

## Chapter 159 Taylor

---

In the dead of night, the master bedroom door creaked open slightly.

Silently, Tyrone entered, his presence subtly underscored by the faint hint of liquor. With measured steps, he approached the bed.

"Meow!" Sabrina's little roommate detected his arrival.

"Shh!"

Before the kitten, Tyrone placed a ration of cat food.

With careful sniffs, the kitten inspected and then consumed the meal.

Tyrone stroked its fluffy head gently, then walked to the bed.

In the silver glow of the moon, Sabrina's slumbering countenance was calm and tranquil, save for a furrowed brow.

Tyrone was entranced, unable to tear his gaze from her.

Gently seating himself on the bedside, he softly ran his fingers over her smooth and tender face.

Only in such moments could he be near her without meeting her icy, disdainful gaze.

That look filled him with dread.

Even Tyrone, usually decisive and self-assured in his business dealings, was capable of fear.

He might have scoffed at such a notion in the past.

But once he realized where his heart truly resided, he understood that he could never move on.

Their marital life had been peaceful and harmonious. They had shared many intimate moments in this vast bed, being the model couple in the servants' eyes. But he hadn't treasured these moments.

His past was marked by too much pride.

He knew she would never forgive him.

Once they returned from St. Carleigh Church, she would no longer be his wife.

They would have no ties.

After divorce, she'd probably be with Bradley, wouldn't she?

At this thought, Tyrone was consumed by a jealousy so intense towards Bradley that it threatened his sanity.

His gaze landed on her crimson lips. His pupils darkened, and without a moment's hesitation, he leaned in to kiss her. ①

Her lips, warm, pliant, and sweet, were as he remembered, ensnaring him in an addiction from which he couldn't break free.

This might be the final time.

Eyes shut, Tyrone lost himself in the tender kiss.

After what felt like an eternity, he pulled away, gazing at her serene sleeping face, and gently planted a kiss on her forehead.

"Sabrina, I love you." ②

His words fell on deaf ears.

Quietly, Tyrone rose and slipped away.

Except for the lingering scent of alcohol and an empty cat food can, there was no evidence of his visit.

The following morning, Sabrina and Tyrone headed for St. Carleigh Church with a somber mood.

Their journey was a private affair, just the two of them in the car, with Tyrone driving and Sabrina in the back seat.

Upon boarding, she discovered a box on the rear seat.

As she saw it, a single word filled her composed mind. It was an urn.

After a moment of silence, her lips quivering, she managed to ask, "Is this...?"

Glancing at Sabrina via the rearview mirror, Tyrone gave a slight nod. "It's the ashes of our baby."

Tyrone had initially wanted to show Sabrina their baby, but fearing it might distress her further, he had decided to cremate the infant without seeking her approval.

"There's a place in the church where the remains of miscarried babies are kept. I wish to place his ashes there. He will receive blessings."

Sabrina picked up the urn and nodded.

She tenderly traced her fingers over the urn's surface, as if it were her child.

The church was located in another city and they didn't arrive

until noon.

The church, a relic from centuries ago, had seen numerous renovations, each adding to its historical allure.

Originally, it was said to have been situated in the city's suburb. Over the centuries, as the city evolved and expanded, neighborhoods and residences sprung up around the church.

Clutching the urn, Sabrina exited the car.

A young nun, alerted in advance by Tyrone, guided them to an annex building. Raising her eyes, Sabrina looked at the building.

Upon entering, she found the entire wall ahead densely packed with cubic repositories, each holding someone's remains.

The types of ashes varied within the hall, neatly arranged by floor.

The ground floor welcomed ordinary citizens, the second floor housed believers, and the third floor held a solemn space for miscarried babies.

The young nun ushered Sabrina to place the ashes in an urn and secure it.

She then led them to the chapel, accessible only by a lengthy staircase.

Ascending these steps was a form of blessing, explained the nun.

Hand in hand, Tyrone and Sabrina treaded the steps slowly, immersed in their faith.

Sculptures of divine figures adorned the chapel.

Guided by the nun, Sabrina turned a corner to find a wall lined with numerous memorial tablets.

"These are tributes from the living to the departed, wishing them peace and joy in their next life. With enough prayers, the deceased can attain a blessed reincarnation." ③

"Should we purchase a memorial tablet for him?" Tyrone's question was laced with certainty.

"Yes," Sabrina consented.

"Could you provide a name for the memorial?" the nun inquired.

