


Chapter 27 Get Away With Him

Retreating to her bedroom, Sabrina sought the comfort of sleep.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Tyrone returned from his day's work, heading for the kitchen. Pouring a glass of water, he noticed presents casually strewn in a kitchen corner. His curiosity sparked. "Did we have a visitor today?" 

In a straightforward manner, the housekeeper responded, "A friend of Mrs. Blakely stopped by."


A pause hung in the air as she decided against voicing more information.

Tyrone's interest piqued, he inquired further, "And?"

"Well, she requested to be referred to as Miss Chavez in front of this friend."

A wrinkle of perplexity formed on Tyrone's forehead. "Is this friend a male?"

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Sabrina pretending to be unmarried implied a deep affection for this man, perhaps due to fear that he would be turned off by her past marital history. ③

Wetting his throat with a gulp of water, Tyrone sought more information. "Is he handsome?"

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"Yes. He appears to be a celebrity."

The housekeeper, not a frequent television viewer, recognized Bradley's face, but his name escaped her.

A celebrity?

Tyrone's memory raced back to a masked and hat-donned man he had once seen at a studio's entrance.

He concluded this was the man Sabrina had taken a liking to. Finishing his water, Tyrone ascended the stairs, leaving the empty glass behind.

Sabrina, having just awoken from her nap, lay sprawled in the bed, mind adrift.

The echo of footsteps outside snapped her back into reality. Her eyes met Tyrone as he pushed open the door.

Yesterday, Sabrina would have been delighted by Tyrone's return.

Now, she had waited far too long. Her only reaction to his arrival was relief.

His return at this moment was likely in preparation for tomorrow's impending divorce.

It seemed that he couldn't wait anymore.

"Are you awake?" Tyrone asked, perching himself at the foot of the bed.

"Yes," Sabrina replied, propping herself up. She had planned to ask about his previous nights' absences, but before she could utter a word, she noticed the disarray of his clothing, the crumpled shirt, and a lipstick stain on his collar.

As she neared him, she detected a familiar feminine fragrance.

She recognized the familiar scent of Galilea's perfume. ③

Sabrina's mind went blank, her thoughts momentarily scattered and her focus disrupted.

She had speculated about the possibility of Tyrone and Galilea being intimate, but experiencing it firsthand was still a harsh reality for Sabrina to accept.

Her eyes welled up with tears.

Her dear Tyrone. ②

That was her husband.

The lipstick stain on his collar was so dazzling in her eyes, as if mocking her.

Overwhelmed, Sabrina erupted, "Stay away from me!"

Suddenly, she felt a wave of nausea and began to retch.

Tyrone, acting swiftly, procured a trash can.


As he neared, Sabrina's retching intensified.

Noticing this, Tyrone took a whiff of his clothing and reassured Sabrina, "I'll go change."

Sabrina continued to retch, though nothing came up; her eyes spilled tears instead.

Tyrone showered and changed his attire. Upon his return, he found Sabrina had regained her composure. He began to explain, "You've got it wrong. Nothing happened between..."

"Tyrone, I need to speak with you."

Sabrina interrupted him, her calm exterior belying the storm inside. She knew Tyrone wouldn't have sex with another woman before their divorce was finalized. Otherwise, the lipstick wouldn't have been on his clothes but on his skin. 

However, she wasn't interested in his explanations.

The impending divorce made his clarifications pointless.

He would end up with Galilea sooner or later.

It was merely a matter of time

"Go ahead."

"I have made up my mind. After our divorce tomorrow, I want to resign from my position."

A silence lingered in the room after her announcement.

After a long pause, Tyrone sought confirmation. "Are you

certain? Is resigning truly what you want?"

"Yes," Sabrina affirmed with a determined nod.

"Why would you leave? Being the brand director of MQ Clothing is a prestigious position," Tyrone inquired, puzzled.

"I have my reasons. After the divorce, you're leaving me a sizeable fortune. Why should I continue working?"

A surprised laugh escaped Tyrone.


Her explanation was unexpected.

Ever since she joined the Blakely family, Tyrone's grandparents had been generous with her, enough so that she could lead a lavish life even without employment.

However, she had always shown dedication to her work.

She never struck him as someone who could happily idle away.

"If you don't provide a concrete plan, I can't approve of your resignation. Grandpa wouldn't approve either," Tyrone stated.

"I don't have a detailed plan yet. All I know is I've been feeling overworked lately and would like to use this time to travel and relax. Plus, after our divorce, if I remain here, we'll have to continue our charade as a couple for your grandparents, which isn't fair to you." 

A look of comprehension dawned on Tyrone's face. "Is this about our collaboration with Galilea?"

Sabrina had put her heart and soul into creating MQ Clothing. He doubted she would abandon it so abruptly.

Sabrina silently conceded with pursed lips.

"Just bear with it a bit longer. Once the endorsement is over, I'll arrange for your vacation."

Sabrina insisted, "I don't need a vacation. I need to resign."

"Sabrina, stop this," Tyrone warned in a stern tone.

"I'm serious, Tyrone."

After a moment's silence, Tyrone retorted, "Why do you have to resign to travel? Or is this about him?"

"Who?" Sabrina questioned, puzzled.

Him?

Who was referring to?


"The friend who visited today."

"I had a sprained ankle, and he came to check on me."

"You've come up with so many excuses to resign, but in reality, you just want to leave with him, don't you?"

Finally, Sabrina understood. He was talking about Bradley.

The thought was amusing to her. "What nonsense are you talking about? My resignation has nothing to do with him."

"Really?" Tyrone sneered. "I heard you had the housekeeper address you as Miss Chavez in front of him. What? Are you worried he'll find out you're married?" 

Sabrina remained silent, and Tyrone continued, "A person who truly cares for you wouldn't dislike you because of a past divorce. If someone has a dislike for you, it doesn't matter whether you're unmarried or not. If he is concerned about such matters, it is essential to reflect on whether he is truly the right person for you. It is important not to settle for someone who is unworthy of your presence and love." ⑤

Stunned into silence, Sabrina found no words to reply. ③

His tone carried a sense of helplessness, resembling that of a parent trying to persuade a rebellious child.

How come he spoke those words with such serene composure?

He was the last person who could say these words.

"I already told you; it has nothing to do with him!"

"Why are you so adamant in defending him? What makes him so special?" Tyrone's anger was beginning to seep through his calm facade.

At this moment, Sabrina realized she might have picked the wrong time to resign. "I simply wish to resign, that's all!"

"I cannot agree to your resignation." ①

Annoyed, Sabrina retorted without thinking, "Fine, you're right! I want to leave with him. What right do you have to care about my actions now? If you can be with Galilea Clifford, why can't I

find love with someone else?" ⓘ

