

Chapter 373 You Are Unique

Sabrina groggily awoke. She peered up at the white ceiling, feeling a bit lost.

Confused and disoriented, she struggled to recall what had happened before she lost consciousness. Suddenly, the memories came flooding back, and tears streamed down her face uncontrollably. She wrapped herself into a tight ball, wailing with grief.

Chest heaving, Sabrina fervently wished that she could wake up and discover that it was all a horrible nightmare. She wished that Rita had never come to Mathias and she was still Connor's biological daughter.

Tyrone reached out to Sabrina and tenderly dabbed her eyes with his fingers. "Don't cry," he murmured soothingly. "The doctor said it's important for you to stay calm, or else it won't be good for your health."

Sabrina directed her gaze at Tyrone. She burst into fresh tears and sobbed. "Tyrone."

"Yes, I'm here."

Tyrone wrapped his arms around her back, gently lifted her up and placed a pillow behind her.

Sabrina clung to him, her head resting against his shoulder. Sobbing, she uttered the words that had been tormenting her, "Tyrone...I'm not Connor's biological daughter. I'm a bastard..."

Tyrone was speechless and his heart ached for Sabrina. Sabrina's eyes were red and puffy from hours of crying profusely.

Tyrone hugged her and rubbed soothing circles into her back. "Sabrina, you are not a bastard. You are unique."

Yet, these comforting words meant nothing to Sabrina.

While Tyrone's situation was similar to that of Sabrina, it was also very different. In his case, he hadn't seen Elijah since he was a child and he had no deep feelings for Elijah.

Knowing that he was not Elijah's biological son but the result of an affair between Kira and Horace when Horace hadn't divorced yet, it didn't affect him. Perhaps it had something to do with his personality.

But Sabrina's relationship with Connor was completely different.

After the death of Sabrina's grandparents, Connor was the only relative Sabrina had left. Since Connor was the only family she knew, Sabrina emotionally depended on him, and all her childhood memories revolved around him. Connor upheld justice and exposed the darkness of the business. Everyone praised him, and Sabrina had always been proud of him.

When that crucial car accident happened, Connor's last act was one of selflessness. He sacrificed his life for Sabrina's well-being. It was a powerful demonstration of the close bond between a father and daughter.

And to make matters worse, Sabrina was always a sensitive soul. All her life, she thought Connor was her biological father. Out of the blue, Sabrina's biological mother, who abandoned her when she was a kid, showed up to tell her that she was actually born from a fling between a rich bachelor and a married woman. How could she ever come to terms with this news?

While Tyrone was digesting the news, Sabrina was in the throes of her agony. She wailed, hiccupping loudly as she fought to breathe and cry at the same time. "I feel so terrible... If I hadn't been born into this world, Connor would still be alive."

"Sabrina, don't say that." Tyrone hugged her even harder and said, "Don't

blame yourself for Connor's death. The killer is still out there, wandering free. You need to cheer up and avenge him."

For a second, Sabrina stopped crying as she thought over his words. Dabbing at the tear streaks on her face, Tyrone murmured, "Sometimes, blood relationships are not as important as you think. Since Connor raised you up and loved you dearly, he is your father. Nothing will change that. He had done what a great father will do to you."

"But... I really feel bad..." Sabrina sobbed.

Tyrone patted Sabrina on the shoulder lightly. "Connor risked his life to save you, hoping that you will live a carefree life and not be troubled by mundane things. If you keep dwelling on the past, you will fall into Rita's trap."

Sabrina murmured sadly, "If he had known I wasn't his biological daughter, would he have wanted to save me?"

There was no way to answer such a question.

Tyrone realized then that Sabrina's self-doubts ran deep. He smoothed the wrinkles between her eyebrows and tried to comfort her as best as he could. "I'm not your father, so I cannot speak for him. But if I were to make an educated guess based on his personality, I'm sure he would have saved you even if he had found out you were not his biological daughter..."

