

## Chapter 313 Do You Still Love Me

At this moment, a gentle tap on the door announced the arrival of the waiter, who gracefully entered the room, bearing an array of tantalizing dishes, each plated with exquisite precision.

With a fork in hand, Tyrone skillfully transitioned the conversation, his voice adorned with a charming tone as he proposed, "Shall we dig in?"

The table emanated an alluring aroma, yet it was the braised mutton, placed before Sabrina, that held a uniquely enticing scent, distinct from all the other dishes on display.

Observing Sabrina savoring the braised mutton with palpable delight, Tyrone, filled with curiosity, inquired, "Is it truly so delicious?"

"Care for a taste?"

Tyrone picked up a morsel with his fork.

As it neared his lips, the robust fragrance of mutton enveloped him.

He mustered his resolve, took a deliberate bite and, with closed eyes, savored every moment before swallowing.

With a keen eye on his reaction, Sabrina asked, "How does it taste? Good?"

Judging from his expression, Sabrina couldn't make out how he felt.

Tyrone responded with a stoic expression, "It's decent."



"If it doesn't please your palate, there's no need to force yourself," Sabrina offered kindly.

However, Tyrone found himself oddly perturbed by her words.

Having finished the first piece, he picked up another morsel.

Midway through their meal, Sabrina gently pursed her lips, her eyes fixed on Tyrone. "Tyrone."

"Yes?" Tyrone looked up, his curiosity piqued.

"Thank you," Sabrina expressed sincerely.

Tyrone questioned, "For what?"

"Despite your negotiations with Galilea, withholding the truth from me, depriving me of my right to know, I still wish to extend my gratitude," Sabrina confessed.

Tyrone was taken aback, his gaze falling to the table.


He had concealed her true identity, believing it to be in her best interest. Yet, his own hidden motive was to shield her from the painful truth about the child she gave birth to, a child fathered by the man she had loved deeply.

He feared that if she remembered, she might leave.

He convinced himself that keeping this secret was the best course of action, even if it meant carrying this burden forever, rather than risking her discovering the whereabouts of her child.

Time would tell.

Tyrone redirected the conversation with a gracious smile, saying, "Didn't you just mention the possibility that there might not be any secrets? Do you now place faith in

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my words once more?"

"Is that not allowed?" Sabrina retorted.

Tyrone studied her countenance and responded with a warm grin, "No, you may, of course."

What a double-faced woman!

Tyrone knew Sabrina had harbored belief in him deep within her heart for quite some time. Her apparent skepticism was merely a façade, a charade designed to deceive him. Thankfully, Tyrone knew her all too well and was not easily duped.

After a delightful dinner, their chauffeur transported them back to their respective destinations.

Their first stop was Sabrina's residence.

Upon reaching the community entrance, Sabrina disembarked from the vehicle and bid Tyrone farewell.

Tyrone issued a reminder, "I shall pick you up tomorrow morning and send Jennie to school."

"Very well."

Upon Sabrina's return home, she saw Bettie reclining on the sofa, donning a facial mask and engrossed in her phone.


With a smile, Bettie inquired, "Why the delay? Were you out with Blayze?"

When Sabrina went out in the morning, Bettie knew she had an appointment with Blayze.

Sabrina responded with a smile, "No, my lateness was due to something else."

Bettie let out a sigh of exasperation, lamenting, "I should have made plans to go out today. I have intended to



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enjoy a day of uninterrupted slumber."

"What happened?" Sabrina inquired.

Bettie motioned upstairs and explained, "Someone commenced renovations in the neighboring room today."

Sabrina raised an inquisitive eyebrow, questioning, "Does that mean someone new has moved in?"

"It appears so," Bettie confirmed, her voice tinged with annoyance. "The racket from the renovations is giving me a headache."

"It will be fine after a while. If it doesn't, perhaps you could retreat to your own home for a few days," Sabrina suggested.

"Alas..."

After a pleasant exchange with Bettie, Sabrina indulged in a yoga session and a refreshing shower. She then luxuriously reclined on her bed, occupied herself with her smartphone for a spell and finally drifted off to sleep.

She gently shut her eyes, allowing her thoughts to unravel and unwind.


Oddly, slumber eluded her tonight.

Galilea's words in the afternoon continued to echo in her ears, "Certainly, you have the liberty to do as you wish with the protection of Tyrone."

Galilea's words conveyed an underlying sense that Tyrone cherished her deeply.

In truth, Tyrone had indeed struck a bargain with Galilea on her behalf, forsaking vengeance for his grandfather's sake...

