

Chapter 339 Where He Could Go

In the hotel room, Sierra paced the living room with an air of restlessness.

Tyrone made a hasty exit!

She wanted to see where he could go!

She pondered the futility of his escape attempt. Blayze had enlisted a vigilant sleuth to track Tyrone, ensuring the inevitable apprehension.

Sierra advanced toward the emergency exit, her steps imbued with patience.

The environment exuded an eerie chill, cloaking everything in obscurity.

She found herself in a quandary.

Over 30 floors separated her from the ground. Could Tyrone truly have descended from this vantage point?

"Miss?" A voice startled her from the shadows.

Sierra recoiled in astonishment, instinctively clutching her chest and retreating a couple of steps.

Cautiously, she ventured closer, peering around the stairwell's corner to discern a figure.

With an emphatic stomp, the light was illuminated.

Before Sierra stood a young woman, her countenance pallid, her eyes tinged with red, a manifestation of the gloom veiling her disposition.

"You gave me quite a start," Sierra exhaled with relief.

The woman retorted, "I believe you were peering in my direction."

"How long have you been here?" Sierra inquired with haste.

"Approximately half an hour," the woman replied.

Sierra hurriedly asked, "Did you happen to witness a man passing by? He's tall and rather handsome."

The woman shook her head, her expression vacant. "No, I've seen no one traverse these stairs since I arrived. Ascending over 30 floors on foot is not a common occurrence."

Sierra's eyes widened in disbelief. "Are you absolutely certain?"

"Without a doubt."

If Tyrone hadn't descended via the stairs, where could he have vanished to?

Sierra hastened back to Tyrone's room and systematically inspected each wardrobe, a surge of apprehension coursing through her.

She thought Tyrone might be clandestinely concealed within the room.

However, the closets yielded no trace of him.

If Tyrone hadn't utilized the stairwell, he must be lurking somewhere within the hotel, clandestinely descending via the elevator after she had entered his room.

That being the case, his escape might have been secured, provided Blayze's men failed to locate him promptly.

Or perhaps he found refuge within a room on a specific floor.

The mounting uncertainty became oppressive.

Sierra urgently dialed Blayze's number.

Should Tyrone have taken the elevator, logic dictated that he would disembark at the underground garage, not the first-floor lobby.

She descended via the elevator to the subterranean parking, stepping out into the dimly lit expanse. Two vigilant sentinels stood watch at the exit.

"Have you seen Tyrone exiting just now?" Sierra inquired anxiously.

"No." Both of them shook their heads.

"When did you arrive here?"

One of them consulted his wristwatch and replied, "Approximately 8:53 p.m."

Her heart raced. When she realized Tyrone wasn't in his room, she called Blayze at 8:50 p.m.

Upon receiving Blayze's directive, the secretary had promptly dispatched his men to watch the area and prevent Tyrone from running away. A mere three minutes had passed.

However, if Tyrone had taken the elevator from the thirty-second floor directly to the underground garage without stopping, the journey would have taken less than two minutes.

"Miss Rivera, what's amiss?" one of the guards inquired.

Sierra lacked the luxury of time for a detailed explanation and briskly walked away.

If Tyrone had reached the underground garage, his departure would undoubtedly have been rushed, given his drugged state and the fear of apprehension.

Hence, she proceeded to see if Tyrone's vehicle was still there.

If his car remained in its place, Tyrone would remain concealed within the hotel. If the vehicle was absent...

Sierra, with a heartened sigh, saw Tyrone's vehicle, its familiar license plate number reassuring her.

She pivoted and retraced her steps, only to be abruptly seized by a large hand that swiftly muffled her mouth and whisked her into a secluded corner.

Eyes widened in alarm, Sierra fought valiantly, yet her struggles proved futile.

Jennie had been attending kindergarten for a fortnight.

In the first week, Sabrina frequently picked her up. However, in the second week, Sabrina's schedule left little room for these pick-ups. The duo had gone three days without seeing each other.

Upon sighting Sabrina, Jennie showered her with two affectionate kisses.

Sabrina, chuckling and wiping off the slobbery traces, inquired, "Where would you like to go today, Jennie?"

