

Chapter 333 Are You Planning To Step Onto The Stage

Sabrina, relieved, gently leaned against the door, exhaling with a sense of tranquility. Upon opening her eyes, she found Tyrone standing prominently in the center of the room, his disheveled hair and his bare form catching her attention.

A bath towel modestly concealed his lower abdominal muscles, which happened to be a familiar shade of pink belonging to Sabrina herself.

Tyrone was on the cusp of his thirtieth year, yet his countenance remained remarkably timeless. The hands of time had left no mark upon him. His visage radiated youth and strength.

A blush graced Sabrina's cheeks as she averted her gaze swiftly. "Why are you just standing there? It's time for a shower," she implored.

Tyrone's eyes sparkled with a playful glint. "Alright. By the way, didn't you mention she was still asleep?"

"She's awake now," Sabrina replied, her gaze fixated on him, frowning at his curiosity.

"Very well." Tyrone flashed a knowing smile and retreated to the bathroom.

Sabrina, exhaling another sigh of relief, eased herself onto the edge of the bed.

As the sound of running water emanated from the bathroom, Sabrina grew restless and uncertain about her actions. Her fingers idly flipped through a script.

She had resolved not to fall under Tyrone's spell once more, to

maintain a respectable distance. Yet...

Resigned, she reclined on the bed and silently lamented her predicament.

It seemed she had become ensnared in Tyrone's wiles, with no discernible escape route in sight.

Despite her best efforts, there appeared to be no way out.

Abruptly, a voice from beyond the room interrupted her reverie. "Sabrina, would you like some water?" Bettie inquired.

Initially inclined to decline, Sabrina's thoughts shifted, and she altered her response, "I'll fetch it myself later."

Following Bettie's departure to her room, Sabrina made her way to the kitchen, her purpose a simple glass of water.

After a while, Tyrone emerged from the bathroom, his hair still glistening with droplets, clad only in a solitary bath towel.

Water droplets adorned his physique, cascading languorously down his robust muscles.

Sabrina cast her gaze upon him briefly, her head then dipping back to the script before her. "Here, some warm water for you. Drink up."

"Alright." Tyrone acknowledged her offer and his fingers closed around the cup.

In the hushed room, the act of swallowing resonated conspicuously.

Sabrina observed his Adam's apple rhythmically rising and falling, a bead of water meandering from his lips down his throat to nestle upon his collarbone.

She averted her eyes and set the script aside. "Summon your secretary for your clothing and have him arrange some sustenance."

If Bettie inquired about it, Sabrina would attribute it to a takeout order.

Tyrone hesitated momentarily, then lowered the cup. "My phone is soaked and powered off. Would you mind lending me yours?"

With a graceful gesture, she unlocked her phone and passed it to him.

Tyrone advanced toward her to retrieve the device.

His presence loomed closer, and Sabrina shifted her gaze elsewhere.

Tyrone dialed Kylan's number.

In a matter of seconds, the call connected. "Hello? Miss Chavez?" Kylan asked.

Silence met Kylan's inquiry.

"Hello? Hello? Miss Chavez? Is everything all right?" Kylan continued.

Tyrone didn't reply to Kylan.

After roughly ten seconds, Kylan heard a faint female voice from the other end of the phone, "No one answered?"

Kylan found himself in a state of bewilderment. Hadn't he answered the call?

"No," Tyrone responded, his voice clear and assertive, as he held the phone in his grasp.

With this statement, he elegantly swiped his finger across the screen, choosing to terminate the call.

Upon hearing the incessant dial tone on the phone, Kylan stared at the screen, perplexed by the unusual turn of events.

Had he, in fact, heard Tyrone's voice?

In an unexpected realization, Kylan swiftly composed a message to the secretaries, saying, "Do not answer if Miss Chavez calls you!"

In subsequent attempts, Tyrone endeavored to reach two more secretaries, but none of them answered.

He turned to Sabrina with a somewhat awkward expression. "Perhaps they are presently occupied."

Was it merely a coincidence?

Sabrina assumed control of the phone and scrutinized the call log. Indeed, no one had answered. Moreover, Tyrone had deftly deleted the call record with Kylan when he sought out other secretaries.

Taking the first call to some other secretary, Sabrina inquired, "Did you try contacting Kylan?"