Besides, it is a thing of the past now. No matter what, at the moment of his desperate action of saving you at the risk of his life, you were still his lovely daughter, and he wanted you to live on."

Sabrina was silent for a moment. She knew Tyrone was right, but accepting it felt impossible. The sadness inside her was overwhelming.

"But..."

Tyrone kissed her, cutting off whatever else she wanted to say.

Reluctantly, Tyrone ended the kiss and stared into her watery eyes. "Don't think about anything else, okay?"

Sabrina pouted and looked at him pitifully.

Tyrone suddenly changed the topic. "You haven't had dinner, have you? I asked someone to prepare porridge for you. Would you like some?"

"I don't want to eat."

Sabrina felt hungry, but she had no appetite right now.

Tyrone shrugged his shoulders and said, "It's your choice. It's pretty early in the morning right now, so why don't you get some rest? Everything will be fine when you wake up."

With a small nod, Sabrina got up from the bed and went to the bathroom. A few minutes later, she emerged from the bathroom and lay down on the bed again. When Tyrone remained standing by the bedside, she inquired in a wavering voice, "Are you leaving?"

"No, I'll stay with you."

As Tyrone spoke, he took off his coat and turned off the light. Then he got into bed and lay beside Sabrina. "Go to sleep," he murmured, giving her arm an affectionate pat.

"You need to cover yourself with the quilt. It gets chilly at night," Sabrina said, handing him one side of the quilt.

Tyrone covered himself as instructed and immediately wrapped his arms around Sabrina.

Neither of them spoke for a while, allowing the darkness to lure them to sleep.

The ward was so quiet that one could hear Tyrone's and Sabrina's soft exhales.

After a long time, Sabrina turned over and whispered, "Tyrone, are you asleep?"

"No," Tyrone replied in the same tone of voice.

"I can't fall asleep."

"Are you still thinking about it?"

"Yes." Sabrina pursed her lips and asked, "Did you know about the truth before today?"

Tyrone didn't answer immediately.

Then, Sabrina continued, "Galilea has two things on me. Is this one of them?"

At first, Sabrina was upset that she was not Connor's biological daughter. But now that she had calmed down a bit, she was even more distraught at the identity of her biological father.

She should be Osiris' daughter, which meant she was Galilea's half-sister.

"Yes," Tyrone finally replied.

Sabrina inhaled deeply, the expected answer still managing to cut her deep.

No wonder Tyrone had been keeping it from her.

Sabrina once thought Galilea had nothing on her, but now she was not sure.

However, there were two supposed secrets, and this was just one of them.

What was the other one?

Would it upend her life in much the same manner this revelation had?

"When did you find out?"

"Do you still remember when we met Osiris at the airport last October? He acted strangely at the time. It turned out that he already knew who you were. He found a way to get your hair and took a paternity test. Later, Evie found out about the result of the paternity test."

"That's why she kidnapped me?" Sabrina gasped at the sudden realization.

"Yes. When Damon and his men went to the Clifford family to arrest Evie, he accidentally found the report and gave it to me."

"I see."

That was several months ago.

Just thinking of the great lengths Tyrone had gone to hide the truth from her even though she misunderstood him, filled her with a sense of warmth and love.

Although she knew the truth from Rita now, she was still moved by Tyrone's actions.

"Don't worry about Rita. I'll take care of everything," Tyrone vowed.

Earlier, when Sabrina had passed out in the car, the driver rushed her to the hospital and called Tyrone.

In that short span of time, Tyrone already figured out what happened.

Rita had seen Sierra grow up, so Rita loved Sierra more than her own biological daughter. Since Sabrina was not seriously injured by the drug Brady had adopted, it made sense Rita would urge Sabrina to forgive Brady for Sierra's sake.

However, Rita's callous decision to expose the true identity of Sabrina's biological father simply because Sabrina didn't agree to forgive Brady was unforgivable.

Rita only cared about Sierra, and never once thought about how her revelation would affect Sabrina's state of mind.

Sabrina clenched her jaw and lowered her eyes, feeling a little irritated. She opened her mouth as if to say something, but no words came out.

