

Chapter 321 Don't Give Up On Me

Tyrone clasped Sabrina's wrist firmly.

Sabrina halted in her tracks, her gaze fixed upon him. She inquired with curiosity, "Tyrone, what on earth do you want to do?"

Tyrone, his eyes ablaze with intensity, locked onto her. He began to inquire, "Are you..." Involved with Blayze?

However, he abruptly halted, unable to articulate the latter part of his sentence, his countenance contorted with the weight of his unspoken words.

Sabrina had expressed her desire for solitude and his concern had grown into a fear that she might be contemplating something drastic, prompting him to seek her out.

Unexpectedly, Tyrone's phone rang while he was en route.

Kira's voice, feeble and trembling, relayed the news of a car accident and the urgent need for a family member's consent for surgery.

Tyrone harbored no suspicion and immediately altered his course toward the hospital, although Kira detained him for an extended duration.

Upon departing the hospital, he attempted to reach Sabrina but her phone remained unresponsive. Subsequent calls only led to the discovery that her device had been powered off.

Later, he had located her car parked outside a bar. Inside, after a conversation with the bartender, he ascertained that she had indulged in alcohol and departed in the company of another man.

He had then embarked on an exhaustive search for her.

It was during this frenzied pursuit that he had received a series of photographs.

The initial two images depicted Sabrina being assisted into a car by Blayze and subsequently being escorted into a hotel.

In the third photograph, Blayze's secretary was seen entering the hotel, holding a lady's attire in hand.

In the fourth snapshot, Sabrina and Blayze were captured at a restaurant in the evening.

During this time, Blayze's attire had undergone a complete transformation from the earlier hotel visit, while Sabrina had changed her clothing, removed her makeup and let her hair cascade freely, all suggesting a significant transformation in their evening's course....

They had stayed in the hotel room for several hours.

The implications were unmistakable.

As Tyrone gazed upon these photos, he felt as though a dagger had pierced his heart, causing it to bleed profusely.

His heart throbbed with pain and he teetered on the brink of insanity.

At that moment, Sabrina's phone had become reachable but she chose not to answer it, offering only a curt message in response. So cruel.

Yet, somehow, she made him feel she took the initiative to leave with Blayze, revealing a level of sobriety and a purported obliviousness...

Staring at her message on the screen, Tyrone's head began to spin.

He yearned to rush to the restaurant and retrieve Sabrina, yet he trembled at the thought of witnessing their intimate interactions.

He feared that Sabrina might divulge her involvement with Blayze...

And so, he could merely linger there, resembling a forlorn clown...

He didn't even dare to broach that question, fearing Sabrina's unambiguous response.

He understood that Sabrina held no affection for him. She might even harbor deep-seated animosity.

Now that she knew of his involvement in her father's demise, Tyrone believed that forgiveness was beyond her reach.

Tyrone found himself adrift...

When Sabrina had been with Trevor before, he had experienced sorrow but not the same level of anxiety, for dealing with Trevor had been a manageable feat.

However, it was entirely different when it came to dealing with Blayze...

Blayze was a formidable adversary, acquainted with Sabrina long before he entered the picture. There was even the disquieting possibility that Blayze might be the father of Sabrina's child...

A profound sense of impending crisis overwhelmed Tyrone. His thoughts lay in disarray, as if they were on the verge of being torn asunder. The poise and confidence he once exuded had now dissipated.

"Am I what?" Sabrina inquired.

Tyrone didn't offer a response. Instead, he held her in a tight embrace.

Sabrina found it increasingly difficult to catch her breath. She delivered a powerful blow to his shoulder and yelled, "Tyrone! Are you trying to strangle me?"

Tyrone eased his grip, burying his face in the crook of Sabrina's neck. In a husky voice, he confessed, "Sabrina... I love you. I love you deeply."

"Tyrone, what's wrong with you today?" Sabrina inquired.

"Could you... Not give up on me?"

His voice trembled.

"Give up on you? When have I ever given up on you?"

After discovering the truth earlier that day, Sabrina couldn't help but hold Tyrone partly responsible.

However, she also recognized that Tyrone had played a crucial role in convincing Larry to confess.

