

Chapter 307 Are You Satisfied

Before their divorce, Sabrina and Tyrone never made their marriage public. Except for the phone calls from Kylan, Sabrina wouldn't answer other people's calls for Tyrone, but she wouldn't avoid his phone either.

However, after their wedding anniversary, she stopped checking his phone.

Sabrina no longer left the light on for him when he returned late, nor did she prepare his suit and tie for the next day. She didn't care if he had eaten on time and no longer affectionately called his name. But Tyrone was oblivious to these changes.

Slowly, she began to distance herself from him.

However, Tyrone remained unaware and continued to hold on to hope, wanting to salvage their relationship.

Noticing Tyrone's somber expression, Sabrina inquired curiously, "What's wrong? Did the meeting not go well?"

"No," Tyrone replied, pausing for a moment.

Tyrone unlocked his phone and noticed a missed call from Damon. Tyrone returned the call.

Sabrina closed the magazine she had been reading and placed it on the table. "Do you have a moment now?" Sabrina asked casually.

"Just a minute."

As soon as the call connected, Tyrone glanced at Sabrina

and made a gesture. He then put the phone to his ear. "Hello? What's the matter?"

Damon said something on the other end of the line, and Tyrone's face suddenly became stern and angry. "Are you sure? Okay, I see. I'll be right there."

After ending the call, Sabrina asked with concern, "What's going on?"

"Sorry, I have to go."

"Alright. Will you be long? When will you come back?"

"It won't take long. Why don't you wait for me here for a while?"

Sabrina thought she had already been waiting for a while and decided she could wait a little longer. "Okay. I'll see you later."

"Okay."

Tyrone grabbed his coat and left the office. When he passed by the reception, he instructed his secretaries to have some snacks sent to Sabrina.

Outside the police station, a sleek black car pulled up to the curb. The door swung open, and a pair of impeccably crafted leather shoes, polished to a high shine, touched the pavement with a soft thud.

Tyrone shut the car door. Damon, who had been waiting by the entrance, swiftly approached. He nodded toward the police station and said, "Good, you're here. He's still inside."

"Okay," Tyrone replied and strode in.

Larry emerged from the interrogation room, his face

twisted into a scowl of frustration. As he turned to leave, he abruptly stopped in his tracks.

Standing a few meters away, Tyrone stared at him and said in a low voice, "Larry."

Their eyes met.

With widened eyes and a slight shift in expression, Larry's fists clenched instinctively. He seemed momentarily stunned but quickly regained his composure. "Tyrone? What a coincidence! Are you here to see Ms. Clifford?"

Tyrone masked his anger and responded with a forced smile, "No. I'm here to see you."

Larry furrowed his brows and was silent for a few seconds. "Me?"

"Can you spare a few minutes? We haven't seen each other for half a month. How about a drink with me?"

Looking at Tyrone, Larry considered it for a moment, then nodded. "Okay."

"Let's go."

Tyrone sidestepped, making way for Larry.

Larry pursed his lips and walked past Tyrone.

Tyrone walked beside him. "I'll give you a ride. I'll arrange for someone to drive your car back."

Larry stopped and glanced in the direction of his car. His fist tightened and then loosened.

His chauffeur had brought him here, but now Tyrone was instructing him to arrange for someone else to drive his car back.

It was evident his chauffeur was under Tyrone's control.

"Larry, please, get in the car."

Tyrone opened the back door and gestured for Larry to enter.

His posture seemed relaxed, yet there was an undeniable force in every move he made.

Larry glanced at Tyrone and got into the car.

Tyrone got in after him, closed the door, and told the driver the address.

The driver acknowledged and started the car, heading toward the club.

A heavy silence filled the car.

The driver sensed the tension in the air and didn't dare make a sound. He kept his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

Tyrone's body language and demeanor conveyed a deep sense of anger and frustration. He leaned back against the seat with his legs crossed. His eyebrows furrowed in a scowl, and his hands were balled into tight fists, causing his knuckles to turn white with the force of his grip.

A silent rage began to smolder within Tyrone, growing stronger by the minute. The intensity was almost overwhelming, threatening to consume his sanity.

Larry's appearance at the police station to meet with Galilea had only confirmed Tyrone's suspicions.

After Damon's investigation, Tyrone discovered that Galilea had pursued Larry during her university years. It meant something. But Tyrone still held on to a thread of

hope in his heart.

After all, Larry was his brother! Someone that he had a deep respect for and loved dearly.

Why did Larry do it?

Yet, Larry appeared calm and composed next to Tyrone.

With circumstances having escalated to this point, Larry supposed Tyrone had already grasped everything. There was no point in putting on an act and trying to conceal anything anymore.

What was done by night appeared by day.

When Sabrina started investigating the kidnapping case, Larry had prepared himself for the truth to surface.

"Why?" Tyrone broke the silence, his teeth clenched. "Why did you do it?"

The question wasn't explicit, but the meaning was clear to both of them.

After a prolonged silence, Larry chuckled. "Why? I don't know. Maybe it was just a whim."

"A whim!" Tyrone seethed, barely controlling his anger.

They both remained silent for the rest of the trip.

Once they arrived at the club, the waiter escorted them to a room. The waiter opened the door for them, extending a welcoming gesture. "Please, come in."

Tyrone gave Larry a stoic glance, and Larry entered the room.

As Tyrone entered the room, he paused to address the

waiter. "We'll talk and didn't want to be disturbed. We won't be needing wine or fruits. You may leave."

The waiter nodded. "Of course, Mr. Blakely. Should you require anything, feel free to call me."

Tyrone entered the room and shut the door.

Larry watched as Tyrone hung his coat on the hanger, then removed his jacket and loosened his tie, tossing it casually on the sofa. Then Tyrone lifted his gaze to Larry as he rolled his sleeves up.

Whack!

Without warning, Tyrone unleashed a brutal blow, his fist connecting with Larry's face.

The impact sent Larry reeling, blood gushing from his mouth as he staggered back, instinctively clutching his swollen and bloodied lips. Blood marred his hands.

Regaining his balance, Larry glanced at the blood on his fingers just as Tyrone delivered another powerful punch, the sickening thud echoing through the room.

Tyrone felt the jolt of his knuckles connecting with flesh as he struck again, breaking Larry's nose.

Larry's face became swollen, black and blue.

Drawing on every ounce of resilience, Larry extended his arm and successfully intercepted Tyrone's punch. In a swift countermove, Larry retaliated with a hard swing.

Blood oozed from the corner of Tyrone's mouth. He casually wiped it away, then let out a primal roar, hurling himself at Larry. They crashed to the ground in a whirlwind of fury, Tyrone releasing a storm of pent-up rage.

After an endless struggle, they finally ceased their violent exchange, both collapsing exhausted. One lay sprawled on the floor, the other slumped on the sofa. Their hair was disheveled, their faces bloodied and bruised, and their bodies drenched in sweat. Their current state was in stark contrast to their earlier sophisticated demeanor when they entered the room.

Gently pressing his swollen cheek, Tyrone's chest heaved with the effort to catch his breath.

The only sound in the room was their labored gasps.

After a prolonged rest, Tyrone slowly regained some energy. He stretched out his leg and kicked Larry, who lay on the floor. "Don't play dead. What's going on?"

Larry bent his knees, lying on the floor and gazing at the ceiling. "Didn't you already figure it out?"

"I want to hear it from you!" Tyrone demanded.

"Then I'll tell you myself. I was the one who told Galilea to get close to you and pursue you. It was me who instructed her to steal the core data of the project. And it was me who sent those kidnappers out of the country. Are you satisfied?"

Tyrone growled, "Why?"



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