

Chapter 44 Let's Have A Baby

"Let's revisit our divorce terms. Join me in the study," said Tyrone.

"Alright."

Sabrina returned the towel to its place, then accompanied Tyrone outside. After closing the door, she made her way to the study.

A digital copy of their divorce papers flickered on Tyrone's screen, edited with several new conditions. He shifted aside, inviting Sabrina to view his additions. "Come and see the new terms I have added."

Positioned on the edge of the desk, Sabrina studied the highlighted segments on the display.

The primary addition implied their separation, but they would still live together. His post-divorce plan involved maintaining their cohabitation. ③

The addendum dictated her role in concealing their divorce from his grandparents and, when required, accompanying him on visits until they learned of their divorce.

A second stipulation ensured they would keep silent about their marriage and divorce.

Thirdly, an imposed ban restricted either of them from bringing home dates.

Changes were evident in their property agreement as well.

Previously, Sabrina was to receive twenty million dollars, two villas, and two sports cars.

The revised version allocated her fifty million, the same number of villas and cars.

Reading through the altered terms, Sabrina expressed her dissent. "I disagree with the first point. Are we expected to live together indefinitely, assuming your grandparents remain unaware of our divorce? If you can't be transparent about Galilea, then why the divorce at all?"

"We can assign an expiration date."

Quick to calculate a timeframe, Sabrina replied, "Two months. Your grandparents should be informed within this period. After that, we can part ways."

Beyond this time, her pregnancy would become apparent.

Tyrone's eyes reflected a deep darkness. "Okay."

She seemed eager to escape, offering just two months.

Perhaps her heart harbored profound resentment towards him. ③

Sabrina motioned to the property division clause and proposed, "I'm fine with the initial agreement of twenty million. Extra money is unnecessary."

"I failed you. Consider this my attempt at amends."

Tyrone held his ground. Sabrina refrained from further arguments, her primary focus remaining on finalizing the divorce terms swiftly.

Once they reached an agreement, Tyrone produced two printed copies of the agreement.

Each signed their respective document.

One for each.

"Done." Sabrina affixed her signature and took her copy. "If there's nothing else, I'll retreat to my room. Remember, Monday."

"Understood," Tyrone voiced softly.

Retreating to her room with the signed agreement, Sabrina closed the door behind her. Back against the door, her strength abandoned her, and she sank to the floor.

She clutched at her aching heart, her trembling fingers barely able to mask the overwhelming pain.

Her affection for him, a decade in the making, couldn't possibly have vanished so swiftly.

The impending divorce marked their detachment.

Their marriage spanned three years, a significant period, but perhaps they were simply not meant to be.

Her desire to sever ties swiftly was to preserve the previous three years as cherished memories, rather than a disastrous chapter.

She refused to leave behind a trail of resentment and grievances.

That night, sleep eluded Sabrina.

Restless in her bed, she found herself reminiscing their shared

journey over the past three years.

He could be tender, intelligent, thoughtful, romantic, passionate, wild, and at times, aloof.

She distinctly remembered the Blakely Group anniversary.

A single sip from a handed glass of wine sent her reeling into dizziness, prompting her to retreat to an upstairs hotel room.

In her hazy state, she recalled an imposing presence.

That night, only a few fragments of memory lingered in her mind.

Cesar discovered their secret and confronted them individually, eventually forcing their marriage. ③

The wedding was an informal affair. A meal shared with the Blakely family was all it took for them to be declared husband and wife.

She became Tyrone's wife.

Recalling her joy back then was effortless.

She had married the man of her dreams.

Their vows were exchanged, sealing her love for the man she'd cherished over the years.

He was remarkable, someone she could only ever admire from afar.

Their prior understanding of each other was limited when Sabrina first met him, her words to him barely more than familial affection.

At times, he'd merely acknowledge her with a nod, and on

occasion, inquire about her wellbeing.

Despite seeming like courteous chatter, his words stirred in her a joy that lingered.

She studied diligently. Initially, her goal was simply for him to notice her, but then she aspired to stand by his side.

She loved him like a firefly, yearning to chase after him like the moon and the sun. She understood it would be a challenging journey, but she was determined to catch up with him.

Marriage did not diminish her cautious demeanor around him. She still feared provoking his disdain.

Tyrone, on the other hand, exhibited great patience. He lovingly guided her on her wifely duties. Their mutual understanding grew and so did the sweetness of their marriage.

His actions towards her were nothing short of affectionate. Reflecting on those days, she realized his intentions had always been apparent.

After getting married, he regularly purchased condoms. ⓘ

A year after their marriage, Sabrina felt that their relationship had reached a stable point. One day, after being intimate, she nestled in his arms and said, "Tyrone, let's have a baby."

His demeanor turned frosty. "The time isn't right yet."

Puzzled, she asked, "When would be the right time?"

"We'll discuss it later, honey." He offered a gentle pat on her head before stepping out to shower.

In hindsight, she realized he might never have intended to have a child with her.

It seemed Galilea alone had the privilege to bear his child. Had she peered into his eyes back then, Sabrina might have noticed the absence of warmth, the lack of love.

Three years flew by, unfolding like a silent film where she was the sole spectator.

Her attempts at capturing his affection proved futile.

His love for her was nonexistent.

All she could do was divorce him.

The past had been etched and couldn't be altered.

"Tyrone, I hope after our divorce, you find true happiness with the woman of your heart and spend your remaining days in her company. My best wishes will follow you even when we part ways. The memory of our three years together will never fade."

Suddenly, her phone disrupted her train of thoughts.

Awakening from her reverie, Sabrina realized she had dozed off. The illuminated screen of her phone caught her attention.

It was three in the morning.

Rolf dialed her number.

Pressing the answer button, she answered, "Hello, Rolf?"

"It's me. Tyrone needs to be picked up."

"Tyrone? Isn't he at home? What happened?"

"He called me for a drink at one o'clock in the morning." Rolf's voice brimmed with frustration. "Who knows what's going on

with him." ⌚

Sabrina was indecisive. "Can't you drop him off?"

"He's refusing to leave. Despite my efforts, he's adamant on staying."

The darkness outside matched her sentiments.

What a nuisance!

Why did he choose to drink at such an unusual hour? Couldn't he have chosen to drink at home instead?

