

Chapter 353 Do Something Awesome

Brady had only asked Sabrina a few questions, but Blayze had hurriedly stepped in to defend Sabrina.

Brady thought Sierra was right. Sabrina was really something. He became increasingly concerned about the situation. If things went on like this, Blayze might completely fall for a wicked woman like Sabrina.

"I was just curious." Brady smiled, sensing Blayze's growing irritation, decided to stop pressing Sabrina with questions.

He knew he had to proceed cautiously.

Derek, wanting to shift the atmosphere and ease the tension, proposed a game. "I haven't had fun in a while. How about a game?"

His friends agreed, not wanting to make things more awkward.

Derek then turned to Sabrina. "Miss Chavez, do you know how to play? We can play together."

He extended an invitation to her, a gesture of pure kindness, eager to see her unwind. Sabrina, without hesitation, agreed. With graceful poise, she rose from her seat and made her way to the table. "I've dabbled in this game only a few times. I hope I won't lose too much."

"Well, a newbie is always lucky," Derek replied with a sly grin, stealing a brief glance at Blayze.

But before Derek could utter another word, Brady took a seat directly across from Sabrina, flashing a charming smile. "I'd like to test my luck against you. Care for a few rounds?"

The remaining two vacant chairs were designated for Blayze and Derek,

while the others gathered around, anticipation gleaming in their eyes.

Derek's prediction proved spot-on. Sabrina, it turned out, had fortune firmly on her side as she clinched the first two rounds with an air of finesse.

The third round, however, unfolded differently as Derek emerged as the victor.

Brady, on the other hand, found himself grappling with the fickle hand of luck. He only managed to secure one victory.

In a generous gesture, Sabrina and the others pushed their chips toward him.

But Brady only gathered Blayze's and Derek's chips and tucked them away in his personal stash, leaving only Sabrina's chips untouched. With a subtle smile, he slid them back to Sabrina. "Miss Chavez, you needn't part with these chips. If you lose, all you have to do is answer a simple question. Why did you marry Tyrone?"

Sabrina, undaunted, nudged the chips back to him. "And what if I choose not to answer?"

Brady curled his lips, casting a sidelong glance in Blayze's direction. "Miss Chavez, it's merely idle curiosity. No big deal."

His hunch whispered that there might be a hidden secret, one she was hesitant to reveal to Blayze.

"I'm wondering why you find my marital status so intriguing. Are you always this direct with new acquaintances?"

Derek, seizing the opportunity, flung the chips Sabrina had offered into Brady's drawer and offered sage advice. "Let's not muddy the waters on this rare gathering. Let's enjoy ourselves and keep the chit-chat light."

Brady, rolling the dice between his fingers, responded thoughtfully, "I

overheard something, and I simply wished to confirm it with Miss Chavez."

"Brady!" Blayze's tone bore a faint but distinct note of caution.

A moment of silence hung in the air, broken by Brady's persistent inquiry. "Word on the street is, you married Tyrone because of a certain rendezvous between the two of you, and the Blakelys got wind of it. What's your take on that, Miss Chavez?"

Suddenly, Brady felt the collective weight of all eyes upon him.

Blayze's irritation was palpable, but Brady wouldn't easily back down.

Beads of sweat formed on the tip of his nose, and even though he briefly considered a retreat, he steeled himself and remained resolute, standing tall.

In this unfolding situation, Brady would rather bear Blayze's ire than allow him to be deceived by Sabrina in the future. Sooner or later, Brady assumed Blayze would come to realize he was only looking out for a close friend.

Sabrina, perplexed by Brady's unwarranted hostility, maintained her composure. "You seem to hear some rumors and firmly believe them, given your questions. Even if I provide an explanation, you may remain skeptical. If you truly desire an answer, I can call Tyrone and have him clarify it for you. Perhaps you'd find his words more believable."

Brady, momentarily taken aback, contemplated his next move when an abrupt noise shattered the silence.

Blayze forcefully pushed the accumulated cards toward the center of the table, the sound cutting through the tension.

Meeting Brady's dazed gaze, Blayze spoke icily. "She's offering you an opportunity. Do you wish to hear it from Tyrone?"

Brady composed himself and shook his head. "Well, that won't be

necessary."

He recognized the futility of extracting the truth from Sabrina, deeming her too astute. Blayze might perceive that he was bullying her.

Brady resolved to find a more effective way to reveal Sabrina's true colors to Blayze.

"Why not give it a try? Aren't you the least bit curious?" Blayze's words dripped with frost.

"I'm just, uh, a bit curious," Brady replied with an uneasy smile.

Derek stepped in as the voice of reason. "Let's table this for now.

You can take a turn. I'll be right back. I need to use the restroom."

Glancing at the onlookers, Sabrina calmly rose and exited the room, leaving behind a stifling silence that hung heavy in the air.

Suddenly, Blayze's countenance darkened. He fixed an intense gaze on Brady and uttered in a hushed, ominous tone, "Brady, have you lost your mind?"