"Sabrina, I'd love to visit the amusement park."

Despite her maturity beyond her years, Jennie remained, at heart, a child, and, especially after five days of school, her primary desire was to play.

Jennie cast her gaze upwards at the overcast sky.

The recent weather had been unfavorable, with intermittent drizzles and heavy downpours.

Though the morning had started with a drizzle, it had since ceased, yet the sky remained shrouded in gloom. The absence of sunlight hinted at the potential for more rain.

"How about we enjoy a delicious meal first?"

"Let's head to the amusement park this morning and have lunch there," Jennie insisted.

Sabrina found herself momentarily at a loss for words.

"Very well, I'll take you to the amusement park. But keep in mind, there's a chance of rain. If it does rain, we'll have to leave, alright?" Sabrina suggested.

"Alright," Jennie agreed with a nod.

As they settled into the car, Jennie regaled Sabrina with tales of her recent adventures at kindergarten.

Gradually, she began to show signs of fatigue.

Sensing Jennie's weariness, Sabrina cast a warm smile and activated the car's music radio.

Upon their arrival at the amusement park, an effervescent joy emanated from Jennie.

After a whirl on the merry-go-round, Jennie gazed up longingly at the towering roller coaster.

However, her age restricted her from partaking in such exhilarating rides. Undaunted, she surveyed her surroundings, her eyes fixating on a nearby slide, and off she trotted.

The slide was situated in the vicinity of the swing and seesaw in the open play area.

A cluster of enticing food stalls lay not far off. While passing by, Jennie was tantalized by the mouthwatering aroma and came to an abrupt halt. She cast a yearning glance in their direction and declared, "Sabrina, I want fried chicken."

Sabrina's own taste buds echoed the sentiment and she approached the stall to place the order. Upon turning around, she discovered that Jennie had already ascended the slide.

"Take care," Sabrina cautioned.

"Got it," Jennie affirmed before descending the slide with gleeful abandon.

The fried chicken was being freshly prepared, so Sabrina patiently lingered at the stall, casting occasional glances toward Jennie.

"Miss, your order is ready," the stall owner announced, presenting Sabrina with their delectable fare.

Settling the bill with graceful efficiency, Sabrina's world was abruptly disrupted by an abrupt, piercing scream, resonating not far from their location and accompanied by a commotion.

Sabrina swiveled around, her gaze locking onto the disconcerting sight of Jennie. Jennie sprawled on the ground, struggling to regain her footing.

Without hesitation, Sabrina rushed to Jennie, extending a comforting hand as she inquired anxiously, "Jennie, are you alright? Where did you get hurt? Can you tell me?"

Jennie, her pallid face a canvas of discomfort, extended her trembling hand, revealing a palm marred by abrasions and oozing crimson.

"Is there pain anywhere else?" Sabrina inquired with concern.

Jennie shook her head in response.

"Okay, I'll take care of your wound," Sabrina reassured, producing a tissue from her bag and tenderly cleansing the dirt from Jennie's injured palm. Afterward, she gently blew on it and inquired, "How did you fall off the slide, sweetheart?"

Jennie, with a plaintive gaze, gestured toward a boy perched atop the slide and whimpered, "Sabrina, he pushed me!"

There were two young boys on the slide, and Jennie pointed at one of them, a boy who appeared to be around eight years old and notably taller than Jennie. It became evident why the fall had occurred. Sabrina harbored no doubt about Jennie's honesty.

Turning her attention to the boy in question, Sabrina questioned, "Did you push her?"

The boy hesitated, stammering, "I... I didn't mean to."

"You may not have intended it but what did you do after she fell?" Sabrina inquired, her tone resolute. "Come down and offer an apology."

The boy hesitated momentarily, then slid down the slide's steps and approached Jennie, head lowered. "I'm sorry, I..."

Before he could complete his apology, a woman abruptly arrived on the scene, yanking the boy behind her. She glared at Sabrina with an intensity that spoke of indignation. In a firm voice, she accused, "What on earth are you doing? How could you bully a child in my absence? You're an adult and your behavior is utterly disgraceful!"

