

Chapter 304 An Incredible Thought

"Come over to my place. I'll let you hear my euphoria. What are your thoughts?" Tyrone extended his offer graciously, "You wish!"

This topic was so awkward that Sabrina didn't want to talk further. She found herself needing an excuse, her voice tinged with fatigue as she explained, "It's getting rather late. I'll retire to bed now. Goodbye."

"Good night," Tyrone reluctantly bid her farewell.

"Wait, I just remembered something else."

"Please, go ahead."

"Today, while at Wanda's place, I caught a glimpse of Lena. She's expecting a child, yet she confided in me that Larry was still in contact with that woman. Perhaps you could consider assigning someone to investigate this mysterious woman," Sabrina suggested.

Tyrone was taken aback. "Are you certain that Larry is still in contact with her?"

"Lena overheard their phone conversation."

"Understood. I'll initiate an investigation."

After ending the call, Sabrina placed her phone on the bedside table and switched off the light, preparing for slumber.

Tyrone gazed at the call log on his screen, a faint smile

playing on his lips.

He mulled over Sabrina's recent revelation, his eyes reflecting deep contemplation.

Upon learning of Larry's driver's suspicious behavior, Tyrone instructed someone to closely monitor Larry.

Larry's routine mainly revolved around his office and home, with occasional outings to meet friends.

However, there was no evidence of any improper relationships involving Larry.

Yet, Lena asserted that Larry had been in contact with that mysterious woman.

Suddenly, Tyrone paused, a startling thought racing through his mind.

Did only Galilea's animosity toward Sabrina lead Galilea to release the kidnappers?

Larry's infidelity was questionable, though he did acknowledge the other woman's existence. He vehemently denied any wrongdoing, yet his behavior on the phone with her, avoiding Lena's presence, raised suspicions.

Could it be...

Wearing a grave expression, Tyrone dialed Damon's number.

The following day, the secretaries and the senior executives who reported to Tyrone noticed that he appeared surprisingly cheerful.

It seemed everything went smoothly after Sabrina talked with Tyrone. Kylan was relieved that he didn't have to confront an enraged Tyrone.

As the department director beside him exited the office holding a document, Kylan stated, "Mr. Blakely, I'll personally deliver this document to Mr. Larry Blakely right away. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave."

While in the company, Kylan had to distinguish between Tyrone and Larry.

"Very well."

Kylan pivoted to leave but was suddenly halted by Tyrone.

Raising his gaze, Tyrone inquired, "Did you inform Sabrina about my negotiations with Galilea?"

In that moment, Kylan's heart raced nervously, his senses on high alert.

Examining Tyrone's composed demeanor, he couldn't discern whether Tyrone sought to settle with him or had ulterior motives.

"Well... Yes."

Tyrone waved dismissively, remarking, "You may go now."

"Okay," Kylan replied.

Kylan departed the office stiffly, feeling uneasy.

Yet, no repercussions transpired during working hours.

Tyrone's gaze shifted to his computer screen, his fingers gracefully tapping the keyboard.

Although he had seen fear in Kylan's eyes, he chose to remain silent.

How dare Kylan defy his orders and relay his negotiation to Sabrina! Fortunately, it worked well in the end.

For the sake of what Kylan had done, Tyrone had kept him on edge the entire day.

At noon, Sabrina arrived at the restaurant where she had

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made an appointment with Blayze.

Upon seeing Blayze, she noticed a hint of weariness in his appearance.

"Blayze, have you been overwhelmed lately?" Sabrina inquired with genuine concern.

Blayze responded with a tired smile, rubbing the space between his eyebrows. "Is it that obvious? Something happened in the company these days."

"Well, make sure to take care of yourself."

"I will."

"You invited me out today. Is it related to the photography competition?"

The registration for the photography competition had already closed and it was in the evaluation phase now, with Blayze serving as one of the judges.

During the evaluation, the judges could only see the photos and their corresponding numbers, not the names of the applicants. Later, other staff would tally the scores.

Photography wasn't Sabrina's profession. She simply wanted to gauge her skills. She hadn't shown her work to Blayze before submitting it, but she believed that even if he had seen it, he would give her a fair assessment.

Blayze leaned back in his chair and shook his head. "No, it's about something else."

Taken aback, Sabrina inquired, "What is it?"

He slowly retrieved his phone from his pocket, tapped a few times, and placed it in front of Sabrina. "Do you recognize this man?"

She lowered her gaze and observed a blurry image on the screen. In the photograph, a man was pinned to the ground by several others.

Upon closer examination, her pupils dilated and her heart raced. She looked at Blayze with excitement.

"Hobson?"

Blayze's smile was warm and comforting as he began, "One of my clients captured this image at the border, and it seems that the man in the photograph was being pursued by two separate groups. I inquired further and it appears this has some connection to you."

Sabrina couldn't believe it.

After Zeke's escape and Hobson's abduction, she was almost desperate.

But now, Hobson had been serendipitously apprehended by Blayze's client.

Without hesitation, she promptly disclosed Hobson's identity to Blayze.

Blayze continued, "My client is still at the border and it will take him a few days to reach Mathias. However, he mentioned that someone is shadowing him, attempting to reclaim Hobson."

Nervously, Sabrina implored, "Blayze, could you please share his location with me? I'd like to assemble a group to assist. And maybe we could turn Hobson over to the authorities when Hobson enters the territory."

Blayze offered her a reassuring smile. "Don't worry. I understand how crucial he is to you. I won't allow him to fall into the hands of others."

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Sabrina gazed at him with profound gratitude. "Thank you, Blayze. Thank you so much. Allow me to raise a toast to you."

She gracefully picked up the wine glass and poured it for him.

The two clinked glasses and sipped their drinks.

Following their meal, they strolled side by side out of the restaurant.

In front of the establishment, a parking area awaited them.

Watching Blayze enter his car, she uttered, "Take care, Blayze. I will never forget what you have done for me. If you ever require my assistance in the future, don't hesitate to reach out."

"Don't mention it. It's the least I could do," Blayze replied politely.

Observing Blayze's car as it drove away, Sabrina breathed a sigh of relief.

The news that Blayze had delivered today felt like a miraculous revelation.

The lingering shadow that had cast a pall over her heart for the past two days was instantly dispelled.

She gracefully pivoted and made her way toward her car.

Suddenly, she stopped.

Kira materialized behind Sabrina, her countenance bearing a distinct air of unfriendliness.

Sabrina's brow furrowed slightly, yet she maintained her

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courtesy. "Kira? Are you here for lunch as well?"

Kira offered no response. Instead, she shifted her gaze past Sabrina and inquired in a hushed tone, "How did you become acquainted with Blayze?"

Sabrina chose not to answer directly but posed a counter question, "What's troubling you?"

"I ask you, how did you hook up with Blayze? Have you slept with him? Tell me!" Kira raised her voice as if she was interrogating a criminal.

Sabrina's patience wore thin. She shot Kira a frigid glare. "Kira! My association with Blayze is a private matter! Unless you have something else to discuss, I shall take my leave."

"Stop!" Kira commanded.

Sabrina continued walking.

In a warning tone, Kira cautioned, "Sabrina, I'm warning you. If you ever do anything to harm Tyrone, I won't let you off lightly!"

Sabrina felt perplexed, climbed into her car, and slammed the door shut.

Observing the departing vehicle, Kira clenched her fists in frustration.

Sabrina was beginning to remind Kira of Sabrina's mother, a flighty, unpredictable bitch!