

Chapter 252 Asshole

The quietness of Sabrina further stoked Tyrone's anger, his gaze deepening with resentment as he demanded, "Am I right?"

Lowering her eyes, Sabrina tried her best to explain, but the tone sounded notably lacking in confidence. "Not entirely... It's just that..."

Yes, Tyrone was onto something, except she had feelings for Trevor.

"What are you trying to say?" Tyrone pressed, frustration evident in his voice.

Despite her guilt, Sabrina remained stubborn and fixed her gaze on Tyrone as she retorted, "There's nothing to it. You're right. I simply liked him more. He confessed, and I accepted. There's no other explanation. Do I have to respect my ex-husband's opinion when I go into a relationship?"

Tyrone's expression grew even more heated, almost mocking in his anger.

As his anger bubbled up, it consumed him, leaving little room for rational thought. He suddenly whisked away the quilt, revealing Sabrina's body beneath it. With a sly grin, he taunted, "How would Trevor react, do you think, if he saw a picture of you like this with me?"

Frantically, Sabrina tried to shield herself with one hand and reclaim the quilt with the other, but failed.

His words left her reeling. "How could you stoop so low, Tyrone?" she shot back, her voice filled with disdain.

"Now that you've labeled me as shameless, it would be an injustice if I'm not accused of this wrongdoing."

Her shock was evident as his face drew closer to hers.

Without warning, he captured her lips, his kiss aggressive and demanding.

Sabrina's attempts to free her hands were in vain as he easily captured them and positioned them above her head. Meanwhile, his other hand gently explored her soft chest.

"Hmm..."

As he deepened the kiss, Sabrina found herself gasping for air. The sensation, combined with her already tumultuous emotions, left her feeling lightheaded.

Dizziness had already enveloped her, and now a mix of anger and anxiety flooded in. Her thoughts became a jumble, leaving her breathless and overwhelmed.

Seeing her weakened state, Tyrone eased up, pulling back to gauge her condition. Her complexion was ghostly, her breath shallow, her eyes glazed—she was on the verge of passing out.

Alarmed, he swiftly tilted her head, starting CPR to revive her.

Moments later, consciousness returned to Sabrina. Clutching her chest, she coughed violently, gasping for air.

Tyrone gently wrapped her in the quilt, positioned a cushion for support, and whispered, "Eat up, and make sure to take some cold medicine afterward."

Sabrina's response was a flat shake of her head, her gaze distant. "Either release me or watch me starve to death."

She was determined to resist him to the very end.

With a sardonic grin, Tyrone nodded, "Oh, standing your ground, huh? Sabrina, you're banking on my affection for you, thinking I couldn't bear to see you hurt?"

Lowering her eyes, Sabrina said, "You don't have to feel sorry for me."

She was well aware he wouldn't let her actually starve.

His recent actions were likely spurred by seeing something on Trevor's social media feed last night.

Yet, even if she had no feelings for Trevor, comforting Tyrone wasn't an option—it would only confuse them.

If being in a relationship with Trevor could be her ticket to freedom from Tyrone, that would be a delightful turn of events.

So livid he couldn't articulate his thoughts, Tyrone stewed silently.

He was acting out, completely unreasonable.

They had been divorced for over a month, and she was in another relationship. Still, he couldn't move on.

After knocking her unconscious and placing her on his bed, he stopped short of crossing further boundaries. Perhaps he feared her resentment upon waking.

Rubbing his head in exasperation, Tyrone conceded, "Alright, Sabrina, you win this round. Eat up, and once your cold's gone, you can leave."

"Why wait for my cold to pass? Why not free me today?" Sabrina pressed.

"Because I worry you'll relapse into a fever. Stay here, let Karen look after you. Hard to believe someone can be so unappreciative to kindness."

Sabrina was speechless.

She had become the object of his twisted care.

"If you mean what you say, then bring me my clothes."

Tyrone returned with thin indoor pajamas, more suited for a heated villa. While they might work indoors, wearing them outside would be freezing.

Accepting the clothing, Sabrina noticed Tyrone's lingering gaze. Her expression turned cold. "Leave."

"I've seen you naked before, you know."

With a quick look around, Tyrone made his exit.

Quickly dressing, Sabrina's hunger urged her to start eating.

Karen's culinary skills perfectly matched her palate, so she didn't waste any time finishing her meal.

With the tray in hand, she walked into the dining room. Jennie was there, engrossed in her breakfast. Seeing Sabrina, her face beamed with joy, and she bubbled, "Auntie Sabrina!"

"Take your time. I'm not feeling well, so we can't play with you today." After dropping off her dish in the kitchen, Sabrina saw Karen already tidying up.

Setting down the dish, she inquired, "How's your grandson, Karen? Is he getting better?"

"He's much better now. Should be back to his usual self in a few days."

"That's good to hear." Sabrina started to leave, adding, "Take care, Karen. I'm heading out."

"Wait, Mrs. Blakely!" Karen called after her.

"I'm not Mrs. Blakely anymore, remember?"

"In my eyes, you're always Mrs. Blakely. I thought you should know that last night, Mr. Blakely never left your side. He took care of you, ensuring your fever came down. But remember, he's still recuperating. It's often easier for an outsider to see things clearly. His devotion to you is evident. I truly hope you might reconsider and give him another chance..."

"Karen, I value what he has done for me. But I'm with someone else now," Sabrina clarified.

Karen was stunned. "You're already seeing someone else?"

It seemed so sudden.

Only a month ago, Sabrina was grappling with the loss of her child. How could she move on to a new relationship so quickly?

"Yes."

Walking out of the dining room, Sabrina was lost in thought.

She was clueless about the events of the previous night, only to discover he had been with her the entire time.

Memories flooded Sabrina's mind. She remembered their marriage, and the times he cared for her when she was under the weather, whether it was a cold, fever, or a simple headache.

As a result, she often believed that their bond was profound.

But reality had other, harsher stories to tell.

"Sabrina," Tyrone called out.

She seemed lost in thought, making her way to the stairs without acknowledging him. Tyrone raised his voice. "Sabrina! Come here and get your medicine."

Snapping back to the present, she saw Tyrone in the living room and approached the couch, asking, "What did you just say?"

"Come here and take some cold medicine." Tyrone pointed to the table where he'd laid out the medication alongside a glass of water.

Sabrina observed that the medicine on the table was not in boxes but instead in small packets wrapped in white paper. Each package contained cold medication.

She recognized this type of medicine packet quite well. During her childhood, she resided in the countryside with her grandparents. Whenever she fell ill, her grandfather would accompany her to the village clinic to get a prescription. The doctor would provide medication in a similar manner, and it proved to be quite effective.

Every time she'd shop for cold medicine at a pharmacy, it was rare to find one that would actually dispense prescription medication.

The medicine in those small packets on the table wasn't from a generic box, but specifically prescribed by Tyrone after he sought out a doctor.

Settling onto the couch, Sabrina opened a packet, took her glass, and took a sip. The water was just right as if he'd taken care to chill it beforehand.

Memories of her grandfather or maybe just her vulnerability in sickness brought a rush of emotions. She felt her nose twitch, and tears threatened her eyes.

She opened her eyes wide and looked up at Tyrone as if nothing had happened, saying, "Shouldn't you be getting your treatment at the hospital?"

"I'm on my way soon."


"By the way, can I have my phone?"

"Stay home and rest. You don't need it."

"Asshole," Sabrina cursed in a low voice.

She had let herself be touched by his gestures, all for nothing.



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