

## Chapter 312 Remarry

"Tyrone, you'd better not be kidding."

Amid his laughter, Tyrone abruptly halted, his hand tenderly caressing the wound near the corner of his mouth. "How could it possibly be?"

Sabrina found herself unable to contain her mirth.

It marked the very first occasion she had witnessed Tyrone in such disarray.

Tyrone lifted his gaze.

Sabrina's laughter ceased instantaneously and she nonchalantly divulged the restaurant's name as if nothing unusual had occurred. "This establishment boasts private dining chambers."

She was determined not to tarnish his reputation.

With a meaningful glance, Tyrone beckoned Kylan to secure a reservation.

Upon their arrival at the restaurant's private chamber, Sabrina meticulously selected a few delectable dishes and handed the menu to Tyrone, who occupied the seat opposite her. "See if there is anything else you fancy."

Tyrone accepted it and skimmed through the options. "How about some braised mutton?"

"Perfect," Sabrina affirmed, "I'll enjoy that. Kindly request the waiter to bring it to our table later."

"You're fond of mutton?"

"Indeed."

Not only did Sabrina relish consuming mutton but she also had a penchant for mutton soup. The rich broth, adorned with finely chopped scallions and fragrant coriander, was just too delicious in her opinion.

However, Tyrone harbored an aversion to the scent of mutton. Never before had anything remotely related to mutton been part of their household fare.

Tyrone momentarily hesitated.

Many of the dishes she had ordered were his favorites or gentle on his stomach.

She possessed an intimate knowledge of his palate, yet he could only select a few of her preferred dishes.

With the exception of the roasted fish and cupcakes.

Sabrina had lost her fondness for cupcakes though.

They had been wedded for three years. It wasn't until their divorce that he discovered her affinity for mutton.

From the inception of their union, he had been preoccupied with his thoughts.

Even though her feelings toward him had soured, she had approached their relationship with unwavering commitment.

Yet, he had failed to do the same.

Tyrone's emotions took on a tinge of bitterness and melancholy. He turned his attention to the menu and inquired, "What else do you enjoy? Spare no concern for me."

Sabrina's lips curved into a warm smile as she replied, "My taste is rather eclectic, I must admit. However, we can't possibly indulge in all my favorites in one meal. Let's stick with today's selection."

In truth, she also harbored an affection for his preferred fare.

As a young girl, she had wholeheartedly embraced everything he held dear.

During their shared meals at home, she would silently observe his favorites, then discreetly sample them herself.

Initially, those common dishes held no special allure but, after learning of Tyrone's fondness for them, they seemed to acquire a delectable charm. Gradually, she had developed a taste for them.

Tyrone pursed his lips and handed the menu to the waiter.

Once the waiter had departed, Sabrina crossed her legs and broached the topic, "Shall we discuss matters now?"

Tyrone reclined slightly, exuding an air of relaxation. His arms crossed protectively over his chest as he inquired, "Are you genuinely interested in uncovering Galilea's secret?"

"Absolutely."

Tyrone raised an intrigued eyebrow as he proposed, "If you were to remarry me, I would divulge it. What are your thoughts on that?"

Sabrina's countenance froze in contemplation.

"Could you reconsider, perhaps alter the terms?"

She hadn't expected Tyrone to be so forthright.

Tyrone shook his head, asserting, "No, that's my stipulation. If you decline, I'm afraid there's nothing more I can offer."

Sabrina pressed her lips together and lowered her gaze, deep in thought.

Should she really enter into matrimony with Tyrone in exchange for two seemingly enigmatic secrets?

It felt somewhat unjust...

While it was evident that Tyrone harbored genuine affection for her and bargaining with Galilea on her behalf had been an act of profound gratitude. Nevertheless, she had no current inclination to remarry him...

Her pause was anticipated, yet Tyrone couldn't help but feel a subtle pang of disappointment.

Nevertheless, this inkling of disappointment didn't weigh heavily upon him. It had been his strategy to employ this proposal as a deterrent.

If she were to indeed accept, it would complicate matters greatly. After all, he couldn't divulge the truth to her.

"Well, have you reached a decision?" Tyrone persisted. "I'll grant you three minutes to contemplate it. Even if you consent later, it shall be deemed invalid if not within these three minutes."

