

Chapter 269 Break Up

"It's time to break up with him. Call him now." Tyrone regarded Sabrina with an inscrutable expression, his eyes fixed on her.

After a few seconds of silence, Sabrina hesitated, her fingers dancing nervously in the air.

Regarding her relationship with Trevor, Sabrina acknowledged her recent missteps. She had intended to end it in person, with sincerity and compassion.

Breaking up with Trevor over the phone in front of Tyrone was not in her original plan.

Perceiving Sabrina's silence, Tyrone shifted his gaze to her, his voice carrying a hint of authority. "Is this difficult for you? If so, allow me to handle it for you," he offered, reaching for his phone in his coat pocket.

Obtaining Trevor's phone number was a simple task for Tyrone, and he was about to call Trevor.

Recognizing the situation, Sabrina swiftly gripped his wrist and stopped him, her brows furrowing as she regarded him with displeasure. Her face was tense, and her lips formed a stern line. "Tyrone, don't overstep!"

Tyrone met her gaze, arching an eyebrow and delivering a resolute statement, "Overstepping? I've always been like this. Don't you know it?"

Sabrina found herself at a loss for words, silently condemning his audacity.

What a shameless man he was!

Their eyes locked in a hostile standoff, as if engaged in a silent battle.

Finally, after a few tense moments, Sabrina retreated. She cast her

eyes downward, sinking into her chair, and retrieved her phone to make the call to Trevor.

"Put it on speaker," Tyrone reminded her, his tone insistent.

"Mind your own damn business!" Sabrina retorted with an eye roll, complying with his request.

As soon as the call connected, Trevor's voice emanated from the other end of the line, "Sabrina?"

Inside the car, a heavy silence hung in the air, only to be broken by Trevor's distinct and tentative voice.

Sabrina found herself momentarily at a loss for words.

"Trevor," she finally responded.

Trevor seemed to sense the shift in her demeanor, and his voice trembled with uncertainty. "Sabrina, are you... Are you breaking up with me?"

She took a deep breath and replied, "I'm sorry, Trevor. I believe it's best for us to end our relationship."

"Sabrina..."

Cutting him off gently but firmly, Sabrina continued, "You know, my previous marriage ended in divorce because my ex-husband couldn't let go of his ex-girlfriend. It had a profound impact on me. I thought for a long time and found I still couldn't accept it."

Tyrone stole a glance at Sabrina before lowering his eyes, a sense of regret washing over him.

He had come to realize his mistake, but the damage had already been done. His sole desire now was to win Sabrina back and make amends.

On the other end of the line, Trevor's voice quivered with sobs. "Sabrina, I'm so sorry... I truly am."

"Trevor, it's not your fault, really," Sabrina reassured him, her voice filled with compassion. "Don't blame yourself."

Then, she shot Tyrone a stern look, her disapproval evident.

Such a heartless capitalist! Sabrina was utterly disgusted by Tyrone's lack of moral values and his self-serving behavior.

She couldn't help but feel that if it weren't for Tyrone's interference, Trevor wouldn't be burdened with this overwhelming guilt.

Sabrina feared that Trevor's guilt and stress might be too much for him to bear, potentially hindering his ability to move on. Yet, she couldn't bring herself to disclose the truth to him.

A few days had passed since the incident, and Tyrone had already concluded the matter to his advantage.

Trevor, being a young man, chose not to make a scene. He lacked concrete evidence and feared retaliation from Tyrone, which could result in losses.

Sabrina carried the heavy weight of guilt. She hurt and lied to Trevor who loved her with all his heart, and even blamed him this way. Sabrina found herself so awful.

Tyrone, feeling the tension in the air, shifted uncomfortably and averted his gaze.

Trevor didn't press Sabrina further. Instead, he shouldered the blame himself.

After spending a considerable time consoling Trevor, Sabrina finally ended the call once he had regained some composure.

