

Chapter 443 Hire A Boyfriend

Tyrone was frustrated. Sabrina's boyfriend was actually a waiter in a bar. How could Sabrina fall for such a liar? She had blatantly told him his boyfriend was a wall painter in a bar... Perhaps she lost her mind. He should really take her to see the doctor.

"When did you two meet?" Tyrone was gritting his teeth, his face livid.

"About a week ago, she came to the bar with her friend and mentioned that her ex-husband might bother her soon," explained Richard, observing Tyrone's gloomy face. "She wanted to hire someone to pretend to be her boyfriend, and she picked me."

Tyrone remained silent for a few seconds before looking at Richard with cold eyes. "You're lying! If you've only known her for a week, how could she fall in love with you? Did you know each other a few years ago?"

Richard tried his best to explain, "I'm telling the truth. My colleagues can vouch for it. I can even show you the contract."

"Contract?"

"Yes, we've signed the contract. She will pay me ten thousand dollars after I complete the task," Richard hastily said.

Tyrone narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing Richard's expression carefully. He didn't miss any details and didn't find anything amiss. Could Richard be telling the truth?

Richard was frightened under Tyrone's intense gaze. Feeling antsy due to his silence, he hurriedly added, "You're saying she likes me? How is that possible?"

Hearing this, Tyrone's face darkened. He stood up and announced, "I'm stepping out to make a phone call."

Leaving the chamber, Tyrone immediately dialed Damon's number.

Damon answered casually, "Hello? What's the matter?"

"Since when did Sabrina and Richard know each other? Where did they meet?" Tyrone cut straight to the point.

Damon burst into a fit of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" Tyrone demanded, his expression thundering.

Damon couldn't suppress his laughter, saying, "Why are you so stupid? Have you not figured out what's going on yet?"

"Tell me! Tell me everything clearly!"

"Sabrina doesn't have a boyfriend! She deliberately found a fake one to fool you!" Damon revealed, his voice betraying a smug smile.

Tyrone was stunned. Finally realizing what was going on, he grinned dangerously, but his teeth were gritted. "Go on."

"Not too long ago, she ran into Eddie and discovered I was following her. She already knew the truth by then. She was upset that you made such a big decision on your own, so she intentionally said she had a boyfriend to get back at you."

Tyrone licked his teeth and clenched his fists, his eyes narrowed. "Are you sure there is nothing between Richard and Sabrina?"

"Well, I never once saw her hanging out with Richard when I was keeping tabs on her."

"I see." Tyrone felt relief wash over him, but he wasn't going to forget that Damon and Sabrina had lied to him together. "Just wait and see. I'll be sure to teach you a lesson later!"

Damon laughed out loud.

Tyrone hung up the phone and returned to the chamber.

Mrs. George seemed to have guessed the truth of what had happened. Her lips curled into a smile, and she commented, "Tyrone, you seemed to be screwed by your wife."

Mrs. George didn't know Tyrone's wife, but the fact that the

latter could play tricks on Tyrone and still be so deeply loved by him intrigued her. She was curious about his wife now.

Tyrone didn't deny it. He just turned to Richard and instructed, "Go and bring me the contract."

"Okay, I'll do it right now." As Richard left the room, his shoulders were slumped, and he couldn't help but heave a sigh.

Not long after, Richard returned with the contract and handed it to Tyrone.

Tyrone's eyes skimmed the contract quickly, the paper crinkling slightly under his clenched hands as an angry smile appeared on his face. Richard was telling the truth. Sabrina had indeed hired Richard to pretend to be her boyfriend when he was around. Moreover, she had staged the whole act in the car just now, making him believe she had fallen for Richard. She was truly remarkable.

However, Sabrina's actions indicated that she cared about him since she went this far to piss him off. Otherwise, she wouldn't have bothered to provoke him in the first place. He felt as if she had cast a spell on him. Sabrina's seriousness when taking pictures of him showed how much effort she put into it. The attention she gave him was so obvious. How could he believe she fell in love with somebody else?

