

## Chapter 43 Three Years Of Lying

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The driver's attention was glued to the road, consumed by the task of navigating the streets.

The perpetual commotion outside and the ceaseless sirens echoed in stark contrast with the tranquil ambiance within the car.

Tyrone observed Sabrina's somewhat somber demeanor, and he questioned, "Why did you choose to return the items you purchased with the card I gave you and then buy them again?"

He had gotten a notification on his cell phone that the earlier transaction had been refunded to his account. But as she still held onto those items, it was clear she had repurchased them using her own funds.

Sabrina continued to gaze out the window, avoiding his gaze. "That's my personal matter. You don't need to concern yourself with it."

"Are you upset because I was out shopping with Galilea?"

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"You have done so many things for her. Why would I get upset just because you went shopping with her?" Sabrina questioned, a sarcastic grin playing on her face as she reclined in her seat and closed her eyes.

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She felt drained and hollow, her spirit seemingly evaporating.

She felt like a powered-down machine.

In days gone by, she could convince herself that Tyrone harbored some feelings for her in their three-year-long marriage.

However, now, whenever she saw Tyrone, Galilea's words resonated in her mind.

She yearned to ask him why he married her if his heart belonged to Galilea, whom he seemed incapable of forgetting.

"What happened to your hand?" Tyrone abruptly noticed the reddened back of her hand.

"I burned myself accidentally."

"Why didn't you seek medical attention? Let's drive to the hospital."

Sabrina opened her eyes and gazed at him. It felt absurdly ironic to her. She withdrew her hand and replied, "There's no need; it's just a minor burn."

In the past, his concern would have touched her.

But now, it was almost laughable. He was undoubtedly a skilled actor.

He played the part of a caring husband, but in reality, he'd been deceiving her for the past three years.

"Sabrina, you can harbor resentment towards me. But you shouldn't neglect your well-being."

"I'm neither resentful nor neglecting my health," Sabrina responded, sinking back into her seat and closing her eyes again.

Tyrone, his expression serious, studied her indifferent facade and said, "Do you have to act like this?"

"What do you mean by that?" Sabrina cracked open one eye, arching an eyebrow as she looked at him. "I simply don't require your concern. Isn't that what you wanted? There's no need for you to continue your charade of being a loving husband."

Tyrone's expression turned grave. "Sabrina, what are you insinuating?"

"What am I insinuating? Are you truly unaware? What have you done in the past? Do you want me to spell them out for you?"

"What have I done? Are you intending to blame me for something?"

"And what might that something be?" Sabrina's lips curved into a smile. "Do you recall when our wedding anniversary is?"

After a brief pause, Tyrone answered, "September 20th."

"Why do you look so guilty?"

Tyrone fell silent.

"I see. So, it seems September 20th is also Galilea's birthday. Your love for her runs so deep that you even use our anniversary to remember her," Sabrina said, her voice threaded with a painful realization.

As she spoke, she could feel a lump forming in her throat, a teary deluge threatening to break forth.


With great effort, she suppressed her tears and asked, "Each July, you take at least a two-week business trip. What are you really up to during those times?"

The car fell into a profound silence, with the driver too fearful to make a sound.

Noticing Tyrone's continued silence, Sabrina scoffed, "Why don't you explain yourself?"

He was at a loss for words, seeming to have lost even the will to fabricate a lie.

"Are you feeling guilty? Do you lack the courage to admit it?" Sabrina posed her questions, each word heavier than the one before.

"Since you like her so much, why didn't you wait for her instead? Why did you choose to marry me? I didn't need to marry you. Why put me through this?" Sabrina's voice came as a mere whisper, her body trembling violently, and tears cascading down her cheeks. 

Since her father's departure, she had refrained from shedding tears in the presence of others.

Being a self-deprecating and vulnerable person, she had constructed an impenetrable fortress around her emotions.

She was just an ordinary individual. Being adopted into the Blakely family was a stroke of luck, but ever since, she had lived a life filled with caution, wariness, and constant observation.

The Blakely family looked down on her, with the sole exception of Tyrone's grandparents who treated her with genuine kindness. Sabrina occasionally wondered whether Tyrone, despite not being in love with her, felt any affection for her at all.

Her assumptions were misguided.

If familial affection was present, she wouldn't be subjected to such heartless treatment.

To him, she mattered less than a mere stranger.

Just like others, he too was unfeeling, his cold-hearted nature surpassing them all. But he cloaked his true feelings under a veil of courteousness, leaving her bewildered.

The car was enveloped in a hushed silence.

Taking a deep breath, Tyrone glanced at her tear-streaked face. His heart tightened. ①

This was an unfamiliar version of Sabrina. ②

He was clueless about his own reactions. Her tears seemed to strangle his breath. ①

After an uncomfortably long silence, he managed to utter, "I'm sorry." ①

Apologies were his default response, irrespective of the situation.

"Is sorry the only word in your vocabulary? Tyrone, I've realized your heart is as cold as stone!"

Her voice was a mix of rage and sorrow as she wiped the tears from her face

"I will make it up to you."

With a derisive laugh, Sabrina retorted, "And how exactly do you plan to do that? Not divorcing me? Allowing me to quit and leave this place? You can't give me what I truly desire, so how will you make amends?"

Tyrone's reply was a stony silence.

Sabrina was done arguing. To regain her composure, she took a deep breath and said tersely, "I don't want to talk to you now."

Tyrone was left without words. His brow furrowed and he was lost in deep thoughts.

The air inside the car grew heavy with tension.

The driver was too frightened to even glance at the rear-view mirror.

The car entered the villa premises and came to a halt in the courtyard.

Stepping out of the car, Sabrina retrieved her shopping bags from the trunk and made her way into the villa.

Tyrone trailed behind her. Gazing at her retreating figure, he stood frozen for a moment before eventually following her.

Retreating to her room, Sabrina left Tyrone at the foot of the stairs. He headed to his study to engage in work.

However, his efficiency was far from its usual mark that night. He couldn't even make it through a single document in half an hour.

His mind kept wandering and his thoughts were a void. His internal musings remained a mystery.

Hours seemed to fly by unnoticed. He looked up to see it was already 11 PM.

Placing the documents aside, Tyrone retired to his room. The sight of the vacant master bedroom filled his heart with a strange emptiness. Perhaps, after they shared the space for three years, their sudden separation felt peculiar. ①

Surveying the room, Tyrone noticed an object on the table.

It was the black card he gave her.

A note lay next to it reading, "Remember, we start the divorce proceedings on Monday." ②

His Adam's apple bobbed nervously, his grip on the black card tightened.

Was she truly intent on divorcing him? Did she desire to be with the man she truly loved? ③

But if she indeed wished for a divorce, why did she confront him with such despair and anger today? ④



What was his role in her life?

Almost involuntarily, he found himself standing outside her door. Raising his hand hesitantly, he knocked.

As Sabrina opened the door, her hair half-dried, she regarded Tyrone with a cold indifference. "What is it?" she queried.

