

Chapter 367 She Won't Allow It!

In the afternoon, Tyrone came to Sabrina's place.

Sabrina, brimming with anticipation, eagerly invited him in. "How's it going?"

Tyrone couldn't help but be entertained by the enthusiasm etched across Sabrina's face.

Never before had he seen her so ecstatic at the sight of him.

"It's settled," Tyrone responded, settling comfortably onto the sofa.

Curiosity danced in Sabrina's eyes as she took a seat across from him. It was as if she were an eager student awaiting a lesson. "So, spill the details. What went down?"

With a wise nod, Tyrone began to explain, "They urged me to grasp the depth of their love for Brady. In return, I pressed them to fathom the depths of my love for my wife."

A subtle grin played on Tyrone's lips as he shared the tale.

Sabrina was taken aback, blurting out, "Tyrone, you've truly mastered the art of shamelessness."

Tyrone, unshaken, countered with a sly smile, "Discovering it just now?"

Speechless, Sabrina swiftly changed the subject, asking, "What's the follow-up then? They won't abandon their plan because of this revelation, will they?"

Tyrone chuckled and said, "No chance. I threw a curveball their way."

Intrigued, Sabrina inquired, "What do you mean?"

"I suggest they dig into the Fowler family," Tyrone replied, his gaze

serious.

He then dropped a bombshell. "Ever wonder what Brady spilled at the police station?"

Sabrina shook her head, confessing, "I'm in the dark on that one."

"He claimed he did it to prevent you from hoodwinking Blayze. He didn't want you waltzing into the Fowler family," Tyrone revealed, maintaining his calm demeanor as he observed Sabrina's reaction.

"Is he out of his mind? When on earth am I marching into the Fowler clan?" Sabrina retorted, a mix of disbelief and irritation in her tone.

Locking eyes with Tyrone, Sabrina bit her lip and pressed, "What? Do you actually buy into his wild tales?"

Tyrone shrugged, dismissing the notion. "I'm not buying what he's selling. But why is he concocting these bizarre notions?"

"Sierra," Sabrina answered.

"Exactly," Tyrone affirmed. "Whether it's for Blayze's sake or Sierra's, Brady's antics are somehow tied to the Fowler family. They need to dig into the Fowler family and find Sierra. And that's how I told them. Are you clear now?"

After a thoughtful pause, Sabrina nodded. "Crystal clear."

Touched by her earnest expression, Tyrone couldn't resist leaning down to plant a kiss on her cheek.

The lingering question hung in the air: Why did Brady harbor such peculiar notions?

The Sierra situation aside, it could also be Blayze's lingering feelings for Sabrina that fueled Brady's antics.

Blayze, it seemed, had more than just a soft spot for Sabrina.

This revelation clenched Tyrone's fists as he lowered his head in

frustration. Even with the knowledge of his past with Sabrina, Blayze still carried a torch for Sabrina. Did Blayze truly view him as a pushover?

Rather than shoot daggers at Tyrone, Sabrina sighed, the weight of the situation evident in her expression.

"What's eating you?" Tyrone inquired.

Sabrina glanced at him, expressing gratitude, "Once again, you've come to my rescue. Thank you."

In the face of the circumstances, all she could offer was gratitude.

There seemed to be little she could do to reciprocate or help him in return.

"Don't mention it."

"I feel useless. It seems I can't do anything without your help."

"Sabrina, don't underestimate yourself," Tyrone reassured her. "It's not about you being useless. It's about the world we live in. Without power and money, navigating through life can be a real challenge."

It was also about a person's mindset.

Having resided with the Blakely family for numerous years, Sabrina had embraced a life of simplicity, remaining untainted by the complexities of the world around her.

The capital exuded a cold, indifferent atmosphere, often turning a blind eye to the rules.

Sabrina hadn't anticipated Wilton's bold move by capturing Aylin and resorting to threats.

"If you're interested in learning the ropes, I can be your guide," Tyrone offered.

Sabrina, intrigued, asked, "How?"

Tyrone reminded her, "Weren't you considering establishing a foundation?"

The organizations in the capital were notorious for their cunning ways. Many so-called charity foundations served as mere money-making schemes under their control. They funneled large sums in the name of charity but siphoned off most of it for their own gain. The minimal portion actually directed toward helping others served as a smokescreen. To add a touch of irony, they would publicize their supposed good deeds on the internet, earning them praise, and then seamlessly continue their money-making endeavors.

