

Chapter 42 How Cruel You Are

Sabrina's hands balled into fists, a bitter taste lining her heart. Galilea's words were the biting truth. Her eyes drifted up to Tyrone.

Ever since being welcomed into the Blakely family as an adopted child, her moments with Tyrone were few and stolen when he occasionally visited.

It was Galilea who was ever present by his side.

"Due to circumstances, I had to part ways with him. I bet you didn't see that coming, me willingly leaving him. Yet, he never wanted that separation. Perhaps you've noticed his yearly July business trips? He visits me every July. It marks the season of our first encounter."

Taking in a sharp breath, Sabrina stood petrified.

Her heart was filled with anguish.

She desperately wanted to refute Galilea's words, to declare them untrue, yet she was unable to.

She knew Galilea was telling the truth. ③

Tyrone would be absent for extended periods every July since their first year of marriage.

She believed they had just reconnected, but in reality, they had remained connected all along.

How considerate of him! Visiting his former love each year, then slipping back into the role of a caring husband as if nothing had changed.

"Tyrone, how could you be so heartless!"

Sabrina felt like a fool during their three-year marriage. Their supposedly happy marriage was built on a foundation of lies and deceit.

"Your wedding anniversary falls on September 20th, correct? That's also my birthday." Galilea's words were harsh and indifferent. ①

Sabrina was in disbelief. "No... That can't be..."

"And why not? Ask Tyrone for confirmation," Galilea retorted with a derisive smile.

Despair washed over Sabrina.

Her fists tightened, nails digging into her palms. However, she couldn't feel any pain.

Her wedding anniversary shared the same date as Galilea's birthday.

What a sick joke! How ridiculous!

A bitter laugh escaped her as she recalled Tyrone choosing this date, citing it as a lucky day.

The truth was so bitter.

No wonder he would down drink after drink and grow emotional on their wedding anniversary each year.

She had misconstrued that he was sentimental about their

relationship.

But the grim reality was that he was reminiscing about another woman on their wedding anniversary.

She had naively believed in their happiness, only to find she had been fooled for years.

A smile flickered on Sabrina's face.

"Why are you smiling?" Galilea was taken aback.

"I'm smiling at your audacity." Sabrina lifted her gaze to meet Galilea's. "So, you want to intimidate me with this information? If I don't divorce Tyrone, you will remain the home-wrecker. Even if we divorce, you'll still be the other woman. I advise you to proceed cautiously, as I have means to make your life miserable."

The smile on Galilea's face froze in place. "Sabrina, what's the point of all this? He doesn't even care for you. If you have any self-respect left, divorce him now!"

Maintaining her smile, Sabrina retorted, "Perhaps you should speak louder so the entire restaurant can hear your true colors. The real Galilea Clifford!"

Galilea glared at Sabrina, speechless.

"Galilea, if there's nothing else, I'll take my leave."

With that, she left the restroom. But she didn't return to her seat.

Sabrina strolled through the mall, lost in her thoughts.

She encountered numerous pairs of people along her path. Some were engaged in hearty conversation and laughter,

some in heated disputes, and others merely walked in silent unity.

Yet they all seemed so genuine.

Unlike Sabrina herself, whose cherished three-year marriage had been nothing more than a fabricated illusion. It was all a ruse.

The very facade of it was what made him such a perfect husband.

The realization was a pang of pain so deep that it took Sabrina's breath away.

Her phone buzzed with an incoming call. It was Bettie calling.

"Hey Bettie. I ran into an old friend and got caught up in a chat. I'll be back soon," Sabrina responded and ended the call.

She turned her phone off and stumbled back to her seat in the restaurant.

She noticed that all her purchases laid next to her were all made with Tyrone's black card.

"Bettie, I want to return these clothes after we eat."

"Return? Why would you want to do that?" Bettie asked, confused.

"This black card isn't mine. It's his. I'm scared he'll find out I used his money, so I'd rather return these items."

"Alright, I'll accompany you."

The staff at the counter courteously processed the return and gave her the refund quickly.

Once the items were returned, Sabrina used another card to repurchase the clothes.

Bettie couldn't resist complaining, "This is so inconvenient. Couldn't you just wire him the money instead?"

Sabrina just smiled, choosing not to respond.

Then they bid each other farewell.

The time was nearing seven o'clock.

After some thought, Sabrina decided to hail a taxi to the Grand Theatre.

Since she had made a promise to his grandmother, she'd take it as a final date with Tyrone.

Of course, there was a possibility that Tyrone wouldn't show up.

She reached the Grand Theatre at around half past seven.

The hall was abuzz with noise, with every seat filled.

Her seat was situated in the front row. She navigated her way and settled down, noticing the adjacent seat was vacant.

As the clock struck seven-thirty, the hall lights dimmed, leaving only the stage lit.

The chatter among the audience faded, leaving only a few whispers.

The host took to the stage, delivering an introduction that signaled the start of the dance.

Sabrina cast a glance at the empty seat beside her.

As she'd suspected, he didn't show up.

This vacant seat served as a convenient spot for her to place her belongings.

At first, Sabrina was slightly fidgety, but as the performers on stage captivated her, she found herself engrossed in the play.

Suddenly, a man walked in front of her, blocking her view.

Sabrina turned her gaze back to the stage, puzzled by the man's strange behavior. He was late. Why was he standing in front of her instead of taking his seat?

His rudeness annoyed her.

Then the man leaned over, cleared the adjacent seat of her belongings, and sat down.

As soon as the man moved her belongings, Sabrina reflexively guarded them and reprimanded, "What do you think you're doing?"

Once she'd admonished him, she was taken aback to recognize Tyrone.

The audience turned their attention to her, as did Tyrone.

In a haste, Sabrina moved her belongings back to the floor and made room for Tyrone.

The audience resumed their focus on the ongoing performance.

Leaning in, Tyrone whispered apologetically, "Sorry, I'm late."

"Don't speak. Let's watch the performance," Sabrina responded, pointing at the stage, her face devoid of any expression.

Tyrone fell silent and directed his gaze at the stage.

The dance concluded around nine-thirty.

All performers returned to the stage, bowing in acknowledgment of the audience.

A thunderous round of applause filled the hall.

Some admirers of the dancers even prepared to present bouquets on the stage.

Most of the audience began exiting the hall.

Sabrina collected the several shopping bags scattered on the floor, rose from her seat, and started to leave along with the crowd.

Tyrone relieved her of the bags and said, "Let's go."

