

Chapter 241 Kill Myself To Prove

Upon seeing the message, a chill ran down Damon's spine. His hands shook so violently that his phone nearly fell.

A vein pulsated on his temple as he replied quickly, "Please stop! You're putting me in a tight spot!"

If Tyrone happened to see that and became envious, he might end up sparring with him in boxing once more.

Back at Norwen, all Sabrina did was briefly praise Damon's character. But Tyrone overheard and challenged him to several boxing rounds when they got home. Though it was masked as boxing training, it was more of Tyrone taking out his aggression on him.

Damon found himself cornered and unable to decline Tyrone's challenges. They had sparred twice, and both times, Tyrone had given him a thrashing. The remnants of those sessions were still evident in the bruises on his body.

He couldn't bear another bout of Tyrone's so-called boxing.

Sabrina texted, "That's exactly what I want to do. If not, you'd always see me as a pushover!"

Damon was confident that Sabrina had figured out the situation, yet he chose to act clueless. "I'm not sure what you're talking about."

Unfazed, Sabrina sent over the incriminating recording. "Stop playing dumb. Had you wished to keep it secret, you shouldn't have done it."

After hearing the recording, Damon chose not to answer.

Growing impatient, Sabrina taunted, "I know you're there, just answer."

Instruct the suppliers to consider an out-of-court settlement. If you're determined to go through with this, I'll cover the expenses for the Faulkner family."

Damon replied, "Why are you doing this?"

Sabrina retorted, "Why did Tyrone interfere? Why keep bugging me?"

Damon found himself speechless.

With a huff, Sabrina turned off her phone, took a moment, and inhaled deeply. Her mood was souring rapidly.

Regret consumed her. Her entanglement with Tyrone had thrown her life into chaos.

Not long ago, she'd suspected Zeke of willfully using subpar materials. However, she discovered that he'd been wrongly accused. It was her ex-husband who'd plotted against Trevor's family.

She had inadvertently put the Faulkner family in a big mess.

She had hoped to earn Trevor's trust and help him, but Tyrone's meddling jeopardized everything. If Trevor grew fearful of Tyrone and distanced himself, her entire strategy would crumble.

Moreover, she was completely unaware of the situation, yet she couldn't shake off the feeling that it was somehow her fault.

She didn't harbor romantic feelings for Trevor. Her interest in him was purely strategic. But what if genuine affection blossomed between them?

Tyrone's jealousy, unwilling to see her with another, wrought chaos in their lives. If this continued, Sabrina shuddered to think how their futures would unfold.

She had no freedom.

Opening her chat with Trevor, Sabrina typed, "I apologize, Trevor. I've discovered the person in the recording. He's an associate of Tyrone

Blakely's. I'm sorry. I truly hadn't foreseen this. I've confronted him, urging an out-of-court resolution. If they resist, I'll cover your expenses."

Trevor quickly responded, "I see. Sabrina, don't worry, I'm not blaming you. No need to apologize. You're incredibly kind and sweet. It's definitely his loss to have divorced you."

His empathy only deepened Sabrina's guilt.

After the conversation, Sabrina murmured to Jennie, "Jennie, I need to step out for a call. Call if you need me."

Jennie nodded in understanding.

Sabrina walked to a quieter spot by the fire escape and called Tyrone, her face devoid of emotion.

"Beep... Beep..."

The phone kept ringing for quite a while and was only answered just before it was about to disconnect on its own.

"Hello, Sabrina?" Through the phone came Tyrone's faint and raspy voice, suggesting that he had just woken up.

Without noticing the difference in his voice, Sabrina asked coldly, "Tyrone, did you ask Damon to set a trap for the Faulkner family? How can you stoop so low? Weren't you done meddling in my life? You can't keep your word! You're such a liar!"

For a while, Tyrone remained quiet, then murmured in a fragile tone, "Is that your perception of me?"

The moment her call popped up, he picked up eagerly. However, the barrage of questions that followed dampened his spirits instantly.

"Aren't you a liar?" Sabrina's voice turned chilly as she asked each word deliberately.

With a mix of sarcasm and disillusionment, Tyrone retorted, "Trevor's

father bought subpar materials, fully aware of their quality. When someone blew the whistle on him, how is that my fault?"

At this point, Tyrone's word held no weight in Sabrina's eyes.

She dismissed his defense as bullshit.

Even if it was true that Zeke knowingly opted for inferior materials, her primary aim was to secure Trevor's confidence.

And as for Zeke, once she unearthed evidence of his past involvement in the abduction and murder of her father, justice would surely be served.

