

Chapter 355 Good At Acting

Sabrina maintained a poker face, her tone laced with intrigue. "This thing's clearly charged up. So, why did it turn off automatically? Is it malfunctioning?"

Her gaze shifted toward Tyrone, her lips curving into an enigmatic smile. "I genuinely thought it was on auto-shutdown."

Tyrone's grin appeared just as artificial as hers.

Her acting chops were truly top-tier.

Sabrina's heartbeat went into overdrive, prompting her to retreat a step. "Why the laser focus on me, Tyrone?"

Tyrone closed the distance, his smile radiating amusement. "Sabrina, this is the first time I've known you had these acting skills up your sleeve. No wonder Camden snagged you for the play."

Sabrina stood there in shock.

Her lips twitched, still hoping that she might still pull this off. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Aren't you catching on yet?" Tyrone drew nearer, a wry smile tugging at his lips. "When I rang you up, you weren't dining solo. You were with Blayze. You spun a web of deception and pretended that your phone turned off automatically. Blayze sent you back, and I've seen it."

After stepping out of Blayze's car, Sabrina had even exchanged words with Blayze, her reluctance to part with Blayze glaringly obvious.

Her fib had unraveled, exposing her barefaced lie.

Tyrone's revelation left Sabrina mortified.

Bathed in the soft glow of the light, her face seemed even more radiant.

Sabrina nibbled at her lower lip, then cast her gaze up at Tyrone before lowering it again as she whispered, "You... How'd you figure it out?"

"I just wrapped up a dinner party at Francio Club."

His response was succinct, but it unveiled a world of understanding. He'd spotted her at Francio Club, and he'd known all along that she was hoodwinking him.

Sabrina winced, knowing her charade had been laid bare.

He hadn't disclosed his presence in Violetholt or the fact that he'd spotted her. It was a test, no doubt.

"If you already know I'm not playing straight, why not just call me out?" Sabrina inquired, her face a mélange of frustration and indignation.

Gazing at Sabrina's increasingly incensed expression, Tyrone maintained his smile and offered, "I wanted to see how far you'd go with the act. I never anticipated you'd be in character the whole time. Sabrina, you've certainly surprised me..."

"I..." Sabrina began, discerning the ironic undertone in Tyrone's voice. She quickly scrambled for an explanation, a guilt-tinged smile on her lips. "Honestly, I didn't want to deceive you, but... You've always had this thing against Blayze, and I..."

"So it's all my fault, then?" Tyrone interrupted.

"I didn't mean that," Sabrina hurriedly clarified.

Tyrone sneered, "If I hadn't witnessed it firsthand, I wouldn't have believed you had such an impressive acting talent."

His words dripped with irony.

Sabrina bit her lower lip. "I'm flattered..." she began, but her pride was swiftly countered.

Tyrone sneered. "Are you proud of this?"

"I..."

Sabrina's response was cut short as Tyrone unexpectedly pinched her waist and stole a passionate kiss.

Tyrone's kiss carried a certain fierceness.

Sabrina, catching her breath, gave Tyrone a forceful shove.

He only released her after a prolonged kiss, locking his gaze on her reddened lips. "Consider this your penalty for the fib, Sabrina. Cross that line again..."

"Don't worry. It won't happen," Sabrina gasped, promising swiftly.

Sabrina's resolve solidified. "I was just worried you'd jump to conclusions. I won't lie to you anymore. Blayze is my friend, and I won't cut ties with him because of you."

She wouldn't let Tyrone dictate her life any longer.

In response, Tyrone cracked a smile, leaning in for another kiss.

Why was she still daring to bring up Blayze?

Tyrone didn't leave, opting to stay, and he and Sabrina engaged in an intimate encounter.

Her allure was undeniable.

As Sabrina drifted off to sleep, she felt a profound sense of contentment.

Tyrone, gazing at her, felt a warmth in his heart.

Come morning, Sabrina sent a message to Blayze, saying, "Blayze, I've got some business to take care of this morning. Once I'm done, I'll make my way to the airport solo. No need to come see me off at noon."

About half an hour later, Blayze replied, "Alright. Travel safely."

"Well, thank you," Sabrina replied.

Staring at the messages on his phone screen, Blayze gently stroked his phone.

Tyrone had arrived in Violetholt, staying at the same hotel as Sabrina.

Was this why Sabrina hadn't allowed him to see her off? Had Sabrina and Tyrone reconciled?

Blayze couldn't help but feel a twinge of disappointment. He decided to make a call.

In the morning, Sabrina and Tyrone leisurely explored the city. By noon, they were at the airport, ready to depart for Mathias.

Around three o'clock, they touched down at Mathias airport. The driver dropped Sabrina off at her place before taking Tyrone to the company.

Sabrina settled onto her sofa at home with her suitcase.

Then, her phone rang.

It was a call from the police station.

Sabrina's complexion drained of color, her grip on the phone tightening.

Her father's case had been forwarded to the procuratorate.

The police had uncovered Larry as the mastermind. Fearing Tyrone would jeopardize his standing, Larry had orchestrated Galilea's kidnapping. Connor had stumbled upon this scheme and paid the price.

Now, all that remained was to await Larry's verdict.

Sabrina hadn't anticipated such a swift turn of events. Typically, criminal cases took over half a year to conclude.

Although she had braced herself for this outcome, the irrefutable evidence weighed heavily on her.

Why did it sting so much?

Perhaps it was due to her previous impression of Larry. She'd believed he was a genuinely good person. Since she joined the Blakely family, he had been nothing but kind to her. During her high school days, when she faced harassment and bullying, Larry had stepped in.

Or maybe it was because of Wanda. Larry was going to be sentenced. Did she have to keep this secret from Wanda forever? Could she truly

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Or maybe it was because of Wanda. Larry was going to be sentenced. Did she have to keep this secret from Wanda forever? Could she truly sustain this façade indefinitely? Wanda was remarkably astute. Wouldn't she notice something about Lena and Frankie?

Perhaps it was also because of Tyrone. Despite Tyrone's vigilance against Larry, Sabrina knew Tyrone considered Larry like a brother. Was there no way for Tyrone to help Larry evade the consequences? Even if he didn't want to assist, could she still approach Tyrone without

hesitation?

Furthermore, once the case's results were revealed, it would establish Galilea as a legitimate victim of the kidnapping, providing a valid reason for her so-called trauma and mental health issues. In that case, Galilea wouldn't face legal punishment.

It was maddening.

Restless, Sabrina sank into a daze on her sofa.

Tyrone had also received the news.

He promptly headed to the police station to inquire about the situation.

The director, with a resigned sigh, shook his head, indicating his helplessness. He knew Galilea might not be entirely innocent. Certain evidence hinted at issues that remained unresolved. Nevertheless, superiors had exerted pressure to expedite the case's conclusion and forward it to the procuratorate.

Tyrone didn't press the director but asked about the identity of the person applying pressure.

Although not explicitly stated, the director provided a subtle hint.

Leaving the police station, Tyrone tried calling Sabrina.

However, her phone rang for an extended period, yielding no response.

Perplexed, he instructed the driver to head directly to Sabrina's residence. Unexpectedly, as the car began to move, a message from Sabrina arrived. "Don't come over. Leave me alone."

Tyrone was taken aback.

With a sigh, he directed the driver to return to the company.