

Chapter 255 Stupid Tyrone

After pausing briefly, Kylan went on, "Our team is looking to pour funds into several theme parks in the south this year. But surprisingly, the Fowler family has their eyes set on the same land."

"Anything else to report? If not, you may leave," Tyrone responded.

Kylan was surprised.

"Alright. I'll head out then." He took the folder and rushed out of the room.

Tyrone, walking to the window, dialed Shirley's number.

Once he finished giving orders, he powered off his phone, tucking it away. He stood lost in thought, his gaze melancholic.

He didn't believe that Sabrina would still have feelings for Trevor after his plan was carried out.

Taking his coat, Tyrone exited his ward.

A few moments later, a voice called out from behind him. "Mr. Blakely?"

Halting, he turned and acknowledged the doctor.

"I've reviewed your medical file. You're clear for the procedure. When would you like to schedule it?"

"I've had a change of heart. I'd prefer a non-surgical approach this time," Tyrone revealed.

He had originally been set on the surgery. But the sudden bloom of Sabrina and Trevor's relationship threw him off.

If he went through with the procedure and recuperated for weeks, who knows where Sabrina and Trevor's relationship might lead?

The doctor, a bit startled, responded, "Understood. A non-invasive

approach is acceptable. Considering your young age, avoiding a gastrectomy might be beneficial."

By the time Tyrone got back to Starriver Bay from the medical facility, Sabrina had vanished.

And she hadn't just left. She'd left him a note. "Did you truly think you could corner me? Think again! Stupid!"

Beside the note lay a doodle of a silly-looking egg.

Tyrone pictured Sabrina mischievously drawing that egg, a fleeting grin crossing his face. But when he pondered over her wanting a hot spring outing with Trevor, his expression shifted from irritated to somber.

Back at her place, Sabrina was engrossed in previous students' projects and feedback from the photography courses.

Aylin messaged, "Sabrina, I've checked out your work. I recommend going with the human and nature category. Your previous work often beautifully merges people with natural landscapes, creating a harmonious blend. And having your niece in the photos will add an extra touch of uniqueness."

Taking this advice to heart, Sabrina made her decision.

Having settled on the people and nature theme, she spent a moment reflecting and opted for Blay's photography course.

She signed up through Facebook and was swiftly added to a dedicated group by his aide, eagerly anticipating the kick-off of classes by month's end.

Before the live sessions began, a series of foundational videos were up for grabs. Sabrina browsed through, deducing they were all beginner-level.

The Facebook group was abuzz with chatter. She caught a glimpse of one comment. "Didn't Blay once offer face-to-face lessons at

Violetholt? Why are all the classes online this time?"

Another student chimed in, "I had the exact same question. I had prepared to attend the classes in person, thinking it would keep me more focused. But out of the blue, he switched to online classes!"

"Well, learn more seriously? Come on, just admit it! You're just interested in Blay!"

"You got me! But can you blame me? He's so handsome. If only he'd model naked for my photos..."

"How much wine did you drink?"

The young assistant explained, "The reason for canceling the in-person classes this time is that Blay has some personal matters to attend to and will be away from Violetholt for a while. But no need to fret. In-person classes will likely resume at a later time."

"Okay."

"Not to brag, but I've got a picture with Blay," said a senior student. "During our last in-person class, I was so starstruck, I barely concentrated. This time, I'll definitely study hard."

"Send it out quickly."

True to her word, the senior student posted her photo with Blay. Her face? Masked with a quirky cat emoji. But Blay? Clear as day.

Sabrina tapped on the image, eyebrows lifting in surprise. Even without anyone pointing it out, the man was strikingly attractive, blessed with impeccable facial structure.

Yet, for some reason, Sabrina had a sense of familiarity when she looked at him, like she had encountered him before. She sifted through her memories but couldn't pinpoint where she might have seen him.

Bun jumped onto the bed and rubbed against Sabrina.

Caressing Bun's small head, a sudden burst of inspiration struck

Sabrina.

His eyes and his brow line mirrored Tyrone's! No wonder he seemed so familiar!


The Blakely family, spanning from Cesar to Leroy, Larry, and Sergio, was a gene pool of good looks. Their unifying trait? A soft, almost ethereal glow.

Larry, for instance, appeared gentler, reminiscent of the male supporting roles depicted in certain novels.

Tyrone, however, stood apart, with sharp features.

She'd come across photos of Elijah, who bore a closer resemblance to Larry.

It seemed Tyrone's intense eyes and brows took after his mother's side. And Tyrone's mother? She must've been a captivating beauty. To Sabrina, she remained a mystery.

Interestingly, even Tyrone himself wasn't familiar with his mother's face. Rumor had it that Elijah brought Tyrone back home. Neither Cesar nor Leroy had ever met Tyrone's mother, leaving her existence or whereabouts a mystery. 

Blay's look was eerily similar to Tyrone's.

Though the mediation went smoothly, the suppliers hadn't settled their dues. For now, Trevor still relied on public transport.

At precisely six thirty-three, he alighted from the bus, pacing down the pavement.

It was dark outside and there were few pedestrians on the road.

Out of the blue, frantic cries pierced the air. "Help! Help! Someone, please help!"

His expression grew grim. He listened intently and discerned that the

plea for assistance emanated from the alley up ahead.

He marched toward the entrance of the alley, which appeared utterly dark within.

All he could discern were faint figures and a woman's distressed sobs.

As Trevor dialed the police, he dashed forward, yelling, "Stop!"

Drawing nearer, he spotted three men in casual clothes intimidating a young lady.

The woman's attire was disheveled, and she trembled in fear, huddled against the side as tears streamed down her face.

On hearing Trevor, she lifted her face. Recognition sparked in her eyes, and for a brief moment, hope flared.

One of the men sized up Trevor. "You brat! Listen, kid, you're in over your head. Keep out of this!"

Trevor shook his phone and didn't flinch. "If you're smart enough, get out of here. The cops are on their way."

Upon hearing this, the three exchanged glances. "Ha! You have poor judgment! Go to hell!"

They lunged at Trevor. Despite his valiant effort against the three, they soon overpowered him, pinning him to the ground.

The young lady tried to intervene but was met with a flurry of kicks.

One of the assailants paused. "Enough. Cops will be here any second. Time to go."

"Run!"

They scattered in a hurry.

Flat on the ground, Trevor took a deep breath, slowly pushing himself up. Brushing off the dirt from his attire, he reached out to assist the girl.

"Are you okay? Let's get up. Once the officers are here..."

Before he could complete his sentence, the girl fainted.

With no other option, Trevor lifted her and started making his way out of the alley.

Glancing down at her face, recognition hit him. It was that girl!

He accidentally bumped into her in the mall, and then he met her two times near the company. They were all brushed past, but he remembered clearly.

He didn't expect to meet her again.

And he was grateful for it. Who knew what might've happened had he not been there?

