

## Chapter 128 You Should Divorce Him

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Sabrina and Tyrone would enjoy a meal at his grandparents' house before making their journey to the cemetery in the suburbs.

The food was delightful, and the place bustled with life.

Frankie's innocent remarks stirred laughter every now and then.

Sabrina, observing Frankie's endearing antics, couldn't suppress a grin.

She wondered how her own child might turn out, hopefully as charming and unburdened as Frankie.

Across the table, Sabrina's warm smile captivated Tyrone, leaving him somewhat lost in thought.

However, when her eyes met his, her features hardened. Stealthily, she set her fork aside and retreated to the restroom.

Upon exiting the restroom, her hands freshly dried, she noticed a figure standing near the door.

He wore a dark grey windbreaker, a shirt, formal trousers, and leather shoes, his posture tall and proud.

She halted in her steps.

If not for the half-lit cigarette clenched in the man's fingers, she might've mistaken him for Tyrone.

But Tyrone didn't smoke.

Sensing movement behind him, the man, Larry, turned to face her.

"Larry." She greeted him with a friendly smile. "Enjoying a smoke?"

Larry offered a helpless smile and quit his smoking. "My wife doesn't let me smoke at home."

"She worries for you."

"Yeah, I only light one up now and then. Just don't let her know."

"Alright, I'll act as if I haven't seen a thing." Not wanting to meddle too much in Larry and his wife's affectionate relationship, Sabrina quickly excused herself. "I should be heading back."

"Wait!" Larry's words halted her.

Sabrina paused, turning to face him. "Need something else?"

"I came across some news on the internet."

At this, Sabrina dropped her gaze, feeling a pang of embarrassment.

Wanda and Lena hadn't pried, allowing her to feign composure and save face. But now, Larry called her bluff.

"I know you're not to blame. It's Tyrone. Has he shared his plans to handle the situation? Is he still in touch with Galilea?"

Sabrina remained quiet, unsure of how to respond.

She was generally not one to share her personal concerns. Even during disagreements with Tyrone, she'd never confided in others. Instead, she'd share joyful stories, all in

an effort to maintain a harmonious relationship.

"You don't need to hold back. Just tell me the truth, or I can dig it up myself!" Larry's voice took on a serious tone.

Sabrina's frown deepened. "He visited her a few days back."

"I knew it!" Larry exhaled deeply. "Though Tyrone may seem aloof, he does wrestle with his conscience. He tends to be quite soft-hearted!"

Sabrina silently scoffed.

His conscience was far from bothered, and his heart was anything but soft, at least not for her.

He was only soft-hearted when it came to Galilea.

Noticing Sabrina's hardened expression, Larry recognized her displeasure. After a moment's thought, he shared, "You must know that he and I share the same father."

Sabrina paused, then offered a slight nod.

"He was barely a year old when our father brought him home. I was five then, and from the adults' demeanor, I could make out his lineage. Those days, I harbored ill feelings for him. His presence sparked regular arguments between my parents, disturbing our peaceful existence..."

Sabrina had heard of this earlier. Larry's parents had later died in a car crash. According to the CCTV footage, they were fighting fiercely over the steering wheel, leading to the accident.

A bystander claimed they were arguing heatedly. It seemed the man was involved with another woman and had fathered a child.

In that instant, Sabrina connected the dots.

The children born out of wedlock would face societal judgment.

These unfortunate children, comprehending the implications of their origin, would sink into self-loathing, questioning their own right to exist.

Despite being born into a wealthy family and having Cesar's protection, Tyrone still had to socialize and attend school. Unfortunately, some people would always bring up his background and ridicule him.

Was it possible, despite his polished exterior, that he harbored a deep-seated feeling of not deserving to be alive?

Moreover, Larry's parents met their tragic end due to Tyrone. Did he ever pin the blame on himself, wondering if he was indirectly responsible for orphaning Larry?

Larry's subsequent words seemed to support her hypothesis.

"At that point, I was in denial about my parents' demise and directed all my resentment towards Tyrone. I would often torment him in secret, warning him against revealing anything to Grandpa. Initially, I feared Grandpa's knowledge. However, I discovered that Tyrone would cover for me before Grandpa, until Grandpa began to suspect something.

Unlike the typical older brother who would yield to the younger, Tyrone would proactively accommodate me. I believe he has always harbored guilt regarding my parents and seeks to atone by placating me. Over time, this has

transformed into an obsession. I'm sure he feels the same way about Galilea."

"Really?" Sabrina muttered under her breath.

"Has Tyrone confided in you about their relationship?"

She realized that Larry was referring to what happened to Galilea.

Rolf had mentioned it briefly before, but she lacked the full details of the incident.

Without waiting for her response, Larry gazed out the window, saying, "At the time, Tyrone was just starting his internship in the company. Caught between academics and work, he unintentionally neglected Galilea. Following a heated argument, she ran off crying, yet he didn't pursue her. It was only when her friend alerted him that he realized she was missing.

Soon after, he received a ransom demand for Galilea's release. The kidnappers had targeted her because of Tyrone. If he complied, perhaps Galilea would've been safe. But Tyrone, stubborn as he was, refused to yield to threats. He informed the police. Somehow, the kidnappers found out... Subsequently, they raped Galilea."

The reality hit her hard.

Sabrina felt a pang of sympathy.

His loved one had been abducted and abused due to his mishandling. His guilt and remorse were understandable.

Larry, despite being a Blakely, was raised amidst wealth and had access to all material comforts. Yet, he craved his parents' affection, a void Tyrone couldn't possibly fill.

But, Galilea was a different story.

As long as Tyrone stood by her, he could make amends for the horror she had endured at the hands of her captors.

Thus, he pledged his responsibility towards her.

If she had been in Tyrone's shoes, she might have done the same. ①

However, she found herself unable to love him the way she once did.

She accepted their fate. They had to move on.

Life was full of strange twists.

Once a distant admirer of Tyrone, she found herself in close quarters with him, even tying the knot, all because of that one fateful night.

Tyrone had been single for over a year then. She was clueless about the happenings between him and Galilea.

She assumed it was a closed chapter.

Consequently, she had taken the leap, seizing the opportunity.

She viewed it as a gift of fate.

Now, however, she realized it was merely a trick of fate!

The idea of divorce had never been so lucid.

That was the answer.

He should fulfill his promise, and she should seek tranquility.

A marriage didn't always end with a bang; it didn't always culminate in agonizing sorrow. Sometimes, it quietly dissolved in the stillness of an afternoon. At a moment of perfection, they simply parted ways.

It was a complete story.

Only the reader would witness it unfold.

"Sabrina, if it's unbearable, you should divorce him."