

Chapter 442 The Father Of Sabrina's Child

Sabrina had just stepped out of the bathroom when a commotion in the hall snagged her attention. Instead of returning to the chamber, she opted to linger by the stairs, becoming an accidental spectator to the unfolding drama.

As she observed, the source of the conflict became glaringly apparent.

Two women fought for a man. Each vying for his affection.

The man, ensnared in a love triangle, sought to sever ties with his current girlfriend due to an affair with the other woman.

His girlfriend stood her ground, vehemently rejecting any notion of separation. With unwavering conviction, she professed an undying love for her boyfriend, dismissing his infidelity as inconsequential. She was even willing to accept future liaisons with a third party.

Sabrina was utterly astonished. How could such a person exist, willing to endure betrayal in the name of love?

Subconsciously, Sabrina took a few steps back as a realization suddenly hit her like a lightning bolt. She had seemingly overlooked a crucial aspect of her own experiences.

When Sabrina discovered intimate photos of Trevor and Richard with other women and subsequently felt compelled by Tyrone to end her relationships with them, she didn't experience sadness. It was as if the situation had no emotional impact on her. It was because she didn't have feelings for them at all.

Tyrone, astute as he was, appeared to discern that she lacked emotional investment in her relationships with Trevor and Richard. His unwavering confidence emboldened him to manipulate the situation and exert control over them like a skilled puppet master.

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Then it hit Sabrina. If she wanted to mess with Tyrone, it wasn't about snagging a new boyfriend. The game-changer was falling for someone else, not as some revenge plot but as the real deal.

Tyrone could easily manipulate her boyfriend, but it would be more challenging to sway her affections if she were genuinely in love with someone else.

Sabrina wondered how Tyrone would respond if she were to cry over Richard as if she genuinely cared.

Suddenly, Sabrina felt a hand on her shoulder.

"Ah..." Lost in her thoughts, Sabrina was abruptly jolted back to reality.

Startled, Sabrina turned around to find Tyrone standing behind her. She exhaled in relief and patted her chest. "You scared me half to death. What are you up to?"

With a curious expression, Tyrone responded, "I was about to ask you the same thing. You've been gone for quite a while, and then I saw you just standing there. I was curious about what's going on in your head."

Lowering her head with a tinge of guilt, Sabrina replied, "Oh, it's nothing. I heard a commotion downstairs and saw what the quarreling was about."

"Well, they're gone now. Let me take you back home."

"Sure."

As they settled into the car's back seat, Sabrina discreetly glanced at Tyrone. She feigned interest in her phone before letting out a heavy sigh.

Tyrone asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

"Richard hasn't responded to my message."

Tyrone's expression shifted to one of bewilderment. He regarded Sabrina as if she were a halfwit. Perplexed, he asked, "He has cheated on you. What message did you send him?"

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"I just couldn't help myself," Sabrina murmured. "I needed to ask him why. Why am I not enough to compete with that woman?"

Tyrone, disbelieving what he had heard, clenched his teeth and said, "Sabrina, please tell me you don't still have any feelings for him."

"I know I shouldn't." Sabrina sighed. "I don't want to, but I just can't help it."

Tyrone fell silent. After contemplating for a moment, Tyrone said in a low voice, "Sabrina, you're not being honest with me, are you?"

"Why would I lie to you?" Sabrina's heart skipped a beat, but she feigned ignorance, pretending she didn't know what he was talking about.

Tyrone scoffed. "You once told me you liked Trevor too, and we both know that wasn't true." He still vividly recalled how they had managed to infuriate him. Yet, in the grand scheme of things, it became evident that Sabrina's feelings for Bradley were non-existent. And her relationship with Trevor was merely a tactical move to uncover the truth behind her father's untimely demise.

Sabrina was left dumbfounded. She lowered her head and pondered for a moment. Then, she picked up her phone and began typing as if she were sending a message to someone.

After waiting for a few minutes, Tyrone received no response from Sabrina. Glancing at Sabrina, he questioned, "Why the silence? Why don't you say something?"

Sabrina sighed again, leaning her head against the window, a hint of sadness in her voice. "I don't feel like talking to you." She then shifted her attention back to her phone.

Tyrone pursed his lips and abruptly seized her phone. "Don't look at it anymore!"

