

## Chapter 50 Set You Free

---

Tyrone inquired, "What do you want to eat?"

"What can you cook?"

"I can cook everything."


"Well, in that case, I want a salad with corn, ham sausage, and lettuce."

"Sure thing. Let me get some ingredients." Tyrone then placed his cell phone on the table. "This is my phone. If Karen calls, let her know the room number."

"Understood."

Sabrina's gaze fell on him, a distant, unfocused stare.

This was unexpected, Tyrone's consent.

Could this imply she held a spot in his affections? 

This thought, once formed, was quickly dismissed by her.

Sabrina needed to abandon her narcissism. He had shown no affection for her.

Their marriage was ending tomorrow.

The fear gnawed at her; if this chance slipped, she doubted she would gather the courage to bring it up again.

Suddenly, the phone on the table rang.

Sabrina reached out to answer it but the caller ID was a blur, only a green speck discernable on the screen. Picking up, she heard a woman's voice. "Tyrone, have you had dinner?"

"It's Sabrina," Sabrina said.

"Sabrina?" Galilea sounded taken aback. "Where's Tyrone?"

"He's out getting some grocery."

"Grocery? You guys don't have a housekeeper?"

Sabrina's voice had a mischievous undertone as she said, "The housekeeper is not here, and Tyrone plans to cook for me."

Burning with anger, Galilea retorted, "Don't mistake Tyrone's willingness to cook for you as a victory. You're still heading for a divorce!"

"What? Are you jealous? A word of caution. We're recording this call," Sabrina said calmly.

And she meant it. Tyrone's job was demanding. He often had his calls auto-recorded to avoid missing out on any details during a conversation or losing potential evidence.

"Don't get too ahead of yourself!" An infuriated Galilea ended the call abruptly.

Sabrina replaced the phone on the table, her lips curved into a satisfied smile.

Victory tasted sweet. 

Before long, the phone rang again. It was Karen this time, calling for Sabrina's ward details.

Sabrina provided the details. Not much later, Karen arrived, taking out all the items she had brought with her and neatly arranging them once she confirmed Sabrina's wellbeing.

"Mrs. Blakely, have you eaten yet? Shall I fetch you

something?"

"No need. Tyrone is on it."

"It's almost eight now. Did he mention whether he'd be staying overnight or returning home?"

"Nope."

"We can ask him during dinner."

Just then, Tyrone returned.

Karen approached Tyrone to lend a hand with the shopping bags he was carrying. Initially, she had assumed he had purchased fast food. However, upon opening the bags, she discovered that they contained a variety of food ingredients neatly packed in plastic bags.

In addition, there were also various cooking utensils, including knives, bowls, and a selection of seasonings.

"Sir, why did you buy these?"

"Sabrina requested a meal prepared by me."

Tyrone began unwrapping the seasonings, knife in hand. "Sir, I insist. Let me handle this. You can rest and chat with Mrs. Blakely."

"I can cook."

"But... Okay." Karen cleared a workspace for him.

Deftly, Tyrone chopped up the ingredients, and in no time, a salad was prepared.

Presenting the bowl to Sabrina, he announced, "It's finished. Give it a taste."

Taking the bowl, Karen offered, "Allow me to assist you, Mrs. Blakely."

She was pleasantly surprised that Tyrone had a knack for salad-making. He must possess some culinary talent.

"I can manage. Just set it down and hand me a spoon."

Sabrina tried to take a bite.

"How does it taste?" Tyrone's gaze was hopeful, a longing he wasn't fully aware of.

"Yes, it's delicious." Sabrina gave Tyrone a smile, but her blurred vision obscured the delight reflected in his eyes.

"I'm pleased you enjoy it."

"I didn't see this cooking talent coming, sir. You did remarkably well for your first time. With more practice, you could become an impressive chef," Karen expressed her thoughts.

Sabrina merely smiled, choosing to stay silent.

Tyrone, too, remained quiet.

Following Sabrina's meal, Karen busied herself with cleaning up.

It was past nine. Perhaps due to her injury, Sabrina was feeling exhausted and wished to rest.

"Sir, you may head home. I can stay with Mrs. Blakely. You can pay her a visit tomorrow."

Tyrone nodded. "Alright, I'll see her tomorrow."

He reached for his coat on the couch, preparing to leave.

But Sabrina suddenly interrupted, "Wait."

Halting, Tyrone looked at Sabrina. "Is there anything else?"

"Remember to bring the divorce papers with you tomorrow."

Tyrone's expression faltered, he furrowed his brows. "Sabrina, there's no rush for the divorce. Focus on your recovery first. You're currently unable to read the words on the papers clearly, let alone fill in the forms."

Sabrina merely retorted, "I may not see clearly, but you can read them out for me."

She wasn't completely visionless.

"We've already signed the divorce agreement. We can delay for a few more days. Are you in such a haste to divorce me?"

Sabrina took a breath before responding, "Yes, I am."

Tyrone was taken aback.

So was Karen.

She had assumed Tyrone cheated on his wife as most men did, but it seemed they had already agreed on a divorce.

She observed the young couple, married for three years, and couldn't believe they were separating so soon.

Tyrone went to pick up Sabrina late at night. And today, when he heard about Sabrina's car accident, he rushed to the hospital and cooked a meal for her.

There seemed to be lingering feelings between them. Why were they considering a divorce?

"Mrs. Blakely, this can be done any day, right? Prioritize your recovery, there's no need to rush," Karen tried to persuade her.

Shaking her head, Sabrina insisted, "We agreed on tomorrow, so it shall be tomorrow. And just because I can't see clearly doesn't mean I can't walk."

"Mrs. Blakely..."

"No need to persuade her further. If she doesn't care about her own wellbeing, what good would it do to convince her?" Tyrone's tone was icy. "Alright, if you're so determined, I'll oblige. Tomorrow, I'll take you to the court to finalize the divorce."

"Okay."

Observing her composed expression, Tyrone felt a surge of inexplicable anger and stormed out.

The door slammed shut.

Karen watched Tyrone's departing figure and sighed. "Mr. Blakely seems upset."

"Just let him be. I'm not sure why he's angry. Isn't it what he wants, our divorce?"

"When you didn't return this afternoon, he was terribly worried. Upon hearing about your accident, he drove over immediately and even prepared a meal for you. Clearly, he cares deeply."

"Karen, do you really think this is his first time cooking?" Sabrina responded with a bitter smile.

It had to be admitted that Tyrone was a convincing actor. She had almost fallen for his act again.

Fortunately, she had seen through his deception, and knew he would never care for her. His actions were nothing more than



performance.

"Are you implying...?"

"He's always known how to cook and regularly cooked for his ex-girlfriend. Just last week, he stayed with her at the hospital throughout her illness. Do you still think he cares for me?"

Karen sighed.

So that was the reality.

In the past three years, she had never once witnessed Tyrone cooking.

