

Chapter 250 Break Her Wings

Trevor blocked his parents and relatives from his post to avoid them prying into his romantic life.

However, he didn't feel the need to block everyone else. Sharing such joyous news with friends was customary for him.

Soon after he posted it, his friends and colleagues sent their blessings. Among the many responses, Sergio's stood out; "May love be with you always."

"Thanks, Mr. Blakely," Trevor responded.

Subsequently, Sergio shared a screenshot of Trevor's post with Tyrone. Tyrone's gaze was fixed on the intertwined hands depicted on his screen, eyes gleaming with an icy mix of resentment and anger.

The hand in the image, so delicate and pale, unmistakably belonged to a woman.

Having been Sabrina's husband for three years, how could he misidentify her hand?

Sergio, being thoughtful, even forwarded Tyrone the subsequent comments and responses from Trevor's post.

The comments filled with blessings and gratitude from Trevor left no room for doubt—it was undoubtedly an official announcement.

Grasping his phone, Tyrone's grip tightened, the veins on his hand becoming pronounced. Behind his stoic facade, fury flared in his eyes. It was as if an internal beast had awakened, roaring with a primal urge to confront Trevor.

Sabrina!

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Sabrina!

How could she!

Just a day ago, she'd assured him she wouldn't distance herself intentionally, even granting him a fair shot against Trevor.

That very day, she'd acknowledged his feelings for Galilea.

Yet tonight, she was with Trevor.

Had Trevor become so dear to her?

Where did he stand in her life?

Biting down hard, Tyrone struggled to keep the anguish and bitterness at bay as he switched off his phone.

He sank into the couch, an arm draped over his eyes. Emotions he'd bottled up for so long threatened to burst forth. His anger felt strong enough to set the world alight, while his grief seemed overwhelming enough to eclipse all joy.

In the dark depths of his heart, a sinister notion slowly pierced through the chilly and damp ground, taking root and blooming.

If she chose to play such games, he would lock her up, and break her wings, ensuring she remained dutifully at his side.

"Is everything alright, Uncle?" Jennie's voice trembled with concern.

Her innocent voice was a beacon of light during a stormy moment, easing the tension in Tyrone's heart.

He lifted his arm, meeting Jennie's eyes with his own. "It's alright, Jennie. I'm just worn out."

"You should head to bed, Uncle. Get some sleep," Jennie suggested.

He gave a slight shake of his head. "I'll stay up a bit longer, waiting for your aunt."

Glancing at her wristwatch and letting out a yawn, Jennie remarked, "It's almost nine. Aunt Sabrina should be here any minute, shouldn't she?"

"It should be soon..." Tyrone murmured, a flicker of pain evident in his eyes.

Jennie's little head drooped further, and she eventually drifted off to sleep on the couch, unable to stay awake any longer.

Gently, Tyrone picked her up, settling her in bed under the covers.

He went back to his spot on the couch, eyes fixated on the door, anticipating Sabrina's return.

After dropping Trevor off, Sabrina made her way back to the hospital. Upon reaching the room's entrance, she knocked and entered, only to be met with Tyrone's piercing gaze.

Caught off guard, she scanned the room, noting the covered figure in the bed. "Has Jennie gone to sleep?"

"Yes." Tyrone's gaze remains fixed on her, his eyes intense and piercing, as if attempting to see into her soul.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" Under his intense stare, Sabrina started to feel uneasy.

His gaze shifted downward. "Are you taking Jennie home tonight? Or is she staying here?"

With a gentle smile, Sabrina replied, "I'll be taking her. It's not ideal for her here."

She walked to the bedside.

Jennie was snugly wrapped in the quilt, only her head peeking out.

The sight of the child's peaceful sleep, punctuated by occasional little lip smacks.

This left Sabrina hesitant to disturb her.

Playfully, she prodded Jennie's soft cheek, which had the plush feel of a baby's butt, springy to the touch.

Accidentally, her hand brushed against someone behind her. Turning around, Sabrina was taken aback to see Tyrone standing silently close. His deep-set eyes, as dark as midnight, remained unblinkingly locked onto hers.

Their gazes intertwined, and a chill raced down Sabrina's spine, as if she

had been grazed by an unseen presence. "Tyrone? How do you move so silently?"

"You were too engrossed, so you didn't hear me approach."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

To Sabrina, Tyrone appeared unusually creepy this evening.

Sabrina didn't ponder it much. Her focus was on waking Jennie so they could leave.

"Jennie..."

But before she could finish, a sharp pain at the back of her neck clouded her senses, causing her to lose consciousness.

Reacting quickly, Tyrone caught the collapsing Sabrina, mesmerized by her alluring face. His eyes softened with affection.

