

Chapter 380 You Are A Playboy

When Tyrone arose in the morning, Sabrina was deeply asleep.

Karen, amidst tidying Jennie's toys, saw Tyrone emerging from the guest room. Her assumption was that he had tended to Sabrina till the midnight hour, then sought respite in the guest quarters.

Tyrone commanded Karen, "Have someone remove the bedclothes and quilts from my room today."

Karen was puzzled, yet before she could voice her query, Tyrone clarified, "Some drink has been spilled on the bedding."

"Understood, sir," Karen agreed, pondering the wastage of the fine materials if discarded, resolving to launder and salvage them.

Tyrone, being magnanimous, had to discard things that still held value. Karen always collected them, intending to restore them at home.

"Moreover, refrain from rousing her for breakfast. Let her sleep a while longer," instructed Tyrone.

"Okay." Karen nodded, assuming Sabrina had a fever, and committed to letting her sleep undisturbed, even without Tyrone's directive.

On weekends, Jennie was exempt from school. When she got up, Karen was bustling in the kitchen, preparing breakfast.

Making her way to freshen up, Jennie asked Tyrone, "Tyrone, have your suitcase been delivered to here now?"

Tyrone was stunned.

His suitcase had been in the trunk of the car all the time. After Tyrone

got off the car with Sabrina, the driver forgot to help him bring it up.

"Yes. It's downstairs currently. I'll fetch it."

"Great!"

Tyrone took the key, exited, and descended to the underground garage.

As Jennie was washing her face in the bathroom, the doorbell rang.

Hurrying to the door, she checked the electronic screen.

It was Tyrone's secretary.

Having visited the company several times, Jennie recognized the secretary and opened the door. "Are you here for my uncle?"

The secretary smiled and replied, "Well, he tasked me with delivering a set of women's clothes. Where can I find your uncle?"

Women's clothes? "He is out. Would you fancy some water while waiting?" offered Jennie.

"No, thank you." The secretary placed the bag on the sofa, remarking, "The clothes are here. Please inform your uncle upon his return."

"Alright."

Immediately after the secretary left, Jennie approached the sofa and looked at the clothes in the paper bag. Her mind was racing.

She was curious as to why Tyrone had asked his secretary to send this set of women's clothes.

With no other woman at home, was it perhaps intended as a gift for her?

After Tyrone headed downstairs, the secretary arrived. Did they simply not see each other?

Jennie couldn't resist checking out. She pulled out the clothes, only to find that they didn't fit her.

Could the clothes be intended for Sabrina?

Jennie intended to play with Sabrina and Tyrone later.

Jennie put the clothes back, thinking of making a video call with Sabrina. Pondering if Tyrone had taken his phone downstairs, Jennie intended to check his bedroom.

However, before she could proceed, Karen, having prepared breakfast, emerged from the kitchen, holding a small bowl. She was quite mindful of Tyrone's directive. "Jennie, where are you headed?"

Turning, Jennie replied, "I'm looking for Tyrone's phone."

"Have you checked that room? He slept there last night."

Puzzled, Jennie refrained from probing further, heading to the guest room.

Smaller than the master bedroom, she could easily see the bed.

Pushing the door open, Jennie saw a woman sleeping on the bed. Her hair spilled over her shoulders, her face covered by the quilt.

Jennie was lost. Why was there a woman in the guest room?

Jennie's thoughts raced.

She recalled that last night, as she was making her way to the master bedroom, Tyrone stopped her and told her that he was too tired to play with her. Certainly, he didn't want her to know about the woman inside.

Jennie secretly analyzed. It couldn't be Sabrina. Otherwise, Tyrone wouldn't have reacted that way and Sabrina would've joined in for playtime.

Karen said Tyrone slept in the guest room, but the woman was there too. Did they share the same room?

Jennie, young as she was, knew that only couples shared a room.

Had Tyrone ceased to love Sabrina anymore? Dismayed, Jennie shut the door, thinking of the master bedroom. Maybe Karen was mistaken. Perhaps Tyrone slept there last night.

As the master bedroom door creaked open, a scene of disarray met Jennie's eyes. Clothes were strewn across the floor.

Jennie's heart sank. She slumped onto the sofa.

The secretary's delivery must have been for the woman in the room! Jennie didn't fancy any other woman being with Tyrone except for Sabrina.

"What's the matter, Jennie?" Karen emerged from the kitchen with a plate of spring rolls.

Jennie pouted, tears welling.

Alarmed, Karen approached and asked, "Why the tears? Are you in pain?"

Jennie remained silent, tears cascading down her cheeks.

Karen started to feel more nervous.

The door swung open, and Tyrone entered, suitcase in tow. "Jennie..."

"Sir, come quick. Jennie's in tears and won't speak," Karen hurriedly interjected.

