

## Chapter 57 Don't Do It Here

Tyrone's tender yet fervent kiss made Sabrina's heart flutter subtly. ②

He imprinted his affection on her lips, turning them a passionate red.

His tongue traced a path against her teeth, each kiss imbued with eagerness.

Her hands found their way to his shoulders, fingers lightly grazing the back of his neck as she returned his advances. ②

Their breaths intertwined.

Their whispered gasps echoed in the sealed confines of the car, growing in intensity.

Tyrone's breathing was heated, his hands drifting downwards uncontrollably.

Suddenly, awareness washed over Sabrina. She hastily put up her hand to stop him, murmuring softly, "Don't do it here." ③

Reluctantly, Tyrone drew back after a final intense kiss.

The light caught something silver as he retreated, and it broke off, falling onto their collars and adding an extra layer of tension to the already charged space.

Taking a deep breath, Tyrone ignited the car's engine in an instant, his fingers clutching the steering wheel tightly.

As the journey continued, Sabrina only noticed the familiar

sights when they were half-way, realizing they weren't headed to the hospital.

"You aren't driving back to the hospital?"

Tyrone flashed a knowing smile at her. "I'll head home tonight and visit the hospital tomorrow morning."

"Alright then."

They pulled into Starriver Bay, parking in the yard.

Tyrone swiftly unclasped his seat belt and loosened his collar. Moving quickly to Sabrina, he engaged her in another passionate embrace, their lips entwined. ②

He released Sabrina's seat belt, pulled her onto his lap, and with one hand at the back of her head, his other hand teasingly lifted the hem of her dress.

"Hmm... Hmm..."

Eyes closed, Sabrina clung tightly to his collar, cheeks aflame, breath ragged. She was on the brink of breathlessness.

Tyrone planted gentle kisses down her earlobe, neck, and collarbone, then he unbuttoned her collar.

The rush of heat made her shiver.

She knew she couldn't continue this way or she'd only sink further into this intoxicating abyss.

However, each time Tyrone came close, her willpower dwindled.

The knock on the car window startled them. "Sir, would you like to come inside?"

The housekeeper's voice jolted them back to reality, their eyes meeting in surprise.

In a gravelly voice, Tyrone answered, "Okay."

He aided Sabrina in adjusting her attire, his eyes betraying his desire. "Shall we head to the room?"

"Okay."

Her blush deepened as she gave a soft nod.

Together, they stepped out of the car.

The housekeeper looked surprised. "Mrs. Blakely, you're back!"

"Mm."

The housekeeper watched as the pair entered the living room one after the other, puzzled by their shared exit from the driver's seat.

One after the other, the two of them entered the room.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Tyrone pushed Sabrina against the door, fiercely capturing her lips. His tongue explored her mouth, teasing her own in a dominant dance.

Sabrina, held in Tyrone's embrace, turned a deeper shade of red. Her hands gravitated to his shoulders as heat coursed through her body. Closing her eyes, she eagerly returned his kiss.

His body flush against hers, Tyrone made quick work of removing her dress. Scooping her up, he swiftly carried her to the bed.

He straddled the bed with one leg, positioning himself between her thighs. Swiftly removing his suit jacket, he tossed

it under the bed. Next, he loosened his tie and leaned over her.

His lips found her earlobe, nibbling it until it bloomed a wet crimson.

His kisses trailed a path from her ear, sliding down her neck, tracing her collarbone, until they found refuge on her chest.

Her upper body was gently lifted as he unfastened her bra, discarding it thoughtlessly onto the floor. He resumed his affectionate journey with a kiss.

"Tyrone... Please be gentle..." Her worry for their unborn child echoed in her words. ①

Tyrone seemed to take note, his actions slightly tamed, yet his kisses remained fervent.

Sabrina surrendered herself, her eyes closing and her thoughts swirling chaotically as if she was lost in an infinite ocean.

She quivered uncontrollably, her hands finding solace in his hair.

The room simmered with their shared desire.

Clothes lay discarded, strewn on the floor.

Their breathy whispers echoed in the intimate silence.

Tyrone guided Sabrina's hand to the belt that circled his waist, his voice a husky whisper. "Unbuckle this for me."

"Alright..."

Sabrina's mind went blank. She fumbled with his belt, following her primal instincts.



But the shrill ring of a phone brought them to a standstill.

Sabrina, startled, nudged Tyrone. "Your phone..."