She locked her phone and stared at Tyrone with a cold, accusing gaze. "Are you content now?"

"Yes," Tyrone replied tersely.

He started the car, the engine purring to life.

"I've followed your instructions. I trust you'll honor your promise and respect my perspective," Sabrina emphasized, her tone tinged with a hint of caution.

Tyrone kept his focus on the road ahead, driving carefully.

However, the concept of respecting her opinions remained vague.

It all depended on the nature of her opinions.

As they returned to the villa, they were greeted by Larry's and Leroy's families.

By tradition, the entire family would gather together for the New Year's Eve dinner tonight.

But this time, there was a noticeable absence, a void left by someone who was no longer part of the equation.

The thought of the absent person weighed on Sabrina's heart, casting a shadow of melancholy.

In the living room, Wanda sat beside Lena and Claire, engaged in lively conversation. Larry occupied the opposite end of the sofa, engrossed in a discussion with Sergio.

Meanwhile, Jennie and Frankie shared a chat at the dining room table.

Sabrina approached them, greeted everyone, and settled down next to Lena. "Lena."

Lena responded with a forced smile.

Her weariness was evident, and there were faint dark circles under her eyes.

Concerned, Sabrina inquired, "Lena, are you feeling alright?"

Larry's gaze briefly shifted to Lena.

Caught off guard, Lena hesitated for a moment before mustering

another smile at Sabrina. "I'm okay."

Lena glanced at Tyrone, who had followed Sabrina into the room. Leaning in closer to her, she asked in a hushed tone, "Have you reconciled with Tyrone?"

"No," Sabrina responded, glancing at Tyrone.

At this moment, Tyrone settled elegantly beside Sergio, crossing his long legs with poise.

Three cousins sat in a row. Despite not being direct relatives, Sergio resembled Larry. However, being a direct relative to Larry, Tyrone bore no resemblance to the latter.

Wanda and Claire also turned their attention to the scene.

Out of the blue, Claire began to playfully nag, "Sergio, you're already twenty-seven and still no girlfriend?"

Sergio leaned against the sofa's backrest, offering a helpless smile as he reached for the back of his neck.

The scar from his previous hot spring resort trip still lingered.

He reassured her, "Mom, don't worry. I'll date someone soon."

"Really?" Claire pressed on, her curiosity piqued. "Tell me, who is she?"

"You'll find out when the time is right," Sergio teased, keeping the mystery alive.

As the conversation in the living room continued, Sabrina began to feel a sense of boredom creeping in. She confided in Wanda that she wanted to leave and made her way upstairs.

After spending some time alone in her room, a knock on the door interrupted her solitude.

Sabrina got up and opened the door to find Jennie standing there.

Jennie glanced around nervously before darting into Sabrina's room and

swiftly closing the door behind her.

Sabrina greeted Jennie with a smile, "What's going on?"

Jennie, looking serious, explained, "I'm afraid my grandma will catch us."


Hearing this, Sabrina's smile faded. She crouched down to hug Jennie's small frame and spoke gently. "Don't worry. It's okay if she sees us. You can spend time with anyone you like."

Jennie gazed up at Sabrina with her wide eyes and expressed her fear, "But I'm scared she will get angry and leave me."

That a young girl like Jennie displayed remarkable sensitivity tugged at Sabrina's heartstrings. Sabrina reassured her, "If she doesn't want you, you'll still have us."

Sabrina continued, "Your uncle mentioned that if you want to stay in this country, he'll make it happen."

"Make it happen?" Jennie inquired, tilting her head in curiosity.

Sabrina explained, "Yes, he'll adopt you. You'll become his daughter. Don't be afraid. We're all your family." 

Jennie's eyes lit up, and she threw herself into Sabrina's arms, almost toppling Sabrina over.

They lay on the bed, head to head, as Jennie shared her day with her new friend Frankie in a sweet voice.

"Frankie told me he's really unhappy. His parents have been arguing and not talking to each other for days. His mom mentioned wanting a divorce," Jennie confided.



