

Chapter 24 Save My Baby

Quickly shutting her eyes, Sabrina feigned sleep.

She hoped he couldn't see her.

Her body, however, shivered lightly, exposing her terror and unease entirely.

The man's strides were drawing nearer.


He made his way to the bed.

Sabrina's heart pounded against her chest.

Suddenly, she shivered as the blanket was lifted.

Fear gripped Sabrina, causing her muscles to tense.

As long as she couldn't see his face, she believed he wouldn't end her life.

"Your act isn't fooling me. Open your eyes and look at me, or I will rape and kill you!" The man's whisper chilled her ear. 

Sabrina's mind crashed to a halt. With terrified eyes wide open, she stuttered, "I...I'll look at you. Please, don't kill me... Don't..."

Mid-sentence, she got a clear view of the man.

It was Tyrone.

Sabrina's expression hardened. Terror, confusion and

humiliation painted her face.

She'd forgotten Tyrone was still at home and that their villa was well-guarded. How could an intruder possibly get in?

Sabrina diverted her gaze and blinked. "What are you doing here?"

"Thunder's rumbling outside. I thought you wouldn't be able to sleep."

It was only after marrying her that he discovered Sabrina had a fear of thunderstorms.

Sabrina pressed her lips together. "I can sleep."

"Really? Is that so?"

"Yes." Sabrina held her ground.

"So, should I leave?" Tyrone began to rise from the bed.

Sabrina stiffened, opening her mouth but found herself speechless.

She turned away on the bed and muttered, "Just go."

The sound of footsteps receded, and the door opened then closed.

He actually left.

Tears threatened Sabrina.

Her nose wrinkled. Deep down, she was fully aware that Tyrone's actions were merely perfunctory and pretentious.

Why did he bother giving her hope only to crush it? ①

He was always so inconsistent.

"Do you regret telling me to leave? Is that why you're crying?"

A voice rang in her ear. Sabrina turned around to find Tyrone standing beside the bed.

"Tyrone? You stayed?"

"I stayed." Tyrone climbed back onto the bed, patting her shoulder. "Alright, try to sleep. I'll be here with you. I won't leave until you're asleep."

Sabrina hummed in response.

Why would Tyrone do this?

Why did he hurt her and then treat me so tenderly?

Sabrina understood he was a potent addiction she couldn't shake off.

Eventually, sleep claimed Sabrina.

When she woke up the next day, she found that Tyrone had already gone. The door and windows were shut tight, as if Tyrone had never been there.

Sabrina got ready for the day, then headed to the office. She

toiled away at the company before heading to the studio in the afternoon.

As the day wore on, the pace of the photo-shoot picked up and Galilea was becoming more adept.

During a pause, Aylin showed Sabrina the day's photographs. Once the set was prepped, they resumed shooting.

Under the glow of the spotlights, with meticulously done makeup and styling, Galilea was undeniably stunning. Even Sabrina had to concede she was captivated by her beauty.

The day's shoot came to a close.

Sabrina joined Aylin to review the photos.

Galilea also moved over to peruse them.

Suddenly, Julia called out, "Galilea, guess who's here."

Raising her head, Galilea shouted happily, "Tyrone!"

As Tyrone approached, his expression shifted abruptly. "Watch out!"

Startled by the shout, Sabrina looked up and felt a forceful shove.

Bang!

A nearby shelf tumbled to the floor, resonating a deafening sound.

Sabrina landed on the floor, her ankle radiating sharp pain.

"Did you get hurt?" Tyrone enfolded Galilea in his arms, his voice laced with worry.

"Tyrone. Thank heavens you arrived when you did. If you hadn't pulled me away, I would've been injured." Galilea leaned against Tyrone's chest, her face betraying her fear.

"That was close. The shelf almost hit you. Thankfully, Mr. Blakely was fast." Julia approached. "We can't thank you enough, Mr. Blakely. Without you, Galilea could have been hurt."

The sight before Sabrina stung her eyes.

An icy chill settled inside her, numbing the pain in her ankle.

His focus was solely on Galilea. She was the only one in his sights.

What hurt her the most was not Tyrone's worry for Galilea, but the shove he gave her.

That shove put her life on the line.

He didn't care about her wellbeing. His concern was only for Galilea. He was even ready to let Sabrina get hurt, to protect Galilea.

But if Tyrone cared for Galilea so deeply, why did he come to

her bedroom and keep her company last night?

Why must he twist the knife in her wound just when it started to heal?

"Are you okay, Sabrina?"

Aylin was startled by the falling shelf and the resulting noise. She hastily put the camera aside to help Sabrina.

As soon as Sabrina attempted to move her ankle, she was assaulted by a severe stomach pain.

Suddenly, Sabrina sensed something was amiss. Clutching Aylin's hand, she gasped. "Aylin, I need to get to a hospital!"

Tyrone noticed Sabrina on the floor, his face transformed with worry. He quickly scooped her up. "Sabrina, are you okay? I'll take you to the hospital."

Sabrina clung onto his arm, murmuring weakly, "Hurry up!"

The pain in her stomach intensified, her face reflecting her panic and agony.

Her baby!

She must protect the baby!

With Sabrina in his arms, Tyrone swiftly got into the car and ordered the driver, "Hurry up! Get us to the nearest hospital!"

Without a word, the driver revved the car into motion.

Slumped against his chest, Sabrina gradually began to fade.

Tyrone anxiously whispered in her ear, "Sabrina? Sabrina, stay awake. We're almost there."

"Okay." Sabrina fought to stay conscious.

In a haze, she was sent into the emergency room. She managed to tell the doctor weakly, "Please, save my baby."

"Don't worry. We will do everything possible to protect your baby."

Hearing the doctor's assurance, Sabrina sighed in relief, but she didn't forget to add, "The man outside is my ex-husband. Don't let him know that I'm pregnant."

The doctor was taken aback.

The man outside seemed deeply concerned about her. He'd assumed they were still married, but they were actually divorced.

Yet this was her personal matter. If she didn't wish to reveal it, as a doctor, he was duty-bound to maintain her confidentiality. ⑤

But why did the man look so familiar?