

## Chapter 98 It Was Broken

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Once her work was over, Sabrina planned to hail a taxi to the club. To her surprise, Tyrone showed up to give her a ride.

"The meeting ended early, so I came to pick you up," Tyrone explained.

Sabrina looked out of the window at the view of the street.

Before long, the car stopped.

Gazing out, she realized they hadn't yet reached the club.

About to inquire, she noticed Tyrone already exiting the vehicle.

"What are we doing here?" she queried, stepping out of the car.

Tyrone, taking her hand, directed her to a nearby jewelry store. "Just a little shopping."

Shopping? For what exactly?

Though puzzled, Sabrina held back her questions.

Entering the store, the surprised manager greeted them.

"Mr. Blakely, Miss Chavez, please make yourselves comfortable in our VIP area. Any particular items you're interested in today?"

The manager seemed rather taken aback.

Just the previous day, she had read about Tyrone's extravagant celebration for Galilea Clifford's birthday. Now he appeared with a different woman.

The world of the wealthy indeed perplexed her.

Nonetheless, she kept her surprise concealed.

Tyrone took a seat on the sofa in the VIP room and requested, "Please show me the latest collection of couple rings."

"Certainly. A moment please." The manager served them coffee and rushed to fetch the rings.

Couple rings?

Was he shopping for a friend's wedding?

While waiting, Sabrina casually sipped her coffee, checking her phone and texting her assistant about work-related issues. ☹

The manager returned with an array of couple rings, introducing each one meticulously. "Feel free to have a look. They are our newest offerings, favored by many young couples. Look at this piece. It's been flying off our shelves due to its unique design and elegant presence." ☹

The manager presented the female ring, slipping it onto her own ring finger to show Tyrone.

"Mr. Blakely, any thoughts?"

"Actually, what's your opinion?" Tyrone turned to Sabrina.

The manager swiftly redirected her hand to Sabrina.

Sabrina lifted her gaze to examine the ring. After a

moment's consideration, she nodded approvingly. "Excellent. It would make a great gift for a friend."

Seizing her phone, Tyrone switched it off. "It's not for a friend."

Confused, Sabrina snatched her phone back. "Then, who for?"

Linking their fingers, Tyrone glanced at their ring fingers. "Ever feel like something's missing here?"

In just a couple of seconds, Sabrina grasped Tyrone's intention to purchase a set of rings for themselves. ②

The sight of the diamond rings on the tray didn't surprise her or spark a desire to choose.

She would've been ecstatic if Tyrone had given her a ring on their anniversary, but he had gifted her a bracelet instead. And the bracelet was now in shambles.

Then, the memory of that night had become a constant source of pain for her, causing her heartache from time to time.

The peace between them was merely a facade.

It still hurt.

The manager was shocked but also felt it was somewhat expected.

Sabrina, after all, was an adoptee of the Blakely family, having spent a decade with them. Maybe she and Tyrone had ended up together.

Galilea, on the other hand, was just an actress. Perhaps Tyrone only treated her as a plaything. ①

With surprise still etched on Sabrina's face, Tyrone gingerly selected a woman's ring from the display. He gently lifted her left hand, slipping the ring onto her finger. Looking at it, he asked, "Do you like it?"

Collecting herself, Sabrina raised her gaze to meet his.

The chandelier in the VIP room cast a soft light, bathing Tyrone in a gentle aura.

Sabrina's gaze drifted away from him, settling on her left hand.

The diamond adorning the ring sparkled brilliantly under the light, almost too dazzling to bear.

Not missing a beat, the manager complimented enthusiastically, "Mr. Blakely, your choice is impeccable. This diamond ring is not just beautifully crafted but unique. Miss Chavez's hand is one of the most stunning I've seen. Her fair skin and slender fingers accentuate the beauty of the ring."

Sabrina examined her hand once again, shaking her head gently. "It's too flashy. It doesn't match my everyday style."

Tyrone suggested, "We could get two sets. One for collection, the other for daily use."

The manager's eyes brightened at Tyrone's proposal, eagerly supporting his idea. "Miss Chavez, Mr. Blakely cares for you deeply. This ring is a testament to that. It's stunning. The man's ring is equally handsome. They're both part of our new collection, and they would suit daily wear beautifully."

He quickly picked up another set of rings, promoting them with enthusiasm.

Tyrone removed the flashy ring from Sabrina's finger and replaced it with one adorned with a smaller diamond, asking, "What's your opinion?"

This ring was simple.

After scrutinizing the selection of rings on display, Sabrina pointed at the one on her finger. "I choose this one."

"Excellent choice. Allow me to size your fingers now," the manager chimed in, hiding her disappointment that the pricier ring wasn't chosen.

However, her disappointment was short-lived as she heard Tyrone say, "We'll take that pair as well."

"Very well, sir!" The manager's face instantly lit up. "Would you like any engraving on the rings?"

"No need," Sabrina replied.

She couldn't help but consider the potential resale value of the rings, should their marriage end.

"Understood. We'll expedite the customization and alert you once it's completed."

Tyrone responded with a simple, "Hmm." He turned to Sabrina and asked, "Anything else you like? Do you want to look around?"

Before Sabrina could reply, the manager suggested, "We just received a new collection of necklaces. Care to take a look?"

Sabrina declined politely. "No, thank you. We should get going."

Tyrone stood, offered her his hand, and they exited the store.

The manager bid them farewell at the door. "Goodbye."

They returned to their vehicle.

The car zoomed down the road.

"Why did you suddenly decide to buy rings?" Sabrina glanced at Tyrone and posed her question.

"Nothing. I was just thinking that we've been married for three years, but we don't even have couple rings." Tyrone took her hand, interlacing their fingers. Under the dim car light, he confessed, "Sabrina, I'm aware that I've failed in my duties as a husband these past three years. You've been incredibly patient. I'll do my best to make it up to you and compensate for the time lost."

She had agreed to give him another chance, but he could sense she was still cautious.

A wall seemed to exist between them, invisible but perceptible.

Their relationship had been strained and piecing it back together was going to be challenging. 🕒

Sabrina couldn't trust him as implicitly as she once had.

She managed a small smile at him before her gaze wandered to the window, focusing on the world outside.