

Chapter 248 A Family Of Three

Before his marriage, Tyrone was engrossed in numerous social commitments, so much so that even his grandfather warned him against overworking. Back then, his youthfulness coupled with the group management's dissatisfaction meant he had to work doubly hard, all to ensure he didn't disappoint the faith his grandfather placed in him.

After he got married, those social outings dwindled. He found himself heading home after work more often, sharing dinners with Sabrina. If he didn't harbor feelings for her, how could she have influenced him to ease up on work?

Before marrying Sabrina, he used to lose his temper with employees who made mistakes. Yet, he became noticeably more gentle with his subordinates after their marriage.

These gradual change in behavior even escaped his own notice.

But by the time he discerned his genuine feelings for Sabrina, it felt like the realization came too late.

Overwhelmed by his heartfelt admission, Sabrina found herself struggling to articulate her emotions.

There was joy, knowing that after nearly a decade of loving him, he reciprocated those feelings.

Her heart ached as well. Despite discovering the truth, the fact remained that Tyrone had hurt her for Galilea's sake. The pain had left a deep scar in her heart, one that wouldn't fade away easily.

Along with these emotions, she felt a deep sense of longing. Had he

realized his feelings sooner, would their story have taken a different trajectory? ①

However, dwelling on the past wouldn't change anything.

Their shared experiences had drained her enthusiasm for the marriage. The idea of returning to a time when she adored him wholeheartedly seemed impossible now.

It felt like she had lost her ability to truly love someone.

"Uncle, the nurse is coming!"

Jennie's voice broke the stillness.

Sabrina gently patted Jennie's hair, murmuring, "You're such a good girl."

Lifting her gaze to Tyrone, she added, "You should get your treatment."

Tyrone remained motionless, lost in thought.

The nurse entered, infusion bottle and a sterilized needle in tow. She cast a quick glance at him, querying, "Would you prefer the sofa or the bed?"

Tyrone turned around and sat back on the sofa. "Here."

"Alright then."

With practiced ease, the nurse attached the infusion and inserted the needle into Tyrone's vein.

Jennie attentively watched the procedure, and once the nurse departed, she gently blew on Tyrone's hand. "It won't hurt," she reassured.

Earlier, Sabrina had thoughtfully packed Jennie's small backpack, making sure to include her cherished paints, sketchbooks, and brushes.

Sabrina pulled out the art supplies from the backpack, and she and Jennie began to sketch.

Suddenly, a notification of a new message appeared.

Curious, Sabrina opened it to see a message from Trevor.

The issue with the suppliers and the Faulkner family had been resolved. The first person Trevor reached out to was Sabrina, offering his heartfelt thanks.

She felt she wasn't the one to thank.

Even if Tyrone wasn't involved, Damon had acted on Tyrone's behalf.

Trevor said, "Sabrina, don't take it upon yourself. You have our deep gratitude. My parents wish to host a dinner for you, but I declined on your behalf. Are you available tomorrow night? How about a dinner treat from me?"

"Sure. Do you need a lift after work?"

"No need. Let's meet at the restaurant," Trevor responded.

"Sounds good."

"And Sabrina... Just the two of us, alright?"

Clearly, Trevor was concerned she might bring Jennie along.

Sabrina glanced at the young girl engrossed in her artwork beside her and typed back, "Understood."

She set the phone aside and found herself locking eyes with Tyrone.

He looked away quietly, wondering about who she was texting.

Was it perhaps Trevor?

Sabrina shifted her attention, remarking on Jennie's artwork. "Is that a family portrait you're drawing, Jennie?"

Jennie, without looking up, clarified, "No, it's us. Here's Uncle, there's Aunt, and this one is me."

On the paper, two grown-ups strolled on either side, clasping a child in the center, creating the impression of a family of three at first sight.

Petting Jennie's hair affectionately, Sabrina remarked, "You have quite the artistic touch, Jennie."

Engrossed in his laptop, Tyrone overheard and glanced at the artwork, commenting with a grin, "Jennie, may I have that painting?"

"I wanted it for myself..." The little girl hesitated for a while, but finally, she agreed. "Alright, I'll give it to you."

"If you really like it, cherish it," Tyrone countered.

"I wanted it as a keepsake. I'll be reminded of Uncle and Aunt and how much I'll miss them when I look at it."

It was evident she didn't plan on staying much longer.

With reassurance, Tyrone remarked, "No rush, Jennie. There's plenty of time before you leave. Just have fun."

Sabrina glanced at the clock, noting it was nearing dinner. She proposed, "Jennie, would you mind staying with Tyrone tonight? I'll be back to get you."

Jennie was surprised and asked, "Aunt, are you planning to have dinner with Trevor tonight?"

Tyrone stared at Sabrina with burning eyes.

Feeling the weight of his stare, Sabrina felt a bit uncomfortable. "Yes. After sorting things with the suppliers, he wanted to thank me over dinner."

Jennie didn't know what happened to the Faulkner family's situation. Sabrina's last statement felt more like a justification for Tyrone than an explanation to Jennie.

She soon recognized that perhaps no explanation was necessary.

"I'd love to come too."

"I'm sorry, Jennie. This dinner isn't for kids. Can you look after Tyrone for me? You see, Tyrone is seriously ill and he still needs to work. How poor he is to stay in the hospital alone!"

Swayed by Sabrina's words, Jennie glanced at Tyrone, seeing him in a sympathetic light. "Alright, I'll keep him company."

Tyrone didn't utter a word.

Instead, he shot a pointed look at Sabrina.

Choosing to ignore it, Sabrina made her exit and headed to the designated restaurant.

As she made her entrance, Trevor was already seated.

The moment he caught sight of Sabrina, his eyes lit up. Enthusiastically, he gestured towards her, announcing, "Over here, Sabrina."

Taking a seat across from Trevor, Sabrina's gaze swept over the plethora of dishes and she inquired, "Why did you order so much today?"

"It's a joyous day for me. I owe you so much."

"Your dad wouldn't have been deceived in the first place if not because of me."

"Whatever Tyrone did wasn't your doing. I've always believed that divorcing you was his mistake," Trevor said, pouring a warm beverage for her. "Give it a try, Sabrina."

"Thank you."

Maybe it was just her perception, but Sabrina sensed an extra spark in Trevor tonight.

They began their meal.

They chatted while eating. Trevor talked most of the time, and Sabrina chimed in.

Trevor told her his character and life experience.

Suddenly, a waiter wheeled over a trolley displaying a two-layered elegant cake.

Sabrina asked in surprise, "Why did you order this?"

Staring at Sabrina with his affectionate eyes, Trevor confessed his feelings. "When I first met you in Norwen, I fell in love with you. I was deeply attracted by you. I didn't expect that you were also from Mathias. It must be fate. As I got to know you better, my feelings only grew stronger. Sabrina, my heart is yours. Would you consider being my girlfriend?"

"Say yes! Say yes!"

Out of the blue, a group of waiters emerged, echoing the sentiment.

The diners around noticed this and cast curious glances at them. Some of the diners also cheered.

"Say yes!"