Gently, he pressed a kiss between her brows, whispering, "Forgive me, Sabrina..."

At Starriver Bay villa

Hearing the engine sound of a car coming from the yard, Karen came out and said, "Mr. Blakely, weren't you supposed to be at the hospital? What brings you here so late?"

Aware of her grandson's recovery and Tyrone's impending surgery due to stomach issues, Karen had come earlier. She had plans to visit the hospital the next day.

After closing the driver's side, Tyrone moved to the passenger's door, lifting the limp Sabrina from within. He instructed, "Jennie's in the back, asleep. If she wakes and asks about Sabrina, just tell her she's resting."

"Okay." With unwavering trust, Karen nodded, carrying the dozing Jennie indoors.

Tyrone carried Sabrina straight to the master bedroom.

Placing her on the bed, he couldn't resist leaning down to capture her lips in a gentle kiss.

Seizing the moment, his affectionate gestures left her lips rosy and tender.

Looking at her tranquil face, a profound sigh escaped Tyrone's lips. She was the most well-behaved at that moment.

He took care to remove her shoes, scarf, coat, and skirt, leaving her in just her thermal attire.

A vivid memory from a night in Norway danced in his thoughts. Just like now, her snug thermal attire highlighted the elegant contours of her physique.

Tyrone's gaze traced every inch of her body, his breath growing heavier with each passing moment.

He forced his eyes away, wrapped her in the blanket, and gently wiped away her makeup.

Ding!

Taking out Sabrina's phone from her coat pocket, Tyrone unlocked its screen.

A message from Trevor read, "Sabrina, have you reached home?"

A flicker of irritation lit Tyrone's eyes as he wrestled with his internal tumult, replying, "Yes, I'm home."

Trevor responded, "Good to hear."

Quickly typing, Tyrone said, "It's late. I'm going to wash up. Good night."

Trevor replied, "Good night."

Tyrone skimmed through their past conversations.

The exchanges were standard, no hints of hidden intentions. The only

notable pattern was their frequent dinners.

Perhaps their hidden dynamics played out face to face.

A shadow passed over Tyrone's features as he powered down the phone and set it aside.

After freshening up and slipping into his sleepwear, he eased under the blanket beside Sabrina, drawing her close.

A sensation he'd missed.

At last, she was nestled in his embrace once more.

Breathing in the scent of her hair, he drifted into a peaceful slumber.

However, Tyrone was roused from his sleep by Sabrina's murmurs in the middle of the night.

"Dad... Dad..."

It appeared she was trapped in a troubling nightmare, mumbling occasionally, and restless.

Gently placing his hand on her forehead, he felt its burning heat.

She had a fever.



Chapter 251 Do You Want Me To Feed You

Tyrone quickly rolled out of bed, fetched the medical kit, and took out a thermometer to check Sabrina's fever.

It was 38.6 degrees Celsius.

Without delay, Tyrone grabbed the fever-reducing sachets from the kit, mixed them with some warm water, and helped Sabrina drink it.

He soaked a cloth with alcohol, then gently dabbed her forehead and neck.

Setting the towel aside, he contemplated wiping her underarms for better cooling, but her thermal top was too tight.

He hesitated momentarily, then decided to remove her thermal underwear, thinking she'd understand it was in her best interest.

Carefully, he used the alcohol-damp cloth on her underarms, arms, and chest.

As his gaze drifted over her soft curves and narrow waist, the depth in his eyes intensified.

Once done, he snugly covered her with the blanket and monitored her fever, reapplying the alcohol every twenty minutes.

Her fever began to go down by 4 a.m.

Feeling a weight lift off his chest, Tyrone snuggled in beside her, drawing her close.

But as he shut his eyes, he sensed the tenderness of her smooth skin. Despite his attempts, sleep eluded him. An unexpected fire of desire

kindled within him, enveloping him in intense heat.

Sabrina's slumber was fitful, causing her to shift several times in his hold. Her occasional gentle contact with his sensitive areas ignited a fire of desire within him, intensifying the flames of longing even further.

Adding to his torment, as Sabrina shifted, the single button securing her upper body's only undergarment came undone and slipped down.

Almost reflexively, Tyrone found himself pulling her even closer.

Just as Jennie said, it smelled good and soft.

Despite the overwhelming urge, he restrained himself out of consideration for her health, merely holding her close till the morning light.

Sabrina blinked her eyes open slowly, her head spinning and feeling disoriented. Her throat felt parched and fiery, as though she had swallowed a blade, and she experienced a sharp pain. Her body ached all over, leaving her with no inclination to rise.

She took a deep breath.

But she found her nostrils blocked.

She realized she was down with a cold.

Sabrina rolled over and shut her eyes, drifting back to sleep.

