

Scars Of A Broken Bond Chapter 2 Let's Divorce by Calv Momose

"It's me," Tyrone replied.

"Did you drink?" Sabrina asked.

"I drank a little with my friend."

The muffled sound of water cascading down in the bathroom filled the room. Sabrina grimaced, her rest disturbed.

Someone slid into the bed.

A hand landed on her waist, its path trailing a prickly sensation on her skin.

"Uhm... Not tonight..." Eyes shut, Sabrina sleepily brushed his hand away.

Deep within, she feared causing harm to their unborn child.

His hand halted, settling on her back. "Go to sleep."

Sabrina's sleepiness seized her and tenderly whisked her away into a peaceful slumber.

When morning arrived and Sabrina opened her eyes, she discovered an empty space beside her in the bed. Only the faintly crumpled sheets remained as evidence of his return home last night.

A hint of annoyance crept in. Why had she given in to sleep so soon?

It didn't matter, though. She could still share the news with him later.

Once done with her morning hygiene routine, Sabrina navigated to the wardrobe, selecting a white suit for Tyrone. Considering the joyful news of her pregnancy, she opted for a red-striped tie, neatly placed on the bed.

Tyrone was back from his morning jog, lounging on the sofa in his pajamas. Noticing Sabrina descending the stairs, he dropped the papers in hand and suggested, "Time for breakfast."

After breakfast, Sabrina mustered up the courage, her voice filled with hope and happiness. "Tyrone, I've got news to share."

Surely, the announcement of a baby would bring joy, wouldn't it?

"I've got something to share as well," Tyrone confessed.

"Alright, you first." Her warm and sweet smile carried a subtle touch of bashfulness.

"Sabrina, let's divorce." Rising, Tyrone fetched the document from the sofa, extending it to her. "This is our divorce agreement. Take your time with it. Should there be any queries or requirements, let me know."

Sabrina's heart skipped a beat as she regarded Tyrone with a stunned expression.

Momentarily, her mind went blank, doubting her own ears.

Time seemed to stretch before she managed to stammer, "Divorce?"

He was suggesting a divorce?

What prompted him to consider divorce so abruptly?

She was caught off guard.

"We were both set up that night. We were forced to get married and we didn't make the marriage public. Since there is no love between the two of us, we'd better end it," Tyrone explained casually, as if discussing mundane chores.

Sabrina's face drained of color.

Her heart felt clenched, making breathing arduous.

It couldn't be.

She had loved him for nine years.

She had joined the Blakely family and fallen in love with him at the age of sixteen.

They had been married for three years. Her love for him had only grown stronger.

She wanted this marriage; it wasn't forced upon her.

Yet, for him, the marriage was far from perfect.

Struggling to swallow the lump in her throat, she steadied her breath. Looking straight at him, she attempted to keep her voice steady. "Have the last three years not been good? Are you certain you want to divorce me?" Her heart ached as she uttered those words.

"I've made my decision."

"But your grandparents..."

"I'll handle them."

"And what if I am—" She wanted to tell him she was pregnant.

Impatient, he cut her off. "Galilea's returned."

The words felt like a brutal stab to Sabrina's heart.

She accepted the divorce agreement in a daze and said, "Alright. I will look at this."

Forced to marry? No love? Those were just excuses.

His concluding sentence revealed the true reason behind his decision.

Galilea Clifford had returned.