To her astonishment, Sabrina raised her gaze and fixed an unwavering stare upon Tyrone. "You never intended to reveal it from the start, did you, Tyrone?"

Tyrone responded with an affable smile. "Certainly not. What makes you think this way? Haven't you once been Trevor's girlfriend in pursuit of certain information? Why the hesitation now?"

Sabrina's visage congealed. She averted her gaze and confessed, "It's not the same."

"What sets it apart?" Tyrone inquired earnestly.

Sabrina's being Trevor's girlfriend before tugged at his heartstrings.

Lowering her eyes, Sabrina bit her lip, fraught with guilt.

"My motive then was to seek retribution for my father..."

In all honesty, she had only been able to use Trevor as a means to an end because she lacked romantic feelings for him.

But Tyrone was different.

She couldn't bring herself to do it.

She couldn't agree to remarry Tyrone merely in exchange for certain secrets.

"So, you would go so far as to promise anything for the sake of revenge? Sabrina, even if your father were alive, he surely wouldn't wish to witness you in this state. I believe he would want you to lead a joyous life."

Sabrina acquiesced guiltily, "Fine."

"Thankfully, you acquired the information and parted ways with Trevor. But have you pondered the alternatives if things don't unfold favorably?"

"Then I'll endeavor to find an alternative path..."

Her voice gradually descended into a hushed whisper, her head tilting upward cautiously, locking eyes with Tyrone. The concluding words hung in the air, dissolving into an uneasy silence.

Tyrone, wearing a stern countenance, remarked, "Hmm, I recall a night when you professed a deep affection for Trevor and implored me to cease my advances, do you not?"

A crimson hue crept across Sabrina's face. She blinked in

an attempt to concoct an explanation. "Well... I was apprehensive of arousing suspicion, so I had to maintain the facade..."

"You also asserted that you would make good use of the money I gave you to support him and advised me not to take myself too seriously."

Her fabrication stood exposed.

In this very moment, Sabrina wished fervently for an escape route, a crevice to conceal herself.

"It was all in jest... A harmless jest."

"Indeed, you've already obtained the information you desired to know about. Yet, on New Year's Eve, I implored you to part ways with Trevor but you remained obstinate. Had I not resorted to threats and enticements, you might have still..."

Sabrina blushed deeply, unable to meet his gaze. She sought refuge in her defense, stammering, "No... I had intended to end it with him back then but you arrived so suddenly..."

"Did you then have a change of heart? Sabrina, did you deliberately use him as a means to vex me?"

Sabrina abruptly fell silent.

She had inadvertently spilled the truth.

Shaking her head vigorously, she disavowed, "No, that's not the case..."

Her intentions had not been to incite his anger. She had merely sought to employ Trevor as a pretext, hoping to compel Tyrone to withdraw.

"Interesting." A wry chuckle escaped Tyrone's lips.

He gazed at her with an inscrutable expression.

The intensity of his stare struck Sabrina with a sense of foreboding.

The weight of it all proved overwhelmingly disheartening.

Clearing her throat delicately, Sabrina skillfully transitioned to a different subject. "I find it necessary to contemplate the condition you've presented more thoroughly. Three minutes, you see, feels rather inadequate..."

"So, are you inclined to consider remarrying me?"

"No..." Sabrina responded.

"In that case, a direct refusal will suffice."

Sabrina found herself momentarily at a loss for words.

With a snort, she shot a skeptical glance at Tyrone. "Very well. It's possible that you and Galilea orchestrated this together to deceive me. Perhaps there are no secrets at all!"

"Believe what you will."


Sabrina rolled her eyes and clenched her teeth in frustration.

Clearly, Tyrone harbored no intention of disclosing the truth!

Tyrone met her gaze and spoke gently. "Sabrina, there are certain matters that I would rather you remained unaware of, for your own good. I implore you not to extend an olive branch to Galilea with a letter of understanding for this."

Tyrone wouldn't permit Galilea to escape justice so easily.

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 +120 Points at most

Even if Sabrina were to pen a letter of understanding, it pertained solely to this particular issue.

The truth of Sabrina's father's demise would soon come to light, leaving Galilea with no recourse.

Yet, Tyrone was resolute in shielding Sabrina from the darker aspects of it all.

Presently, Sabrina was in a positive state, her life imbued with aspirations and passions.

"I'm not naive," Sabrina asserted.



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