

Chapter 334 A Man Was Concealed Within

Sabrina gracefully rose from her slumber, embarked on her morning routine and, with a gentle voice, she addressed Tyrone, "Stay here. Once Bettie departs for work, I shall arrange for some clothes to be delivered to you."

"Okay." Tyrone, nestled on the bed, bore a faint flush upon his countenance and his voice was tinged with a slight hoarseness.

Sabrina furrowed her brow slightly, casting a discerning gaze upon Tyrone. "Do... Do you have a fever?"

Tyrone raised his hand to gauge his own forehead's warmth. After a brief pause, he admitted, "Possibly."

Sabrina found herself momentarily struck speechless.

Temporarily exiting the room, she reappeared bearing a cup of lukewarm water and a container of fever-reducing medication. Placing them on the nightstand, she said, "Have a sip of water. Then, ask your secretary to fetch your breakfast when your garments arrive. Then, take this medicine after breakfast."

"Okay." Touched by the warmth in her voice, Tyrone felt a kindness he hadn't experienced for quite some time. "I appreciate your concerns."

She had uttered similar words to him during their marriage.

But a substantial duration had passed since he'd last heard them.

He observed Sabrina reclining on the bed and sincerely remarked, "Sabrina, you are so kind to me."

Sabrina responded with a frosty gaze, then spun on her heel and made

her way to the bathroom.

After freshening up, she journeyed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. She had instructed Tyrone to have his secretary arrange his morning meal's delivery to prevent any suspicion from arising in Bettie.

After some contemplation, she deftly fried four eggs and assembled four sandwiches.

If Bettie inquired, she could readily claim they were intended for the director.

Bettie had not yet made an appearance, and Sabrina gracefully strode to her door, calling out, "Bettie, get up and have some breakfast!"

Three seconds later, Bettie's drowsy tones emanated from the room, "Sabrina, I neglected to mention that I have a day off today and shan't require breakfast."

Sabrina drew a deep breath and replied, "Very well..."

With breakfast in hand, she entered the room and presented Tyrone with two sandwiches and a glass of milk, saying, "Bettie has forgone her morning breakfast today, so I offer this to you."

Tyrone cast a glance at the sandwiches and repositioned himself at the head of the bed. "Alright, thank you."

"In addition, Bettie is not going to work today. She's asleep currently. When your secretary delivers your attire, kindly be discreet and refrain from disturbing her," Sabrina added with a hint of guilt in her tone.

"Of course." Tyrone quirked an eyebrow, amusement dancing in his eyes. She was afraid that Bettie would find him here, but she said that she was afraid of disturbing Bettie.

Following their meal, Tyrone dialed Kylan using Sabrina's phone.

With the script in hand, Sabrina headed for the film set. As she

departed, she reiterated her plea to Tyrone, beseeching him not to disturb Bettie.

Approximately twenty minutes later, Kylan arrived, bearing Tyrone's attire.

He rapped emphatically on the door and inquired, "Is anyone inside?"

Five minutes hence, clad in her pajamas, Bettie opened the door with an air of irritation. She fixed her gaze upon Kylan before her and queried, "And who might you be?"

Kylan cleared his throat and proffered the clothing he held. "Good day. Miss Ramirez, am I correct? I am Mr. Tyrone Blakely's secretary, dispatched to deliver his attire."

"Why, might I inquire, have you dispatched attire to Tyrone at this location..."

Midway through her statement, Bettie's faculties were abruptly restored. Her eyes fluttered open and, with an incredulous tone, she demanded, "Excuse me? Could you kindly repeat your earlier words? What is this about?"

"I've come to deliver Mr. Blakely's clothing," Kylan replied.

Bettie, now incoherent with shock, gestured toward the living room behind her, stammering as she mumbled, "You... You mean Tyrone is here at this very moment?"

Kylan nodded gravely, stating, "Indeed. Mr. Blakely apprised me over the phone of his presence in Miss Chavez's room."

Bettie was struck dumb with disbelief. "What? This is beyond belief!"

Bettie swiftly pieced together a realization. Sabrina had indeed ventured downstairs for Tyrone yesterday.

