

## Chapter 129 Who Do You Love

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Sabrina's hands balled into tight fists.

As if sensing her thoughts, Larry reassured her, "Don't worry. Grandpa is a wise man. His main concern is your happiness, and I'll assist in convincing him."

"I..." Before Sabrina could voice her thoughts, the sound of approaching footsteps echoed behind her, along with Tyrone's voice. "Sabrina? Why haven't you returned? Larry?"

"I was just having a chat with Sabrina," Larry responded with a smile.

Larry was an easygoing person; Sabrina's relationship with him was better than the one between her and Tyrone.

Tyrone didn't voice any suspicion, instead turning to Sabrina. "I noticed you barely ate anything earlier. Make sure to eat more."

"Okay," Sabrina replied.

Larry glanced at them, announcing, "I should head back too. Otherwise, my wife might think I've taken up smoking again."

Noticing the discarded cigarette butts on the ground, Tyrone managed a smile.

In a hushed tone, Larry added, "Don't let her know."

"You reek of smoke," Tyrone replied, raising an eyebrow.

Larry paused, sniffed his shoulder, and said helplessly, "I'll take a walk before heading back."

After lunch, two cars departed the house, ending their journey at the base of a cemetery.

As they made their way to the cemetery, Tyrone remained silent for an extended period, just as he had done in the past.

Before, Sabrina had found it strange. After all, Tyrone, having grown up with Cesar, and having lost his father early in life, didn't have the warmest of relationships with his father. Plus, it had been more than a decade. His longing for his father didn't seem to fit.

But now, she understood.

Larry placed flowers on the tombstone.

"Dad, Mom, we've come to visit! Frankie, meet your grandparents."

At the sight of the tombstone, Frankie looked puzzled but obediently greeted, "Grandpa and Grandma."

Tyrone merely squatted down, quietly placing an object next to the tombstone. He said nothing. Was it because of his stoicism or Larry's presence?

Gazing at the quiet Tyrone, Sabrina felt a blend of

emotions.

Afterward, they made their way back to the city.

"Home or to Grandparents'?" Tyrone inquired, eyes on the road.

"Let's head to Grandparents'. I rarely get free time, and I'd like to spend it with them," Sabrina responded.

"Alright. I have a few errands to run. I'll drop you off and pick you up later tonight."

"Okay."

Upon leaving Sabrina at the house, Tyrone drove off.

He didn't return until eight in the evening, after finishing his tasks.

By then, Cesar was preparing for bed.

After saying goodbye to Wanda and Cesar, Tyrone left with Sabrina.

Once inside the car, Tyrone started it, took out a small box, and handed it to Sabrina. "I picked this up on the way here. Do you like it?"

He had an interview with a TV station earlier in the day.

The questions revolved around his work in finance, eventually leading to queries about his personal life and his response to recent public opinion.

Before, he'd kept his private life under wraps, considering Galilea's work and his own distaste for

unwarranted intrusion.

There were two underlying reasons, one concerning Galilea, and the other centered around himself.

He ignored Sabrina.

But now he chose to do the interview for the reason that he didn't want Sabrina subjected to undue criticism.

She deserved to stand beside him, openly and proudly.

After making his stand in front of the camera, he felt a sense of relief.

After the dinner, he rushed to meet her, and on the way, a necklace in a jewelry store caught his eye.

Sabrina opened the box with a composed expression, revealing a platinum necklace, simple yet luxurious. It was perfect for her.

"Thank you," she said, showing no surprise as she closed the box and placed it on the car seat.

Tyrone's brow furrowed slightly.

Didn't she like it?

"Do you have tasks remaining for the night?" Sabrina abruptly queried.

"Why do you ask?"

"I need to discuss something with you."

"Why not now?"

Looking at the passing traffic, she responded, "Let's return home and discuss it."

She didn't want to have a car accident like Elijah and his wife.

Upon arriving at Starriver Bay, Tyrone deposited the car keys on the table, shrugged off his jacket, and hung it up. He then poured two glasses of water, one for himself and the other for Sabrina. "What did you want to discuss?"

"I think we should divorce," Sabrina announced, her tone steady.

Tyrone froze, his hand mid-pour. He turned to gaze at Sabrina, disbelief etched across his face. "What did you just say?"

He was oblivious to the glass overflowing.

"I said, we should get a divorce," Sabrina reiterated, meeting Tyrone's stare.

Tyrone's heart stuttered.

His gaze betrayed his shock, so absorbed in his thoughts he failed to notice the water spilling onto his hand. His fingers reddened, his sleeve soaked by the scalding overflow.

Realizing he remained silent, Sabrina continued, "Let's keep this from Grandpa as long as possible."

Tyrone didn't respond, simply looking at her.

"Sir, you're spilling water!" Karen, exiting her room, saw Tyrone's mess and rushed over to relieve him of the glass. "Are you hurt? I can fetch the ointment."

"No. Return to your room," Tyrone commanded in an

icy tone.

Karen flinched, recognizing his fury. She was mindful of Sabrina's pregnancy. Before leaving, she reminded Tyrone, "Sir, please calm down. Don't hurt Mrs. Blakely."

Once Karen's room door was shut, Tyrone fixed his chilly gaze on Sabrina. "Why the sudden talk of divorce?"

"Aren't we heading towards a divorce? There's no sense in pretending otherwise."

"Whether it's senseless or not isn't for you to decide!"

"I don't wish to argue. I've decided."

"Well, I don't agree!"

"I recall Grandpa mentioning that if we still desire a divorce after he's gone, then we should proceed with it. Grandma won't intervene. So, why waste time now?"

Sabrina recalled Cesar's recent hospitalization and her ensuing fear. The doctor's words had painted a bleak picture of Cesar's future.

Having come to terms with his imminent departure over the last few days, Sabrina had resolved to discuss divorce privately, taking into consideration Cesar's feelings.

Once Cesar was gone, she could separate, file a lawsuit, or simply disappear so Tyrone wouldn't find her. Without a divorce, their lives wouldn't

resume their previous normalcy.

"Then explain, why this sudden decision to divorce? Is it the recent news? I already assured you..." Tyrone's promise that the interview video would vindicate her was cut short by Sabrina.

"No! If you seek a reason, it's that I no longer love you!"

Tyrone bore into her, asking pointedly, "Then who is it? Bradley? Is that correct?"

Before she could respond, he rushed towards her, forcing her onto the couch, grasping her hands. His eyes flamed red as he growled, "Do you love him that much? Do you?"

Sabrina wriggled to escape. "Tyrone, release me!" Tyrone only tightened his grip, his other hand slipped under her clothes, coming into contact with her abdomen and her soft skin.

Sabrina became rigid, ceasing her struggle.

Tyrone, clouded by anger, failed to notice Sabrina's change. He asked in a hoarse voice, "If we were to have a child, would you still seek a divorce?"