Tyrone had helped her a lot, and she didn't want him to worry about her anymore.

Chapter 374 Let's Make Up

The room was dark, so Tyrone couldn't see Sabrina's expression clearly. When Sabrina remained silent, Tyrone assumed she was still sad about her origin and what Rita had done.

Tyrone hugged Sabrina from behind and whispered, "Sabrina, do you know what my grandma told me that day?"

In the next breath, Tyrone answered his own question, "She told me that instead of being my biological father, Elijah was actually my uncle."

Sabrina inhaled sharply, eyes wide with shock.

If Elijah was his uncle, then his mother.... Was it Kira?

"Why do I bear my uncle's name? It's because my mother made herself the other woman in another person's marriage. I'm an illegitimate child. Even though I was raised up in the Blakely family, I am still an illegitimate child..."

Sabrina turned over and hugged Tyrone, feeling sorry for him. "I'm sorry to hear that..."

At the time, when she asked him what his grandma told him, his answer had been vague and he changed the subject very quickly. Obviously, he didn't want her to know about the ugly revelation.

But now, he was exposing his own scars just to comfort her.

"I want to tell you that you will move on. You can't do anything about your origin, but you can decide your future. Let the past stay in the past. Don't waste time dwelling on the things you can't control. Just focus on what lies ahead and make the most of it, alright?"

Tyrone's voice took on a solemn quality as he continued, "Parents and other relatives are often just temporary influences in our lives. You don't

have to put too much stock in them. Parents love their children, and children should treat their parents with respect. However, if your parents are unkind to you, you don't need to feel obligated by a sense of abnormal family loyalty."

For some reason, Sabrina's eyes turned red again. But this time, no tears fell from her eyes as she nodded her head.

Even though Tyrone didn't break down like Sabrina did, he also suffered from his true identity.

"Tyrone."

"What?" Tyrone asked quietly.

"Nothing. Go to sleep," Sabrina muttered after a pregnant pause.

She was on the brink of confessing to Tyrone that they could reunite.

However, at the last moment, Sabrina held the words back.

The reason why she changed her mind was because of his biological mother, Kira.

The words Kira said to her on the phone were still loud and clear in her mind.

The next morning, after ensuring that Sabrina was on her way home, Tyrone called Kylan and ordered, "Book me a ticket to Violetholt tomorrow."

"Violetholt?" Kylan checked Tyrone's schedule and found there were no scheduled trips to Violetholt.

Before Kylan could remind Tyrone of his schedule, Tyrone added, "Oh, and postpone tomorrow's schedule as well as that of the day after tomorrow."

"Okay, sir," Kylan answered.

It seemed Tyrone's trip was for personal reasons.

There was a meeting tomorrow, but it was not too important. Kylan

could just show Tyrone the minutes of the meeting. There was also a dinner party that Tyrone was supposed to attend. The boss Tyrone had an appointment with had been partners with the Blakely Group for many years, so they could postpone it.

When Sabrina returned home, she only mulled the issue for a while before finally deciding to tell Bettie everything that happened.

While sympathizing with Sabrina, Bettie scolded Rita and Sierra. Then she asked, "This is because of Blayze. Rita is Blayze's stepmother. Didn't he promise to resolve the matter that day? Does he know what happened yesterday?"

"I don't know. Let me ask," Sabrina replied and took out her phone.

Then she sent a message to Blayze, reading, "Blayze, your stepmother came to me yesterday and asked me to forgive Brady. Are you aware of it?"

At that moment, Blayze was reclining against the backseat of the car when his phone's screen lit up with an incoming message.

His eyes widened in surprise, and his fingers were typing a reply almost immediately. "I'm sorry, Sabrina. I've been dealing with this matter for the past two days. I didn't expect Rita to come to you. I will contact her right now and ask her not to disturb you anymore."

"Okay, thank you, Blayze."

"But I need you to understand me as well. Brady is my friend, and I will help him in my own way."