Chapter 270 They Were Indeed Brothers

Hearing this, Sabrina was confused.

When it was time to cook, she went downstairs to help.

Claire and Lena were busy in the kitchen, diligently washing and chopping vegetables, while Tyrone and the others were cutting the spare ribs.

There were only Wanda and the two children left in the living room.

Sabrina observed Lena and Larry. Her gaze was shifting between them as Larry pickled chicken drumsticks. It was evident that something was amiss between the couple. Their lack of communication spoke volumes.

Lena, in particular, avoided making eye contact with Larry. But Larry stole glances at Lena multiple times before quickly looking away.

The dinner was a lavish affair, with a table filled with an abundance of delicious food.

At dinner time, the family gathered around the beautifully set round table. Each family member took their place one after another.

As they settled into their seats, Lena purposely chose a spot, indicating the seat next to Sabrina. "Add two children's chairs here so Frankie and Jennie can sit together."

Aware of her reluctance to sit with Larry, Sabrina nodded in agreement.

When Kira came downstairs, Jennie, engrossed in conversation with Frankie, had already taken a seat next to Sabrina.

As Kira approached the table, a hint of displeasure crossed her face.

While taking a seat beside Wanda, she said, "Jennie, come sit over here!"

Jennie raised her head and pursed her lips, displaying a hint of defiance. "Grandma, I want to sit here."

Before Sabrina could say anything, Lena said, "Kira, let Jennie stay here with Frankie."

She used her child as a pretext to support Sabrina.

Kira wanted to say more, but Wanda grabbed her wrist and said sternly, "Don't make a fuss."

Kira shot a cold glance at Sabrina, held back her words, and remained silent.

During dinner, Larry took the initiative to serve food to Lena, but she avoided making eye contact with him and refrained from touching the food he offered.

Following their meal, the Blakely family convened in the living room, where they played a game of cards.

Sabrina chose not to join them, opting to play airplane chess with Jennie at a separate table.

Soon, Frankie came over to play with Jennie. The two then dashed off to the yard, engrossed in their playful activities.

Sabrina and Lena sat alone at the table, the silence between them palpable.

Glancing over at the card table, Sabrina asked in a casual tone, "Lena, did you and Larry fight?"

Lena looked surprised, as if she hadn't expected Sabrina to notice.

Sabrina's lips curled into a knowing smile. "It's written all over your face. You two have barely spoken a word all afternoon."

Lena pursed her lips and shook her head in silence.

Lena was unwilling to divulge details, so Sabrina didn't push the issue, sensing she wasn't ready to talk.

But after a short time, Lena's face scrunched up in concern as she turned to Sabrina and asked, "How did you feel when you found out about Tyrone's affair?"

Sabrina was surprised, wondering if Larry had an affair.

She thought back to the day she discovered Tyrone's infidelity and felt a wave of emotions wash over her. Though it had happened half a year ago, it seemed like a lifetime had passed.

"I felt... desperate, I guess. I found out that I was pregnant the day before Tyrone was to come back from his business trip. I was so excited to share the news with him. But then I found out about the affair." Sabrina trailed off, lost in thought, as she relived the pain and heartbreak of that moment.

But then she shook her head and forced a smile. "But that's all in the past now. Lena, what's important is that you figure out what you want. Do you think Larry wants to work things out?"

At that time, Sabrina was still holding on to the hope that Tyrone would have a change of heart. Unfortunately, this led her to waste time waiting for him, which only caused her more pain and heartache.

It would have been better if she had given up on time.

Sabrina wondered what might have been if she had divorced Tyrone earlier. Perhaps she wouldn't have lost her precious baby, or Cesar wouldn't have passed away so suddenly. The weight of regret hung heavy on her shoulders.

Lena managed a bitter smile, her eyes reflecting her confusion. "I don't know..."

She had already had a thorn in her heart. She couldn't continue to live with Larry as if nothing had happened.

