

Chapter 336 She Was As Good As Sabrina

"You two will be a match destined by the stars," Blayze remarked, his voice carrying a note of certainty.

A genuine smile graced Blayze's lips.

In response, Sierra's eyes sparkled with a glimmer of joy, and she expressed her gratitude, "Thank you, Blayze."

Since Sierra was the niece of Blayze's stepmother, they didn't share blood ties. She hadn't truly been embraced as a member of the illustrious Fowler family.

Yet, with Blayze's support, that could change the course of her destiny.

Blayze leaned in, offering his perspective, "Mathias is a remarkable city. You should consider extending your stay."

"Okay," Sierra replied with a subtle nod. "My aunt intends to stay here for a few more days, and Nicol mentioned he's planning a weekend visit."

Blayze's gaze shifted, focusing on the figure of Tyrone nearby. "I think you should go meet him."

"In that case, I'll take my leave for now, Blayze." With that, Sierra gracefully departed, her path leading her toward Tyrone.

Once Sierra was out of earshot, Blayze's piercing eyes narrowed with intent as he beckoned his secretary over, ready to issue a series of orders.

The secretary promptly acknowledged his instructions and left.

In the corridor, Sierra found Tyrone, who stood by a window, one hand tucked casually into his pocket, while the other held a phone to his ear.

His raised arm cast an array of stylish folds on his well-fitted suit, accentuating his broad shoulders.

A few steps away, Sierra gazed at him affectionately.

Tyrone possessed a towering figure with his broad shoulders, and simply watching him make a phone call sent a wave of admiration through her.

So many people seemed to succumb to the ravages of time by their thirties, but Tyrone's immaculate physique suggested a dedication to regular exercise.

People who frequently worked out exuded a unique presence, and Sierra couldn't help but be drawn in by his low, magnetic voice.

She overheard him reassure the person on the other end of the line, his tone steady and reassuring. "The bail won't impede the ongoing investigation of the case, and the evidence is solid. It will be handed over to the procuratorate soon. Rest assured."

Tyrone was discussing the case involving Galilea and Rowell. Galilea was bailed out and came out of the police station. Now, she remained under close surveillance, awaiting the judgment of her case.

The voice on the other end of the line said something, and Tyrone became more gentle as he inquired, "Sabrina, will you be free this weekend?"

"Jennie misses you. I'll send her over to your place on Saturday."

"How have you been feeling lately?"

"As long as you can get used to it."

"Alright, goodbye."

Sierra's eyes briefly held a hint of dissatisfaction and jealousy.

Hadn't Sabrina already divorced Tyrone? Why was she persistently reaching out to Tyrone?

After pocketing his phone, Tyrone was about to make his exit.

"Tyrone," Sierra greeted him with an inviting smile.

Tyrone halted, his brow furrowing as he addressed her, "Miss Rivera, how may I be of assistance to you?"

"I just need a moment of your time," Sierra pleaded, her wide eyes and nibbled lip making her appear almost childlike.

Tyrone's voice held a trace of impatience as he replied, "I'm afraid I don't have the time for idle chit-chat."

Sierra acted swiftly, blocking his path. "Please, just hear me out. The event organizers have requested your presentation, and reporters will be present."

Tyrone's response was curt. "Contact my secretary regarding this matter."

With that, Tyrone turned away, intent on leaving.

"Hey, Tyrone," Sierra called out, hurrying to intercept him.

Tyrone's eyes flashed with impatience, and he spoke in a low voice. "Miss Rivera, I believe I've made my stance quite clear..."

"I only wish to offer a word of caution," Sierra insisted, her tone sincere. "Don't be fooled by Sabrina. She's been cunning and shrewd since she was young, and she always hooked up with boys. Bradley, do you know him? They were quite close in their youth. I saw a news report this morning, and they were spotted together late at night. Imagine the implications."

Sierra continued, her urgency palpable. "If you're in doubt, you can verify it yourself. The news broke in the early morning but was quickly removed. They wouldn't be so hasty unless they had something to hide."

Tyrone maintained a stoic expression and inquired, "Are you finished?"

Sierra found herself momentarily at a loss for words.

"Very well, I'll take my leave," Tyrone stated as he walked away.

