

Chapter 306 Duplicity

Tyrone gazed upon Sabrina's countenance, a profound smile adorning his face. He spoke with sincerity. "Since you seek the truth, why not trade with me? It's decidedly more prudent to engage in trade with me than Galilea. I shall never inflict harm upon you, unlike her."

Sabrina consistently cloaked her true intentions in veiled language. This facet of her character remained unwavering.

Thankfully, this facet had remained unaltered. He derived pleasure from it. Especially when she uttered a resolute "no" during their sexual intercourse.

Sabrina arched her head upward, her unwavering gaze fixated upon him.

Tyrone got the hang of offering a proposal at the right time.

Yet, after contemplation, it was a much better deal to make with Tyrone than with Galilea.

After all, Galilea harbored a deeper animosity toward her than the abductors themselves. Should she strike a deal with Galilea by composing a letter of understanding, who could predict the extent of harm Galilea might inflict on her after the potential release?

Regarding Tyrone, she could discern his desired transaction. It was unequivocally of a carnal nature.

Tyrone perceived Sabrina's silence, his once radiant smile dimmed. "Are you truly inclined to compose a letter of

understanding for her wrongdoing?"

Without hesitation, Sabrina replied, "Certainly not. I'm not naive."

Having uttered these words, she peered at Tyrone with widened eyes. "Tyrone, after all, Galilea was your ex-girlfriend. Don't you genuinely wish for me to forgive her?"

"She must be held accountable for her actions."

Tyrone cast a sidelong glance at Sabrina, a fleeting sadness flickering in his eyes. He then lifted his gaze and grinned. "What's this? Are you attempting to know something from me once more?"

If Tyrone's suspicions were accurate, he ardently hoped that Galilea would face legal repercussions!

"Not really." Sabrina arched an eyebrow before steering the conversation elsewhere. "I can strike a deal with you. But consider this. Galilea has no escape route now. What if she contemplates divulging everything?"

"She won't," Tyrone assured.

Even if Galilea were to be incarcerated, her sentence would likely be measured in mere years.

However, if she dared to disseminate any information about Sabrina, Tyrone vowed to ensure that her prison term would stretch into eternity.

In that case, for a fiercely competitive individual like Galilea, life would become a torment worse than death. Galilea possessed the discernment to make the right choice.

"You seem to understand her quite well," Sabrina remarked, arching her eyebrows.

Tyrone locked eyes with her, taking a momentary pause before speaking earnestly. "Sabrina, if you harbor no affection for me, please refrain from wearing such an envious countenance, lest I misconstrue your intentions."

Had he not been aware of her lack of romantic interest in him, he might have easily misinterpreted her expressions as a manifestation of jealousy.

He vividly recalled the events of the night just two days ago when she had staunchly denied any feelings of jealousy. Her sincerity had shone through, as she had been unwilling to deceive him.

The following day, she had called to extend her apologies for her outrageous words, effectively quelling his anger.

Tyrone had to concede that she possessed a unique ability to sway his emotions when he least expected it.

Much like a few days prior when he had been on the brink of exploding with anger toward her. Yet, upon learning that she had been unjustly treated and almost got hurt, his concern had rapidly replaced his ire.

If others developed affection over time, Tyrone was already in a whirl over Sabrina and willingly revolved around her.

"I..."

As their gazes locked, Sabrina parted her lips and playfully remarked, "What if I truly am experiencing a tinge of jealousy?"

Tyrone stood there, utterly taken aback, his gaze fixed on her.

Sabrina, wearing a radiant smile, patted his shoulder and

quipped, "Just a jest! Look at you!"

Swiftly changing the subject, she inquired, "Since you're keen on striking a deal with me, do elucidate your conditions."

Tyrone's eyes met hers, disappointment clouding his expression.

When she had uttered those words just moments ago, he had been filled with elation, almost on the brink of...

He knew, of course, that she was joking.

Yet, the anticipation had been far too tantalizing.

Tyrone gently took hold of her wrist and guided her out, murmuring, "Let's return now. We can converse in the car."

As they exited the police station, Sabrina hesitated briefly, opting to leave her own vehicle in the parking lot and join Tyrone in his car.

"Sir, where shall we proceed?" inquired the chauffeur.

Tyrone cast a sidelong glance at Sabrina before inquiring, "Have you dined, my dear?"

"Yes, I have," she confirmed.

After a momentary pause, Tyrone decided. "Let's head to the company."

The chauffeur nodded and the vehicle gracefully merged into the bustling flow of traffic.

Sabrina proffered. "Why not tell me what you want now?"

Tyrone responded, "Let's reserve that conversation until we're in the company."

