

## Chapter 70 Don't Hide From Me Anymore

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Sabrina glanced at Tyrone before smiling at Wanda. "Sorry, Grandma, it slipped my mind this time. I'll ensure to bring it during my next visit." 🕒

Lena asked, "Are you referring to the Heart of Ocean from the charity dinner auction? I've heard much about it. Regrettably, I wasn't at the charity event that night. Sabrina, you should wear it next time so that I can take a look."

Lena's words complicated things.

"Larry, do you see? Lena appears to have a fondness for jewels. Perhaps you could surprise her with one someday. From what I understand, the Heart of Ocean's raw jade is pretty sizable, and surely many pieces of jewelry must have been crafted from it. The Heart of Ocean is just one example."

"Really?" Lena's interest shifted in response to her suggestion. With a nod, Sabrina confirmed, "Absolutely."

Lena cast a glance at Larry.

Seeing this, Larry gave a helpless grin. "Fine, I'll ensure to keep tabs on it. As soon as another one comes up, I'll secure it for you."

"That sounds more like it."

"Larry, you truly are kind to Lena." As Sabrina watched the playful banter between the pair, she couldn't help but feel a

twinge of envy.

"Tyrone treats you well too," Lena chimed in. "A bracelet worth millions, and he was more than happy to purchase it for you. That's quite thoughtful."

Sabrina managed a small smile, giving a nod, but offered no further words.

It was true; Tyrone had never been stingy in his spending on her behalf.

Yet his generosity wasn't reserved solely for her. Galilea also enjoyed it.

If something was unique and only available in one piece, it would inevitably end up with Galilea.

Whatever Galilea declined would then be hers, much like the cupcake he had given her. ⓪

Sabrina was always the second choice.

Throughout the conversation, Tyrone had remained silent. Watching Sabrina put on a brave face in front of his grandmother and sister-in-law, he felt a pang of guilt. ⓪

The bracelet wasn't even in her possession.

How was she supposed to display it to his grandmother?

After some time, Cesar, feeling fatigued, began to drift off to sleep. Helped by the assistant doctor, he was guided upstairs to rest.

Wanda reassured them, "If there's anything else you need to attend to, feel free to go. There's no need to keep us company

the whole time. If anything arises with your grandfather, I'll let you know. As always, you're welcome to visit him on the weekend."

"Alright, Grandma, we'll take our leave now," Larry replied.

"Time to go."

"Frankie, bid farewell to everyone."

"Goodbye, everyone," Frankie echoed in a sugary tone.

"Bye, Frankie."

After bidding goodbye to Larry, Lena, and Frankie, Tyrone and Sabrina expressed their farewells to Wanda, hand in hand, and made their exit.

On stepping out of the living room, Sabrina withdrew her hand from Tyrone's grasp.


Finding his hand now empty, Tyrone gazed at her retreating figure before reaching for her hand once more.

Sabrina attempted to pull away, but Tyrone's grip only tightened, making it impossible for her to free her hand.

"What do you want?" She halted and stared at him, her eyes icy.

"I should ask you the same."

"What?"

Tyrone said to her, "You wanted me to act on my promise to Grandpa. I am doing exactly that, yet you continue to push me away, not even willing to give me a chance." 

Her avoidance lately had been painfully noticeable.

"I'm not pushing you away."

"No? Then what would you call this?" Tyrone gestured to their intertwined hands, continuing, "I also noticed you gave the cupcake to your assistant."

Sabrina was taken aback.

She wanted to question him about the cupcake he had given her years ago. Was it rejected by Galilea?

But she realized there was no point. The answer was likely yes. In the past, they were practically strangers, and the notion of Tyrone getting her a cupcake was far-fetched.

She feared that if she asked about it, he'd understand that she had harbored feelings for him since forever.

She had to keep her emotions under wraps.

"You're finding it hard to explain, aren't you?" Tyrone asked.

Sabrina gazed at Tyrone, questioning, "Are you serious?"

"Absolutely." Tyrone looked into her eyes. "I've been fully committed to honoring Grandpa's wish." ⓘ

Sabrina lowered her gaze, remaining silent. She had sensed Tyrone's growing care for her recently, but she had lost faith in him and couldn't allow herself to accept it. ⓘ

Or perhaps she was scared.

She was terrified that she might once again become consumed by him, unable to break free, and eventually lose herself. Thus, she dared not embrace it.

Noticing Sabrina's silence, Tyrone moved closer to her,

wrapping his arms around her and gently resting her head against his chest. "Sabrina, don't keep your distance from me anymore. Since we've made a promise to Grandpa, why not give us a chance?" ②

"How you act will determine that," Sabrina muttered.

She'd let it be.

She was unable to maintain her distance from him but wouldn't willingly get close either. In doing so, she might ensure she could flee before being wounded once more.

"Alright. Would you consider returning to our bedroom?"

Sensing Sabrina's potential hesitance, Tyrone quickly added, "Sex life can enhance the bond between spouses." ③

Sabrina was stunned.

In the past three years, they had lived a harmonious sexual life, but he had never developed any emotional attachment to her.

"Fine, but unless I say so, you cannot..." ④

"I understand."

With Karen's assistance, they relocated to the master bedroom that same evening.

Karen was elated, helping them to beautify the bedroom. The bed was showered with rose petals, filling the room with a delightful aroma.

It was enchanting.

This was their wedding bed where they had shared their nights for three years.

Finding herself back in this bed with Tyrone at her side made her inexplicably jittery.

She had been lying there, eyes shut, but sleep remained elusive.

"Sabrina," Tyrone whispered. "Are you asleep?"

"No," she responded quietly.

"Would you like to hear a story?"

"Yes."

In a hushed voice, Tyrone narrated a German story.

Once he finished, Tyrone asked, "Did you fall asleep?"

"No," she replied. Her mind was sharper than ever.

Tyrone shifted closer to Sabrina, his warm breath washing over her. "If you're unable to sleep, how about we engage in some physical activities to aid relaxation?"

"Not without my consent," Sabrina murmured, shifting slightly away from him.

"Do I have your consent?"

"No."

"Are you sure?" Tyrone raised an eyebrow. ①

Sabrina bit her lip, staring into the darkness, silent.

Tyrone sensed her mixed emotions. He positioned himself over her and sealed his lips on hers.

His kiss was bold, exploring the crevices of her mouth, claiming her completely.

The sound of their kisses filled the silence. ②

Tyrone continued to place a trail of kisses across her breasts, finally reaching her most intimate area.

With her eyes tightly closed, Sabrina involuntarily tangled her fingers in his hair, letting out a soft moan.

After a while, she reached the pinnacle of pleasure.

Sabrina shuddered.

Tyrone withdrew, cleaning his mouth, and was about to proceed when Sabrina abruptly pushed him away. She let out a tired yawn, murmuring, "I'm feeling sleepy now. Let's call it a night." 