

Chapter 64 Do You Want To Relax

Inhaling deeply, Tyrone explained, "Galilea's mental state seems unstable. It's unsafe for her to be left alone." ②

Sabrina felt an overwhelming sensation of helplessness upon hearing his words.

How could she convey to Tyrone that she didn't give a damn about Galilea? ①

Moreover, she hadn't noticed anything unusual about Galilea when they had spoken earlier in the day.

If she voiced her observations, he would accuse her of lacking empathy.

"Even if her life wasn't at stake, you'd rush to her. You harbor feelings for her. Why hide behind excuses?" Sabrina questioned. "You don't owe me any explanations."

"I realize you have feelings for Bradley, but bringing him to meet Grandpa at this point was a poor choice."

"Isn't that what you did? You did the exact same thing, visiting Galilea and bringing her to see Grandpa. I took a leaf out of your book."


"Galilea wasn't doing well. I had to bring her here to keep watch. You were the one who said it was okay to bring her when Grandpa was moved to the regular ward. Why the

"Even if her life wasn't at stake, you'd rush to her. You harbor feelings for her. Why hide behind excuses?" Sabrina questioned. "You don't owe me any explanations."

"I realize you have feelings for Bradley, but bringing him to meet Grandpa at this point was a poor choice."

"Isn't that what you did? You did the exact same thing, visiting Galilea and bringing her to see Grandpa. I took a leaf out of your book."

"Galilea wasn't doing well. I had to bring her here to keep watch. You were the one who said it was okay to bring her when Grandpa was moved to the regular ward. Why the sudden outrage?" Confusion painted Tyrone's face.

Sabrina was startled that Tyrone seemed oblivious to any wrongdoing. 

Another woman had called him away, and he'd stayed out all night. The following day, he'd introduced this woman to his grandparents and then questioned why Sabrina was upset.

In his perception, Galilea held top priority. The noble reason of needing to watch over Galilea left him no choice but to bring her here.

He hadn't even considered Sabrina's feelings, instead he accused her of lacking empathy.

Sabrina smiled gently, retorting, "By the way, Bradley has always had health issues since he was a child. He wanted to see Grandpa, so I brought him along to avoid him getting upset. I'm sure you can understand, as the CEO of Blakely Group, empathy should be one of your strong suits." ①

Tyrone's face hardened at her words. "Sabrina..."

"Yes?" Sabrina arched an eyebrow at him. "Did I do something wrong? I don't get it. Why are you upset?" ①

"Sabrina! I'm not joking with you!" A frown formed on Tyrone's face and his eyes turned darker.

"Neither am I," Sabrina said, her tone serious.

"Did you say that to provoke me?"

Sabrina's cold laughter echoed. "Provoke you? Why would I provoke you?"


"Sabrina, remember the promise you made to Grandpa!"

Sabrina was taken aback that Tyrone would resort to using Cesar's words as leverage.

The situation seemed almost comical to her.

"I merely promised Grandpa that I would try to get along with you. I made no other promises." ⑦

As she noticed Tyrone's face darkening, she retorted, "This is what you said yesterday. If you can go off to be with your lover all night, why can't I? Before you point fingers at me, take a good look at your own actions!"

Tyrone paused before speaking. "If it bothered you, I apologize. I didn't have a choice yesterday. I never intended to break my promise to Grandpa." 

Sabrina sneered, "Tyrone, you clearly don't grasp what Grandpa's intentions were. He wanted us to sincerely get along, to prevent us from divorcing. He doesn't just want us to put on a show for him."

"I understand."

"Do you? What exactly do you understand?" Sabrina challenged. "Did you ever consider ending things with Galilea, staying with me and not going for a divorce? Did you?"

As Tyrone stayed silent, she chuckled. "Why are you silent?"

"Yes, I did." Tyrone locked eyes with her, interrupting her.

Sabrina was momentarily taken aback.

Studying Tyrone's earnest face, she tried to spot a lie.

But there were no such signs.

