

## Chapter 41 I Don't Love Her

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When Sabrina's gaze fell upon Galilea, her heart jolted. Swiftly turning her eyes away, she elbowed Bettie gently.

Bettie, too, spotted the pair not too far off. Her radiant smile morphed into one of scorn.

In unison, they greeted, "Mr. Blakely."

Tyrone returned the nod.

As it turned out, Sabrina wasn't planning to meet her lover today, but rather Bettie.

"Sabrina, Bettie." Galilea's surprise at seeing them was unmistakable. She hastily tried to explain to Sabrina, "Sabrina, I didn't expect to see you here. I apologize. Tyrone and I..."

Tyrone observed the worried expression on Galilea's face, a stark contrast to the serene demeanor she possessed when she first returned from overseas. A pang of guilt washed over him.

Her transformation was a consequence of her discovery of his marital status.

She longed to stay with him, but her conscience kept reminding her that she was intruding on someone's marital life, leading her to often wallow in guilt and confusion, which further exacerbated her depressive state.

"You needn't explain. I understand. Continue your shopping. We won't intrude," Sabrina said, reaching out for Bettie's hand,

preparing to leave.

Bettie, however, had other plans. She asked with a sly grin, "Galilea, who did your makeup today? It's beautiful."

"I did it myself," Galilea replied, looking puzzled.

"Your skills are commendable, even surpassing Regina's. Wouldn't you agree?"

Galilea's discomfort was visible.

"Galilea, if you lack an eye for beauty, it's advisable to heed the advice of professionals. Don't be overly confident and risk others being criticized for your errors."

Galilea looked down, biting her lower lip, her face drained of color.

"Come on, Sabrina," Bettie said, leading Sabrina away.

"I was unaware, Tyrone. I had no idea things would unravel this way." Galilea cried, throwing herself into Tyrone's arms. "Evelyn was managing the public relations that day. We had no clue she would act as she did. I need to apologize to Sabrina. I'm ready to part ways with you if it helps her forgive me. I've already burdened her enough. Why did I return? I shouldn't have. I'm leaving..."

Tyrone wrapped his arms around her, soothing her, "It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself. Don't let it weigh on you. You haven't wronged Sabrina. I don't love her; I want a divorce. Even if you weren't in the picture, I'd still divorce her. I only married her because I was set up and my grandfather forced me." 🕒

The store attendant stood off to the side, unsure of how to

react.

At the next store, Sabrina noticed that her black card was missing.

She remembered using it at the clothing store earlier and only visited a jewelry store afterward.

She asked Bettie to wait while she went back to find her card. No sooner had she stepped back into the store than she heard Tyrone's words. "You haven't wronged Sabrina. I don't love her; I want a divorce. Even if you weren't in the picture, I'd still divorce her. I only married her because I was set up and my grandfather forced me."

Sabrina felt an icy chill envelop her, her body stiffening.

Galilea glanced at Sabrina and asked Tyrone, "Really? So, you don't love her but love me?"

"I don't love her. I love you."

The store attendant offered an awkward smile.

Their conversation was loaded with revelations. And the woman who seemed to be the gentleman's wife was standing still, overhearing his admission.

"I don't love her. I love you."

Though Sabrina knew all along that Tyrone didn't love her, hearing him express it so blatantly felt like a knife twisting in her heart. Ⓛ

Tyrone had mentioned wanting a divorce after returning from a business trip.

But since his return, neither of them had brought it up.

Sabrina clung to the hope that their marriage could be prolonged, even wishing that Tyrone would forget about his intention entirely.

But wishful thinking could only go so far.

Perhaps Tyrone had forgotten, but he would remember someday, and they would have to face it.

She wondered if Tyrone would have ever loved her if he hadn't met Galilea.

Now she had a clear answer in her mind.

Even if Galilea were absent, Tyrone would never develop an attraction to her.

An unsuspecting sales assistant approached her, querying, "Ma'am, are you searching for your card? I noticed a bank card fall from your pocket as I neared the door. I picked it up for you."

The store attendant handed the card back to Sabrina.

Gratefully accepting it, Sabrina responded, "Much appreciated."

Sabrina turned, opened the door, and strode out.

Upon hearing the voice, Tyrone turned around and caught sight of Sabrina's retreating figure, displaying a sense of solitude and determination.

A sudden pang of unease hit him.

"Tyrone, what caught your eye?"

"Nothing." Tyrone averted his gaze and shook his head, denying any lingering sentiment.

Gripping the black card firmly, Sabrina sucked in a deep breath and approached Bettie. "Bettie, let's find another place."

They strolled through the fourth floor, browsing and purchasing handbags and jewelry.

After an exhausting spree, they sought out a restaurant on the fifth floor to satiate their hunger. After lunch, they journeyed to the sixth floor for a film. The day carried on with more shopping, until they finally paused for an evening meal at five.

Throughout the meal, Sabrina was so engrossed that she failed to notice the hot oil that burned her hand.

"Sabrina! Your hand!" In haste, Bettie grabbed a stack of napkins, mopping up the hot oil from Sabrina's hand.

A harsh red mark marred the back of her hand.

"Does it hurt? Are you alright? Should we go to the hospital? Sabrina?" ☹

Shaking her head with a tender smile, Sabrina reassured, "I'm fine. I'll just use some cream once we're back."

Bettie murmured, "What were you thinking just now?"

"I was lost in thought. I'm going to the restroom."

After cooling her scald under cold water, Sabrina shut the tap and noticed a figure next to her in the mirror's reflection. Sabrina moved past her.

"Sabrina, I need to discuss Tyrone with you," Galilea uttered with a smile.

"What's there to discuss? Go on." Sabrina appeared nonchalant.

"In fact, I only found out that you are married a few days ago."

"So, you're considering leaving him?" Sabrina couldn't help a chuckle.

She didn't believe Galilea's words about just finding out a few days ago.

Julia had been agitating her since their business partnership commenced.

As partners, it served them no good to be enemies unless there were substantial gains at stake.

Galilea's expression stiffened.

"So you're not intending to leave him. What do you wish to discuss then? Do you want me to leave him?"

Regaining her composure, Galilea replied, "Sabrina, no need to be so aggressive. Tyrone and I share a lengthy past."

"I'm not interested in your shared history," Sabrina answered.

"No, you're just too scared to confront our past. Sabrina, you need to acknowledge it. You simply lack the courage to confront the relationship between Tyrone and me. You hold him in high regard, but he and I are equals. We attended college together, grew and matured side by side, and experienced various events together. You have no idea about the bond and connection we share." ③