

Chapter 127 Never Had Such A Feeling

The car eased its way into the yard. Tyrone got out, paused and tilted his head upwards. The lights within the master's quarters were already turned off.

After stepping into the living room, Tyrone switched on the lights and glanced at the drawer. To his surprise, he discovered that the spare key to the master bedroom had been returned.

He walked into the room quietly.

The room was shrouded in darkness, with only a few moonlit rays filtering through the gaps in the curtains, gently illuminating her hair on the pillow.

She lay in bed, tucked under the covers, embraced by the darkness.

Curling up, half of her face remained hidden beneath the quilt.

Tyrone took a seat at the edge of the bed, carefully raising a corner of the quilt, and gazed at her peaceful sleeping face, which was delicately illuminated by the faint glow of the moon.

It was then he noticed a pronounced crease between her brows, temples slick with perspiration. Her soft sleep whispers suggested a troubled dream.

Suddenly, it seemed as though her nightmare took a terrifying turn. Her breaths quickened, became shallow.

Sabrina's hands tightened their grip on the sheet as her body went rigid with tremors. Beads of sweat trickled down her forehead as she murmured in her sleep.

Tyrone bent closer, catching her faint voice. "No, no. No. I didn't..."

A tear seeped from the corner of her closed eye, tracing a path down her cheek, soaking the pillow, accentuating her plea.

A pang of pain pierced Tyrone's heart, his Adam's apple bobbing in response. He raised his hand, gently patting her back, wiping her sweat-coated forehead. His voice was a soft whisper. "Sleep. I'm here. I'll protect you. No one who's caused you pain will get away."

"Dad, I miss you so much. Can you take me home?"

She was dreaming of her father once again.

In this dream, she was once again a child, perched atop her father's shoulders. His embrace was warm and safe.

In her dream, she found herself riding a scooter with her father, who kindly handed her the only raincoat they had.

She dreamt of the celebratory meals he would cook when she scored high in her tests.

Home was what she yearned for.

She longed to return to the place where she and her father once lived.

She didn't wish to be a member of the Blakely family.

She wanted to be Connor's daughter and only his.

"Okay, I'll take you home when you wake up." Tyrone didn't want to disturb her sleep.

Perhaps his comforting words soothed her, for she slowly began to relax into a deeper sleep.

Looking at her serene face, Tyrone was lost in his thoughts.

She was not as strong as she portrayed.

She, too, cried in her dreams, in her nightmares.

Bradley was correct. She didn't deserve this pain.

Her tear-soaked cheek stirred a distress in him. It was a dull ache, a feeling of suffocation.

Bradley had admitted to his affection for Sabrina, his feelings of sympathy towards her.

Was this the sentiment Bradley was referring to?

Tyrone tucked Sabrina back under the covers, carefully rose, exited the room, softly shutting the door behind him as he descended the stairs.

Such disconcerting emotions!

The world seemed to hold an indescribable pain.

Like an old wound in the body, it seemed to be a scar from the past, resurfacing with periodic pain. Perplexed by its origin, he had no choice but to bear the discomfort and push forward.

He had never experienced such emotions. Not even during Galilea's assault.

Back then, guilt outweighed sympathy.

He was a Blakely Group intern embroiled in a data leak incident.

Despite being suspected, he knew he would never betray Blakely Group's secrets. The only possible suspect who

could have manipulated his computer was Galilea.

He confronted her.

Tears filled Galilea's eyes as she vehemently denied the accusations, unable to prove her innocence.

An argument ensued.

They had quarreled before this incident as well.

He suggested they spend some time apart, to gain clarity about their relationship's future.

However, Galilea was unable to accept this and ran off alone.

That was when the incident happened. ☹

He often found himself questioning whether things would have been different if he had chased after her that day.

But life didn't offer any what ifs.

The data leakage, his grandpa's sigh, his colleagues' disdain, and Larry's comforting words all weighed heavily on him.

He was too busy resolving the problem to mourn for Galilea's situation.

After her rescue, a traumatized Galilea relied heavily on him.

The topic of their separation was never broached again.

He felt obligated to compensate for Galilea's sufferings.

For the first time ever, Tyrone found himself feeling a pang of sympathy for someone.

Pausing on the stairway, he pulled out his phone and dialed Kylan's number.

"Kylan."

"Mr. Blakely, how can I assist you?" Kylan assumed Tyrone was calling to discuss arrangements for the evening collaboration.

"The financial news network has been hounding me for an exclusive interview, correct? Inform them that I am now available."

"What?" Kylan wondered if he'd misunderstood.

Tyrone was known for his private demeanor, preferring to stay away from media exposure. He was a man of few words at press conferences and had no social media presence, making public appearances infrequently

"Are you certain about this?" Kylan could only surmise that Tyrone was doing this out of sympathy for Sabrina, intending to clear up any misunderstandings.

"Yes. Go ahead and set up the interview for me."

"Very well, sir."

On a Saturday morning, Tyrone and Sabrina visited his grandparents.

"Uncle Tyrone! Aunt Sabrina!" Frankie emerged from the living room to greet them enthusiastically.

"Frankie, you're up bright and early today," Sabrina noted, taking his hand as they stepped into the living room.

Frankie asked, "My dad plans on taking me on a mountain hike. Would you join us?"

For Larry, it meant taking Frankie to visit his parents' resting place in the cemetery.

Located atop a mountain in the suburbs, his parents were

laid to rest there, and he made it a point to visit them every year.

Tyrone would accompany him, even though he barely remembered his father's face.

Last year, because Frankie was only three years old, Larry didn't take him there.

"Of course, we'd love to accompany you," Sabrina responded.

"Excellent! I've packed loads of snacks."

As Sabrina entered the living room, she warmly greeted Wanda. "Grandma."

In return, Wanda gazed at Sabrina with affection.

"Grandma." Tyrone smiled.

Wanda responded with a stern look.

She was well aware of the recent news about Tyrone causing Sabrina so much distress.

He could have easily made a public announcement about their marriage, but for some reason, he refrained from doing so.

"Where's Grandpa? How has he been doing?" Sabrina queried.

"He's the same as always. He's in his study. Tyrone, he would like to speak with you."

"Okay," Tyrone replied before ascending to the second floor, suspecting that Cesar wanted to discuss the recent incidents.

Lena beckoned Sabrina over with a smile. "Sabrina, take a

look at this."

"What is it?"

Sabrina moved closer.

Lena held out her wrist, showcasing a bracelet.

Sabrina's smile faltered momentarily before she masked it with praise. "The Heart of the Ocean! Lena, Larry really treats you well."

Lena's face lit up with happiness. "Where's yours?"

"Didn't you bring it along?" Wanda asked.

Sabrina let out a sigh, feigning regret. "Unfortunately, I can't show it to you."

"What's wrong?"

"I accidentally broke the bracelet."

"That's not a problem! If you like it, Tyrone can get you another one!"

Sabrina's heart sank a bit.

She didn't really care for the bracelet at all. Every time she saw it, it would remind her of the night when Tyrone had chosen Galilea over her and left her feeling so alone.

