

## Chapter 311 To Hate Larry's Behavior

Tyrone's fists clenched with an iron grip, his bones seeming to turn translucent, the veins on the backs of his hands protruding like mountain ranges, and a glint of malevolence shimmering beneath his gaze.

Larry's words found a firm home in Tyrone's beliefs.

Growing up side by side, Tyrone possessed an unparalleled understanding of Larry. Larry exuded a gentle, hesitant demeanor, and even though he harbored sinister intentions, the courage to enact them eluded him.

There had to be a puppeteer orchestrating Larry's malevolent actions from the shadows.

Without Galilea, their lives would not have spiraled into this abyss.

Larry was undeniably entangled in this web of darkness.

Tyrone seethed with frustration, watching Larry's inability to meet his expectations.

"Not too long ago, Sabrina mentioned that your wife caught wind of your involvement with another woman..."

"It's Galilea." Larry responded, raising his gaze and explaining, "She was hunted down by your men everywhere and cornered me. We had a confrontation."

The marks on his neck, which Lena had noticed, bore Galilea's signature.

Ironically, Larry found himself voiceless, merely witnessing Lena's torment and anguish.

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Frankly, with Tyrone now privy to the whole truth, Larry felt a profound sense of relief.

Finally, the burden of secrecy had been lifted.

Tyrone sneered, "She's responsible for our grandpa's demise and yet she audaciously sought you out..."

As he uttered those words, a sudden realization struck Tyrone and his pupils contracted.

"Grandpa's death!"

"Yes, our grandpa's passing was not your fault but mine... I let him down..." Larry confessed, his eyes shutting in agony.

Galilea had spilled every secret to Cesar, even blaming Larry for kidnapping her and causing Connor's death.

Cesar never fathomed that Larry, known for his meekness and humility, could be implicated in someone's demise.

The individual whose demise Larry had been embroiled in happened to be none other than Sabrina's father.

Worse still, Larry even attended Connor's funeral.

Cesar's heart was plagued by frustration and disappointment.

He had always considered himself a champion of justice, mourning Connor's death deeply. Little did he anticipate that the very person responsible for Connor's demise had been his own grandson!

Tyrone clenched his teeth and struck the wall once more, leaving his knuckles inflamed and his skin grazed.

"Damn you!"

Now, Tyrone understood Cesar's peculiar will. It all

Chapter 311 To Hate Larry's Behavior 🎁 +120 Points at most made sense.

Larry gazed dejectedly at the ceiling. "Yes, I deserve it. Have you made up your mind about how to handle me?"

Tyrone glanced up at him, unable to resist delivering a swift kick to his leg.

Larry rose from the floor, staggering toward the exit. "Since you haven't reached a decision, I'll head home for a rest now."

Just as he reached the door, Tyrone's voice called out from behind him, "Stay home and be with your wife for the next few days..."

Larry paused before saying, "I will."

Sabrina patiently waited in the office, her patience waning as darkness descended. Finally, Tyrone returned.

As she saw him enter, Sabrina lifted her head from her book and inquired, "Why didn't you answer my calls?"

Before she could finish her sentence, her jaw dropped in astonishment.

The Tyrone before her was a stark departure from the one who had left earlier.

His face bore several bruises, his hair was disheveled, his collar askew, his tie hung loosely over his chest and his suit was riddled with wrinkles, appearing utterly disheveled.

"Tyrone, you... Were you in a fight?" Sabrina placed her book aside and gracefully rose from the sofa.

Tyrone stood motionless, his gaze locked onto Sabrina, a tumultuous storm of emotions swirling in his eyes.

As he remained silent, Sabrina cautiously took a step closer, tilting her head, and inquired, "What's the matter?"

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Why are you staring at me like that?"

Without a word, Tyrone closed the distance and enveloped her in a tender embrace. His head nestled against her neck, eyes tightly shut, as he spoke in a raspy tone. "Sabrina..."

She rested her hand on his shoulder, her head gently turning. "Tyrone, what's troubling you?"

The warmth of Sabrina's slender neck felt the heat of Tyrone's breath, yet she fought the instinct to pull away.

