

## Chapter 444 Why Are You Wrong

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"Sabrina, I really messed up," Tyrone remarked, his voice tinged with helplessness.

"What did you mess up?" Sabrina questioned.

"I shouldn't have acted with Galilea to lie to you. I should've respected you and talked to you about it," Tyrone replied.

Sabrina scoffed. "Since you know everything, why did you act so recklessly?"

"I had to make it appear that I had no feelings for you, and I did this to protect you and ensure your safety," Tyrone explained.

"Then you could've been honest with me and arranged for me to go abroad, just like you did with your grandma and Jennie. I'm not unreasonable. I would have trusted your judgment and wouldn't have objected. You still don't trust me, Tyrone. In the Folette hospital, I stuck to you. You were afraid I'd stick around, become a burden, ruin your plan..."

"Sabrina." Tyrone held her shoulders, his gaze locked with hers. Each accusation from her felt like a blow to his heart. She had misunderstood everything. "I have never thought that. You're not a burden. You're the person I care about the most, and I want to protect you more than anything."

Sabrina looked down and uttered sadly, "You protect me, but you don't respect me..."

Tyrone sighed in frustration and helplessness. "Sabrina, I see where I went wrong. I won't make that mistake again."

"Do you really understand that you were wrong?" Sabrina challenged, looking up at him.

"Yes."

"So if anything happens in the future, you'll tell me immediately?"

"I give you my word."

"Why do I find it hard to believe you?"

Tyrone found himself at a loss. "Sabrina, I swear and promise to do better."

"It's useless to make promises. It all boils down to self-awareness." With a lowered head, Sabrina said softly, "Tyrone, I understand you did this for my benefit. But I need you to know what you've done isn't what I want. The pain I felt when I saw you and Galilea together that day was unbearable. I wanted to die.

I thought I'd been cheated on again. The sight of you two together tore my heart from my chest. If I had a knife, I would have killed you and then taken my own life. After leaving the Blakely Group, I went to the river. As I watched the current flow, I longed to join it. I wanted to escape the pain and suffering your betrayal had caused me..."

"Oh, Sabrina, my love." Tyrone's voice quivered as he held her tightly, burying his face in her neck. "I'm so sorry I caused you so much pain. I was truly in the wrong."

He intended to shield her from harm, but he had overlooked the emotional toll it would have on her. She had nearly fallen into depression and taken her own life. Had Sabrina thrown herself into the river, he couldn't fathom what he would've done without her.

Sabrina looked up at him with teary eyes. "The only thing that kept me from going through with it was remembering what my beloved father did for me. In his final moments, he tried to shield me from death. How could I dishonor his sacrifice and give up so easily? When I came to Philade, I forced myself to stay busy to avoid dwelling on that day. Tyrone, I would rather have faced the consequences and been imprisoned with you."

As he realized the pain he had caused her, Tyrone's heart sank. He was deeply touched by her loyalty and gently stroked her cheek. With eyes full of affection, he gazed at her with a tender smile. "If I couldn't get out, would you have stayed in prison with me?"

"But you were prepared and made arrangements for this. You're



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out, aren't you?"

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"Fair enough. So, it seems you love me so much that you were willing to share a jail cell with me."

"Don't make fun of me. Have you already forgotten what I just said to you?"

Tyrone's relief was palpable as he allowed himself to smile genuinely. "I'm sorry. I'll never forget what you told me, and I promise to discuss everything with you from now on."

They had never explicitly declared their love for each other. Tyrone knew Sabrina had harbored feelings for someone else before. The fact that they ended up together resulted from his persistent pursuit. But she didn't refute his statement about her deep love for him. Could it be that she had genuinely fallen in love with him?

Tyrone's heart quickened with the thought. A surge of excitement coursed through him. He realized he had achieved something meaningful. Though he couldn't articulate his feelings precisely, happiness and excitement enveloped him.

Sabrina suddenly felt pressure against her. Glancing down, her eyes widened in astonishment. "Tyrone, you..."

"Sabrina, I can't resist you," Tyrone murmured.

Tyrone held Sabrina close, his left hand securing her waist while the other caressed her hair.


As he leaned in to kiss her, Sabrina wrapped her arms around his neck, returning his passion with equal fervor.

His kiss was tender and restrained as if he was savoring a precious gift he had long awaited.

Excitement surged through Sabrina as the intensity increased. She closed her eyes, allowing herself to be swept away in his embrace.

As the kiss intensified, Tyrone became more forceful and greedy, holding her tightly and exploring her body with his hands.

Sabrina's breath quickened, her desire ignited by his fiery kiss.

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He took a step back and leaned against the door, kissing her with a fiery passion.

Sabrina was lost in the moment, consumed by their love and desire for each other.

Tyrone guided Sabrina inside. Her dress hung loosely on her shoulder, with its zipper already undone.

With their passion ablaze, they never made it to the bedroom. Tyrone lifted her, and she wrapped her legs around his waist as he carried her. Their lips locked in a fiery kiss as Tyrone took her to the living room sofa.

He quickly removed her dress and tossed it aside, revealing Sabrina's delicate skin.

Eager to make love to her, Tyrone had been waiting for a long time to hold her in his arms again.

Closing her eyes, Sabrina moaned as sensations of comfort and excitement washed over her.

Unexpectedly, a slight pain shot through Sabrina's abdomen.

Dismissing it, she gently pushed Tyrone away and whispered, "Let's take it slow..."

Her soft, coquettish voice seemed to drive Tyrone wild with desire.


Tyrone groaned, slowing down as beads of sweat formed on his forehead and streamed down the side of his face.

Their intimate encounter extended well into the evening, the room bathed in the warm glow of the fading daylight as Sabrina lay on the sofa, closing her eyes and catching her breath.

Although Tyrone had admitted his mistakes, he was still angry at Sabrina for putting him through hell these last few days, which fueled his actions.

However, he knew he was wrong, so he sought solace in the bedroom, using every trick to elicit comfort from Sabrina.

Reflecting on his strategies, Sabrina felt a shy blush creeping

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onto her face. Previously, Sabrina rarely addressed Tyrone with the endearing term "honey." But now, with their rekindled love, it appeared to hold significant importance for him.

Amidst the afterglow, Sabrina heard a rustling sound.

Opening her eyes, she saw Tyrone tinkering with her camera. Alarmed, she realized what he intended to do and hurried to cover herself. "Don't take any pictures!"

"Oh, come on. Let's take some photos together?" Tyrone suggested, bringing the camera to the sofa.

"We can't do that!" Sabrina firmly refused. Grabbing her dress, she playfully kicked him. "And put your clothes on." She didn't want to see him walking around everywhere butt-naked.

"Okay." Tyrone chuckled, putting the camera on the table. "What do you want for dinner? I'll have someone bring clothes and food here."

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