Furthermore, he had entered negotiations with Galilea once more when she faced mistreatment at Galilea's

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hands while working as an assistant for Galilea.

Turning over in her bed, Sabrina let out a sigh.

Memories surfaced of the times when she had ventured abroad post-divorce, with Tyrone providing her with invaluable assistance.

Perhaps Tyrone's earlier words had held truth. He loved her.

Sabrina felt a complex mixture of melancholy, gratitude and inner conflict.

After years of unrequited love, she had finally received a clear response.

Yet, it had come too late, their divorce serving as a stark reminder.

Tyrone had always harbored intentions of remarriage.

This brought to mind the question Bettie had posed at the banquet. Did she still love Tyrone? Did she truly still love him?

Sabrina opened her eyes, gazing at the ceiling, unable to provide a definitive answer.

Despite the passage of days since their divorce, she couldn't make a clear response with unwavering conviction, suggesting the answer to the question.

Yes, she still loved Tyrone.

It was this very love that made it difficult for her to accept his assistance readily. She didn't want to appear weak in his eyes, nor did she want to humble herself before him.

However, this love had transformed over time.

Once upon a time, she had placed her emotional trust



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entirely in Tyrone, dedicating herself to her studies and  
career to keep pace with him.

However, her affection for him had now evolved into  
just one facet of her life, no longer an indispensable part.  
She had a multitude of other priorities.

Reconciliation and remarriage with Tyrone were not part  
of her immediate plans.

She resolved to let fate dictate the course of her life.

Turning over once more, she closed her eyes and willed  
herself into slumber.

Come morning, Tyrone's chauffeur arrived promptly at  
Sabrina's apartment at 7:30 a.m.

Sabrina opened the rear door, where Jennie was  
arranging her schoolbag in the middle seat. "Sabrina,  
please come in."

Tyrone occupied the opposite seat, a laptop resting on  
his lap as he perused some documents. At the sound of  
Sabrina's voice, he glanced up in her direction.

Sabrina joined them in the car and shut the door. "Jennie."

"Yes?" Jennie replied, lifting her head.

"Today marks your first day at school in Mathias. Are  
you feeling any jitters?" Sabrina inquired.

"No, I'm not nervous at all!" Jennie asserted with  
confidence.

"That's excellent to hear. When you're at school, make  
friends with your classmates. If you encounter any  
challenges, don't hesitate to reach out to Tyrone or me,"  
Sabrina advised.

"Sabrina, I understand," Jennie assured.



"Have you ensured that you've packed up everything you need?"

Sabrina checked the contents of Jennie's schoolbag.

Tyrone raised his head, his gaze lingering on Sabrina for a moment. A fleeting hint of sadness crossed his eyes.

This scene evoked a sense of déjà vu, as she now attended to Jennie. It was exactly like she helped him pack up his luggage before his business trip, checking and reminding him over and over again, hoping that he would come back early.

He had indeed returned on time, but with another woman by his side, a woman named Galilea...

At that time, she had just discovered her pregnancy. The sadness that engulfed her was immeasurable.

Jennie unzipped her schoolbag and displayed its contents to Sabrina.

In addition to the school supplies, an assortment of tempting snacks also graced Jennie's schoolbag.

Jennie blinked playfully and chuckled. "Don't misunderstand. I plan to share these with my classmates."

"Good girl. You're truly thoughtful and know the importance of sharing," Sabrina praised her.

Tyrone, composed once more, added, "Sharing is admirable, but always be discerning, alright, Jennie?"

"Of course, I understand," Jennie affirmed, displaying her determination not to be deceived.

They arrived at the kindergarten at precisely 7:50 a.m.

The two of them accompanied her inside.

The classroom was on the brink of commencing its activities. Within the middle-class classroom, the children were already seated in their designated spots.

Upon noticing their arrival, the teacher approached, extending a warm greeting. She gestured toward an empty seat in the center of the room and said, "Let Jennie take a seat there for now. If any adjustments are needed, we can accommodate them later."

"Very well," Tyrone acknowledged.

"Well then, Jennie, would you like to come with me?" the teacher inquired.

"Okay." Jennie nodded eagerly, turning to wave at Tyrone and Sabrina, bidding, "Goodbye!"

"Goodbye, Jennie! We'll pick you up later!"

"Love you..."

With her schoolbag slung over her shoulder, Jennie entered the classroom, briefly introducing herself to her new classmates before settling into her designated seat.

The other children, brimming with curiosity about the newcomer, stole glances at Jennie.

Sabrina and Tyrone lingered outside the window, keeping a watchful eye on the class. Only when they were assured that Jennie was settling in comfortably did they finally depart.