

Chapter 326 Maybe He's Celibate!

The air was thick with excitement as the final notes of the rock music faded. But the crowd on the dance floor was still lively.

As the band transitioned to a soothing ballad, the lead singer gracefully stepped down from the stage, handing the microphone to Tyrone.

Tyrone took the microphone and made his way onto the stage. As he bathed in the spotlight, his striking appearance captivated the audience.

"When the first star in the sky appears..." Tyrone began, and his voice carried a distant yet tender quality, resonating with deep affection.

It was Caden's song.

"Do you know how much I miss you again? I can only look at you from afar. Just like the moonlight shining on the sea..."

Sabrina watched as Tyrone took center stage. She raised her eyebrows and quickly pulled out her phone to record.

She had never heard Tyrone sing before and only knew he could play the piano.

But when Sabrina heard him sing, she was intrigued by his unexpectedly beautiful voice and didn't know that he could sing so well.

Initially, when Tyrone took hold of the microphone, Sabrina anticipated a lighthearted moment. However, as she continued to listen, she found herself becoming increasingly engrossed.

"When we were young, we used to think that the ones who loved each other would live forever. When we believed in love, we were blind to the winds' mournful sigh. Who knew what love was? We only met for a fleeting moment, but our hearts were intertwined. We tried to forget, but our love was too strong to restrain."

Deeply moved by the song and how Tyrone sang it, Sabrina felt a stirring within her heart.

She used to think if she kept Tyrone satisfied and fulfilled all his needs by managing their marriage well, she could be with him forever.

But what she had envisioned was too beautiful to be true. The reality proved to be harsh.

No matter what she did, it was useless. Tyrone didn't love her. They weren't fated to be together.

Love for Sabrina remained a mystery.

Her love was still unforgettable after the failure of their marriage.

When the song had finished, Sabrina glanced around. She noticed the widespread attention Tyrone had garnered. People were openly talking about him.

"Is this singer new here? He's so handsome!"

"Wow, he's so sexy. Look at that nose! It's a good size. I bet he's great in bed."

"Hey! Why don't you add him on Facebook? Maybe he's celibate."

Sabrina was stunned by their comments.

After hearing the suggestive comments, a thought from the past flashed through Sabrina's mind, and she blushed. Thankfully, the dim lighting of the bar concealed her embarrassment.

She turned to look at Tyrone, who had stepped down from the stage and was heading her way.

Sabrina quickly stopped recording.

A woman intercepted him halfway and exchanged words with Tyrone. He shook his head and continued walking toward Sabrina.

He seated himself across from Sabrina and had a faint smile. "It's my first time singing on stage. How was it?"

"It was okay," Sabrina said casually, sipping her cocktail. "But, I heard the people around me criticizing the new singer. They were saying he wasn't

that great at singing."

"Is that so?" Tyrone raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," Sabrina affirmed, her expression serious.

From a table nearby, a person remarked, "He doesn't appear to be one of the singers here."

"He has a girlfriend, and I'm a woman of principles. I wouldn't go out with a guy that already has someone."

"Maybe she's his sister. Why don't you go and ask them?"

"I'm not going over there. What if they are a couple? I'll get embarrassed and look like a fool."

Sabrina was speechless.

Pretending not to hear the gossip, Sabrina casually smoothed her hair as if nothing had happened.

Tyrone grinned mischievously, choosing not to make an issue out of the situation.

A slight annoyance flared within Sabrina. Her initial plan was to embarrass Tyrone, but it had backfired. She didn't expect that he would attract so many people.

Setting her glass down, she stood up. "I need to go to the restroom."

"Okay."

Walking through the booth area, Sabrina noticed a familiar figure ahead of her. The woman was dressed in a waitress uniform, carrying a tray of alcoholic beverages.

When Sabrina was about to say hello to her, a girl suddenly came out from the side and bumped into the waitress.

The glasses shattered with a loud crash, spilling their contents onto the floor and drenching their clothes in a sticky mess.