A transformation washed over Brady's countenance. He urgently clarified, "Blayze, I'm doing this all for your own good. Can't you see it clearly? Sabrina is cunning. She had an affair with Tyrone, but she's too afraid to admit it because she doesn't want to tarnish her images in your eyes."

Mr. Wilde paused for a moment before adding, "Blayze, what Brady's saying does hold some merit. If you're simply considering her as a student, that's one thing. But if you have any other intentions... Sabrina is just an adopted member of the Blakely family. Cesar had passed away and Wanda couldn't control everything. Tyrone despises her and won't support her. She's essentially useless..."

"Yes, Blayze. We urge you to weigh your decision carefully," Mr. Patel chimed in.

Blayze regained his composure, fixing his gaze upon his friends. "I've made up my mind. There's no need to harp on the matter."

He regarded them with a firm resolve. "If you can't accept her, you're under no obligation to come and meet her next time. But if I hear such words again, I won't hold back in voicing my displeasure."

Blayze had no intention of forcing his friends to embrace Sabrina, nor would he let her drive a wedge between them.

If they didn't get along, they could simply avoid each other. Yet, when they did meet, they'd have to put on a facade of conviviality.

Brady sighed as he absorbed Blayze's words.

It appeared that Blayze had been thoroughly taken in by Sabrina's charms.

He had to take action to unveil Sabrina's true colors to Blayze.

Upon exiting the bathroom, Sabrina lingered by a window for a moment.

"Why don't you head back?"

A familiar voice broke the silence.

She turned to find Blayze standing behind her. She offered a warm smile and replied, "The weather's warming up, and the room was feeling a bit stuffy. I just wanted to catch some fresh air here."

Blayze, with a hint of apology in his tone, spoke up. "I'm truly sorry, on behalf of Brady. He's a bit peculiar. Don't take his words to heart."

Sabrina brushed it off with a nonchalant nod.

Brady was hardly significant enough to stir her emotions.

"Do you still want to continue playing cards? If not, I can give you a ride back," Blayze offered.

After a moment's contemplation, Sabrina answered, "Let's play a few more rounds."

She sensed that leaving now might not be the wisest move.

In the corridor's shadows, a young man loitered. Witnessing the two of them departing together, Tyrone's anger surged.

Was it because of Blayze that Sabrina lingered in Violetholt even after the award ceremony?

Tyrone pondered the nature of their relationship since Blayze introduced Sabrina to his friends.

His eyes darkened as he clenched his fists.



Chapter 354 Is That Tyrone

As Sabrina and Blayze reentered the chamber, Brady lapsed into silence, his place taken by Mr. Wilde.

The four of them continued their card game, conversing and sharing laughter as the rounds unfolded.

In the midst of their play, Sabrina's phone rang unexpectedly.

Retrieving it, she glanced at the screen to find an incoming call from Tyrone.

Requesting Mr. Patel to stand in for her, Sabrina rose and stepped into the corridor to answer the call.

"Hello?"

She spoke into the phone, but there was no response.

After several seconds of silence, Sabrina's voice held a hint of confusion as she inquired, "Tyrone?"

A low, masculine voice finally replied, "Yes."

Curiosity piqued, she questioned, "What's the matter?" Sabrina couldn't help but sense a peculiar air about Tyrone this evening.

"I've had a bit of wine, and I wanted to hear your voice," Tyrone said slowly.

"Why are you drinking again? Doesn't it bother your stomach?" Sabrina inquired with genuine concerns.

Tyrone responded, his voice firm, "I know what I'm doing."

He probed further, "Are you in the hotel right now? Or are you outside?"

Sabrina hesitated momentarily before replying, "I'm outside."

Tyrone breathed a sigh of relief but then listened as Sabrina continued,

"I am having dinner in the restaurant, and I'll be heading back to the hotel soon."

Tyrone didn't get along with Blayze. The fact that she was with Blayze would undoubtedly drive Tyrone crazy. Therefore, Sabrina lied.

A sneer involuntarily tugged at Tyrone's lips. Sabrina had proven herself a proficient liar.

"Really?" He feigned ignorance. "What did you have for dinner?"

After a brief pause, Sabrina responded, "Roasted fish."

"Which restaurant? I recall there's a place called Lotus Restaurant on Girin Road with excellent roasted fish," Tyrone remarked.

Sabrina found herself momentarily taken aback.

Fortunately, she had indeed savored some delectable roasted fish on a previous visit to Violetholt, so she knew a restaurant that matched Tyrone's description. "Deep Lotus Restaurant."

Tyrone continued, "I've heard of it, though I've never dined there. Please grab a menu for me. I'll give it a try next time I'm in Violetholt."

Sabrina struggled to regain her composure. "Well..."

Sabrina couldn't shake off the odd feeling that tugged at her, but she didn't dwell on it for too long. Instead, she decided to shift the conversation and gripe about Tyrone's request for a menu.

"Give me a moment. By the way, what else is on your mind?" Sabrina interjected, hoping that Tyrone might let go of the request for the menu.

Tyrone, however, remained insistent. "Nothing. I just want to hear your voice. You can set your phone aside and chat with me while you eat."

Sabrina found herself at a loss.

