

Chapter 458 Are You Still Afraid That I'll Leave

It had already reached noon, and Tyrone asked the driver to head to the restaurant where he had pre-booked a chamber.

Upon arrival, the waitress courteously escorted Tyrone and Sabrina to a chamber on the second floor and presented them with the menu.

Tyrone had dined here several times before. He was well-acquainted with its delectable cuisine, which featured an enticing array of mutton dishes.

Sabrina glanced through the menu before selecting a few dishes to order.

After Sabrina had completed her order, Tyrone said, "I'll have the stewed mutton and the mutton soup."

"Excellent choice. Sir, you've got good taste. Those are our standout dishes," the waitress said with a warm smile, jotting down the selections.

Concerned about the portion size, Sabrina inquired, "Is it too much food?"


"It's okay. We can pack it up for you if you can't finish the food," assured Tyrone.

Tyrone returned the menu to the waitress and said, "That's all, thanks."

After the waitress left with their orders, the two casually conversed while waiting for their dishes to arrive.

Tyrone filled Sabrina in about the upcoming products set to be launched by the Blakely Group. He wanted to hear her thoughts



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on which product piqued her the most.

If Sabrina was willing to be involved in the project, Tyrone would arrange her to shoot. He was willing to assist her in shooting for a magazine if that was what she desired.

Sabrina didn't expect him to be serious with the offer and responded with a smile, "It's okay. We can discuss it when I'm truly struggling to find a job."

About ten minutes later, the waitress returned and placed all the dishes on the table.

Sabrina glanced at the two plates of mutton but somehow had no desire to try them. Instead, she only ate from the dishes she chose.

Tyrone, eager to share the culinary delight, picked up a piece of stewed mutton and placed it on a plate before Sabrina, urging, "Come on, you have to try it."

Though reluctantly, Sabrina took a piece and cautiously brought it to her mouth.

When the pungent, gamey aroma wafted to her nostrils, discomfort settled in.

Sabrina quickly put her cutlery down and doubled over, retching into a bin and bringing up all the food she had just consumed.

Concern etched across his face, Tyrone immediately stood up, walked to Sabrina, and gently patted her back.

Sabrina kept vomiting until all the contents of her stomach were empty.

Tyrone helped her up and handed her a glass of water. "How are you feeling now?"

With the color drained from her face, Sabrina took the glass and rinsed her mouth. "I'm fine. I don't know why I suddenly felt nauseous and vomited."

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Sabrina, who had previously enjoyed mutton, was repulsed by it today. Tyrone suspected that the mutton's freshness was the cause of her aversion. Picking up a piece, he sniffed it.

Although Tyrone hadn't tasted the mutton yet, witnessing Sabrina's reaction raised suspicions. He pushed the two dishes aside and warned, "We best not eat them."

Wearing a solemn expression, Tyrone pressed the bell, signaling the need for immediate attention.

In a matter of minutes, the waitress knocked on the door and entered the room, sensing the somber atmosphere. A feeling of unease settled on the waitress. "Sir and Madam, what can I do for you?"

When the waitress noticed the two mutton dishes to the side, she felt something was amiss.

Tyrone's countenance darkened as he spoke with gravity. "My wife suddenly vomited after eating the braised mutton. She loves mutton, and this has never happened before. I suspect the mutton in your restaurant isn't fresh and may not even be fit for consumption."

The waitress looked concerned at Sabrina, who sat there with a pale face and attempted to reassure them. "I'm sorry for what happened. We made the food today, and it should be fresh. It's highly unlikely that it could be bad. Would you like me to exchange the two dishes for fresh ones?"

A high-end establishment like this wouldn't risk tarnishing its reputation with subpar practices.

Tyrone was a regular patron due to the consistently excellent quality. He found himself in an unexpected situation when Sabrina, who typically enjoyed mutton, suddenly vomited after catching a whiff.

"I'd like to speak to the manager, please." Tyrone wasn't concerned about the money and aimed to spare the waitress any embarrassment.

The waitress hesitated briefly, recognizing the need to handle the situation delicately. She agreed, "Certainly. Please wait a moment. I'll call the manager right away."

