

Chapter 447 Keilani's Jealousy

Tyrone gave Keilani a casual glance and didn't slow down. "I don't remember," he replied, his tone uninterested.

This left Keilani reeling. She persisted, "Really? You've forgotten? We met on a flight to Linbourne. You were in first class, right next to me."

"Sorry, doesn't ring a bell," Tyrone said before disappearing into the restroom.

Tyrone was just as distant as before. Disappointed but not deterred, Keilani lingered outside, waiting.

When Tyrone emerged, drying his hands, she approached him eagerly. "It's fine if you don't remember me. I'd like to be friends with you. I'm Keilani Wilson," she declared, her voice taking on a firm tone as she mentioned her last name.

Tyrone paused, studying Keilani with a slight frown. "Now I remember you," he said.

"You do?" Keilani couldn't hide her surprise, but inside, she felt scorn and annoyance. He hadn't remembered her until she mentioned her name. How convenient! She had hoped he was different, but it seemed he was just like others who ingratiated themselves with her.

A faint smile played on Tyrone's lips. "I remember you since you were quite naive on the plane. Couldn't you tell I didn't want to talk with you?"

Keilani's expression soured. "You... Are you insulting me in a roundabout way? Do you even know who I am?"

Tyrone walked away, ignoring Keilani completely.



Keilani, watching his retreating back, angrily stamped her foot. She was really upset. No one had ever spoken to her that way in her entire life. She felt Tyrone was disrespecting the Wilson family.

From the doorway of a nearby chamber, Kira observed the scene, deep in thought.

Keilani quickly followed Tyrone and saw him enter a chamber. Then, she turned and headed upstairs to the manager's office.

The Wilson family were a prominent family, and they owned this restaurant.

The manager, recognizing Keilani, greeted her respectfully, "Miss Wilson, how can I assist you today?"

Seated on the sofa with her legs crossed, Keilani, still fuming over Tyrone's words, asked, "Do you know who's in Chamber 203?"

"Chamber 203?" The manager was puzzled. He had been busy with reports all morning and hadn't noticed who was in that chamber. "I'm not sure. I haven't seen the guest. But if you'd like, I can check the surveillance footage right away."

Irritated, Keilani started to describe Tyrone, "He's about 6.06 feet tall, handsome, but his origins are a mystery to me."

Though Tyrone and Keilani had conversed easily, she couldn't tell where he was from. But she was certain he wasn't from Philade.

Keilani remembered Tyrone's wristwatch. It was a rare, expensive luxury brand she'd seen with a friend. This detail alone told her Tyrone was wealthy. Had he been from Philade, Keilani was sure she would have recognized him.

The manager paused, giving Keilani a cautious look. "I honestly don't know," he admitted. With so many customers daily, it was impossible for him to recognize everyone.

Keilani's face showed her annoyance as she commanded,

"Check the security footage and tell me who he is." She was eager to find out Tyrone's identity for his audacity to seemingly disrespect the Wilson family.

"Alright, I'll get on it right away," the manager replied.

Leaving the office, Keilani returned to her chamber, opened the window, and settled on the sofa with a view of Chamber 203.

Alice, puzzled, asked, "Why'd you open the window, Keilani?"

"I just feel a bit stuffy," Keilani responded nonchalantly.

Keilani recalled how men used to fawn over her once they knew who she was. Despite claiming to dislike it, Keilani secretly relished those moments. But this time was different. She had approached Tyrone who not only rejected her but also mocked her after she introduced herself. She felt humiliated.

Keilani pondered how to keep this incident under wraps.

"Okay."

Lost in thought, Keilani repeatedly glanced out the window.

Alice tried to follow Keilani's gaze but saw nothing unusual. "What's caught your attention, Keilani?"

"Nothing," Keilani replied quickly.

Just then, the door to Chamber 203 opened. Tyrone stepped out and paused at the doorway, seemingly waiting for someone inside.

Alice turned to Keilani, her curiosity evident. "Do you know that guy, Keilani?" she asked.

Keilani didn't reply immediately. Instead, she noticed a woman stepping out of the chamber. Something about the woman seemed familiar.

Tyrone took the woman's hand with a practiced ease as if he'd done it countless times before. They walked off together,

Chapter 447 Keilani's Jealousy
chatting and laughing.

+120 Points at most

Watching them, Keilani felt a surge of emotion. Her grip tightened on her legs, her eyes clouding with a mix of jealousy and anger. So that was why he was so cold toward her. He already had someone else in his life.

Suddenly, Alice gasped. "Isn't that Sabrina?"

Keilani's heart skipped a beat. She looked again at the woman with Tyrone, her teeth clenched in fury. That was why the woman looked familiar. It was Sabrina. It was always Sabrina!

Keilani's hands balled into fists. Sabrina had been a thorn in her side ever since they met. She wouldn't let it slide.

Seeing Keilani's expression, Alice said meaningfully, "Lance seems to have a thing for her. He'd be heartbroken to see this."

Keilani's resentment toward Sabrina grew. What was so special about Sabrina? Her brother held affection for her, and Blayze protected her. Even Tyrone harbored feelings for her. Everyone seemed to be drawn to her. Why? Why did Sabrina get all the good things? Keilani couldn't accept it.

Shortly after returning home, Keilani received a message from the manager revealing Tyrone's identity. Tyrone was the head of the Blakely Group.

Keilani furrowed her brow. "The Blakely Group?" she muttered. She hadn't heard of it before and assumed it was just some unknown, small-scale factory.

With a smirk, Keilani searched online to learn more. As she scrolled through the information, Keilani fell silent, a scoff escaping her lips. Even though it was a big company, so what? In her mind, someone as arrogant as Tyrone probably ran a failing business.

Curiosity piqued, Keilani stumbled upon a video of Tyrone giving a speech. She clicked on it, her finger hesitating before selecting another video.

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With each passing moment, her initial disdain wavered. She found herself captivated, unable to look away. Despite his earlier rudeness, Keilani couldn't deny the intrigue he sparked in her.

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