

Chapter 161 End The Marriage

Sabrina's ears registered Tyrone's words, but they seemed like drunken mumbles more than anything else. ①

She attempted to extricate her wrist from his grasp, but to no avail, his grip merely grew firmer.

Struggling to pry his fingers loose, she found her efforts in vain.

"Sabrina, I love you," Tyrone murmured once more.

At his words, Sabrina halted, shock rippling through her. She thought she must have misunderstood him. Pivoting towards Tyrone, she asked softly, "Tyrone, could you repeat that?"

"I love you, Sabrina. Please, don't abandon me. I'm sorry. I promise to love you correctly from this point onward. Please, don't leave..."

Tyrone knew he was a coward. Fearful of the icy, mocking expression that might appear on Sabrina's face, he chose to express his feelings as though he was merely talking in his sleep.

His words made Sabrina drop her gaze.

She wondered if he'd mistaken her for someone else in his drunken state.

Or perhaps, he was simply ridden with guilt and didn't wish for

a divorce.

But after everything she had gone through, after the steep price she had paid, she had no desire to associate with him any longer.

Steadily, Sabrina resumed the task of loosening his fingers.

Sensing her imminent departure, Tyrone was struck with a wave of disappointment and desperation.

Her indifference towards his confession was palpable.

Ultimately, he was unable to make her stay.

A bitter tide rose from the depths of his heart.

No, he couldn't let her leave!

Suddenly, his grip on her wrist tightened, making Sabrina gasp and topple onto him.

Quick as a flash, Tyrone flipped her beneath him, found her lips and kissed her with a fervor.

Her soft and inviting lips enticed him to lose himself in their allure.

"Hmm..."

His breath reeked of alcohol. Holding her breath, Sabrina placed her hands on his shoulders, pushing with all her might while swiveling her head to avoid his advances. "Tyrone... Let go of me..."

Despite her best efforts, she was unable to free herself.

With one hand, Tyrone clutched her chin, plunging his tongue into her mouth, leaving her breathless. ☹

Enraged and frantic, Sabrina prepared to bite him, only for Tyrone to cease his actions abruptly. His head burrowed into the crook of her neck, his heated breath fanning her skin as he whispered, "Sabrina, what can I do to convince you not to divorce me? I'll do anything!"

"Unless you can resurrect our child. For the sake of our baby, I'd remain married to you. But you and I both know that's impossible," Sabrina replied after a moment of silence, her eyes fixed on the ceiling.

The mention of their baby brought disappointment to Tyrone's face.

He remained silent, laying atop her and regulating his breathing as though he was fast asleep.

Their previous exchange seemed almost imaginary, leading Sabrina to question its reality.

Pushing him off, Sabrina straightened her attire, got up, and headed towards the door.

Before she left, she cast a final glance at Tyrone and declared, "Since you're already awake, let's head to the court. No use delaying it any longer."

The door swung open and then shut.

Tyrone's eyes blinked open, a bitter smile playing on his lips.

He'd failed to keep her.

She had seen through his act, knowing he was not drunk.

But she kept silent, not wanting to add insult to injury.

The charade had to end.



How he wished he were truly intoxicated, never to regain consciousness, so they wouldn't have to separate.

With some effort, Tyrone rose from the bed.

As he adjusted his clothes, his hand brushed against a pack of cigarettes and a lighter in his pocket. He pulled out a cigarette without thinking, opened the window, and began to smoke.

A chilly breeze stirred, the spark at the end of his cigarette flickering while smoke cloaked him.

Tyrone had never understood why some people found solace in smoking until now.

After finishing his cigarette, he remained by the window, letting the icy wind disperse the remnants of the smoke. Only then did he leave the room.

Downstairs, Sabrina was waiting for him.

It was as if she knew he would soon join her.

Their gazes met briefly before both looked away.

She knew he wasn't ready to let go, and he knew that she was resolute in leaving him.

"Let's go."

"Alright." With a rise, Sabrina trailed Tyrone to the vehicle.

This time, Tyrone didn't purposefully ease up on the gas, and the car kept going at full throttle.

Before long, the car came to a halt in the parking lot before the court.

It was their second visit.

Exiting the car sequentially, Tyrone and Sabrina collected their identification, proceeding side by side in silence towards the building. The quiet between them felt awkward and heavy.

As Sabrina started to move in, Tyrone abruptly took hold of her hand, his voice preempting her reaction. "This will be the last time."

