

Chapter 359 Get The Promotion

Tyrone halted, his tone laced with puzzlement. "I'm struggling to grasp your animosity toward Sabrina. Could it stem from the Rita, Horace's second wife?"

Tyrone had been privy to the fact that Blayze's stepmother was Sabrina's biological mother.

Rita treated Sabrina like a stranger. Their paths had since diverged, rendering it unnecessary to disclose this to Sabrina.

Little did he anticipate Sabrina would know Blayze in college.

On the day of their video call when Sabrina was still in Violetholt, he surmised that Sabrina had unraveled the enigma of Rita's identity.

Both Sabrina and Tyrone bore the scars of abandonment by their biological mother or father.

Kira bristled with indignation in response to Tyrone's query.

"Indeed! Were it not for Rita's seduction of Horace, I'd be his lawful spouse today, and you the esteemed scion of the Fowler lineage. The Fowler family's fortunes would be at your fingertips. Sabrina, much like her mother, seeks to exploit her looks..."

Back then, upon parting ways, Horace had personally escorted Kira to the airport, reassuring her of his commitment to pick her up and reunite with their child.

Only later, while residing abroad, did she learn of Horace's union with Rita, a woman with no notable pedigree.

How could Kira willingly concede victory to such a woman?

Kira had already delved into Rita's past, unearthing the fact that Rita had been previously married and had a daughter in her hometown.

Upon disseminating this information to the Fowler family, Horace inexplicably refrained from divorcing Rita, leaving Kira perplexed about Rita's machinations.

As fate would have it, Rita's ex-husband met his demise, and Rita's daughter, Sabrina, found herself inadvertently adopted by the Blakely family.

Kira's demeanor toward Sabrina remained frosty. When she contemplated Rita's seemingly charmed life yet never once returned to visit and raise Sabrina, she couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Sabrina.

However, when Cesar asked Tyrone to marry Sabrina, Kira's acceptance was out of the question.

How could Sabrina, the offspring of a schemer like Rita, deserve her son?

It was only then that Kira found Sabrina got the essence of seducing man from Rita. Much like Rita, Sabrina wore a mask of vulnerability, yet underneath, she was adept at ensnaring men.

"Enough! Tyrone retorted with a cutting edge in his voice, "You remain as obstinate as ever! Can't you see Horace's true colors? A man who strays from his marital vows would never have wed you, with or without Rita. And don't think I'd willingly embrace the role of the Fowler family's heir."

"You're unaware of the circumstances that unfolded back then. How can you make such a judgment? He's your biological father! At the time, he'd merely struck a deal to marry Analia. When they tied the knot, Analia knew Horace and I loved each other. She claimed she wouldn't interfere with us, all the while slipping Horace a love potion. Otherwise,

how could she give birth to Blayze? " Kira's words dripped with agitation and jealousy.

Had it not been for Analia, she wouldn't have been estranged from Horace.

Tyrone stood there, thunderstruck by the revelation.

Unaware of the past's intricacies, Tyrone couldn't confirm the veracity of Kira's claims.

One thing was certain, though. Horace was far from an innocent party.

"I didn't want to discuss this, but I feel compelled to emphasize that Sabrina isn't Rita. She's my love," Tyrone confessed with determination. "That's all I can say. I hope you can discern the right path."

With those words, Tyrone terminated the call.

He drew a deep breath, pocketed the phone, and made his way back to the chamber.

Upon reentering, he discovered Sabrina meticulously removing fish bones for Jennie, her attention unwavering.

Her beauty radiated as sunlight poured through the window, rendering her skin radiant.

Tyrone's turmoil began to subside.

Sabrina delicately placed the fish onto Jennie's plate and, as she glanced up, she couldn't help but notice Tyrone's unwavering gaze.

She deftly speared a piece of meat and inquired, "Why are you staring at me?"

Tyrone swiftly averted his gaze. "Nothing."

His eyes blazed with unspoken words, the urge to express himself battling with hesitation. "Sabrina, you..."

But before he could finish his sentence, he fell silent. He bit his lip and

shifted gears. "Larry's case has now been forwarded to the procuratorate. What are your thoughts on it?"

Sabrina bowed her head and replied, "I don't have a clue. Just wait for the verdict."

Tyrone hesitated once more, then finally spoke. "Can you grant me some time..."

"What's the matter?" Sabrina arched an eyebrow.

"Please don't distance yourself from me because of Larry."

He hoped she would give him the time he needed to prove Larry's claims that Galilea was the one who had killed her father.

Sabrina lowered her head.

Should she grant him the time to aid Larry?

Did he genuinely believe Larry's words?

How could Hobson and the police frame Larry up?

Hobson found himself in a precarious situation, facing the possibility of a lengthy prison term. His best option was to cooperate with the authorities, divulge the truth, and hope for a more lenient sentence. However, if he chose to lie and his deceit were uncovered, the repercussions would be even graver. If she were in Hobson's shoes, she wouldn't lie at all.

Could she still place her trust in Tyrone?

Seeing that she didn't say anything, Tyrone thought she acquiesced.

A few days later, while Tyrone was engrossed in work, Kylan mentioned that Sabrina had recently sold her cars.

Selling her two luxury vehicles could fetch her a handsome sum.

Was Sabrina facing financial difficulties?

Tyrone found himself perplexed and instructed Kylan to keep a watchful eye on her.

A few days later, as Tyrone perused the newspaper, he stumbled upon some surprising news. Sabrina had donated a staggering two hundred million dollars to establish a fund aimed at aiding children in mountainous regions.

At that moment, Tyrone was left dumbfounded, crumpling the newspaper into a ball.

Where had Sabrina acquired such an enormous sum of money?

Tyrone soon figured out her money stemmed from those he gave her after their divorce and the heritage Cesar passed to her.

Was this the reason behind selling her cars?

Had she given away all the assets Cesar and he had left her?

Tyrone wouldn't have minded it if nothing else had occurred. But with Larry's case now in the hands of the procuratorate, he couldn't shake off Kira's ominous words. "How can she harbor no resentment towards you? You're deluding yourself. She can't be with you!"

Was Sabrina attempting to sever all ties with the Blakely family, especially him?

Tyrone's fists clenched and his teeth ground together.

Sabrina had been incredibly busy lately. Alongside her acting commitments, she was inundated with photo shoot requests. Some people in the industry admired her, while others sought to generate buzz about her. Additionally, she had to manage the establishment of a foundation.

With the news of the foundation's launch spreading far and wide, many individuals expressed a desire to get involved.

Sabrina found herself swamped with commitments.

The dinner party had stretched on until eleven in the evening.

As Sabrina wearily stepped out of the elevator, she suddenly halted and

inquired, "What are you doing here?"

Tyrone scoffed. "I've come to see you. You're so preoccupied that you don't even have a moment for your ex-husband?"

Sabrina offered a tired smile. "I've been swamped recently. If you don't have anything else to discuss..."

"Are you engrossed in the foundation's establishment?" Tyrone interjected, his words deliberate.

"Yes," Sabrina replied, nodding, seemingly oblivious to the frustration in his eyes.

Tyrone advanced a step closer and inquired in a hushed tone, "So, are you contemplating severing ties with me and the Blakely family?"

