

## Chapter 338 I Won't Do Anything To You

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Sabrina blushed and looked at Tyrone in disbelief. "What are you talking about? I'll drive faster. You'll be home soon and handle it yourself!"

How could he ask her for help so directly? What did he expect her to do? How could she help him?

Tyrone's breathing became heavy, and he swallowed hard. He could feel his body responding to the drug and became overcome with desire. "I can't hold on to home... Turn right at the next intersection and take me to a park," he said with urgency.

After a short drive, Sabrina turned the steering wheel and merged into the right lane.

Three minutes later, the car entered the park.

The park was open to the public. However, the nights were still chilly, so no one was around.

Sabrina parked the car at the roadside and quickly unfastened the seat belt. "I'll go outside. You deal with it yourself."

She was about to open the door when Tyrone grabbed her wrist from the back seat, his eyes pleading with her. "Sabrina, I'm begging you. Please help me. I feel terrible," he said in a hoarse voice.

Sabrina could feel the heat emanating from Tyrone's body. Even his hands were hot to the touch. She couldn't help but shrink when he touched her wrist.

His eyes were deep and warm, and Sabrina melted under his gaze. She bit her lower lip and had to look away. "Can't you do it yourself?"

Tyrone gently squeezed her palm, narrowing his eyes slightly with a hint. "I won't do anything to you."

She instinctively tightened her fingers. She didn't want to get his hint.

However, the moment he squeezed her palm, she understood what he meant.

Sabrina felt a mix of shame and anger. It wasn't the appropriate time for tacit understanding between them!

She pressed her lips tightly, not saying anything. Then she pulled her hand out of Tyrone's grasp and pushed the door open to get out of the car.

Tyrone's heart sank, and a trace of disappointment flashed in his eyes as he sighed.

Then the back door opened, and she climbed in to sit beside him, closing the door.

It was a false alarm.

Tyrone's face lit up with joy. He stared at Sabrina intently, and the flames of desire were threatening to consume him. "Thank you, Sabrina."

He loved her so much that, even though she may be awkward at times, it only made him love her more.

Sabrina blushed. She pursed her lips and looked away. "How much did you drink tonight?"

"Just a little red wine."

Sabrina silently extended her hand to him. "Hurry up."

"Okay," he replied, his voice taking on a low, seductive tone.

It was dark and silent in the car.

In that quietness, something was slowly swelling in the hidden corners of their hearts.

Tyrone's breathing grew heavier, and a moan escaped his lips. A soft, rhythmic rustling sound filled the air, coming from his side of the car.

Even when she looked away, she couldn't help but imagine what he was doing, as if she were witnessing it with her own eyes.

She clenched her fists subconsciously.

Tyrone let out a deep, restrained groan, gritting his teeth. "Sabrina, are you trying to kill me?"

Sabrina closed her eyes and tried to pull her hand out of his grip. "You can use it or not. You're too fussy!"

But Tyrone held her hand firmly, murmuring, "It's my fault. Thank you for helping me, Sabrina. I shouldn't be so ungrateful."

He continued speaking while sliding her hand up and down.

Sabrina was speechless.

Something stirred inside of her, and the corners of her mouth twitched.

In the darkness, her face grew red and hot.

After a long time, Sabrina finally pushed him away, quickly tidied up her clothes, and opened the door.

The cool breeze caressed her face, clearing her muddled mind.

Thinking of what had happened in the car, she blushed and clenched her fists. She didn't want to see him for the time being.

Inside the vehicle, Tyrone also straightened his clothes. He glanced at the slender figure outside the car and got out of the car.

"Are you angry?" he asked, poking his head.

Sabrina turned her head slightly, glaring at him. "Go away. Don't bother me."

Tyrone smiled faintly. "It's all my fault."

"Go away!"

Her lips were still a little red and swollen. Sabrina didn't want to see his complacent face, so she pushed him away and got in the driver's seat.

Observing her, Tyrone smiled and returned to the back seat.

The car had a scent of lust.

As Sabrina started the car, she rolled down the window and made a mental note to clean the car tomorrow.

"Tyrone, what happened tonight?"

While in the back seat with him, Sabrina noticed a scuff mark on his coat. It was caused by rubbing against a wall.

"Someone set me up. After I left the hotel room, they had someone guard the hotel exit and check every floor through the exit. I had to climb the wall."

Immediately after Ben left the room, Tyrone headed straight for the balcony.

He climbed from the balcony to an empty room on the thirty-first floor.

Tyrone knew Blayze wouldn't let him go that easily, so he decided not to take the exit. Instead, he took the lift down to the second floor and hid in the bathroom.

When the search party came to check the bathroom, he climbed out onto the balcony of the nearest room through the window.

The people looking for him assumed he would take the stairs and didn't thoroughly check the lower floors, allowing Tyrone to escape.

Although Kylan was at the forum meeting, Blayze would likely have someone monitoring him. If Tyrone spoke to Kylan on the phone, his location would be compromised, so he arranged for Sabrina to pick him up instead.

Sabrina had been waiting for him on the roadside, keeping her eye out to spot him on the front and back roads. However, Tyrone crawled out

from a bathroom on the second floor nearby.

Hearing this, Sabrina sneered. "You're so popular that so many women want to sleep with you."

"Do you want to?" Tyrone asked with a mischievous grin.

"Go to hell!"

"Don't you want to know who set me up?"

"It's either a competitor or someone tried to cling to you."

Tyrone remained silent.

If he told her that Blayze was the one who drugged him, would she believe him?

Tyrone looked at the road ahead and shifted the conversation. "Just head straight to your apartment."

Glancing at him in the rearview mirror, Sabrina remarked, "You're in no condition to drive."

She thought he wanted to drive back after she got out of the car.

"I know. I've decorated the house there. I'll make do with it tonight."

Sabrina drove in silence for a moment, pondering. She recalled Tyrone mentioning that he had bought an apartment in her apartment complex.

"Which floor?"

"29th floor."

What a coincidence. His apartment was right upstairs of hers.

She scoffed. "You're so good at picking a place."

"I'm flattered," Tyrone said, smiling and ignoring her sarcasm.

Sabrina was furious.

His apartment was upstairs of hers, but he insisted on going to her apartment after getting wet in the rain that day!

He made her act awkwardly in front of Bettie.

Damn it. She cursed Tyrone in her heart.

The car pulled into the underground garage, and they both entered the elevator, pressing the buttons to reach their floor levels.

While in the elevator, Tyrone looked at Sabrina, and his gaze fell on her somewhat swollen lips with a playful expression.

Sabrina noticed his gaze and gave him a cold stare before turning away. When they reached the 28th floor, Sabrina strode out of the elevator without looking back.

Before Sabrina entered the apartment, she hesitated, wondering what to say to Bettie when Bettie noticed her red, swollen lips. It was obvious that she had been kissed.

Thinking of this, Sabrina cursed Tyrone in her heart.

She prepared herself for what she might say and entered the apartment.

To her surprise, Bettie had already gone to bed.

Breathing a sigh of relief, she went to her room to freshen up.

After washing up, she lay on the bed, unable to fall asleep.

As soon as she closed her eyes, the scene in the car came to her mind.

She couldn't believe what they had just done in the car.

It was all Tyrone's fault. He insisted on dragging her in. He said she had helped him, and he had to do something in return. What a cunning man!

