


Chapter 152 We Killed Grandpa

"Mrs. Blakely, it's time we headed back." Evelyn had already vanished by the time Karen emerged, carrying a blanket and a thermos.

Sabrina's crushed expression had seemingly brought Evelyn some twisted satisfaction, and she had left without further ado after accomplishing her goal. 

Sabrina, on the other hand, sat motionless and speechless, her fists clenched tightly.

"Mrs. Blakely?" Karen prompted again, sensing her absence of response.

Rousing herself, Sabrina inhaled deeply, and with a nod of agreement, uttered, "Yes, let's return home."

A quick glance at Sabrina's countenance suggested to Karen a shift from her prior state.

Back at their villa, Karen offered to assist Sabrina up the stairs. However, Sabrina declined, choosing instead to slump on the couch. "I will wait for Tyrone to arrive."

Understanding her wishes, Karen returned to her tasks, leaving Sabrina to her thoughts.

Later, at three in the afternoon, a black vehicle pulled into the villa's driveway.

Turning off the ignition, Tyrone sunk back into his seat, rubbed his forehead with a hand bearing a watch, and withdrew the car keys.

He then exited the vehicle and strolled into the living room, where he discovered Sabrina draped in a blanket, gazing emptily into the distance.

Tyrone put the car keys onto the table and joined Sabrina on the sofa. "Why are you lying here? Should I accompany you upstairs?"

As if she had only just noticed his presence, Sabrina shifted her gaze onto him. "You've returned. There's something I need to question you about."

Tyrone appeared fatigued. "What's it?"

"How did Grandpa meet his end?" Sabrina fixed her eyes on Tyrone, seeking truth.

Caught off guard, Tyrone shut his eyes, massaging his temples. "Haven't I informed you already? He was severely ill. He wasn't expected to last long..."

"You continue to deceive me, even now!"

Startled, Tyrone opened his eyes only to meet her chilling gaze.

Even their past quarrels had not elicited such an icy look from her.

Tyrone shut his eyes again, about to retort, when Sabrina inquired, "Did Grandpa meet Galilea before passing away?"

Tyrone tightened his lips before conceding, "Yes."

Sabrina's heart shattered, tears cascading down her face.

She desperately wished to discredit Evelyn's words. Yet, she couldn't deny the truthfulness of her claims.

Cesar had sought Galilea to save her marriage, and tragically passed away thereafter.

Why had he undertaken such a risk for her? She wasn't deserving.

He had previously risked his well-being to create an opportunity for her and Tyrone to mend their relationship.

This time, his life was the price.

Had she ended things with Tyrone, Cesar might still be alive today, and she wished she had never been with Tyrone. Ⓝ

However, she couldn't reverse time.

The regret of marrying Tyrone weighed heavily on her now.

Cesar had died worrying over her.

Observing her tear-streaked face, Tyrone reached out, seeking to wipe away her tears. "Stop crying. None of this is your fault. It's all on me."

But could she truly be absolved of all blame?

Even Tyrone himself was unsure why Cesar had visited Galilea. The most plausible explanation was that he had pleaded with Galilea to relinquish Tyrone so that he and Sabrina could be together. Ⓝ

Halting his hand in its tracks, Sabrina locked eyes with him,

her gaze piercingly cold. "Don't fabricate anymore lies. We both understand why Grandpa met Galilea."

She elevated her gaze to meet his, her eyes devoid of emotion.

"Tyrone, we're responsible for Grandpa's death!"

"Sabrina, don't utter such words..."

Tyrone's concern lay with the future, not the past.

Cesar was gone.

Tyrone's prime objective now was aiding Sabrina through her mourning, not wanting her to be consumed by guilt.

Yet, Sabrina found it challenging to let bygones be bygones.

She wiped away her tears and stared resolutely at Tyrone. "I wish to see Galilea."

"No. What you need is rest."

Ignoring Tyrone, Sabrina straightened her posture and declared, "I must confront her. I owe it to Grandpa to seek justice."

Recognizing Tyrone's unwavering stance, Sabrina got up and headed for the exit. "If you're unwilling to facilitate this meeting, I'll find her myself!"

"Sabrina!" Tyrone followed her, extending his arm in an attempt to prevent her departure. "Galilea is not currently in the hospital. She left a few days ago, and her whereabouts are unknown. I've already dispatched someone to track her down. Go rest for now, and as soon as I find her, I'll let you know."

Sabrina scoffed in disbelief at Tyrone's words. "Are you still protecting her? What? Worried I might take her life?"

Sabrina refused to trust Tyrone's claims, resolute in her decision to leave.

Tyrone wrapped his arms around her. "Calm down!"

Her anger surging, Sabrina fought back, tears streaming down her face. She was determined to unravel the truth of the situation.

Through her sobs, she uttered, "I'm perfectly calm! It's you, Tyrone, whose judgment has been clouded by Galilea! So blinded by affection that you're neglecting Grandpa's death? Your excuse should have been more convincing. With your influence and connections, how could you not locate her?"

Without a word, Tyrone tightly gripped her hands and hoisted her upstairs.

Overpowered by Tyrone's strength, Sabrina wept in frustration as he effortlessly carried her up. In her rage, she bit his neck hard enough to draw blood. "Tyrone Blakely! How can you be so heartless? Put me down! Grandpa spoiled you, yet you're protecting his murderer.

Put me down. I want to see her! I want to ask her! Release me! You have no right to confine me! I want a divorce!" 🗨️

Tyrone remained silent. He carried her into their bedroom, laying her on the bed.

Immediately, Sabrina attempted to escape, only to be pinned down by Tyrone once more.

He whispered into her ear, "Sabrina! You're not in your right mind. Calm down, and we can discuss this later."

"I am calm! I want to leave, and you can't stop me."

"Where do you intend to go?" Upon hearing of her intention to leave, Tyrone's heart pounded, and his expression darkened.

"That's none of your concern!"

Without a word, Tyrone rose and exited the master bedroom, his face clouded with worry.

Sabrina attempted to follow, but was blocked by the closed door.

She pulled the door handle in vain, then pounded on the door in anger, yelling, "Tyrone, let me out! You bastard!"

With a loud click, the door was locked from the outside.

Enraged and tearful, Sabrina kicked the door forcefully, pleading, "Tyrone, unlock the door! Lead me to Galilea! Don't force me to despise you!"

From the other side of the door, Tyrone replied, "Sabrina, you're too upset right now. I can't release you. I assure you, I haven't lied. I truly don't know Galilea's location. When I locate her, you'll be the first to know. Please, get some rest."

With that, he turned and descended the stairs.

Karen, hearing the commotion, approached just as Tyrone was descending the stairs. Before she could question him, he instructed, "No matter what she says, do not open the door. Wait for my return."

"Understood," Karen replied, somewhat taken aback.

As Tyrone's footsteps receded, Sabrina's anger intensified, causing her heart to throb painfully. She slumped against the

door in defeat.

Suddenly, a sharp pain pierced her stomach.

Sabrina instantly felt a sense of foreboding.

With one hand clutching her stomach and the other pounding on the door, she yelled out in panic, "Tyrone! Unlock the door! Tyrone! My stomach hurts. Open the door!"