

## Chapter 3 Wife Turning Into Sister

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Over the past three years, even though Sabrina and Tyrone hadn't publicly acknowledged their marriage, they lived together just like an ordinary married couple.

Each morning, she would carefully choose his suit and tie, after which they'd embark on their shared journey to work.

In the evening, during his business gatherings, he would take time out to call her and share the happenings of his day.

Nightly, they found solace in each other's arms, sometimes sharing intimate showers, and always sealing the night with a tender kiss before sleep.

On notable occasions such as their anniversary, Valentine's Day, and her birthday, he'd present her with thoughtful gifts.

He was always eager to meet her desires, regardless of what they were.

He was a man of romance.

He'd fulfilled all the duties expected of an ideal spouse.

Indeed, even she had been swept away by this joyous wave, convinced her days would always be filled with such happiness.

But then, Galilea reemerged.

And with that, Sabrina could feel the impending end to their joyous marriage.

Was it Galilea's voice she heard over the phone the day before?

Had they been in touch already?

Had they spent an entire month together when he was supposedly away on a business trip?

Did they return to the country in each other's company?

Did he spend the previous night with her?

As these thoughts whirled in her mind, Sabrina felt her heart plunge into an abyss of despair. Tyrone had shattered her heart.

"Don't worry, Sabrina. Even after we divorce, I'll regard you as my sister, my family."

Sister?

They had been married and slept in the same bed for three years. In the end, he said he saw her as his sister?

How could she accept that?

"We'll revisit this later." With a mocking smile painted on her face, Sabrina averted her gaze.

Tyrone adjusted his collar, meeting her with a deep, intense look. "By the way, what was it you were about to tell me?"

Sabrina casually flipped through the divorce agreement in her hand, a faint smile gracing her face. "Never mind. The designs for the upcoming season's clothing have been released. I was hoping to discuss an idea with you, but I've managed to come up with something on my own now."

There was no need to tell him that she was pregnant.

"Alright, appreciate your diligence."

Sabrina was the brand director of Blakely Group, and Tyrone had undeniable faith in her competence.

She was a natural in this line of work. Any product she touched, be it jewelry, clothes, video games, or tech gadgets, skyrocketed to popularity.

"I'm only doing my job. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to get to work."

Breathing in deeply, Sabrina composed herself and began to turn, striving to maintain a facade of calm.

"We'll go together." After his declaration, Tyrone headed upstairs to change.

Sabrina halted, a lump formed in her throat and her eyes moistened.

How could he remain so unperturbed, asking for a divorce, and then inviting her to commute together?

His love for her was non-existent.

"It's alright. As we're headed for divorce, it's best you take care not to be seen with me."

With that, Sabrina briskly made her exit.

The fear of losing composure in Tyrone's presence propelled her.

She simply couldn't let that happen.

After that night, he'd only agreed to marry her believing she would be no trouble and never lash out.

She harbored guilt for the unborn child within her. A child destined to be fatherless.

As she walked away, Tyrone's forehead creased in a frown.

Reaching the garage, she opened the door of the driver's seat and climbed in. Instead of starting the engine, she opened Facebook.

After some casual browsing, she stumbled upon something.

Tyrone and most of his friends weren't fond of sharing things online, but there were a few exceptions among his social circle.

Eddie Dawson was one of them.

Sabrina came across a post of him at a dinner, the caption read, "Welcome Galilea back to the country! A wedding's on the way!"

He had added a celebratory emoji at the end.

The location showed the club they frequently hung out at.

A drop of tear fell on the screen of her phone.