Exchanging a glance with Sabrina, Tyrone said, "You should name him."

After a moment of contemplation, Sabrina said, "Let's call him Taylor."

"Alright," the nun agreed, arranging a memorial tablet for Taylor.

Tyrone and Sabrina lit a candle in front of it.

The candlelight flickered solemnly as tears welled up in Sabrina's eyes.

"Honey, this is the only thing I can do for you. I'm sorry that we couldn't share this life together. I hope you'll be blessed in your next. May I come visit him frequently?" Sabrina asked through her tears.

"Of course."

Tyrone gently wiped her tears, a feeling of despair clutching his heart.

He yearned to comfort her, to say, "Sabrina, this was my fault. It took me too long to understand my feelings. Would you give me another chance? I promise to love you and visit our baby together."

Even though he knew he was being overly hopeful, he couldn't suppress his longing.

But Sabrina simply said, "We should head back. If we hurry, we might make it in time to finalize the divorce at the court."

His hopes crumbled. He found himself speechless.

After a lingering pause, he reached into his pocket for his lighter and cigarettes.

"Smoking isn't permitted within the chapel," the young nun gently reminded.

"I apologize." Tyrone placed the lighter back, closing his eyes in silence.



## Chapter 160 He Doesn't Have The Chance

---

Exiting the church, Sabrina and Tyrone were greeted by a biting cold wind, dusted with snowy particles.

Snow had begun to fall.

Sabrina's gaze drifted upwards towards the sky.

Tyrone's eyes followed Sabrina's and he asked, "Shall we head home now?"

Sabrina studied the intensifying snowfall. Under these conditions, highway driving wasn't safe.

"Let's stay here tonight. We can head back when the snow ceases tomorrow."

"Alright."

Tyrone began to remove his overcoat, intending to drape it over Sabrina. As she started to decline, he interjected, "You've just had a miscarriage; it's important you don't get cold."

"I appreciate that."

"No need for thanks..." Tyrone meant to add, "You're my wife." But he couldn't bring himself to voice it.

Despite their three-year marriage, he had plenty of chances to call her his wife. But he had never done it.

And now, he wasn't qualified to say so.

In a desperate hope, Tyrone wished the snowfall would

continue indefinitely, so they could remain here, far from their tainted past. And they could stay away from the imminent divorce.

But this was mere wishful thinking.

The snow ceased overnight.

Come the next day, they started their journey home.

Once they exited the highway, Sabrina proposed, "We should collect our IDs before heading to the courthouse."

Checking her wristwatch, she added, "We still have an hour. That should be sufficient."

Tyrone, already aware of her desire for divorce, still felt a punch to his gut. His chest tightened.

His mood mirrored the frigid weather outside, as icy as the fallen snow.

His grip on the steering wheel was so fierce that his knuckles turned ghostly white. In a rough voice, he managed to say, "Alright."

They went back to the villa, fetched their IDs, and got back in the car.

Tyrone began the drive to the courthouse.

Inside the car, a heavy silence prevailed.

Sabrina gazed out the car window, watching the familiar street scenery recede. Memories of the past three years flashed before her.

Looking at her reflection in the glass, she saw the ghost of her



sixteen-year-old self, who had been madly in love with Tyrone.

The now twenty-five-year-old Sabrina smiled at her younger self, whispering, "I gave it my all, but he doesn't love me. You don't blame me, do you?"

Suddenly, the car came to a halt.

Startled, Sabrina peered ahead and asked, "Is it traffic?"

Peering at her through the rearview mirror, Tyrone confirmed, "Yes."

As Sabrina resumed her window watching, Tyrone closed his eyes, a wild idea taking form.

In his desperation, the absurdity of the thought didn't bother him.

Discreetly, he texted Kylan.

Shortly after, a call from Kylan buzzed his phone.

Picking up, Tyrone feigned innocence. "Hello, what is it? I see... Okay, understood..."

Ending the call, he looked up at the rearview mirror, catching Sabrina's eye. He wore a regretful look. "I apologize, Sabrina. There's an urgent matter at the company. I can't make it to the courthouse now..."

"I thought you resigned?"

"Grandpa's lawyer revealed his will and a general shareholders' meeting was called. I've been appointed as the group's chairman..."

Sabrina appeared surprised, but quickly masked it.

"Congratulations."

He was finally free of her, able to be with the woman he truly loved. His life was on track and his heart's desire within grasp. <sup>①</sup>

"Is it that urgent? Can't it wait?" Sabrina asked.