Sabrina even claimed to have merely cleaned the floor when she noticed it was soiled. Worse still, Sabrina's trousers were damp and she

claimed she'd wielded a mop.


No wonder Sabrina had reacted so strongly when she was about to enter her room.

Her instincts were correct. A man was concealed within! To be precise, a scoundrel!

Seated upon the sofa, Bettie observed as Kylan made his way into Sabrina's room.

After some time, the door emitted a faint creak, and out emerged Tyrone, impeccably clad in a suit, his attire neatly arranged.

Kylan followed closely behind.

Hearing the commotion, Bettie turned her gaze in its direction, her anger simmering within. 

With a forced, insincere smile, she addressed Tyrone, "Mr. Blakely, when did you arrive? How is it that I was unaware? You certainly have a talent for concealment."

Detecting the irony in her words, Tyrone responded with a faint smile and seated himself across from her, "Miss Ramirez, I must apologize. Sabrina mentioned that you were slumbering last night and she didn't wish to disturb you."

The corners of Bettie's mouth quivered with an unspoken reaction. Internally, she harbored a grievance against Sabrina.

Tyrone proceeded, "I extend my gratitude for your steadfast care of Sabrina, Miss Ramirez. Were it not for you, I fear that Sabrina would not have been able to move forward so swiftly. I hold a deep sense of appreciation. If you ever find yourself in need, please do not hesitate to confide in me.

I understand that for various reasons, you may have had reservations about me in the past and it is not an easy feat to alter one's opinion

hastily. Nevertheless, I beseech you to momentarily set aside any animosity. After all, you are a close friend of Sabrina's, and I, her ex-husband. Our shared desire is for her happiness, to spare her from embarrassment."

Much like the present situation, Sabrina was acutely aware of Bettie's disapproval of Tyrone for her sake. Sabrina had no intention of causing Bettie any distress but circumstances had compelled her to offer Tyrone forgiveness. In this perplexing dilemma, Sabrina and Tyrone acted as if they had engaged in an illicit affair the previous day.

Gazing at Tyrone, Bettie graced him with a smile and commented, "This is the first time I've witnessed your eloquence."

She had no rebuttal.

She comprehended that Tyrone was not at fault but rather Sabrina.

Sabrina had changed!

Despite declaring her reluctance to remarry Tyrone, Sabrina's actions contradicted her words.

Bettie felt a profound sense of disappointment, yet she also acknowledged the disparities between herself and Sabrina.

When it came to matters of the heart, emotions varied greatly from one individual to another. If she could not change Sabrina's sentiments, her only recourse was to offer support and solace.

"Thank you for your kind words."

"I understand. My personal sentiments toward you may not be favorable but I shall honor Sabrina's choice. If your love for her is sincere, then I implore you to treat her with care and, in time, perhaps alter my opinion of you."

"Fair enough." Tyrone rose from his seat and advised, "I shall take my leave now, Miss Ramirez. It would be wise for you to consider some

rest."

An odd, puzzled utterance escaped from Bettie.

She felt no inkling of sleepiness whatsoever.

"Oh, and do endeavor to keep today's events concealed from her," Tyrone added. He came to a halt before he resumed, "Sabrina would be greatly embarrassed otherwise."

Meanwhile, Sabrina arrived at the film set early, shadowing the director as he provided guidance to fellow actors, keenly absorbing their techniques and insights.

As the scene neared its conclusion, Sabrina's turn approached. She retreated to the dressing room to have her hair styled.

With idle time on her hands during her makeup session, she sent a message to Tyrone. "Have you departed? Did you disturb Bettie?"

"No." Tyrone's swift response brought relief to Sabrina. She let out a breath of relief.

Soon, it was Sabrina's moment in the spotlight. In her maiden acting endeavor, she faltered, failing to execute her role.

Upon a second attempt, she excelled.

Camden, the director, radiated satisfaction. Sabrina's past work experience and hobbies evidently endowed her with a natural talent for the craft, enabling her to intuitively grasp the director's vision.

The second scene commenced.

After completing the afternoon's shoot, Sabrina returned home and subtly observed Bettie's countenance. She exhaled a silent sigh of relief upon confirming that Bettie appeared composed.

Sensing Sabrina's gaze, Bettie turned away and suppressed a wry smile.