

Chapter 263 Are You Throwing Yourself At Me

The two-piece swimsuit was so eye-catching on the empty balcony.

Sabrina's emotions surged as she turned to Tyrone, feeling embarrassment, shame, and anger. "Tyrone, you..."

"What?" Tyrone looked at her with amusement.

Clenching her teeth, Sabrina glared at him. She didn't want to quarrel with him in front of Jennie. She stormed out to the balcony and grabbed her swimsuit.

She began folding it neatly, but just as she was about to slip it into her pocket, Tyrone grabbed her wrist and snatched it from her grasp. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"What do you think I am doing?" Sabrina broke free from his grip and lunged for the swimsuit.

Tyrone raised his arms so Sabrina couldn't reach it. Her anger blazed. She crossed her arms and shot him a look. "Give it back, Tyrone!"

"This is mine now. Why should I give it to you?" Tyrone maintained his mischievous grin.

Sabrina stared at him in disbelief, utterly astounded by his audacity. She couldn't believe he was so shameless. "What are you talking about? That belongs to me!"

"You tossed it aside, and I found it."

Sabrina opened her mouth, but her mind suddenly went blank. "But..."

"What?" Tyrone asked. "Am I wrong?"

Sabrina's cheeks flushed with anger. She couldn't find the words to

counter his audacious claim.

Her face reddened, her eyes welled up, and she seethed with frustration. She was furious but felt utterly powerless.

Tyrone couldn't help smiling. He playfully lifted the swimsuit, holding it to the tip of his nose for a sniff. "Mm, it smells delightful!"

Sabrina got goose bumps all over her body. Her ears burned crimson, and her anger surged. "Tyrone! Could you possibly be any more shameless?"

"Absolutely," Tyrone responded with a sly glimmer in his eyes. He smirked and leaned in to whisper something into Sabrina's ear.

Sabrina's jaw dropped in astonishment, her face flushing a deep crimson as she shot him a fiery glare. Her anger was so palpable that her chest heaved, rendering her momentarily speechless.

He said he was going to use her swimsuit to...

Tyrone gazed at her enraged expression with a subtle smile. He folded the swimsuit and tucked it away in his pocket. "Don't worry. I'll keep it safe."

Sabrina was stunned.

Her face turned red. She stared at Tyrone, then snorted in exasperation before abruptly turning on her heel.

Without warning, she suddenly launched herself at Tyrone and reached into his pocket.

But before she could put her hand into the pocket, Tyrone was already prepared and swiftly grabbed her wrist and pulled her closer.

Surprised, Sabrina let out a yelp as she lost her balance and fell into Tyrone's waiting arms.

Tyrone was delighted. "Sabrina, are you throwing yourself at me?" he

said, teasing her.

Anxiously, she pushed her hands against his chest, desperate to break free from his hold. "Shut up!"

In the past, Tyrone had always exuded an air of aloofness. He remained composed, rational, and assertive, carrying the charisma of a mature man, a quality Sabrina admired in him.

She didn't know why Tyrone had undergone such a dramatic transformation.

It was as if he had regressed to his primary school days.

She had a strong urge to slap him.

Coming in from the balcony, Sabrina looked around and couldn't see Jennie in the living room.

"Jennie?"

"I'm here."

Jennie's voice came from the bedroom.

Sabrina took a deep breath, fanning her flustered face as she regained her composure.

Once the heat on her face had cooled, she gently pushed the bedroom door open. "Why did you go to your room?"

Jennie pulled the covers aside and smiled. "I didn't want to disturb you two."

Sabrina was stunned. "Come on. Let's go for a walk up the mountain at the back."

Jennie hopped off the bed and skipped over. "Will Uncle Tyrone be joining us?"

"No!"

"Yes!"

Sabrina and Tyrone responded simultaneously.

Jennie's eyes widened. She looked back and forth between Sabrina and Tyrone. "So, will Uncle be coming with us or not?"

Gritting her teeth, Sabrina glared at Tyrone. "No! He won't be."

It was clear that she didn't want him to go with them.

Jennie turned her gaze to Tyrone, tilting her head in curiosity.

Tyrone offered an apologetic smile. "Jennie, I won't be joining you this time. You can have fun with your aunt."

"Okay."

Sabrina spent the whole morning playing with Jennie. As they settled down for lunch at a restaurant, Jennie posed an unexpected question. "Auntie, we're heading back this afternoon. Will you come back with us?"

Sabrina was left momentarily speechless.

She had intended to arrange for Bettie to pick her up this afternoon.

She had planned to meet Trevor in three days. So, there was no need for her to go back with them.

Yet the thought of staying with Tyrone wasn't particularly appealing.

Sabrina shot Tyrone a chilling glare.

Tyrone had been watching her closely, his gaze fixed intently on her every move.

Sabrina caught him staring. He momentarily looked away, then smiled. "Why are you looking at me?"

Sabrina said coldly, "If only you could disappear right now."

Tyrone chuckled softly. "Sorry, I can't assist you with that."

She let out an exasperated huff, her lips pursed in frustration. With a quick motion, she pulled out her phone and fired off a message to Bettie.

But Bettie said she was busy right now.

Sabrina let out a deep sigh. She ran her fingers through her hair, irritated with her current predicament. She couldn't believe she was stuck with Tyrone for now.

"When are you planning to leave?" she asked, turning to Jennie.

Jennie answered, "Before dinnertime."

"Alright, I'll come with you."

Tyrone shifted his gaze from the screen of her mobile phone and regarded her with gentle eyes and a subtle smile.

Sabrina had no intention of going back with Trevor.

It seemed that his plan worked. She might have broken up with Trevor.

Jennie turned to Tyrone with curiosity. "Uncle, will Grandma come for Christmas?"

"I believe so, Jennie. You can give her a call after we get back." Tyrone extended a hand to help Jennie with the dishes.

Sabrina rolled her eyes and discreetly glanced at Tyrone's pocket.

With Tyrone engrossed in a serious conversation with Jennie, Sabrina sipped her drink and reached for Tyrone's pocket with her right hand.

Her eyes darted towards the pocket's opening, and she made her move. Suddenly, a large hand intercepted hers.

Tyrone smiled and gave her a meaningful look.

Caught in the act, Sabrina couldn't help but blush with embarrassment. She withdrew her hand, feeling somewhat remorseful for her attempt.

However, Tyrone held on to her hand and gently squeezed it.

"Let me go," Sabrina mouthed.

"Your hand is so soft," Tyrone remarked with a smile, lifting it to his lips and planting a gentle kiss on the back before finally releasing it.

Sabrina felt a shiver run down her spine as she experienced the warmth and softness of his gesture. Quickly composing herself, she wiped the back of her hand and shot him a sharp glance. "Where's my swimsuit?"

"What swimsuit?"


Tyrone feigned ignorance, which only infuriated Sabrina further. "You know what I'm talking about!"

A smile spread across his face. "Sabrina, you must be out of your mind. Why on earth would I bring your swimsuit with me?"

Then he leaned over and whispered in her ear, "I put it under my pillow. Every day..."

Sabrina promptly silenced him by covering his mouth with her hand.



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