

## Chapter 39 Silence

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The car made its way to the hospital, where Tyrone pulled into the parking area, tracked down the office of the psychologist, and knocked.

"Ah, Mr. Blakely, you've arrived. The assessment of Ms. Clifford has been completed today. I regret to tell you her condition is deteriorating, not improving. I have just administered a sedative and she's now resting."

Tyrone, with a stern expression, responded, "I understand."

"I hope you'll take this seriously. She was making progress until a couple of days ago when her state abruptly worsened. We could be looking at a severe depressive episode, which is always challenging to manage."

"Understood." A nod came from Tyrone.

The deterioration in her condition was likely due to her discovering his marital status.

He approached her bedside, examining her pallid features, guilt welling up inside him.

She was once such a mild and sweet girl, but now, due to his actions, she was struggling with mental illness, her personality transformed, even having made several suicide attempts. He couldn't fail her. ☹

Taking a seat next to her bed, Tyrone settled in.

After a significant passage of time, Galilea slowly stirred



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After a significant passage of time, Galilea slowly stirred awake. "Tyrone, is that you? Am I dreaming? Why are you here?"

"It's me, Galilea. I came to visit you," Tyrone replied with a gentle smile.

Lifting her gaze to him, Galilea softly requested, "Tyrone, could you take a day off from work tomorrow to go shopping with me?"

"Of course."

Upon returning from the police station, Sabrina resumed her duties.

From her watch post, Evelyn spotted Sabrina coming back alone, a self-satisfied grin taking over her face.

Around noon, a call came from Wanda. "So, Sabrina, how did it go? Did you attend the charity dinner last night? How was it?"

Her voice implied she wasn't aware of Galilea's attendance at the same event.

Sabrina responded with a smile, "It was pleasant. They served delicious desserts."

Laughing, Wanda probed, "So the desserts caught your attention? Didn't you get Tyrone to purchase any jewelry for you?"

"Tyrone did get me a bracelet. It's exquisite."

"That's wonderful. Bring it by sometime so I can see this bracelet for myself." Wanda was thrilled, concluding that Tyrone had finally made a wise decision.

"Sure."

"Also, Sabrina, I have a pair of tickets for a performance at the Grand Theatre tomorrow night. A renowned dance group will be visiting. A friend gave me the tickets, but I'm not really into such events. You could take Tyrone along. I'm sure you youngsters would enjoy it."

"Well..."

It was apparent that Wanda was scheming to bring them closer.

Sabrina was unsure if this was good or bad.

Seeing Sabrina's hesitation, Wanda immediately chimed in, "Don't worry, I'll talk to Tyrone. He will accompany you."

"Alright then..."

Tyrone returned to the company at some point, sending her a message. "Hold on for me. We'll head home together after work."

Sabrina responded, "Sure."

As she was about to turn off her phone, a message from Bettie popped up.

"Sabrina, would you like to go shopping tomorrow? It's Saturday, right?"

She realized that she hadn't shopped for a while. Besides, with the upcoming release of new seasonal fashion, she might get busier.

She wrote back, "Sure. What time shall we meet?"

"Let's meet at Goldfair Square at nine."

"Sounds good."

After work, Sabrina and Tyrone left together.

"Did you manage to sort out the situation at the police station?" Tyrone asked.

"Yes, it's all settled now."

"Did Grandma mention to you about the dance performance we're attending tomorrow night?"

Sabrina turned to him, questioning, "You agreed to it?"


"Hmm."

"Have you considered that this might not be best? If she discovers our divorce someday, her heartbreak would be even greater. You should not have agreed. At the very least, you could occasionally say no."

Tyrone scoffed, "Why didn't you say no?"

"I didn't initiate the divorce. Why should I be the bad guy?"

"But you want the divorce as well, don't you? So, what's the difference?"

Tyrone's words left Sabrina speechless. 

Choosing to steer the conversation away from the subject, Sabrina announced, "I have plans tomorrow. We'll meet at the Grand Theatre."

"As you wish."

Tyrone shifted his gaze to the window.

The car eased its way into the villa, and the pair disembarked, one after the other.

"Sir, madam, welcome home."

The housekeeper expressed surprise. She was aware of the tension between them and seldom saw them returning together these days.

"What's for dinner?" Sabrina inquired.

The housekeeper told them what they were going to eat.

"Sounds good."

Tyrone retreated upstairs, while Sabrina settled onto the sofa and switched on the television.

She wasn't fond of watching TV, but the noise made the house feel more like a home.

After a bit, Tyrone descended the stairs.

Sabrina glanced up, noticing his fresh pajamas and a few loose strands of hair falling over his forehead. His tidy neck hair gave him a youthful appearance.

As Tyrone was about to head to the armchair, Sabrina signaled to him by patting her shoulder. He turned around and stood behind her. "Feeling worn out lately?"

"Hmm." She nodded.

For a while, Tyrone's large hands worked on her shoulders, kneading the tension away. "Jordan opened a new resort just outside town. We could consider taking a vacation there once your work settles down."

"We'll see."

They should've been divorced by then.

Tyrone remained silent. He continued massaging her shoulders for a while longer before asking, "Feeling better now?"


"Yes."

His skill was impressive, likely honed over the past three years of their marriage.

Shortly, the housekeeper served the meal.

They seated themselves at the table, and Tyrone served Sabrina a dumpling.

"Thank you." A thought occurred to Sabrina, and she asked, "Where's my gift?"

Tyrone hesitated, appearing slightly embarrassed. "Galilea mentioned she really liked the bracelet..." 

Sabrina's heart ached a little, but she forced a smile and said, "That's alright. I don't need the jewelry. You can give it to her."

She could let go of her husband; a piece of jewelry was nothing in comparison.

"I'll get you another one next time. Or if there's any specific jewelry you want, I can buy it for you."

"We'll see," Sabrina replied nonchalantly, proceeding to eat.

Observing her expression, Tyrone cast his gaze downward.

The atmosphere turned a little awkward.

After finishing her meal slowly, Sabrina announced, "I'm done. I'll head upstairs now."

"Alright."

Tyrone watched her ascend, his grip on his fork tightening.

After the quiet dinner, he returned to his room to fetch his wallet, pulled out the black card from within, and made his way to the master bedroom.

"Sabrina..."

He halted mid-sentence, taken aback by the sight in the bedroom.

The bedroom appeared significantly emptier, with numerous items noticeably absent.

He scrutinized the surroundings and noticed that numerous daily necessities belonging to Sabrina were no longer present.

No one was in the bed.

Had Sabrina moved out of the master bedroom? ①

But why? ③

Leaving the bedroom, Tyrone called her name while he checked each of the guest rooms.

The first guest bedroom was dark and vacant.

So was the second one.

The lights were on in the third room. Sabrina's belongings were scattered around. The bed was neatly made with a soft quilt, and Sabrina was on it, engrossed in her phone.

"What happened?"

