

Chapter 106 The Plan Backfired

Tyrone immediately recognized that it was one of his sports cars from his garage.

He grabbed his coat and crossed the road.

Through the windshield, he noticed Sabrina leaning against the back of the chair with her arms crossed over her chest, observing him.

Tyrone made his way to the passenger side door and got in. "How long have you been here? Why didn't you call me?"

Sabrina started the car and responded, "I haven't been here long. You were preoccupied with someone else. How could you have noticed me?"

After parking the car, Sabrina witnessed Evelyn falling into Tyrone's arms. She quietly sat and watched the drama unfold. At that moment, calling him was the last thing on her mind.

"I was just helping her steady herself," Tyrone explained quickly.

Evelyn had not crossed the line in the beginning. But her intentions became quite evident in the end.

Just moments ago, he saw Evelyn's feeble attempt to hug him reflected in the elevator wall.

Tyrone was skeptical about Evelyn's claim of spraining

her ankle.

Sabrina's assessment was spot on. She correctly pointed out that Evelyn had feelings for him.

"Why didn't you take her to the hospital? You should have taken her there and then back to her home. Who knows, there might have been something in it for you," she said, with a hint of jealousy.

Tyrone glanced at Sabrina and rolled down the car window to feel the breeze on his skin. "Well, it looks like someone will be reaping the benefits tonight."

"What?"

"You'll find out when we get home." ⓘ

While Sabrina was showering, Tyrone entered the room wearing only a bathrobe. His face was flushed, his voice was husky, and his breath was heavy.

At that moment, Sabrina finally understood what he had meant.

Before Tyrone got in the car, he sensed that something was off with his body.

And by the time he got home, he felt hot all over. Even his throat was dry.

He quickly realized that he had been drugged with an aphrodisiac.

Tyrone never expected that Evelyn would resort to drugging him. The conflicting emotions of anger and strange, unsettling happiness washed over him.

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Since Sabrina continued to resist him, this situation

could prove to be a blessing in disguise.

It presented a perfect opportunity to bridge the gap and improve their relationship.

Sabrina retreated to the corner and suggested, "Why don't you take a cold shower? You tried it last time, and it seemed to work."

"It's winter. I might catch a cold if I take a cold shower."

Tyrone took slow and deliberate steps towards her, his eyes filled with passion and his mind focused on one thing.

"Then, shouldn't you go to the hospital?" she asked.

"It's too late for that," Tyrone replied, his voice husky with desire.

"Please don't... Mmm..."

Her words drifted off as Tyrone's lips met hers in a fervent kiss.

Holding her in his arms, Tyrone held the back of her neck as he deepened the kiss.

There was tenderness in his enthusiasm.

His hand slid up and down the length of her back. A soft moan escaped her lips as he caressed her buttocks.

Then he took Sabrina's hand and guided it under his bathrobe.

The feeling of his breath on her wet skin excited her further.

His kisses were intense and filled with passion,

leaving her feeling dizzy and breathless.

In the heat of the moment, Sabrina's hand eagerly tugged at Tyrone's bathrobe, causing the belt to come undone.

The robe slipped from his body and dropped to the wet shower floor.

Warm water cascaded down on them, creating an intimate ambiance. They embraced, bringing their bodies close.

The tingling sensation of water running over their skin intensified their connection.

Sabrina was pressed against the wall, vulnerable to his touch. Her eyes were half closed, and her lips were slightly apart.

With one hand, he held her slender waist, while the other fondled her breast. "They're getting bigger," he mumbled. ①

After hearing his comment, Sabrina momentarily regretted not locking the bathroom door when she went to shower.

But when Tyrone brushed his thumb over her hardened nipple, the thought flashed by, and she was pulled into the vortex of passion again.

Tyrone scooped her into his arms and carried her onto the bed, where they continued to make love.

The room echoed with the sound of pleasure.

Even the moon blushed and hid behind the clouds.

The following morning, Sabrina yawned and rubbed her

eyes. She stretched her back before rolling over to watch Tyrone as he slept. There, she noticed several obvious scratches on his strong chest.

Upon closer inspection, she saw hickeys on his neck, which would still be faintly visible even with a shirt on.