Saying goodbye to Mrs. George, Tyrone rushed to Sabrina's apartment without wasting another second.

Sabrina was home, busy dealing with the photographs she had taken of Tyrone.

The four pictures that she had carefully taken of Tyrone had turned out very well, and she was quite satisfied. The images were so well captured that they only needed a few adjustments instead of major edits.


Suddenly, amid her work, there was a knock on the door.

Sabrina glanced up at the door. She rose from her seat and walked over, calling, "Who is it?"

"It's me..." Tyrone's voice echoed outside from the door.

Perplexed, Sabrina peered through the peephole, confirming

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Tyrone's presence in the hallway. Questions flooded her mind. Wasn't he pissed off? Why was he here again?

Sabrina opened the door and looked at him, her eyebrows scrunched in confusion. "Why are you here? Have you been outside in the car this whole time?"

"No." Tyrone didn't look angry at all. He was calm, a faint smile on his lips. "My grandma called me just now. Let's talk inside."

Without any doubt, Sabrina turned and let Tyrone into her apartment, closing the door behind them. "So what did your grandma say?"

"She didn't say anything."

"What?" Then why did he come here? Sabrina couldn't figure out what Tyrone was thinking as her head tilted slightly at him in bewilderment.

Noticing the strange glint in his eyes, a nervous fluttered in her stomach. Sabrina rubbed her arms uneasily and asked, "You... Why are you looking at me like that?"

Tyrone's knowing smile grew as he approached her with deliberate steps. With meaningful emphasis, he spoke. "Sabrina, I just know how bold you are."

"What? Really? What makes you think so?" Sabrina cautiously took a step back, the hair on the back of her neck raising in apprehension. She assumed Tyrone must have found something out.


Tyrone slowly took a paper out of his pocket and unfolded the sheet in front of Sabrina, revealing the contract. "You signed this yourself. Don't you remember?"

Damn it! Her plan was exposed. Sabrina felt her chest tighten in panic as she desperately tried to figure out how to deal with this situation. But she didn't forget the reason she did so in the first place. Tyrone had lied to her, so she shouldn't feel guilty for making him hurt.

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Determination flickering in her eyes, Sabrina took a deep breath and puffed out her chest. She approached him and retrieved the contract. "Yes, I did. What's wrong with that?"

Observing her unashamed expression, Tyrone let out a dry laugh, a mix of anger and amusement. "What's wrong? You hired a fake boyfriend to fool me. And you're asking me what's wrong?"

"I just gave you a dose of your own medicine. That's all."

"What I did was for the sake of your own safety..."

"So, you can hurt me by being with another woman whenever you want. Is that right?" Gazing straight into Tyrone's eyes, Sabrina's expression was grim, her words deliberate and measured. "Tyrone, you've used those words to hurt my feelings because you want to protect me, but do you even care about what I want? Have you ever respected my choices?"

Resolved in his choice, Tyrone responded, "Sabrina, you can blame me all you want. I had no choice at that time. But if I ever had to make the same decision again, I wouldn't change a thing."

His words only intensified Sabrina's anger. He still refused to admit his mistake.

"In that case, you can leave now. You lied to me, and I lied back, so let's call it even. Don't bother me again!" Sabrina declared coldly, turning away from him with her arms folded.

"Sabrina! Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am," Sabrina said firmly.

Confronted with her resolve, Tyrone looked at her back, which was stubbornly turned away from him. He had no choice but to compromise. He reached out, tenderly touching her shoulder, and turned her back to face him. "Alright, it's my fault. I shouldn't have done that. Sabrina, please forgive me, okay?"

He had initially planned to blame her when he confronted her.

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However, in truth, he was the one to blame.

Sabrina, her anger evident, responded with a sardonic smile. He was only forced to admit his mistake and apologize this time, but he would likely do it again in the future.

"You just said you'd do the same thing if you were presented with the same choice again. How are you in the wrong, then? What you did was right. I have no right to forgive you," Sabrina retorted with a touch of sarcasm.