

Chapter 164 Everything Is Fake

"There's no need. Our separation agreement still stands. You can keep the villa. I'll vacate," Tyrone stated, his voice void of emotion. Despite the aloof exterior, his heart crumbled within him.

"No. If you don't want it, I'll put it up for sale," Sabrina responded with a firm shake of her head.

When she signed their divorce papers, she desired the house. It was the repository of their shared life over the past three years, every corner a reminder of the times they had spent together. She had hoped to hold on to these memories and, at the same time, prevent Galilea from ever claiming it.

However, her desire for the house had faded. The past was now a source of pain and regret.

If she was to move on, she had to let go of these physical reminders.

Tyrone, hearing her resolve, felt a pang of disappointment, a chill enveloping him. His breath hitched.

She was even willing to sell their shared home.

Her eagerness to erase their past was palpable.

"I'm leaving now," Sabrina declared, grabbed her bag, and left the room.

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Tyrone lay back, his eyes shut tightly against the pain that gnawed at him.

She was gone.

He no longer had any valid reason to meet her.

If he didn't plot something, their meetings would be few and far between.

Just like any regular divorced couple, they would have no further connection with each other.

In his despair, he clenched his fists, the color draining from his knuckles.

Upon reaching home, Sabrina started packing her belongings. Her suitcase lay open on the floor, and as she turned to retrieve her clothes from the wardrobe, a kitten hopped into the luggage and meowed at her.

She lightly stroked Bun's head, and the kitten reciprocated with a lick on her finger.

Sabrina had intended to bring Bun along, but with impending travel plans, she decided to leave the kitten at a pet store the next day.

It was around ten in the evening when she finished packing her belongings, as well as her father's.

She stood at the third-floor landing, looking down at the house with Bun cradled in her arms.

This was the place where they had shared their life for three years. Every detail of the house echoed her dreams of a shared future.

In the early days, she had been filled with joy, hope, and anticipation.

Married life might have deviated slightly from her imagination, but it had been fulfilling nonetheless.

Each morning, they woke up side by side, jogging together or

him hitting the gym while she practiced yoga beside him.

For the next day, she would pick out a suit in advance and personally tie his tie for him.

She cherished the sight of him in a suit, which accentuated his broad shoulders and lean frame to perfection. There was an undeniable allure to the man in formal attire.

She was equally drawn to him during meetings, when he would take the stage to deliver a speech. The confidence and energy he radiated as he took control of the room was a sight to behold.

She found a strange satisfaction in watching him immersed in work at his desk. His dedication and charm bore a striking resemblance to her father, which resonated with her profoundly.

There was an inexplicable thrill when he was atop her, his eyes glowing with a fierce red intensity. The sight never failed to ignite a sense of excitement within her, a pleasure in which she allowed herself to revel.

She had convinced herself that Tyrone must harbor at least a bit of feelings for her after their three years of marriage.

But all her illusions shattered when Galilea returned from overseas.

The reality hit her hard.

His loving husband act had been a facade.

He had tricked her for three years.

The night before he left for his business trip, he had been with

her, acting as if nothing had changed, making her wait for his return.

"Meow!"

The cat's sudden voice interrupted Sabrina's train of thought, dragging her back from the depth of her memories.

She'd chosen to let go. Everything was now firmly placed in the past.

There was nothing left to reminisce.

Clutching Bun in her arms, she made her way downstairs.

The following morning, she planned to drop Bun off at a pet store when, to her surprise, she bumped into Karen just outside her door.

"Karen, what brings you back?"

"Kylan is at the hospital now, so Mr. Blakely doesn't need my assistance anymore," Karen responded with a warm smile.

"Where are you taking Bun, Mrs. Blakely?"

"Please, Karen, I am divorced now. You don't need to call me Mrs. Blakely. I'm planning a trip and thought to leave Bun at a pet store for the time being."

"Why not leave Bun here? The cat is accustomed to this place. I worry that a new environment might be unsettling, especially since it's still so young."

Sabrina found herself torn between decisions. "This is his house, though. I'm not sure it would be right to leave Bun here."

"That's not a problem. Mr. Blakely was the one who brought Bun home initially. He mentioned that he doesn't intend to sell the house for the time being. Plus, such a large estate would take some time to sell. You need not worry. I'm here and I'll look after Bun for you. If the house does get sold, I can always take Bun to my own home. We're familiar with each other and I'm quite fond of the little one."

Sabrina thought it over. Having Karen care for Bun felt like a better choice than relegating the cat to a pet store.

After a while, Sabrina nodded. "Thank you, Karen. Please take good care of Bun."

"Please don't worry. I promise to keep Bun happy."

With that, Sabrina made her way to Wanda's place.

Now that her marriage with Tyrone had come to an end, she felt it was time to inform Wanda.

Wanda had not visited when Sabrina suffered a miscarriage. Sabrina suspected that Tyrone had hidden the truth from her, although Wanda was intelligent enough to have pieced together the reality.

"Sabrina, my dear child. Tyrone is unworthy of you. It's good that you've left him. Remember, you're like a granddaughter to me. Do visit more often, won't you?"

"Grandma, I understand. No matter what my relationship with Tyrone, you'll always be my grandma."

Wanda pulled out a document from the study. "Cesar left this for you. He instructed me to give it to you if you ever divorced

Tyrone. He was concerned about your well-being after the divorce."

The document outlined the assets that Cesar had left for Sabrina, including cash, properties, stores, and more. Combined with what Tyrone had left her, she was well secured for a comfortable life.

Tucked in the document was a note from Cesar.

"Sabrina, if you're reading this, it means I'm no longer alive. My life has been a rollercoaster of highs and lows. Now, there's little that concerns me, except you and Tyrone. From my perspective, I see the affection you have for Tyrone. The way you look at him mirrors the way I regard Wanda. I'm well aware that you're a good person. If it were up to me, I'd wish for you to spend your entire life with Tyrone.

Ideally, you would never have to read this letter. But I can't bear the thought of you living in misery. I know you've weathered numerous hardships, and even though Tyrone has finally recognized and corrected his missteps, it may be too late. If you choose to divorce him, I support your decision. My ultimate wish is for your happiness."

Sabrina's eyes welled up as she finished the letter.

Overwhelmed, she sought refuge in Wanda's comforting embrace, tears cascading down her cheeks. "I shouldn't have caused Grandpa so much worry."

In the past, the grief of her father's death had been an unyielding burden. Now, she had to bear the sorrow of Cesar's passing as well.

"Sweet girl, don't blame yourself. As long as you find happiness, both Cesar and I will be relieved," Wanda assured her gently.

"Grandma, I promise. I will be happy."