

Chapter 194 It's You Who Can't Be Exposed

Tyrone escorted Sabrina to the hospital.

While on their way, Sabrina texted Bettie, saying, "Bettie, are you all right? I've been injured. I'm headed to the hospital now. Wait for me at the hotel."

Bettie responded with a disaster survivor emoji, quickly adding, "I'm fine." She went on, "Oh my God, these fans are insane! Are your injuries severe?"

"I'm fine. Don't worry," Sabrina assured her.

"Are you going to the hospital by yourself? Where are you now? I can accompany you."

Sabrina looked over at Tyrone, who was seated at the wheel, and said, "I've left the airport. Go back to the hotel and wait for me."

A moment later, Bettie texted, "Sabrina, I thought I saw Tyrone just now!"

Sabrina's heart fluttered. She glanced at Tyrone guiltily, as if caught in a lie. "I believe you must be mistaken. How could he be here?"

After hitting send, Sabrina's eyes stayed fixed on the screen, her nerves on edge.

"Perhaps I was wrong. Let's drop this. The bus is arriving soon. I'll wait for you at the hotel."

"Okay," Sabrina replied before taking a deep breath to calm herself.

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Additionally, she had many bruises, for which the doctor prescribed a ointment.

As Tyrone handed her the ointment, he said, "Come on. I'll drive you back to the hotel."

Sabrina glanced at the ointment but said nothing, and Tyrone, feigning indifference, pocketed it.

"Give me the ointment. I can go back on my own."

Tyrone glared at her, his expression unkind. "So you don't need me anymore, and you're dismissing me?"

Sabrina avoided his gaze, feigning confidence. "I've been examined. It's nothing serious. I can return to the hotel alone. If you drive me back, Bettie will see us."

"So what? We can't be seen together?"

"It's you who mustn't be seen."

Tyrone smiled. "Well, let's rephrase that. I wish to return to the hotel and give you a ride. Is that acceptable?"

Sabrina was at a loss for words.

How could she not realize that Tyrone, having followed her, would surely stay at the same hotel?

Once at the hotel, Sabrina, standing at her room's door, told Tyrone, "I'm here. You can go now."

Tyrone remained still. "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

"I will not!" Sabrina declared, shaking her head.

"You have injuries on your back. How will you apply the medicine?"

"I'll ask Bettie." Sabrina stared at Tyrone, ensuring he didn't overstep his bounds.

"You may enter now. I'll leave once you're inside." Tyrone, left with no choice, handed the ointment to Sabrina.

She looked at him cautiously, accepting it. "Really?"

"Yes."

Sabrina used her room card, and with a beep, the door opened.

As she turned to say something to Tyrone, she felt a force from behind her.

Bang! The door closed.

Regaining her senses, Sabrina found herself pinned against the door by Tyrone.

"Tyrone! You deceived me again!" she yelled angrily.

She swore that if she trusted Tyrone once more, she'd be a fool.

A triumphant smile flashed across Tyrone's eyes. Raising a finger to his lips, he whispered, "Shush."

Sabrina was about to say something, but Bettie's voice came from outside. "Sabrina, are you back? How's your wound?"

Silenced, Sabrina stared at Tyrone.

For a moment, she heard Bettie murmur, "What's wrong? Did I hear it wrong?"

When Bettie retreated to her room, Sabrina shoved Tyrone, exclaiming, "Get out!"

Unperturbed, Tyrone took the ointment and sat on the sofa. "I'll apply the medicine for you. After that, I'll leave."

Sabrina was left speechless.

"If you want to spend more time with me, you can keep refusing me," Tyrone said, his face emotionless.

Sabrina's cold stare was her only response.

Reluctantly, she placed a box of cotton swabs on the table, and sat beside Tyrone, raising her dress to her knees.

Her flawless calves were marred with bruises, including a mark where a high-heeled shoe seemed to have stepped, breaking the skin.

Tyrone's eyes softened, his fingers gently brushing Sabrina's injured calf. "Does it hurt?"

Truth be told, it didn't hurt unless pressed, but Tyrone's touch tickled her, sending chills down her spine.

"Hurry up!"

His face darkening, Tyrone applied the ointment with a touch too firm.

"Oh," Sabrina gasped, surprised by the pain. "Tyrone, be gentle!"

"I'm sorry. You said hurry up, and I didn't control my strength," Tyrone replied, squeezing out more ointment with deliberate slowness.

Sabrina glared at him, convinced he had done it on purpose.

The cool ointment soothed her skin, and as she looked up, she saw Tyrone's serious face, his concentration making him look as though he were handling something important.

From her perspective, his eyelashes seemed long and thick, his nose straight, his features clear.

Suddenly, Tyrone looked up, catching her eye.

Quickly looking away, Sabrina feigned disinterest.

"We are done with the medicine on your legs. Is there any other injury except on your back?" Tyrone asked, smiling.

"No."

"Then lie prone on the sofa."

Lying down, Sabrina had a sudden realization and saw Tyrone reaching for her dress. Jumping to her feet, she exclaimed, "I'm fine on my back. You don't need to help me apply medicine. You can leave now."

"Don't try to be brave. I promise I won't take advantage of you."

Sabrina hesitated.

Without further ado, Tyrone pushed her down, saying, "Don't think too much. I've seen it all before. Let me take care of your wound."

She knew Tyrone was shameless.

As her dress was lifted, she felt a chill, especially on her thighs and buttocks.

After applying the cool ointment, Tyrone tossed aside the cotton swab and started to look at her bare back.

A few seconds later, realization dawned on Sabrina, her face flushing with anger and embarrassment.

"Tyrone! Get out!" she yelled, hurling a pillow at him.

Tyrone's amused smile met Sabrina's fury. He caught the pillow and tossed it back onto the sofa.

She thrown it again, and he caught it again, saying, "Don't be angry. I'll go out right now."

He placed the pillow down and turned to leave.

"Stop!" Sabrina suddenly called.

Tyrone stopped, eyeing Sabrina curiously. "You don't want to part with me, do you?"

Her mouth twitched. "Dream on!"

Standing up, she approached Tyrone, saying seriously, "Tyrone, for the sake of you saving me this time, I won't blame you for lying to me. Go back immediately and don't follow me anymore."