The girl quickly took a few steps back, standing wide-eyed with her mouth agape in shock as she looked down at the now-soiled expensive outfit that her aunt had gifted her.

To her dismay, the rude salesperson from the store earlier today was among the wait staff.

Why did all the wait staff in Mathias seem so incompetent?

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. "Do you even know how to walk? Are you blind? These clothes cost eighty thousand dollars. Can you afford to pay that?"

The waitress immediately apologized, "I'm so sorry. Please, let me arrange to have the clothes sent to the cleaners. I can compensate you for the cost."

"Compensate for the laundry? Please, don't embarrass me! Do I look like I need that kind of petty cash? You have ruined my outfit! You need to pay me eighty thousand dollars as compensation!"

The waitress paled, stammering, "Please, let's try to remain calm."

"I'm very calm. I have only one request. You need to pay for the damage you have done!"

"Sorry, I can't do that."

"Where is your manager?"

"I'll call him for you. Anyway, I'm going to resign. Today's my last day."

The waitress didn't expect to be so unlucky to run into this woman. A mere collision had led to an excessive demand that she couldn't afford in a lifetime.

"You know what? I'm going to call the police!"

"Call the police to arrest yourself?" Sabrina approached them.

The woman turned her head and gave Sabrina a cold look. "Who are you? Mind your own business!"

"I'm not meddling. She's my friend." Sabrina glanced at Shirley in a waitress uniform and nodded at her.

Hearing what Sabrina said, Shirley felt a little guilty. "Miss Chavez."

Miss Chavez was a good person. She didn't deserve to be her friend.

Sabrina pointed at the surveillance camera and continued, "The video will clearly show you bumping into her. Raising your voice doesn't make

your argument any more reasonable. Miss Nelson was generous in offering to compensate you for the cleaning expenses. If you want to involve the police, go ahead. We will stand our ground."

The woman's face was drained of color. Staring at Sabrina, a sense of recognition dawned on her. She just heard Shirley call Sabrina Miss Chavez, and something clicked. "Are you Sabrina?"

"Yes." Sabrina assumed that the woman had recognized her from her photos on the Internet.

The woman sneered and looked Sabrina up and down. "The Chavez family is always poking their noses where they don't belong. You deserve to be dead."

The cruelty in the woman's expression reminded Sabrina of a person she used to know.

Yesterday, when she learned the truth about her father's death, Sabrina was overcome with grief. Upon hearing the woman's vindictive words, a cold glint flickered in her eyes. She offered a sardonic smile. "My mother died early and left me in the Chavez family. Everything I've learned is from my father."

"You..." The woman seethed. "A pheasant is a pheasant! Even though you have married into the wealthy Blakely family, you have remained a pheasant! You're unrefined and rude!"

Sabrina should say those words! No wonder Tyrone left her!

Crossing her arms defiantly, Sabrina retorted, "Fortunately, my mother passed away early and didn't teach me to blame others and shout at them when it was my fault for bumping into them!"

"How dare you!" The woman spat out, infuriated. "I didn't expect you to become so eloquent after all these years!"

When Sabrina was a child, Sabrina didn't even dare to make a sound when she was tormented or physically hurt by the other kids.

"After all these years, you haven't changed and remain so unreasonable, Sierra!"

Sabrina took out her phone and asked, "Do you want to call the police? Let me help you."

Sierra Rivera, the daughter of Sabrina's uncle, was at the same age with Sabrina.

Sabrina hadn't seen her mother since she could remember something. Sabrina's interactions with her uncle were minimal, but she held a negative impression of Sierra.

When she was five or six years old, her uncle and his family moved away. The neighbors who lived near the Rivera family gossiped that Sierra's mother, Rita, had married a wealthy man, prompting her uncle and his family to follow her.

Since then, she hadn't heard anything about the Rivera family for twenty years.

Meeting Sierra here today was a surprise.



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