

Chapter 23 Self-humiliation

"You're back?" Tyrone asked.

Sabrina silently ascended the stairs, without offering a sideways glance.

Watching her retreating figure, Tyrone's eyes held an ominous shade as they trailed her until she vanished at the top of the staircase.

After remaining downstairs for some time, Tyrone rose and proceeded upstairs to the master bedroom. The room was vacant. He could only hear the muffled sound of cascading water from the bathroom, revealing that Sabrina was indulging in a shower.

Tyrone swallowed hard, loosening his collar, fetched the bathrobe hanging in the closet, and made his way to the outdoor bathroom to freshen up.

Upon his return, he found Sabrina emerging from the bathroom.

She had neglected to carry her nightwear with her. Her damp hair half-dried, she was draped in nothing more than a bath towel, barely covering her body. Her neck was elegant, her

shoulders smooth and porcelain-like. Her bosom, hidden beneath the towel, seemed full. Tyrone felt as if he could almost feel their softness. Her long legs were exposed.

The pair locked eyes.

Sabrina quickly averted her gaze, walked to the wardrobe to retrieve her nightdress, and announced nonchalantly, "I'll rest in the guest room tonight."

"Sabrina, what do you mean?" Tyrone turned to face her. ①

"Nothing. I just wish for your happiness." Sabrina's voice held a hint of mockery, and she detected a faint whiff of alcohol coming off him.

Leaning against the doorway, Tyrone questioned, "Are you upset because I made you offer a toast to Galilea?"

"Am I not allowed to feel upset?" Sabrina lifted an eyebrow.

Her anger wasn't solely about the toast.

It was also because of the protective stance his friends took towards Galilea.

"Soon she'll be your future sister-in-law, it's not a big deal."


"Don't you worry. After the divorce, I will never see her, someone who broke my marriage, as my sister-in-law."

"Sabrina!" Tyrone's expression grew stern.

"What do you want?"

Tyrone moved closer to her. "You claim that Galilea destroyed our marriage, but what about that man I saw you with at the studio?"

Bradley's mention by Tyrone left Sabrina clueless.

Noticing her silence, Tyrone continued, "Is he the guy you like? Ever since I got back from my trip, you've been distant. You've been considering divorce for a while now, haven't you?" 

The idea that Tyrone would counterattack with such an allegation surprised Sabrina. She retorted with a bitter laugh, "That's because..."

She paused mid-sentence, finishing instead with, "Your thoughts don't concern me."

"Why is that? Because you're saving yourself for that man? You don't care about my thoughts? Perhaps, you can't offer an explanation? No wonder you agreed to the divorce so promptly. So, Galilea and I have given you just what you desired, and I even assumed the blame for you in front of my grandparents." Tyrone's gaze hardened, his speculation flowing calmly from his lips.

"Why would you assume that?"

"Isn't it the case? You wish for my happiness, or is it that you want to be with the man you love?"

Sabrina couldn't hold back a laugh.

Tonight, her heart was broken and numb.

Closing her eyes in resignation, she sighed. "You're free to believe what you want. I need to go to the guest room and have a rest."

She was too fatigued to continue the discussion.

Then she turned around and walked out.

"Wait." Tyrone intercepted her by clutching her wrist. "You rest in the master bedroom, I'll take the guest room."

He was cut off by Sabrina's sudden shriek. She was on the brink of a tumble, having lost her balance.

With reflexes kicking in, Tyrone reached out to steady her.

"Are you alright?"

"I'm okay." Sabrina nodded, still in mild shock.

Suddenly, the bath towel wrapping around Sabrina fell to the floor.

A wave of cold swept over her.

Stunned and blushing furiously, Sabrina covered her face

hastily and stammered, "You... Look away, please."

"I have seen your body before." ③

Tyrone found her fluster amusing.

Yet, when his gaze inadvertently fell on her body, it lingered on her plump breasts and slender waist.

"Aren't you going to the guest room? Please, proceed!"

Sabrina grabbed the fallen towel, securing it around herself.

As she lifted her gaze, she met Tyrone's intense eyes, drawing her in like a vortex.

She froze.

The handsome face before her gradually leaned in, his warm breath brushing her cheek.

Instinctively, she shut her eyes.

With her eyes closed, she could feel the darkness in front of her eyes and that the light was blocked.

But the anticipated kiss never landed.

She opened her eyes.

Tyrone had taken a step back. "Apologies, I'm off to the guest room. Have a good rest."

Leaning against the doorway, he squeezed his eyes shut, attempting to erase the recent occurrence from his mind.

He had nearly kissed her.

He was indeed losing it.

He was on the verge of divorcing Sabrina and being with Galilea. How could he...?

He reasoned with himself that as a typical man, it was natural to react physically when faced with a scarcely clad woman as attractive as Sabrina.

Tyrone massaged the space between his brows.

The harsh sound of a door shutting brought Sabrina back from her thoughts. She stood there rigid.

The chill of the room seeped into her skin.

She swiftly gathered the quilt around herself, curled into the bed corner, and hid her face in it. Silent tears soaked the quilt.

He had left her vulnerable and bare, it felt like a resounding slap.

A moment of tenderness from him, and she fell into his charm. How pathetic of her! ②

Just earlier, he had her toast to another woman. Yet, when he got slightly close, she fell for him once again.

Then, he left.

His loyalty to Galilea was unwavering.

She had courted humiliation yet again.


He must perceive her as cheap.

Indeed, he had never considered her his wife. She was a mere toy to him, an dispensable plaything. He would indulge her when in a good mood and discard her when bored.

How could she compare to Galilea?

"Sabrina, remember, stop yearning for things that are no longer yours. Divorce him."

Sabrina could not bear to stay. She craved to leave. She yearned for her father.

She intended to resign. She wished to escape to a land of mountains and rivers, give birth to her child in secret, and raise it herself. 

Boom!

Thunder echoed outside.

Startled, Sabrina awoke from her thoughts, heart hammering.

Gazing into the dark room, she inhaled deeply and wiped the sweat from her brow.



Images of fire, blood, and the horrors of that day flashed before her.

Each time she shut her eyes, she was met with the shrieking sound of brakes and the vision of her bleeding father, his bones exposed.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Teeth gritted, Sabrina trembled, sweat beads forming on her forehead.

Her breathing grew ragged, and the scenes in her mind started to blur.

Struggling out of bed, Sabrina searched her cupboard until she found her medication. She unscrewed the bottle and poured out a single pill.

As she was about to consume it, she remembered her pregnancy and that she was forbidden to take it.

With a shaky hand, she replaced the pill, returning to her curled position in bed.

"I'll be fine. Just hold on. I'll be fine."

The thunder continued to rumble, intermittent flashes of lightning painting the late-night silence with dread. Ⓞ

Suddenly, a faint sound resonated. The subtle twist of the doorknob.

Though muted, it was particularly clear in the quiet room.

Sabrina tensed up, her gaze fixated on the door. She shrank further into the quilt, leaving just one eye exposed to watch the door. She held her breath, daring not to move.

The door was opened.

A tall figure began to approach the bed.

