

## Chapter 166 Did Sabrina Cheat You Into Marriage

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Unaware that a tracking device had been planted on her, Sabrina inadvertently thought she had merely collided with Damon and didn't read too much into the incident.

Hastily, Tyrone ended the call he was on, launched the tracking software, and held his breath in anticipation.

Sure enough, a small blue indicator appeared on the digital map and settled at the airport.

A smile tugged at the corners of Tyrone's mouth.

Drawing in a deep breath, he turned to Kylan, who was seated on the sofa. "Assist me with the hospital discharge procedures."

Kylan's eyes widened, taken aback. "Mr. Blakely, you're not fully recovered yet."

"I'm alright."

Noticing that Kylan didn't budge, Tyrone lifted his gaze and asked, "Why haven't you left?"

Kylan hesitated. "There's information you might be unaware of. Should I inform you?"

"Regarding what?"

"It's connected to Sabrina."

Kylan knew Tyrone was anxious to find Sabrina.

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Kylan knew Tyrone was anxious to find Sabrina.

Despite Sabrina's pleasant personality, Kylan's allegiance was to Tyrone. He didn't want his employer to be misguided.

Did it have anything to do with Sabrina?

Tyrone raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Go on. I won't blame you."

Kylan hesitated a moment before speaking. "Were you aware of her medical records?"

"No," Tyrone responded, indicating for Kylan to continue.

As Kylan suspected, during Sabrina's hospital stay, Tyrone had been by her side. All the information he had about her medical condition came from the doctor.

But there were things the doctor might not have disclosed.

In the past, Kylan had handled all administrative processes, such as hospital payments, using Sabrina's medical records and receipts.

He had perused her medical history, and one detail was deeply etched in his mind.

He had harbored the secret for a month.

He had planned to remain silent if they reconciled.

Given their divorce, he pondered it for a moment and finally let the truth out.

"While processing Sabrina's paperwork, I noticed her medical records mentioned a history of childbirth."

As he spoke, Kylan pulled out the photographic evidence he had.

"Impossible." Tyrone dismissed the claim without even glancing at the evidence. "The testing equipment must be faulty."

He had spent three years with Sabrina, and he was intimately aware of her circumstances.

Since she was sixteen, Sabrina had been part of the Blakely family. How could he be ignorant of her having a child?

Moreover, this was supposedly her first pregnancy. If she had previously given birth, she would have had some knowledge.

In short, Tyrone found Kylan's assertion to be sheer nonsense. Kylan continued, "I initially suspected a doctor's error, so I asked. But the doctor, with two decades of medical experience, insisted there was no error."

Tyrone paused, throwing Kylan a skeptical look.

"If you remain doubtful, we could invite the doctor here for confirmation," Kylan suggested gently.

Tyrone, rubbing the bridge of his nose, replied, "Fine, summon the doctor then."

"Alright. I'll contact her immediately."

Detecting Tyrone's lingering disbelief, Kylan exhaled deeply and exited the room.

In the ward, only Tyrone remained.

Reflecting on Kylan's revelations, he remained steadfast that the doctor made a mistake.

The absurd claim of Sabrina having a baby in the past was beyond belief.

The possibility of a previous miscarriage seemed more plausible, considering the thin lining of her uterus could be a result of miscarriages.

Shortly after, Kylan returned, accompanied by the female gynecologist who had performed Sabrina's abortion.

"Mr. Blakely, how may I assist you?" While internally scornful of the faithless man, the doctor maintained a veneer of courtesy towards Tyrone.

Tyrone's gaze shifted to Kylan.

Kylan swiftly acknowledged and withdrew Sabrina's medical history, presenting it to the doctor.

The doctor examined it, clearly perplexed. "Is there an issue? Is there anything erroneous within this record? Is Sabrina

experiencing discomfort?"

Tyrone's brow furrowed slightly as he took the record and read, "A past experience of childbirth?"

The doctor was baffled by Tyrone's insinuation. "Yes. Women who've had children typically present such signs. She's recuperating well. One wouldn't suspect she birthed a child. Your child must be about three or four years old now, correct?"

Kylan exhaled deeply, casting a fleeting glance at Tyrone.

Tyrone's countenance grew darker.

His gaze deepened, and he inquired in a solemn tone, "Are you certain there's no misdiagnosis?"

"Misdiagnosis?" The doctor was taken aback.

Tyrone clarified, "I currently do not have a child."

The doctor's face drained of color.

Tyrone didn't have a child?

So Sabrina tricked him into marriage?

They all deceived one another. They shared a common trait.

Faced with Tyrone's piercing gaze, the doctor hastily justified, "The record is undoubtedly accurate. I can't be mistaken. There's also another physician's endorsement on this record. If you're doubtful, you can call her over."

Even after the doctor's explanation, Tyrone's face remained stormy. The doctor quickly suggested, "Mr. Blakely, you've been married for three years now. Judging from her recovery, she gave birth at least three or four years ago..."

The underlying message being that it would be natural for

Tyrone to be oblivious of occurrences prior to their marriage if Sabrina had deliberately hidden them.

"Please, exit now," Tyrone requested calmly, his internal turmoil known only to him.

"Very well," the doctor replied with a sigh of relief, leaving hastily.

Expressionless, Tyrone requested Kylan, "Summon the other doctor here."

"Understood, sir," Kylan responded before taking his leave.

As Kylan reached for the door, he heard Tyrone utter, "Remember to keep their mouths shut."

"Understood."

Regardless of the truth, the dissemination of such news could tarnish not just Sabrina's, but also Tyrone's reputation.

Minutes later, Kylan returned with a different doctor.

This doctor also assured the same, explaining the variations between a woman's womb post-childbirth and otherwise.

Dismissing the doctor with a wave of his hand, Tyrone's expression was inscrutable. In a stern voice, he instructed, "Leave."

As the second doctor departed, Kylan tiptoed out, leaving Tyrone to his thoughts.

The deeper the love, the greater the sorrow upon deceit.

Kylan saw this as a grave issue.

Imagine, post-marriage, the sudden revelation of a child from

his wife. Just the thought gave Kylan goose bumps.

The ward was enveloped in silence.

Tyrone leaned against the sofa, face impassive. Lips pursed, brows furrowed, teeth and fists clenched, he stared at the ceiling, deep in thought.

He was reluctant to believe the medical record, but both doctors affirmed it with conviction.

He shut his eyes, straining to recall his wedding night with Sabrina.

Although under the influence, he had been coherent. He distinctly remembered that Sabrina was not a virgin.

It hadn't bothered him then. Firstly, his affection for Sabrina was nonexistent. Secondly, she was a college graduate by then. It wasn't surprising that she had been in love and had sex with others.

Only now did he find it odd. He couldn't recall ever hearing about Sabrina being in a relationship during college.

As he reflected on Sabrina's college days, a realization struck him. He abruptly opened his eyes, his pupils constricting.

He refused to believe Sabrina had a child, as pregnancy lasts at least six months. Before marriage, she resided with his grandparents, making it challenging to conceal a six-month pregnancy.

Suddenly, he remembered that in Sabrina's second year of college, she had participated in a national competition and

emerged as the winner. Supported by the national student studying foundation, she was granted an opportunity to study abroad for a year.

Her junior year was spent overseas.

If she had been pregnant during this period, it would correspond with the physician's estimate of three or four years.

Unconsciously, Tyrone's fists tightened to the point of his knuckles whitening.