"I'm uncertain if he's completed his tasks for the day. Let me make the call," Tyrone said.

Tyrone dialed Kylan's number once more.

After what seemed like an extended period, the call went unanswered yet again, prompting Tyrone to terminate the call.

Tyrone exhibited the phone's screen to Sabrina.

"Very well." She furrowed her brow and continued, "Please have a seat for now. I want to read the script. Do not disrupt me. You can attempt calling them later."

"Read the script?" Tyrone arched an eyebrow and directed his gaze to the script cradled in her hand. "Are you planning to step onto the stage?"

Sabrina nodded affirmatively. "Indeed, I am."

His curiosity piqued, Tyrone inquired, "What kind of script is this?"

"It's the one I read last time. It was Galilea's role. However, she's unavailable for the shoot now and they've struggled to find a suitable replacement. Consequently, the director requested me to step in."

A shadow crossed Tyrone's countenance upon hearing this news.

If memory served him right, this particular role was that of a seductress, donning attire of rather revealing nature.

"Should you wish to act, I could assist in securing some more reputable roles."

Sabrina, however, declined firmly. "No, thank you. I'm simply helping out the director. Besides, Sarah is a substantial character."

Although Sarah played the role of an antagonist, she possessed more depth than being merely one-dimensional.

Tyrone lowered his head in silent contemplation.

Since their divorce, Sabrina had developed an interest in photography and acting, appearing noticeably happier than before.

Tyrone had never observed her engage in such hobbies previously. In the past, after work, she would return home with no further interests or activities. ⓪

Perched on the bed's edge, Tyrone remained wordless.

Within the confines of the room, tranquility enveloped them.

Setting the script aside, Sabrina retrieved her pajamas and retreated to the bathroom to indulge in a refreshing shower.

Upon completing her ablutions, she emerged from the bathroom, only to find Tyrone still ensconced at the edge of the bed, deeply engrossed in perusing her script.

"Have you tried reaching them again?" she inquired.

"Yes, but regrettably, there was still no response."

Tyrone lifted his gaze, swallowing audibly.

Fresh from her recent shower, Sabrina's eyes glistened with moisture, her skin adorned with a rosy hue.

Sabrina frowned. What an extraordinary coincidence.

With a wary expression, Sabrina regarded Tyrone and issued a direct demand. "Hand over your phone."

Raising an eyebrow, Tyrone retrieved his phone from his coat in the hamper and passed it to Sabrina.

She made an effort to turn on the phone but it remained stubbornly unresponsive.

It seemed to be broken.

Was it really a coincidence?

"Then what should you do?" Sabrina inquired, her brows knit in concern as she placed his phone nonchalantly on the table.

Tyrone contemplated for a moment before suggesting, "Would it be possible for me to spend the night in the guest room, if you don't mind?"

"No." Sabrina's refusal was immediate and unwavering.

The prospect of Bettie discovering such an arrangement was simply too dire.

Sabrina could vividly picture the disappointment that would cloud Bettie's eyes.

"Then..." Tyrone pondered for a brief moment but he halted his words before they left his lips.

It appeared that the sole viable option remaining was to share a bed, and he, unfortunately, remained unclothed.

Sabrina, feeling the onset of an irksome headache, extracted a duvet from the cabinet and set up the bed.

"You can take this side," she declared, positioning a pillow between them. "Don't cross the line!"

"Understood," Tyrone acquiesced.

She seated herself on the bed and watched a video for a while, then extinguished the light and settled in for the night.

Recalling the last time she had shared a bed with Tyrone, which had

occurred just two days prior, she couldn't help but blush in the darkness.

The room hushed to an almost eerie degree, with only the rhythmic sounds of their breathing breaking the silence.

After a prolonged silence, Tyrone shifted, his voice a hoarse, low, and alluring whisper as he inquired, "Are you asleep?"

Sabrina refrained from responding.

Tyrone chose not to press further.

Soon afterward, the room was filled with the sound of rustling.

Understanding Tyrone's actions, Sabrina blushed and dared not make a move.

The following morning, Sabrina stared at Tyrone with dark circles under her eyes. ⓪

With calm composure, Tyrone inquired, "Is something amiss?"

"Nothing," she muttered through clenched teeth.