

## Chapter 52 She Will Never Be Happy

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A prolonged silence filled the car.

"Sabrina, I must confess it was my fault you ended up in that car crash. I'm deeply sorry." Tyrone stared into Sabrina's eyes, his own reflecting deep remorse.

"Didn't you already express your regret? Neither of us could have predicted those rabid fans would hold on to their grudge. I don't hold you responsible." Sabrina's tone remained unaffected.

Tyrone tried to find words, but they eluded him.

Indeed, she was clueless about the previous day's event.

She thought it was because of the makeup incident last time.

Now, her sight had blurred, making texts on her phone or computer impossible to decipher.

He didn't have to worry about her stumbling upon online hate comments or insults, but it did little to ease his mind.

"I'm sorry," he added.

"It's alright. Let's move past it."

Silence once again took over the car.

After a long pause, Sabrina inquired, "What's the time?"

"Two ten."

"How long has it been? Why hasn't Karen shown up yet?"



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"How long has it been? Why hasn't Karen shown up yet?"

"She might be having difficulty catching a taxi, or perhaps, ran into some road troubles. Let's give her some more time."

Tyrone pressed his lips together, his expression turning somewhat strained.

"Okay."

After a significant interval, Sabrina probed, "Why is she still not here? Tyrone, why don't you call her again to check?"

"Sure."

Exiting the car, Tyrone faced a gust of chilling wind.

He wrestled with internal conflicts.

It was his actions that had caused Galilea's trauma and led her to severe depression, even pushing her to multiple suicide attempts.

He had sworn to take responsibility, to remain by her side forever.

He couldn't back down on his word.

Sabrina, even without him, would still have her grandparents and the man she admired. After divorce, she could possibly lead a happier life. Galilea, on the other hand, had no one but him.

Leaving her once more could drive her to end her life.

In this predicament, he could only choose one of them.

With a heavy heart, Tyrone glanced back at Sabrina in the car, dialed Karen, and said, "Karen, I left the file behind. It's on the table. Can you take a taxi to the court? We'll wait for you at the entrance."

Acknowledging the file bag on the table, Karen responded promptly, "Understood."

Tyrone reentered the car and informed Sabrina, "Karen was stuck in a traffic jam. She should arrive soon."

"Okay."

"Sabrina."

"Yes?"

"Once we divorce, would you consider marrying him?"

Sabrina paused before replying, "Possibly."

"That's comforting. I genuinely wish you a joyful life with your loved one."

Sabrina felt a knot forming in her throat. She looked away, muttering, "Hmm."

She wouldn't be able to reciprocate the same blessings for him and Galilea.

His lack of love for her was clear, or else, how could he have voiced such a thing?

What he didn't realize was that she planned to divorce the man she loved, not marry him.

After divorce, Tyrone would gain what he desired. He would marry another woman and they would share lifelong affection.

She would never grow old alongside him, nor would she ever find true happiness.

"Sir, madam," the driver called, tapping on the window. "Karen has arrived."

"Got it." Both exited the car.

Karen hurried over and handed the file to Tyrone. "Sir, I've brought it here."

"Thank you," Tyrone replied, glancing at Sabrina before taking her hand. "Let's proceed. Mind the stairs."

"Okay."

His hand, always large and warm, enveloped her small, cold one.

She recalled how her hands always felt cold during the winter.

Every time she accompanied Tyrone from work, he would

grasp her hand first before tucking it into his pocket to warm it.

The lump in her throat grew heavier, making it impossible for her to even feign a smile.

Three years back, they had walked into the court, side by side, ready to get married.

Now, hand in hand, they treaded the path leading to the court, a path leading to their divorce.

This was the last time he held her hand.

From that day forth, they ceased to be a couple.

He was to take another woman as his wife. A new chapter awaited her too.

His life was set to be intertwined with another woman's forever. She was about to gain freedom, leaving all behind.

Their paths were diverging, leading to distinct lives.

The driver and Karen held their gazes, and their sighs intertwined in the air.

In the grand hall of the court, Sabrina and Tyrone made their entrance.

A staff member, impressed by the striking couple, approached them and pointed to a corner. "Please wait in line over there to register your marriage. Do not forget to go through the guidelines."

"We are here to divorce," Tyrone stated.

Bewildered, the staff member pointed to a different window.

"In that case, the divorce window is over there."

Guided by Tyrone's hand, Sabrina moved to the designated area.

The staffer looked on, perplexed by the sight of a couple filing for divorce, hand in hand, looking perfect together.

"There seems to be quite a crowd. We should find a seat while we wait," Tyrone suggested.

"Agreed."

Without her phone to keep her occupied, Sabrina found herself paying heed to the ambient noise.

Newlyweds were engaged in gleeful chatter while the ones there for divorce hurled angry words at each other.

Some of them took their disagreement to the extent of hurling curses, while others had sudden changes of heart, deciding against the divorce.

The atmosphere was chaotic.

Sabrina and Tyrone stood out, being one of the rare harmonious couples there for divorce.

Tyrone's phone abruptly came to life. He retrieved it from his pocket, pressing the answer key. "Yes, Larry?"

"Tyrone, Sabrina and you need to rush to the hospital! Grandpa collapsed! He's critical! Lynch says it's grave!"

Pale with shock, Tyrone responded, "We'll head to the hospital right away!"

He seized Sabrina's hand and made for the exit.

"What happened?" Sabrina questioned.

"Larry just informed me that Grandpa collapsed and his condition is critical. We need to hurry!"

"What? Let's head to the hospital right away!"

Obviously, a life hanging in the balance took precedence over a divorce. A divorce could wait, but this was Cesar's life.

"Sir, madam, you were..."

"We need to get to Healthwell Hospital immediately!" Tyrone remarked as he opened the door for Sabrina and settled into the back seat.

The driver's expression turned serious as well. Without wasting any time, he promptly started the car and headed towards the hospital.

At Healthwell Hospital

Tyrone grasped Sabrina's hand tightly as they hurried to the operating room. "Grandma, Larry, how is Grandpa doing? How long has he been inside?"

"It's been an hour," Larry replied.

Unable to contain his anxiety, Tyrone clenched his fists till his knuckles were pale.

"Grandpa will make it through. God will look out for him," Sabrina, her vision blurred, comforted Wanda.

Smiling weakly, Wanda clasped her hand, patting it gently. "Sabrina, we've lived long enough. We've been bracing

ourselves for this day. Don't worry over me. You should be concerned about yourself. Just look at your pale face. What happened to your forehead? Is it severe?"

"It's nothing, just a minor bump," Sabrina responded with a forced smile.

The thought of losing Cesar was unbearable to her.

He had appeared healthy just a few days back.

The sudden turn of events was hard for her to digest.

They spent another three hours waiting outside the operating room.

As time wore on, the seriousness of the situation seemed to deepen.

