

Chapter 89 A Tool

"Perhaps you shouldn't remain at home all the time. You've recently returned, and you've been under the weather quite a lot. Staying overseas might be a better option for you," said Tyrone. ①

"No... I returned because of you, Tyrone. Please, don't say such things."

"We can discuss this later. Seeing as your injuries aren't serious, I'll be heading off now," Galilea pleaded.

Galilea, while still cradling him in her embrace, didn't wish for him to leave.

When she looked up, catching Tyrone's gaze, she involuntarily shivered and released him. ①

Without a second glance, Tyrone exited the hospital room.

He got into his car and headed straight for Sabrina's office at the company.

Her office was empty and the computer was powered down.

He casually called an employee of MQ Clothing and inquired, "Can you tell me where Sabrina is?"

"I'm not sure. She didn't report in today. It appears she might have taken a day off."

"Alright, understood."

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Without wasting any more time, he drove back home.

"Welcome back, sir," greeted the housekeeper.

Making his way up the stairs, he asked, "Where's Sabrina?"

"She's away on a business trip."

Tyrone halted in his steps, asking, "Business trip?"

"Yes, she left for a business trip with her assistant."

Silence enveloped Tyrone as he sunk into the couch, rubbing his temples.

It was clear to him that Sabrina wasn't supposed to be on a business trip that day. She must have planned it early.

She did this deliberately.

Tyrone texted Sabrina. "Are you on a business trip? When will you be back?"

However, he didn't expect her to reply.

Whenever she was upset, she would ignore him.

Time ticked by without any response.

Tyrone attempted to call Sabrina again but she didn't pick up.

On his fourth attempt, a message notified him that the number he dialed was unavailable.

He had been blocked.

Out of options, Tyrone called Kylan, asking him to confirm Sabrina's itinerary and arrange his own flight and hotel accommodations.

He had to act fast. He needed to clarify things to Sabrina. Otherwise, he might lose her for good.

Soon, Kylan responded, "She is on a business trip to Belfield. Are you sure you want to go?"

"Book a flight for me. I need to get there as soon as possible."

"Understood."

Without packing any belongings, Tyrone hurried to the airport.

Sabrina, having arrived a day early, didn't have any commitments that day.

Once settled in her hotel room, she ordered take-out for dinner and stayed in.

After eating, she turned on her phone and picked a random soap opera to distract herself.

She didn't want to sit idle. When she had free time, she'd remember Tyrone leaving her for Galilea the previous night.

Her disappointment was profound.

Meanwhile, her assistant stayed in his room, preparing for the next day's meetings.

Suddenly, his phone rang. He glanced at the screen and found it was from Tyrone.

Wait!

Tyrone?

He was stunned.

Why would Tyrone call him?

The assistant cautiously picked up. "Hello, Mr. Blakely."

"Which hotel are you guys at? And Sabrina's room number is?"

"We're in Belfield."

"I'm aware."

"We're staying at Conrad Hotel. Ms. Chavez is in Room 1508."

"Alright, got it."

"Okay." The assistant was at a loss for words.

Was Tyrone planning on visiting?

"Don't mention to Sabrina that I've called you."

"Understood. What else can I do for you?"

"Nothing as of now." With those words, Tyrone ended the call.

The assistant took a deep breath, set the phone down, but found it difficult to focus on work.

It was no secret that every employee at the firm

had access to Tyrone's contact number, but no one dared to call him.

Yet, Tyrone just called him.

There was no illusion. It had indeed been Tyrone on the line, inquiring about their hotel and the specifics of Sabrina's accommodation.

In his mind, he played back the many times he had tried to reach Sabrina, to no avail. It was Tyrone who had picked up eventually.

Could it be possible? He found himself speculating about a romantic entanglement between the two of them.

After all, office gossip was rampant, and it was Tyrone himself who had just called him.

It seemed plausible to him.

After fiddling with his phone a bit, he was about to step away for a brief washroom break when his phone rang again.

The screen displayed Tyrone's name once more.

Promptly, he answered, "Mr. Blakely, how can I assist you?"

"I'm at your hotel now. Meet me outside."

"What? Oh, I see, Mr. Blakely. I'm on my way." With that, the assistant grabbed the key card and rushed out the door.

However, upon exiting, he was startled to see Tyrone positioned outside Sabrina's room.

The assistant couldn't comprehend. Tyrone was here

already. Why had he asked to meet outside?

"Mr. Blakely..."

The assistant's confusion deepened when Tyrone gestured at the door and instructed, "Knock. Don't let her know I'm here."

It clicked for the assistant then.

He was simply an intermediary to facilitate the knock.

Could it be that Tyrone was planning a surprise for Sabrina?

He knocked on the door.

"Who might that be?"

Sabrina, engrossed in her television show, heard the knock. She rose, phone in hand, inquiring as she neared the door.

"Ms. Chavez, it's me. I need to discuss something with you."

"Wait a minute." She hit pause on her show and opened the door. "What seems to be the..."

Her words trailed off as she spotted Tyrone waiting outside. A change washed over her face as she tried to slam the door shut.

But Tyrone was faster, wedging his foot in the door and holding it ajar with his arm. "Sabrina, we need to talk!"

Sabrina tried desperately to shut him out. "We have nothing to discuss. Please leave." ⓪

The assistant was rooted in place, his face a picture of shock.

So, it wasn't a pleasant surprise after all!

He was certain now. An affair was happening between the two of them.

Tyrone sought to clarify matters, but Sabrina refused to hear him out.

It appeared that Sabrina held the upper hand here.

This stirred further doubts in the assistant.

"I have to explain to you clearly."

"If you don't exit immediately, I'm calling security."

Sabrina was no match for the physically fit Tyrone.

The tussle ended in Sabrina's defeat.

Tyrone forced his way into the room. "Let me explain. That night..."

She looked at him icily, interrupting, "No need for explanations. Are you leaving or shall I?"

When he didn't move, she began packing her things.

"Sabrina!" Tyrone tried to stop her. "What do you suggest I do?"

"I don't want your justifications. Nor do I need them. You're free to act as you please, I have no right to interfere. But this is my room, so leave immediately or I'll involve the authorities!" Her gaze was icy.

The assistant stood outside the door, witnessing everything unfold.

It was evident that a serious conflict was unfolding between them for reasons unknown.

Sabrina had purposely advanced her business trip to Belfield.

Tyrone had followed suit, desperate to explain, but Sabrina wasn't interested.

Clap!

The assistant's eyes widened.

Did he just witness what he thought he saw?

He was certain. He had just seen Sabrina slap Tyrone!

And she didn't hold back!