Setting aside his suitcase, Tyrone hastened over, embracing Jennie. Wiping away her tears, he softly asked, "What's amiss, Jennie? Speak up if you're distressed."

Jennie squirmed. "Don't hug me. I despise you!"

Tyrone was bewildered. He had only stepped out momentarily. Why the sudden repulse from Jennie?

"Jennie, I've brought you a gift. Don't you want it?" Tyrone held Jennie close.

"No, gift it to anyone you please!" Jennie remained resolute, struggling in his embrace. "Let me go. I want Sabrina!"

Tyrone, a known philanderer, reminded Jennie of the reason for his

divorce – his womanizing ways!

All men were no good.

"She is sleeping."

"It's none of your concern! I won't stay with you!" Jennie assumed Sabrina was still asleep downstairs.

"Fine. I'll escort you to see her, but no disruptions." Tyrone lifted Jennie.

Jennie, incredulous, questioned, "You... Are you truly taking me there?"

The nerve of him to take her to see Sabrina after he took another woman home! It meant that Sabrina was still kept in the dark.

"It's true. Once you've seen her, we'll have a nice talk." Tyrone chuckled at her perturbed expression.

Jennie snorted. She'd inform Sabrina in secret and let her confront him!

Tyrone took Jennie to the guest room.

Jennie remarked, surprised, "You're taking me to the guest room?" What was he doing?

"Shh!" Tyrone gestured for silence, holding Jennie close as they approached. He whispered, "See, she is asleep."

Jennie looked at the bed, spotting a familiar figure under the quilt. It was indeed Sabrina!



Chapter 381 The Room Was Soundproof

Jennie's eyes widened, and her mouth slightly opened as she observed Sabrina still in a deep slumber.

How? Why was Sabrina in the bed? She wondered.

Sabrina's brows furrowed as she rolled over, causing the quilt to slip down, revealing her slender neck adorned with hickeys.

Tyrone felt a momentary sense of guilt, thinking that Jennie shouldn't see Sabrina in this state. He quickly picked up Jennie and left the room, gently closing the door behind them. "Now, you've seen Sabrina."

"Umm... Yes." Jennie lowered her head and fiddled with her hands, pointing her two fingers at each other.

"Now tell me why you're upset with me," Tyrone demanded.

"Hmm... Tyrone, didn't you bring me a gift? What is it?" Jennie tried to change the topic.

"Jennie Blakely," Tyrone said in a low voice.

"What is it, Tyrone?" Jennie blinked her big eyes innocently at him.

Seeing that Jennie was playing dumb, Tyrone chuckled and appeared angry. "No gift for you now."

"Oh no!" Jennie pouted, wrapping her arms around Tyrone's neck and kissing his cheek. "Tyrone, you're the best."

"Then why did you urge me to take you to see Sabrina if I am the best?"

Jennie smiled sheepishly.

Tyrone suddenly remembered the way Sabrina was last night. They shared the same expression of guilt.

Suddenly, Tyrone didn't want to question Jennie anymore. He decided to let her be. Who knew what Jennie thought about in her little head all day long?

Tyrone brought an exquisite and delicate music box out for Jennie. Jennie's eyes lit up when she saw it. Jennie cherished it so much that she cradled it carefully in her arms and played with it in the living room for a considerable time. However, after a while, she looked up and sighed. "Why hasn't Sabrina woken up yet?"

At noon, Sabrina finally awoke to find herself in an unfamiliar room. Suddenly, the memories of yesterday flooded her mind. She went to see Rita. In the middle of her meeting, Tyrone appeared and took her away. She remembered sensing that something was wrong with her.

Fragmented scenes of the intimacy between her and Tyrone flashed before her eyes, causing her cheeks to flush. She closed her eyes, and her long lashes trembled slightly.

She sensed her nakedness under the quilt.

"Ty..."

As Sabrina attempted to call out, a sharp sting in her throat caught her off guard, causing her eyes to well up with tears.

She found herself unable to speak at all.

Sitting in bed, Sabrina held the quilt against her chest and surveyed the room. Spotting a glass of water on the bedside table, she chugged down mouthfuls, though the water hardly soothed her sore throat.

"Ty... Tyrone? Tyrone?" Sabrina endured the pain and called out.

Jennie was engrossed in playing with the music box in the living room when she heard a peculiar sound. Furrowing her brow in confusion, she asked, "Karen, did you just hear a duck?"

Karen dismissed the question as children's antics and responded with a

smile, saying, "No."

Tyrone was working on his laptop when he heard the sound. He was startled at the raspiness of her voice.

Realizing that Sabrina had awoken, he put down the laptop, took the bag with her clothes from the sofa, and strode to the guest room.

"Sabrina is awake?" Jennie put down the music box and jumped off the sofa, eagerly wanting to follow Tyrone in.

Tyrone turned to face Jennie. "She'll play with you after she gets dressed," he said gently, placing a hand on Jennie's shoulder to stop her from following him.