In the course of their three years together, there had been plentiful opportunities for him to grasp her hand and save their disintegrating marriage.

Regrettably, he had let them all pass him by.

The kite had sailed away, vanishing from his line of sight.

His hand remained as warm as she remembered, enveloping hers.

She recollected their previous visit to the court, when her vision had been compromised. His hand in hers, ascending the stairs just as they were now.

The circumstances appeared unchanged.

Yet, subtle alterations were evident.

Positioned at the service counter, Tyrone and Sabrina presented their documents.

The attending staff member glanced over their names and looked up, ready to speak. But noticing something, he looked down again, scrutinizing the names on their IDs.

Assured of his observation, he raised his gaze, eyes shifting between Tyrone and Sabrina before asking, "What's the reason for your divorce?"

The imminent divorce of Tyrone and Sabrina was quite the surprise. Had Tyrone been unfaithful? The staff member, feeling as if he had stumbled upon a scandal, struggled to conceal his intrigue and exhilaration.

"We're incompatible."

"We couldn't make it work."

Sabrina and Tyrone answered simultaneously.

Following their responses, their eyes met.

"Are you certain? Have you considered this thoroughly?"

"Yes, we have." Sabrina's response was composed and firm.

It was in this moment that she discerned the difference between this visit and their prior one to the court.

The last time, even though she elected to part ways with Tyrone, inwardly, she didn't desire to leave him.

She was still in love with Tyrone, yet she hid her feelings. She didn't want him to perceive her as dependent on him. Hence, she consented to the divorce.

However, this time, her decision was definitive and free of any hesitation.

Her wish was clear. She wanted out of the marriage.

Tyrone's heart constricted at her unwavering response.

The staff's attention then shifted to Tyrone.

"Yes, we have," he concurred.

Simultaneously, he perceived a part of him shatter internally.

He tried to salvage the pieces, hoping to mend the damages, but the fissures were beyond repair.

On their previous visit, he hadn't acknowledged his feelings for her, although he wished to delay the inevitable instinctively.

This time around, he understood his love for her, yet he agreed to the divorce.

This perhaps was the final act he could perform for her in their marriage.

Upon hearing Tyrone's voice, Sabrina exhaled in relief.

It was done.

Was she heartbroken?

No.

And was she happy?

Not exactly.

She was simply at peace.

There might be an initial wave of unfamiliarity following the divorce, but she was certain she would adapt swiftly.

The staff retrieved their marriage certificate. "Alright then."



Chapter 162 You Still Care About Me

Tyrone gripped the divorce papers so hard, his knuckles whitened.

For a brief moment, he wanted nothing more than to shred them into confetti.

The staff held out the invalid useless marriage certificate, querying, "Do you want it? If not, we can get rid of it right now."

"We want!" Tyrone snatched the certificate.

Caught off guard, Sabrina remained silent. She turned around and announced, "Let's leave."

"Okay."

On their journey home, she let the window down. A biting breeze swept across her face. She felt a chill.

She examined her reflection in the right rearview mirror, her expression neutral.

She wasn't as unperturbed as she had anticipated. Instead, her heart felt heavy.

She tasted bitterness within, a cocktail of emotions stirring.

There was no pain, just a sense of melancholy.

Sabrina forced her eyes wide, determined to hide her reddening eyes from Tyrone.

It was expected.

She had loved him from sixteen to twenty-five, over almost a decade.

Even if it were a pet dog, she would have hesitated to part with, let alone a person.

He had been her beacon in her most desperate times, the goal she tirelessly chased.

He had permeated her life and became a part of her daily routine.

How could she let go so swiftly?

And yet, he had not fallen in love with her all these years. ③

She had given so much, and now she was drained, no longer able to love him.

So she wanted to free herself.

She mustered all her strength to suppress her sadness and maintained a smile.

Goodbye, sixteen-year-old Sabrina.

From now on, she would bid farewell to her past and embrace a fresh start!

"Tyrone," Sabrina suddenly said.

"What?" Glancing at the rearview mirror, Tyrone found Sabrina smiling.

He loved seeing her smile.

But now, her smile was painfully bright.

She must be thrilled to finally break free from him and be with

Bradley, correct?

"I know you were never content with our marriage. You've been suffocating for the past three years. Truthfully, I owe you an apology. I'm sorry to have held you back for so long. Now that we're divorced, I sincerely wish you happiness with the one you love." ③

The last time they visited the court, Tyrone had extended the same wishes to her.

