

Chapter 94 The End

Sabrina must have intentionally made that statement. It was likely that Tyrone had assured Sabrina he wouldn't divorce her.

This must have been why Sabrina confidently showed up at the birthday party.

"Sabrina, you are so disgusting!" Galilea exclaimed in fury. "Tyrone has no feelings for you. If you had any sense, you'd let him go!"

"I have no plans to leave him. And what can you possibly do about it? How can you stop me?"

"You..."

"If all you had to say was this, I'm leaving."

"Do you dare to make a bet with me on who Tyrone will choose?"

"All you understand is betting? I have no interest in your games."

And with that, Sabrina turned around and took her leave.

Suddenly, Galilea lunged at her from the back.

Sabrina, keeping her composure, evaded her.

Galilea missed and tumbled down the staircase.

"Ah!"

A chilling scream echoed through the air.

Galilea rolled down the stairs.

"Galilea!" Tyrone rushed in from the emergency exit, witnessing the horrifying sight. He rushed towards her, cradling her in his arms. "Are you okay?"

Galilea, nestled against his chest, looked ashen. Tears welled in her eyes, her breaths shallow. "Tyrone, it hurts."

"Don't speak. We need to get you to the hospital." Tyrone scooped Galilea up, shooting Sabrina a glance on the stairs before exiting the scene.

Unseen by Tyrone, Galilea smirked, whispering silently, "I've won."

As Sabrina watched Tyrone's receding figure, a pang of sadness hit her. She descended the stairs with indifference.

She didn't want to explain herself to Tyrone. She would let him believe what he saw. ☹️

As for the unease brewing in her heart, she closed her eyes, compelling herself not to dwell on it.

Galilea was nestled against Tyrone's chest.

From this position, she could see his striking features: high-bridged nose, angular jaw, all of which attracted her.

She couldn't leave him.

Tyrone's first instinct was to rush her to the hospital, which suggested he still harbored feelings for her.

"What did you say to Sabrina on the stairs?" Tyrone asked suddenly.

"I merely wanted to apologize to her, but I didn't anticipate her to..." Galilea's voice trailed off.

Her words remained unfinished, but her intent was clear.

"Sabrina despises me, I don't blame her for what happened," Galilea added.

Tyrone stayed silent, maintaining his calm exterior.

He opened the car door single-handedly, assisting her inside. With his other hand on the door, he declared, "I'll call a driver to take you to the hospital."

Galilea looked shocked. She clutched Tyrone's arm, questioning, "Tyrone, you're not coming with me? I need you with me."

"Stay in the car. The driver will arrive shortly." Tyrone detached her hand, turned and walked away.

Grasping Tyrone's waist from behind, Galilea wept and pleaded, "Tyrone, are you so eager to sever ties with me? This is the last time, alright? Just one last time. I have adapted to your presence, but now you abruptly want to leave. How could you be so heartless?"

"You should start getting accustomed to it. I'll call Julia to accompany you."

"I love you. I honestly can't survive without you! Tyrone, you once claimed you loved me, right? If you're concerned about your grandpa's health and don't want to upset him, I don't need to marry you or be your wife. I just need to be by your side!" Her sobs resonated.

Tyrone bowed his head and remained silent. He detached

her hands and walked off. ①

Did he really love her?

He was not even certain himself.

As she watched him walk away, her expression darkened. She gripped the back of the chair tightly, her nails digging into the leather.

Upon seeing Sabrina exit, Bradley approached and queried, "What happened? I saw Tyrone leaving with Galilea."

Sabrina clarified, "Galilea had an accident. Tyrone took her to the hospital. The celebration is over. Let's leave."

"Okay."

The two of them found themselves in the parking lot. Sabrina, on the brink of stepping into the car, was halted by a voice echoing from behind her.

"Sabrina."

Sabrina didn't bother to turn, recognizing the voice as Tyrone's immediately.

Bradley paused his action of getting into the car, swiveled around, and greeted him. "Aren't you supposed to be accompanying Galilea to the hospital?"

"The driver took her to the hospital." Tyrone turned his gaze to Sabrina. "Sabrina, there's something I need to discuss with you."

"I have nothing I want to discuss with you," retorted Sabrina, her tone icy, without even a glance at him.

Bradley was taken aback at Sabrina's cold demeanor and subtly tugged at her sleeve as a gesture for her to ease off.

Unfazed, Tyrone addressed Bradley. "I'll take care of Sabrina. You can head home."

Given that Tyrone was Sabrina's nominal brother and the investor of the show Bradley was part of, Bradley saw no grounds to deny his request.

However, Sabrina's frosty attitude indicated a disagreement between the two.

Bradley, eyeing Sabrina hesitantly, asked, "Sabrina, should I drive you home?"

"You can go back first," replied Sabrina.

She was firm in her stance that she needed to handle Tyrone herself. The last thing she wanted was to drag Bradley into their quarrel.

Upon hearing this, Bradley agreed. "Alright, I'll take my leave then."

He leaned in to whisper in her ear, "Regardless of your disagreement, I suggest you both talk it out. Let me know if you need any assistance."

How could their issue be simply talked out?

Sabrina, touched by his kind offer, gave a slight nod of acknowledgment. "Alright, thanks."

To Tyrone, however, this interaction seemed exceedingly close, making his eyes darken.

As Bradley's car exited the garage, it left Tyrone and

Sabrina alone in the echoing silence.

Sabrina glanced at him, her face void of any emotion, and mocked, "What? Are you here to play the knight in shining armor for Galilea?"

"I didn't come for that, Sabrina."

"Well, in that case, I'll be on my way."

Sabrina's nonchalant demeanor triggered Tyrone to step up, grasping her arm. "I'll give you a ride."

She pulled her arm away, asserting, "I don't need your assistance."

"Sabrina!"

"What can I do for you, Mr. Blakely?" Sabrina quirked an eyebrow in his direction.

Tyrone, in return, found her sarcasm hard to bear.

"I'm aware you're still seething about that day. That day..."

"Don't bring up that day!" Sabrina cut him off, her voice chilly. She glared at him. "You've made your decision. There's no use in providing justifications. The moment you stepped out of that room, it was the end for us. However, rest assured, I'll keep up the charade of a loving couple for Grandpa."

"End? I don't accept this!"

"We have a signed divorce agreement!"

"And what about the promise you made to Grandpa?"

Sabrina shook her head slightly, finding it mildly amusing. "My promise to Grandpa? Did you still remember the promise the moment you decided to leave?"

"Of course, I did!"

"Huh!" Looking into Tyrone's eyes, Sabrina scoffed. "Had you truly remembered, you wouldn't have left to meet Galilea. Face it. You were the first to break your pledge to Grandpa. You made a choice between her and me."

"I'm sorry. I didn't anticipate that she'd have Eddie deceive me. Her injury wasn't serious."

"That's not it." Sabrina stepped towards him, locking her eyes with his. "She might have lied to you, but you did leave me for her. You disregarded my plea to stay and walked out without a second glance. It only means she always holds a higher place in your heart.

Moreover, the ring I spotted in your car the other day, it was meant for her, wasn't it? Even if Eddie hadn't shown up, you would've visited her after our dinner.

Despite her lies, you attended her birthday party, played the piano for her, and even danced with her."