Larry was someone she had revered. More importantly, he had grown up with Tyrone.

She couldn't help but harbor some resentment toward Tyrone but she was resolved not to let this incident alter her attitude toward Tyrone in the future.

"Then, can you cease your association with Blayze?"

Tyrone's tone carried a glimmer of hope.

If she consented, he would pretend that today's events had never transpired.

In astonishment, Sabrina responded, "That's impossible. Tyrone, please don't make something out of nothing."

Despite Larry having turned himself in, Blayze had helped her apprehend Hobson and he was her photography teacher, so how could she possibly cut ties with him?

A trace of sorrow flickered in Tyrone's eyes.

Sure enough, Sabrina did not concur...

She dismissed his concerns as unwarranted.

"Anything else? If not, I'll take my leave."

Releasing herself from his embrace, Sabrina pressed the up button and entered the waiting elevator.

Tyrone remained still, closing his eyes, and remaining utterly motionless.

Stepping out of the elevator, Sabrina swiftly entered the security code,

unlocking the door to her apartment.

The living room lay in darkness.

After slipping on her slippers, she settled on the sofa, only to discover a Facebook message from Bettie when her phone was powered off. Bettie had informed her of an impending business trip and her departure this afternoon.

Sabrina replied, "Wishing you a safe journey."

In the dead of night, Sabrina was roused from slumber by an insistent pounding on her door.

In the dimness, her senses were muddled with sleep and not yet fully alert.

Bang! Another voice joined the cacophony.

This time, Sabrina was jolted awake. She blinked, confirming that someone was indeed pounding on her door.

Who on earth would be seeking her out at such an hour?

Initially, Sabrina considered ignoring it but the relentless noise proved too vexing.

In irritation, she switched on the bedside lamp, tossed the covers aside, rose from her bed, exited her bedroom and illuminated the living room.

"Who is it?" she demanded of the intruder behind the door.

A few more resounding knocks echoed through the silence.

"Can't you let me sleep? Who are you?" she exclaimed with growing exasperation.

Sabrina clenched her teeth and activated the night vision feature on her electronic monitor.

The viewing angle was somewhat peculiar, yet Sabrina managed to discern that the individual at the door was none other than Tyrone.

Fury welled up within her as she swung the door open and demanded, "Tyrone, have you lost your mind... Hey, what on earth are you doing?"

Before she could complete her sentence, Tyrone, who had been propped against the door, collapsed. It required a considerable effort on Sabrina's part to steady him.

A pungent alcohol stench assailed her senses.

Had Tyrone been drinking this late at night?

He even dared to consume alcohol, showing a complete disregard for his stomach.

"Tyrone?"

No response.

Sabrina held onto him firmly, her voice growing stern, "Are you alright?"

Tyrone shut his eyes and exhaled heavily, still remaining unresponsive, as if he had been intoxicated beyond reason.

Sabrina couldn't fathom how much Tyrone had drunk. He couldn't maintain his balance.

But how had he managed to find his way to her doorstep in such a state?

Sabrina's anger flared, compelling her to consider evicting him from her home.

Yet the night air was biting cold...

With one hand, Sabrina slammed the door and exerted herself to guide Tyrone onto the sofa.

Out of the blue, Tyrone stumbled, crashing into the nearby table before lunging toward the couch.

Caught off guard, Sabrina's head swam. By the time she grasped the situation, she found herself pinned down by Tyrone.

As their eyes met, Sabrina pushed against him and urged, "Tyrone, please, get up."

Tyrone fixated his intense gaze upon her, his cerulean eyes locked onto hers.

A trace of apprehension brushed against Sabrina. She swallowed uneasily and spoke softly. "Tyrone, it's quite late, you see... Um."

Tyrone suddenly lowered his head and kissed her mouth, biting her lips rudely as he did so.

"Hmm..."

Sabrina's nostrils were filled with the off-putting smell of alcohol. She felt dizzy and unable to breathe under his weight.

She attempted to push him off her but it was futile.

Then, Tyrone, took hold of her wrists, lifted them over her head and tore off her pajamas with his other hand.

