of the club, carefully selecting a booth in which to take their seats.

Sabrina delicately savored a sip of her chosen wine, while a steaming glass of hot water awaited Tyrone at his place setting.

The ambiance of the bar was bathed in dim, sultry lighting, with kaleidoscopic beams emanating from the dance floor. On the stage, a spirited rock vocalist poured his heart into his performance, captivating a throng of enraptured onlookers.

Rock and roll failed to resonate with Sabrina's sensibilities, her musical inclinations leaning toward nostalgic melodies of yore.

An inspired notion seized her, prompting her to gently nudge Tyrone's arm.

Curious, Tyrone inquired, "What's on your mind?"

"Take to the stage and grace us with a song," she proposed with a glint of mischief in her eye.

Tyrone momentarily froze, disbelief etched on his countenance. Recognizing her sincerity, he replied, "I'm afraid I can't do that. It's generally not permitted for regular patrons to ascend the stage..."

"Are you truly a run-of-the-mill guest? If memory serves me right, this establishment is under Tyson's proprietorship," she remarked, arching an eyebrow.

Tyrone found himself grappling for a response, taken aback by her astute recollection.

In the midst of Tyrone's phone call, Tyson was engrossed in a card game with his friend.

Upon glimpsing the caller ID, Tyson silenced his poker companion and answered the call, "Hello, Tyrone, what's up?"

Tyrone's explanation was succinct, leaving Tyson puzzled as he mused aloud, "It's rather peculiar. Why the sudden desire to take the stage and sing?"

"Cut the crap."

"Very well, I'll contact them immediately."

Tyson concluded the call.

"Tyrone? He wants to sing on stage?"

"That's correct," Tyson affirmed, dialing a number to make the arrangements.

"It's rather out of character for him. What's prompting this desire to perform on the bar's stage?" The man expressed his surprise.

Eddie curled his lip in derision. "What other motives could there possibly be?"

Naturally, it revolved around Sabrina!

Eddie couldn't help but observe the profound transformation that had overtaken Tyrone in the last six months. Tyrone was smitten with Sabrina to the point of overlooking Galilea's detainment. How could Galilea conspire with Rowell? He refused to believe that.

