

Chapter 5 Can We Not Divorce

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Sabrina was choked with emotion, tears welled up in her eyes, a novel kind of sadness enveloping her heart.

She had never witnessed such tenderness from Tyrone during their three years of marriage.

She had often found solace in the thought that this was simply his nature.

But the fabrications she fed herself were so believable that she fell prey to them.

Now, she was witnessing his tenderness, but it was directed to another woman.

Her car was within their sight, but he didn't recognize it as hers, let alone notice her within.

"Mrs. Blakely, you've returned. What would you like for..."

The housekeeper halted mid-sentence, stunned by the tears on Sabrina's face. Sabrina rushed into the bedroom before the housekeeper could say another word.

Sabrina pressed herself against the closed door, her throat tightened with emotion.

The dam broke at the end of the day, tears blurring her vision and rolling down her cheeks after a long while.

Her heart throbbed painfully. It was sheer agony.

She was a child of divorce, and she keenly understood the challenges of growing up in a single-parent home. She didn't want that life for her own child.

She yearned for her baby to have a joyful upbringing.

But who could guide her in this predicament?

After a considerable amount of time, the housekeeper gently knocked on the bedroom door. "Mrs. Blakely, it's time for dinner."

After a while, she said "Okay" and went to the bathroom to wash her face.

Once outside, she remembered the message from Tyrone.

He mentioned bringing a present back from his business trip.

What could the gift be?

She found his luggage and opened it.

It was a record signed by her favorite singer.

It wasn't an item of gold or a piece of jewelry.

Sabrina clutched the record to her chest.

A glimmer of warmth spread within her.

At least he remembered her preferences and thought to bring her a gift.

She didn't fail as miserably, did she?

When she woke up in a disoriented state the next morning, Sabrina discovered an empty space beside her, devoid of anyone's presence.

She sat on the edge of the bed, lost in thought.

He must have spent the night with Galilea.

She should have expected this.

But why did she still feel empty inside?

The bedroom door swung open with a click. Tyrone entered to find Sabrina pale and distant, sitting on the bed. He sat next to her, his long legs dangling over the edge, asking, "Sabrina, are you unwell?"

Caught off guard, Sabrina felt a twinge of happiness at the sight of him. She got up from the bed. "No."

"What happened? Tell me."

Tell him?

Should she confide in him? That she was against the idea of divorce?

The gift and the fact that he didn't spend the night with Galilea, could they be signs that he harbored feelings for her?

Would he consent to not pursuing a divorce if she proposed the idea?

As Sabrina was about to speak, Tyrone cut her off. "Even after our divorce, I will remain your brother. Feel free to share anything with me."

His words lodged in Sabrina's throat, leaving her speechless.

After a long pause, she turned to Tyrone, forcing a smile. "I'm fine, really. Go ahead downstairs. I'll join you after freshening up."

Tyrone loosened his collar, lips pursed, studying Sabrina. "We aren't divorced yet, Sabrina. Are you intending to create distance between us even before it's official?"

Sabrina forced a smile, swallowing her sorrow, and shook her head. "No."

Tyrone frowned. "If you don't wish to talk, I won't pressure you. I need to head to the office."

With that, he strode out of the room, not looking back.

The door closed, leaving Sabrina alone. Her smile faded.

What was he upset about?

Was his impatience towards her mounting because Galilea was back?

Sabrina wore her smile like a mask, an ugly facade.

At Blakely Group

The assistant burst into the room. "Ms. Chavez, Darlene's agent is on the line."

Darlene Ortiz, a popular actress, took on the role of spokesperson for the new seasonal styles of Blakely Group's MQ Clothing brand.

Her youthful and beautiful image had garnered recognition from the public, making her a perfect fit for the theme of this season's new styles.

"What's the issue?"

"She refused to disclose anything, insisting on speaking with you."

Sabrina took the phone. "Hello, Cathie?"