"I understand."

Sabrina knew what Blayze meant. Blayze wouldn't ask her and Bettie to forgive Brady, but he wouldn't stand by and allow Brady to go to jail either.

After reading Sabrina's reply, Blayze put his phone in his pocket.

On the other side, Sabrina showed their conversation to Bettie.

After reading through it, Bettie asked, "Do you believe him?"

Sabrina pursed her lips and said, "I believe him."

Ever since Sabrina became acquainted with Blayze, he had always been there to lend her a hand in her passion for photography. He was even an instrumental part in apprehending Hobson. When a competition went awry on her last venture, without hesitation he vowed to help her out of the predicament, and sure enough, he did.

"I don't believe him," Bettie announced.

"Why?" Sabrina asked, staring at Bettie in confusion.

"Just my intuition. I think he had expected that coming and acquiesced. He just refused to admit it. I suppose Rita will come to you again."

With a thoughtful expression, Bettie added, "Let's wait and see. If Rita comes to you again, you can make any decision you want. Whether it's to insist on charging Brady to court or to forgive him, you have my support."

Sabrina rubbed between her eyebrows and lowered her head. She still felt a little depressed.

Sabrina still had a few scenes to shoot and had to meet with the crew during the next two days. Keeping busy kept Sabrina's mind off things.

In the Fowler family in Violetholt.

"Okay... Mr. Fowler is not at home... Ok. I will let him know and get back to you."

The servant hung up the phone and was just about to go and find the housekeeper. Right at this moment, the housekeeper walked in. "You came just in time, Shane."

"What's wrong?" Shane asked, frowning.

"Someone called just now and said that their chairman was coming to

visit Mr. Fowler. I told him that Mr. Fowler was not at home, that he would have to wait until Mr. Fowler returned."

"Did you ask who it was?"

"The person who called said he was the secretary of Tyrone Blakely, the chairman of the Blakely Group in Mathias."

"What?" Stunned, Shane looked at the servant sharply and convinced himself he had misheard. "Who?"

Feeling a bit confused by Shane's strange reaction, the servant reiterated, "Tyrone Blakely from Mathias."

The servant had been in the Fowler house for a while and always read the financial news, so he knew about Tyrone.

To prevent the guests from being poorly received when they arrived, servants were made to be familiar with the names of the important partners of the Fowler family. But none of the servants had ever heard of any cooperation between the Fowler family and Tyrone.

Despite that, it was okay for Tyrone to pay a sudden visit to the Fowler family, but Shane looked like he had seen a ghost when he learned about Tyrone's upcoming visit. The servant couldn't help but think that something was wrong.

Shane's heart was palpitating. After a few seconds, he seemed to snap out of it and focused on the servant who was staring at him curiously. With a wave of his hand, Shane ordered, "Go ahead with your work. I will take care of it."

"Okay," the servant agreed reluctantly. He wanted to stay and hear more.

Shane's eyes fell on the landline in the living room. He walked over and pressed a button. The phone number of the last call immediately appeared on the electronic screen, indicating that it was a call from

Mathias.

His heart skipped a beat once again and he quickly called Horace.

Although Horace had handed over most of his business to Blayze, there were still times when the company still needed him to make decisions.

At that very moment, Horace was in a meeting. During a break, his assistant came over with his mobile phone and whispered something in Horace's ear.

Horace collected his phone from his assistant and walked out of the conference room. Outside, he called Shane back. "What's up?"

Shane had been working for Horace for many years and knew Horace well. If it wasn't a matter of the utmost importance, Shane would not have called.

"The secretary of Tyrone from the Blakely family in Mathias called and said that Tyrone wanted to visit you," Shane replied.

"Who?" Horace asked after a moment of shocked silence.

"Tyrone from the Blakely family."

A heavy silence fell before Horace replied calmly, "I'll be right back."

After hanging up the phone, Horace took a deep breath to ease the sudden tension in his body and went back to the meeting room. He said a few words to the people he was in a meeting with and left.