After a prolonged silence, Tyrone took a deep breath, composed himself, and closed his eyes. "It's nothing."

He retreated slowly, releasing Sabrina from his grasp.

Sabrina lifted her gaze, sensing something profound in his heart.

Her scrutiny revealed the injuries on his face. "Were you in a fight?"

"Yes," Tyrone replied, his voice subdued.

Startled, Sabrina remarked, "I'll fetch the first aid kit. Please have a seat."

The chairman's office housed a spare first aid kit stocked with basic medical supplies.

Tyrone didn't utter a word, casually draping his coat over the back of the sofa and taking a seat.

Sabrina placed the first aid kit on the table, joined him and began searching for ointment. In the midst of her task, she inquired, "What happened? How did you end up in a fight? Didn't you have a driver?"

Who would have the audacity to strike Tyrone? Who dared to leave him battered like this?

Tyrone remained silent in wake of her questions.

It had been a considerable while since Sabrina had heard his voice. She cast a glance in his direction, unscrewed the ointment, dispensed a bit onto the cotton swab and instructed, "Bring your face closer."

Tyrone had no intention of divulging the details and Sabrina respected his silence.

Her willingness to tend to his wounds stemmed from her gratitude for his dealings with Galilea on her behalf.

Tyrone obediently inclined his head toward Sabrina and she gently applied the cool ointment with the cotton swab.

Sabrina stole a glance at him and inquired, "Does it sting?"

"I'm perfectly fine," Tyrone responded, his gaze filled with affection for Sabrina.

Suddenly, an anxious tremor washed over Sabrina. She avoided meeting his eyes and continued applying the medicine to his injury. "Aside from your face, are there any other wounds on your back?"

"Well... Yes," Tyrone admitted after pausing for a second.

"Where?"

Sabrina found herself scanning Tyrone up and down involuntarily.

Tyrone took Sabrina's delicate hand in his, placing it gently against his chest. He locked his gaze onto hers and confessed, "Here. The wound, it's right here and only you can heal it..."

Sabrina was rendered speechless, her hand quickly retreating from his grasp. "Tyrone, shame on you."

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Unexpectedly, Sabrina grasped Tyrone's hand.

"What's this? Have you had a change of heart?"

Tyrone arched an eyebrow and offered a faint smile.

"I'm not changing my mind, so don't get any ideas," Sabrina retorted, shooting him a fierce look before inquiring, "What's wrong with your hand?"

Tyrone glanced down, noticing that the back of his hand exhibited redness and swelling around the knuckles, with some broken skin oozing blood.

"It's merely a minor scrape," Tyrone dismissed.

Sabrina huffed and returned the ointment to its place. "A minor scrape, you say? Then there's no need for medication."

"Well, well, well!" Tyrone interjected swiftly, preventing her from putting the ointment away. He retrieved it and placed it back into Sabrina's hand. "I do require it."

Sabrina cast an eye-rolling glance in his direction, securing his hand with one of hers while gently administering the ointment with a cotton swab held in the other.

Tyrone lifted his gaze to behold Sabrina, who was focused on her task, her head bent low. His own eyes lowered, harboring a complex blend of emotions.

Had he been more attentive, more caring, could he have prevented her affections from straying toward another man?

Regrettably, he couldn't turn back the hands of time.

Tyrone grappled with how to broach the topic of her father's demise...

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Sabrina had always held Larry in high regard. If she discovered that her father's demise was connected to him, it would undoubtedly bring her great sorrow...

Tyrone let out a heavy sigh.

"All done." Sabrina discarded the used cotton swabs into the trash can, organized the first aid kit, and asked Tyrone, "Shall we discuss it now?"

After a brief pause, Tyrone gazed out of the window and proposed, "It's growing late. Are you hungry? Let's locate a restaurant and converse over a meal."

Sabrina's irritation grew.

From the car to the office, to after the meeting, to after going out and coming back, and now it was turning into dinner time.

Sabrina couldn't help but suspect that Tyrone was intentionally toying with her.