

Chapter 227 I Can't Help Myself

Tyrone's looming presence cast a shadow over her, emanating a sense of dominance.

The distinct aroma of alcohol wafted from him, causing Sabrina to scrunch her nose and hold her breath.

The audible click of the door's lock sent shivers down her spine. Pushing aside her unease, she challenged him, "Tyrone, have you lost your mind? Why drag me in here? What are you doing?"

Tyrone pursed his lips tightly and stared at her without blinking.

That intense stare made Sabrina uneasy. She attempted to move him aside, but her efforts were in vain.

His lips arched in a sardonic smirk. "So, you've no idea? Then why did you run away when you saw me?"

Meeting his gaze, she inquired with composure, "When did I run away?"

"Oh? So you didn't run?" Tyrone's voice lowered, taking on a seductive tone, and a playful glint danced in his eyes.

Sabrina responded with conviction, "I did not."

His smile remained, but his eyes darkened. "In that case, since Trevor's caught the eye of Merlin Technology and they see promise in him, why not introduce him to me?"

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"If you won't make the introduction, I'll approach him myself."

With that, he reached for the door, ready to go out.

A sense of urgency washed over Sabrina, compelling her to grasp his arm and called, "Tyrone!"

He paused, directing a piercing gaze at her. "What now?"

Sabrina faltered.

Seeing him with Jennie, a mere child, wouldn't perturb Trevor.

But Tyrone? That was a different story.

If Trevor learned she was at the party accompanied by Tyrone, he might sever ties with her.

This would jeopardize her ability to gather any information from him.

Observing Sabrina's hesitancy, Tyrone's expression shifted to one of contempt. With one large hand on the door, he inched towards her. "You just said that you didn't run away, right? Are you really that worried about him catching us together?"

Was her heart truly with Trevor?

Almost instinctively, she retreated, pressing her back to the door, trying to maintain space between them. "We're no longer together. If he learns we arrived together, there will be a misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding? Everyone's aware we arrived here together. Why does his perception matter so much to you?"

"Because..."

Before she could finish, his striking face was mere inches from hers.

With a swift move, Tyrone cornered her against the door, sealing her lips with his own, an expression of his evident frustration.

He was scared.

He was not concerned about whether this would paint him as a coward or not.

He was reluctant to hear those affirming words directly from her.

For a brief moment, Sabrina's eyes shot open in surprise. Gathering her strength, she pushed against his chest, murmuring, "Tyrone... Release me..."

But he remained unyielding. Advancing a step, he wedged her between his legs, clasping her face in one hand and grabbing her wrists with the other.

His intent had been a mere kiss.

Yet, her lips held a tender and sweet taste. The instant their kiss connected, it instantly triggered a rush of memories from the nights they'd shared together in his thoughts.

It brought back Jennie's words about Sabrina's unique scent.

She had a captivating smell.

He knew how good she smelled, of course.

Those memories, once dormant, now surfaced.

Desire burst out from Tyrone's body, burning more and more fiercely like a fire.

Drawn irresistibly, Tyrone deepened their embrace, his hand trailing from her cheek, past her ear, to the nape of her neck, causing her to shudder.

Their closeness made it unmistakable for Sabrina to sense Tyrone's growing intensity.

The sharp taste of wine served as a poignant reminder of the unpredictability that alcohol might induce in Tyrone.

She was flustered and struggled desperately. "Let go of me... Stop..."

Little did she realize that her resistance only fueled Tyrone's growing inability to rein in his desires.

With alcohol fueling his senses, a burning heat enveloped Tyrone. Overwhelming desire threatened to overshadow his reason.

He momentarily relaxed his grip on her wrists.

Sabrina mistakenly believed he'd set her free.

But in the blink of an eye, she felt the cold air on her chest. Tyrone, with assertive hands, slid down her off-shoulder dress, caressing her breasts delicately. They felt incredibly soft under his touch.

"No... Hmm..."

Caught off guard, a soft moan escaped her lips.

Tyrone was consumed by desire.

Suddenly, the sound of approaching steps echoed outside. Someone halted right in front of the bathroom door.

They tried to turn the handle, but the door stood firm.

The voice from outside called out, puzzled, "Hello? Is anyone in there? Can you please open up?"

Sabrina's hands, which had been on Tyrone's shoulders, froze.

With that interruption, clarity returned to Tyrone instantly.

He opened his eyes and looked into her eyes.

Her eyes sparkled with clarity.

Their lips were mere inches apart, their breathing intertwined, yet they

remained motionless.

Receiving no response, the person outside eventually turned away.

Tyrone said in a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry, I lost myself."

Sabrina just looked down, emotionless.

Following her sight, Tyrone saw that his big hand was still in the wrong place.

He stepped away quickly, saying, "You can dress up first."

Sabrina adjusted her dress, silently exited the restroom.

With cold water splashing his face, Tyrone tried to center himself before making his way to the main hall.

Out of nowhere, someone stepped in his path. "Mr. Blakely, can I talk to you for a moment?"

It was Evelyn.

The impending trial against Evelyn was looming.

Evelyn hoped to reach a private settlement, but Tyrone's appointed attorney had other plans.

She was determined to speak with Tyrone alone.

"No, you can't," Tyrone responded and walked past her.

Growing more anxious, Evelyn pursued him. "Mr. Blakely, regarding the defamation case..."

Stopping in his tracks, Tyrone coldly interjected, "I've entrusted that case entirely to my attorney. There'll be no private settlements."

Then he continued walking.

In a desperate move, Evelyn clasped him from behind, pressing her tear-filled eyes against his back. "Tyrone! You must hear me out. Sabrina isn't worthy of you. She exploited her father's influence to gain favor with the Blakely family, and she's incessantly after you. I'm certain she's a burden to you. Every move I made was for your sake. I know you have

feelings for Galilea, and I just wanted to help you!"

Tyrone wrenched his hands free from Evelyn's grip, pivoted on his heel, and fixed her with a somber expression, his eyes penetratingly sharp. "Let me set things straight. Sabrina wasn't the one pursuing me; it was me pursuing her. Your attempts to manipulate the situation reveal nothing but jealousy. I won't be swayed by your excuses, no matter how many you offer. My decision remains firm. Just be prepared to face the legal consequences!"

"Fine, I admit. I'm just envious of her. What makes her better than me?" Evelyn held Tyrone's arm tightly and cried. "Tyrone, don't treat me so coldly. Please, just look at me. I've had a crush on you ever since you joined the company. I really like you..."

The sound of approaching steps silenced her. Turning, her gaze met Sabrina's, and she stood frozen.

Tyrone's expression turned grim as he noticed Sabrina's presence. Swiftly releasing Evelyn's hand, he said, "Sabrina..."

"Continue, I didn't mean to intrude." Sabrina's eyes frosted over as she walked past them, not sparing Tyrone a second look, heading towards the hall.