The assistant observed them through the rearview mirror and was confused. Being Tyrone's assistant and driver, he was clueless about the conversation's context and the recent developments.

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"What are you doing?" Sabrina glared at Tyrone and frowned. She swiftly reclaimed her phone, cradling it like a precious item, eyeing Tyrone warily. Sabrina didn't send any message to Richard, and her hasty retrieval was driven by a fear that Tyrone might uncover her deception.

Her overreaction infuriated Tyrone. "Sabrina, are you silly or something? He is just an unfaithful man. Why can't you get him out of your head?"

Sabrina glanced down and murmured, "I know, but I just can't help it..."

"You..."

Her tactic was working. Tyrone was growing increasingly agitated.

Tyrone closed his eyes, taking a deep breath to regain composure. "Sabrina, are you being truthful? Why does he deserve your love?"

Sabrina maintained her charade. "I don't know why. I just feel a strong connection to him. It's like I've known him before."

Tyrone was suddenly overwhelmed by a surge of emotions. His heart sank, and his mind raced with thoughts and questions. Did Sabrina and Richard share a past during her exchange student days? Could Richard possibly be the father of Sabrina's child?

Tyrone hung his head, the shadows on his face deepening. Slowly, he clenched his hands, squeezing them until his knuckles whitened.

Sabrina glanced at Tyrone and found his face was a little pale. He remained silent, his fists clenched in simmering anger. A pang of sympathy gripped Sabrina. She couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

Contemplating whether to divulge the truth, she decided against it. No, she didn't want to make it too easy for him and decided to make him suffer a little longer. She resolved to reveal the truth to him tomorrow.

The car lapsed into a profound silence, with only the sounds of

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their breathing permeating the air.

As the vehicle stopped at the apartment building, Sabrina opened the door and stepped out. Turning around, she noticed Tyrone still seated, unresponsive. She asked, "Tyrone, aren't you getting out?"

Tyrone kept his gaze straight ahead, avoiding eye contact with Sabrina. "You can go ahead."

Sabrina was stunned. It appeared that he was really angry.

Sabrina hesitated briefly, then nodded. "Alright, then you can stay in the car."

She closed the car door behind her and entered the apartment building, leaving Tyrone to contemplate the tumult of emotions within him.

Sabrina intended to come clean and have a conversation with Tyrone tomorrow.

After watching Sabrina disappear into the building, Tyrone pulled out his phone and dialed a number. Subsequently, the driver turned the car around and drove him to a club.

Tyrone made his way into the club and reached a room. He pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Mrs. George, seated next to Richard, pointed at Richard and said, "You're here. I've brought him to you."

"Thank you," Tyrone acknowledged, closing the door and settling into an armchair. His gaze fixed on Richard, but he remained silent.

Richard observed the interaction between Tyrone and Mrs. George, feeling a sense of foreboding. Recalling her earlier words, he finally comprehended something. "Mrs. George, you..."

Mrs. George placed her index finger on her lips, signaling to Richard not to speak.

Tyrone's piercing gaze bore into Richard, leaving Richard feeling pale and unnerved.

Sensing the tension, Mrs. George looked at Tyrone and inquired,

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"What are you going to do?"

Tyrone's cold, dark eyes remained fixed on Richard, betraying no hint of his thoughts.

Richard felt a sinking sensation in his stomach and swallowed a lump in his throat.

After what seemed like an eternity, Tyrone finally spoke in a low and intimidating voice. "How do you know Sabrina? When? Where?"

Glancing uneasily at Mrs. George, Richard hesitated.

"Look at me!" Tyrone suddenly shouted. A cruel glint in his eyes demanded Richard's full attention. "Think carefully before you answer my question!"

Tyrone could hardly bear to look at Richard. The mere notion of Richard and Sabrina possibly having a shared history, knowing each other since her senior student years, and perhaps even having a child together made Tyrone feel like he was about to explode. He had to use every ounce of self-control to prevent himself from strangling the life out of Richard right there and then.

Seeing that Mrs. George had no intention of helping him and the intense gaze in Tyrone's eyes, Richard had no choice but to answer truthfully. "I met Sabrina in a bar. I'm just a waiter," he said, his voice filled with hesitation.