

## Chapter 45 Not The Wife He Wanted

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Without other options, Sabrina slipped into her attire and navigated to the location shared by Rolf. She made her way to the building, and nudged the door open.

Inside, a pair of men lounged on a couch. One of them was Rolf and the other was Tyrone.

Rolf, reclined comfortably against the couch, sparked a cigarette into life.

Tyrone was situated in a similar pose, but his eyes were shut, a wine glass clutched in his hand.

The noise of the opening door roused him briefly, his eyes opening and then closing again.

Scattered across the floor were countless wine bottles.

Spotting Tyrone's frown, Sabrina queried, "Did he empty all these bottles?"

"Indeed, he did," Rolf responded with a sober nod.

"Tyrone," Sabrina called out, stepping to the couch to place the wine glass on the table.

Tyrone's eyes flickered open, fixing her with a silent stare.

Sabrina's heart fluttered when she met his gaze, momentarily disoriented, unsure if he was drunk.

"It's late. Let's head home. You need some sleep."

Tyrone's hand rose to massage the space between his brows. He struggled to his feet, swaying dangerously.

Without missing a beat, Sabrina reached out to stabilize him. "Are you capable of walking?"

"Yes, I am." Tyrone's voice came out in a hoarse tone. He forcefully shook off her hand and staggered forward.

As she fell into step with him, Sabrina thanked Rolf. "Goodbye, Rolf. Appreciate your help tonight."

Strolling beside Tyrone, Sabrina stayed vigilant, ready to catch him in case he toppled over.

Close to him, she was engulfed by the strong scent of alcohol. She could only guess how much he had consumed.

Surprisingly, despite his intoxicated state, he managed to enter the elevator and press the button for the basement.

Upon reaching the garage, Sabrina moved ahead and called over her shoulder, "The car is here."

Tyrone, with his intense gaze, wordlessly trailed her.

Sliding into the driver's seat, Sabrina buckled up and suggested, "You can rest if you'd like."

"Alright," Tyrone agreed, reclining against the seat and shutting his eyes.

With Tyrone settled, Sabrina ignited the engine and drove to their villa.

After stopping the car, she stole a glance at Tyrone through the rearview mirror but received no response.

Flicking on the lights, she turned to look at him.

Tyrone was nestled into the chair, his closed eyes and even breathing signaling his descent into slumber.

His face, lit by the faint light, seemed chiseled. Long lashes cast soft shadows under his eyes.

A slight frown marred his sleeping visage.

Resigned to the situation, Sabrina knew she couldn't move him on her own.

She had to wake Tyrone up.

Releasing her seat belt, Sabrina exited the car and opened the rear door. Leaning in, she gently nudged his shoulder. "Wake up, Tyrone. It's time to rise."

Tyrone's eyes fluttered open. His words were cold as ice. "We're home. Time for bed."

Nodding, Tyrone rubbed his eyes.

They ascended the stairs one after the other.

Seeing that he had sobered up considerably, Sabrina decided to leave him be. She headed into her room, about to shut the door, when she noticed Tyrone following her. He slipped past her and went straight to the bed. Dropping onto it, he closed his eyes and slipped back into sleep.

Sabrina could only shake her head in disbelief.

Taking off his shoes and socks, she covered him loosely with a

blanket.

As she leaned closer, the alcohol fumes hit her, making her recoil. She intended to seek refuge in a guest room when Tyrone's hand closed around her wrist, his eyes still shut, murmuring something.

Sabrina attempted to pull free, but to no avail. She moved closer, trying to decipher his mumbled words.

"Babe..."

Sabrina blanched at the term of endearment.

Tyrone had been her husband for three years, yet he'd never used that particular term of endearment for her, preferring to call her Sabrina.

She was not the wife he wanted. And Galilea was.

Sabrina felt like a fool. In the depths of night, she rose from their shared bed and took Tyrone back to their home, only for him to call Galilea babe in his slumber.

She shouldn't have bothered. Perhaps she should have left him to sleep in the cold outside.

Sabrina disentangled her hand from his, grabbed a fresh blanket, and retired to a separate guest bedroom.

After her departure, Tyrone continued to whisper, "Sabrina... Babe..."

In the silence of the night, two trending hashtags startled the internet, leaving people aghast.

The morning sun cast a blinding light onto Tyrone's face

through the window. Shielding his eyes with his hand, he awoke, feeling disoriented.

His head throbbed painfully.

Shutting his eyes once more, he massaged his aching forehead. Gradually sitting up, he realized he wasn't in the master bedroom, but in Sabrina's room.

She was nowhere to be seen, and the other half of the bed was neat, as though untouched.

Slipping on his shoes, Tyrone exited the room, returning to the master bedroom to shower and brush his teeth.

Dressed and descending the stairs, his hand absentmindedly sought his pocket only to realize he hadn't come across his cell phone.

He retraced his steps to Sabrina's room in search of his phone but to no avail.

He racked his brain for any recollection of last night's events, speculating that he'd either forgotten it in the car or left it at the club.

Venturing to the car in search of his phone, Tyrone found a phone. Not his, but Sabrina's.

Grasping it, he walked into the living room, where Sabrina's phone began to buzz.

Peering at the screen, Tyrone saw it was her assistant dialing in.

Upon answering the call, the assistant's panicked voice filled

his ear. "Ms. Chavez, you've finally picked up! Check the trending topics!"

Taken aback, Tyrone questioned, "What happened?"

The assistant was surprised. "Mr. Blakely? You can see for yourself on your phone. Someone snapped pictures of you and Ms. Chavez."

Tyrone ended the call.

The assistant breathed a sigh of relief, still shaken.

But why would Tyrone have Sabrina's phone? Was the news accurate?

Sabrina's phone password had once been his birthday, but he was unsure if it remained the same.

Deciding to give it a shot, Tyrone entered the digits, and to his surprise, the phone unlocked.

A barrage of missed calls and news notifications flooded in.

After clearing the message notifications, Tyrone scrolled through Twitter's trending topics.

The first one was related to him;  
#TyroneBlakelyHavingAnAffair#

A post read, "Tyrone Blakely spotted with a mystery woman late at night following his recent link-up with Galilea."

Accompanying the text were nine supporting pictures.

The initial four pictures captured Sabrina and Tyrone at the Grand Theatre, taken from behind their seats, featuring Tyrone's profile but obscuring Sabrina's.

The fifth was a candid shot of the pair exiting the theater after the show, with Tyrone chivalrously carrying Sabrina's bags.

The final four pictures were security footage from a club's parking garage. At three in the morning, Sabrina and Tyrone were seen entering the same vehicle, Tyrone appearing somewhat drunk.

No pictures showed them spending the night together, yet their early morning club exit incited rampant speculation among people.

