

## Chapter 33 Be Gentle

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Sabrina motioned to the bathroom and stated, "I'm done. You can freshen up now."

Tyrone grabbed his sleepwear and made his way into the bathroom.

The scent of the body wash lingered in the air.

It was identical to Sabrina's personal fragrance.

The scent engulfed his senses and left his mind in a state of turmoil.

Tyrone's body temperature began to rise. He shut his eyes, unable to resist recollections of their previous intimate moments.

Meanwhile, Sabrina sat on the bed, absorbed by her phone. As she got ready to go to sleep, she noticed the prolonged silence in the bathroom. There was no sound of running water.

Raising an eyebrow, Sabrina peeled back the covers and got out of bed. Approaching the bathroom door, she could faintly discern heavy breaths from within.

A moment later, the realization hit Sabrina. Flushed, she quickly retreated to the bed.

After a while, water began to run, continuing until Tyrone emerged from the bathroom.

She sensed his return to the bed.

Shortly after, she slipped into sleep.

In her half-asleep state, she thought she heard a deep, ragged breath close to her ear.

Awakening, she realized the sound wasn't a figment of her dream, but came from Tyrone, lying next to her.

Under the soft glow of the moon, Sabrina turned to him, questioning, "Tyrone, aren't you sleeping?"

"No," Tyrone said in a raspy voice.

"Why are you blushing?" Sabrina asked as her hand moved to feel his forehead. It felt feverish.

"Tyrone, do you have a fever? Are you alright?" Sabrina sat upright instantly.

Her hands were cold.

Tyrone instinctively grabbed her hands, pressing them to his face. His eyes, heavy with desire, sought hers in the dark.

"I don't have a fever. Something's off with the soup I had earlier tonight."

The soup had likely been a tonic. Possibly with aphrodisiac effects.

Catching on, Sabrina questioned, "So... what do we do now?"

Tyrone rose, abruptly pushing her underneath him, their eyes locked.

Attempting to control himself, he frowned, beads of sweat visible on his forehead.

His breath was unnaturally warm.

After a moment's pause, Sabrina's arms wound around his neck, her fingers playing with the hair at his nape as she murmured, "Be gentle." ③

With a determined look, Tyrone drew a deep breath, nestling his head in her neck.

Abruptly, he left the bed and moved swiftly to the bathroom.

"Tyrone?"

"Just sleep. I need to shower."

Tyrone retreated to the bathroom and Sabrina could hear water shortly after.

Back in the bed, she was engulfed by a wave of embarrassment.

She had only wanted to alleviate his discomfort, but he didn't seem to appreciate it.

Rather than accepting her help, he chose to endure his situation, preferring a cold shower to preserve his loyalty to Galilea.

It had been her misguided hope.

She wrapped herself in the covers, turning on her side and shutting her eyes.

The sound of water cascading from the bathroom felt like cold droplets piercing her heart.

Even then, she couldn't help worrying about him catching a cold in the shower.

She instantly dismissed this thought.

Like he had once eaten spicy food, compromising his health for Galilea, he seemed willing to do it again.

He showed little concern for his own well-being. Why should she intrude?

Shortly, the water ceased.

The bathroom door swung open with a creak.

The sound of soft steps neared.

A rustling echoed from behind her, followed by a dip in the bed.

A cool breeze swept in, causing her to tighten her hold on the quilt. "Feeling better now?"

"Hmm," Tyrone responded, his voice soft. "Go to sleep."

Sabrina said no more.

The room fell silent, save for the rhythm of their breathing.

Sabrina couldn't tell if Tyrone had fallen asleep. She lay motionless, her sleepiness dissipated, her mind alert.

The prolonged stillness made her body feel rigid. She shifted her position.

After what felt like forever, Tyrone coughed, his low voice probing, "Sabrina?"

She didn't reply.

Taking a deep breath, Tyrone delicately lifted the quilt, got up, and paced to the bathroom.

The sound of water filled the silence once again.

In a moment, Tyrone emerged from the bathroom, clad in a bath towel, and adjusted his position on the bed.

"Did I wake you?" he queried, sitting on the bed's edge.

"No." Sabrina shook her head.

"Can't sleep?"

"Uh-huh."

"Want me to tell a German story?"

"That would be nice, thank you."

He was fluent in four languages, including Chinese, English, Japanese, and German.

He'd often narrate German stories when she struggled to sleep.

She didn't comprehend German, but his calming voice was soothing.

Tyrone's low, magnetic voice filled the room.

Sabrina focused on his words, pushing away her thoughts.

After a while, Sabrina's regular breathing halted. He asked softly, "Sabrina?"

No response.

She was asleep.

Tyrone tucked her in, shut his eyes, and fell asleep.

In the midst of her slumber, Sabrina's phone rang. Half-asleep, she picked up the phone and answered, "Who's this?"

With a beep, the caller disconnected without a word.

Blinking against the phone's glow, Sabrina noticed it was

Tyrone's phone.

Now wide awake, she noted the caller ID.

It was Galilea.

She had unintentionally answered Tyrone's call.

"I'm sorry. I picked up your call by accident. It was Galilea. You might want to call her back." She quickly woke Tyrone.


A glance at his call log confirmed it. Taking his phone, Tyrone rose and made a call to Galilea as he headed to the bathroom.

The call was cut short.

Galilea was clearly upset.

In haste, Tyrone dressed and moved to the door. "I have to go. I'll send the driver to get you."

Sabrina watched his hurried exit, a bitter smile playing on her lips.

He really did care about Galilea. 

"Ahem." Wanda's voice came from the door as she knocked. "Sabrina, are you awake? I just saw Tyrone leave in a hurry. He didn't even have breakfast. What's the rush?"

"Grandma, I'm awake. I'll be out shortly."

Sabrina rose to get dressed.

Meanwhile, Tyrone had been waiting outside Galilea's home for two hours.

Finally, Julia opened the door, allowing Tyrone entry, and warned in a hushed voice, "Galilea's not doing well. Try not to upset her."

"Okay." Approaching the bedroom, Tyrone knocked gently. "Galilea, are you there?"

"I'm not." A defiant voice echoed from within.

Ignoring the retort, Tyrone opened the door and entered. Spotting Galilea perched on the windowsill, he exclaimed, "Galilea, be careful!"

Tears shimmered in her eyes as Galilea managed a bitter smile. "Tyrone, my only wish was to spend my life with you. But even that simple wish seems impossible now. What's left for me to live for?" ☹