Jennie pouted as she trudged back to the sofa. She slumped down onto the cushions and waited.

As anticipated, Tyrone barely had time to set down the clothes before being swiftly ushered out of the room.

With her little legs swinging on the edge of the sofa, Jennie smirked when she saw Tyrone come straight out of the room.

Not long after, Sabrina emerged from the guest room, dressed in clean and tidy clothes. Jennie immediately went to her and held her hand, chatting happily.

After some time, Jennie, curious about Sabrina's silence, inquired, "Sabrina, why aren't you saying anything?"

As Sabrina attempted to respond, her gaze fixed on Tyrone, Karen interjected, "Are you hoarse? It sounds like a cold. You'll recover in a few days."

Sabrina nodded gratefully, acknowledging Karen's assistance.

Tyrone rubbed his nose. It wasn't his fault.

Her excessive moaning last night was due to being drugged, which had

caused her to lose her voice.

Even though he tried to muffle her sounds, she continued to moan.

Fortunately, the room was soundproof.

As Tyrone pondered the drugging incident, he felt the need to unravel the mystery of who had drugged Sabrina and the reasons behind it.

Tyrone assumed it was Rita who drugged her.

Sabrina shook her head and pulled out her phone to type a response, "I didn't eat or drink anything at the restaurant."

However, she did recall drinking a lot of water on the set, but she couldn't fathom why anyone would want to harm her there.

She had no enemies at work, and everyone knew she had the backing of the Blakely family, which made her an unlikely target.

Tyrone said, "It might not necessarily have been in the food or beverages. It could have been in the air."

Sabrina's heart skipped a beat when she suddenly recalled the scent she noticed upon entering the chamber to see Rita. It was an unusual aroma.

But she still couldn't believe it could be the cause of her drugging.

After all, she was Rita's biological daughter!

Even if Rita didn't have feelings for her, Rita shouldn't have used her and set her up for the sake of Sierra.

"I want to go to the restaurant again and check."

Tyrone agreed with the idea. He stood up and took the car keys. "Let's go. I'll drive you there."

They arrived at the same chamber in the restaurant as last night. When they entered the room, the fragrance was completely different from yesterday.

The room had the scent of air freshener.

Sabrina's facial expression revealed how she felt as she absorbed the newfound knowledge.

She knew Rita valued Sierra more than her. But she didn't anticipate Rita would stoop to drugging her. The experience was heartbreaking and numbing.

If Tyrone hadn't arrived in time yesterday, Sabrina shuddered to think of whose bed Rita would have sent her to when the drug took effect.

Tyrone noticed Sabrina's distress. Her shoulders trembled as she tried to hide her emotions. Gathering her into a comforting embrace, he reassured her, "It's okay. She doesn't deserve your love. You shouldn't feel sad for her anymore. She's not worth it."

Sabrina sniffed back the tears and said in a raspy voice, "I know..."

After returning to the car, Tyrone observed that Sabrina had calmed down, so he broached the topic. "Have you considered why she would drug you?"

Sabrina speculated, "Perhaps to use me as leverage with higher authorities?"

Brady's case was handed over to the prosecutor because the matter was clear and required little investigation. The prosecutor would initiate a public prosecution.

The court would ultimately determine Brady's fate.

Notably, Sabrina had not thought of Blayze at all, which caused Tyrone's expression to darken. He snorted and said, "It may not be someone from a higher position. Maybe she intended to deliver you to someone interested in you and could help Sierra."

Sabrina nodded thoughtfully. "Well, I don't think it's very likely. If someone were to rescue Sierra, another plan to help Brady out was

needed. Would such an individual be interested in me in this situation?"

Tyrone was infuriated to hear that Sabrina still hadn't considered that Blayze could have anything to do with it. Did she have that much trust in Blayze?

"Why wouldn't someone be interested in you? I could be that someone."

Sabrina stared at him. "Okay, apart from you."

Tyrone tentatively inquired, "By the way, it all began with Blayze. What did he say?"

"He promised to refrain Rita from harassing me. But he failed to do it."

"He broke his promise. Doesn't that make you angry?" Tyrone pursed his lips in contemplation.

It dawned on him that he had also failed to keep numerous promises to Sabrina for the sake of Galilea.

"No, I understand. Rita is his stepmother. Maybe he can't do anything about her. Besides, he doesn't owe me anything."

She couldn't be disappointed in Blayze because she didn't expect anything from him.

Tyrone was speechless.

He then asked, "Have you ever considered the possibility that Blayze could be the one behind Rita?"

Sabrina was stunned for a moment. "You mean..."

"Yes." Tyrone nodded.

"That's impossible. Blayze isn't interested in me romantically. Why would he do that?"

Tyrone was surprised.

But he also felt relieved.

It seemed that Sabrina didn't even know Blayze liked her. She just saw

him as her friend.