Back then, his well-wishing words had shattered her heart, and she hadn't responded.

After such a long delay, she finally mustered the strength to express these wishes to him composedly.

Tyrone felt a lump forming in his throat, threatening to bring him to tears. He quickly looked away.

She no longer loved him, so she could easily wish him well.

But the woman he loved was divorcing him. How could he be happy?

Beep!

Suddenly, a flashy yellow supercar sped through a red light from the right.

It was too late to brake. Tyrone's eyes narrowed as he swung the steering wheel to the right.

The cars collided.

Bang.

The deafening sound left Sabrina dazed for a moment.

After the initial wave of disorientation, their car halted. She gradually regained consciousness in the passenger seat.

Fighting through the pain, she managed a sideways glance and saw Tyrone slumped over the steering wheel, blood trickling down his temple.

The screeching brakes, her father's bloody visage, the flaming car, the menacing truck driver's face, these familiar horrors flooded back to her.

Sabrina turned pale and broke out in cold sweat. Her body shook uncontrollably. The scene blurred until she eventually blacked out.

When she woke again, Sabrina found herself in a hospital.

Rising from her position, she intended to summon the nurse, yet her gaze fell upon Tyrone, unconscious in a separate bed and hooked to an IV drip.

He was so tall that the bed seemed almost too short for him.

Reminded of the events that led to her fainting, a wave of dread washed over Sabrina, her heart momentarily freezing. In a frantic rush, she moved to Tyrone's side, clamping his hand tightly in hers. "Tyrone? Are you okay? Wake up, please!"

Anxiety ramped up her heart rate.

This level of fear was alien to her; it stirred memories of her father who, like Tyrone now, fell into a comatose state following a vehicular accident and never regained consciousness.

The memory of the truck veering towards her from the right

side was vivid. It was aiming straight for her side of the car.

Had her father not swerved right and shielded her with his body, she would have been the one to die. His death was the price for her survival.

Just as her father did, Tyrone too had braved the danger on her behalf.

Was he also going to leave her? ☹

Despite her desperate attempts, Tyrone remained unresponsive.

Sabrina's eyes welled up, the fear within her escalating. "Tyrone, please don't die."

She had thought she could leave Tyrone easily, but seeing him lying lifelessly in the bed struck her with a terror that almost suffocated her.

If anything happened to him, she'd never forgive herself.

Was she cursed to bring bad luck to those around her?

"I should be the one to die," she muttered, hope dwindling.

"Don't cry. I'm okay." A raspy voice broke the silence.

Looking up, Sabrina watched as Tyrone slowly opened his eyes.

His head was swathed in white bandages, his eyes deep-set and his hair disheveled. His handsome face was a shade paler, yet it didn't diminish his good looks.

Sabrina froze, her heartbeat echoing in her ears.

"Is something wrong? Are you that happy to see me?" Tyrone

asked with a smile, looking even more charming.

Sabrina gulped, struggling to contain her joy. She averted her gaze, hastily wiping her tears. "No, it's just... I'm glad you're okay."

"Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?"

Shaking her head, Sabrina replied, "I'm okay. What about you? I'll get the nurse."

Before he could respond, she was already calling for the nurse. Once the nurse arrived, Sabrina blurted out, "Is his condition serious?"

The nurse glanced at Tyrone, then responded, "He's sustained two broken ribs and a concussion. Nothing life-threatening. He just needs time to heal."

With that, Sabrina finally relaxed, her fears subsiding. Even as she sat on her bed, her relief was tinged with lingering fear.

Once the nurse left, Tyrone turned to Sabrina, his voice soft. "Why did you panic so much earlier? Were you worried I was gone?"

Rather than answer, Sabrina chose to stare out the window. "My father did the same thing to protect me, and he died. Seeing you motionless on the steering wheel brought it all back."

"Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere. I won't leave you like your father did," Tyrone reassured her.

Her fears eased, Sabrina exhaled a sigh of relief. She felt a

strange blend of gratitude for surviving the disaster and a turmoil of other emotions.

Her panic earlier was foolish. If Tyrone had died, he wouldn't be in a hospital ward. He would be in a morgue.

The memory of Tyrone's swift decision to turn the wheel at the critical moment flashed in her mind.

Her father had done it for her sake.

But Tyrone...

Did he realize the potential of a more severe accident ending his life?

"Sabrina, you still have feelings for me, don't you?" Tyrone asked, hope glimmering in his eyes.

Sabrina's actions had given him a renewed sense of hope.