Contemplating divorce meant that Frankie would remain a part of the Blakely family, but it also meant that Lena would have to face the heartbreaking prospect of leaving her child.

"I don't know what I want," she mumbled, lost in thought. "Last month, I heard a woman's voice coming from his phone. He moved away from me while answering the call, which was unusual since he had never done that before. I became suspicious and started keeping a closer eye on him. Eventually, I discovered clear signs of infidelity, including the scent of another woman's perfume on his clothes, her hair, and scratches on his chest and neck.

When I confronted him about it, he claimed there wasn't anything going on between him and the woman. I asked him to identify who the woman was, but he refused to tell me. Did he think I was a fool to believe him?"

Despite her lingering feelings for Larry, Lena knew she couldn't ignore the signs of infidelity. However, she found it difficult to move on from the situation and struggled to accept his betrayal.

Lena had to decide for herself what she was going to do. All Sabrina could do was sigh with mixed feelings.

When Sabrina became part of the Blakely family, Lena and Larry were already dating. Sabrina had witnessed their romantic and lavish wedding during her first year at university.

Later, Lena experienced the joy of pregnancy but suffered a heartbreaking miscarriage. It took her a long time to recover before finally welcoming Frankie into their lives.

Sabrina used to envy Lena very much. She had a loving husband and a harmonious and happy family.

Now, discord seeped into what was once a harmonious family.

Tyrone and Larry were indeed brothers.

Sabrina glanced at Tyrone, who was engrossed in a card game at the table.

To her surprise, he happened to look up at the same time, their eyes meeting in a moment of unexpected connection.

Sabrina quickly looked away.

Tyrone smiled and carried on with the card game.

"I'm going outside to check on Frankie and Jennie," Lena said, glancing behind Sabrina before standing up and heading out.

"I'll go with you."

Sabrina took a quick sip of water, her throat parched from the tension in the room.

As she stood up, she felt a sudden impact on the back of her head, a sharp pain shooting through her skull.

"Ahh!" she cried out, her face contorting in agony.

She sat back down, holding the back of her head, and turned to see Tyrone towering over her. "When did you come in? I didn't hear you at all."

Tyrone's expression was a mix of grievance and concern, his hand covering his chin as he mumbled in pain, "How was I supposed to know you would suddenly stand up?"

Sabrina rolled her eyes and rubbed the back of her head, trying to ease the pain. She then stood up and walked out.

Tyrone turned to look at her and followed her.

As Sabrina stepped outside, she couldn't see Jennie, Frankie, or Lena. Given the ongoing community activities, she assumed Lena must have taken the kids there.

Sabrina made her way towards the gate to join them. But before she reached the gate, she felt a tug on her wrist, pulling her back. She turned to see Tyrone standing behind her. "Sabrina, wait."

"What is it?"

"I'm sorry," Tyrone said softly. His expression was one of regret and sadness.

His heart sank when he overheard Sabrina telling Lena about the day before he was supposed to return from his business trip.

He learned of her pregnancy and how she eagerly awaited his return to share the joyful news.

She waited for him at the airport, but he didn't show up even after hours had passed.

She sat on the sofa until midnight, eventually drifting off to sleep.

The living room light remained the entire night, a beacon of hope for his return.

At that time, he had no idea of its significance.

When he returned home one day, he found the place engulfed in darkness, with no one to greet him.

Sabrina furrowed her brows in confusion. "It's fine. You didn't mean it," she said, touching the back of her head.

But something in his tone suggested he wasn't apologizing for the bump on the head. Why did he suddenly say sorry?

Tyrone stood in the yard, his face illuminated by the warm light. The light cast a soft glow on his features, highlighting his high nose bridge and the contours of his face, while the other half was in the shadows.

Tyrone's gaze intensified as he looked at Sabrina, studying her features for a long time. He shook his head gently. "Nothing."

Sabrina was left speechless.