Sabrina's substantial investment in establishing the foundation ignited discussions among netizens on various platforms. Opportunistic investors saw it as a chance to rake in profits.

If Sabrina was up for it, she could let them in. Use the foundation to not just help others but also to build connections and make some money. Reinvest that money, gain power and influence, and foster more meaningful connections.

Recognizing her potential, these people could become valuable allies bonded by common interests.

Sabrina, however, shook her head, rejecting the notion. "Forget about it." She just wanted to donate money. It was a substantial amount, and she had established the foundation for that purpose alone. Moreover, she didn't want to exploit it for profit.

Tyrone understood that she still perceived herself as a commoner, someone who would call the police when in trouble.

Despite occasional worries, Tyrone was committed to safeguarding Sabrina.

"Don't worry about it. I'm here to protect you. You don't have to think you

owe me anything unless you're still considering leaving," Tyrone reassured, fixing her with a meaningful gaze.

Sabrina was taken aback.

However, she quickly shifted gears, rolling her eyes and retorting, "No, you're just overly suspicious."

Yet, beneath her feigned seriousness, she grappled with the question of trust, particularly in the context of her father's death. Did she need to make a hasty exit?

"Let's not forget, you're quite the liar. I still vividly recall your fibs in Violetholt," Tyrone teased with a subtle smile.

Speechless, Sabrina pondered her next move.

Suddenly, a different thought crossed her mind, and she shifted the conversation, asking, "How come you have the key to my house?"

Tyrone produced the key from his pocket, placing it on the table.

Sabrina picked it up, baffled. "Isn't this my key?"

"Yes."

"When did you find it?"

"Just this morning."

"Why was I not informed?"

"You were too busy eating a banana."

Sabrina was left stunned.

Upon learning of Brady's arrest by the police that morning, Sierra swiftly booked the latest flight and hurried back to Violetholt.

The situation was graver than she had anticipated, leaving her in a state of confusion. Upon encountering Rita, Sierra sought solace by throwing herself into Rita's arms, tearfully pleading, "What are we going to do? You have to help me!"

Rita, bewildered, comforted Sierra by patting her back and inquiring,

"What's going on, Sierra?"

Sierra explained, "It's because of Sabrina. She went to great lengths to seduce Blayze, and he's genuinely captivated by her. Brady found out and tried to teach her a lesson. Now he's been arrested by the police. I can't go to jail..."

"Don't cry. Let's sit down and talk," Rita suggested, guiding Sierra to the sofa. "Have you met Sabrina before?"

Sierra wiped her tears and nodded. "I met her once in Mathias. Later, I found out she knew Blayze. She was his student and traveled with him to different places during holidays..."

Rita's expression shifted, and she asked, "Are you being truthful? Did they go out together?"

The prospect of the Fowler family inevitably falling under Blayze's ownership loomed in Rita's mind. Aware of her own limitations and Nicol's delicate condition, she acknowledged her inability to beat Blayze directly. Consequently, she strategically refrained from opposing Blayze, making efforts to cultivate a positive rapport between Nicol and Blayze.

Yet, Rita felt these efforts were insufficient.

To secure her standing, Rita extended her social circles to include all the noble ladies in Violetholt, despite knowing that many of them despised her. Rita understood that Blayze's future wife would likely emerge from this pool of women.

However, the puzzle of Blayze's disinterest in marriage perplexed Rita. Blayze, as an adult, displayed indifference toward the noble girls of his age, and there were no women in his immediate vicinity. Rita found this aspect of his character confusing.

The revelation that Blayze might have taken a stroll elsewhere with

Sabrina struck a chord with Rita. It suggested a unique connection that went beyond the ordinary.

"It's true!" In an attempt to justify herself and Brady's actions, Sierra resorted to tarnishing Sabrina's image by adding, "When Sabrina visited Violetholt in the middle of the month, Blayze introduced her to Derek and others. Brady got to know her, but later, he realized she was a bad woman. Brady tried to persuade Blayze to stay away from Sabrina, but Blayze just dismissed it and scolded Brady. Left with no choice, Brady had to..."

Lost in thought, Rita contemplated the unfolding drama. She didn't expect Sabrina to be at the center of affection from Tyrone and Blayze.

The notion of Sabrina becoming Blayze's wife, however, was something Rita couldn't accept. No way in hell! She wouldn't allow it!

