

Chapter 63 Partiality

Bradley advanced, removing his mask. "Mr. and Mrs. Blakely, I have sent Sabrina here. Aware of your illness, I decided to visit. How are you doing?"

"How thoughtful of you. I'm well," Cesar responded cheerfully.

"That's reassuring. Since Sabrina is now here, I won't overstay my welcome. I'll be on my way. Take care." Bradley put on a mask and left the ward.

"Sabrina, your friend is both good-looking and well-mannered," Wanda commented, her smile warm.

She then cast a surreptitious glance at Tyrone.

According to her years of experience, she sensed Bradley's feelings for Sabrina.

Unlike Galilea, he was more considerate.

When Sabrina appeared clueless about her hidden implications, she elaborated, "Grandma, he's a celebrity, adored by many girls."

"Is that so? How did you know each other?"

"We were childhood neighbors, but he relocated later. Never thought we'd cross paths again."

"What a coincidence!" Wanda exclaimed. "Are you childhood sweethearts?"

"Something like that."

Throughout this, Tyrone remained seated, a growing shadow descending over him.

"Sabrina, you must be exhausted after a long day of work. You should head home and rest. Tyrone, accompany Sabrina back."

The pretext of work was an excuse Tyrone used for Sabrina in front of Cesar and Wanda.

However, they were no fools. They sensed tension between the two. Tyrone had arrived early that morning with Galilea, and Sabrina had kept him at arm's length since then.

Cesar, being uninterested in prying, decided to let them sort it out.

"Grandpa, I'm perfectly alright. I'll stay here with you..."

Before Sabrina could complete her sentence, Tyrone rose to his feet and moved to her. "Let's go."

"Just go." Cesar gestured dismissively.

Sabrina, reluctantly following Tyrone, pursed her lips.

Exiting the room, both of them journeyed silently to the elevator.

It was silent in the surroundings, and the only sound that could be heard was the humming of the elevator.

Soon, the elevator doors slid open.

They boarded, one after another, Tyrone pushing the button for their floor.

As the doors closed and the elevator ascended, an oppressive silence reigned.

Arriving at Sabrina's floor, they disembarked one after the other.

At her room's entrance, Sabrina paused, glancing at Tyrone's retreating back. "You can return home tonight."

Her recovery was almost complete, negating the need for his presence. With Cesar improving, the caregiver could handle the rest.

Entering, Tyrone flicked on the light switch, illuminating the room with a white light.

"Why haven't you been answering your phone?" Tyrone asked abruptly.

"My phone ran out of charge," Sabrina replied nonchalantly, as she tossed her bag onto the table.

The lie was evident.

Walking further into the room, Tyrone swung around to look at her, his gaze intense. "I was searching for you all day."

Sitting on the couch, she responded, "There was no need."

In a hushed tone, Tyrone retorted, "Sabrina, why do you insist on saying that?"

Looking up at him, she shot back, "What's the issue? Why were you looking for me? I wouldn't get lost."

"I was concerned you might hurt yourself." 🗨️

"This is absurd! Why was I supposed to hurt myself?"

Gazing into her icy stare, Tyrone inhaled a deep breath, his voice hushed. "I'm sorry for what happened on the Internet."

Galilea...*

"What?" Tyrone held his tongue, met by her frosty gaze.

"Her public figure can't afford any negative press."

"So, I should carry the burden of a tarnished reputation?"

"By the time I found out, Sabrina, the rumor was already out there. Stopping the discussion is the best way to deal with it. I'd like to believe you understand that silence is our ally."

Upon hearing Tyrone's justification, Sabrina suddenly lost the desire to further argue with him.

It was their actions that led to the situation. Ultimately, she ended up with a tarnished reputation and faced the wrath of others, but she felt trapped and had no other option.

He blatantly favored Galilea.

He loved Galilea and protected her from damaging headlines.

He didn't love Sabrina. That was why her humiliation didn't matter to him.

He confessed his sole interest lay in Galilea. So what was the point in arguing anymore?

He would likely repeat the same mistake.

If she started a quarrel, he might say she was evil and wanted to sabotage Galilea's career.

Seeing Sabrina fall silent, Tyrone attempted to justify, "I apologize. I didn't anticipate some fans taking it out on you."

Somebody had sent her an intimidating package, and he was fully aware of it.

He simply never gave her any thought.

His concern was only Galilea, and Sabrina was just nobody.

"Tyrone, there are times when an apology does more harm than good," she stated, a calm demeanor replacing her usual agitation.

She had resigned herself to her fate; his apologies were now meaningless.

He had been saying sorry far too often recently.

But he was incapable of anything more.

She was fed up with it all.


Tyrone's expression hardened. He lowered his gaze, querying, "What is it that you desire?"

"Do you want to make it up to me?"

"Yes."

"Promise me one thing then. I haven't decided what it is yet, but I'll let you know once I do. Don't worry. I won't ask you to part ways with Galilea."

Truthfully, Sabrina had made her decision, but she wasn't ready to disclose it yet.

Cesar's health was improving, and she wasn't ready to divorce Tyrone in the near future. As days passed, the baby's existence would become evident. 

She hoped that if they did part ways, he would surrender custody rights.

"Alright, I give you my word," Tyrone replied with conviction.

"I'm weary and need to unwind. You may leave now."

She should have been livid, having slapped him earlier.

He anticipated a confrontation, a heated argument as before.

But she remained composed, subtly dismissing him.

Tyrone felt uneasy.

Nonetheless, he had no reason to linger. "Alright, I'll take my leave now. Rest well."


Suddenly, Tyrone halted.

Seeing him stand still, Sabrina questioned with a hint of perplexity, "Is something wrong?"


Tyrone's eyes involuntarily fell upon Sabrina's necklace. He distinctly remembered her not wearing it earlier in the day.

He guessed it was from Bradley.

"What did you do today? Did you spend the entire day with Bradley?" Tyrone looked at her and inquired.

"Yes, what's wrong?" Meeting his gaze, Sabrina responded with a counter-question. "And where were you last night? Were you with Galilea the entire time?" 



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