

## Chapter 201 Did Raul Satisfy You

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Sabrina's car was headed to Starriver Bay Villa.

As she approached the nearby road, she found herself slowing down, overtaken by a nagging anxiety.

She inhaled deeply to soothe herself, coming to a stop at the gate of Starriver Bay Villa.

Her license plate number was recognized by the community's security system, and as the gate arm lifted, she pressed the accelerator and drove on, parking outside the villa.

Karen was tidying the yard when the sound of an engine caught her attention. Looking up in surprise, she dropped her broom and greeted, "Mrs. Blakely, you're back!"

With a subtle smile, Sabrina replied, "Karen, I've divorced him. Please, call me Sabrina. I'm here to pick up Bun."

"But Bun's not here at the moment," Karen exclaimed.

Sabrina's eyes widened. "Bun's not here?"

"Yes," Karen confirmed, sighing regretfully. "It's my fault. I took Bun out to play in the yard, but maybe it was too humid, or its immunity was too weak. Bun developed cat dermatitis. Mr. Blakely took the cat to the pet hospital."

The cat's ailment, while not life-threatening, could cause fur loss and require a lengthy treatment period. Powerful medications might not have been effective, and Bun was too small to ingest internal medicines without potential liver damage.

Sabrina's voice cracked as she asked, "Which pet hospital is Bun at?"

"Well... I don't know." Karen shook her head apologetically. "Mr. Blakely took care of it. He didn't tell me. He is currently at home. Would you like to ask him?"

After a moment of silence, memories of her last encounter with Tyrone surfaced.

They had to face each other eventually.

"Okay, I'll go and ask him," she said.

Sabrina entered the living room, headed to the second floor, and gave a knock on the door of the study.

After a moment of silence, a gentle voice emanated from inside, saying, "Come in."

Sabrina opened the door to find Tyrone engrossed in his computer, seemingly expecting Karen. "What's the matter?" he asked without looking up.

Sabrina stepped forward. "Excuse me, which pet hospital is Bun in?"

Tyrone's head snapped up at the sound of her voice, his eyes wide with surprise. Leaning back, he inquired, "Sabrina, what did you say?"

"Which pet hospital is Bun in? When it's healthy, I'll take it away," Sabrina repeated.

"Why ask me? I don't know." He moved his mouse and eyed the computer screen with great care, as if immersed in some critical task.

Had Sabrina walked behind Tyrone, she would have discovered the desktop state on the screen.

If Sabrina had a clone and it arrived at the study beforehand, it would have known that Tyrone had been standing at the window, watching her ever since she stepped out of the car. As soon as Sabrina walked into the living room, Tyrone swiftly took a seat behind the desk and

activated the computer, creating the illusion of being engrossed in his work.

After a short pause, Sabrina said, "Karen told me you took Bun to the pet hospital."

"I had something urgent that day. Kylan took Bun," Tyrone countered.

Sabrina sighed. "Okay, I'll call Kylan. Thank you. Continue with your work."

Having spoken those words, Sabrina stepped back twice, her hand gripping the doorknob with the intention of shutting the door and making her exit.

"Wait!" Tyrone called out suddenly, halting her.

"Anything else?" Sabrina asked.

Tyrone opened his mouth to speak, but his phone's ring cut him off.

He motioned for Sabrina to wait and answered, "Hello, Karen's been at the villa. You can come see the house anytime. We'll talk about the price later..."

Kylan asked in confusion, "What? Mr. Blakely? What are you talking about?"

"That's all, goodbye." With those words, Tyrone calmly ended the call and set the phone on the table, his gaze locked on Sabrina's face, watching for the faintest hint of emotion.

On the other end of the phone, Kylan's confusion left him speechless.

Was Tyrone really considering selling the villa? Sabrina pondered the question, biting her lip in silence.

It seemed he had decided to leave behind their three-year marriage.

He was going to marry Galilea.

This was what she had wanted, wasn't it?

Hadn't she herself considered selling the villa?

But now, hearing the news, a sense of loss settled in her heart.

Perhaps she just needed time to adjust.

"Are you planning to sell the villa?" Sabrina asked, steadying her voice.

Tyrone, observing her closely, responded, "Yes, I am considering it."

"It makes sense to sell it. We're divorced. There's no point in holding onto it," Sabrina said with an icy tone. "What was it you wanted to say earlier?"

As Sabrina stood her ground, Tyrone's frustration flared up.

He couldn't help to contain his anger and ask, "How was your trip to Austrain? Did Raul satisfy you?"

Sabrina's face paled, but she managed to respond, "That's what you wanted to ask? Thank you for your concern. Raul is indeed vigorous and young. I was quite satisfied with him!"

Tyrone's expression darkened, and his voice filled with anger as he said, "He's vigorous, and you're satisfied?"

"Yes," Sabrina replied, her voice calm. "Anything else?"

Tyrone's rage boiled over, and he laughed bitterly. "Good for you, Sabrina!"

Later that day, he managed to calm himself, recognizing that Sabrina was simply trying to provoke him.

But this realization only fueled his anger further.

She was able to say such things in order to get rid of him.

Could she truly despise him so much?

He'd even kept tabs on her activities in Austrain, learning of Raul's arrest, and now she was using it to taunt him.

"Thanks for the praise."

"You really want to be rid of me, don't you?" Tyrone clenched his teeth and uttered.

"We're divorced, Tyrone. We lead separate lives now. If there's something else, I'll be going," Sabrina said, turning to leave. But Tyrone caught her wrist. "Don't go!" he pleaded.

"Let me go!" she snapped back.

Their meetings always seemed to revolve around the same phrase—"We are divorced."

Gazing at Sabrina, Tyrone's eyes brimmed with a mixture of rage and despair.

Did they really end up like this?

He couldn't accept it!

As their eyes met, Sabrina averted her gaze and uttered, "Can't you finally let me go?"

"I have something for you," Tyrone said, letting go of her hand.

"What is it?" she asked.

He retrieved a small box from the bookshelf and handed it to her. "I gave you these things before. Since they're yours, I have no right to take them back."

He laughed bitterly, "Don't you want to support Raul? You could sell these. They're worth a lot."

It was a jewelry box she had once given him.

Sabrina, unwilling to keep such sentimental items, replied, "They'll stay here. If you insist on giving them to me, sell them and donate the money to a welfare home. Goodbye."

With those final words, she turned and left the room, descending the staircase.