

## Chapter 95 In Love With Her

---

In truth, Sabrina realized she had been overly naive. Given their close relationship, it was only natural for Tyrone to attend Galilea's birthday party. 🕒

If Tyrone had celebrated Galilea's birthday under normal circumstances, she might not have felt so angry. The idea of him severing ties with Galilea was ludicrous.

However, sharing her wedding anniversary with Galilea's birthday was a tough pill to swallow. No wife could stand her husband celebrating another woman's birthday on such a significant day.

Since their story began, she felt she could never outshine Galilea in his heart.

"I had plans to return as soon as I handed over her present that day..."

"Return after delivering her present?" Sabrina scoffed. "Did you truly believe you'd return? Leaving in the middle of the night and coming back at morning. You think I was oblivious? I woke up when your phone rang!"

Tyrone's face drained of color.

She had always known about his secretive actions yet chosen to feign ignorance.

That wasn't entirely shocking. Her sleep was light.

Lowering her gaze, Sabrina said, "Tyrone, it's time you admitted it. You're in love with Galilea. Even with the promise made to Grandpa, a peaceful coexistence is the best we can hope for. You'll never fall for me. Our divorce is inevitable!"

"No, you've got it all wrong!" Tyrone grasped her shoulders. "If that were true, we could just pretend to be a joyful couple for Grandpa and Grandma, but I can't command my emotions. I used to believe I loved Galilea, but now, whether my eyes are open or closed, even in my dreams, I see you. Sabrina, I think I've fallen for you." ☹

Sabrina was taken aback, staring into Tyrone's eyes in disbelief.

He claimed to be in love with her?

Impossible!

His sincere gaze suggested he wasn't lying.

Could he be telling the truth?

The man she had loved for so many years suddenly professed his love.

Shouldn't she be overjoyed?

No, her heart was awash with sorrow.


Collecting herself, she smirked. "You must be joking."

How could Tyrone love her? After so many years of chasing his affection, she had come up short.

Now that his long-lost love had returned, he was claiming to love her.

It was ridiculous!

"I'm serious, Sabrina. You know I wouldn't joke about such matters."

Once the initial shock wore off, Sabrina found herself smiling again. 

"Why are you smiling?" he asked.

"I find it absurd. If your definition of love involves juggling two women, then I want no part in it."

"I've made it clear to her that it was the last birthday I'd celebrate with her."

Sabrina glared at him, scrutinizing his face for any hint of deception.

To her disappointment, she couldn't find any. If he was putting on a show, he was a good actor.

She scoffed, "So, you're saying you won't divorce me?"

From now on, September 20th would be solely reserved for their wedding anniversary, not Galilea's birthday.

"Yes. There'll be no divorce."

Stunned, Sabrina was at a loss what to do next.

The moment she had yearned for had finally come to pass.

Was she elated?

She certainly was, but not as much as she had expected.

It was surreal.

Lately, she had fantasized about divorcing Tyrone more times than she could count, and never imagined a happy ending with him. How had this become her reality?

"Are you speechless with joy?" Tyrone quipped, a smile

playing on his lips as he watched the stunned Sabrina.

"No," Sabrina refuted.

Tyrone's expression turned serious as he whispered, "Sabrina, I made an oath to Galilea that if she chooses to stay here, I'll secure her a promising future. I can't just cut her off, but I can promise to reduce our encounters. I'll only meet her when it's absolutely crucial, and you'll always be my priority. Is that acceptable?" ☹

Sabrina stayed silent.

She couldn't bring herself to trust Tyrone any longer. Recognizing her silence, Tyrone proposed, "From now on, she and I will never be alone. If you agree, you can accompany me during our meetings. Or if you're occupied, you can choose someone to monitor our meetings."

"I don't need someone to watch over you. Just tell me this. What if she calls you, saying she's unwell or met with an accident?"

"I wouldn't rush to her. If it's really important, you'll be by my side."

"I hope you honor your words," Sabrina replied lightly. She was well aware that Galilea wouldn't easily retreat. ☹

The way Tyrone reacted to Galilea's future attempts was crucial.

Sabrina held little optimism for him.

Her sole concern was to assure Cesar a worry-free life. ☹

Tyrone failed to comprehend Sabrina's thoughts. Assuming she had forgiven him, he heaved a sigh of relief. With a soft expression, he embraced her, whispering, "Thank you, Sabrina."

Cupping her waist, he pulled her close, his chin resting on her head.

Sabrina remained quiet, subtly nudging him away.

Recognizing her silent resistance, Tyrone released her, suggesting, "Let's head home."

"Alright," Sabrina agreed with a slight nod. ☹

Tyrone summoned the hotel manager.

A car was swiftly arranged to escort them.

After a while, the car came to a halt at the entrance of Starriver Bay. Tyrone and Sabrina got out one after the other, strolling into the courtyard in perfect harmony.

Side by side, they walked in silence, neither uttering a word.

Witnessing their return, Karen noticed a subtle change in their dynamics.

Did they reconcile?

But it didn't seem entirely so.

"Mrs. Blakely, welcome back." Shifting her gaze between Sabrina and Tyrone, Karen sported a smile. "Your secretary stopped by earlier with your suitcase."

Sabrina acknowledged with a nod. "Okay, I'll head upstairs to unpack."

She ascended the stairs.

Tyrone paused for a moment before following her.

Inside the master bedroom, Sabrina began sorting the items from her suitcase.

Observing her engrossed in unpacking, he sat on the couch, gently grabbing her wrist. "That can wait."

Sabrina chose to continue her task, engaging in a conversation about her business trip.

"The choice is yours. What would you like for dinner?"

Sabrina halted and looked at Tyrone. "Are you cooking?"

"Indeed." Tyrone met her gaze.

"Hmm..." Pondering a bit, Sabrina finally decided. "I want spaghetti."

"Alright, I'll have Karen fetch the necessary ingredients. Anything else?"

"That should do it."

Tyrone stood and made his way downstairs.

The door of their room swung open and shut, leaving Sabrina alone.

As the door closed, Sabrina let out a soft sigh, resuming her unpacking.

Her trust in Tyrone was severely tainted, even after he professed his love. ☹

Galilea was still in the picture.

Having finished unpacking, Sabrina carried the laundry downstairs.

Reaching the staircase, she noticed Tyrone engrossed in a phone call. It didn't sound business-related.

She reduced her pace to minimize any noise. Then she overheard Tyrone say, "Just get her to a hospital and return. Inform her that her manipulations won't affect me. It's her health. She's only harming herself. That's it."

Tyrone ended the call.

