

Chapter 105 Mature Man

After dinner, the group decided to carry the night forward at a karaoke bar.

While all the employees had departed, Tyrone remained seated in his chair.

Evelyn threw him a smile, teasing, "Aren't you ready to call it a day, Mr. Blakely?"

Upon getting no response from Tyrone, she decided to tempt him. "I have a cake waiting in the karaoke room. It's only fair that you have a slice."

The vice director chimed in, adding, "The karaoke bar is just around the corner, Mr. Blakely. A short stroll won't eat up too much of your time."

"Alright, let's do this." Tyrone fetched his coat from the back of his chair.

Promptly, the vice director stepped in to assist him with it.

As they stepped into the karaoke bar, someone was already selecting songs to sing.

Tyrone found a secluded corner, and with a sigh, sank into a chair, unbuttoning his collar.

With his left arm resting on the armrest, he massaged his furrowed brows.

An unexplained headache and a bout of dizziness began to trouble him.

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"Mr. Blakely, you don't look too good. Here, have some water," suggested Evelyn, handing him a disposable cup filled with water.

"Thank you." With a lift of his glasses, Tyrone gazed at Evelyn.

A smile fluttered across Evelyn's face as Tyrone took a sip of water.

Was Evelyn fond of him? He couldn't really tell.

Tonight, she was unusually attentive, yet never crossed the line.

The room echoed with the sounds of merry singing.

A few songs in, the vice director couldn't resist asking, "Mr. Blakely, might we be graced with a song from you?"

"No, carry on without me." Tyrone waved his hand.

And that was enough for the vice director.

Tyrone's presence was enough of an honor.

Tyrone then loosened his collar, revealing his collarbone, and decided to take a breather outside.

"Mr. Blakely!" Evelyn assumed he was leaving.

With a measured gaze, Tyrone said, "Just getting some fresh air. It's a bit stuffy in here."

Evelyn blushed and displayed an embarrassed expression.

At this moment, a waiter walked in carrying a cake.

As Evelyn busied herself with cutting the cake, Tyrone slipped away to the end of the corridor, sending a text to Sabrina.

Even after waiting outside for some time, Tyrone still felt a bit warm.

When he returned to the room, the cake had been cut out.

Evelyn, spotting him, brought him a piece of cake. "Mr. Blakely, would you care for a slice? It's delicious."

"Just leave it here," Tyrone said in a hoarse voice, pointing at a table nearby.

As Evelyn put the cake on the table, she asked, "Perhaps a song, then?"

"I'll have to pass." Tyrone dug into his cake. Checking his watch and picked up his coat from the sofa, he announced, "It's getting late. Time for me to head home. You guys carry on."

Positioned behind him, Evelyn asked, "You're leaving already? So soon?"

"Mr. Blakely, do stay a bit longer," an employee said.

"No, you guys have fun." Tyrone exited the room with his coat.

The employees stopped trying to persuade Tyrone and instead accompanied him to the door of the karaoke room.

"Goodbye, Mr. Blakely."

"Have a good time."

Tyrone strode away.

Evelyn hurried after him. "I heard that your car had a flat tire? Are you able to drive home? Perhaps I could arrange a room for you upstairs."

"No, that won't be necessary."

"Or, I could drive you home."

"Someone is coming to pick me up. You don't need to walk me out. Just go back. It's your birthday today. They are waiting for you."

"Well, let me at least walk you down to your car."

Evelyn racked her brains, desperately trying to come up with a clever plan to convince Tyrone to stay.

She knew the drug was about to kick in, and she didn't want to fight with Galilea over Tyrone, like Sabrina did.

A single night with him was all she desired. ①

She tailed Tyrone into the elevator.

As the elevator doors closed, an imposing silence filled the space, with just the two of them inside.

Tyrone chose the ground floor with a press of a button. Evelyn hovered behind Tyrone, stealing subtle glances at him.

All he wore was a black shirt with rolled-up sleeves, exposing his muscular arms. His coat hung over his elbow, and his casual action made him look noble and elegant.

Summoning her courage, Evelyn tiptoed to stand behind him, intending to embrace him.

Just then, the elevator doors suddenly opened, and several young people came in, talking and laughing. Upon sighting Tyrone, their chatter diminished momentarily.

A young lady kept stealing glances at him. His success

was apparent, his youthfulness contrasted with the tranquility in his eyes, resembling that of a mature man.

And, there was something familiar about him.

Before the girl could recall who he was, the elevator doors opened.

The elevator had reached the ground floor.

As the young group exited, Tyrone stepped out, too. He turned to face Evelyn, instructing, "You should head back."

"It's fine. Let me walk you out at least."

As they emerged from the karaoke bar, a chilly gust of wind grazed past them, amidst a sea of neon lights.

The autumn night felt a bit chilly.

Evelyn advanced to his side, querying, "Aren't you feeling cold?"

"No." Tyrone shook his head.

Not only was he not cold, but he also felt a little warm.

Evelyn looked at their surroundings. "Has your ride not arrived yet?"

"Not yet."

"Then, I'll wait with you." Taking a few steps towards him, she knew this was her final chance.

"Ah..." Suddenly, Evelyn's high heel gave way, and she fell straight to Tyrone.

Tyrone extended his hand and helped her up, asking with

concern, "Are you okay?"

"I think I've twisted my ankle." Seizing this opportunity, Evelyn clung onto his arm.

"I can assist you back to the hall."

"Could you take me to the hospital instead? My car keys are in my pocket," Evelyn pleaded, her gaze innocent.

Tyrone picked up his phone and dialed a number.

Evelyn assumed he was contacting the person who would soon come to fetch him.

Instead, upon getting through, he instructed, "Aldred, bring your car keys down. Evelyn has sprained her ankle. She needs to be taken to the hospital."

Aldred, the vice director, responded promptly, "Understood. I'll be right there."

Evelyn's expression hardened.

Tyrone turned to her. "Will you wait here, or would you rather wait in the hall?"

She felt lost.

Forcing a smile, Evelyn was in a dilemma.

She took a deep breath and leaned into Tyrone.

"Can't maintain your balance?" he asked.

Evelyn shook her head, her eyes full of affection.

"Hold on. Aldred will be here shortly," Tyrone said, holding her hand but also maintaining a safe distance.

Evelyn fell silent.

Since she offered no response, Tyrone refrained from further conversation.

Shortly, Aldred emerged from the elevator, assuring, "Evelyn, don't worry. I'll fetch my car right away."

Soon enough, he drove his car to their side.

Tyrone assisted Evelyn to the car.

Reluctantly, she got in.

Aldred drove off.

Tyrone watched the car disappear into the flow of traffic. Retrieving his phone, he found no new messages or calls.

Sabrina was yet to arrive.

Just then, across the street, a black car flashed its headlights.

