

Chapter 205 I'll Give You A Medal

Tyrone didn't love Galilea. He felt guilty for her and wanted to make it up to her. However, this guilt was gone after his grandfather passed away because of Galilea.

His heart belonged to Sabrina, but she remained skeptical.

If his love for Sabrina had been enduring, why did he pursue a divorce? And if he had fallen in love with her just before the divorce, what led to his change of heart?

Tyrone took a deep breath before explaining, "Sabrina, I never intended to marry Galilea. I love you. I know you don't believe me, but I must confess my love. I was foolish and blind to my feelings for you. But I know now that I love you. I always have."

"You were in love with me for a long time but didn't know it?" Sabrina quipped with a cynical laugh. "Tyrone, do you expect me to believe such a pitiful excuse? You spent a month on a business trip to visit Galilea. You asked for divorce. You asked me to abort even if I were pregnant. You let people insult me as the home-wrecker. You went to Galilea on our wedding anniversary. You told your aunt that you would divorce me one day."


Tyrone tried to explain, but Sabrina's questions kept coming.

Her eyes welled up with tears as she spoke.

Due to the traumatic actions of Galilea's mother, Sabrina was confined to bed rest to safeguard her unborn child. The grief resulting from the death of her beloved grandfather ultimately led to a heartbreaking miscarriage. Tyrone's sudden proclamation of long-standing love felt

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Due to the traumatic actions of Galilea's mother, Sabrina was confined to bed rest to safeguard her unborn child. The grief resulting from the death of her beloved grandfather ultimately led to a heartbreaking miscarriage. Tyrone's sudden proclamation of long-standing love felt utterly absurd and woefully inadequate.

"If that's true, you're responsible for our child's death! I won't remarry you. Just let me go." Sabrina's eyes fluttered shut as she took a deep, shuddering breath. 

Her pain and heartbreak threatened to overwhelm her. It was all Tyrone's fault. She was ready to move on from the hurt and betrayal, but Tyrone's persistence continued to reopen old wounds.

Tyrone found himself at a loss for words.

As Sabrina struggled to hold back the tears that threatened to spill over, Tyrone could only offer a feeble apology. But apologies seemed meaningless in the face of the pain and heartbreak that he had caused.

If Tyrone had realized his love for Sabrina sooner, he could have spared her so much suffering. Then he wouldn't have let Galilea return or asked for a divorce. Sabrina wouldn't have felt the need to hide her pregnancy from him.

Tyrone would have protected her and their unborn child with every fiber of his being. Like a loving couple, he would've accompanied her to every doctor's appointment and had his men watch over her day and night. He would have protected her from Evie and never let her suffer any grievances. His grandfather might have lived longer, and their family could have been whole.

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He had triggered everything that unfolded.

He had ruined their marriage and caused their baby's death.

Sabrina would never forgive him, and he knew it.

The weight of his guilt and regret threatened to crush him, but he held on to a glimmer of hope that they could still salvage something from the wreckage of their relationship.

If he could go back and change the past, he would. But the reality was irreversible, yet he couldn't accept it.

Did they have any hope left for reconciliation?

Tyrone let out a deep breath and started the car in silence. The weight of his emotions was palpable in the air.

The car glided over the black and yellow speed bumps, seamlessly merging into the bustling flow of traffic.

Inside the vehicle, a thick silence hung heavy, punctuated only by the distant wail of a siren and the ambient noise of the city.

After what felt like an eternity, the car parked at the entrance of a pet hospital.

Tyrone released his seat belt. "Let's go. Bun's inside."

Though composed, Sabrina remained distant and unwilling to engage with Tyrone.

She unfastened her seat belt, opened the car door, and stepped onto the pavement. With a determined stride, she followed Tyrone into the pet hospital.

The receptionist, recognizing Tyrone, rose from her seat with a respectful nod. "Mr. Blakely, are you here to pick up Bun? Please follow me."

As she spoke, her eyes briefly flickered towards Sabrina, unable to place her face.

Sabrina wasn't a public figure. She maintained a reserved online presence, rarely engaging on social media. Consequently, there weren't many photos of her on the internet.

The receptionist didn't recognize her and assumed she was Tyrone's new girlfriend.

She carefully retrieved Bun from a cage. The kitten wore an E-collar to prevent her from licking her wound. As the receptionist moved to place the kitten into the carrier backpack, Sabrina stepped forward. "I'll take care of the cat."

The receptionist hesitated. "Miss, you should know that Bun's ringworm is contagious."

"I know. It's okay."

The receptionist gave her a small smile and gently handed her the kitten. Then she turned to Tyrone. "Mr. Blakely, please wait here for a moment. I'll go and bring you the medicine for Bun."

"Okay."

Sabrina sat on the sofa, cradling Bun.

It had been a month since she had seen the kitten. She couldn't believe how much Bun had grown.

It seemed that Bun had been well taken care of.

As she examined the kitten, she noticed a shaved patch on its leg and a red, furless spot where the ringworm had been.

Bun stretched out lazily with its little paws resting on her arm. The

kitten looked up at Sabrina and let out a soft meow as if to say, "Where have you been all these days?"

Sabrina's heart melted at the sound of the kitten's voice, and she stroked her back, replying with a gentle "Meow."

"Meow!" Bun looked at her.

