

Chapter 228 I Won't Badger You Anymore

Sabrina had only intended to freshen up her outfit in the restroom, but emerging to such a sight was unexpected.

Bad luck.

Irritated, Sabrina swiftly turned around and left the scene.

As Tyrone caught a glimpse of Sabrina's retreating figure, he felt an impulse to follow.

"Tyrone!"

When Evelyn reached for his arm, hoping to say something more, Tyrone shrugged her away.

"You've returned, Sabrina."

From his spot in the lounge, Trevor saw Sabrina, and a smile brightened his face.

Sabrina managed a small smile and said, "I'm sorry. I need to handle something. Time for me to head out."

"Is someone coming to pick you up?"

"Nope."

Without hesitation, Trevor stood up and said, "Mind if I escort you?"

While Sabrina's initial instinct was to decline, she paused and agreed.

"Sure."

Trevor's elation was evident. "Let me speak to the staff about arranging a car."

"Sounds good."

Upon entering the hall, Tyrone caught sight of Sabrina and Trevor leaving together.

Standing at a distance, he had a hand on his forehead, radiating an aura of chilly detachment.

Tyrone's anger flared up. He balled his fists so tightly that they made a creaking sound.

Who did Trevor think he was, daring to be with his woman?

The car stopped at the gate of the community.

Dressed in her down jacket, Sabrina got out of the car.

As Trevor came to join her, he asked, "Can I accompany you to your door?"

With a gracious smile, Sabrina declined, "Perhaps another time. It's better to get a ride home swiftly. No need to keep the driver waiting."

Embarrassed, Trevor chuckled and resettled in the car, saying, "Alright, I'm off."

In his mind, a priority surfaced; he needed to invest in a car, and soon.

"Take care."

With a casual wave, Sabrina spun around, making her way into the residential complex.

The chill of January nipped at her cheeks, tinting them rosy. She hugged herself and briskly made her way towards her apartment building.

But then she stopped.

Tyrone, looking somewhat disheveled, leaned against the elevator's wall, a cigarette dangling from his fingers. He took a drag, releasing a cloud of smoke in a perfect ring.

The sound of her approach caught his attention, and as he met her gaze, his eyes seemed even darker than the night.

"What are you doing here?" Sabrina voiced her surprise.

"What do you think?" Tyrone asked.

"Me? I really don't know. You invited me to the event, I came along. Can't know why you'd track me down, seeming displeased," Sabrina retorted, her eyebrows arching in question.

His laugh, more of a scoff, held an edge of irritation. "You think attending with me was all there was to it?"

Shrugging her shoulders lightly, Sabrina asked, "Did I do something wrong?"

"You spent the evening laughing with other men, then left with one without even a courtesy goodbye. You don't see an issue with that?" His words, while quiet, had an undertone of suppressed anger.

Upon hearing Tyrone's accusation, Sabrina grinned mockingly, as if finding it amusing. "Is that what's got you so mad?"

His temper flaring, he shot back, "Don't I have a reason to be upset?"

Sabrina's smile faded, replaced by a cold gaze fixed on Tyrone. "Can you recall what happened at the charity dinner the last time?"

He tensed up, his confident posture wavering slightly.

His heart felt as if a bucket of cold water had been poured over it, extinguishing the flames of anger and replacing them with a chilly dampness.

Witnessing his silence, Sabrina took a step closer, enunciating every word. "At that event, you talking and laughing with Galilea, completely engrossed in each other's company. You both looked perfect, yet you didn't think twice before leaving without me. How can you judge me now?"

Tyrone seemed to shrink, his face ashen. He seemed so lost in thought that he didn't even notice his cigarette burning close to his fingers.

"What? Lost your words, have you? Whatever you dish out, expect in return," Sabrina remarked with a smirk, then firmly pressed the elevator's button.

The elevator chimed, its doors sliding open.

Just as Sabrina stepped to get in, Tyrone's arms encircled her from behind, pulling her close. He whispered, "I'm truly sorry, Sabrina."

"Release me!" Sabrina struggled, trying to pry his fingers loose, but to no avail.

"Sabrina, my heart belongs to you. It's torture seeing you with someone else," he confessed.

With a sneer, Sabrina said, "What are you trying to prove, Tyrone? Do you even grasp what love means? It's about giving, not taking. There's someone else in my heart now. I'm moving on. Why can't you understand? Will you hound me endlessly if I don't marry you again?"

It felt like countless stabs to Tyrone, each word drawing fresh pain.

He looked at her, his eyes filled with anguish, voice raspy as though he'd consumed a pile of sand. "Is it Trevor?"

The thought of her choosing Trevor was inconceivable to him.

How could Trevor deserve her!

"Yes," Sabrina said.

A trace of a smile, almost pleading, appeared on Tyrone's lips. "Please, Sabrina. Don't play these games. How can you really have feelings for Trevor?"

"Huh!" Sabrina shot back with a derisive laugh. "Why are you so confident? I like Trevor. I didn't lie to you! He's charismatic, talented, and has a bright future. Why can't I fall for him?"

His heart seemed to fracture a little more, panic overtaking him. "Are you not worried he might be like Raul?"

"He grew up overseas; he didn't even know who I was when we first met."

"You once confessed having feelings for someone else. Why the sudden change?" His voice held a tinge of frustration.

"I once mentioned that the one I liked didn't reciprocate. Why can't I move on?"

"Trevor is simply not worthy of you!"

"In my eyes, he is. Sure, he lacks wealth, but I can provide for him. Thanks to your generous divorce settlement. It's been quite helpful."

Tyrone was silent.

Breaking the silence after a moment, he asked, "Sabrina, you're trying to provoke me on purpose, aren't you?"

"Why would I want to provoke you?" Sabrina raised her eyebrows. "To me, you're just an ex-husband I've parted ways with. If not for Jennie, would we even cross paths? Don't flatter yourself too much. And the reason I declined Jennie in the car today? Because I no longer wish to see you. If you genuinely care for her, stay away from me. If not, don't blame me when I keep her away for good."

Tyrone's heart felt like it had been punched, aching so much that he struggled to catch his breath.

"Is there really no hope for us?"

"None," Sabrina replied firmly.

With a heavy sigh, Tyrone retreated a few paces, muttering, "I understand now." ②

She'd found a new love and was moving into a new chapter of her life.

Meanwhile, he remained stuck, clinging to the hope that a fragment of their past might still exist.

When clarity struck him, it was as though he was teetering on the edge of a cliff.

Holding his ground, he inhaled deeply, wrestling with heartache that felt like a dagger's thrust, the lump in his throat, and tears threatening to spill, he uttered, "I promise not to badger you anymore. You are right. I don't know what love is. My understanding of love is flawed. Growing up, no one showed me its true meaning. It took losing you to see that, but now it's all too late. If your happiness lies in my absence, Sabrina, I'll graciously step back. Sabrina, all I want is for you to find joy."

