

Chapter 148 Stop Deceiving Yourself

Tyrone fixed his gaze on Sabrina.

His appearance was a pitiful one, aggrieved even, reminiscent of a neglected dog.

Sabrina found her heart wavering, nearly ensnared by his expression.

After all, he was the one who initiated the idea of divorce.

He didn't harbor any love for her. ②

His heart was reserved for Galilea. ①

The last thing she wanted was to involve him because of the child they had on the way.

She let her gaze drop, speaking softly. "Whether you're the CEO of Blakely Group or not, it's irrelevant."

"All I have now is you, and our child." Suddenly, Tyrone reached out to her, pressing his forehead to her belly, displaying an uncommonly tender expression.

This was a scenario she had yearned for time and time again. In days past, she would have gone to any lengths for such a moment.

But now, she felt indifferent.

Tyrone wouldn't reciprocate her feelings and she was done playing the fool.

"After the baby is born, you're welcome to visit often."

Tyrone, taken aback, looked up at Sabrina, his eyes filled with confusion. "What do you mean? Are you still intending to divorce me after our baby is born?"

Before Sabrina could respond, Tyrone rose to his feet. "You're planning for Bradley to play the role of the father to my child, aren't you?"


"What does Bradley have to do with anything? I am capable of raising my child on my own."

"So you want our child to end up like you? Raised in a single-parent household, never knowing their father?" Tyrone posed the question.

A pang of sadness struck Sabrina, her face paling.

"Or perhaps you want to find a stepfather for them? Without the bond of blood, how much could he possibly love our child?" Tyrone's words bore into her, his gaze intense.

Deflated, Sabrina responded, "So your decision to not divorce me is solely because of our child? If that's the case, you can assume custody when he's older."

Tyrone's expression shifted, his countenance turning stormy. "You're so desperate to divorce me that you'd forsake our child? Do you despise me that much?" 

"Yes." Sabrina admitted, avoiding his gaze. "I do despise you. And you feel no love for me. Why should we remain shackled to one another? Even if we're divorced, we can still care for our child."

"Sabrina!" Tyrone seized her hand, his voice firm. "I need you to understand that I love you. I'm deeply in love with you. I have no desire for a divorce."

Looking up, Sabrina met his gaze, a touch of scorn visible in her eyes. "When did you start to love me?"

"Long ago."

"Then why did you propose a divorce earlier?"

"I..."

Words stuck in Tyrone's throat as he took in the cynicism in her eyes.

"Stop lying to yourself, Tyrone. You feel obligated towards me. There's no need to compel yourself because of our child. After we part ways, you can visit and make sure the baby knows you love them. That's enough."

"I'm not lying to myself." Tyrone forced a smile, realizing for the first time the repercussions of his past actions.

It was likely she would dismiss anything he said now.

If he confessed his love was a recent development, she'd question his swift change of heart.

This was his doing. He had shattered her trust and now she didn't believe him.

"It doesn't matter if you don't trust me. I will prove it to you."

Sabrina furrowed her brows at Tyrone's insistence.

What was he really trying to achieve? Did he genuinely not want her to go or was it simply because he didn't want his

child left in someone else's care? ②

It was likely the latter. Tyrone was proud and noble. The thought of his child living with an outsider was probably unbearable to him.

Sabrina's expression hardened. She didn't want to bicker with him anymore and decided to steer the conversation elsewhere.

"Whatever. By the way, wasn't Grandpa at the meeting today?"

If Cesar were here, he would surely back Tyrone.

Caught off guard by her abrupt change of subject, Tyrone replied, "No. I didn't want to burden Grandpa, so I left him be."

"Have you figured out their intentions before the meeting?"

"Did I look foolish enough not to see through their scheme?"

Drawing a deep breath, she posed another question, "Is the new CEO Larry?"

"Yes. How did you find out?"

Indeed, it was Larry.

"Evelyn tipped me off."

Tyrone's expression changed slightly. "Did she utter any inappropriate remarks?"

Avoiding his question, Sabrina continued, "She appeared to be aware of today's developments ahead of time."

Tyrone gave a slight nod. "I saw Larry talking with her uncle when I left the company. It appears premeditated. I can only wonder about Larry's role in all this..."

Frankly, before all of this unfolded, Sabrina hadn't anticipated Larry's involvement with Theo, let alone him taking over as the CEO of Blakely Group.

She recalled Larry from her childhood. He was distinctively different from Tyrone, more caring and considerate. If she ever had a secret problem, Larry was her go-to for help. For example, a boy wouldn't stop bothering her after she turned him down. Larry intervened, and she was never troubled again.

But why was it Tyrone, the younger of the two, who assumed the role of CEO instead of Larry? That was Cesar's call. Sabrina also felt confident in Cesar's judgment.

Back then, when she had feelings for Tyrone, she saw him superior to Larry in every way, from academics to working capabilities.

Even now, as an observer, she still held this belief.

Perhaps Larry had harbored resentment from the start.

"You shouldn't overthink things. Even if I'm not CEO of Blakely Group, I can still comfortably provide for our child."

Tyrone had amassed a substantial wealth and reputation during his tenure as CEO.

"Are you truly prepared to concede the CEO position to Larry? This is not mere conjecture. Larry may well have orchestrated this. I'm aware you've always felt sorry for him, always put up with him. But your appointment as CEO was Grandpa's decision. You shouldn't feel obligated to step down."

Tyrone gently patted her shoulder, reassuring, "Don't worry. I

know what I'm doing. In this game of interests, there are no permanent enemies, only everlasting interests. Those directors only care about their gains, and if those get disrupted, they'll get restless. They'll back whoever can bring them benefits. Being CEO of Blakely Group isn't for everyone."

Sabrina shot him a look. "But what if Larry succeeds in running Blakely Group?"

"Then I will concede defeat."

Tyrone's unmistakable grit assured Sabrina he was not backing down without a fight.

Tyrone placed a hand on her stomach, whispering, "Any signs of baby movements yet?"

She shook her head. "Not yet."

"We should have a check-up tomorrow," Tyrone suggested.

He recalled something he read in a book. It mentioned that during the seventeenth week of pregnancy, those who experienced fetal movement had a miscarriage rate of only 3%, while those without fetal movement faced a high rate of 98%. Even if there was a threatened miscarriage, having fetal movement increased the chances of the baby safely surviving by 90%.

Sabrina had reached the eighteen-week mark of her pregnancy, yet there was still no sign of fetal movement.

The last doctor's visit had hinted at a risky pregnancy, so it was crucial to confirm the baby's well-being.

It was probably best for her to have a checkup.

After all, it was their first child.

"Alright," Sabrina agreed.

Just then, Tyrone's phone rang.

Glancing at the caller ID, he saw it was his grandmother.

A sudden uneasy feeling washed over him as he said to Sabrina, "I need to take this call."

"Okay."

Stepping out of the master bedroom and onto the terrace, he greeted, "Hello, Grandma."

"Tyrone, rush to the hospital. Your grandfather is in critical condition."