"Meow!" Sabrina continued, feeling a connection with the furry little creature.

It was as if they were communicating, and for a moment, everything else faded away.

Tyrone couldn't help but smile as he watched them.

The kitten tried to rub its head against Sabrina, despite the E-collar. It was clear that Bun was familiar with Sabrina and wanted to show affection. But the collar made it impossible. Undeterred, Bun tried to remove the collar by pawing at it.

Sabrina chuckled at the sight, touching Bun's nose teasingly. The kitten dodged and opened its mouth, playfully biting her finger.

Bun's bite was gentle and tickled, making Sabrina smile.

The receptionist returned shortly after with the medicine and explained how to use it to Tyrone. Sabrina listened as she played with Bun.

"Okay, I see." With the medicine boxes in hand, Tyrone turned to Sabrina. "We can go now."

Sabrina stood up, carefully placing Bun into the pet carrier backpack, and left the pet hospital.

As they approached the car, Sabrina noticed that Tyrone was about to open the door and get in. "Give me the medicine. I'll take a taxi back," she said, holding her hand out.

Tyrone hesitated with his hand on the driver's side door handle. "I'll take

you home."

"No, thanks."

"Even if we have divorced, I'm still your brother. Just let me help you. Or are you never coming to see Grandma again?"

Sabrina remained motionless. "Do you seriously think after the divorce, things could go back to how they used to be?"

Tyrone's heart sank at her words. "Why not?"

"Whenever I see you, it will be a constant reminder of what you did. So it would be better not to meet each other in the future. I'll go visit Grandma, but that's all."

Tyrone's hand shook as he gripped the door handle tightly, his heart heavy with sadness.

As he had expected, She didn't want to see him again.

They would become like most other divorced couples—strangers to each other.

The only remaining common interest between them seemed to be Wanda. Tyrone assumed that Sabrina would likely call before visiting Wanda, ensuring he wouldn't be present. And he knew that Wanda would respect Sabrina's wishes.

Seeing Sabrina again in the future would be a challenging task.

He also understood that her refusal to let him drive her home stemmed from her desire to keep her current address a secret. However, he already knew her location thanks to the GPS tracker.

What could he do to keep her in his life?

How could he salvage their relationship?

Sabrina's patience was wearing thin. "It's fine. You don't have to give me the medicine. I'll go inside and buy more. You can go now."

She turned to go back to the pet hospital.

"Wait!" Tyrone mustered the strength to call out, suppressing the bitterness that threatened to consume him. "There's no need. I'll give you the medicine."

Sabrina stopped and turned around.

Tyrone approached her, handing her the medicine. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out.

She took the medicine and looked up at him. "How much money did it cost to treat Bun? I'll pay it back to you."

"That's not necessary."

But Sabrina was insistent. "It is necessary! We're divorced!"

Tyrone's frustration reached its peak. "Since you want to be so formal with me, what is your plan for compensating me after I assisted you in retrieving your wallet from the thief? And to pay me back for saving you from the crowd? I saved you from Raul, helped you relieve the effects of the drug and sent you to the hospital for urgent treatment. How are you going to thank me for that? Why don't you pay for all of that?"

Sabrina frowned, taken aback by Tyrone's sudden change in demeanor. She hadn't expected him to haggle over every detail.

But what he said was true. He had helped in many ways, and Sabrina couldn't be ungrateful.

After a moment of contemplation, Sabrina said, "Well, okay. Thank you for getting my wallet back for me. How much reward do you want?"

And thank you for saving me from the crowd. Perhaps I can give you a medal for that.

About Raul drugging me, I didn't ask for your help. You did it out of kindness, and I'm grateful to you. How much money did that kindness cost? I'll pay you back for that as well.

Oh, and by the way, as for the car accident, I will also pay you back for the medical bills."

Tyrone was fuming as he listened to Sabrina contemplate how to repay him. She didn't forget to add the incident with Raul to annoy him. He clenched his teeth. "There's no need for that! If you want to thank me, invite me to three meals. I'll pick the time!"

Sabrina sighed. She wasn't surprised that he would think of something like that.

She would prefer he ask her for money. She would even be willing to give him all the properties she had gotten from the divorce settlement. At least the ties would be cut, and she wouldn't have to see him again.

But that wasn't an option. Tyrone didn't lack money.

His proposal of these three meals seemed inevitable, which also meant that she would have to see him again in the future.

"Fine," Sabrina agreed, her voice filled with resignation.

"You can go home now. I'll contact you when I'm ready for my first meal."

Sabrina nodded and then hailed a taxi home.

Tyrone watched until she was safely inside the taxi before starting his car. But before he could drive away, his phone rang.

It was Kira.

"Hello, Aunt Kira."

"Tyrone, I'll be busy for a while and can't look after Jennie. Can she stay with you for a while? She's on winter break anyway."

Tyrone was taken aback by the sudden request. "I don't think it would be appropriate."

What was she thinking?

Asking him to take care of Jennie?

"Is there anything wrong? If Jennie was at school, I could ask the neighbor to take her to school and bring her home. But she's on winter break now. I could only think of sending her to you. She's been missing you and has been wanting to visit Mathias."

An idea suddenly flashed through Tyrone's mind. "Sure, it won't be a problem."

Jennie seemed to be fond of Sabrina.