Curiosity piqued, she pressed, "Why not share your thoughts now?"

"It's complicated. Discussing it here wouldn't be suitable," Tyrone explained.

Sabrina hesitated briefly before relenting, "Very well."

Her reluctance to visit his company was palpable.

The gathering was teeming with familiar faces, a sight Sabrina initially sought to avoid, dreading the curious glances that might follow her alongside Tyrone.

However, upon some contemplation, it dawned on her that her post-divorce interactions with Tyrone didn't necessitate clandestine maneuvers. Considering their connections within the Blakely family, appearing together in public was hardly a cause for concern.

She realized she might have been overthinking it.

The chauffeur deftly maneuvered the car into the subterranean garage.

Descending from the vehicle, Sabrina and Tyrone took the VIP elevator, ascending directly to the floor housing the CEO's domain.

Their destination was on the highest floor, where Sabrina's former colleagues were nowhere in sight, ensuring a discreet arrival.

Tyrone didn't change his secretaries and their expressions were impeccably composed.

As Tyrone and Sabrina emerged from the elevator together, the secretaries seated at their desks gracefully raised their heads, offering polite greetings devoid of any

However, one exception stood out. That was Kylan.

Kylan's guess had proved accurate.

Tyrone had left the company in a hurry to see Sabrina.

Tyrone acknowledged his secretaries with a nod and requested. "Please fetch me a cup of coffee."

Upon stepping into the CEO's office, Sabrina surveyed her surroundings and commented, "Tyrone, your office appears to have expanded significantly since my last visit. Truly impressive!"

Tyrone beamed. "Do you like it? If you ever decide to return to work, I'll secure an identical one for you. What do you say?"

Sabrina reclined on the sofa, legs casually crossed.

"I think I'll pass."

She was thoroughly enjoying her life. Why return to the grind?

Besides, she had no intention of resting on her laurels.

She shared her photography on social media, and various companies purchased copyrights from her to print postcards and images, adding to her income stream.

A gentle knock on the door heralded the entrance of a secretary, bearing a steaming cup of coffee which she carefully placed before Sabrina. She retreated a couple of steps and gently reminded, "Mr. Blakely, the meeting is scheduled to commence in ten minutes..."

"Prepare accordingly."

"Yes, sir," the secretary responded before departing.

Sabrina lifted her head inquiringly. "You have a meeting?"

Tyrone responded, "Indeed, you're welcome to make yourself comfortable here. We can catch up once my meeting concludes."

Tyrone then approached his desk, retrieving a document from the drawer, evidently essential for the impending meeting.

"Alright."

"Make yourself at home."

"Very well," Sabrina replied.

As Tyrone exited the room, she found herself alone in the expanse of the CEO's office.

Sabrina rose from her seat, taking in her surroundings with keen interest.

The CEO's office was remarkably spacious. The custom-made desk alone occupied a substantial area, sporting three computer screens.

A line of bookshelves adorned one wall, housing a collection of books and prized trinkets.

To the left, there was a reception area featuring plush and opulent seating, along with an exquisite coffee table.

A decorative fish tank and sculptures graced a corner, while renowned artworks adorned the walls.

To the right, there stood a French window and an entrance leading to a separate lounge.

Although Sabrina hadn't visited this particular lounge before, she was well aware that in Tyrone's previous office, it resembled a luxurious hotel suite, meticulously furnished and equipped.

She gracefully roamed the office, her attention drawn to the elegant fish gliding serenely within the aquarium.

After a substantial stretch of time, her tranquility was disrupted by a sudden chime of a phone.

Sabrina instinctively reached for her phone, only to realize that the sound didn't come from her device.

Following the ringing, she swiveled around, her gaze alighting upon a mobile phone resting on the desk. The screen illuminated because of the incoming call.

It must be Tyrone who had left it there before heading into the meeting.

She averted her gaze, feigning ignorance.

Her curiosity sated by observing the fish, she then turned her attention to a magazine nestled within the bookshelf, eager to lose herself in its pages.

Before too long, the office's tranquility was disrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps.

Tyrone made his entrance, clutching a document in his hand. Observing Sabrina engrossed in reading, he remarked, "You've been waiting for quite some time. Are you finding it a tad tedious?"

"I'm perfectly content. Oh, by the way, someone phoned you earlier," Sabrina casually reminded him.

"Who was it?" Tyrone inquired nonchalantly as he placed

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the document on the table.

"I didn't check," she replied.

Tyrone hesitated momentarily when he retrieved his phone, a seemingly innocuous comment from her striking a chord within his psyche.

A sudden surge of bitterness and unease coursed through him, casting a shadow over his heart.