

## Chapter 22 Plaything


---

Tyrone glanced up and noticed Sabrina standing by the door. Positioned against the light, her facial expression remained inscrutable. Although her face was partially obscured, Tyrone had a hunch that her gaze was fixed upon him.

"I bumped into Eddie in the hallway and thought I'd swing by to greet you all." A comforting smile adorned her face as her eyes scanned the gathering.

"Joining a friend for dinner?" Tyrone questioned.

"Indeed."

Rolf queried with a grin, "What's been keeping you busy, Sabrina?" 

"I'm dealing with MQ Clothing's spokesperson matter."

A shock swept over Rolf as he realized he'd accidentally broached a sensitive subject.

However, others seemed oblivious. Someone playfully gestured towards Galilea. "Isn't our MQ Clothing's spokesperson right here?"

Amid the gentle laughter, Sabrina strode to the table, filled an empty glass with tea, and lifted it. "What a pleasure to



encounter everyone here. Let me toast to your good company with this tea. I'll host a meal another day. Brother."

Her focus sharpened on Tyrone as she pronounced the word "brother."

Ever since their wedding, Sabrina always called him Tyrone. She emptied the contents of her glass in one gulp.

"Hmm."

"I must attend to other matters, so I won't intrude further." Sabrina put down the glass.

"Sabrina, that's rather rude," Eddie suddenly called out. "Your future sister-in-law is present. Aren't you going to toast to her?"

Caught off guard, Rolf struggled to find words. Others joined in. "Sabrina, you can't ignore your future sister-in-law."

"Aren't you working together? Share a drink."

Sabrina's gaze fell, her lips tightened.

How could she toast Galilea?

"There's no need for that," Rolf interjected.

"What's the issue?" Eddie chimed in with a light smirk.

"Sabrina, are you not fond of Galilea? But she's your brother's choice."



His insinuation was clear.

As the adoptive daughter of the Blakely family, how could she afford to slight the future Mrs. Blakely?

Conversely, if Sabrina herself didn't acknowledge Galilea, how could they?

Cesar always had a soft spot for Sabrina. Did Sabrina's aloofness reflect his stance?

All eyes were on Sabrina.

Smiling gently, Galilea assured, "I'm certain Sabrina didn't mean it that way. Eddie, let's not pressure her."

"Galilea, you're truly kind-hearted." Shifting his gaze to Tyrone, Eddie added, "Tyrone, don't you have anything to say? This is your girlfriend."

The focus in the room pivoted to Tyrone.

Sabrina's eyes found Tyrone's, her fingers curling at her side.

Tyrone looked up.

Their gazes locked in a silent exchange.

Raising his glass, Tyrone poured wine, sliding it to Sabrina.

"Sabrina, for my sake, raise a toast to your future sister-in-law."

The term "sister-in-law" struck a harsh chord.

Was he really asking his wife to toast Galilea in front of their friends? ⑥

Did he even regard her as his wife?

Or was she just a plaything for him?

A wave of cold washed over Sabrina, her body rigid, teeth chattering.

Adjusting his tie, Tyrone casually added, "What? You don't want to? Or do you not accept her as your future sister-in-law?"

Hearing his nonchalant words, Sabrina's heart ached, the pretense of her smile failing.

Tyrone was really good at hurting her.

He always knew how to stab her in the most painful spot.

"Is it really just about toasting Galilea? That's not a big deal, right?"

"Galilea is so gracious. Sabrina, you're coming off as rude."

Suppressing her emotions, Sabrina pressed her lips into a line and took the glass from the table. Raising it to Galilea, she downed the contents in one gulp.

Without uttering a word, she set the glass down, pivoted, and walked out of the room.

"She didn't even address Galilea." Eddie shook his head, a wry smile playing on his lips.

"Does she believe she's actually a part of the Blakely family? How audacious to disrespect Tyrone's girlfriend!"

"The Blakely family were generous enough to accommodate her into their group. Galilea is the future Mrs. Blakely, and Sabrina dares to slight her? Tyrone, are you going to let this slide?"

"Ahem." Rolf cleared his throat, shooting a look at Tyrone's grim face. "Enough chatter."

Seeing Tyrone's displeasure, everyone presumed it was Sabrina's doing, and decided to drop the topic.

However, there was one person who appeared enthusiastic about seeking favor with Tyrone and Galilea. "Tyrone, you can't indulge Sabrina like this. Look, she takes neither you nor Galilea seriously, thinking she has your grandfather's backing. If you don't put her in her place, she might one day even claim the shares under your grandfather's name."

"Oh? And how would you suggest I do that?" Tyrone asked nonchalantly, swirling his glass, his expression somber.

"That's simple. She's still unmarried, isn't she? Arrange her

marriage, and her husband will surely keep her in check for you." ③

"Interesting thought."

Upon hearing the commendation, the man broke into a grin. Suddenly, Tyrone rose to his feet and gave a swift kick to the man's knee.

Caught unawares, the man collapsed to his knees, pain shooting through his leg.

The room fell silent in shock.

Gazing coldly at the man, Tyrone warned, "Regardless of how Sabrina behaves, she remains a member of the Blakely family. I won't tolerate such comments again."

"Yes, yes."

"Let's leave." Tyrone turned to Galilea. "I'll have the driver take you home."

Sabrina returned to her room, her exterior calm but her heart throbbing in pain, leaving her spiritless.

The next day, the three of them had business to attend to, so they cut their conversation short.

Bradley covered the bill, and they all headed for the parking

lot.

Waving goodbye, Aylin informed, "My car's over there, so I'll take my leave."

"Alright." Sabrina nodded at Bradley. "I should get going too." Bradley reminded her, "Don't forget our dinner at my place." "I won't."

Aylin, who hadn't gone far, looked taken aback, her eyes widening. She stared at Sabrina in disbelief. Had Sabrina already met Bradley's parents?

Was Bradley the boyfriend Sabrina had been talking about? Given Bradley's flourishing career, maybe Sabrina chose to keep their relationship under wraps to avoid complications.

Believing she stumbled upon something significant, Aylin was astounded.

Sabrina remained oblivious to the narrative Aylin had crafted in her mind.

Upon reaching her villa, Sabrina walked in with her handbag, only to find Tyrone sitting on the living room couch.

He was still clad in his suit, reclining on the couch, his arm serving as a pillow, appearing to be asleep.

The sound of the door stirred him awake. Slowly lifting his arm, he opened his eyes to lock gazes with Sabrina.

