

Chapter 56 Are You Out Of Your Mind

"Given the evidence, Shawn and Stan confessed their plot against you. They will face charges, but their punishment might not be severe as the harm they inflicted was not considerable."

Sabrina, with an air of confusion, inquired, "How could they track my vehicle's license plate and my location?"

"The connection lies in Shawn's job. He is a mechanic at an auto shop, which is where you got your car fixed once. Stan, on the other hand, was tailing you and gained information from a friend regarding your whereabouts."

"Alright, I understand now."

"There's another thing. Their families have expressed the desire to meet with you, hoping for your understanding. Would you agree to see them?"

"I don't want anything from them. My stance is clear. They should face the maximum sentence."

"Understood."

"Thank you. Please keep me updated," Sabrina requested before ending the call.

Tyrone, who had been silently observing, said, "I'll assign Landen to oversee this case. They won't go unpunished."

Landen Bowman was a powerhouse attorney from the legal department of Blakely Group, famous for his legal acumen in the city, boasting an almost perfect win rate.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

The restaurant they were in was splendidly adorned, and soothing piano music echoed through the room.

The two of them sat down, and a waiter promptly presented them with menus.

Tyrone began to read the dishes on the menu until Sabrina interrupted, "There are so many dishes! Will we be able to finish them all?"

"I'm reading them for you," Tyrone reassured her with a grin. "Can you see things clearly now?"

Realizing his intention, Sabrina smiled back. "I can read. It's just a bit blurry."

Seeing an opportunity, the waiter enthusiastically suggested, "We have a popular couple's set meal that's quite popular and worth trying."

Sabrina, after a moment of thought, agreed, "Let's do that."

In a casual tone, Tyrone asked, "How's your vision recovery coming along?"

"It's improving. I can see things much more clearly now."

"The words on the phone..."

Sabrina shook her head and said, "Reading them for too long

gives me a headache. Are there any pressing matters at work?"

"There's no rush," Tyrone reassured her. "You can take more time off."

"Okay." Sabrina glanced around. "This restaurant is really impressive. The pianist's performance is exceptional. I wonder what piece of music they're playing."

"It's Adina by the Water."

Impressed, Sabrina asked, "You know it?"

"I've heard it played before."

"Please enjoy the food."

The waiters served the desserts, steaks, foie gras, and red wine, placing each dish on the table with precision. They uncorked a bottle of red wine and elegantly poured a glass for each of them, ensuring a perfect dining experience.

Tyrone raised his glass and gazed at Sabrina seated before him.

Understanding his intention, Sabrina clinked her glass against his and took a sip of the wine. 🕒

Tyrone helped Sabrina cut her steak before placing the plate before her.

"Thank you."

Tyrone locked eyes with her, his gaze filled with warmth, and replied, "You're welcome."

After dinner, the two of them strolled out of the restaurant,

their fingers intertwined.

A gentle breeze brushed against them, bringing a sense of clarity to their minds.

Tyrone turned to face Sabrina and asked, "Shall we head home?"

"Why don't we walk a bit more? It's good for digestion." There was a glimmer of anticipation in Sabrina's eyes. ①

"Sure."

The two strolled down the street, their hands entwined, their shoulders brushing against each other.

The place was teeming with energy as the street overflowed with a sea of people.

In spite of their silence, they appeared no different from the joyful couples engaged in conversation and laughter.

Amidst the city's bustle, Sabrina found peace.

She cherished the moment, hoping that life would continue in this blissful way indefinitely.

"Hey, take a look at that man over there. He's quite handsome, isn't he?"

A couple walked past the two, and the girl glanced back at Tyrone, whispering to her boyfriend.


The man raised his eyebrows. "Why are you checking out other guys when you're on a date with me?"

The girl mumbled, "But you were just staring at that woman

earlier!"

The boy retorted, "I just took a quick glance at her. You were staring at that man multiple times. Humph! Am I not handsome enough for you?"

Giggling, the girl clung to her boyfriend's arm and playfully whispered, "You're so handsome, the handsomest of them all."

Upon hearing those words, Sabrina couldn't help but burst into fits of laughter. 

"What's so funny?" Tyrone turned his gaze to her in confusion. Gently gripping Tyrone's arm, Sabrina looked up at him with excitement in her eyes and suggested, "Hey, there's a dance hall right in front of us. Wanna go inside and check it out?"

"Alright." Tyrone's Adam's apple bobbed.

Hand in hand, the two of them stepped into the dance hall.

Inside the dance hall, they were met with soft music and dancing couples.

