

Chapter 280 He Was Also Here

"Bettie, it's nice to see you again. Happy New Year," Lance said with a gentle smile. He went to the tap beside Bettie to wash his hands.

Bettie frowned. "Why are you here?" she questioned.

"I have something to do here. How about you?" Lance pulled two tissues from the paper dispenser on the wall and wiped his hands. Each of his fluid movements was pleasant to the eye.

"For fun!" Bettie replied tersely. She shook the water off her hands and turned to leave.

But Lance gently grabbed her arm and asked, "Can we have dinner sometime?"

"No!" She shook off his hand and strode out of the bathroom.

Bettie returned to the table and Sabrina noticed her displeasure. "Are you alright?"

Bettie snorted. "Nothing. I just ran into a scum!"

Sabrina immediately understood who Bettie was referring to. "Does he also live here?"


"Yes," Bettie grumbled.

After a couple more bites, Bettie put her fork down. "I'm full. I'm going back to my room. Will you be going out tonight to take photos?"

Sabrina turned to look at Blayze, waiting for an answer.

After glancing at his watch, Blayze said thoughtfully, "We'll head out at 8:00 p.m. I'll teach you how to capture the beauty of the night scenery."

"Okay, I'm going back to rest first." Bettie grabbed her phone, stood up, and left.

"Sabrina, I'm tired and full. I want to go back, too." Jennie looked up and implored. 

Sabrina nodded, then turned to Blayze. "I'll head back as well. We'll meet you at the hall at 8."

Blayze agreed.

After the girls had left, only Blayze and Wayne remained at the table.

Wayne hesitated, carefully choosing his words before speaking. "Mr. Fowler, the little girl referred to Miss Chavez as her aunt."

"Yes, I heard." Blayze then ordered, "Find out who her husband is!"

"I'm on it."

Just then, Lance approached the table and sat across from Blayze with his dinner plate in hand. He pushed his glasses up with a slender finger and briefly scanned the room. "Have they left?"

"Yes."

Wayne bantered, "As soon as Miss Ramirez returned from the bathroom, she announced that she was heading back to her room. She seemed to have lost her appetite and mentioned she just ran into a scum. Mr. Carter, you still have a long way to go."

Lance chuckled. "Well, it's better to be disliked than treated like a stranger."

When Jennie returned to her room, she was about to call Tyrone. To her surprise, she received a call from him.

Jennie instantly rushed to the bathroom to answer the phone and whispered, "Tyrone."

"Jennie, where are you?" Tyrone asked.

When he asked Sabrina for the car key yesterday, he promised to arrange for someone to deliver her car to her apartment from the restaurant the following day. However, he had no intention of organizing anyone. He only used that as an excuse under the guise that he was returning her key so he could see her. But Tyrone's plan backfired. When he drove Sabrina's car back to her apartment, he discovered no one there. So he immediately called Jennie to see where they were.

"We're in Orden now. Sabrina is taking some photos here. Tyrone, come quickly. That photographer wants to steal her from you."

"Got it. Don't worry. I'll be there soon."

After hanging up the phone, Tyrone located their location and asked Kylan to pre-book a hotel for him and find out more about the photographer, Blayze.

Kylan's face turned pale as he furrowed his brows with a sudden realization. "Are you sure the photographer who went with Miss Chavez is called Blayze?"

"Yes. What's wrong?" Tyrone raised his eyebrows, sensing something was off.

Kylan glanced at him and then lowered his head, his voice trembling. "It's Blayze Fowler."

Tyrone briefly frowned in surprise. "Really? The son of the Fowler family should be a photographer?"

Kylan swallowed a lump in his throat, his hands shaking. "There's more than that," he mumbled. "He was the president of the International Association when Miss Chavez was studying abroad."

Tyrone stopped what he was doing and looked up. His heart was racing. "What did you just say?"

Kylan cleared his dry throat. "He was the president of the International

Association when..." His voice was barely audible.

"He was the one who was close with Sabrina. Maybe..." Tyrone contemplated aloud but didn't finish his sentence.

Tyrone gritted his teeth, and his face turned red with anger.

He slammed his fist on the table. "That son of a bitch! Blayze Fowler! Did Blayze target my family repeatedly for the sake of Sabrina?"

"Maybe he is..." Kyran didn't dare finish what he was going to say.

"Call me if anything urgent," Tyrone announced as he sprang up from his chair and strode out of the office.