A sudden realization struck her—Jennie was still asleep beside her as she had drifted off.

Concerned about passing on the cold to Jennie, she decided to let Tyrone care for her for a few days.

"Jennie?" Sabrina rolled over and blinked open her eyes in confusion.

Where could Jennie be?

Gradually, as clarity settled in, Sabrina sensed something wasn't right. She observed her environment, realizing she wasn't in her bedroom.

This room distinctly resembled the master bedroom at Starriver Bay villa.

Startled, she sat up quickly, feeling a chill. Glancing down, she hastily pulled the quilt to her chest.

She massaged her temples, trying to recollect the previous night. She remembered heading back to the ward to get Jennie, who had drifted off to sleep.

As she was about to wake Jennie up, a sharp sting hit the nape of her neck, plunging her into darkness.

The memory of Tyrone standing behind her resurfaced.

Did Tyrone do this to her?

But why?

Annoyed and baffled, Sabrina pressed her neck, wincing in pain.

She took a moment to look around the room for her clothes but found none.

Settling back onto the bed, she called out loudly, "Is anyone there? Tyrone? Are you there?"

Her voice grew raspy and sore after calling out a couple of times, forcing her to relent.

A brief moment later, the door creaked open and Tyrone entered, sitting next to her. He gently touched her forehead, inquiring, "Sabrina, when did you wake up?"

She instinctively shrank back, her gaze icy. "What are you planning to do? You knocked me out on purpose? Where are my clothes?"

Her face, however, was drained of color and her eyes lacked their usual fire.

He paused momentarily before checking her temperature by placing his

hand on her forehead again.

He withdrew his hand and asked calmly, "Are you hungry?"

Sabrina just stared, lost for words.

It was as if he hadn't even registered her earlier questions.

"Why did you do that to me? And where are my clothes?" Her gaze was icy as it fixed on him.

However, Tyrone kept avoiding her questions. "Karen prepared breakfast. I'll get it for you. You were running a temperature last night. How do you feel now? Do you feel uncomfortable?"

"I need my clothes. I'd like to head downstairs and eat on my own."

"Just stay put. Your meal's coming up."

With that, he began to leave the room.

Sabrina was almost out of breath.

Wrapped in the quilt, she crawled out of the bed and opened the room cabinet, only to find it empty.

Not one garment in sight.

Her eyes widened in disbelief.

She attempted to open the door only to find it securely locked, presumably by Tyrone.

A quick scan of the room revealed no gadgets or devices.

Frustrated, she sank onto the bed, pounding it in vexation.

It dawned on her; Tyrone intended to lock her up.

Just like his words the previous day, wanting her caged, forever by his side.

If she didn't return home tonight, surely Bettie would call her.

With her phone likely in Tyrone's possession, he might mislead Bettie.

All she wished for was for Bettie to pick up on the situation sooner.

The thought of her phone reminded her of Trevor.

Her heart sank a little.

They had just made their relationship official, and she was certain Trevor would text her. If Tyrone saw it...

Tyrone re-entered the room, bearing a tray laden with a sumptuous breakfast.

Holding the quilt tightly around her, she eyed him warily. "Tyrone, do you plan to keep me here against my will? You do realize that's illegal, right?"

"Just eat for now."

In response to her inquisitive gaze, he calmly placed the tray on the bedside.

Growing more exasperated as Tyrone disregarded her words, Sabrina snapped, "Tyrone, stop this nonsense! We're no longer together. Why can't you accept that and move on?"

"Do you want me to feed you?" Tyrone queried.

Sabrina was almost out of breath. She wrapped herself in the quilt and rolled to the bed. She turned the back of her head to Tyrone and said, "I don't want it."

"Eating will do you good. Not eating might harm you."

"No way. If you don't release me, I'll go starve myself until you decide to set me free," Sabrina said coldly. "It's not a big deal if I'll starve to death. Anyway, I'm alone and carefree."

Tyrone stayed quiet for a moment, then scoffed, "Nothing to lose? What about Trevor? Isn't he your new boyfriend?"

She stiffened.

No wonder Tyrone suddenly went crazy. So that was it. Tyrone had discovered her secret.

"Why don't you speak? Huh?" Tyrone closed the distance, gripping her shoulder to pull her around. He placed his other hand next to her head, challenging, "You vowed a fair game between me and Trevor, didn't you? Is this your idea of fairness? Or were you just playing games?"

Sabrina averted her gaze, biting her lip. "I wasn't playing games, but..."

Trevor's unexpected confession had thrown her off. She felt it was the best way to gather more insight.

"But you like Trevor more. He declared his feelings, and you just jumped right in?" Tyrone's voice dripped with sarcasm.

Lost for words, Sabrina remained silent.

