

Chapter 332 Can I Come Upstairs

Sabrina drew nearer to Tyrone and observed that his attire had become thoroughly saturated, with his hair adhering to his forehead, trickling with rainwater.

Tyrone cast his gaze upon the umbrella Sabrina held but opted not to accept it. Instead, he fixed his eyes upon her and expressed, "Thank you, Sabrina. I genuinely appreciate your presence but I cannot bring myself to accept it."

Amidst the soft glow of a nearby lamp, ephemeral silhouettes materialized with every word he uttered.

Bowing her head, Sabrina advanced, pressing the umbrella into his hand. "Please, take it! Return to the car."

The instant she relinquished her hold, the umbrella plummeted to the ground.

A transformation swept across Sabrina's countenance. She regarded the umbrella on the ground and then locked her gaze on Tyrone, remarking, "If you don't want it, so be it! If you wish to become drenched in the rain, go somewhere else but avoid lingering downstairs. Otherwise, I'll find myself in dire straits if any harm were to befall you."

"Alright, I'll leave the community."

Sabrina was momentarily wordless.

He turned on his heel and strode away.

Amidst the downpour, his posture remained towering and resolute, albeit with a touch of solitude.

Overcome with a surge of frustration, Sabrina spun around and was about to ascend the staircase.

She had intended to offer him an umbrella but his ingratitude had

soured her intentions.

He could stand wherever he pleased! And she wouldn't care!

Having traversed a short distance, Sabrina abruptly halted. Her lower lip firmly clenched between her teeth, she spun back around, her eyes locked onto Tyrone's retreating figure. In a fiery outburst, she exclaimed, "Tyrone, have you lost your senses?"

Tyrone paused and pivoted to meet her gaze.

Beneath the relentless raindrops, he arched an eyebrow and responded, "Sabrina, I may not understand why you hold such certainty but I want you to know that I haven't helped Larry pass the buck. Even if your trust eludes me, perhaps you can place your faith in the authorities. Before the investigation concludes, please don't harbor ill feelings toward me."

"I don't have such feelings for you. You can depart now."

Sabrina blinked back her tears.

The verdict had yet to be rendered, although the judge had formulated a ruling in advance.

The official pronouncement of the judgment would only occur once the investigation findings were delivered to the prosecuting authorities.

"Really? In that case, can I go to your home?" Tyrone walked back to Sabrina a few paces, locking eyes with her as he inquired.

It took Sabrina a moment to grasp his intent to ascend to her home.

"No, you can't," Sabrina responded, her gaze drifting to the forsaken umbrella on the ground. "It's best if you return."

Tyrone's smile bore a tinge of bitterness as he remarked, "Why not? You just deceived me, didn't you? I am the last person you'd entrust. I acknowledge that I've broken promises repeatedly, rendering them inconsequential..."

Something about his words stirred within Sabrina. His tone carried an element of melodrama.

Yet, when she peered into Tyrone's eyes, she glimpsed unadulterated sincerity.

Had she overanalyzed the situation?

"If you lack faith in me, so be it. I've placed you in a dilemma." Tyrone continued, "You're free to go upstairs. I'll be departing shortly."

Sabrina regarded him with suspicion, asking, "Really?"

"Yes."

Sabrina pressed her lips together, her voice tinged with uncertainty as she inquired, "You didn't deceive me?"

"No," he affirmed.

"In that case... I'll be heading back."

"Okay."

After a moment of hesitation, Sabrina pivoted and strode toward the building, her gaze darting back intermittently.

Observing her retreating figure vanishing behind the entrance, Tyrone closed his eyes, grounding himself in place.

Abruptly, the sound of approaching footsteps reached his ears.

Tyrone reopened his eyes and was met with the reappearance of Sabrina standing before him.

Confronting his perplexed expression, Sabrina calmly retrieved the umbrella from the ground. "Do you want this? If not, I'll take it back."

"No, I'll return as soon as you head upstairs," he replied.

"Then I'll reclaim it."

Sabrina proceeded into the building's foyer, umbrella in hand.

Gazing at her receding figure, Tyrone narrowed his eyes and compressed his lips.

Boom!

A resounding clap of thunder reverberated across the sky, accompanied by brilliant streaks of lightning that momentarily illuminated the surroundings.

The rain intensified, its cacophony akin to the beating of a colossal drum.

