

## Chapter 81 Good Figure

At eight o'clock in the evening, Tyrone sent a message to Sabrina, asking, "Have you had dinner?" Why don't you come over?"

After reading the message, Sabrina switched off her phone screen.

Then, a double vibration signaled another incoming message. Ⓛ

She fetched her phone, viewing the message. "Respond now, or I'll drop by your place."

With a smirk, Sabrina shot back, "I'm not coming tonight."

"Why?" he asked.

"I'm feeling a bit weary tonight."

It was clearly an excuse.

"Sabrina, come clean. Why?"

"I'm not lying. I need to sleep."

Sabrina held her phone, waiting for a reply from Tyrone, which didn't come.

Putting her phone aside, she settled down on her bed, intending to drift off to sleep.

Suddenly, the sound of knocking broke the silence, sending chills down Sabrina's spine.

A gut feeling told her it was Tyrone at the door.

Gerda's bed was closer to the door. She climbed out

of bed, slipped her feet into slippers and moved behind the door, querying, "Who's there?"

"Tyrone Blakely." A deep voice came from the other side. "I need to have a word with Sabrina."

"Alright," Gerda instantly replied. "Sabrina, Mr. Blakely is here to see you."

Sabrina had no choice but to rise from her bed, put on her slippers, step out of the room, and close the door behind her.

She faced Tyrone. "Why the visit? How may I assist you?"

"What do you think?" Tyrone retorted, eyeing her intently.

As Sabrina was about to respond, Tyrone cut her off, "Spare me the pretenses. What's up? Are you upset?"

"No particular reason. Stop prying."

"Did you watch Galilea's show?"

Sabrina maintained her silence.

"Jealous, are you?"

"Absolutely not. Quit making assumptions. Why would I be jealous? I'm not interested in you," Sabrina denied outright.

Tyrone's expression changed. "Sabrina, do you want to break your promise to Grandpa now?" ①

Sabrina said softly, "No..."

Taking her hand in his, Tyrone proposed, "Planning

to sulk in solitude then? I wish you'd share your feelings with me. Don't run away from me. Open conversation is key to resolving issues. Or else, the rift between us will only widen. One last time, is it because you saw Galilea's show and learned that I taught her German and shared stories with her?" ①

"No." Sabrina bit her lip and negated.

Tyrone could sense her duplicity yet again.

She was unwilling to confess her jealousy.

"Sabrina, you shouldn't lash out at me because of my history. My past is irreversible. It's not about burdening you with it, but about understanding that I can't alter what's done and that our future matters most. If I choose to stay with you, not seek divorce, then it's all irrelevant, right?" ②

Sabrina, head down, lips pressed together, remained silent.

"Care for a dip in the hot spring?"

Seeing Sabrina's silence, Tyrone continued, "If you fancy a hot spring soak, pack your stuff and go to my room. Don't worry. Tonight is our last night here. I'll drive you home in the morning. Our secret stays safe."

Sabrina turned around, reentered the room, and started packing her belongings. ③

"Are you leaving?" Gerda inquired, puzzled.

"Yes, I have matters to attend to," Sabrina responded calmly.

"Alright, best of luck with whatever you're onto."

"Thank you."

With her things packed, Sabrina headed to Room 0104. ①

Submerging herself in the hot spring, she exhaled in relief.

It was so relaxing.

Soon after, Tyrone joined her at the hot spring.

With a gentle embrace, he positioned her on his lap, murmuring into her ear, "Do you want to enjoy some sex?"

Feeling a blush creep up her cheeks, Sabrina gently resisted him. "Is that your purpose for bringing me here?" ②

"It's been a couple of months. Don't you desire this too?"

"You promised to honor my wishes, and right now, I don't wish to."

"Then could you assist me somehow?"

After a moment of doubt, Sabrina gave him a noncommittal shrug.

With a shake of his head, Tyrone directed, "Turn around, face away from me. Clench your thighs."

By the time they were finished, Sabrina's thighs were raw from the friction. ③

Drained and exhausted, Sabrina could only pout at the man responsible for her condition.

Yet, Tyrone appeared content, even taking the time to wash her before carrying her to bed.

Such a considerate man he was. ④

The next day, before sunrise, Tyrone woke Sabrina up. "Let's head home. You can get some more sleep in the car."

Their colleagues were still at the hot spring resort.

Sabrina took the day off, indulging in sleep until she woke naturally.

Checking her phone, a picture of her and Tyrone caught her eye, prompting her to share it online.

She crafted a post on Facebook, captioning it, "My boyfriend."

Her friends and followers could see the post.

Soon, she noticed Tyrone had liked her post.

Even though some were puzzled why she didn't reveal her boyfriend's face, they posted blessings in the comments.

One of her male colleagues commented, "He does give off a big-dick vibe."

Bettie sent her a message. "What's the story here? Spill the beans!"

Sabrina responded, "It's just as it seems, but we're only casually seeing each other. Can't say how long it'll last."

"Where did you stumble upon him? His physique and

pecs are amazing!"

"I know, I know."

"Can I meet him sometime?"

"Not just yet. Maybe some time in the future."

After reading the post, Bradley spent a considerable amount of time in a state of shock, unable to collect his thoughts.

He'd thought she'd been single, giving him a shot. It was a surprise to find she was already spoken for.

"When did you two meet? Your guy's got quite the physique."

Sabrina sighed. Perhaps she should have simply blocked everyone but Galilea to vex her. Now she was being bombarded with inquiries.

"I agree. He does have a striking physique."

"When can I meet him face to face?"

"Not in the near future. Maybe some other time."

"Fair enough." Upon hearing this, Bradley was brimming with optimism.

If she wasn't ready to introduce him to her friends, it meant they weren't steady yet.

"When will you visit me on set?" Bradley continued.

"I have some free time these days. When will you be available?"

"I think tomorrow should work."

"Tomorrow it is then."

After shooting, Galilea spotted the post and was seething.

Though invisible to others, she was certain that the man in the picture was none other than Tyrone.

She believed Sabrina must be instigating her. Sabrina must have noticed the post she put up the previous night, and this was her form of retaliation.

After mulling it over, Galilea dialed Tyrone's number.

He picked up after a moment. "Hello, Galilea."

"Tyrone, did you see Sabrina's post?" she inquired.

"Yes."

Galilea was flabbergasted. Wasn't it exclusive to her?

"Then... Is that you in the picture?"

"That's me."

Just as she was about to question further, Tyrone interjected, "Don't overthink this post. There's this guy at work who's been pestering her. She mentioned having a boyfriend, but he didn't buy it. This post was her way of proving it." ☹

Galilea found herself at a loss for words.

Seeing Tyrone defend Sabrina infuriated her.

Sabrina was a cunning woman indeed!

Not only did she get Tyrone to snap a cozy picture with her, but also got him to allow her to upload it. And now, she even had Tyrone speaking on her

behalf.

What a manipulative woman! ☹

If Sabrina's intention was to provoke Galilea, then she succeeded.

