

Chapter 278 Who Hurt Her

Gently, Tyrone placed Sabrina in the back seat of the car and carefully checked her over.

Her forehead had a bruise with two Band-Aids. The left side of her face was red and swollen, with a clear handprint, and her right foot appeared sore.

He gently lifted her right foot to remove her boot, but she winced and pulled her foot away.

Holding onto her leg, Tyrone tried again. When he carefully removed her boot, he could see her swollen ankle even though she had a sock on.

Overall, she looked battered and bruised.

Tyrone's tone was gentle, but his eyes were dark with fury. "Sabrina, what happened? How did you get these injuries? Who hurt you?"

After a few seconds of silence, Sabrina said, "It's none of your business."
"Sabrina!"

Confronted by Tyrone's questioning eyes, Sabrina turned away and closed her eyes.

Tyrone grappled with her words.

Frustration and anger welled up within him.

Did she believe he wouldn't uncover the truth if she stayed silent?

Who could subject her to such suffering and evade discovery?

At the business dinner party, Tyrone didn't drink any alcohol. His assistant, Kylan, drank the wine for him and was later driven home. Tyrone headed to the hospital, carrying Sabrina to the orthopedics department and helping her into a chair. Then he explained their reason for the visit to the doctor.

The doctor carefully examined Sabrina's injured foot, pressing the red and swollen area to assess her pain. "Does this cause discomfort when I press here?"

"A little," Sabrina replied.

"What about here?"

"A little. Doctor, you're pressing gently. It may hurt more if you press harder."

"Alright, let me try a bit more pressure," the doctor said, smiling.

Thinking the doctor was joking, Sabrina didn't take it seriously. However, the next moment, the doctor abruptly adjusted her ankle into position.

"Ah!"

A shriek of pain escaped her lips as tears ran down her cheeks.

Tyrone grasped her hand. "Did it hurt a lot?"

Tears welled up in her eyes. "Yes."

The pain was almost unbearable.

Looking at her red eyes and aggrieved expression, Tyrone chuckled involuntarily.

She pulled her hand away.

Why did he laugh at her?

The doctor put her foot down and instructed, "Try taking a few steps. Tell me if it still hurts."

Sabrina gingerly placed her right foot on the floor, using the table for support as she stood up. With a limp, she advanced, shifting her weight from her left foot to her right, taking slow steps to the door and back.

She smiled happily. "It doesn't seem to hurt as much. Thank you, doctor!"

"You're welcome. It will get better with rest," the doctor said.

He also treated the wound on her forehead by applying a piece of square gauze and prescribing the necessary medication.

When they returned to the car, Tyrone fastened his seat belt and looked at Sabrina. "Let me take you home."

"Drive me back to the restaurant. My car is still there."

"Pass me the keys. I'll arrange for someone to drive it back tomorrow."

"Okay. But Jennie is at Wanda's. Let's pick her up first."

Tyrone drove to the villa.

Meanwhile, Sabrina picked up her phone and scrolled through the Facebook group for her photography course.

There happened to be a photography class tonight.

She promptly sent a request for leave to the assistant, Wayne.

The class was still running, and the Facebook group was relatively quiet, indicating everyone was likely attentively listening.

Tyrone parked the car at the villa gate. They both stepped out and went inside. After having a chat with Wanda, they collected Jennie and left.

As they approached Sabrina's apartment, she instructed, "You can pull over by the east gate."

Vehicles could only stay at the roadside for a few minutes.

Tyrone understood Sabrina's unspoken request. She wanted him to leave as soon as she was home.

"I insist. It's too far to your apartment, and it's chilly outside. I'll park in the underground garage."

"It really isn't that far."

Without saying another word, Tyrone drove into the underground garage.

Sabrina pressed her lips together and remained silent.

She only allowed him into her apartment tonight because of all his help.

After parking, Tyrone opened the door and accompanied Sabrina and Jennie to the elevator.

When they arrived at her spacious apartment, Sabrina removed her boots, retrieved her phone, hung her down jacket, and headed straight to the kitchen.

