

## Chapter 97 Couldn't Figure Him Out

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Tyrone ordered, "Just do as I say."

Following a brief pause, Eddie conceded.

Stowing away his phone, Tyrone strolled slowly, clasping Sabrina's hand.

A hush enveloped them.

Eventually, Sabrina broke the silence. "Eddie intends to apologize. If Tyson and the others are present, won't it put him in a difficult position?"

"Is something wrong?"

"I don't see a need to involve others."

Previously, Sabrina had yearned for this. However, as it was about to transpire, her joy wasn't as profound as anticipated.

She seemed to view it now as something less essential. Had he introduced her as his wife to his friends right after their marriage, her heart would have brimmed with joy.

But after he'd been involved with Galilea, a public acknowledgment now might make it seem as if she'd snatched him away.

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Tyrone paused, turning to look at Sabrina. "Why such thoughts?"

Barely moving her lips, Sabrina queried, "Remember when you asked me to address Galilea as my sister-in-law in front of everyone?"

It was only a short while back when he'd brought Galilea to meet his friends as his girlfriend.

Now, she was in Galilea's place.

His thoughts remained a mystery to her.

Tyrone gripped her wrist, tenderly tracing circles with his thumb. "Relax. I'm here with you."

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As long as he was present, his friends would have to show her respect, regardless of their personal feelings.

Eddie had to apologize to Sabrina against his wishes. Sabrina remained silent.

They walked for a while before returning to their villa.

Exiting the restroom, Tyrone spotted a glass of water and a couple of medicine bottles in front of Sabrina.

A frown creasing his forehead, he moved behind Sabrina. "You are still having stomachache? Shall we visit the hospital?"

Startled by his voice, Sabrina quickly regained her composure, declining, "No need."

But Tyrone didn't concur. "It's been lingering for a while. Minor ailments can escalate. We are going to the hospital tomorrow."

"It's not a cause for worry. The doctor mentioned recovery would take some time as it's a chronic disease." Seeing Tyrone's expression, Sabrina volunteered, "Really, I'm fine now. If it worsens, I'll consult a doctor myself."

Upon hearing this, Tyrone nodded and said, "If you're feeling unwell, we should go to the hospital."

"Sure."

Later that night, after finishing his work in the study, Tyrone entered their master bedroom.

Sabrina was already deep in slumber.

Silently, he approached the bed, observing her serene, sleeping form.

But she was still curled up.

He stepped into the bathroom. After a bit, he emerged in a bathrobe, slid under the quilt, and curled up beside Sabrina, drawing her close.

Sabrina felt a warm presence in her sleep and instinctively curled into it.

Morning light filled the room. Squinting through sleep-heavy eyes, she glanced at her phone. It was almost seven.

The spot next to her was empty, the bedspread still warm.

Tyrone had likely risen early for his run.

Rising, Sabrina freshened up, got dressed, and headed downstairs for breakfast where Tyrone awaited her.

After their meal, they left for work, a pattern familiar from their past marriage.

In the back seat, Tyrone held her hand, lightly tracing her skin.

Her skin was remarkably fair, blue veins faintly visible on the back of her hand. Her fingers were elegant, nails tinted a soft pink.

"I won't be in the office after lunch. Join me at the club in the evening. I will have the driver to pick you up after work."

"A business engagement?" Sabrina inquired.

"I have made an appointment with some business partners to play golf," Tyrone declared.

His primary intent wasn't the leisurely sport of golf, but the chance to blend business chat within the relaxed setting, a far cry from the stiffness of an office.

"Okay."

"Do you want to join me?"

I've got my own tasks to do. Perhaps you could approve of my resignation?" Sabrina suggested, as she extended her hand to him.

"No." Tyrone smiled.

Sabrina knew he wouldn't agree.

However, she couldn't help but think about the baby growing inside her womb. She quickly calculated the time and realized that she was nearly thirteen weeks along.

It was time for her to undergo a pregnancy check-up.

Now, she was uncertain about how to inform Tyrone about the pregnancy. Additionally, considering their current unstable situation, she felt hesitant to share the news with him.

Upon reaching their workplace, they rode the elevator together, each exiting at their own floor. They parted ways with a brief goodbye at the corridor.

Tyrone gave her palm a quick squeeze before parting.

"Just go." She nudged him gently.

Tyrone strode off to his office.

As Sabrina turned around, she spotted Evelyn in the distance, her face expressionless and her eyes dark.

Sabrina greeted her. "Good morning."

Evelyn didn't utter a word.

Sabrina, not waiting for a response, moved to her own office.

Evelyn remained in place, clenching her fists, watching Sabrina's receding figure.

The events that had just unfolded replayed in Evelyn's mind as she closed her eyes.

Despite the lack of overt affection between Tyrone and Sabrina, Tyrone's gaze had revealed a lot.

Evelyn felt a pang of sadness.

She reminisced about her first encounter with Tyrone.

Donned in a black shirt with a few buttons undone, suit trousers, handmade leather shoes, and a modest yet elegant belt, he was a picture of class and charisma.

Evelyn found herself captivated as he stood on the stage, holding a file, delivering the inaugural speech.

His eyes, when they fell on her, were calm and imposing.

Evelyn was enchanted.

Due to the two-year age difference between her and Tyrone, the employees refrained from making any jokes

about her and Tyrone, as if they couldn't fathom the possibility of them being a couple.

Age seemed to be an insurmountable barrier. ☹

Evelyn understood that someone as mature and accomplished as Tyrone would typically be attracted to younger women, and she felt excluded because of it.

To avoid becoming the butt of office jokes, she held back her feelings and declared she was in a relationship.

Her eyes, however, were always on Tyrone.

She noticed the peculiar closeness between Tyrone and Sabrina, which wasn't typically sibling-like.

They often arrived and left work together, even shared lunches in Tyrone's office.

If Tyrone didn't have any evening social engagements or other commitments, they would leave work together in the afternoon.

However, before she could confirm this, Galilea returned.

The news was overwhelming.

At that moment, she finally confirmed that Galilea was the woman Tyrone loved.

But Tyrone and Sabrina's relationship remained a mystery. ☹

Now, Evelyn was certain.

Their intimacy was palpable, the subtle palm squeeze a giveaway.

A man of Tyrone's age and vigor had his needs.

Yet, Evelyn was taken aback that he was maintaining an affair with Sabrina, even after his reunion with Galilea.

But it was a common thought. How could a wealthy man be loyal to just one woman?

In that sense, Tyrone seemed to be no different from other wealthy men.

That was when an idea struck Evelyn.

Biting her lower lip, she thought if Sabrina could be his secret lover, why couldn't she? 