"No, it can't," Tyrone responded, apology in his voice. "Every minute delayed could mean a loss of tens of millions of dollars."

For a moment, Tyrone wished Sabrina was a woman attracted by wealth.

Then, his fortune would be enough to make her stay.

But that wasn't her.

But then, if she was such a woman, perhaps he would not have fallen for her.

Sabrina bowed her head in thought for a moment. "Then let's proceed this afternoon. Do you know when you'll be free later?"

"I can't say for sure." Tyrone's response was vague.

"Then head to the office. I'll wait for you in the coffee shop downstairs."

"Are you sure you want to wait for me?"

Tyrone had the urge to offer Sabrina a lift home, but considering it would take roughly the same time as driving to the courthouse, he swallowed his words.

"Well, I'm not particularly busy."

"Alright." Tyrone's Adam's apple bobbed in his throat. It was a

heart-wrenching feeling, seeing Sabrina's determination to divorce him.

He was the one who initiated the divorce, yet now he was having second thoughts.

He dropped Sabrina off at the coffee shop just opposite the Blakely Group's headquarters, hesitating before he suggested, "It's nearly lunchtime. Perhaps you might like to join me at the office and relax in the lounge?"

Sabrina shook her head. "No. I resigned. It wouldn't be appropriate for me to return to the company."

A shadow crossed Tyrone's eyes.

Their marriage was public knowledge, yet she didn't want to be seen publicly with him anymore.

He yearned for the times they had together, jogging, having breakfast, and heading to work as one.

"Understood." He ordered a coffee and dessert for Sabrina, lingered on her image for a moment, then reluctantly walked away.

Sabrina sat down in the coffee shop, sipping her coffee.

About thirty minutes later, a delivery person appeared, food in hand. He called out, "Is there a Ms. Chavez here? Your husband ordered takeout for you!"

The customers in the cafe glanced at the delivery person, then exchanged looks.

Upon hearing her name, Sabrina got up, walked to the

entrance, and accepted the takeout. "That's me. Thank you."

The delivery person gave her a quick once-over before handing her the takeout. "Enjoy your meal."

Sabrina returned to her seat and unwrapped her meal.

She often lunched with Tyrone at the office. He knew her preferences well and had ordered her favorite dishes.

The onlookers watched Sabrina return to her seat, then turned their attention elsewhere.

Some just sipped their coffees and nibbled on their desserts. Others started to whisper among themselves.

Given that they were situated directly across from the Blakely Group building, it was inevitable that some customers knew Sabrina and Tyrone's story.

Despite the curious glances, Sabrina remained unaffected.

In the Blakely Group building, the chairman's office was more spacious and well-lit than the CEO's. It had a large French window overlooking the street, offering an almost panoramic view of the cityscape. Naturally, it provided a clear view of the cafe across the street. Because the office was so high, Tyrone used a telescope.

He watched Sabrina finish her meal and patiently wait in the cafe.

An unspeakable anxiety bubbled up in Tyrone's heart.

What should he do?

He chuckled bitterly.

He had offered to set her free.

Yet now, he found it challenging to divorce her.

He regretted his decision.

He didn't want a divorce, not in the slightest.

He closed his eyes and conceived a dubious plan.

An hour later, Sabrina received a call from the driver.

"Hello, Mrs. Blakely. Where might you be? Mr. Blakely has instructed me to take you home."

Sabrina's brows knitted. "And where is he?"

"Mr. Blakely had too much to drink at a social engagement. He's been taken home."

Sabrina relayed her location to the driver who arrived promptly.

Upon stepping into the living room, she asked Karen, "Where is Tyrone?"

"He's upstairs, drunk and sleeping," Karen replied, feeling a pang of guilt for lying.

Suspicious, Sabrina ascended to the second floor and entered Tyrone's room, instantly hit by a heavy stench of alcohol.

Tyrone was sprawled on the bed, deep in slumber.

"Tyrone?" Sabrina called out, moving closer to the bed.

"Tyrone?"

Tyrone furrowed his brows but remained asleep.

It appeared he genuinely was drunk.

Sabrina shook her head, a self-deprecating smile on her lips.

She had almost believed this was another one of his delaying tactics.

How could that be possible?

He was free to be with Galilea once they divorced.

With that thought, Sabrina turned to leave.

Suddenly, Tyrone's hand caught hers, and in a sleepy whisper, he confessed, "Sabrina, I love you."