In a mocking tone, Sabrina countered, "You seem oddly informed about the situation. Did you hire people to work with him just to rat him out?"

Was she truly afraid that Trevor might grow to dislike her because of this?

"Ahem... Ahem..." Tyrone was interrupted by a fit of coughs. After composing himself, he replied with a hint of derision, "Your affection for Trevor has clouded your judgment. But don't throw baseless accusations at me. If Zeke hadn't compromised on the materials, he wouldn't have been in this mess. I'm not responsible."

Sabrina snorted. "Liar! Are you saying you didn't direct Damon's actions? Why else would he target the Faulkner family for no reason?"

"What he has done has nothing to do with me. How could I possibly know the reasons behind his opposition to the Faulkner family? He doesn't work for me."

"So, Tyrone, not only are you dishonest, but you're also running away from your responsibility. Divorcing you was one of the best decisions I made!"

Her words pierced Tyrone's heart like a dagger, making it hard to breathe for him.

His eyes were slightly red, and he looked up at the ceiling.

His fists tightened, producing a soft cracking sound. He struggled to keep his voice steady, articulating every word. "So, in your eyes, I'm the bad guy? Is that it?"

"You're well-aware of your actions!"

"I've told you. I had no hand in this. How can I make you trust me? Should I meet my end to prove my innocence? What do you want from me?"

Seeing Tyrone's continued denial, she no longer had the patience to continue the debate and abruptly ended the call. 📞

She put her phone in her purse, drew a deep breath, ambled to the window, and stared blankly into the horizon.

Back then, Tyrone appeared exceptional in her eyes. He possessed good looks, towering height, wisdom, a kind heart, wealth, and influence. These diverse qualities made it difficult for her to break free from her feelings for him.

However, upon reflection, she realized that Tyrone was merely average. When she removed the rose-tinted glasses of youth, he was just like any other man, especially in terms of his possessiveness and stubbornness.

Her feelings for him had now soured to disdain and loathing.

She was grateful for the timely exit from his life.

After avenging her father, she planned to relocate overseas, distancing herself from Tyrone for good.

The next day, Sabrina accompanied Jennie to do the handcraft at home.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sudden knocking on the door startled her.

She approached and peeked through the peephole. Damon stood outside.

She opened the door, raised her eyebrows, and asked, "Why are you here?"

Damon's face was gloomy. His lips tightened as he inquired, "What did you tell Tyrone?"



Chapter 242 Never Wanted Him To Die

"Why would you bring this up?" Sabrina's voice held a trace of shock.

Taking a deep breath to collect himself, Damon said, "A couple of days back, Tyrone had a severe stomach bleed and was admitted for care. He's been under the weather, but out of the blue, he's refusing to eat. It's been a day since he last had eaten anything. The nursing staff mentioned he got a call yesterday, and that's when he decided to stop eating."

Tyrone was in the hospital for a stomach bleeding?

Recalling her recent hospital visit to see Karen's grandchild, an image of Tyrone flashed in Sabrina's mind. She had dismissed it as a mere figment of her imagination.

Noticing Sabrina's distant look, Damon urged, "You need to come with me to the hospital. He might listen to you."

Gathering her thoughts, Sabrina took a step back and said, "I'm not going. He's an adult, not some stubborn child. By acting this way, he's only harming himself. We're divorced. Should I rush to his side every time he decides to skip a meal?"

She was well aware of Tyrone's stomach issues during their marriage, mainly due to his social commitments.

However, she had been looking after him so well that he rarely experienced stomachache symptoms.

Yet, the realization that he had been hospitalized soon after their divorce left her reeling.

Damon frowned and said, "Listen, Sabrina! I understand your frustration about the Faulkner family incident. But believe me when I say it was my idea. Tyrone didn't know it!"

"I refuse to believe it!" Sabrina said lightly. "It feels like a ploy, both of you playing me."

"I swear to God, I am telling the truth!" Damon lifted three fingers and made a solemn oath.

Witnessing the intensity in Damon's eyes, doubt began to creep into Sabrina's resolve.

Damon continued, "Don't you believe me? When I was heading here, do you know what he told me? That if only his death could validate his honesty, he'd embrace it willingly! He coughed up blood earlier today. The doctor mentioned that he's in critical condition and there's concern he might not survive the surgery. Don't you believe me now? Please! I'm begging you!"

Couldn't make it through the surgery...

Was his condition that dire?

Although Tyrone's constant attention irked her, she never wished harm upon him.

