

Chapter 40 Never Meet Again

Sabrina was startled by the abrupt opening of the door, causing her to gaze up in surprise.

Tyrone sauntered in at a leisurely pace and softly shut the door. "What made you switch rooms?"

"I desire a change of surroundings. I can move back some other day. What can I assist you with?" Sabrina queried.

Noticing the sharpness in her voice, Tyrone's brow furrowed. He withdrew a dark card from his pocket, placed it on the nightstand, and nudged it to her. "Buy whatever you want with this."

Sabrina gave the card a quick glance before responding, "No need. You can keep it."

"I promised to give you that bracelet, but I failed to fulfill my promise. You deserve compensation."

Pressing her lips together, Sabrina uttered, "I sincerely don't need it."

"Don't mention it. Sabrina, it's clear to me that you're intentionally keeping your distance. But there's no necessity for it. After our divorce, my grandparents will still adore you. We'll continue to see each other often. You don't need to isolate yourself. Let's just face it."

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He was only suggesting that because he felt no affection for her.

Was she supposed to maintain her composure around him and Galilea after they married?

That was impossible.

Sabrina lowered her gaze and let out a sigh. "Just leave it there." ⓪

"Sweet dreams."

"Good night."

With that, Tyrone turned around and departed the room.

The following Saturday morning, Tyrone descended the staircase for his run.

The housekeeper was tidying the lounge. Spotting Tyrone, she greeted him respectfully.

Just as Tyrone approached the exit, he paused and inquired, "Do you know why Sabrina vacated the master bedroom?"

"I neglected to inform you! She received a disgusting parcel on Tuesday that frightened her. It was repugnant and emitted a horrible stench. After the incident, the bed linen and flooring were stained with a substance resembling blood, forcing her to abandon the master bedroom."

Tyrone was taken aback. "Why wasn't I notified about this?"

"You were out of town on business and she requested me not to disturb you."

"Did you call the police? Has the culprit been identified?"

"The police were alerted. The perpetrator is a high school student. He is..."

The housekeeper hesitated.

"Yes?" Tyrone urged.

"He's a fan of Ms. Clifford."

Despite her infrequent news reading, the housekeeper always made sure to keep up with information related to her employers.

For the past three years, she had been part of this household. Her employers were exceptionally generous and kind-hearted, which made her job thoroughly enjoyable.

Over the past three years, she has witnessed the couple transform from strangers to acquaintances, from an apparent distance to a romantic relationship.

Every time she visited home, she would urge her son to see Tyrone as his inspiration.

But who could have imagined that their marriage would only last three years, and Tyrone would have a mistress like any other affluent man?

Tuesday? Galilea's fan?

Tyrone connected the dots. No wonder Sabrina was a bit agitated that day.

"Why should I shoulder the blame? Why should I endure the insults?"

A complex emotion surged within Tyrone's heart.

He returned upstairs, approached Sabrina's room with a deliberate pace, placed his hand on the doorknob, and slowly opened the door.

From the small gap, he saw Sabrina still peacefully sleeping.

She didn't lock the door for the night.

Tyrone tiptoed to her bedside and observed her small form curled up in the bed. Her hair was strewn messily over the pillow and her petite face was nearly hidden in the blanket.

It was said that this posture was indicative of feeling insecure.

Tyrone's mind drifted back to ten years ago when he returned home and discovered a girl there. The girl gazed at him timidly, addressing him as brother.

He didn't think it was a big deal. His family was affluent enough to provide for another child.

The girl was sweet and courteous. Each time he visited his grandparents, she would greet him politely.

Decade passed in a blink of an eye.

In a corner he overlooked, she grew up silently.

Noticing that Sabrina was on the verge of waking up, Tyrone quietly exited the room, taking slow steps.

Sabrina rose at eight o'clock, had breakfast, tidied herself up, and applied her makeup. She departed around nine o'clock and reached Goldfair Square at the same time.

Bettie was seated in a coffee shop, waving to her through the glass.

After Sabrina had entered the shop, Bettie slid another cup of coffee in front of her. "Here you go. I just ordered it for you. It's freshly brewed and still warm."

"Thank you." Sabrina settled on the stool and sipped it leisurely.

"Do we head to the third floor or the fourth floor first?"

Both the third and fourth floors were designated for clothing.

"Let's hit the third floor first. Why didn't you ask Aylin out?" Sabrina queried.

Bettie couldn't help but laugh, stating, "Oh, you wouldn't believe it! She's swamped with work these days. Handling more than one project simultaneously. I heard her rant about

Galilea and her team. It's a never-ending list of requirements, even went to the extent of requesting Aylin to tweak Galilea's earlobes. Ever heard such a thing? They fancied rounder earlobes for Galilea. Aylin's been pushed to her limit."

Sabrina couldn't contain her laughter.

"Hold your laughter, I'm not joking! Poor Aylin. On a side note, Galilea's breasts are really small."

Bettie looked at Sabrina's chest. "Quite unlike you."

What was she implying?

Sabrina blushed. "Knock it off!"

"Serious talk though. Sabrina, what's your secret? How'd you get them so big?"

"There's nothing for me to tell." Sabrina averted her gaze.

It was true that her breasts weren't as big before she got married, but they grew bigger after she got married.

With the coffee finished, the two left the shop, hand in hand, and took the escalator to the third floor.

The sales assistant studied them from head to toe before greeting them with a wide grin, eager to introduce them to the hottest selling garments.

Both Sabrina and Bettie chose a couple of outfits to try on in the fitting room.

"Wow, Sabrina. You've got an eye for style! You wear it so well," Bettie said exaggeratedly.

The sales assistant joined in with praises too.

Sabrina decided to buy both the outfits. As she approached the counter to pay, she spotted a black card in her wallet. Pausing, she retrieved it. "Use this." 🕒

The cashier's demeanor changed to a respectful one.

"Wow!" Bettie exclaimed. "Sabrina! You are so damn rich!"

With a warm smile, Sabrina stepped to Bettie, lifting her chin with her finger. "What about a hundred thousand dollars for a night with you?"

"I'm all yours for as many nights as you want."

"Cut it out!"

Tyrone's phone buzzed with a notification.

Checking his phone, he noticed a bank message.

Sabrina was using his card.

"Tyrone, who's that?"

Galilea attempted to peek into his phone.

Tyrone quickly locked his phone. "Nothing. Are you done?"

"Not yet, Tyrone. What do you think of my necklace? Does it go well with this bracelet?" Her neck was adorned with a delicately designed wing-shaped necklace, featuring an encrusted sapphire, absolutely stunning.

"Yes, it pairs perfectly."

"Great, I'll take it."

Armed with their shopping bags, Sabrina and Bettie exited the apparel store and headed to another.

After three clothing stores, the pair landed in front of a jewelry store.

"Let's take a peek inside."

The store attendant greeted them warmly upon their entrance. "Ladies, how may I assist you?"

"We'd like to check out your necklaces," replied Sabrina.

"Right this way, please."

Tyrone looked up at the sound of the familiar voice and was momentarily surprised.

Sabrina looked in his direction too, and their eyes locked.

