

## Chapter 77 No One's Looking At You

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The message asked the employees to assemble at the gate of the company once work wrapped up the following day. The company had booked buses, their destination being the hot spring resort nestled in the suburb, and they'd be heading there a night prior.

The three departments counted over 40 members, thus requiring two spacious buses.

As dawn broke the next day, employees showed up to work, their luggage packed with clothes, toothbrushes, and towels. The moment the clock signaled the end of the workday, they, with a shared sense of anticipation, exited side by side, visions of the resort dancing in their heads.

Sabrina, making her way downstairs, saw a handful of her co-workers already on the bus. Lifting her bag, she climbed aboard, navigated her way to the rear, and slid into a vacant double seat.

Following her, more employees hopped onto the bus, rapidly filling up the vehicle.

"Mind if I sit here, Sabrina?" A masculine voice rang out. Looking up at the voice's owner, Sabrina nodded lightly. "Please, have a seat."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

Bob Evans, a colleague from the MF department, took the seat next to her.

A former employee of MQ Clothing, he had later found his way to MF.

Bob once confessed his feelings for Sabrina, yet she didn't reciprocate.

Out of the blue, someone exclaimed, "Mr. Blakely, you're joining us?"

Sabrina followed the sound to see Tyrone stepping onto the bus, suitcase in hand, and nodding to the questioner.

He had initially offered to drive her to the resort, but she had declined, wary of stirring up gossip among their colleagues.

"What? Mr. Blakely can unwind, too," quipped another colleague, a grin playing on his lips.

Their comment sparked a wave of cheerfulness, filling the bus with laughter and chatter.

With only a few spots left, either by the window or towards the back, Tyrone walked to the rear and settled into a seat.

Bob glanced at him and sighed under his breath. "Didn't expect Mr. Blakely to be part of this. Figured he'd be glued to his work."

His words hung in the air, seeming to be directed both at Sabrina and to himself.

Sabrina, offering no reply, leaned into the window and let her eyes drift shut.

Shortly after, the bus departed for the resort.

The bus was bustling with activity. The employees finally had a chance to unwind.

"Sabrina, do you have a boyfriend now?"

Bobby's voice suddenly broke through the noise, standing out amidst the lively atmosphere.

He must have intentionally lowered his voice, mindful of the possibility that others might overhear and tease him.

Sabrina nodded affirmatively. "Yes."

"Really? We've never met him. I must tell you, I have feelings for you. I hope you can give me a chance to pursue you."

"Pursue me? Haven't you heard the gossip?" Sabrina queried, curiosity etched on her face.

Whispers had been circulating around the company suggesting that to secure her position within the Blakely family, she had seduced Tyrone to become his lover.

"I don't buy into such rumors. I know you're not that kind of person."

"Your trust means a lot. But I do have a boyfriend; he's just always occupied."

"Understood."

"Hey, what's Bob whispering to Sabrina about? Is he confessing his love?" another employee chimed in.

"Really? Is that so, Bob?" Intrigue spread among the others.

"Sabrina, what's your opinion on Bob? He's tall, handsome, and dedicated to his job. Plus, he's had eyes only for you. Why not give him a shot?"

Bob, feeling cornered, stood and exclaimed, "Enough!"

"What's wrong? Are you shy?"

"Don't be shy, Bob. Tell us. We might help you pursue Sabrina."

The bus erupted into laughter, all at Bob's expense.

Meanwhile, Tyrone, seated at the back, cleared his throat.

Kylan intervened, playing peacemaker, "Okay, folks, let's give Sabrina a break."

Following this, the chatter subsided slightly.

Just as Sabrina was about to drift off, a notification brought her back.

Unlocking her phone, she saw a message from Tyrone, "My room number: 0104."

The room assignments had been made. Two employees would share one room.

Tyrone had a room to himself, a presidential suite, no less.

Sabrina texted back, "No, thanks."

Sharing a room with someone else, she was well

aware that if she wasn't seen in her designated room at night, there would be rumors and gossip circulating.

"My room actually has its own hot spring pool."

Sabrina couldn't find the words to respond.

The arrangement was touching to her.

Creating individual pools for everyone wasn't feasible.

Her peers had to make do with one common pool, a situation she wasn't fond of.

The lure of a private hot spring pool was undeniable. ①

The bus pulled up to the hot spring resort, coming to a halt in an open area. Disembarking one by one, the coworkers followed Joshua to the reception to collect their room keys.

Joshua posted in the group chat, informing everyone to settle into their rooms before embarking on their own explorations. A barbecue party was scheduled for tomorrow afternoon on the second floor of the dining hall.

Along with his message, he shared a map of the resort.

Sabrina's roommate was Gerda, a fellow MF employee. Together, they unpacked in their shared room.

Checking her phone, Gerda addressed Sabrina, "I've planned dinner with a few of our female coworkers. Would you care to join?"

Sabrina responded, "Please go ahead without me. I don't feel like eating just yet. I'll join later."

"Alright, we'll see you later then."

Once Gerda had left, Sabrina exited their room, making her way to Room 0104 and knocked. ③

Upon opening the door and seeing Sabrina, Tyrone invited, "Please, come in."

Sabrina took in the opulence of the room—a presidential suite with top-tier amenities.

It was a significant upgrade from her own room. Attached to the suite was a private hot spring pool.

"Planning to stay over?"

"No. I'll sleep in my own room but come here to enjoy the hot spring tomorrow."

"Why not today?"

Sabrina found the offer tempting.

"You head to the pool first. I'll arrange for dinner to be served here. We can soak in the hot spring and dine at the same time."

Sabrina felt even more inclined.

"Just a moment. I need to fetch my pajamas." ②

She dashed to her room, grabbed her pajamas, had a quick shower, and returned to Room 0104 for the hot spring experience.

It was pure bliss!

A sigh of relief escaped Sabrina.

The hot spring enveloped her, whisking away all fatigue.

Resting on the pool's edge, she closed her eyes momentarily. Suddenly, the sound of footsteps made her open one eye, and she spotted Tyrone approaching in a bathrobe. She exclaimed in surprise, "Why are you here?" ☹

"I'm here to enjoy the hot spring, naturally."

Sabrina was dumbfounded.

How could she have overlooked Tyrone?

While she was lost in thought, Tyrone disrobed and dipped into the pool.

No matter how often she looked at him, she couldn't help but be drawn.

He had a muscular upper body, a narrow waist, and an impressive eight-pack.

He could easily pass for a model.

Tyrone approached and playfully teased her, "Staring at my physique, are you? You used to see it every day."

Sabrina turned a shade of red and quickly averted her gaze. "No one's looking at you. I was lost in my thoughts."

"Alright..." Tyrone responded, settling next to Sabrina. "You seem tired. How about a massage?"

"Sounds good."

Sabrina tilted her head back.

Lately, her neck and shoulders had been aching, and

a massage seemed like a wonderful idea.

"Turn around."

Tyrone began kneading her shoulders gently.

The hot spring's warmth aided in Sabrina feeling immediate relief, which was undeniably soothing.

Observing Sabrina's enjoyment, Tyrone grinned and gradually moved his hands lower.

It was too late for Sabrina to realize what he was going to do.