Sierra's face flushed with frustration as she watched him depart.

She refused to believe that she couldn't win his heart.

If Sabrina could become his wife, why couldn't she?

She assumed she was every bit as worthy as Sabrina.

Just as Sierra was about to hasten after Tyrone, a voice called out from behind her, "Miss Rivera."

She pivoted to see Blayze's secretary approaching, catching her attention. "Yes? What is it? Did Blayze ask you to come to me?"

The secretary nodded in affirmation. "Indeed, Mr. Fowler suggested that you hold off for the moment. Be patient. He'll let you know when to act in due time. By then, you can head directly to the hotel room upstairs."

Sierra's heart quickened, a secret sense of hope blossoming within her. Could Blayze be willing to help her win Tyrone's heart?

She nodded obediently, her gratitude evident. "Understood. I'll await his messages."

As the city's leaders made their exit, Tyrone engaged in a polite exchange with the event organizer. At this moment, Blayze made his approach, drawing the organizer's attention.

With a welcoming smile, the organizer addressed Blayze, "Mr. Fowler, this marks your first attendance at a Mathias conference. How has your experience been?"

Blayze responded with a gracious smile, "I've felt right at home here. This forum holds great significance. If given the opportunity, I'd certainly consider attending again in the future."

The organizer then proceeded with introductions. "Thank you, Mr. Fowler. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Tyrone Blakely. You may have

crossed paths at the conference." He turned to Tyrone, adding, "Mr. Blakely, this is Mr. Blayze Fowler, a name you're likely familiar with. You're both truly exceptional, and it's an honor to have you here."

Tyrone responded with a neutral expression, as if he didn't know Blayze. "Mr. Fowler, I've heard much about you."

Blayze mirrored the gesture with a warm smile. "And I, likewise."

Raising his glass, Blayze proposed a toast, "Allow me to offer a toast to you, Mr. Blakely."

Tyrone raised his glass and replied, "Thank you, Mr. Fowler."

With the atmosphere between them seemingly harmonious, the organizer continued the discussion about the daytime forum topics with a pleasant smile.

The organizer continued, "In recent years, we've all witnessed the economic challenges. Industrial growth is evidently dwindling, profits are diminishing, and losses are on the rise, particularly in areas with a bleak long-term supply outlook. Production levels are increasing, impinging on our competitive edge. In terms of technological innovations..."

As the organizer delved into the presentation, Tyrone sensed something amiss deep within him.

His fists clenched involuntarily, and he cast a desperate look toward Blayze.

A burning desire coursed through him, and he felt ensnared.

Blayze, noting Tyrone's inner turmoil, turned to him, and their gazes locked.

A knowing smile curled at the corners of Blayze's lips, and their eyes held each other in silent communion.

Tyrone clenched his lips tightly and averted his gaze. Out of the corner

of his eye, he noticed Sierra sitting in the nearby resting area, her gaze briefly flickering in his direction before she quickly turned away.

Tyrone speculated that he might be drugged when Blayze proposed a toast.

However, he kept the glass of wine in his hand all the time.

Then, it struck Tyrone. When he'd walked in from the corridor, a waiter had approached him with a tray and offered a glass of red wine...

There was something amiss with that waiter!

The organizer remained oblivious to the simmering tension between Tyrone and Blayze, continuing his discourse.

Tyrone excused himself, saying, "I'm sorry, I need to use the restroom."

The organizer nodded, and Blayze, appearing concerned, suggested, "Mr. Blakely doesn't look well. He must be feeling fatigued."

The organizer realized his long-windedness and said with an apologetic smile, "My apologies, I've been speaking for quite some time. Ben, kindly take Mr. Blakely upstairs to rest."

Ben, the organizer's secretary, stepped forward.

"That's not necessary..." Tyrone wanted to decline.

The organizer insisted, "Well, Mr. Blakely, rooms had been arranged for all distinguished guests. Please, take a rest. Ben, please escort him."

Ben stepped forward and said, "Of course. This way, Mr. Blakely."

Tyrone hesitated for a moment before following Ben.

As Tyrone left, Blayze slyly winked at Sierra, who immediately grasped the signal and hastened to follow them.