

Chapter 337 Help Me

Blayze's secretary strolled by Sierra, gracefully handing her a room card for Tyrone's room.

Upon Sierra's arrival at the elevator, she noticed that the left elevator was already ascending.

Without hesitation, she delicately pressed the button, causing the right elevator's doors to glide open smoothly.

As Sierra ascended to the thirty-second floor, she disembarked from the elevator. She then saw Ben waiting for the elevator there.

It seemed that Tyrone was already in the room.

Sierra effortlessly located her destination.

Upon seeing the closed door and imagining Tyrone waiting for her in bed, a mixture of anxiety and anticipation coursed through her.

Tyrone's physique was truly impressive. She couldn't help but contemplate his sexual prowess in bed.

Tyrone was a remarkable man and, even if it was merely a fleeting encounter, she was more than willing!

With a deep breath, she gracefully swiped the card and elegantly unlocked the door. Upon stepping inside, she swiftly secured the entrance.

The room was bathed in warm light.

Surveying her surroundings, Sierra's brows furrowed slightly.

The living room exuded an aura of orderliness, as if it had not been inhabited.

Turning her attention to the entrance of the suite, Sierra speculated

that Tyrone was likely in the bedroom.

With utmost quietude, she approached the bedroom door, her delicate touch gently turning the doorknob.

The door creaked open ever so slightly.

Silently, Sierra peered into the room. The bedding was immaculate, untouched by anyone.

Puzzlement welled up within her and, in a sudden rush of curiosity, she pushed the door wide open. The bedroom was vacant.

The bathroom door remained firmly shut.

Sierra moved with determined grace, promptly swinging the bathroom door wide open without a hint of hesitation.

Yet, the bathroom remained devoid of any presence.

Could she have inadvertently ventured into the wrong room?

Sierra retraced her steps to the entrance and meticulously examined the room number. She didn't enter the wrong room.

Why, then, was Tyrone nowhere to be found? Had he run away?

A subtle shift in her countenance revealed her consternation. With gritted teeth, she proceeded to dial Blayze's number.

Glancing at his screen, Blayze courteously interjected, "Excuse me."

"Please, go ahead."

With his phone in hand, Blayze retreated to the emergency exit, a serious demeanor etched across his face. "What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Blayze, he's disappeared!" Sierra urgently recounted the recent turn of events.

"I see," Blayze responded with a furrowed brow.

He summoned his secretary, instructing, "Keep a watchful eye on all the

building exits and arrange for someone to ascend through the emergency exit. Ensure every floor is thoroughly inspected."

"Yes, sir."

The secretary, having personally witnessed Tyrone and Ben entering the elevator, knew with certainty that Tyrone had reached the thirty-second floor.

As Sierra encountered Ben waiting for the elevator on her way out, and nothing seemed amiss during her journey to Tyrone's room, it was clear that if Tyrone had indeed sought to depart, he must have taken the staircase.

Descending the stairs would consume precious time, indicating that Tyrone was likely still within the building.

With the exits blocked, there was no escape for Tyrone. The effects of the drug would inevitably catch up to him.

Upon concluding her call, Sierra impatiently stamped her feet in frustration.

She hadn't anticipated Tyrone's sudden disappearance.

While retouching her photos, Sabrina's phone chimed with another call from Tyrone after an hour.

Glancing at her screen, she gracefully answered, "Hello? What's going on?"

"Sabrina, I'll send you my location. Come and pick me up."

Tyrone's deep voice, notably huskier than usual, emanated from the other end of the line.

It felt as though he was concealing something, his words tinged with ambiguity.

Sabrina swiftly checked his messages and ascertained that he was in a

hotel.

"Where's your driver? And Kylan?" inquired Sabrina.

"The driver has headed home. Kylan is swamped with his work," Tyrone responded before she could utter another word.

His words carried a note of urgency. "My phone is on the verge of dying, and I don't have the time to contact other secretaries. Please, Sabrina, help me."

