

Chapter 167 Her First Man

Tyrone was swallowed by a whirlpool of sorrow, bitterness, jealousy, and rage.

The intense emotions threatened to overtake him. His forehead pulsed with the strain, teeth clenched in an effort to control the fiery impulse bubbling inside.

His and Sabrina's child was gone.

Yet she'd given birth to another man's child.

Who was this man?

Had he been her first?

Why had he allowed Sabrina to endure childbirth alone, abandoning responsibility?

Given the chance, Tyrone swore to make the man pay..

Could it have been Bradley, the man Sabrina considered relocating abroad with?

Had they already built a life together abroad?

Could this all have started during her third year at university?

His heart was a nest of vipers, jealousy's venom threatening to poison his sanity.

Kylan, positioned against the ward's wall, attentively eavesdropped.

Inside, the ward was eerily silent as if there was no one inside.

Surely Tyrone was lost in past memories, trying to swallow his

pain.

Bang!

Suddenly, the silence shattered. A resounding bang reverberated, and Kylan's body jolted.

Suddenly, the air was filled with crackling noises.

He could hear the thumping sound of the table falling down, the sliding sound of the sofa shifting, the sharp and piercing sound of the glasses hitting the floor, and the clang of something else falling to the floor.

Kylan shuddered with dread, relieved that he wasn't in there with Tyrone.

He could only imagine Tyrone's fury, the havoc wrought within the ward.

Then, quiet reigned once more.

Finally, Tyrone's voice, ragged and worn, called from within. "You can leave now."

Even in its calm, Kylan could detect the subtle exhaustion and bitterness lacing each word.

He glanced at his phone. It was eleven in the evening.

It was evident that a restful night was out of the question for Tyrone.

The following morning, Kylan returned to the ward.

He was greeted by a thick fog of smoke and a room turned upside-down.

Tyrone was in the same position as the day prior, the evidence

of a restless night scattered around him—overturned furniture, a carpet of cigarette butts, a heavy coat of ash on the floor.

Tyrone lounged in the armchair, crossing his legs and resting his arms on the armrest. He squeezed his eyes shut tightly, and dark circles marred the skin under his eyes.

Tyrone appeared to be in the exact same position as when he left yesterday.

A thick layer of cigarette ash covered the floor before him.

Countless cigarette butts littered the floor.

With a sigh, Kylan opened a window to let in fresh air.

After a brief moment of silence, he slowly approached Tyrone and asked, "Mr. Blakely, would you like me to arrange a different ward for you? I'll have someone tidy up this one."

After what felt like an eternity, Tyrone closed his eyes and said in a hoarse voice, "Alright."

Noticing that Tyrone no longer mentioned leaving the hospital, Kylan felt a wave of relief wash over him.

He feared that if Tyrone insisted on leaving the hospital, it might be too much for him to handle.

Kylan felt empathy towards Tyrone.

He had reviewed the surveillance video while assisting Tyrone with the car accident.

If it wasn't for Sabrina, Tyrone wouldn't have suffered such severe injuries. But now, he was faced with this revelation.

How bizarre!

Minutes later, Kylan returned to the room, addressing Tyrone, "Mr. Blakely, you should proceed to the next ward. The room will be tidied up shortly."

"Understood."

Tyrone gradually blinked his eyes open.

His eyes bore the red streaks of sleep deprivation.

Devoid of sleep, his double eyelids were more pronounced, giving him a distinct edge of irritation.

Rising to his feet, he maneuvered around the items scattered on the floor, making his way to the next room.

Kylan, tailing him, filled a glass with water and positioned it on the table before Tyrone. "How may I assist you further?"

He had no faith in the idea that Tyrone would remain passive after absorbing the news.

Tyrone sank into the sofa, crossing his legs and slouching lazily against its backrest. His thumb and forefinger massaged the space between his brows, revealing the gleaming metallic watch strapped around his wrist.

Lifting the glass, he took a slow sip, before saying in a low voice, "Arrange for someone to look into Sabrina's past, specifically during her years studying abroad. I need the details."

After an entire night in the hospital ward, coupled with countless smokes, he had finally collected his thoughts, and begun to analyze the irregularities of the situation.

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Initially, he was skeptical. It was clear that Sabrina was inexperienced with pregnancy. If she had indeed birthed a

child previously, she would have exhibited some level of familiarity.

Next, if she truly had another child, where was that child now?

Was Sabrina still in touch with this child?

Tyrone was certain that during their three years of matrimony, Sabrina never once ventured back to the city of her education.

Upon reflection, he deduced that the child was unlikely related to Bradley.

The pair hadn't even met back then.

Additionally, considering Sabrina's affection for children and her fondness for Bradley, she would undoubtedly be with Bradley had they shared a child.

Even if Bradley deserted her, she wouldn't forsake her child to marry Tyrone.

Tyrone hadn't forgotten that Sabrina had once sought a divorce from him, intending to raise the baby singlehandedly.

So, who was the child's biological father?

This question was what Tyrone was most curious about.

On the whole, the situation was fraught with uncertainties he couldn't ignore.

The truth was imperative before he could move forward.

"Affirmative, sir," Kylan acknowledged.

"Make it quick!" Tyrone commanded, voice low and firm.

"Understood."

After a brief respite at the hotel, Bettie, Sabrina, and Aylin embarked on their sightseeing adventure in Oslo.

A thick blanket of fresh snow coated the ground from a recent snowfall, but it wasn't going to deter their enthusiasm.

Their first stop was an avenue which was reputed to be a shopping haven in the city.

Flanked by a range of chic buildings, the avenue hosted an array of stores varying in size, comprising eateries, cafes, shopping centers, and numerous high-end boutiques.

Despite the sparse crowd on the avenue, the trio walked along at a relaxed pace.

With her hands tucked in her pockets and feet crushing the thick layer of snow, Sabrina strolled around. Her casual demeanor didn't mirror the typical tourist excitement.

In contrast, Bettie was bubbling with exhilaration. She captured the surrounding sights with her phone and explored the shops along the way.

The high tax rebate here made luxury purchases particularly attractive.

Before long, Bettie was laden with shopping bags. Aylin also secured a few souvenirs for her friends and family.

"Hey, could you snap a picture of me?" Standing before a building, Bettie jostled her shopping bags, asking for a photo.

emerged as the winner. Supported by the national student studying foundation, she was granted an opportunity to study abroad for a year.

Her junior year was spent overseas.

If she had been pregnant during this period, it would correspond with the physician's estimate of three or four years.

Unconsciously, Tyrone's fists tightened to the point of his knuckles whitening.

