

Chapter 13 It Is Over

The room fell into a profound silence.

Eventually, Tyrone broke the silence. "I'm sorry. My worry got the best of me."

Sorry?

How strange.

Three years of marriage, and all she got from him was the word "sorry."

"I take the blame. I'll make amends. Ask for anything, it's yours. Galilea's innocent. She's clueless about our marriage. Don't hold it against her."

A sardonic smile etched onto Sabrina's face.

This was Tyrone, her husband.

He offered his apologies to her and resorted to making threats in order to protect Galilea.

Worn out, Sabrina no longer wished to converse with Tyrone. "Whatever."

With that, she walked out of the CEO's office.

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Watching her receding figure, Tyrone's eyes narrowed.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

Tyrone cast a glance at the screen before answering the call.

"Tyrone, did you catch the news? I apologize, I ought to have been more cautious," Galilea said over the phone.

"Tyrone?" Hearing no reply, Galilea repeated his name.

Shaking off his distraction, Tyrone replied, "No worries. I've taken care of it. Your career won't be impacted."

"Really? Thank you, Tyrone. You've been so kind to me."

After Galilea hung up, Julia sighed. "That was a smart move. But I worry. What if Sabrina reveals the news that they are married? What then?"

Galilea, staring at her phone's dark screen, declared confidently, "That won't happen."

A woman's intuition was indeed keen.

Three years prior, she had detected Sabrina's affection for Tyrone.

Sabrina had concealed it well, but Galilea had noticed it. Out of concern for Tyrone's image, Sabrina wouldn't take any reckless action.

However, recently, whenever Galilea was with Tyrone, she couldn't shake the feeling that he had undergone a change. He appeared absent-minded in her presence, leading her to believe that it would be best to make them divorce as swiftly as possible.

Once back in her office, Sabrina pulled the divorce agreement from a folder, placed it in front of her, and after a moment of contemplation, signed her name on it.

Why cling to a man who did not love her?

Their three-year marriage should be concluded.

From now on, they were nothing more than two strangers.

She summoned her assistant. "Deliver this document to Mr. Blakely's office."

Her assistant took the document, bumping into Kylan, Tyrone's assistant, outside the CEO's office. She handed over the document, saying, "Kylan, this document is from Ms. Chavez for Mr. Blakely. Can you hand it over?"

Kylan accepted the document and entered to brief Tyrone on the day's work. Afterwards, he handed the document to Tyrone. "Mr. Blakely, this is from Ms. Chavez."

Tyrone appeared puzzled as he took the document, inquiring, "What's this?"

Kylan, oblivious to its contents, responded, "Ms. Chavez didn't specify."

Tyrone dismissed Kylan with a wave of his hand.

Unfolding the folder, he saw the words: Divorce Agreement. A sudden lurch in Tyrone's chest led him to flip hurriedly to the last page.

In the signature area, Sabrina had penned her name.

Sabrina's elegant signature, often admired by their staff, was evident even on the divorce agreement.

Tyrone stared at the signature for a while before setting the folder aside. He reclined in his chair, rubbing his forehead.

Shortly after, Sabrina got a call from Tyrone's grandmother.

"It's me, Sabrina."

"Grandma! What brings you to call?" Sabrina attempted to keep her voice steady.

"I've missed you, dear. You should come for lunch. I'll make your favorite braised pork."

"Alright, Grandma. We'll be there." Sabrina was aware that Tyrone's grandparents must have seen the news and wanted a word.

"Make sure you bring Tyrone along. I know he's swamped with work, but I insist on seeing him at lunch today!"

"Don't worry. He'll be there."

As her workday came to a close, Tyrone sent Sabrina a text.

"Are you done with your work? Once you're finished, meet me in the parking lot."

Her reply was a simple, "Soon."

She found Tyrone's car in the parking lot, opened the back door, and got in.

The driver started the car.

The car began to move.

With a sidelong glance at Sabrina, Tyrone said impassively,

"Grandma's insistence on us returning must be because of the news. I'll find an opportunity to tell them about the divorce."

A pang of pain shot through Sabrina's heart. She simply nodded and redirected her gaze to the streets swiftly passing by outside the window.

Tyrone appeared visibly rushed, indicating that he must have been waiting for this day for ages.