Swallowing her surprise, Sabrina finally said, "Tyrone, there's no need for deceit."

"I'm not lying." Tyrone took a few steps to Sabrina. "I genuinely considered ending things with her and spending the rest of my life with you."

Gazing into his sincere eyes, Sabrina found her thoughts in a whirl.

Suddenly, she composed herself and asked, "Okay, then answer this. The next time Galilea calls you, claiming she's sick or lost, will you rush to her?"

Tyrone hesitated.

Noticing his uncertainty, Sabrina scoffed, "You've just considered it. Come back to me when you're ready to act on it. For now, you should leave. I need some rest."

If Galilea still had the power to summon him with just a call, his thoughts were pointless.


She didn't need a husband who could be lured away by another woman at any given moment.

Tyrone was a skilled actor. She wouldn't fall for his act again.

"It's only nine o'clock. Are you going to sleep?"

"I'm somewhat worn out."

"Want to unwind a bit?"

"Unwind?" Her gaze shifted to him. 

"Yes."

He was backlit, obscuring his facial expressions in the darkness.

"How so?"

"Just sit tight."

Tyrone kneeled in front of Sabrina, placed his large hand on her leg and started tracing a path up her skin.

His palm was warm, slowly caressing her.

A tingle shot through her, making her body shiver and her lower lip to be captured between her teeth.

Tyrone studied her reactions, lifting the hem of her dress. 

"Wait..." She halted him.

They'd just had a spat, and now he intended to sleep with her? What was she to him?

Did he honestly believe she would forgive so easily?

Sabrina voiced her dejection. "I don't feel like it tonight. I'm weary."

"Really?" Matching her gaze, Tyrone drew back his hand and rose.

Her gaze on him was icy as she lowered her eyes and shut her legs.


Tyrone made his exit.

Sabrina found herself clutching the hem of her dress. Her lips parted but no words escaped.

Suddenly, the sound of running water reached her ears from the bathroom.

Looking up, Sabrina noticed the bathroom door ajar, and it hit her that Tyrone hadn't left, but rather had gone to the bathroom.

Soon, Tyrone emerged, drying his hands, his eyes on Sabrina. She instantly cast her eyes downward.

A smile played on Tyrone's lips as he again knelt before Sabrina. "I've freshened up." 

As his fingers touched her legs, they brought a fresh chill. She trembled and her fingers tightened on her dress.

With ease, Tyrone moved her hands and slowly parted her knees. "Just let go and enjoy."

"What?" Her eyes widened in disbelief, her lips parting.

Did he understand his actions?

But Tyrone offered no time for thought and began.

Maybe her earlier unfulfilled desire played a part.

She quickly found herself aroused. ①

Leaning back on the sofa, she closed her eyes, breathing heavily.

Her lower lip was caught between her teeth to suppress any noise.

She felt as if she was soaring.

Suddenly, there was a knock. "Is Miss Chavez in? May I come in?"

Startled, Sabrina jolted.

She hadn't been in the hospital yesterday or this morning.

At this moment, she was grateful for the privacy of the hospital, with the nurses not entering patient's rooms on a whim.

"Tell her to go," Tyrone instructed, lifting his head.

Biting down hard, Sabrina took a deep breath and managed, "I'm a bit tied up at the moment. Please return later."

"Alright. I'll visit again later."

With the nurse's departure, Sabrina breathed a sigh of relief. Soon, she came.

Silence took over the room for a while, and a blush painted her face.

Tyrone's lips curled into a slight smile. He wiped his face, grabbed a damp tissue from the table to clean up, then retreated to the bathroom to freshen up again. ③

Emerging from the bathroom, he found Sabrina lazily leaning on the sofa, a satisfied expression on her face. "You can leave now. I plan to sleep."

Her voice held a harsh note.

A frown creased Tyrone's forehead as he replied, "Alright, sleep well."

Slowly, he walked out, closing the door behind him.

Gazing at the shut door, Sabrina sighed with relief. After a moment of resting her eyes on the sofa, she rang for the nurse. ⑦