"I'll finish the last few bites and then head back," she replied after a moment's contemplation.

She knew that more falsehoods would be necessary to maintain her cover, and it weighed on her like an unspoken sigh.

Tyrone added, "Don't hang up, even when you're in a taxi. It's late, and it's not safe."

Sabrina grappled with how to respond, and after some consideration, she hung up the phone and powered it off.

Upon her return to the hotel, Sabrina would dial Tyrone's number, informing him that her phone was powered off.

It was a clever and well-executed plan.

With her phone now tucked away in her pocket, Sabrina rejoined the group in the chamber.

Nearby, Tyrone, having listened to the phone's beep sound and observed the inactive screen, couldn't help but sneer.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, Sabrina's act might have successfully fooled him.

No wonder she was handpicked by the director for her acting skills.

Back at the table, Mr. Patel was prepared to allow Sabrina to resume playing cards. She decided to finish this round.

After a few more rounds, Mr. Wilde received a phone call and indicated that he had to leave. Consequently, the game came to a halt, and everyone began to depart.

As they got ready to leave, Blayze stood and addressed Sabrina, "You don't need to call a taxi. I'm headed in the same direction. I'll give you a ride home."

"Alright, thank you," Sabrina accepted his offer without hesitation.

As Brady made his way to the door, he couldn't conceal the slight curl of his lips at their conversation.

Sabrina followed Blayze to the underground garage and hopped into the car. The driver started the engine and pulled away.

Not far off, in a black vehicle, Tyrone observed their departure. His face bore a distinct expression of displeasure, and he instructed his driver to head to the hotel.

Blayze's car came to a stop at the hotel's entrance. Sabrina stepped out and turned back to Blayze, saying, "Thank you, Blayze. I'm heading upstairs. Take care."

Blayze, with a warm smile, asked, "By the way, what time is your flight tomorrow? I'll give you a ride."

"Wouldn't that be too much trouble for you?" Sabrina inquired.

"No, I invited you here, so it's only fitting I see you off," Blayze reassured her with a gentle smile.

Sabrina replied honestly, "My flight is at one o'clock in the afternoon."

Blayze made a mental note and responded, "I'll pick you up at around twelve o'clock. I'll send you a message at that time."

"Alright, thank you. See you tomorrow," Sabrina said.

"See you tomorrow," Blayze echoed with a warm nod.

Sabrina bade Blayze farewell with a wave and entered the hotel.

The car Blayze was in remained motionless. As Sabrina disappeared from view, Blayze instructed the driver to depart.

Upon arriving at her hotel room floor, Sabrina retrieved her room key card from her bag.

But as she rounded the corner, she was met with a startling sight.

A familiar figure stood at the door to her room, and even though she hadn't yet glimpsed his face, Sabrina immediately recognized him. It was Tyrone.

A feeling of unease washed over her.

Why had Tyrone come to Violetholt?

It had been a simple matter for him to locate her hotel.

Sabrina swallowed nervously.

It had been roughly an hour and a half since their phone call.

Back during their phone call, she had mentioned that she only had a few bites left and was planning to head home after eating.

Sabrina contemplated the fact that, despite there being multiple Deep Lotus Restaurants in the city, she didn't need such an extended period to return to the hotel.

She considered whether she should stop by a nearby supermarket to buy something, feigning an early return while actually going shopping later.

Intrigued by this idea, Sabrina took a discreet step back before Tyrone could spot her.

However, as she did so, Tyrone unexpectedly turned around and locked eyes with her.

Sabrina felt her heart race, but she moved forward and, with an air of nonchalance, inquired, "Why are you here?"

Tyrone lowered his gaze and maintained a stoic silence.

Sabrina sensed an unease settling in and asked, "Is something wrong?"

"I've been on a business trip here since this morning. I've only just become available," Tyrone finally explained.

His driver had been swift in getting him to the hotel ahead of Sabrina.

"Why didn't you just rest? Why are you still here?" Sabrina asked as she opened the door, and Tyrone followed her inside. He closed the door behind them and explained, "I tried calling you, but I couldn't get through. I was concerned something might have happened, so I decided to wait

here."

Sabrina couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt.

She had yet to turn her phone back on. "Oh, my phone ran out of power and turned off automatically."

Tyrone smiled and inquired casually, "Weren't you planning to return after dinner? Why are you back so late?"

After a brief pause, Sabrina placed her bag on the coffee table and tried to maintain her composure. "I went to the supermarket."

Tyrone glanced at her empty hands. "You didn't buy anything?"

"I forgot to take my wallet with me," Sabrina quickly replied.

She was adept at thinking on her feet, and her explanation seemed plausible.

Tyrone nodded in feigned understanding. "I see. I thought something happened to you and I had called you several times. Please don't do that again."

"Okay," Sabrina agreed, and then she proceeded to charge her phone. "Now you know I'm safe. You can go back and get some rest."

Tyrone, however, seemed to notice something. He pointed at her phone and inquired, "Isn't it charging?"

As the phone connected to the charger and powered on, the screen displayed the remaining battery level and the charging indicator.

Sabrina's heart raced.

Why did he seem to notice everything?