

Chapter 47 He Loves Her

When Tyrone's name was associated with cooking, Sabrina found herself perplexed.

She just couldn't fathom Tyrone being linked with cooking.

"Is it a surprise, Sabrina? Tyrone's quite the chef. He lived alone during his college days and cooked his own meals. He'd often whip up something for me too."

Sabrina was aware that this was a deliberate jab aimed to wound her.

However, her heart bore the sting.

The notion of a man cooking for a woman he cherished hinted at deep love.

Yet, in the three years of their married life, Tyrone had never cooked. Sabrina was oblivious to his culinary talents.

She'd read that cooking together could nurture marital bonds. Their household had a housekeeper, and Sabrina would sometimes prepare meals, but Tyrone never joined her.

Such was the chasm between love and apathy.

Hiding the ache in her heart, Sabrina requested, "Hand the phone to Tyrone. I need to ask him something."

"What do you want to know? I can relay your question to him."

The provocation was obvious. Sabrina, still legally Tyrone's wife, was forced to communicate with him through Galilea. It

was ridiculous!

Even if she contemplated divorce, she had no intention of conceding an advantage to Galilea.

"Give him the phone. I have a question, and I wish to ask him directly!"

As Galilea tried to retort, Sabrina cut her off, "This call is being recorded. If you don't wish to hear this playback later in front of Tyrone, pass him the phone now."

Galilea was aware that such a minor issue wouldn't drive Tyrone away from her. However, keen to keep up appearances, she walked to the kitchen with Tyrone's phone.

After a brief silence, Galilea's voice returned over the phone.

"Tyrone, Sabrina wants to speak with you."

"I'm busy cooking and can't take the call. What's her message?" Tyrone's voice was muffled.

"I tried asking her earlier, but she remained silent."

Tyrone seemed to move closer to the phone, inquiring, "What's going on, Sabrina?"

"Tyrone, where's my phone?"

"It's with me."

"Why did you take my phone?"

"I accidentally left my phone at the club. I borrowed yours to get in touch with the club's staff so they could return it. I rushed out and ended up taking your phone."

Galilea lowered her head. So Sabrina didn't see the trending

news.

Did Tyrone take her phone by accident, or did he intentionally take it to keep her from seeing something?

Only then did Sabrina understand that it was Tyrone's phone that was left behind. "Can you arrange for someone to bring my phone back?"

Tyrone denied, "I'm afraid that's not possible."

"Where are you currently? I'll send someone to collect it."

"I'm at Galilea's, but we have plans to step out."

"Leave my phone at your doorstep."

"It'll be stolen."

"Can you entrust it to the security personnel, then?"

"No, the guards are off duty today."

Sabrina was left dumbstruck. "Seriously?" she queried skeptically.

"Absolutely. Why would I make that up?"

"Alright. When will you come back?"

"I can't be sure. It depends."

What?

Sabrina inhaled deeply and ended the call.

The housekeeper offered timidly, "Mrs. Blakely, perhaps you might want to use my phone?"

Sabrina gestured a denial and handed the phone back. "No need."

Meanwhile, Galilea switched off the screen and slid it into

Tyrone's pocket. "Tyrone, why did you lie?" she queried.

There was a password mailbox adorning her home's entrance, and no security guards were on leave.

Clearly, Tyrone didn't wish for Sabrina to reclaim her phone.

Unperturbed, Tyrone responded, "I'm merely concerned that she'll dispel the gossip when she reads the news, which might affect you. We simply need to let the storm pass." ①

A glimmer of satisfaction surfaced in her eyes as Galilea digested his words. Regardless, she pretended to feel guilty. "But it's unfair to Sabrina. Tyrone, we should help her in setting the record straight. I can't bear to continue like this. I want to be with you openly. I won't mind if others criticize." ①

Tyrone's brow furrowed. "The time isn't right yet. I can't fully manipulate the public sentiment. You're in the public eye now. Should we confront it, your career will undoubtedly suffer."

Galilea's face scrunched in a frown.

Was this about her career or his reluctance to go public with their relationship?

"I just..."

"Galilea, it's not for you to worry. If Sabrina blames anyone, it should be me. I'll take care of it."

Galilea's smile stiffened. She nodded, wrapped her arms around Tyrone from behind, and nestled her face against his back. "Tyrone, you're so nice to me."

"Alright, you can head out and wait. Lunch will be served shortly."

"Okay." With that, Galilea exited the kitchen.

Tyrone turned to watch her leave, holding his gaze for a few moments before resuming his cooking.

He had lied.

His fear wasn't Sabrina confronting the rumors, but her sorrow at seeing the harsh online comments.

Yet, for reasons unknown, he chose to deceive Galilea. ②

"Mrs. Blakely, will you be stepping out?" the housekeeper asked.

"Yes. Today marks my grandfather's death anniversary. I'll be visiting his grave." Sabrina offered the housekeeper a smile and made her way out of the living room.

Sabrina's grandparents were folks from the rural parts. Initially buried in the country, their graves, along with her father's, were relocated to a suburban cemetery by Tyrone when their original village underwent development.

On the way to the cemetery, Sabrina purchased three bouquets of flowers.

Her grandfather had passed when she was nine. Seventeen years had passed; her memories of him had begun to fade, leaving only a vague image of a small, skinny man.

Upon reaching the cemetery, Sabrina placed the flowers before her grandparents' and father's graves.

She was seated before her father's tombstone; the chill of the stone mirrored in her heart. Closing her eyes invoked images of the dreadful car accident that claimed her father's life.

A decade had passed, yet the memory refused to fade.

Had her father not sacrificed himself, she would have been lost too.

Time might have gradually erased her grandparents' faces from her memory, but her father's was indelibly etched.

He was the world's greatest father.

Following his divorce from her mother, he chose not to remarry.

As a child, she recalled her grandparents urging him to find a new wife, but he remained steadfast.

He didn't wish to risk marrying someone who could potentially harm his daughter and confessed he was too consumed to consider a new marriage.

Sabrina's father, Connor Chavez, was a journalist. His frequent travels necessitated her grandparents' care.

In the past, Sabrina didn't comprehend his actions. However, as she grew older and learned about her father's occupation, she gradually understood the depth of his dedication.

Some of his reports from years ago were still accessible.

During one such interview, he befriended Cesar.

