

## Chapter 331 Pretend To Be True

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"I understand," Sabrina said.

"But evidently, you harbor doubts about my sincerity." Tyrone frowned.

"I want to place my trust in your words but..." With a sly grin, Sabrina continued, "Tyrone, you knew it had something to do with Larry when you were in the company that day, didn't you?"

She yearned to put her faith in him, yet how could she, following Kira's damning words to the police station director?

"Yes."

"What actions did you take before Larry's surrender?"

Tyrone hesitated, his tone laced with disbelief, "What are you implying? Do you suspect I'm aiding Larry's escape? Is that how you see me?"

"Is that not the case? I doubt Larry would shift blame onto Galilea."

She surmised that Tyrone was the sole one intent on severing ties with Galilea, allowing him to achieve two objectives with a single act.

"What's so unbelievable about that being the case?"

Tyrone's gaze darkened. Was that the image of him she held in her heart? Did he not warrant her trust at all?

Averting her eyes, Sabrina inquired, "You mentioned Hobson being bribed. Who bribed him? Who would do such a thing?"

As he observed the icy veneer on Sabrina's face, Tyrone experienced a piercing ache in his heart and responded with a touch of bitterness, "It was likely Blayze. He's always harbored animosity toward my family."

Hearing this, Sabrina couldn't help but be amused. "Blayze? But when his associates apprehended Hobson, we had no inkling the case was connected to Larry. How did he find out? If Blayze truly aims to target the Blakely Group, news of Larry's confession will be broadcast

worldwide on that very day."

However, currently, there was no such news.

Tyrone struggled to provide a clear explanation. His thoughts were mere speculations.

"What I shared back then was merely what Larry had confided in me. Even if he happens to be the mastermind, my involvement is nonexistent. Sabrina, he's your father. I'm aware of your deep affection for him. How can I defend Larry?" Tyrone countered.

A trace of longing tinged his voice.

"Truth be told, I don't hold you accountable for standing up for him. After all, he's your brother. It's only natural for you to shield him."

Sabrina offered a thinly veiled smile.

From the outset, she had never placed blame on Tyrone.

Yet, her demeanor and the misconceptions she held stung Tyrone's heart more profoundly than accusations ever could.

Tyrone stared at her in a dazed bewilderment, grappling for the right words. "You already possess the answer, don't you?" She remained convinced that he had assisted Larry.

Sabrina bit her lip.

Tyrone's performance almost had her convinced. He appeared genuinely innocent, as if her skepticism had wounded him deeply.

Had it not been for Kira's revelation, she might have been grappling with self-doubt, wondering if she had misjudged him.

If the timing had been different, she might have sought Tyrone's counsel on the art of acting.

"If there's nothing else, you can head back for now. I have work to attend to."

With that, she shut the door.

Tyrone, gazing at the closed door before him, closed his eyes and clenched his fists.

Seated once more in front of her computer, Sabrina was lost in thought.

Boom!

Sabrina lifted her gaze to the window, where the encroaching darkness cast its shroud.

Raindrops descended upon the glass, each droplet punctuated by the resounding boom of thunder.

Her phone screen illuminated, revealing an incoming call from Tyrone.

After a moment of hesitation, Sabrina answered with a measured tone, "Tyrone, what do you want now?"

The sound of rain on his end of the line suggested he was outdoors. "Sabrina, do you truly lack faith in me?"

Sabrina found herself at a loss for words.

"I only wish to emphasize that I did not help Larry shift the blame. He personally divulged everything to me that day. I swear to God!"

"You've already conveyed that."

"I'm downstairs, Sabrina. I'll always be here."

Boom!

Wide-eyed, Sabrina rushed to the window, peering intently below.

The darkness was impenetrable, rendering visibility a futile endeavor.

All she could discern were raindrops upon the window, distorting her view.

She couldn't help but feel a twinge of irritation. "Tyrone, what are you up to?"

"I don't know how else to prove my innocence, so this is the only method I could think of..."

"You..."

Sabrina's frustration was palpable. "Are you trying to intimidate me?"

"I didn't mean it that way..."

"Whatever!"

Sabrina terminated the call abruptly, tossing her phone onto the table

before heading to the kitchen to prepare a meal.

Suddenly, the sound of a door swinging open resonated through the house.

Sabrina peered out and spotted Bettie with her suitcase. "Sabrina, I'm back!"

"Welcome back, Bettie! Have you eaten?"

Observing Sabrina in the kitchen, Bettie raised her hand and replied, "I haven't had dinner yet. Would you mind making something for me?"

"Okay!"

Sabrina set the water to boil and placed the meal within.

The hot water splashed onto her fingers.

Hiss! Sabrina reflexively shook her hand and blew on it.

Bettie entered the kitchen and cast a concerned glance at Sabrina. She inquired, "What happened? Did you burn your hand?"

"It's nothing."

"You weren't prone to making such careless errors before," Bettie commented with an undertone of significance.

Sabrina glanced at her and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Nothing." With that, Bettie exited the kitchen. "I'll go pack my things. Let me know when it's ready."

"Alright."

Sabrina completed the cooking and laid the dish on the table. She called out to Bettie, "Bettie, it's all set!"

"I'm on my way!"

Bettie emerged from her room and took a seat across from Sabrina. As the delightful aroma wafted toward her, she mused, "I've missed your cooking, Sabrina! I've been having light meals these past few days. See, I've lost weight."

"Don't worry. You'll regain it in no time."

"Wow... It smells divine..."

Bettie took a mouthful, a contented expression gracing her face.

After swallowing, she turned to Sabrina and inquired, "Sabrina, why did you change the sofa the other day?"

After a brief pause, Sabrina, as though nothing had transpired, replied, "I accidentally spilled a drink."

"Really?"

"Indeed."

"I thought perhaps you and Tyrone were having some fun while I was gone."

Sabrina blushed. She had indeed been enjoying herself with Tyrone yesterday.

"No," she responded.

"Good. When I arrived just now, I saw Tyrone standing outside in the rain, appearing distraught." Bettie took another bite, then looked up and said, "He might be attempting to employ a ruse. Don't be softhearted."

Sabrina's fingers instinctively tightened around the fork. "Is it raining heavily outside?"

"Why don't you see for yourself? It's a deluge out there!"

Bettie arched an eyebrow and inquired, "Do you regret it?"

"No, I don't," Sabrina replied resolutely.

After finishing their meal, she retreated to her room to delve into the script.

Beyond the confines of her apartment, rain plummeted with unwavering intensity. Lightning streaked across the sky, while thunder reverberated through the air.

Sabrina pored over the script. The once-familiar words now eluded her comprehension.

Lost in thought, she stole a glance at the window.

Was Tyrone still standing there?

Did he believe she could be swayed by his persistence? Humph!

Ten minutes later, she retrieved an umbrella and descended the stairs with hushed steps.

Anxiety compelled her to close the door gently to avoid detection by Bettie.

She comforted herself that she was not soft-hearted. She simply didn't want Tyrone to remain outside and sought to let him leave.

Stepping outside the apartment building's hall, she was met with the relentless onslaught of rain against her umbrella.

A brisk gust of wind, intermingled with the chill of the rain, made her shiver.

She scanned her surroundings and spotted a towering figure beneath a streetlamp.

Tyrone stood resolute in the downpour, seemingly impervious to the cold.

His silhouette, illuminated by the lamplight, seemed all the more solitary.

Biting her lower lip, Sabrina approached.

Tyrone's face was drenched, his eyes flickering with a glimmer of hope upon seeing Sabrina.

She still had sympathy for him.

Sabrina calmly offered him the umbrella and said, "You can leave now. There's no need to stand here." 