

Chapter 83 Don't Make Noise

Bradley looked lovingly at Sabrina, confessing, "She used to be my next-door neighbor as a kid. She was always teary-eyed."

"Childhood companions turned lovers? How unexpected. Inform me when you decide to get married."

"Stop teasing us. We're just buddies," Bradley defended, aware of his boundaries considering Sabrina was taken.

"I see. You youngsters have a peculiar way of labelling relationships," chimed in the assistant director.

Tyrone lifted his gaze, his indifference masking the slight frown that creased his brow as he observed Bradley and Sabrina.

He had cautioned her about Bradley's unsuitability. Was she smitten by him regardless?

"Tyrone. Tyrone?"

"Yes, what was it?" Tyrone snapped back to reality at Galilea's call.

A shadow passed over her eyes as she leaned in, whispering, "Do you think Sabrina and Bradley make a good pair? If you divorce, wouldn't they be well-suited?"

Instantly, Tyrone shook his head. "No. They aren't compatible."

"And how have you come to that conclusion?"

"I'm familiar with their personalities and occupations."

Seeing Tyrone and Galilea in a hushed conversation, a pang of sadness hit Sabrina. She hung her head low.

The waiter began to serve the feast. The table was soon overflowing with delicacies.

They started to eat.

Bradley offered Sabrina a slice of durian cake, suggesting, "Give this a taste."

"Thanks." She sampled it. "Delicious."

Having savored the durian cake, she moved onto other dishes, with Bradley frequently serving her favorites.

Tyrone's gaze darkened at their connection. ⑤

"Tyrone, could you assist me with that? I can't quite reach it." Galilea's eyes flickered with a wicked gleam.

It was the second time she caught Tyrone being distracted.

"Sure." Tyrone helped her. "Let me know if you need more."

He turned his attention to Galilea, offering her help with her plate.

Sabrina watched his considerate demeanor with a bitter smile.

Midway through the meal, Sabrina excused herself to visit the restroom.

Emerging from the restroom, she freshened up her makeup at the communal sink.

Tyrone entered, finding Sabrina retouching her makeup.

He positioned himself behind her, his hands resting on the sink edge, effectively cornering her.

Startled, she sought clarification. "What are you doing?"

"I need to discuss something."

Sabrina didn't want to listen to him anymore. She quickly put the cosmetic in her bag and turned around, saying, "I'm going back..."

Before she could finish, Tyrone sealed her words with a kiss. His arms coiled around her, pressing her to the sink.

Even though he was there for Galilea, he found himself drawn towards Sabrina.

Seeing her proximity to Bradley, he couldn't hide his discomfort. ①

Perhaps it was because he reminded her that she was not compatible with Bradley. It was normal for him to feel uneasy when he was disregarded by her.

As she resisted him, she reasoned, "Please, stop..."

I need to go back now."

Tyrone furrowed his brow and tightened his embrace. With one hand holding the back of her head, he passionately traced his tongue along her lips, engaging in a deep and intense kiss.

Tyrone maintained his hold on her until her lips were tinted with a deep red hue and slightly swollen, and she was left breathless from their fervent exchange.

Sabrina shot him an angry glare and examined her lips in the mirror. It was evident that her lips had undergone a noticeable transformation.

Tyrone's smile widened as he embraced her from behind, resting his chin against her temples. Gazing at their reflection in the mirror, he pointed at her lips and remarked, "It adds to your beauty."

"Release me. I need to return."

"Return? To enjoy Bradley's company, right? Sabrina, I've warned you that you are not suitable for each other..."

Sabrina frowned. "Don't blame me and Bradley. Isn't this how you and Galilea are?"

"That's not the same." ①

"Really? Why are you here to see Galilea then?" Sabrina shot back.

"I was informed you were visiting Bradley."

The housekeeper had tipped him off.

He planned to take her back, and Galilea's call came at the right time. ①

Gripping her chin, he turned her face to him, planting another kiss.

His other hand wandered, causing her to melt into him.

Her fingers grazed against his chest, damp with emotion.

Tyrone's lips parted, guiding her into the restroom, discovering an empty stall. "Let me assist you."

"No. Don't do that..." A crimson hue enveloped Sabrina's cheeks.

Things had escalated too quickly.

Doing such a thing in broad daylight and in such a place?

Tyrone, seeing her discomfort, grinned, instructing, "Be silent."

Backed up against the door by Tyrone, his fevered breath cascading down her neck, and his fingers traced her contours.

"But... What about the others... waiting...for us..."

"Let them wait then."

Sabrina fell silent, shut her eyes, clenched her lips, and muffled her moans.

She wasn't sure if it was due to her pregnancy or

Tyrone's adeptness, but her desire had grown recently.

It left her feeling flustered.

She wasn't the person she once was!

"What's on your mind?"

Tyrone observed Sabrina lost in thought.

How could she drift away whilst in his embrace?

Was she thinking about Bradley? Had she grown fond of him?

Was Bradley the one she had been waiting for?

Tyrone's thoughts grew restless, his expression darkening and his grip tightening. His actions grew aggressive.

"Be...gentle!"

With those words, she reached orgasm.

"Hmm..." She couldn't hold back her groans and trembles.

"Alright, time to leave." Tyrone released her at last.

Sabrina clung onto the door, her legs unable to hold her weight. Gathering her strength, she emerged from the stall.

Tyrone was meticulously washing his hands, throwing an occasional glance at Sabrina.

Her face flushed again.

Quickly, she exited the restroom, returned to their private dining room and seated herself.

"Why were you gone so long?" Bradley queried, puzzled.

"I wasn't feeling well." Sabrina found herself resorting to deception.

"You're unwell? Should we head to the hospital?"

"No, it's nothing serious."

Galilea closed her eyes, reflecting on what she had witnessed when she sought Tyrone. How she wished she could kill Sabrina! ①

But she had to restrain herself.

With her fists clenched and a forced smile, Galilea inquired, "Sabrina, what happened to your lip?"

"Bitten by a mosquito."

The assistant director responded, "The weather is colder; there shouldn't be any mosquitoes."

Tyrone returned to his seat. "I apologize. I ran into someone I knew. I greeted them and engaged in a brief chat. I got held up."

"Understandable. You have to converse when you bump into someone," Chains chimed in.

Sabrina stayed silent. His excuse was more credible.

Suddenly, she stiffened, glancing under the table discreetly.

Tyrone was brushing against her leg.

She subtly shifted her position.

The next moment, he was at it again. ②

Meanwhile, he was serving Galilea her favorite food. "I remember you like this. Have more."

Galilea returned a smile. "That's too generous. I won't be able to finish. You should have some."

"Okay."

Sabrina glared at him coldly.

Beneath the table, he only intensified his actions, moving higher up her leg. ①

When did she miss how devious Tyrone could be?

After enduring the torture, lunch finally concluded.

The other four were heading back to the film set.

Galilea, with a grip on Tyrone's sleeve, was hesitant to part ways.

Tyrone ushered Galilea into the car.

Leaning against the car door, Galilea sneaked a glance at Sabrina, suggesting, "Tyrone, my birthday's coming up. I'd like to throw a party..."

