

## Chapter 26 She Has No Right

"I'm not sure," Tyrone answered.

"Is Galilea alright?" Sabrina gathered her strength to inquire.

A suspicion gnawed at her, suggesting Tyrone might leave and not return, just as he had done the previous day.

She pondered on the reason Galilea might have given to have Tyrone keep her company for consecutive days.

Tyrone looked back at her and frowned. "Sabrina, you usually don't ask questions."

A sudden paleness cloaked Sabrina's face. "My ankle hurts. Can you perhaps..."

"Your ankle is simply sprained. Call upon the housekeeper should you require assistance," Tyrone retorted coldly, departing without looking back. ②

As Sabrina watched his retreating figure, she felt very bitter. She seldom displayed vulnerability before him, yet he responded as if she was being overly delicate.

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Divorce was on the horizon. What authority did she have to probe into his affairs?

She berated herself for being foolish. One act of kindness from him, and she had mistaken it for affection.

She felt humiliated once more. ⓑ


Surprisingly, Tyrone didn't just stay away for one night, but two nights.

Sabrina, however, wouldn't surrender. She remained perched on her bed, waiting until nightfall. She played with her phone until sleep claimed her, leaving a single light glowing beside her.

Upon waking, the pristine condition of the other side of the bed confirmed no one had occupied it.

Lying there, Sabrina traced the ceiling with her eyes and released a sigh.

Why?

Since divorce was imminent, why did she harbor such hope for him? 


Yet, he was the man she had adored for a decade and shared a bed for three years. How could she accept the end so easily?

Perhaps it was only after Tyrone repeatedly let her down, extinguishing every trace of her love for him, that she could finally let go.

After some time, Sabrina got up to wash up.

Sunday was nearing its end, and Monday would dawn soon. A meeting was scheduled with Tyrone to proceed with their divorce that day.

Once the divorce was final, they would cease to be part of each other's lives.

Though they would still share a living space, their marital ties would be severed. 

Regardless of how close he became to Galilea, she had no right to intervene. She could only watch as the man she once called her husband became someone else's.

Her future, it seemed, held more hardships.

Sabrina didn't wish for such a life.

She walked to the balcony on crutches, settling into a rocking chair to soak up some sun.

A notification appeared on her phone screen.

Bradley had sent her a message.

"Weren't you supposed to come over? It's the weekend. Why haven't you shown up yet?"

Only then did Sabrina recall the promise she'd made to Bradley.

"Apologies, I won't be able to make it. Please convey my regrets to your parents. I'll visit them another day when time allows."

"What happened? Work-related issues? Haven't seen you at the studio these past couple of days."

Sabrina replied, "It's a long story. I haven't been to the studio because last time I was there, a frame fell on me. My ankle's sprained and I'm recuperating at home."

Following a brief silence, Bradley initiated a Facetime call.

Upon answering, Bradley's face filled her screen, etched with worry. "How are you holding up? Is it serious? Did you visit the hospital? What did the doctor say?"

"No need to worry. I've been to the hospital. The doctor assured me it's not too grave and some rest at home should set me right," Sabrina reassured him.

Then, she switched the camera to her injured ankle, noticeably swollen.

"You call this not serious? How did this happen?"

"Perhaps, I'm just down on luck," Sabrina remarked with a smile.

"I've been on holiday. My mom's visiting the temple. I could request her to pray for you."

"That would be wonderful." Sabrina switched the camera back to face her.

"Hey, where are you staying? If you can't come, why don't I visit you? What do you want to eat? I can bring it along. May I?" Bradley suggested casually.

Sabrina and Bradley were childhood friends, reconnected only a year prior. Due to Bradley's demanding work schedule, they rarely caught up in private. They usually dined out or Sabrina visited his parents at their place. Bradley was mostly unaware of her life, besides the fact that she had been adopted by the Blakely family.

Considering Tyrone wasn't home, Sabrina saw no reason to

deny Bradley's offer.

With a smile, she accepted. "Sure, do come over. I'll text you the address. Call me when you're at the gate. Could you also get me cupcakes and some juice?"

"Are they along the way?"

"No, but you're coming to see me, right? You wouldn't mind the detour, would you?"

"Of course not!" Bradley replied, a helpless smile tingeing his voice.

By the time he arrived, it was nearly noon.

Upon confirming with the guard, he was allowed entry.

With assistance from the housekeeper, Sabrina had already made her way down and was awaiting his arrival in the living room.

Bradley located the villa based on Sabrina's instructions.

Entering, he commented, "Property prices must be steep here, eh?"

Returning his remark with a warm smile, she countered, "You're a celebrity. I reckon you could easily afford a place here, right?"

"Not really. But I'd like to see how the Blakely family treats you. If they aren't good to you, you're always welcome to stay with

me and my parents," Bradley said half-jokingly and half-seriously.

At that moment, the housekeeper appeared from the kitchen.

"Miss, what would you two like for lunch?"

Sabrina asked the housekeeper to change her address of her. She prepared to divorce Tyrone. None of her friends were aware of their marriage, so she wanted to keep it a secret from Bradley, too.

After the divorce, she envisioned the villa becoming solely hers, and she eagerly anticipated the opportunity to invite her friends over. ☹️

Sabrina requested her preferred dishes, turning to Bradley.

"What do you like to eat? Just say it."

"Alright." Bradley then asked for some of his favorite dishes.

The housekeeper retreated into the kitchen while Sabrina demanded coldly, "Hand over the cupcakes you bought."

"Okay."

Bradley had brought along a bunch of gifts. It took him two trips from his car to deliver all of them. Though the gifts were nothing extraordinary, they were tokens of goodwill from his parents.

"Place them here in the living room. The housekeeper will

arrange them after lunch," Sabrina directed.

Bradley complied.

The two of them spent lunch in cheerful conversation, reminiscing about their childhood days, often breaking into fits of laughter.

By one in the afternoon, Bradley departed.