

Chapter 345 Duplicity

Tyrone's heart swelled with joy as he observed Sabrina's retreat. He squinted, fixating on her receding figure, then decisively closed the gap between them.

Sabrina's cheeks grew increasingly warm, and her pace quickened.

As Tyrone drew near, she found herself almost breaking into a trot.

Her gaze remained fixed on the ground, noticing how his shadow gradually merged with hers, causing her heart to skip a beat. In a sudden burst of nervous energy, she darted away, maintaining a cautious distance from Tyrone.

Tyrone, sporting a playful smile and an air of determination, soon caught up with Sabrina. In a swift move, he caught her wrist, gently pulling her into his embrace, his eyes locking onto hers. "Why are you running?" he asked with a hint of curiosity.

Sabrina, her cheeks tinged with embarrassment, replied by lightly pushing his shoulder. "Why are you chasing after me?" Sabrina countered.

Tyrone raised an eyebrow, his smile growing more pronounced. "Then why am I chasing after you?"

"I have no idea." Sabrina, putting on a pretense of innocence, played along.

But her words were a deceit.

"Then, perhaps I should help you know."

Tyrone, undeterred, took matters into his own hands. He gently tilted her head and leaned in to kiss her.

Their lips met, and a sensuous dance of breath began.

His kiss was fiery, commanding, and intense.

Sabrina's eyelids fluttered, and for a moment, she struggled to catch her breath.

Her legs trembled beneath her, and the only thing keeping her upright was her firm grip on his collar.

Despite the cold night air by the river, Sabrina's body burned with a passionate heat.

Tiny beads of sweat formed on the tip of her nose as their embrace continued.

Tyrone's kiss deepened, becoming an intense and passionate embrace. He held onto her with increasing fervor, as though he wanted to meld her into his very being.

Beneath the soft glow of a nearby streetlight, their figures intertwined in an intimate dance.

Sabrina, breathless, made a feeble attempt to push Tyrone away, but he lingered, gently running his tongue over hers before finally releasing her.

Sabrina gasped heavily, her face flushed and her eyes glistening with desire. When she looked up at Tyrone, her gaze held a seductive allure.

Tyrone's heart raced, and he couldn't resist the urge to grab her chin, tilting her head up for another fiery kiss.

"Hmm..." Sabrina murmured as their lips met again, and she found herself closely examining the dark lashes that framed Tyrone's eyes.

It was clear he wanted more, and they continued to indulge in their passionate embrace for what felt like an eternity.

Finally, Tyrone reluctantly released Sabrina.

Sabrina hastily pushed Tyrone away and took a few steps back.

Her fingertips lightly grazed her tingling lips as she shot him a

reproachful glare.

Tyrone smiled awkwardly and followed after her. "Sabrina, I was just joking moments earlier," he began.

His initial request for a kiss had been in jest, never expecting she would take it seriously.

But in that brief, electrifying moment, his heart had raced, and he felt like he was floating on cloud nine, as if it were all a dream.

Sabrina, still glaring at him, cut him off, "Shut up."

"Sabrina, we..."

With a hint of seriousness in her tone, Sabrina interjected, "Tyrone, what happened just now... It changes nothing between us. Don't misunderstand."

She emphasized that the kiss was inconsequential.

Tyrone offered a contented smile and agreed, "Alright, we're not involved."

As he watched Sabrina with a hint of fascination, he felt a strong desire to kiss her once more.

However, he knew he couldn't appear too eager.

For now, he was satisfied with the outcome.

He wasn't determined to remarry her.

He only hoped that she wouldn't distance herself from him.

"Let's head back," Tyrone suggested.

"Okay," Sabrina replied, and they both donned their helmets.

Tyrone revved the motorcycle's engine, leading them back to the community.

Sabrina had expected swift results regarding the plagiarism of her photographs, but after waiting for two days without any response from

the organizers, she began to suspect that something was amiss.

It was at that moment that she began to realize the true nature of the situation.

Sabrina was puzzled by why her work had been signed with someone else's name.

She had exclusively sent those photos to the organizers and had not shared them on social media.

That was to say, the hosts were well aware of the situation and had become embroiled in it.

Regarding the name "Addion," who had stolen her work, Sabrina found it oddly familiar. Upon investigating, she discovered that this individual had claimed the second prize in a previous photography competition.

It was difficult to ascertain whether the award was legitimate or stolen, which could seriously undermine the competition's credibility.

Sabrina couldn't overlook the fact that Blayze, one of the judges and the initiator of the Mount and River Photography Competition, had close ties with the organizers.

Out of consideration for their friendship, she chose not to publicly expose the situation. Instead, she forwarded her collected evidence to Blayze, along with an explanation.

An hour later, Blayze responded, "I'm sorry for that, Sabrina. The official website announcement has been rectified. I'll look into it and provide you with an explanation soon."

"Thank you, Blayze. Somehow, I feel it seems to be related to the sponsor's staff," Sabrina confided.

"Got it. I've already launched an investigation," Blayze assured her.

"By the way," Blayze sent another message. "I heard you had some

disagreements with Nicol and Karen yesterday."

Sabrina confirmed, "Yes, I believe we've resolved it."

She assumed the matter had been settled, though she remained uncertain about Nicol's and his mother's feelings toward her.

Blayze continued, "Nicol has had asthma since birth, and his mother is very protective of him. If they did anything to upset you, please try not to take it personally."

"I understand," Sabrina replied.

Blayze then expressed his admiration, "Your photographs have been the most impressive to me. Keep up the great work."

"Thank you," Sabrina responded gratefully.

After putting down his phone, Blayze instructed his secretary, "Go and fetch Miss Rivera for me."

"Yes, sir," the secretary replied, recognizing the signs that Blayze was furious.

Shortly after, Sierra entered the room, her face adorned with delicate makeup. She greeted Blayze, "Blayze, do you have anything to talk to me?"

Blayze, his gaze sharp, did not hold back. "Who assisted you to claim someone else's work as your own?"

"Addion" was an alias Sierra used.

Sierra had once harbored a fondness for Blayze and had taken up photography to have a shared interest with him. However, her talents in the field were lacking, and she hadn't achieved any noteworthy success.

To impress Blayze, she had secretly enlisted the help of some well-connected individuals who thought she was acting with Blayze's consent and had assisted her promptly, seeing that she was sort of a

member of the Fowler family.

The only reason she had won second place in the previous competition was that the top prize had gone to a renowned photographer.

As for this competition, Sierra hadn't met Tyrone while seeking assistance on plagiarism. Soon after she ran into Tyrone and fell for the latter, this matter had slipped her mind. She hadn't anticipated that her actions would be exposed.

Realizing that Blayze detested falsehoods, she promptly apologized, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. I won't do it again!"

Blayze regarded her with cold indifference.

Growing increasingly uneasy under Blayze's intense gaze, Sierra exclaimed anxiously, "I genuinely understand that I was in the wrong. It was a mistake to claim someone else's work as my own."

Blayze, maintaining his stern demeanor, asserted, "Now that you've recognized your mistake, you should go and make an apology."

"What?" Sierra was taken aback by the demand. She hesitated, pulling back when she caught the unwavering gaze in Blayze's eyes. "Well... Do I really need to apologize?"

Her thoughts raced. Just rectifying the result on the website would do. She didn't feel like apologizing because of this.

If she were to make an apology, it would be clear to everyone that she had stolen someone else's work, a revelation that would subject her to ridicule.

Blayze narrowed his eyes and pressed, "What did you just say? I dare you to say it again!"