A whirlpool of emotions churned inside Sabrina as she bit her lip and cast her eyes downward, clutching the fabric of her sleeve.

Had she misjudged Tyrone?

Before she could voice her thoughts, Jennie burst from a room, her eyes wide and anxious, searching Damon's. "Did Uncle Tyrone really cough up blood? What's wrong?"

Recognizing her as Tyrone's niece, Damon informed her gently, "He's been admitted due to a severe stomach bleed."

"A stomach bleed? How bad is it?" Concern painted Jennie's face an

even paler shade.

"It's very serious. The doctors might even have to perform surgery to remove his stomach."

Jennie's imagination painted a terrifying picture, causing her to tremble. Grasping Sabrina's hand, she pleaded, "Uncle Tyrone drank all night during the party. Can we please visit him at the hospital?"

Damon urged, "Sabrina, remember you were once married. Do you really want to see him suffer like this?"

Inhaling deeply, Sabrina nodded at Jennie, her voice soft. "Let's dress up and visit your uncle."

"Yay!" Jennie immediately ran back to her room to change her clothes. Sabrina shifted to the side and gestured for Damon to pass, saying, "Wait for us in the living room."

"I'm not going in. I'd rather wait by the door."

"Fine then."

Returning to her room, Sabrina quickly changed and reappeared alongside Jennie.

"Let's go." Damon made his way to the elevator, hitting the descent button.

They eventually halted at the entrance of the hospital building.

Damon walked briskly, noticing that Sabrina and Jennie were a few steps behind. He promptly turned around, lifted Jennie, and quickly ascended the stairs.

Keeping pace, Sabrina hastened her steps, her breathing rapid and face tinted red from the effort.

Damon halted at the entrance of a VIP ward and indicated the door, saying, "Here it is. You can go inside now."

Peeking through the room's glass window, Sabrina caught a glimpse of Tyrone, appearing almost lifeless in the bed, an IV drip beside him.

With a gentle nudge, she entered the room.

Jennie wriggled in Damon's arms, pleading, "I want to go in too."

Damon gently cradled her, replying, "Just a moment; let them have a chat first."

"Alright."

The door's soft sound signaled her entrance. At the approach of footsteps, Tyrone, without opening his eyes, muttered, "I've told you, I won't eat. Don't push it."

He didn't fall asleep.

Approaching the bedside, Sabrina looked down at the frail figure of Tyrone. An unexpected pang of emotion caught her off guard, causing her to catch her breath.

In just a few days apart, he appeared to have lost quite a bit of weight. His once vibrant eyes now looked hollow, and a ghostly pale marred his face.

The back of his hands, visible to her, seemed almost translucent. Blue veins stood out prominently.

How did this happen? How did he suddenly become like this?

Having known Tyrone for so many years, Sabrina had always seen him as someone vibrant and full of life. Never had she seen him appear this delicate state.

The room was quiet until Tyrone broke the silence. "Leave now."

"It's me," Sabrina whispered.

Upon recognizing her voice, Tyrone shivered slightly, his eyelids fluttered, yet he kept them shut.

His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed the bitterness that lingered

in his throat. His fingers discreetly tightened around the sheet, and his voice, husky and icy, asked, "Why are you here?"

Sabrina's face tightened in concern. "I was wrong about you yesterday. I'm sorry."

With a hint of irony, Tyrone responded, "You weren't mistaken. I did instruct Damon to go after the Faulkner family. I broke my word to you, and then lied. You did well to divorce me."

Caught off guard, Sabrina offered a forced smile. "You remember so well..."

"Thanks."

Gently seating herself by the bed, Sabrina said softly, "I shouldn't have said those things. I was upset. If I hurt you, I regret it."

"That's how you genuinely feel, isn't it?" Tyrone cut her off, gazing at her, eyes profound and tinged with irony. "No need for apologies. You care for Trevor, fearing he might resent you over this. It's clear where your heart lies. Damon shouldn't have involved you. You don't have to come here anymore."

They looked into each other's eyes. Sabrina, lost in his gaze, struggled to find her words.

"You mentioned it yourself, we're no longer together. I won't trouble you any further. My health is none of your concern. This should be good news for you, right? Why are you hesitating?"

Although he said so, Sabrina felt that he was being sarcastic.

She paused and then said seriously, "I reacted poorly yesterday. I got you wrong. I'll accept any blame, but I implore you to care for your health and trust the medical team. If my presence disturbs you, I'll leave now."

Tyrone looked at her in disbelief.