

Chapter 319 Both Love And Hate

During Sabrina's time abroad, an undeniable affection blossomed within Blayze, for he wouldn't have gone to such great lengths to look after her otherwise.

Sabrina was keenly aware of his passion for photography, and Blayze had noticed her latent talent in that realm. He even extended an invitation, asking her if she'd be interested in delving into the art of photography but she politely declined.

However, as time went by, Sabrina had inexplicably distanced herself from him and eventually moved away from the apartment he had introduced her to.

In the aftermath, Sabrina had returned to her homeland, erasing all traces of their connection. Their communication then had come to an abrupt halt.

The depth of his affection had been insufficient to entice him to follow her and gradually, the memory of her began to fade.

One fateful day, while he was diligently toiling away at his workplace, he had ventured into a group chat and stumbled upon a familiar account. It seemed that Sabrina's account lay dormant, her profile picture and nickname unchanged.

He was not only one of the inaugural sponsors of the Monwayne International Photography Competition but also a judge in previous sessions.

Blayze had never anticipated that their paths would cross once more through the lens of photography. Equally unexpected was Sabrina's decision to enroll in his photography course.

It was only then that he came to realize that she had lost her memory, forgetting the year she had spent studying abroad.

In that moment, Blayze was overcome with a rush of emotions as he impulsively extended an invitation to explore the world of art together.

However, upon learning she was the very ex-wife of Tyrone, his half-brother, his thoughts had involuntarily shifted...

Blayze cast a long, contemplative gaze upon Sabrina once more.

Her cheeks held a subtle rosy hue, her eyes glistened with a hint of moisture and the corners of her eyes bore a reddish tint, a charm not often seen in her usual demeanor.

"Let's go. I'll drive you home."

"No, I wish to drink a bit more," she countered.

Sabrina seized the wine glass before her, downing its contents with haste.

In an instant, Blayze rose from his seat, grasping her wrist firmly while liberating the glass from her grasp. "Stop drinking!" he insisted.

Still viewing Blayze as Tyrone due to the alcohol, Sabrina fixed her gaze upon Blayze, her hand making a reach for the bottle on the table. "I want it!"

Damn Tyrone! Forgiveness for Tyrone was far from her mind at that moment!

Sabrina managed to sneak in just two sips from the bottle before Blayze reclaimed it and set it at a distance.

"Hand it over!"

Observing her eyes, brimming with both sorrow and protest, Blayze momentarily hesitated but ultimately resolved. "No more drinking. I shall be your chauffeur home."

"No, leave me be."

Could it be that she harbored deep affection for Tyrone?

Not too long ago, Tyrone was still engaged in an affair with Galilea. How could he possibly deserve someone like Sabrina?

Blayze hesitated and finally spoke, his voice tinged with uncertainty. "Did I cause you sorrow?"

Sabrina slowly lowered her glass, fixing her gaze upon the tabletop. Her silence persisted for what felt like an eternity, and then, in a trembling, tear-choked whisper, she revealed, "Tyrone, you've truly made me love and despise you..."

Her voice quivered, choked by the weight of her emotions.

Blayze shifted his finger uneasily.

Unbeknownst to her, tears welled up in her eyes, quivering precariously before crystallizing on her lower lashes.

Her lashes fluttered, releasing tears that trickled onto the table.

Blayze's heart skipped a beat.

It was abundantly clear she held a deep affection for Tyrone.

Yet, how could Tyrone be deserving of such devotion?

Sabrina wiped her eyes and drained the remaining wine in her glass.

Blayze maintained a silent vigil. He observed as she continued to indulge, leaning in close and persisting in the drinking.

With a gentle but firm hand, he took away her glass, settled the tab, hoisted her up, and guided her out of the bar, ultimately placing her gently in the back seat of the car.

Sabrina, already inebriated, lay in a state of blissful inertia within the car's interior.

Blayze, slipping into the passenger seat from the opposite side, spoke to the driver.

"To a hotel, please," Blayze ordered.

The driver initiated the vehicle and embarked on the journey to the hotel where Blayze had taken up residence.

En route, Blayze's phone broke the silence, its ringtone punctuating the night. It was his secretary calling.

The secretary said promptly upon the connection, "Blayze, Mrs. Fowler and a young lady are currently at Mathias. They've checked into the Secenary Hotel. Mrs. Fowler wishes to see you."

Mrs. Fowler, Marco's second wife and Nicol's biological mother, was Blayze's stepmother.

"Tonight."

"Well... Mrs. Fowler insists on seeing you right away. She's conveyed it's a matter of great urgency."

Following a momentary pause, Blayze replied, "I will be there shortly. Please ask her to await my arrival."

"Understood, sir. Additionally, Larry has surrendered himself."

Blayze glanced back at the peacefully slumbering Sabrina. "I see."

The secretary offered no further remarks and terminated the call.

Blayze stowed his phone away and began to idly twiddle his fingers.

His associates had wasted no time in interrogating Hobson upon his apprehension. Consequently, Blayze had gained a general understanding of the events that had transpired that year.

However, Hobson's arrival in Mathias had yet to materialize.

Blayze now conjectured that Sabrina had likely gleaned the

truth from Larry and Tyrone, and they, in turn, had unveiled the source of her profound sadness.

Upon their arrival at the hotel, Blayze swiftly arranged for a new room and carefully carried Sabrina up the stairs.

Just as he was poised to place her gently upon the bed, Sabrina's eyes fluttered open unexpectedly.

Blayze was taken aback.

"Ewww..."

It was too late for Blayze to act.

Sabrina had expelled the contents of her stomach in a torrent.

Her attire, the pristine bed linens and even Blayze's own clothing bore the unsightly marks of her distress.

A pervasive odor of sourness hung in the air.

Without a word, Blayze promptly shed his coat and sweater, flinging them a considerable distance away.

But by the time he glanced back at Sabrina, she had already succumbed to slumber once more.

Blayze stood there in silent contemplation, then took a step forward, suppressing his distaste. He rolled up his shirt sleeves and expediently removed Sabrina's jacket, tossing it to the corner of the room. Without further ado, he transported Sabrina to his own quarters.

Fetching a glass of water, he encouraged Sabrina to rinse her mouth.

Sabrina complied perfunctorily before surrendering to sleep once more.

With a resigned smile, Blayze gingerly placed the glass down, withdrew his phone and contacted his secretary, tasking her with the acquisition of a women's down jacket.

After a brisk shower, Blayze donned fresh attire and thoughtfully penned a note for Sabrina before stepping out.

It wasn't until the afternoon that Sabrina stirred from her slumber.

She groggily opened her eyes and found herself ensconced within the confines of the hotel room. Despite the throbbing ache in her head, she immediately sat up and conducted a hasty inventory of her attire.

To her immense relief, her clothing remained intact, save for the down jacket she had been draped in.

Thankfully. With a sigh of relief, she reclined once more and shut her eyes.

Her recollections resurfaced. The bar, the unsettling encounter with those three men, and then... Tyrone seemed to show up later.

"How long do you intend to slumber?"

A voice, distinctly not Tyrone's, suddenly sounded from her vicinity.

Sabrina's eyes fluttered open and to her astonishment, she beheld the man before her. "Blayze? What... What are you doing here?"

"This is my hotel room," Blayze replied through tightly clenched teeth.

