

Chapter 299 | Only Want You

Observing the melancholy etched within Tyrone's gaze, Sabrina, in a graceful gesture, gently compressed her lips and clenched her delicate fists.

Wasn't she telling the truth? Why would he be sad?

A resolute declaration, delivered with icy precision, parted Sabrina's lips. "Indeed, Tyrone! Your recent actions have not only cast aspersions upon your connection with Galilea but have also cast a disparaging shadow over my character. Do you truly believe I would be ensnared in your ruse? No way! Regardless of your intentions, I implore you to cease this charade forthwith!"

Sabrina's tone was icy.

Tyrone's piercing stare bore into Sabrina's being, causing the veins on his forehead to strain under the pressure of his emotions. He inquired, his words charged with frustration, "What is it that you imagine I seek?"

"How am I to discern your desires? Only you know that."

Sabrina arched her eyebrows as she responded.

A rueful laugh escaped Tyrone's lips as he closed the physical gap between them. His tongue briefly grazed his molars in contemplation as he continued to regard Sabrina intently. He advanced toward her with measured steps.

Locked in his penetrating gaze, Sabrina involuntarily retreated, her heels pressing against the wall adjacent to the elevator's entrance. A quiver of uncertainty danced within her and she voiced her apprehension. "What... What is your intention?"

Tyrone leaned in, his arm forming a protective barrier against the wall, his head tilting ever so slightly. Warm breath grazed Sabrina's face and

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Tyrone leaned in, his arm forming a protective barrier against the wall, his head tilting ever so slightly. Warm breath grazed Sabrina's face and ears, igniting an almost ticklish sensation, causing her to instinctively recoil her neck.

"Look into my eyes," Tyrone implored, his voice reduced to a husky murmur.

Sabrina obeyed, her gaze locking with his deep and enigmatic orbs, shrouded in a mantle of mystery and unpredictability. His commanding presence left her feeling utterly exposed, and her innermost secrets and thoughts laid bare before him.

Under the intensity of his scrutiny, Sabrina fidgeted uncomfortably, as if perched on a bed of pins and needles. Unable to withstand the pressure, she urged, "Tyrone, remember that Ms. Clifford remains detained at the police station. Are you certain you wish to tarry here, wasting precious time?"

Tyrone emitted a soft, knowing chuckle, his voice laced with amusement. "Why do you shy away from meeting my gaze?"

"It's not a matter of fear but rather, a desire to sever all connections with you..." 

"Sabrina, your hesitance betrays your trepidation." Tyrone, resolute and assured, spoke with an air of certainty.

Sabrina raised her eyes to meet Tyrone's, locking their gazes in an unyielding standoff.

She clenched her fists, suppressing any inclination to avert her eyes. "Well then, speak your mind. What do you wish to say?"

Tyrone maintained his unwavering eye contact, his words charged with determination and precision. "Sabrina, I did approach you with a specific intention."

"Look, you admit it yourself..."

"What I want is you!" Tyrone said firmly, "I only want you!"

Sabrina, her lips slightly parted, was momentarily taken aback. She regarded his eyes with a mix of astonishment and, for a heartbeat, her heart danced erratically without explanation.

Attempting to scrutinize his countenance, Sabrina strained to detect any hint of falsehood.

Yet, her efforts proved futile.

Tyrone's sincerity resonated in his words, as if they were an undeniable truth.

However, Sabrina didn't forget Tyrone's talent for deception.

Recalling the harrowing sight of Galilea in the hospital, Sabrina had almost fallen victim to his fabricated narrative.

Yet, her subsequent discovery of Galilea's carefree escapades outside had confirmed Tyrone's propensity for falsehoods. He had spun tales of inscrutable motives, treating her as an unwitting pawn.

This occasion was no different.

She had expected Tyrone to conjure a more convincing alibi.

Who would believe his tale of hidden motives?

What could possibly compel him to act against his own desires?

As the head of the Blakely Group, he remained tethered to Galilea's whims. Who, in their right mind, would accept such a notion?

Observing Sabrina's continued silence, Tyrone pressed on with a heartfelt declaration, "Sabrina, my love for you is unwavering. I only want you. What else could I possibly yearn for, if not you?"

Sabrina averted her gaze, a wry smile curving her lips. "Tyrone, do you even believe the words you're uttering?"

Tyrone had lavished Galilea with new resources and attended the party together. Could he truly expect her to dismiss it all based on a single sentence?

Tyrone bowed his head, detecting the biting sarcasm in Sabrina's retort. With a firm grip on her wrist, he implored, "Tell me what you want from me. If my actions have not convinced you, then I shall endeavor to demonstrate my sincerity. Your skepticism pains me."

