

## Chapter 68 Galilea's Leftovers

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Sabrina gazed at him, dumbstruck.

Since Sabrina had joined the Blakely family, Tyrone had maintained a neutral stance towards her, neither distant nor affectionate. So, it came as a surprise when he suddenly presented her with a cupcake. Sabrina wondered what might have prompted this unexpected gesture.

"You don't like it?" Tyrone inquired, observing her puzzled expression.

Swiftly shaking her head, Sabrina then enthusiastically nodded.

How could she possibly dislike it?

She had once observed a classmate savoring this particular cupcake; the treats from this bakery commanded a hefty price. She remembered tasting a slice of their Matcha cupcake, the flavor had etched itself into her memory.

In those days, her father's income merely sufficed for their duo, he didn't skimp on her necessities. Yet, this cupcake was extravagantly priced, a luxury unaffordable by households such as theirs.

"I'm happy to see you enjoy it." Tyrone shared a soft smile, then made his way to the stairs.

Rooted in her spot, Sabrina couldn't tear her eyes off the

cupcake. She only snapped back to reality as Tyrone ascended the stairs, calling out, "Thank you."

Regardless of whether Tyrone heard her gratitude, Sabrina knew her voice was dripping with delight.

This occasion marked the first time their exchange had evolved beyond casual greetings.

Their relationship seemed to have advanced significantly, all thanks to a cupcake.

Clasping the bag holding the cupcake, she stared at it, beaming.

Suddenly, even her boring math and physics homework appeared delightful. She decided to complete her assignments swiftly, rewarding herself with the cupcake.

Just as planned, she finished her work thirty minutes ahead of her usual timing. She carefully unwrapped the cupcake package, as though it was a priceless artifact.

Rather than diving into the cupcake, she spent some time capturing its allure on her phone.

However, she wasn't content with the pictures she took.

She eventually picked one and uploaded it on Instagram, captioned with a single cupcake emoji.

It symbolized her bliss.

And her concealed affection.

How innocent was her heart in those times?


She felt that this cupcake was the most delightful treat she

had ever tasted.

She started visiting the bakery frequently, turning it into a habit.

It wasn't the cupcake she was fond of, but the man who first introduced her to it.

Only much later did she discover that the cupcake was merely a remnant of another person's craving.

The affection she had nurtured for years was, for Galilea, effortlessly obtained. 

Galilea didn't want it, so she got it. It was her leftover.

Just like with Tyrone, she only had the chance to be with him after Galilea had ended things.

At eleven twenty in the evening, the gate of Starriver Bay swung open as a black Cayenne drove in.

"Sir, we've arrived."

The driver switched on the car's lights and glanced at the men seated in the back.

Leaning back comfortably, Tyrone was momentarily lost in a peaceful slumber. Hearing the driver, he shook himself awake, massaged his tired eyes, opened the car door, and walked to the entrance.

Upon opening the door, he was greeted by darkness.

The sudden sobriety stirred him to locate and flip the light switch. The sudden illumination of the living room was a bit blinding.

The living room was desolate.

Tyrone scanned his surroundings from his spot in the center of the room, feeling that something was wrong.

He couldn't quite pinpoint what was out of place.

He moved to the kitchen to pour himself a glass of water. It was then he noticed the change.

Previously, if he returned late after his engagements, the living room lights would always be on.

Sabrina would either be watching television, fiddling with her phone, or occasionally dozing off on the couch. He would carry her to their bedroom for a comfortable sleep.

He knew she waited for him.

On his return from a business trip, he found Sabrina asleep on the couch, waiting.

However, ever since he suggested a divorce, the scenario changed. He would find the living room shrouded in darkness, which somehow seemed colder.

"Sir, you've returned." The sound in the living room alerted Karen, who came out to inspect.

"Karen."

"You seem to have had a few drinks, sir. Would you like some tea?"

"That sounds perfect."

Sipping the water, Tyrone eased himself onto the couch. Leaning back, he closed his eyes and massaged his temples,

visibly exhausted.

A moment passed, and Karen set a cup of tea on the living room's side table, addressing Tyrone, "Sir, your tea is ready."

"Alright." Tyrone acknowledged her softly, without moving an inch.

Seeing his lack of movement, Karen retreated back to the kitchen. She quickly returned, a platter of fresh fruit in her hands, and placed it before Tyrone. "If tea doesn't appeal to you, Sir, perhaps some fruit might. It can help clear your head."

"Thank you, Karen."

"It's no trouble at all. I initially prepared it for Mrs. Blakely, but she hardly had an appetite today. She ascended to her room without eating much."

After a short silence, Tyrone asked, "Is she suffering from a stomachache again?"

"No. It appears she had other things on her mind." Karen seemed to drop the comment casually.

She was well aware that the couple hadn't divorced that day, no doubt due to Cesar's intervention.

Still, it marked a change in their marriage.

She held a glimmer of hope that the pair might reconcile.

"Understood." Nodding, Tyrone sampled some fruit before he excused himself to retire to his room.

The following morning, Tyrone returned from his run to find Sabrina seated in the dining room and Karen prepping

breakfast.

He proceeded upstairs to freshen up and change his attire. Descending, he settled across from Sabrina.

"Good morning."

Sabrina glanced down, murmuring, "Good morning."

The dining room was eerily quiet as they commenced their meal.

Eventually, Sabrina laid her fork aside, announcing, "I'm finished. I have to head to the office."

Tyrone followed suit, putting down his own fork. "I'm done as well. I'll accompany you." ☹

They occupied the back seats.

Their driver set off, maintaining the car's tranquility.

The silence loomed.

No words were exchanged.

Sabrina wondered when their conversations had dwindled to this extent.

They were never a chatty pair. However, in the past, it wasn't this unnerving silence. Sabrina would always attempt to strike up a conversation with him.

But lately, her words were scarce.

Mostly, she gazed out of the window, maintaining her silence.

"Are you upset?" Tyrone cut through the car's silence.

"No."

"Then why so quiet?"

"There's nothing to discuss."

The void between them held no conversation.

They had always been quiet, but never like this.

Clearly, Tyrone could sense her unhappiness.

Karen had mentioned Sabrina returning from work in a sour mood the previous day.

"Are you unhappy with Evelyn's punishment? She confessed her mistake to me, blaming her poor mentoring of her intern. She has been punished half of her annual bonus. That's a lot."

Recalling Evelyn's message, Tyrone deduced that Evelyn might be the cause of Sabrina's gloom.

Sabrina scoffed, questioning, "Do you genuinely believe Evelyn's intern is responsible?"

His naivety was astounding.

Tyrone was puzzled. "Are you implying her intern took the fall for Evelyn? But why would she do that? She forfeited half her bonus. What's the gain for her in that?"

Sabrina lifted her gaze to meet his, stating, "What if I told you that Evelyn harbors feelings for you and detests me?"



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