

## Chapter 302 Aren't You Sick Of Me

Sabrina's eyes widened in astonishment.

Tyrone negotiated with Galilea on her behalf? In that case, all those resources Galilea had acquired and that they attended the party together were conditions set by Galilea.

"Really? You're not deceiving me, are you?" Sabrina asked with suspicion.

"It's the truth, I promise!" Kylan vigorously affirmed. "Galilea vowed to testify by the end of tonight. We never anticipated..."

Sabrina scoffed and retorted, "Tyrone is quite naive, isn't he? Does he genuinely believe that Galilea will testify after agreeing to those conditions? It's impossible."

Sabrina once appeared gullible.

Tyrone and she had fallen for Galilea's ruse.

Kylan grinned and said, "Anyway, he was attempting to assist you."

"Since Tyrone wants to keep me in the dark, why did you tell me?" Sabrina quirked an eyebrow and inquired.

Kylan touched his nose and replied, "Mr. Blakely has been in a rather foul mood lately..."

Sabrina comprehended instantly and, following a brief pause, she said, "Answer one more question for me."

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"Please, go ahead."

"Why did Tyrone release Galilea when she was in a psychiatric hospital?" Sabrina questioned.

Upon hearing this, Kylan briefly panicked. "Well... I'm not sure..."

Sabrina's true identity and the fact that she had given birth to a child should remain undisclosed.

Observing Kylan's expression, Sabrina smiled. "You truly have no idea?"

"I don't have a clue." Kylan shook his head.

"Then you may leave."

"What?"

"What?" Sabrina crossed her arms over her chest and remarked, "You're Tyrone's confidant but your ignorance about the reason makes me believe that Tyrone's motives for negotiating with Galilea weren't about me. His recent sour mood isn't my doing. It might be related to something else."

Kylan found himself dumbfounded by her words.

How could Sabrina still harbor doubts about Tyrone's feelings for her? This wasn't what he expected. Why did Sabrina think so?

"If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way." Sabrina gracefully headed toward her car.

"Wait!" Kylan interjected, halting her progress.

Sabrina halted and turned to fix her gaze upon Kylan. "Is there something else?"

"I assure you, I'm speaking the truth. There's no reason for me to deceive you."

"Let me ask you once more. Why did Tyrone release Galilea at that particular time?"

Kylan's reaction unmistakably indicated that he possessed the answer. Yet, he hesitated to divulge it.

Kylan shook his head and uttered, "I genuinely do not know."

"Allow me to speculate. Does it have any connection to me?" Sabrina inquired cautiously.

In reality, Kylan's previous statement carried credibility. She professed disbelief to ascertain the nature of the motives behind Tyrone's actions.

Otherwise, it would linger like a thorn, a constant reminder of the unresolved matters between Tyrone and Galilea every time she encountered him.

Kylan was taken aback, almost nodding in agreement. "I truly don't know. Please, don't press me..."

"Could it be that Galilea possesses something against me?" Sabrina peered deeply into Kylan's eyes and ventured a guess.

Kylan remained speechless.

"But what could Galilea possibly know about me?"

Sabrina was perplexed. The enigma eluded her.

"Madam..."

Observing her fruitless quest for answers, Sabrina let out a sigh. "I understand. Very well, you may return. I will get in

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touch with Tyrone."

Kylan breathed a sigh of relief. "Alright, thank you."

Upon arriving home, Sabrina retreated to her study and joined a live broadcast of the photography course.

Blayze's voice emanated from the speaker.

His voice held a slight huskiness, yet his tone exuded tranquility, drawing her swiftly into the realm of his profound photographic expertise.

Sabrina diligently jotted down notes.

As Blayze advanced in his lecture, he reached a specific juncture. Here, he momentarily paused, clearing his throat lightly twice, took a sip of water and then seamlessly resumed his discourse.

Somehow, Sabrina discerned that Blayze seemed fatigued.

Following the photography class, the recording was automatically generated. Sabrina accessed the video to see the part she had missed earlier.

Amid her perusal, a message popped up on her Facebook.

Blayze inquired, "Were you attentive in your lessons today?"

"I missed the first part but I'm catching up," Sabrina responded.

Blayze assured her, "If you find anything perplexing, don't hesitate to ask."

Sabrina expressed her gratitude, saying, "I appreciate that. Are you experiencing a sore throat? Remember to bundle up warmly, stay hydrated and get some rest."

"Alright," Blayze replied.

He hadn't caught a cold but his voice had endured considerable strain.

Naturally, the weekly photography class alone wouldn't have left him so fatigued.

The principal cause of his weariness stemmed from issues plaguing the company's acquisition project. Not only had the acquisition faltered but a significant portion of the company's financial resources had also been depleted.

Simultaneously, discontent among his detractors had become more pronounced.

In recent days, he had been engrossed in addressing these concerns, affording him little respite.

Tyrone had intentionally feigned interest in the acquisition of Prosperous Technology to goad him into competition. Once Blayze initiated the acquisition of Prosperous Technology's stocks, he learned that this company was plagued by complications. Prosperous Technology had adopted a hostile stance against the acquisition and deployed plans to impede it, thereby reducing the equity held by Blayze.

The head of Prosperous Technology even issued a public statement, asserting that if the Fowler family persisted in the acquisition, they would resort to another policy, liquidating the company's assets before the acquisition could come to fruition.

Blayze found himself caught in a perplexing conundrum. Under these circumstances, wrapping up the acquisition was imperative, as it would furnish him with the means to deliver a flawless presentation to the board of directors.

Undoubtedly, the Fowler family possessed immense wealth and influence, making the acquisition of Prosperous Technology seem inevitable. However, this very fact fueled growing dissension within the Fowler clan, leading to mounting restrictions placed upon him.

Stirring up discontent within the Fowler family toward Blayze was Tyrone's true objective.

Slouching in his chair, Blayze massaged his temple and composed a message to Sabrina. "Do you happen to have some free time tomorrow? Let's dine together. There's something of great importance I must share with you."

"Something important?" Sabrina was left puzzled.

Blayze clarified, "Indeed."

Suspecting it might pertain to the upcoming photography competition, Sabrina responded, "Very well, we can meet for lunch tomorrow."

"Agreed."

"Ensure you get a good night's rest."

Sabrina set her phone down and resumed her playback, all while taking diligent notes.

After that, Sabrina stretched her limbs.

After completing her evening skincare routine and brushing her teeth, Sabrina donned her pajamas, settled into her bed, retrieved her phone, deliberated briefly, and dialed a particular number.

The phone rang for an extended duration, nearly reaching the point of automatic disconnection before finally connecting.

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From the other end of the line, a familiar male voice greeted her, tinged with irritation. "Aren't you sick of me? Why have you called?"



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