

Chapter 253 Kiss Me

"What was that?" Tyrone swiveled around, fixing his gaze on Sabrina.

Sabrina responded with unwavering determination, "I said nothing. You heard wrong. Hand over my phone!"

Her gaze was unwavering as it met Tyrone's.

Her phone held countless secrets she couldn't risk Tyrone discovering.

If he fiddled with it and messaged Trevor, all her hard work would crumble.

Moreover, Sabrina worried that if Tyrone glimpsed her conversation with Darren, he'd figure out her motives behind getting close to Trevor.

Realizing she didn't truly have feelings for Trevor, he'd never leave her alone.

"Why is that phone so important to you?"


Sabrina's frustration flared once more. Meeting Tyrone's gaze, she took a deep breath and said begrudgingly, "I can't leave the house anyway. There's no point in having my phone now."

Something seemed to click in Tyrone's mind, and a mischievous glint appeared in his eyes as he sized her up.

A sinking feeling formed in Sabrina's gut as they locked eyes.

"Give me a kiss and the phone's yours," Tyrone declared smugly.

Sabrina was stunned.

Her eyes widened in disbelief and disdain. "Really, Tyrone? How low can you go?" 

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"So, is that a yes or a no?"

Sabrina was so angry that she gritted her teeth. She bore her gaze into him, her eyes fiery and indignant, resembling a feisty, cornered kitten. She felt trapped and helpless.

"Have you made up your mind? I've got a hospital to head to." Tyrone pretended to leave.

He walked quickly to the door.

As he was almost out the door, Sabrina called out, "Hold on!"

Tyrone paused, spun to face her, and caught Sabrina's irritated expression. Lifting an eyebrow, he queried, "You're okay with it?"

Gritting her teeth, Sabrina gave a heated nod.

She stood up and walked to Tyrone quickly. Reaching up on her toes, she grasped his face and planted a kiss on his cheek. "Will that do?"

Tyrone glanced at her with a subtle smile. Just as he was about to speak, a child's voice chimed in from the staircase. "Auntie, you kissed Uncle Tyrone first. I want a kiss too."

Sabrina stood still, feeling like a child caught sneaking candy.

Tyrone, noticing her rigid look, grinned even wider and said, "Sorry Jennie, Auntie Sabrina can't give you a kiss; she caught a cold."

Jennie halted and asked with genuine curiosity, "Don't you worry about catching her cold?"

"I'm grown-up; I'm not scared."

Jennie tilted her head, trying to understand, then simply nodded.

Clearing her voice, Sabrina turned to Tyrone. "Can you give me my phone now, please?"

Without saying anything, Tyrone retrieved her phone from his pocket and handed it to her.

Quickly taking it, Sabrina pivoted and settled onto the couch, trying to act casual. She then inquired, "Jennie, your uncle's heading to the hospital. Would you like to join him, or would you rather stay here?"

"Well... Stay at home," Jennie responded after thinking for a while.

"I'll be on my way then, Jennie."

"Alright." Jennie nodded.

As Tyrone was about to turn around and leave, the young girl called out, "Hold on, Uncle!"

"What's wrong?"

"You've got some of Auntie's lipstick right there!"

Sabrina was surprised. Her cheeks turned a shade of pink, while Tyrone looked quite pleased with himself.

Exiting the villa, Tyrone took one last glance at the entrance before slipping into the back seat of the waiting car.

The driver revved the engine, inquiring, "Heading to the hospital, sir?"

"Yes."

Tyrone fetched his mobile and initiated a call.

Upon connecting, a courteous female voice answered, "Mr. Blakely?"

"What's the update?"

"I've encountered him a few times, but no significant progress..."

A shadow of irritation crossed Tyrone's face. "Speed it up. If you require resources, let me know. I can arrange assistance."

Detecting Tyrone's discontent, Shirley responded promptly, "Understood."

After taking her medicine, Sabrina retreated to the master bedroom.

She powered up her phone and discovered messages from both Trevor and Bettie from the day before.

Tyrone had responded on her behalf, even making up a reason for her absence.

Thankfully, he didn't say anything wrong.

Sabrina pondered if he had come across her conversation with Darren.

She fervently hoped he hadn't.

This morning, Trevor sent two more messages. At seven thirty-two in the morning, one was a sun emoji, followed by, "Good morning, Sabrina."

It was now past eight. Sabrina typed back, "Good morning."

Shortly after, Trevor informed her he was already at his office.

Sabrina filled him in about her cold.

They exchanged a few more messages.

Before long, Bettie appeared at the villa, a paper bag clutched in her grip, bearing Sabrina's outfits.

It was Sabrina who asked her to come here.

Did Tyrone genuinely believe she'd remain cooped up in the villa indefinitely?

As Bettie stepped into the master bedroom, she first ensured that Jennie was preoccupied downstairs. Then, securely shutting the door, she began venting. "Tyrone's so cunning. Being tangled up with him, it's tough for you to break free. He's been careless in this instance. What if he locks you up the next time?"

I get that Jennie's a sweetheart. But you've got to prioritize your well-being. She isn't your child. It's unwise to gamble your entire future for her."

After pausing for a moment, Sabrina answered, "We'll discuss this later."

"Are you heading to work today?"

Truthfully, she didn't believe Jennie played a role in her dynamic with Tyrone. He'd find ways to hover around her even without Jennie in the picture.

Actually, he'd just devise another tactic to appear in her life.

Only if she left here completely might change that.

She contemplated moving abroad, similar to what Kira did, but she'd do her plan after avenging her father.

Bettie glanced at her wristwatch and exclaimed, "Yikes! I'm running behind schedule! I have to go now."

Once Bettie exited, Sabrina stepped out.

Jennie felt a twinge of sadness, wishing she could tag along with Sabrina.

Sabrina assured her they'd share a meal at lunch.

Sabrina proceeded to the garage, getting in on one of Tyrone's cars. She set off towards a warehouse in the suburb.

Darren's investigations weren't limited to the Faulkner family but extended to Decker. He had also updated her about Decker's activities.

The intel indicated Decker currently oversaw a modest logistics sector. He operated his own storage facility on the outskirts, which saw a constant flux of goods.

This facility was established shortly after his prison release. With the surge of online shopping and e-commerce in recent years, Decker's profits soared, expanding his storage operations.

Concerning the funds kickstarting his logistics venture, he claimed it was loaned by pals. Yet, Darren's deep dive into his affiliations revealed minimal borrowings. It was deduced that a significant chunk of the initial capital likely came from shadowy backers.

The idea that her father's demise paved the way for Decker's thriving business tormented Sabrina.

Her father had been gone for many years, yet the person responsible for his death was living a comfortable life.

Sabrina had driven to the outside of the warehouse and drove around it. Based on the information, Decker visited the warehouse daily.

She wanted a firsthand confirmation. Spotting Decker's vehicle, she steered clear.

Deep in thought, she resolved to commence her mission with Decker, hoping to glean intel possibly from Trevor.

If her memory served her right, a therapeutic hot spring resort was situated not too far from this warehouse.

At this time, it was just the right time to enjoy the hot spring.

After returning, Sabrina messaged Sergio. "Hey Sergio, are you planning a company party before your vacation?"