Along the edges of the dance floor, several booths were set up, with guests comfortably seated.

Catching Sabrina's gaze drifting to the people on the dancing floor, Tyrone wore a grin as he proposed, "Do you want to dance?"

Sabrina responded with a slight pout, "I'm not really sure how to."

"I can teach you."

A spark lit up in Sabrina's eyes.

She extended her hand, which Tyrone gladly accepted.

With a captivating smile, Tyrone guided Sabrina onto the dance floor. "Rest your hand on my shoulder and just mimic my steps."

Swaying gently to the rhythm of the mellow tunes, their dance was more charming than polished.

Tyrone bent down a little, rhythmically whispering the beat into her ear.

His warm breath on her skin made Sabrina instinctively retract her neck.

Doing her best to keep in sync, she unfortunately stepped on his shoe, leaving a clear imprint.

"I didn't mean to." Raising her gaze, her eyes reflected her mortification.

Tyrone only responded with a warm smile and a comforting whisper. "No worries at all."

Sabrina was momentarily taken aback.

The lights cast a glow on the dance floor, accentuating his striking features, making him look like an exquisite antique statue.

His subtle smile and captivating eyes ensnared her attention.

"What? Caught in my charm?" ③

"No!" Sabrina quickly denied, her gaze dropping in embarrassment, nearly tripping over her own foot. ①

Tyrone couldn't help but chuckle, causing Sabrina's ears to

flush in embarrassment.

As the moments passed, her movements became increasingly fluid.

Her dress flowed around her, embodying her graceful dance.

Tyrone held her petite waist as she moved with elegance.

"Do you know how to dance now?" Tyrone gently inquired.

"Yes."

Suddenly, someone bumped into her, which sent her off balance, crashing into his chest.

Tyrone was quick to secure his arms around her waist. "Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine."

"Apologies, miss." The man who had bumped into her sheepishly admitted his fault.

"Don't worry." Her lips curled into a smile.

"Please, take a seat." Observing the glisten of perspiration on her brow, Tyrone escorted her from the dance floor.

"Sure."

They located an empty booth and settled in.

Tyrone excused himself to the restroom.

A young man boasting colorful hair approached their table, wine glass in hand, and queried, "May I have the pleasure of inviting you to dance?"

Declining his invitation, Sabrina said, "My apologies. I need a bit of rest."

The stranger took a seat opposite Sabrina and gestured for the waiter. He procured a glass of wine from the passing tray and slid it to Sabrina. "A drink, perhaps?"

Sabrina was adamant. "Sorry, but I can't drink." ③

"I notice you're sitting alone. Mind if I keep you company? Let me introduce myself. I'm Malcom. Ever heard of Aston Real Estate Company? It's my father's. And your name is, miss?" The man presented an overly proud look.

He was confident in his understanding of women. Though they might appear high-minded, a hint of his wealthy background would soon have them fawning.

"My name is..."

"Mr. Aston?"

Someone tapped Malcom on the shoulder from behind.

Spinning around, Malcom's demeanor shifted instantly. He quickly rose and said, "Mr. Blakely, didn't expect to see you here! Care to join us for a drink?"

"No. What are you talking about?" Tyrone inquired nonchalantly.

"Oh, no big deal. I was merely getting acquainted with this young lady."

Taking a seat next to Sabrina, Tyrone said, "Allow me to introduce my sister, Sabrina." ②

The smile on Malcom's face froze. Offering an apologetic smile to Sabrina, he said, "Ah, please forgive me."

"Let's leave." Tyrone extended his hand to Sabrina.

"Okay." Sabrina rose alongside him.

"Goodbye."

Malcom accompanied them to the door of the dance hall.

Exiting hand in hand, Tyrone cautioned her, "Malcom Aston isn't someone to be trusted. Maintain your distance."

Smiling at Tyrone, Sabrina said, "But he seemed alright. Why do you say he's untrustworthy?"

Tyrone's expression became grave. "Do you really think he'd reveal his true colors? You've only met him once. How well do you know him?" ②

"I understand." Sabrina nodded, choosing not to argue.

They made their way to the restaurant's parking lot.

Tyrone opened the passenger door for Sabrina and then entered the vehicle himself.

"Sabrina."

Hearing her name, Sabrina secured her seat belt. Looking up, she found Tyrone's gaze on her, his face gradually drawing near.

His eyes held an air of enigma and depth.

Sabrina held her breath, watching his attractive face inch closer.

As his warm breath caressed her face, she felt a tingling sensation, causing her to close her eyes. ③