Sabrina, her countenance a frigid mask, arched an elegant eyebrow as she inquired, "You wish to prove yourself to me?"

"Yes," he affirmed.

"I require no action from you," she replied icily. "I merely seek the

unspoken truth. I will discern its veracity on my own."

Tyrone hesitated.

Sabrina had previously emphasized her aversion to his assistance and indebtedness. If she were to learn that he had negotiated with Galilea on her behalf...

And if he disclosed the truth now, Sabrina would inevitably question why he had allowed Galilea to escape during their prior encounter, likely revealing Sabrina's true identity and the photo of her pregnancy. Tyrone couldn't afford to unveil these secrets.

Witnessing his silence and hesitation, Sabrina added a touch of sarcasm to her tone. "If you find yourself unable to comply, then let it be. I require no proof from you. The greatest favor you can bestow upon me is to maintain your distance."

The elevator doors slid open at this very moment, and a resident exited, casting a brief, curious glance at the pair before striding away.

Capitalizing on the fleeting opportunity, Sabrina extricated herself from Tyrone's grasp, darted inside the elevator, and promptly pressed the button for her desired floor.

The elevator swiftly ascended its course.

Upon Sabrina's arrival home, Bettie promptly rose from her seat and cast a scrutinizing gaze in Sabrina's direction. "Did Tyrone exert undue pressure on you?" she inquired.

Sabrina, in a nonchalant manner, closed the door behind her and replied, "Not really."

Sabrina was surprised that Tyrone had refrained from forcing her into drafting a letter of understanding for Galilea's wrongdoing.

"Do not underestimate the situation. Tyrone may have devised an alternative approach," Bettie offered a cautionary reminder, her tone

filled with concern.

"Alright."

News of Galilea's police apprehension had made headlines. Although the specific reasons remained undisclosed, speculations among netizens hinted at the gravity of the situation.

Members of the project team who had previously collaborated with Galilea engaged in covert inquiries and, in some instances, surreptitiously erased any records of their past partnerships with Galilea.

Camden, his forehead furrowed with apprehension, fretted about the potential time and effort required to step in Galilea's role should the need arise in light of these circumstances.

Fortuitously, Galilea held only a supporting role with relatively few scenes, affording room for mitigation.

Nonetheless, the quest to find a suitable replacement proved daunting, with scarce availability among actors.

Camden tenderly massaged the space between his brows, pondering the impending challenges.

Peter, on the other hand, harbored concerns that diverged from Galilea's predicament. Her acting inadequacies had long vexed him and her absence was more of a blessing.

His worries centered on Rowell since he had lost an assistant and foresaw difficulties in finding a suitable replacement who could harmoniously work with him.

Sabrina remained oblivious to their worries weighing on their minds.

Today marked a particularly significant festival, drawing Sabrina to the Blakely family's residence for a festive midday gathering.

Anticipating the possibility of encountering Tyrone, her thoughts meandered in that direction. To her surprise, Tyrone had arrived early in the morning, accompanied by Jennie, before promptly taking his leave. He had cited a prior business engagement, explaining his absence from the noon celebration.

Sabrina found herself inexplicably more at ease, yet her emotions remained an intricate blend of sentiments.

Her focus soon shifted as she immersed herself in preparations for the festive lunch, assisted by the capable hands of Wanda.

Jennie, brimming with enthusiasm, also joined the culinary effort.

Despite having celebrated this special occasion abroad in the past, the ambiance there paled in comparison to the lively atmosphere here.

The arrival of Larry and his family graced the gathering.

Observing Larry and Lena's interactions, Sabrina discerned a noticeable improvement in their relationship. Their harmonious rapport suggested that Larry had likely embraced humility in abundance.

Amidst their conversation, Sabrina learned of Lena's pregnancy.

The couple had been married for several years, with their son, Frankie, as their sole offspring.

In truth, before giving birth to Frankie, Lena had experienced a previous pregnancy that had ended in an unfortunate termination. ⓘ

Despite the tumultuous past, Lena had not been resolute enough in seeking a divorce. Her current pregnancy, coupled with Larry's entreaties for reconciliation, had considerably eased the once-tense dynamic between them.

After a while, Claire arrived.

However, Sergio was notably absent on this occasion.

Yet, when Claire broached the topic of Sergio's girlfriend, an undertone

of dissatisfaction crept into her words.

Recalling her chance encounter with Sergio and his girlfriend during their previous inadvertent meeting, Sabrina lowered her gaze with a faint smile, her words held in silent restraint.