Kyran finally breathed a sigh of relief. He wiped the nervous sweat beads from his top lip and quickly pulled out his phone to book a hotel for Tyrone.

At 8:00 p.m., they all gathered at the hall as agreed. Sabrina and her friends strolled the city streets, capturing photos against interesting backgrounds and experimenting with different lighting.

Blayze would check Sabrina's pictures, analyzing every detail and providing feedback on how to improve. He would then demonstrate the changes by recapturing the scene, showing her the difference and how to achieve the desired result.

After walking for a while, Jennie's little legs grew tired, and she couldn't walk any further. Wayne offered to carry her, placing her on his shoulders.

They returned to the hotel around 10:00 p.m. Once Sabrina freshened up and brushed her teeth, she sat on the bed and scrolled through the photos they had taken that night. The experience had been beneficial. Sabrina had gained valuable knowledge and insights, acquiring tips and tricks.

Jennie was exhausted after a full day and night of exploration and fell

asleep immediately. Sabrina set her phone aside and then turned off the light to sleep.

But that night, she couldn't sleep well.

She tossed and turned, caught in a restless slumber, unable to wake up. In her dream, everyone was gathered together and playing games. The atmosphere was lively.

A well-dressed man with a glass of wine approached to chat her up. Engaging in small talk with him, she soon grew annoyed and retreated to the bathroom. Standing before a mirror, she gazed at herself. Then, Sabrina suddenly woke from her dream with a jolt.

She sat up in bed with wide eyes and her heart racing.

The room was so dark.

She shook her head and closed her eyes, trying to recall the scene in her dream. When she looked at herself in the mirror and saw the baby bump, she realized she was pregnant!

How could she have such a ridiculous dream?

Did she want a baby so badly that she had started dreaming about it?

She took a deep breath to calm herself. She glanced at Jennie who was sleeping soundly beside her. She couldn't resist pinching Jennie's little cheek.

However, the dream seemed to match what Blayze said.

He didn't seem to have lied to her, but she really couldn't remember anything.

She concentrated hard, trying to remember something, anything.

Suddenly, a sharp pain pierced her head.

"Ouch!" Sabrina winced and instinctively held her head with both hands. Several scenes flashed through her mind. But they were so fleeting that she couldn't discern anything from them.

Sighing, she gave up and went back to sleep.

In the morning, Wayne received a message about Sabrina's husband. His eyes widened in disbelief when he read it.

"Mr. Fowler, the identity of Miss Chavez's husband has been discovered."

Blayze was standing before a full-length mirror, adjusting his sleeve. "Who is it?"

"Tyrone Blakely."

Hearing it, Blayze paused and turned to look at Wayne.

Wayne quickly said, "Miss Chavez was adopted into the Blakely family when she was 16. Three years ago, Cesar proposed that she marry Tyrone. They divorced not long ago. This matter was all over the Internet."

Blayze seldom paid attention to domestic entertainment news and wasn't aware of it.

He turned back to look at himself in the mirror. "Tyrone," he said in a low voice.

After breakfast, Blayze stepped out of the elevator and was about to head toward the sofa area. But he suddenly stopped after he noticed Tyrone entering.

Tyrone narrowed his eyes when he saw Blayze. The air around them grew thick with tension as they locked eyes.

Tyrone's mind raced with the possibility that Blayze might be the father of Sabrina's child. Tyrone clenched his fists, and his knuckles turned white as he struggled to control his emotions.

The silence between them was deafening as they stood their ground, neither willing to back down.

Each challenged the other to act first.

Their eyes burned with jealous rage and hostility.

Both remained silent, each hesitant to be the first to break it as if uttering the first words would signify a form of surrender.

After what felt like an eternity, they spoke almost simultaneously, their voices dripping with sarcasm.

"What a coincidence that you're here, Mr. Fowler. Are you going out?"

Blayze's lips twisted into a sneer. "What a coincidence, Mr. Blakely. Are you here on a business trip?"

Tyrone's eyes darkened as he spoke. "I'm here to find someone." His voice was low and menacing.

Blayze's expression remained unchanged. "Then I wish you a successful search," he replied, his tone equally cold.

Just as the tension between them reached its breaking point, the elevator doors opened, and Sabrina stepped out, holding Jennie's hand.

She froze in shock when she saw the two men standing opposite each other, their eyes fixed in a tense confrontation that threatened to turn violent at any moment.

