

Chapter 322 They Make Love

Upon feeling an abrupt chill envelop her upper body, Sabrina was immediately jolted into sobriety. "Tyrone! Please..."

In the ensuing moment, Tyrone gracefully descended to one knee, his upper body inclining toward her as his gaze bore into her with an ever-deepening intensity, tinged with an enigmatic emotion.

A storm of anger surged within her, causing her chest to heave violently and her body to tremble.

Upon locking eyes with Tyrone, her cheeks flushed crimson and she fought fruitlessly to free herself. "Tyrone, release me! Don't make me mad!"

Unperturbed, Tyrone nonchalantly removed his tie with a single hand, seemingly impervious to her pleas.

Sabrina was left dumbfounded.

With a calm demeanor, Tyrone skillfully bound her wrists together using his tie.

Suddenly, Sabrina made a desperate attempt to resist, her voice quivering. "No, Tyrone, please, calm yourself!"

Tyrone persisted, looping his tie around Sabrina's wrists and elegantly tying a bow.

"Tyrone, what has come over you? Can't we discuss it civilly? Go to sleep and we can talk in the morning..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Tyrone silenced her with a firm hand over her mouth.

Sabrina struggled to make a sound but found herself muffled.

In her helplessness, she realized she was facing an ungrateful man.

Damn Tyrone! Regret gnawed at her. She shouldn't have opened the door and let him in. She should have let him freeze outside.

Tyrone's behavior tonight was deeply unsettling. What should she do?

She was on the verge of being forced into sex with him.

Gazing into her eyes, Tyrone slowly bent down, drawing closer until the tips of their noses brushed against each other.

His dark eyes remained unwavering as he softly parted his lips and spoke in a seductive and alluring tone. "Relax and savor this moment. I will ensure your comfort."

Holy shit! Sabrina stared at Tyrone in disbelief, her voice catching in her throat. "Ah..."

Tyrone paid no heed to her actions and gracefully shed his overcoat. With one hand, he deftly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his robust chest in a slow, deliberate fashion...

"If you don't like it, call the police tomorrow morning."

Sabrina's mood had shifted away from appreciating his physique. Her eyes widened, attempting to convey her simmering anger.

Damn call the police!

He held firm in his belief that she wouldn't summon the authorities with that threat.

Sabrina's father's demise was linked to Larry, yet Tyrone's grandparents might remain unaware of this, treating her as their own granddaughter. The Blakely Group was the fruit of Tyrone's grandfather's painstaking efforts. How could she possibly contemplate involving the police?

Larry was currently detained, and any harm befalling Tyrone would plunge the Blakely Group into chaos!

In an abrupt twist, her vision was obscured.

She inhaled a faint aroma mingled with the scent of alcohol.

Tyrone draped his shirt over her head.

Damn it! Not being able to see, her heightened senses began to betray her.

Sabrina felt a twinge of anxiety and shook her head, striving to rid herself of the encumbering shirt.

Tyrone tied up the shirt behind her head.

Sabrina was rendered utterly speechless.

Tyrone gazed down at her flawless complexion.

Not a slightest hickey remained on her skin.

Perhaps, she didn't sleep with Blayze.

This realization filled Tyrone with unbridled elation.

Tyrone abstained from taking any further action for a long while, causing Sabrina's disquiet to intensify.

Suddenly, a warm breath caressed her sensitive neck and she couldn't help shrinking her neck and trembling all over.

His tongue delicately traced her collarbone, caressing it sensually.

Inexplicably, a subtle thirst began to course through Sabrina's being.

She swallowed, her body tensing up. She did not know if she was nervous or expectant.

Slowly, his tongue snaked its way down her body.

Sabrina couldn't help but let out a muffled groan despite her efforts to control herself.

Tyrone was such a bastard! How dare he subject her to this! Damn him!

All that could be heard in the room was the sound of Tyrone's tongue as he explored her body. Sabrina bit her lips as she blushed.

"Be a good girl, separate your legs a little..."

Tyrone coaxed, his voice deep and magnetic. Sabrina found that the voice compelled her to obey.

Tyrone then chuckled as she did his bidding.

Sabrina blushed even more upon realization of her compliance. She quickly tried to close her legs.

However, it was too late. Tyrone held them firmly open with his big hands.

A quietness descended on the living room.

The only sound that could be made out was Tyrone's heavy breathing.

Sabrina tensed up even more, a tremble overcoming her body.

She couldn't see Tyrone but she could feel his burning gaze upon her.

Tyrone's sexual prowess seemed to have increased.

She felt misled.

This was all his fault. He had forced her against her will!

Sabrina tried to calm her thoughts.

Then suddenly, his tongue swooped down her thigh.

And then moved upwards very slowly toward her private parts.

Sabrina couldn't help but groan.

Restraining herself was proving more and more difficult.

She began to tremble and groan now.

Then Sabrina found that Tyrone's hand covering her mouth had been removed.

It didn't make a difference though.

Her mind was blank now. She felt as if she was drifting out at sea.

A sensation of comfort seeped all over her body.

Tyrone wasn't going to stop here when she was feeling good though.

"Tyrone... All right... That's it... No need..."

"You will like this."

Tyrone was forceful as he stopped her recoiling.

"But..."

"No buts."

Suddenly, a buzzing vibration filled the room.

A long time elapsed until the sky outside had turned white.

Tyrone discarded his shirt, his gaze lingering upon Sabrina's tranquil slumber, before leaning in to bestow a tender kiss upon her forehead.

Her cheeks retained a delicate flush.

The reason for his use of such despicable methods was that he truly could not bear the thought of losing her.

He was glad that he did so.

Tyrone untied Sabrina's wrists which were slightly reddened following these last few hours.

Gently, he lifted Sabrina and carried her to another room.

When Sabrina finally stirred, dawn had already inundated the world with its radiant light.

Its brilliance was nearly blinding. She squinted momentarily, adjusting to the dazzling spectacle before emitting a drowsy yawn.

Something felt amiss.

Sabrina raised the quilt, peering beneath it, only to discover her own nakedness.

Simultaneously, a robust male arm was encircled around her waist.

"Are you awake?" A familiar voice issued from behind.

In that instant, the memories of the previous night flooded back to Sabrina. Her countenance oscillated between shades of crimson and pallor as she struggled to sit up, ultimately turning to face Tyrone beside her. She delivered a potent punch and declared, "You bastard, get

out of my sight!"

Tyrone endured her blows, his gaze directed downward.

Following his line of sight, Sabrina looked down and hastily drew the quilt up to shield her chest. Her ears flamed with embarrassment, and she clenched her teeth. "Bastard!"

"I recall you found pleasure in it last night..."

"Nonsense! You forced me!" Sabrina immediately refuted.

Tyrone simply chuckled, opting not to engage in further debate. "Very well, I forced you."

His smile, however, only served to kindle Sabrina's ire. She uttered in a frosty tone, "Leave!"

With a leisurely motion, Tyrone retracted the quilt and exited the bed.

The instant Sabrina laid eyes on his form, she averted her gaze.

The door creaked open and then closed.

Sabrina turned her head and watched as Tyrone made his exit. She began to scream into the quilt rolling around in her fury.

Mulling over the events of the previous night, she wished fervently for a place to hide, consumed by a profound sense of embarrassment.

Oh dear... The humiliation!