Furrowing her brow, Sabrina hesitated briefly before reluctantly conceding, "Alright. Please wait for a moment. I'll be there shortly."

It was undeniably inconvenient.

Setting her work aside, Sabrina donned her coat and prepared to leave.

"Sabrina, it's quite late. Where are you off to?" Bettie suddenly inquired from her spot on the living room sofa.

Sabrina paused, her lips curling wryly. "There's a nighttime shoot..."

"Oh..." Bettie cast her a knowing look and replied, "Well, go on then."

In silence, Sabrina changed her shoes in the hallway.

Bettie followed up with another question, "Will you be returning tonight?"

"It depends."

"Alright."

Close to the hotel now, Sabrina adorned her Bluetooth headset and dialed Tyrone's number. "Hello, I'm almost there. Should I park in the underground garage or wait for you outside?"

"Pull your car to the curb. Wait for me in the car across from a convenience store," came Tyrone's swift response.

Sabrina, though somewhat perplexed, gracefully concurred, "Very well."

Upon ending the call, she couldn't help but wonder how Tyrone's phone still had power. Had he borrowed a power bank?

As Sabrina maneuvered her car to the designated spot and lowered her window for a quick survey, she received Tyrone's prompt directive, "Let's go."

Seemingly materializing out of thin air, Tyrone swiftly opened the rear car door and slipped in, casually reclining against the seatback.

Startled by his sudden appearance, Sabrina pivoted to face him, inquiring, "Where did you come from..."

In the midst of her inquiry, she fell silent, struck by the sight of Tyrone. His visage was flushed and he was laboring to catch his breath, his chest heaving with an intensity that suggested he had been utterly drained. His attire bore the marks of disarray, bearing wrinkles and traces of dust.

Concern etched across her features, Sabrina inquired with earnest intent, "Tyrone, what happened to you?"

Tyrone responded in a hoarse voice, his arm lifted to shield his eyes, "Nothing. I was ensnared by some vile tricks."

"How about I take you to the hospital immediately?" Sabrina offered.

After a brief pause, he lowered his arm abruptly, gazing at her with a desirous intensity in his eyes. "If you could help me, there might be no need for that," he suggested.

Sabrina was momentarily rendered speechless.

Opting for silence, Sabrina steered her car straight to the hospital.

Tyrone's voice broke the silence. "Take me back to Starriver Bay," he suddenly requested.

"I'll have a doctor summoned."

"Of course."

As they journeyed back, Sabrina occasionally stole glances at Tyrone through the rearview mirror.

He shut his eyes and leaned against the seat, his forehead creased with a deep frown.

"Tyrone, are you feeling all right?" she inquired.

"No, could you please pull over? Since we're in the car..." he began, a hint of jest in his tone.

Observing that he was still in the mood to joke, Sabrina shot him a pointed glare and accelerated.

Tyrone proceeded to dial Lynch, relaying his condition over the phone.

With a tinge of helplessness, Lynch responded, "Tyrone, is this your first encounter with such a situation? I'll be blunt. There's no antidote for this kind of medication. You'll have to endure it. Once the effects wear off, it'll naturally pass."

"Is that so?"

"Indeed."

Inexplicably, Lynch sensed a peculiar mirth in Tyrone's voice.

Tyrone slowly lowered his phone from his ear.

Sabrina glanced at the rearview mirror and suddenly found herself locking eyes with Tyrone.

His eyes were flickering with the flames of lust.

Sabrina's heart skipped a beat. She swallowed hard and inquired, "Lynch should be arriving soon, correct?"

"He mentioned there's no antidote and I need to find a way to alleviate it."

Sabrina paused for a moment, not daring to see him in the eyes.

"Oh... How could this have happened? Perhaps you should visit the restroom?"

"Sabrina..."

Tyrone leaned forward suddenly, gripping the back of the driver's seat, his voice husky as he implored, "Can you help me, please?" ⓘ

