

Chapter 84 Wedding Anniversary

The words left Tyrone stunned.

A mental image of Sabrina accusing him, her eyes burning with fiery red, came to his mind.

She stated, "You cherish her to the extent of commemorating her even on our anniversary. Why didn't you simply hang around until she decided to come back to you, if you loved her so deeply? Why did you make me your wife? I didn't have to marry you. Why did you treat me in such a manner?"

"I had other commitments on that day. You could opt for a day before or after," Tyrone responded indifferently, extending his hand to adjust his tie.

Galilea felt a jolt in her heart.

He had another engagement on that day.

The implications were obvious.

With a forced smile, she playfully held his arm. "What other engagements do you have? Can't you postpone them? You've not celebrated my birthday in quite some time."

"I apologize."

"Tyrone, it's my first birthday since my return to the country. I wish to celebrate it with you."

"Be good," Tyrone said in a low voice.

Galilea's smile stiffened.

Upon settling in the car, she appeared quite distressed.

Her intuition had been repeatedly confirmed in recent times.

She felt her importance dwindling in Tyrone's heart.

His biased towards Sabrina was becoming increasingly evident.

Had he actually fallen for Sabrina? ②

No, she wouldn't let this happen!

Chains, Bradley, and the assistant director also entered the car and drove off.

As the car vanished, Tyrone shifted his gaze towards Sabrina and suggested, "Let's head home."

After settling in the car, Tyrone slid beside Sabrina, pulling her close to him.

The scent of Galilea's perfume made Sabrina's stomach turn, making her feel nauseous.

"Keep your distance," she warned, her face pale as she pulled away from him.

"What's the matter with you?" Tyrone inquired, his face hardening at her sudden paleness.

"I overate. It's nothing. I'll be alright soon." She shifted towards the window.

Tyrone remained silent, his expression grave.

Sunday flew by, and a new week dawned.

September 20th was approaching.

It was a Tuesday, not a weekend.

Sabrina spent the day at work.

In the evening, before leaving work, she received a message from Tyrone. "Meet me in the parking after work. We have dinner plans at a restaurant."

"Understood."

After her shift, Sabrina headed to the underground parking and located Tyrone's car. She settled in the passenger seat and awaited his arrival.

Glancing downwards, she spotted a small square box tucked away in the storage compartment, clearly a ring box.

Upon opening it, she found a beautifully crafted ring.

Could this be an anniversary gift from Tyrone?

She placed the ring back in the box.

Tyrone entered. "Did you wait long? Let's get going."

With that, he steered the car out of the underground parking.

"Where is our dinner reservation?"

"Denning's, I've booked a table."

"Alright."

A valet took over to park the car as Tyrone and Sabrina entered hand in hand.

The waiter guided them to their reserved room.

Upon entering, Sabrina was caught off-guard.

The interiors were tastefully decorated and had a festive charm. Dim yet sophisticated lighting, candles, a huge bouquet of red roses adorning the table, and heart-shaped cushions strewn across the sofa.

It was undeniably romantic.

"Happy 3rd anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Blakely! Enjoy your candlelit dinner," said the waiter and then left.

Tyrone picked up the bouquet from the table and presented it to Sabrina. "Honey, happy anniversary."

His attractive face under the dim candlelight resembled a sculpture, his gaze warm and soft.

Sabrina felt a lump in her throat as she accepted the roses and heard him call her honey.

It was an unusual, yet strangely familiar term.

"Please, take a seat." Tyrone helped her to her seat, after taking the roses from her hand.

The food on the table was delicately prepared.

"When did you make the reservation?" Sabrina asked, a smile playing on her lips.

"A week ago."

"How do you find the place?"

"Quite pleasant."

"I have something for you."

Picking up a box from the table, Tyrone placed it in front of Sabrina. "Check whether you like it."

The box was square-shaped, coated with intricate red paint and engravings.

It should be a bracelet.

"Let me do the honors then." With utmost care, she lifted the lid of the box.

What revealed was a shimmering emerald bracelet.

A gasp escaped Sabrina's lips upon sight.

It felt eerily familiar.

The bracelet was a striking match to the Heart of Ocean she had spotted at the auction previously.

However, she knew it wasn't the Heart of Ocean. Tyrone wouldn't retrieve that piece from Galilea only to present it to her.

Observing Sabrina's surprised state, Tyrone interjected, "You mentioned earlier the raw crystal from the Heart of Ocean was sizeable. Large enough for more than a single piece. So, I had it inquired, and this is what I procured from the same person."

"Thank you." Gently, she closed the box and placed it off to one side.

"Won't you give it a whirl?"

"I'll try it on once we're back at home," Sabrina said casually.

It was possible that Tyrone had burnt a hole in his pocket to acquire this bracelet, yet Sabrina's joy was lacking.

From the very beginning, Tyrone's idea was flawed.

She had never desired a twin to the Heart of Ocean, not in the least. ①

The Heart of Ocean was never meant to be hers, and she had resigned from wanting it.

But perhaps this was her destiny. No matter what, she would always be in Galilea's shadow.

Only once Galilea had the original could she have a semblance.

Her thoughts drifted to the exquisite ring in the car. ①

It wasn't bought for her, which meant it was intended as a birthday gift for Galilea.

It implied he was planning to visit Galilea after their candlelit dinner.

He was indeed a man of many tasks.

Sabrina broached the subject cautiously. "I noticed a ring in your car. It's extremely elegant and charming. I quite fancy it. Could it be a present for me?" ①

Their marriage spanned over three years, yet wedding rings were absent.

She had once purchased a set of rings and wore one to work, but he was reluctant to sport his. His excuse was that if both wore the same rings, it would tip off others.

She suggested naively, "If only one of us wears it, no one will suspect."

She removed her ring, but he never wore his.

He simply didn't wish to wear it.

Eventually, one ring got misplaced, and the other sat untouched.

"That ring is customized. If you like it, I can commission the designer to craft a similar one for you," Tyrone explained.

"Why not give that one to me and have another crafted?"

A surprised smile spread across Tyrone's face.

"What are you implying, Sabrina?"

"Forget it." She cast her gaze down to veil her heartache.

Why had he given Galilea the bracelet she had desired back then?

The conclusion was his partiality.

Regardless of her efforts, she couldn't surpass Galilea.

From its design and craftsmanship, it was apparent the ring had been custom-made quite a while ago.

In contrast, for her bracelet, he only needed to spend some money.

This was the difference.

Even so, the bracelet must have cost him a fortune, so Sabrina refrained from bringing it up.

Oblivious to her thoughts, Tyrone assumed she was merely inquiring out of curiosity, and poured her a

glass of wine. "Care for a drink?"

"Sure."

Their glasses chimed together.

Sabrina savored the red wine and dug into her meal. Like their previous date, Tyrone took her steak onto his plate first. He sliced it into manageable pieces before handing it back.

"Thanks."

"No problem."

Taking a bite of the steak, she commented, "It's delicious."

"If you enjoy it, I'll bring you here again."

They lifted their glasses in unison and clinked them. Their gazes locked, they drank their wine, the silence growing more intimate.

Sabrina felt a rush of warmth to her cheeks. She was unsure if it was the alcohol or her bashfulness at play.

"I need to visit the restroom." He stood up and left.

Watching his receding silhouette, she brushed her heated cheek.

She knew she wouldn't turn him down if he wished to be intimate that night.

Suddenly, Tyrone's phone on the table chimed.

Sabrina picked up the phone and Galilea's name flashed on the screen.