

Chapter 170 I Miss You So Much

A ripple of agreement swept through those ignorant of the circumstances, particularly the opportunists who had sought news of Tyrone and viewed this gathering as a chance to gain his favor.

Eddie had anticipated fury from Tyrone, yet after a pause, Tyrone inquired surprisingly, "So who, in your opinion, is worthy of me?"

Caught off guard by Tyrone's direct engagement, the man was thrilled and hastily declared, "Galilea, without a doubt!"

Tyrone shot a sweeping glance at his male companions and whispered, "Do you all think so?"

There was a shared nod of agreement.

Tyrone, his countenance inscrutable, sat shrouded in shadow, swirling his glass in silence for a prolonged period.

Oblivious to Tyrone's mood, the man proceeded, "So, when can we expect wedding bells for you and her?"

Bang!

A deafening noise punctuated the room as Tyrone violently overturned the table.

Shards of wine bottles scattered, their contents showering the vicinity.

He glared, his expression stormy, his brow furrowed. Without saying anything, he discarded his glass and strode off, leaving the man dumbstruck, staring after his retreating figure until the door shut.

All the people around him turned pale, their voices muted.

The room fell into complete and eerie silence.

The onlookers traded terrified glances.

Even the men playing cards on the other side cast curious glances at them, hesitating to continue their game. They were intrigued and clueless about what had unfolded.

"Go on." Rolf shattered the silence, quickly trailing after Tyrone.

In another room, Rolf tried to calm Tyrone down. "Don't lose your cool. They're not aware of the entire situation. It's not worth your anger."

Reflecting on his image mirrored in the glass, Tyrone held his drink, muttering, "It's not them I'm mad at. It's myself."

What led them to these conclusions?

It was his behavior that had planted such misconceptions.

Tyrone's mind raced back to a dinner where Sabrina, in the company of her friend, had crossed paths with him, his friends, and Galilea.

Eddie had urged Sabrina to toast Galilea, her future sister-in-law.

Tyrone hadn't intervened. In fact, he had tacitly approved, even coercing Sabrina into compliance.

Three years of marriage, yet Sabrina was only introduced to his friends when Eddie apologized to her.

Encounters with his friends while Sabrina was present were brushed off with the excuse that she was his sister.

He never acknowledged her as his wife in their company.

Consequently, they disrespected Sabrina to win him over. They imitated his apparent disregard for her.

These realizations left a bitter taste in Tyrone's mouth.

He acknowledged his unfair treatment of Sabrina throughout their marriage.

Just as Sabrina had mentioned, he had apologized too much.

Aware of his faults, he remained stubborn, his attitude unchanged, secure in the knowledge that Sabrina would remain silent and tolerant.

She endured it time and again. Eventually, he shattered her heart entirely, pushing her patience to its limit. ②

She couldn't bear it any longer.

Drowning his sorrows, Tyrone downed his drink and immediately refilled his glass.

Rolf urged, "You've just been discharged from the hospital. Stop drinking."

Lately, Tyrone had been seeking solace in alcohol over his strained relationship with Sabrina.

A non-smoker previously, he now resembled a seasoned addict.

Rolf had known for quite some time that Tyrone appeared distant on the surface, but once he fell in love, he gave his all. Hence, he wouldn't love anyone else.

Tyrone persisted, "I'm okay."

Gazing at Tyrone's countenance, Rolf advised, "If you still harbor feelings for her, you should fight for her. Regardless of your fears, think it through and avoid a lifetime of regret."

A recent incident which had caused Tyrone sleepless nights surfaced in his mind, prompting him to continuously drown his sorrows in alcohol.

Rolf was at a loss for words.

Apparently, Tyrone had summoned him for company, so he wouldn't have to drown his sorrows alone.

Observing Tyrone, who had been drinking heavily and appeared unstoppable, Rolf deliberated before dialing Sabrina's number.

At that moment, Sabrina was awaiting her flight to Violetness in the lounge of Oslo Airport.

Recognizing the caller ID, she glanced at Bettie and Aylin, rose, and strolled to a more private area to take the call.

"Yes, Rolf? What's the matter?"

"Tyrone is drunk."

Hearing his name made her heart flutter. "What do you mean?"

Why should his drinking concern her?

"He's just been released from the hospital and is on

medication. He can't be consuming alcohol. He isn't taking my advice."

"Do you expect me to convince him? If he's not listening to you, I doubt he'd listen to me either."

"Could you at least try? He suffered those injuries because of his effort to save you. You surely wouldn't want to see him drink himself to death, right?"

Although the situation wasn't critical, it could be bad for his health.

Frowning, Sabrina hesitated momentarily before responding, "Fine, put him on the phone."

"Sure."

Upon reentering the private room, Rolf found Tyrone about to down another glass of alcohol. He swiftly seized his wrist and said, "Enough."

Tyrone shot him a perplexed look.

Rolf passed the phone to him, stating, "It's for you."

He appeared not to have heard the ringing.

Tyrone, his eyes slightly glazed, took the phone, somewhat bewildered. "Hello?"

Immediately recognizing his slurred speech, Sabrina knew he was drunk.

Striving to maintain her composure, she called out, "Tyrone?"

Upon hearing her familiar voice, Tyrone shuddered. He straightened up, a spark ignited in his eyes as if he was

dreaming. "Sabrina?"

"Yes, it's me."

"Well... What can I do for you?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Have you been drinking?"

Tyrone hastily put down his glass, denying, "No."

"No need to lie to me. If your health deteriorates due to drinking, you'll end up back in the hospital. If that's what you want, keep drinking. You're wealthy enough to own a hospital. You can stay there indefinitely."

"I apologize, Sabrina. I won't drink anymore."

Realizing he'd been caught, Tyrone felt a pang of guilt. He pushed his glass away and murmured, "I appreciate your concern. It makes me happy, Sabrina. Even if it's just an act, I'm elated. I thought you'd severed all communication with me..."

His words filled Sabrina's heart with an unspeakable sorrow. Inhaling deeply, she ended the call without uttering another word.

Despite knowing that Tyrone was adept at dramatizing situations and that she should remain skeptical, Sabrina found her resolve weakening.

Nevertheless, she had made up her mind to move on and the most effective way was to ignore his plea.

That way, she wouldn't succumb to her sentiments.

"Sabrina, I genuinely don't wish to end our marriage, but I'm aware that you wouldn't stay by my side. I've wounded you too deeply. I lack the courage to even request you to stay. Ever since you left, sleep has evaded me. I miss you dearly, Sabrina..." 🗨️

His words trailed off as the call ended.

Tyrone shut his eyes, a bitter taste filling his mouth.

He had finally mustered the courage to bare his heart.

But she wasn't there to hear it, nor did she wish to listen anymore.