The waitress collected the used bin and was about to leave when Tyrone added, "Wait, can you bring a bowl of porridge as soon as possible?"

"Right away, Sir."

Within a few minutes, the manager knocked on the door, entering with an unopened bottle of wine and a glass. Apologetically, he addressed the couple, "Mr. and Mrs. Blakely, I heard about what happened, and I'm terribly sorry. Perhaps the chef didn't cook it well. This bottle of wine is on me. Please allow me to bring you two more dishes. As an apology, your meal today is complimentary on behalf of the restaurant. Is that satisfactory?"

Whenever Tyrone visited the restaurant for a meal or social event in the past, the manager would personally greet him, suggesting a level of familiarity between them.

"I'm afraid that is not enough," Tyrone joked.

"How about more bottles of wine then?"


Sensing the manager's sincerity, Tyrone wasn't overly stern with him. Glancing at Sabrina, he inquired, "What do you think, Sabrina?"

Recalling the recent incident, Sabrina realized that the mutton didn't appear spoiled. Still, it did have a slightly off-putting odor, indicating that it may not have been cooked properly. She responded, "Let him off the hook."

Tyrone then turned his attention to the manager. "There's your answer."

With a grateful smile, the manager said, "Thank you for your understanding and mercy, Mrs. Blakely."

The manager then ordered his subordinates to bring more

Chapter 458 Are You Still Afraid T...  +120 Points at most bottles of wine.

The manager gazed at Tyrone and quipped, "Well, Mr. and Mrs. Blakely, thanks for letting me off the hook. I'll go to the kitchen to ensure they don't slack off."

Tyrone waved dismissively. "Go ahead. If such a thing happens again, this restaurant will be closed."

"It won't happen again." The manager breathed a sigh of relief as he left the room.

Within moments, the waitress arrived with a soothing bowl of warm porridge, which suited Sabrina's upset stomach.

Sabrina only enjoyed the porridge along with some light dishes.

Meanwhile, back in the bustling kitchen, the manager sternly asked, "Who was responsible for cooking the mutton today?"

Due to the mutton being the restaurant's specialty, it was handled with great care. Upon its arrival, a designated kitchen staff member promptly cut it into serving sizes and allowed it to marinate until a customer placed an order. At that point, it was ready to be cooked on the spot.

A young man confidently raised his hand, asking, "Why? What's the matter?"

"How long was the mutton marinated for?" the manager asked, glancing at him.

Although the man was young, he had accumulated two years of experience in the restaurant without a hitch. "Half an hour! The meat was marinated as soon as it was delivered this morning. If you doubt me, feel free to review the surveillance footage."

The manager scratched his head, utterly perplexed. It was indeed an odd situation! All preparation protocols were meticulously followed and documented. He thought Tyrone and Sabrina would have no grounds to make any claims against the restaurant.



However, Tyrone and Sabrina had already brushed the incident off and didn't think more about it.

Once outside the restaurant, the couple returned to the car.

En route, Sabrina gazed out of the window, taking in the street view. Suddenly, a realization dawned on her. "Are we heading to Starriver Bay?"

"Well, I've relocated there with Jennie. You can join us as well. It's not fair to keep bothering Bettie all the time."

Sabrina hesitated. "Well..."

"If you're not sold on the idea, we can get remarried now."

"No," Sabrina blurted out. Then, she realized she had said too hastily and glanced at Tyrone with an awkward smile.

Tyrone's expression darkened. "Sabrina, don't you want to remarry me?"

Sabrina's expression softened. "I don't need the certificate. I've come back. Are you still afraid that I'll leave?" With no joint property or children, the prospect of marriage held little significance to her.

Tyrone pursed his lips and said nothing.

Her words stung a little, but Tyrone understood that she still harbored some distrust in her heart, making remarriage unappealing.

When they arrived at Starriver Bay, Tyrone took Sabrina's suitcase to the guest bedroom. "Have a rest. I'll help you tidy up your things later."

"Okay." Sabrina nodded in agreement. After Tyrone left, she lay on the bed to catch up on sleep.

When Sabrina got up, it was time for them to go and pick up Jennie.



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Unfortunately, Tyrone's romantic evening plans with Sabrina were dashed as she and Jennie were inseparable the whole evening.

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