

## Chapter 38 Irreparable

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Tyrone's face fell stiff as he tightened his lips, a clear sign of his displeasure.

Sabrina had developed strong feelings for Bradley, to the point where she was willing to compromise her own principles for him.

"Is there something more?" Sabrina questioned him.

"What did you do last night?"

"I don't owe you an explanation."

She echoed the words Tyrone had once thrown at her, returning the same sentiment.

Tyrone's brow furrowed. He rubbed the bridge of his nose, his voice growing stern. "Sabrina, don't rush into things!"

Clearly, her affection for him was so profound that she was unable to heed any advice.

He wished nothing but joy for Sabrina, but Bradley, in his opinion, was a terrible fit for her. ②

"What makes you think I'm rushing?"

"I just worry about you. Bradley might not be the one for you. I hope you'll think this through. Don't act in a way you'll regret later."

"You think I'll regret? What are you implying? Having an affair?" She arched her brow, questioning him.

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"You think I'll regret? What are you implying? Having an affair?" She arched her brow, questioning him.

Tyrone remained quiet.

"Rest assured, I won't betray you until we officially separate. But you... You've been unfaithful for quite some time." With a sneer, Sabrina turned around and left him behind.

Coming from a humble and honest background, she had already formed her moral compass when she joined the Blakely family at sixteen.

Being unfaithful to her husband was unthinkable for Sabrina. Moral boundaries, she thought, were imposed on common folk like her, not on the wealthy elite.

In the world of high society, infidelity was commonplace.

Tyrone himself was a product of an extramarital affair.

Staring at the closed glass door, Tyrone managed a bitter laugh.

Sabrina's words stung him.

She knew him too well.

He wouldn't make the same mistakes as his parents.

His office phone interrupted his thoughts.

Collecting himself, Tyrone straightened up, picked up the receiver, and asked, "Yes, what is it?"

"Do you have a moment, Mr. Blakely?" Kylan inquired. "There are a few points that Cade wants to confirm with you about the Orihonor Corporation contract."

Tyrone glanced at his watch before replying, "Send him in."

"Alright."

A knock resonated through the room. Cade, the attorney, pushed the door open and greeted, "Mr. Blakely."

"Have a seat," Tyrone gestured to the chair in front of him.

"Mr. Blakely, regarding our deal with Orihonor Group, I have a couple of queries..."

Cade, having settled across Tyrone, opened his portfolio and started shooting questions.

Tyrone responded appropriately.

Suddenly, Cade's phone started to ring.

Quickly retrieving his phone, Cade was about to decline the call when he noticed the caller ID.

It was from the police station.

"Answer it," Tyrone advised, putting his pen down.

"Thank you, Mr. Blakely."

Stepping aside, Cade picked up the call.

The policeman asked, "Is this Cade Hobbes? We've gone through the CCTV footage from the dinner. Sabrina Chavez had a brief interaction with our suspect, Abigail Bensen. According to Abigail, she got into an argument with Sabrina, which resulted in her pushing her. Can your client come down to the station for questioning? If she can't, we could send someone over to the hospital..."

"Sure, officer. Sabrina is doing well now. I'll inform her right away and ask her to come to the station."

After hanging up, Cade approached Tyrone and apologized. "I'm sorry, Mr. Blakely. Shall we continue?"

"No worries. What's up with Sabrina?" Tyrone asked casually.

Cade answered, "Last night at the charity dinner, Sabrina was pushed into the pool by a woman. She was rushed to the hospital, and she wanted me to help with the police investigation. The suspect has been apprehended, and Sabrina needs to answer a few questions at the station."

Tyrone nodded, gesturing to the documents on the table. "Proceed."

"Where were we? Ah..."

Twenty minutes later, Cade had sorted through the documents and packed them neatly into the folder.

"Mr. Blakely, I'm leaving now."

"Sure."

As Cade was heading out, Tyrone called out to him. "No need to go see Sabrina. I'll inform her."

"Okay, thank you, Mr. Blakely."

Cade exited the office.

A few moments later, there was a knock at the door.

Engrossed in her work, Sabrina acknowledged without looking up. "Come in."

Footsteps filled the room.

"What do you need?"

A prolonged silence met her question. Looking up, Sabrina was surprised to find Tyrone standing before her desk, eyeing her.

Startled, Sabrina stood up. "Mr. Blakely, what brings you here?"

"I'm here with a message from Cade. The police wish to ask you some questions," Tyrone informed her.

"Alright. I'll go as soon as I wrap up my work. Anything else?"

"Why didn't you inform me?"


Sabrina met his eyes steadily. "It's nothing major. I didn't think you needed to know."

"Sabrina!"

"What is it?"

"I care about you. Why do you seem so distant?" Tyrone frowned. ☹️

"You and Galilea left without a word last night. You had all

night to call and inform me or check if I got home safe. But you didn't. What's the point of your concern now? I'm fine." 

She felt like nothing more than a plaything to him, someone he'd remember only when bored.

Abigail's words echoed in Sabrina's head, asking if wealthy men like Tyrone were generous.

She now had an answer. He had supported her for three years, given her twenty million, and two villas.

She had more than enough to live comfortably for the rest of her life.

Tyrone chose silence.

The room fell quiet.

Adjusting his collar, Tyrone took a seat on the couch. "I'm sorry. Were you hurt apart from falling into the water last night?"

"No." Sabrina shook her head.

"I just wanted to tell you, Galilea suddenly fell ill yesterday..." Tyrone explained subconsciously

He paused, choosing not to continue further.

At the mention of this, Sabrina remembered seeing medical reports at home.

Had Galilea contracted some illness?

She couldn't recall any visible signs of ill health in Galilea's online posts.

Tyrone said to her, "Let's go. I'll accompany you to the police

station."

"No, I can handle it myself."

"I'm accompanying you anyway," Tyrone insisted.

The two of them exited the office one after the other and headed to the elevator.

When Evelyn exited her office for a restroom break, she glimpsed the two of them departing together. A momentary pang of jealousy darted through her face.

Since the emergency the last time, Sabrina had managed to mend her relationship with Tyrone. Nonetheless, each time she ventured into his office for task updates, he exhibited a chilly and remote demeanor.

Sabrina was more formidable than she had given her credit for!

After mulling it over, Evelyn composed a quick text to Galilea.

Next, they made their way to the underground parking lot, joining Tyrone in his vehicle.

The driver ignited the engine and was set to depart when Tyrone's phone chimed.

Casting a swift glance at the display, he wavered briefly, then finally took the call. "Yes, Galilea, what seems to be the matter? Understood. I'll get there as soon as possible."

He concluded the call, turning to Sabrina with an apologetic expression. "Regrettably, Sabrina, I can't accompany you to the police station now. I'll have the driver take you instead."

"Fine," Sabrina responded icily.

Once Galilea's name had been mentioned, she had anticipated this turn of events.

She had attempted to prevent him from leaving, but instead, she ended up humiliating herself.

She couldn't sway his decision, so she resolved not to bother at all.

Studying the serene look on Sabrina's face, Tyrone pursed his lips. An odd sensation fluttered in his chest, causing unexplainable disquiet.

Collecting himself, he unbuckled, swung the door open and stepped out. Subsequently, he entered a different car and drove away.

