

Chapter 118 She Was So Cheap

In the circumstances, Sabrina did her best to dodge Tyrone while at work. Yet, he invited her to share meals in his office, as though the world hadn't shifted under their feet.

She found herself seated on the sofa, with a spread of her favored dishes arranged before her. Gazing at Tyrone as he meticulously set the table for her, a sudden urge welled up in her. The words burned on her tongue. "Can we make our marriage public?"

But before she could articulate her thoughts, Tyrone broached the subject. "Sabrina, I've been giving our situation a lot of thought. I considered taking our relationship public, but the fallout would be disastrous for Galilea. She might end up jobless, and her reputation could be tarnished. The whole thing might blow up..."

"You don't need to justify. I understand."

Suddenly, her appetite vanished.

A puzzling question fluttered into her mind. What was it about him that she found so alluring?

Did she relish his belittlement and deceit?

Moments ago, she had clung to a sliver of hope.

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Tyrone pursed his lips, attempting to fill the silence.

After a moment of quiet contemplation, he remained wordless, setting his cutlery down with a frown before excusing himself to the restroom.

Just then, the phone placed on the table rang.

Sabrina felt compelled to pick it up and check. But on second thoughts, she pulled back her hand, feigning deafness.

The call ended without an answer. Two seconds later, it started ringing once more.

After three continuous rings, it finally ceased.

Upon his return, Sabrina informed him, "You've received three calls. They seem urgent."

Tyrone walked over to the table, picked up his phone, and asked nonchalantly, "Who was it?"

Sabrina, clearing up the remnants of their meal, replied, "I'm not sure. I didn't check."

Tyrone paused, a realization dawned on him.

She hadn't snooped on his phone since that day.

The phone rang again.

Glancing at the caller ID, he recognized it as Julia's.

He ended the call and lent a hand to Sabrina with the clean-up.

She looked at him, querying, "Why didn't you answer?"

Tyrone offered no reply.

A knock sounded on the door. "Mr. Blakely."

"Come in."

The secretary entered, a phone clasped in her hand.

"Mr. Blakely, Julia called me. She insisted you take her call. She mentioned something about Ms. Clifford..."

Her voice trailed off as she noticed Sabrina's presence. She glanced nervously at Tyrone's expression, regret washing over her. Hastily, she added, "I'll get back to her immediately."

In a twist of fate, her phone was set to speaker mode, and Julia's voice rang out clearly. "Mr. Blakely! If you want to regret it for the rest of your life, just

hang up the phone!"

Silence greeted her.

The secretary's complexion drained of color, and she cast anxious glances at Tyrone.

Sabrina put two and two together; it must have been Julia who had been relentlessly calling Tyrone.

Thankfully, she hadn't invaded his privacy, saving herself from further misconceptions.

She turned to Tyrone. "Answer her."

Given the situation, there was no point in ignoring it any longer.

After a moment's hesitation, he picked up the phone, his brows knitting together in frustration, and walked to the window. "What is it?"

The secretary cautiously stood aside, thinking the CEO appeared to be afraid of Sabrina.

On the other end, Julia's voice was wrought with anxiety. "Mr. Blakely, I'm at the hospital. You need to get here quickly. Galilea's not stable..."

Tyrone cut her off. "Where's her doctor?"

"The doctor's at a loss. She's non-cooperative, barely hanging on. Can't you find it in you to show her some compassion?"

"She's the one responsible for her health. If she doesn't value it, she'll have to pay the price. Outside of work, I have no obligations towards her. She should take care for herself."

With that, Tyrone ended the call abruptly. He swung around to see Sabrina seated silently on the sofa.

After the secretary exited, she queried, "Has Galilea been admitted to the hospital? Why not check on her yourself?"

"Do you think I should visit her?"

Sabrina realized she couldn't make that choice for him. It hinged on whether Galilea was ready to let go or not. ☹

As anticipated, when the two of them were napping in the lounge, Julia called him once more. ☹

Tyrone answered the phone in the lounge.

Sabrina overheard Tyrone asking, "Did the doctor administer the sedative?"

"Indeed. However, its efficacy has dwindled due to overuse."

"Why not employ more staff to control her?"

"She's already injured two doctors."

Tyrone was left without words.

After a brief pause, Tyrone ended the call and shifted his gaze to Sabrina.

Sabrina, sitting upright with her hands supporting her back, met his gaze unflinchingly. She shrugged nonchalantly. "Are you going to the hospital?"

Tyrone inhaled sharply, as if steeling himself before revealing, "Galilea slit her wrist to commit suicide..."

His voice trailed off. He knew words would do little at this point.

Nevertheless, he couldn't dismiss the matter. When Galilea was unwell, she was unpredictable.

"Alright, I understand." Sabrina nodded. "You can go." Truth be told, she had surmised that Galilea might throw herself off a building. The reality wasn't far off.

"We should go together. Remember our agreement about me not visiting her alone."

"I fear my presence might upset her."

Tyrone glanced at her, not moving.

"Fine." Sabrina sighed in resignation, slipped her shoes on, climbed out of bed and straightened her clothing.

Together, they went to the hospital.

Resting against the backrest, Sabrina peered out at the streetscape, a common distraction during her recent car rides with Tyrone.

The car was cloaked in silence.

Tyrone stole glances at her profile, holding her hand and caressing the back of it, as though fearful of upsetting her. His emotions were tangled.

They reached the hospital and headed directly for Galilea's room.

Julia was attempting to console Galilea. Two doctors stood idly by, unable to intervene.

Catching sight of Tyrone, Julia beamed, "Mr. Blakely, you're finally..."

She halted mid-sentence, her smile vanishing as she noticed Sabrina following Tyrone.

Recovering from her surprise, she urged, "Galilea is in a dire state. She's lost considerable blood. She's refusing treatment, and won't let the doctors near..."

The doctor stepped aside, suggesting, "Perhaps you could soothe the patient now. Her bleeding needs to be controlled urgently."

"I'll give it a shot."

Tyrone noticed Galilea huddled in the corner of the bed, her face gaunt and marked by dark circles. Her disheveled appearance was alarming, and the sight of bloodstains on her clothes and bed sheet was chilling.

Sabrina shook her head at the sight, imagining that Tyrone must be filled with remorse.

She observed a shift in Tyrone's demeanor.

Witnessing the woman he had once cherished so deeply in such a state, Sabrina assumed Tyrone must be feeling shattered.

Tyrone approached, causing Galilea to quiver. She shouted defensively, "Don't come over!"

He paused before sitting down, stating softly, "Galilea, it's me."

Recognizing his voice, she trembled violently, looking up at Tyrone with disbelief in her eyes. Her voice was raspy from crying. "Tyrone, is it truly you?"

"Yes, it is."

"Did you come to see me?" Hesitantly, she reached out to touch Tyrone's face, but he flinched, avoiding her touch.

A flicker of anger crossed Galilea's face before disappearing. Then she broke down, sobbing. "Tyrone, you finally came to see me!"

