

Chapter 186 You Win

Sabrina's hand clamped over Tyrone's mouth, his eyes twinkling with a playful smile as he fell silent.

With a slow exhale and a soft blush on her cheeks, Sabrina peered at Tyrone, her relief evident. "I'll release you now, but don't utter any more foolishness," she warned.

A smile was Tyrone's only response, causing Sabrina's brow to furrow. As she prepared to speak, a sudden wet sensation on her hand caught her off guard.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, hastily withdrawing her hand and wiping it, her expression one of repulsion. "Tyrone, that's disgusting!"

But Tyrone only shrugged, his voice cool. "How? You initiated the touch. Haven't I felt your entire body before? Like that time in the ward..."

"Shut up. Shut up! Shut up!" Sabrina cut him off, her face flushed, her ears burning.

His shamelessness knew no bounds. How could he say those words? She resented her sharp memory, for at the mention of ward, the scene sprang vividly to mind.

"You remember that time, don't you?" Tyrone's voice dropped to a tempting murmur.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Sabrina shot back in a voice as loud as a startled cat. Her ears blushed an even deeper shade, radiating heat.

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Fearing further indecent words, Sabrina's expression tightened. "Keep this up, and I'll press charges for sexual harassment!"

"Alright, I'll stop," Tyrone conceded, grasping her sleeve. "You've hardly eaten dinner. Let's sit and eat. You'll surely enjoy it."

His subject change was so swift, Sabrina barely kept up.

She'd tried the food and found it delicious, but she wasn't keen on having dinner with Tyrone.

Their interactions should remain minimal.

"What? You refuse to dine with me now, after the divorce? Wish to sever ties with the Blakely family? Grandma worries about you..."

Tyrone's disappointment was tinged with desperation, even invoking his family.

Sabrina's mind reeled.

Remembering Tyrone's grievous car accident, endured for her sake, she finally agreed. "Fine, I'll eat with you, for Grandma's sake."

Tyrone's smile was faint as he ordered her favorite dishes.

Whatever the reason, her presence was enough.

Tyrone was satisfied with her attitude.

He remembered Sabrina's silence, her deep sorrow after her miscarriage. Communication had been impossible.

Now, after her travels, she was recovering.

Resting her cheek on her hand, Sabrina pondered why they dined together.

She'd intended to confront Tyrone.

He poured water, describing the restaurant's specialties.

When the waiter served the food, Sabrina inquired, "Where's Damon? Summon him back. We'll dine together."

Tyrone's expression soured. "Leave him be."

"I promised him dinner. And he's your friend. You shouldn't treat him like this."

"Don't you understand why I'm treating him this way?"

Surprised, Sabrina pointed at her nose and exclaimed, "Me? Why would I know that?"

"Who desired to be his girlfriend just a moment ago? Who said he's handsomeness and fine physique, expressing a wish to go get a room with him tonight? Who was going to support him with my money just now?"

Sabrina's lips twitched, and she replied, "That wasn't true. I was merely testing you."

"My concern for you leads to chaos, Sabrina. I'm scared."

The word "scared" caused Sabrina to react.

She looked up at Tyrone, who continued, "I'm so scared, Sabrina. Terrified that you'll fall for Damon and demand to be with him. That you'll abandon me entirely, leaving me no opportunity to win you back. I live in fear every day. So when I saw Bradley embracing you that day, I was compelled to leave my car to see you. I'm really scared you'll become someone else's wife, and I'll become a mere nobody to you."

Tyrone's eyes were as dark as a winter night in Mathias, his voice heavy with emotion. He seemed as though he was truly in love with her.

But how could that be?

Perhaps Tyrone's acting had improved. If he pursued a career in entertainment, he might win awards.

But Sabrina wouldn't be deceived again.

"We're divorced," she began, only to be interrupted by Tyrone.

"I know. I'm so afraid because we got divorced. I'm not demanding that you remarry me, Sabrina. I'm merely expressing my love."

Sabrina cast her eyes downward, then changed the subject, saying, "Well, let's discuss this later. Let's enjoy our dinner now."

Tyrone then offered a piece of salmon to Sabrina, and they both engaged in small talk about their meal. Their conversation seemed harmonious, avoiding the earlier topic.

Midway through dinner, Tyrone asked, "How did you know I'm friends with Damon?"

Sabrina responded casually, "He nodded when we first met. I don't know him personally."

Then, a realization dawned on her. She looked at Tyrone, asking, "Are you the new owner of the aurora tourist group?"

"Yes," Tyrone admitted, his tone filled with concern. "I was worried the regular bus would be too cold for you. You haven't fully recovered."

Sabrina's eyes flashed with complexity as she lowered her head. "Thank you," she murmured, touched by Tyrone's thoughtfulness but resolved to remain strong.

Whatever Tyrone's intentions might be, Sabrina had no intention of marrying him again.

Maybe she still held affection for him, but it wasn't a priority. She intended to focus on other matters.

"No need for thanks. Even in divorce, I feel compelled to care for you."

Sabrina shook her head gently, her voice firm. "Tyrone, I don't need your care. You can leave tomorrow. I don't want anyone prying into my life, exposing my secrets. It's not good for you to stay. Your work, family, and grandma are waiting for you."

Tyrone's expression grew solemn, his sadness evident.

Sabrina's insistence on sending him away was clear.

She continued, looking into his eyes, "If you truly love me, respect me. Don't disrupt my life now, alright?"

Tyrone was at a loss for words, never expecting such a conclusion to their meal.

After a long silence, he smiled faintly and conceded. "Sabrina, you win."