Tyrone, voice coarse, dismissed it. "Ignore it. Let's not stop."

The persistent ringing paused momentarily before resuming. <sup>①</sup>

A frown creased Tyrone's face as he clambered off the bed.

His suit jacket was retrieved from the floor, the phone procured. He glanced at the screen before answering, "Yes, Julia?"

There was a reply from the other end.

Tyrone's expression hardened. "Understood, I'll be right there."

He hastily adjusted his clothing, shrugged on his jacket, and turned to address Sabrina, still sprawled on the bed. "I have to leave." <sup>②</sup>

"What's going on?" Sabrina pulled the quilt around her, leaning against the bed. "It's late. Do you really need to go?"

Tyrone paused in his efforts to straighten his attire.

"Julia? Galilea's agent? Has something happened to Galilea?"

The silence that followed his lack of response snapped Sabrina back to reality, a chill creeping over her.

"Galilea is missing."

"Missing? You should contact the police first. Going there yourself won't help at this point."

Was this Galilea's ploy to have him rush to her side?

"Galilea isn't in a good place mentally. Being alone out there is risky for her, and her public status complicates matters. The police won't be helpful. I will find her as soon as I can. I assure

you, once she is safe, I'll return." ③

As Sabrina gazed into Tyrone's resolute expression, a pang of heartache tugged at her emotions.

This must be Galilea's play to draw Tyrone out. Sabrina had a hunch, a painful clarity he seemed to lack.

He wouldn't let Galilea be in danger.

He wouldn't come back.

The realization hit her like a cold splash. Tyrone wouldn't return. ①

"But what if I can't bear to see you go?" Sabrina mustered the courage to utter the words.

"Sabrina, stop being difficult."

"Do you even recall your promise to Grandpa?" Sabrina's defiance was palpable.

Why was he always so devoted to Galilea? Whenever anything befell her, he was at her side at once.

What was the use of a spouse who would always be drawn away by another woman?

"I only agreed to have a harmonious relationship with you; I didn't make any guarantees. This is a life or death situation. Is now really the time for our petty disagreements?"

His expression was one of annoyance as he spun on his heel and stormed off.

The door closed with a thunderous bang.

Sabrina felt a sudden weakness and slumped onto the bed. ①

It was chilling.

Recently, it seemed the temperature had taken a dive. Even under the quilt, she still felt the cold. Shivering uncontrollably, she found herself burying her head deeper into the quilt. ②

He had told her not to be difficult.

He declared he only promised to be harmonious with her, but made no guarantees.

His words were like a dagger, piercing her heart, leaving it shattered. ③

She had tried so hard to hold onto him, only to be rewarded with such cruel words.

She was mistaken.

The peace they had enjoyed for the past few days had lowered her defenses. She almost forgot about Galilea, who stood as a barrier between her and Tyrone.

As long as Galilea was in the picture, her life would never find peace, even if she remained married to Tyrone. ④

She shouldn't have craved his warmth. She should have known better. ⑤

Curled up in the bed, she felt the chill.

Tossing and turning, eyes tightly shut, the ticking of the clock was all she could hear. She had no idea how long she had lain there, sleep eluding her.

She didn't know when sleep finally claimed her.

When she awoke the following day, she found herself alone.

The bed sheet beside her was perfectly made, a clear sign of his absence.

Sabrina glanced at the wall clock. It was already nine.

After freshening up, she headed downstairs.

"Ma'am, you're up. I'll make breakfast for you."

"Did Tyrone return at any point?" Sabrina asked quietly.

"No." The housekeeper shook her head with a sigh.

"I understand."

With a heavy heart, Sabrina sank into the couch, glancing at her phone screen, which remained devoid of any messages.

After her meal, it was nearing ten o'clock. She instructed the driver to take her to the hospital.

The car pulled up at the entrance. Sabrina alighted and made her way upstairs. A glance at the parking lot revealed a familiar license plate.

Believing her eyes to be playing tricks on her, she looked again for confirmation.

It was Tyrone's car.

Hadn't Tyrone gone to see Galilea? Why was he at the hospital?

Before Sabrina could enter the ward, a known voice reached her ears. "I recall at our last meeting, you asked if I was fond of steaks. How swiftly time passes!"

The voice was Galilea's.



A cold shiver ran down Sabrina's spine, and she felt as if she were encased in ice. She stood there, stunned.



Exclusive Offer For You

Claim Now

