

## Chapter 169 Not Reconciled

Bettie, a teasing smile tugging at her lips, handed Sabrina the phone. "Take a look, Sabrina. Trevor is asking for your number!"

Sabrina shrugged it off, her tone dismissive. "You're reading too much into it. Didn't I already say it? He just wants to reimburse me for my laundry bill."

Bettie raised her eyebrows and replied to Trevor, "Why do you want her account?"

His response came after a pause. "I stained her clothes. It's only right that I cover her cleaning expenses."

Upon reading that, Sabrina said in an exasperated tone, "See? Just like I told you..."

But she was interrupted by another message from. "Besides, she is quite attractive."

Bettie couldn't help but giggle and teased, "Sabrina, what else do you want to say?"

Sabrina averted her gaze, her eyes unintentionally falling on Trevor.

As their gazes locked, she quickly looked away, embarrassment washing over her.

The last thing she wanted was to delve into a new relationship, especially not with someone younger than

herself.

She yearned for love, yes, but she sought a mature man who could offer patience and stability, qualities that reminded her of her father.

College boys were simply too immature, and she found the thought of dating them tiring and uninteresting.

After a three-day stay in Oslo, their next destination was Violetness.

Meanwhile, Tyrone was released from the hospital and made his way back to Starriver Bay.

Upon his arrival, Bun greeted him.

Tyrone looked down at the pet, recalling how its company had been a source of comfort for Sabrina during her period of recovery at the villa.

Sabrina had shown so much affection for this pet. He wondered, if she had ever had a child, how well she might have concealed it.

Unaware of his deep thoughts, Bun made a playful attempt to climb up his leg.

Tyrone picked up Bun and proceeded upstairs.

Karen emerged from the bathroom, a bag of trash in hand. "Sir, you're home."

"Yes," Tyrone responded.

Karen cast a quick, surreptitious glance at him.

He had lost weight, his face had become gaunt, and wrinkles

had started to appear on his eyelids. He looked older, more severe. His dominant aura made it difficult for people to maintain eye contact.

Karen quickly averted her gaze and let out a heartfelt sigh. It hadn't been easy for Tyrone lately. First, Cesar passed away, then Sabrina had a miscarriage, they got divorced, and he was involved in a car accident. After going through all of that, how could he not be worn down?

"Sabrina left a suitcase for you."

Tyrone paused and glanced at Karen.

Karen quickly retrieved the suitcase, which had an intricate design and a jade piece embedded in it.

Tyrone opened it to find several small jewelry boxes.

"She said these pieces, all gifts from you, were too extravagant and unnecessary for her. She wanted them returned to you."

Tyrone placed Bun down and slowly moved to the suitcase. He picked up one of the boxes, revealing a necklace inside.

On the way to pick her up from his grandparents' house after the interview, he purchased it for her. She would often examine the gift but never remove it for use.

There was also a variety of jewelry, necklace, bracelet, earrings, brooch, and so on.

These must have been gifts from him as well.

However, except for the necklace, the origins of the remaining pieces escaped his memory.

It was probable that he had delegated the task of selecting these items to Kylan, as he hadn't seen them himself.

Next, he noticed several small boxes, unmistakably ring boxes.

Upon opening one, he discovered a woman's ring.

He recalled purchasing this ring for her on the day Eddie had offered his apologies.

When the custom-made ring had arrived, he had personally slipped it onto her finger.

The image of the ring on her finger was still vivid in his memory.

He continued to wear his matching ring, although he was uncertain when she had removed hers.

A mixture of emotions overwhelmed him as he stared at the ring.

He placed it back into the box, closed it, and carried the suitcase upstairs.

At eight o'clock in the evening, Tyrone was in a bar with his friends.

Rolf entered, greeted Tyson, scanned the room, and made his way to the corner sofa.

Seated beside Tyrone, Rolf inquired nonchalantly, "Why do you sit here?"

"It's quiet here," Tyrone replied with an air of serenity.

"Separated from your wife?" Rolf took out a cigarette from his pocket.

"Indeed."

Tyrone's simple affirmation prompted Rolf to toss him a cigarette, which Tyrone promptly ignited with Rolf's lighter and began to smoke.

"Where might she be?" Rolf probed further, puffing on his cigarette.

"She is traveling in Norwen with her friends."

Upon observing Tyrone's composed demeanor, Rolf exhibited surprise, questioning, "You just allowed her to leave like that? I wouldn't leave the woman I cherished so easily!"

Tyrone chose silence as his response, flicking ash from his cigarette before inhaling another puff.

How could he willingly leave her?

If it were so easy for him to move on, he wouldn't have allowed Damon to implant a tracker on her.

If not for the unexpected revelation, he would be with her in Norwen now.

Rolf, unaware of the circumstances, assumed Tyrone's silence meant acceptance. "You've changed."

"I need some time to think," Tyrone stated, reclining against the couch, exhaling a wisp of smoke that spiraled upwards until it vanished.

The situation was a source of irritation for him.

Unless resolved, he'd be tortured by the thought of her bearing another man's child.

It was a fact he discovered after he had fallen for her. Caught off guard and unprepared, he never thought that she would have a child with another man.

He couldn't bear to leave her, realizing his genuine affection for her.

She was like an unremarkable jasmine, silently and unknowingly weaving her way into every corner of his life before he could even realize it.

They say love grows with time.

But she had a child with another man and probably harbored feelings for him still.

He was uncertain about how to make Sabrina fall for him.

The thought of the child was infuriating, triggering impulses of rage and vengeance.

"Is something wrong?" Rolf queried, observing Tyrone.

Tyrone sat in silence, holding a cigarette in one hand and a glass of wine in the other.

"Have your wounds healed? Don't drink too much," Rolf cautioned, no longer pursuing the subject.

"Tyrone? Since when do you smoke?" Eddie interjected, taking a seat.

Shaken from his thoughts, Tyrone replied apathetically, "Felt like it."

"I heard that you and Sabrina got divorced?"

"Yes."

The room fell into a sudden hush.

Even amidst the card games and drinking, Tyrone was still the object of surreptitious glances.

Rumors circulated that Tyrone had married Sabrina and made their marriage public due to Cesar's pressure.

Their divorce not long after Cesar's death seemed to validate the rumor.

Galilea hadn't made a public appearance in a while.

More rumors had it that Tyrone's pursuit of Galilea had led him to divorce Sabrina.

Eddie, however, was privy to some insider information. He was aware that Sabrina had suffered a miscarriage before she filed for divorce.

Despite his disapproval to Sabrina, he acknowledged that she had carried Tyrone's child.

As he was about to express his sympathies, someone remarked, "Congratulations, Tyrone. It was about time for the divorce. Sabrina doesn't deserve you."