His form gradually faded into the downpour.

Ten minutes later, Tyrone saw Sabrina again.

Fuming, Sabrina rushed toward Tyrone, her teeth gritted. "Aren't you heading back?"

Tyrone appeared perplexed. "Why did you come here again?"

Sabrina glared at him in frustration, then turned and left without uttering a word.

Moments earlier, she had refrained from ascending the staircase, choosing to linger in the hallway, merely to ascertain whether he would take his leave.

As expected, he remained, unwavering in his resolve to stay.

If she were to ascend directly, would he continue his vigil here throughout the night?

Sabrina speculated that if Tyrone wanted her to get soft-hearted, he had certainly achieved his objective.

Tyrone stood there, momentarily stupefied.

Having advanced a couple of paces, Sabrina suddenly halted, turned on her heel, and locked her gaze onto him. "Aren't you coming up?" she inquired.

Following this query, she did not deign to look at him further and proceeded toward the apartment building.

Tyrone responded with a warm smile, tailing her.

Sabrina took the lead as they entered the elevator. She cast a discreet, silent eye-roll in Tyrone's direction.

Within the confines of the elevator, rivulets of water cascaded from his soaked attire, forming small puddles on the floor.

"Sabrina, you're willing to forgive me, right?" Tyrone ventured.

Sabrina offered no immediate response. Her brow furrowed as she stated, "Bettie has retired for the night. Once you enter, you can proceed directly to my room. Please refrain from lingering in the living room,

alright?"

"Understood," Tyrone replied, a sense of contentment welling up within him at the prospect of gaining entry to her home.

It had been no small feat to earn this privilege.

The elevator jolted to a halt. Sabrina reached the door, inputted the security code, and slipped into her slippers.

Tyrone found amusement in her stealthy actions.

Sabrina glanced at Tyrone, signaling for silence with a finger to her lips. She quietly turned the doorknob and shook her head at him.

Tyrone entered her home with utmost discretion, making a beeline for her room.

Sabrina gently closed the door.

Before sealing her room door, she paused, inhaling deeply.

The path from the entrance to her room was damp, a consequence of Tyrone's earlier intrusion.

Sabrina pivoted, fixing a stern gaze upon Tyrone. "Remove your wet clothes and I'll tend to the floor," she directed.

With that, she shut her room door and proceeded to fetch the mop from the bathroom.

As Sabrina completed the task of floor-cleaning, she promptly returned the mop to its place. Just then, the adjacent room's door creaked open.

Bettie emerged, her cup in hand, a perplexed expression adorning her features. She inquired, "Sabrina, have you mopped the floor?"

Sabrina nodded and casually gestured, "Yes, I noticed a bit of grime earlier."

Bettie ambled over to Sabrina's room and made a request, "Could I borrow your makeup remover? I just realized I left mine behind."

Upon noticing that Bettie had touched the doorknob, Sabrina was taken aback. "Wait!"

Following a momentary pause, Bettie turned to face Sabrina, bemused. "What's the matter? You're acting as if there's a man hiding in your room."

"Well... I just remembered that I've run out of makeup remover. How about using my facial cleanser instead? It's right there by the washbasin," Sabrina suggested, her demeanor poised as though nothing unusual had occurred.

"Sounds good."

Bettie proceeded to the bathroom.

Sabrina released a relieved breath.

Having returned the mop to its place, Sabrina was in the midst of making her way back to her room.

Out of the blue, Bettie remarked, "Sabrina, why are your pants damp?"

Sabrina cast her gaze downward and realized her trousers had been splattered by the rain.

"Did you venture downstairs and extend forgiveness to Tyrone just now?"

Bettie arched an inquisitive brow, her gaze laden with significance. "Let me check if Tyrone is still out there."

Bettie strolled toward the window and peered below.

However, her view yielded nothing of note.

"No, my pants got wet while I was cleaning the mop." Sabrina quickly fabricated an excuse. "How could I possibly forgive him?"

Bettie offered a sly smile. "Who's to say? Let's not forget you have a soft spot for..."

Sabrina interjected without hesitation, "Aren't you going to fetch some water? You can get some in the kitchen."

"Alright," Bettie concurred. With that, she spun around and headed to the kitchen to collect water.

Seizing the opportunity, Sabrina promptly retreated to her room,

securing the door behind her.