

Chapter 48 Failed To Win His Heart

"Dad, I'm here not today only to visit Grandpa, I am also here to tell you that I'm divorcing Tyrone.

Dad, this must be a shocker for you. Just recently, I was telling you about his kindness towards me. Now, mere months later, we're parting ways. Isn't it absurd? Truth be told, it feels absurd to me. I've been bewildered since his divorce proposal. How did we end up here?

Had someone predicted a few months back that I'd be divorcing Tyrone, I'd have dismissed it.

My love for him runs deep. Why am I ending things with him? But, it's the inevitable.

There's so much to say. Where do I even start? I'm carrying our child. You're about to become a grandfather. If you're listening from up there, pray for a safe birth for the little one inside me. My love for him hasn't faded. Ten years of love, three years of marriage. How can I erase him just like that? It hurts; it really does. Maybe we're not meant to be.

He's still hung up on his ex. Even after three years, his heart isn't mine. The marriage isn't salvageable anymore. I need to let go. Does that make me a failure? If you were here, you'd counsel me to release him, but I just can't."

In a shaky voice, Sabrina continued, "A decade of love led to

our marriage. It's been harmonious for the past three years. Why this sudden decision for divorce?" ③

Why this sudden leap to divorce? What caused this abrupt shift towards divorce? ①

Sabrina voiced her deepest thoughts by her father's grave. Only in doing so did she find some comfort.

Now, there was no way back.

Now that they had reached this point, she had no choice but to face it.

She was expecting a baby. She would bring the baby into the world and give it her family name. This was her child, and she would raise it.

Deep down, Sabrina knew that after Tyrone, she would never let another man into her life.

He was attractive and free-spirited, a man of prestige, yet cold and heartless.

He gave her a harsh life lesson. ①

Sabrina lingered in the cemetery till the afternoon.

After sharing her divorce decision with her late father, she also spoke about her future plans.

After her divorce became known to Cesar and Wanda, she would quit her job. Regardless of Tyrone's approval, she would move and establish her life elsewhere.

She would pay occasional visits to Cesar and Wanda with her child in the future.

Standing before her father's tomb, Sabrina said, "Dad. I have to go now. I'll visit you again."

She rose, exited the graveyard, and drove away.

In the middle of her drive on the highway, a black vehicle abruptly cut her off, forcing her to hit the brakes.

On the highway, the black vehicle consistently maintained a short distance ahead of her.

As soon as the vehicle ahead flashed its lights, Sabrina immediately braked to slow down. Glancing in the rearview mirror, she changed lanes to overtake the black car.

Before long, the black car sped up and took the lead once more.

The same scenario unfolded a few minutes later. The black vehicle decelerated and moved in front of her car.

As Sabrina attempted to switch lanes, he blocked her way by changing his lane.

Sabrina started suspecting that this was no coincidence.

But why?

She had no recollection of the license plate of the car ahead. When the black vehicle had overtaken her earlier, the driver even shot her a smile, yet she didn't recognize him.

Upon exiting the highway, the black car tailed her and followed her off the highway. The driver then sped past Sabrina again and reduced his speed, causing her to slow down too.

Noticing Sabrina's reduced speed, he drove even slower.

Stopping was prohibited on this stretch of the road.

Sabrina made an attempt to switch lanes, but the driver did the same, blocking her path.

After several times, Sabrina's heart became consumed by anger.

She had the sobering realization that unless she challenged the black car to a high-speed duel, she wouldn't break free.

Given her average driving skills and the potential hazard to herself and her unborn child, she couldn't risk it.

Looking into the rearview mirror with the intention of shifting to the farthest lane, Sabrina flicked on her indicators and pulled over, reaching for her phone to dial the police. ②

Just as she did, a massive crash sounded.

The airbag exploded into life, and a surge of pain pierced her skull as dizziness overtook her.

As Sabrina drifted into unconsciousness, it dawned on her that a white car had been tailing her all this time.

The screeching halt of brakes was the last sound she heard before a booming explosion ripped through her car, leaving it aflame and reduced to a metal skeleton.

This horrifying image replayed in her mind, awakening her from unconsciousness to a throbbing headache.

The distinct scent of antiseptic hit her nostrils, confirming she was in a hospital.

Her vision was hazy, and she blamed it on the long sleep. She

rubbed her eyes, hoping to clear her sight. Despite her efforts, her world remained blurry.

Sabrina's heart pounded with unexplainable fear and dread.

"You are awake." A female voice echoed.

In her impaired vision, Sabrina followed the voice, seeing the rough outline and color of the woman's clothes but not her face or attire detail.

A similarly dressed man loomed nearby.

On either side of her bed were additional beds, where patients engaged in conversations with their families.

"Miss, I'm a policewoman." The woman advanced, guiding Sabrina's hand to a badge on her shoulder. "You've had a mild concussion from the car crash, resulting in a brain hemorrhage. It's putting pressure on your visual nerves, which explains your blurred vision. But don't worry, it'll improve as the fluid is absorbed."

Sabrina's inability to see clearly left her feeling defenseless. She clung to the woman's hand, her voice trembling with anxiety. "And my baby? How's my baby?"

"There's no need to worry. Your baby is unharmed."

"Will my medication harm my baby?"

"I can't provide medical advice. But I can assure you, your injuries aren't severe and there's no mention of any harm to your baby in the medical reports."

"Oh, thank God." Sabrina let out a sigh of relief.

"Miss, how are you feeling? Can you recount the specifics of

the accident?"

"Yes."

"Your name?"

"Sabrina Chavez. My name is Sabrina Chavez."

"And your age?"

"I'm twenty-six."

"Your ID number?"

Sabrina answered truthfully.

"Your contact number?"

Sabrina answered again.

"Your residence?"

"No. 7, Starriver Bay, Mathias."

"What were you doing prior to the accident?"

"I was driving home. It's my grandfather's death anniversary, so I had been to the cemetery."

"You were hit while parked at the roadside, the culprit fled the scene, and a passer-by reported the incident. Can you recall anything prior to the crash?"

Sabrina stroked her hair and nodded. "Yes, I remember."

"Please tell me in detail."

