

Chapter 32 Is Sabrina Pregnant

"Your resignation isn't something I can accept," said Tyrone.

"No, you've misunderstood," Sabrina denied.

"Go ahead then."

"I want to regain full control of MQ Clothing's public relations work, just as it used to be. What do you think?"

Silently, Tyrone set aside his utensils, fixing her with a wordless stare.

Sabrina, however, remained unperturbed, leisurely continuing her meal. "Never mind."

She anticipated this reaction.

He was wary of her, keeping Evelyn as a counterweight.

His trust was completely absent. He didn't believe she wouldn't oppose Galilea.

"Propose something else."

"No need."

He could not offer what she truly desired.

Tyrone simply observed her, falling into silence.

As their lunchtime drew to a close, Tyrone remarked, "Grandpa and Grandma invited us for dinner at their place tonight."

Sabrina responded with a nod. "Understood."

Maybe the news triggered this. Tyrone had just returned from

his business trip and Cesar took this opportunity to invite him.

After lunch, Sabrina thanked him. "I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Blakely. I've finished eating."

Glancing at his watch, Tyrone suggested, "There's still some time before work hours. Why don't you go to my lounge and take a rest?"

Sabrina pondered briefly, then agreed. "Sure."

Lying down was always more restful than sitting.

She made her way into the lounge.

The lounge was spacious, comparable to a bedroom, fully furnished.

She kicked off her shoes, climbed into the bed, and snuggled under the quilt. Originally, she planned for a quick nap, but she dozed off soundly.

Awakening, she grabbed her phone from beside the pillow and checked the time. Surprisingly, it was already three in the afternoon.

She climbed out of bed, yawning and stretching. After slipping her shoes back on, she emerged from the lounge. "Why didn't you wake me?"

Only then did she spot Kylan.

Seeing Sabrina exit Tyrone's lounge, Kylan acted as if he hadn't noticed.

The real nature of Sabrina and Tyrone's relationship was

known only to him within the company.

These high-ranking CEOs often maintained affairs even after marriage.

He had presumed Tyrone to be different, but apparently, he was no exception.

Yet, as his employee, it wasn't his place to comment.

"You were sleeping so peacefully, I didn't want to disturb," Tyrone said. ①

"I have to get back to work."

"Don't forget to meet me at the garage after work."

"Understood."

After work, Sabrina joined Tyrone on a visit to his grandparents'.

Cesar was relaxing in the living room. Seeing them enter, he motioned for them to join him. "Sabrina, I heard about your ankle injury. Is the recovery going well? Are you feeling better?"

Cheerfully, Sabrina responded, "Grandpa, I'm doing well. Look..." She playfully kicked her foot.

"That's relieving," Cesar said with a smile.

"Where's Grandma?" Sabrina asked.

Cesar pointed to the kitchen. "She's preparing soup for you. Come, Sabrina, play a round of chess with me."

Sabrina assisted Cesar onto a chair next to the chessboard, leaving Tyrone on the sidelines.

Their chess game was intense, and time flew by.

When Sabrina glanced at the clock, it was already eight.

Her stomach rumbled. "Grandpa, it's already past dinner time."

"Ask Wanda. She insisted on cooking dinner and making soup for you tonight. I'm not sure what's keeping her."

As they spoke, Wanda emerged from the kitchen with a pot of soup, announcing, "It's time for dinner."

Other dishes were brought out by the housekeeper.

Wanda, filled with enthusiasm, started ladling out soup.

"Sabrina, Tyrone, this is for you. I made it myself. Please, try some."

"Grandma, sit and eat with us."

As Sabrina bowed her head, the strong aroma of the soup hit her. She bolted for the bathroom, retching.

"What happened to Sabrina?" Wanda asked, surprised. "Is she pregnant?"

Tyrone replied calmly, "No. She's been having stomach issues and is on medication."

"Oh, is that so? Has she been to the hospital for a check-up?" Wanda probed further.

"Sabrina has," Tyrone responded.

Assured by Tyrone's answer, Wanda finally dropped the topic.

She gave Tyrone a sharp look, exclaiming, "You've been married for three years and no children yet?"

Tyrone was left speechless.

After rinsing her mouth, Sabrina returned from the bathroom,

gently pushing the soup bowl away. "Grandma, I'm so sorry. My stomach has been acting up recently. The soup made me feel nauseous."

Wanda swiftly comforted, "It's fine; your health is what matters."

Turning to Tyrone, she pushed the bowl of soup his way. "Since Sabrina can't have it, you'll have to finish it all."

"Grandma, this is quite a lot. I don't think I can finish it," Tyrone replied, eyeing the two bowls of soup before him.

"It's not much. How can you not finish? You're a grown man and yet you eat so little. No wonder you can't make your wife pregnant."

Again, Tyrone was left speechless.

By the end of dinner, it was nearly ten.

"It's getting late. It's better if you stay the night and leave tomorrow," Cesar suggested.

"Alright."

Sabrina then joined Cesar and Wanda to watch TV for a bit before heading upstairs to freshen up.

Tyrone spent some time working in Cesar's study.

Feeling slightly dizzy, he decided to call it a day, shutting his laptop and returning to his room.

The room was empty, save for the sound of running water from the bathroom.

Sabrina was showering.

The thought of Sabrina, naked under the shower, stirred his imagination.

Feeling a rush of heat surge through him, he could sense arousal.

Reaching for his pajamas, Tyrone decided to freshen up in the bathroom outside.

He turned the doorknob, only to find it jammed.

After a few futile attempts, he realized the door was locked from the outside.

Without a doubt, this was his grandparents' doing.

Left with no other option, he remained in the room, the sound of running water from the bathroom igniting his desires. Although outwardly calm, a storm of desire raged within.

It had been a month since he had sex, courtesy of his recent business trip.

Finally, the water stopped running.

Then came the hum of the hairdryer.

Soon, that too ceased.

Stepping out of the bathroom in her pajamas, Sabrina was taken aback by Tyrone's presence by the bed. "What are you doing here? Why didn't you freshen up?"

Tyrone, his gaze fixed on Sabrina, pointed at the door, his voice husky. "The door's been locked from the outside." 