In the fridge, she found frozen food. Sabrina felt too drained to go through the process of cooking a full meal, so she opted to prepare something quick for herself.

As he stood at the kitchen door, Tyrone observed her cooking and mentioned, "I didn't get a chance to eat much at the business dinner. If you don't mind, could you make a little extra for me too?"

Sabrina turned around and glared at him.

He smiled and went back to the living room.

As Tyrone walked past the table, Sabrina's phone suddenly rang.

Tyrone glanced at the screen and noticed a Facebook message notification.

With the screen locked, he could only see the name of the person who sent the message. It was Blayze, but he couldn't see the content.

Recalling what Jennie had told him, Tyrone knew that Blayze was the photographer for Sabrina's photography class. Sabrina mentioned planning a personal lesson with him and taking photos during their trip.

However, she wouldn't be alone; Aylin and Jennie would accompany her. So, Tyrone didn't overthink it and assumed Sabrina was simply interested in honing her photography skills.

"Come here and get the plates!"

Sabrina's voice echoed from the kitchen.

Tyrone walked in, brought two plates out, and arranged them on the table.

Sabrina followed, holding forks and the plate with food.

They sat on the sofa and enjoyed their meal. Jennie couldn't help but gaze at the food, with her mouth watering. Tyrone grabbed a clean plate and shared some of his food with her.

Once dinner concluded, Tyrone knew he had no excuse to stay any longer. He rose to leave reluctantly.

He stopped at the door and turned back to remind Sabrina. "Remember to apply the medicine to your forehead on time."

Silently, Sabrina closed the door.

Tyrone felt awkward as the door clicked shut in front of his face. He

touched his nose and took the lift to the garage. Once inside the car, he sent a message to Kylan, instructing him to investigate what had transpired with Sabrina at the restaurant that night.

Sabrina cleared the table and then nestled comfortably on the sofa. She picked up her phone, unlocked it, and saw a message from Blayze, asking, "Why didn't you come to class tonight?"

She replied, "I'm sorry. I had something to do tonight. I'll watch the video later."

"I've shared the PDFs of the course in the group chat. Feel free to ask if you have any questions."

"Thank you." Sabrina pondered for a moment and then added, "Blayze, is the date for the trip you mentioned fixed?"

"I haven't set a date for it. Do you have a date in mind?"

"I have something to deal with the whole month. I'll only be free in the next three days."

Sabrina glanced at Jennie beside her, hoping that Blayze would be available within the next three days. Otherwise, Jennie wouldn't be able to wait for a month.

Jennie had a conflict with Kira and had stayed with her for many days in anticipation of the trip. Sabrina didn't want to disappoint her.

"I have something on tomorrow morning, but after lunch, we can head to Orden and stay there for two days. Does that sound good?" Blayze offered.

"Okay, thank you."

Sabrina peeked out, beaming at Jennie. "Guess what? We'll be going on a trip tomorrow!"

Jennie looked away from the cartoon, excitement dancing in her eyes. "Yippee!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands.

Sabrina informed Bettie and Aylin.

In the morning, Sabrina packed her backpack.

Aylin and Bettie arrived, ready with their backpacks and a packed lunch. The three adults and Jennie piled into the same car, heading towards the highway intersection.

A young man, wearing a dark plaid coat and scarf, stood next to a black car parked by the side of the road.

Observing the man from a distance, Bettie exclaimed, "Wow! Is that Blayze? He's so handsome!"

Sabrina stole a quick glance at the man and focused on the license plate. "Bettie, that's the car. Pull over."

Bettie parked her car behind it.

Sabrina pushed her door open and stepped out. "Blayze?"

When she saw pictures of Blayze in the Facebook group, she noticed a resemblance to Tyrone that struck her. However, realizing that Blayze was older, she concluded that it was more accurate to say that Tyrone looked like Blayze rather than the other way around.

As Blayze approached Sabrina, she couldn't help but notice the uncanny similarity between his eyes and Tyrone's. They were both deep, dark, and intense. It was as though she were looking into the same pair of eyes.

When Blayze saw Sabrina again after so many years, his heart was filled with mixed emotions. He smiled warmly. "Hi, Sabrina."