It was a playful prank.

Sabrina thought that she wouldn't be obsessed with him anymore. But little did she expect the rush of emotions that came flooding back.

After being intimate with him, she couldn't help falling in love with him again.

When she moved her body, she felt sore all over.

Recalling their passionate night, she pursed her lips. He exhibited a complete lack of self-control. His hunger seemed never-ending, which ultimately left Sabrina utterly drained.

It had been a long time since they had been intimate. They were last together in July.

But last night, fueled by the aphrodisiac's effects, they finally unleashed the sexual tension that had been building up between them.

He was a damn good lover, and she enjoyed it.

"You're awake? What are you thinking about this early in the morning? And why are you blushing?" Tyrone teased her with a playful smile.

Sabrina quickly denied, "Nothing. Why aren't you up yet?"

Normally, Tyrone would be out running at this hour.

"I skipped jogging today."

Tyrone suddenly furrowed his brow slightly in thought. After a moment, he said, "I can finally relate to what they said online."

"What did they say?" Sabrina asked casually.

"Women are like drugs."

Sabrina raised her eyebrows and was speechless at his candid remark.

Tyrone smiled and pulled her close. His eyes were filled with tenderness. "Do you want to get up now or sleep a little longer?"

"I'm feeling a bit sleepy. I think I'll sleep a little longer," Sabrina replied.

For obvious reasons, they didn't get much sleep the previous night.

After snuggling in the comfortable bed, they still managed to get up in time for work.

After having breakfast, they went to the company together.

It seemed like they had returned to their previous routine, acting like everything was normal.

Before they parted at the elevator, Tyrone held her hand and tenderly kissed her.

Not wanting to attract attention from others in the office, Sabrina immediately pulled away from him.

Employees, who were usually cautious around Tyrone,

were surprised when they noticed he was in a good mood.

This was certainly good news for everyone.

Some sharp-eyed employee immediately noticed something on Tyrone's neck. It wasn't long before curiosity began to spread among the staff.

While Sabrina was in the restroom, she unintentionally overheard a conversation between two female colleagues.

One of them asked, "Did you see Mr. Blakely today?"

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"Didn't you notice?"

"What do you mean? What did you see?"

"Didn't you notice it? It's so obvious."

"Spill the beans already. What is it?"

"I spotted two hickeys on his neck today. They were right there, visible under his shirt. You can't miss them whenever he turns his head."

"Really? Are you sure?"

"I'm absolutely positive. If you don't believe me, go take a look for yourself. I must admit, I'm so jealous. I wonder who the lucky woman is to receive his affection. He's incredibly handsome. I've seen love bites on his neck before. They were almost in the same spot. He must have a secret lover or something."

"It does make sense when you think about it. I wonder what he is like in the sack."

"He looks like he'd be good in the sack. I've heard that the bigger the nose, the longer the schlong."

"Mr. Blakely does have a big nose."

The hickeys on Tyrone's neck quickly became the talk of the company. Speculations arose, and it was widely believed that Galilea or his sex partner had given him the marks.

Yet Sabrina's assistant had a different suspicion. She wondered if it was Sabrina who was responsible.

The dynamics between Tyrone and Sabrina seemed to have changed drastically from the previous day. Their prior tension and hostility had seemingly transformed into something sweet and affectionate.

"Stop gossiping! How dare you talk about Mr. Blakely's private life? Go back to work!" Evelyn scolded, putting an end to their conversation.

Afraid of Evelyn's stern reprimand, they focused on their work with utmost seriousness.

Evelyn returned to her seat and squeezed her eyes shut. Her heart was filled with jealousy and resentment.

Her plan to drug Tyrone yesterday had backfired. Unknowingly, she had inadvertently given advantage to another woman who seemed to have captured Tyrone's attention.

Sabrina!

Her frustration grew as she realized the consequences of her actions. Recalling what she had witnessed in the elevator, Evelyn clenched her hands.

Just then, the phone on her desk began to ring.

Evelyn glanced at the caller ID and saw it was an internal call from the CEO's office.

She took a deep breath to compose herself and answered the phone with feigned sweetness. "Hello, Mr. Blakely."