

## Chapter 138 I Used To Trust You

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Standing still, Sabrina recalled the news she'd just learned, questioning, "Didn't you go to the hospital? Why is your injury untreated?"

"Who said I went to the hospital?"

"I came across a piece of news. It stated two casualties were transported to the hospital."

"I never went to the hospital."

Observing that Sabrina stood still, Tyrone reiterated, "Sabrina, I need your help."

Sabrina's gaze dropped to the knife-inflicted wounds on his arm and shoulder, his body marred with additional bruises.

Despite her reluctance, she couldn't suppress her concern for him.

"You need to go to the hospital." Yet, after a brief pause, she steeled her resolve.

"I refuse. The hospital is overcrowded, and I could bump into reporters," he reasoned, his aversion to public exposure of his private life evident.

He had no intention of revealing to Sabrina that Galilea's injuries were on his account.

"What if I call Kylan to help you?"

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"What if I call Kylan to help you?"

"He's engaged elsewhere."

"Then your other secretaries..."

"If you're uncomfortable, I'll handle it myself."

A self-deprecating smile danced on Tyrone's lips as he opened the first-aid box before him, rummaging for antiseptic cream and bandages.

Applying the cream haphazardly, he wrapped the bandages around the wounds clumsily.

After a considerable struggle, he discovered the lack of scissors, resorting to attempting to tear the bandage.

Multiple failed efforts later, he only managed to tighten the bandage, turning the surrounding skin a raw red.

Suddenly, the sound of an opening and closing door echoed in the room.

He glanced up, only to find the space before him devoid of any presence.

Tyrone's body tensed, sinking back into the couch, surrendering to his fate.

Sabrina didn't care for him anymore.

She no longer felt any remorse for him.

A bitter emotion welled within Tyrone as he grabbed the bandage, ripping it off effortlessly and discarding it on the table.

"You removed it?" Sabrina appeared at the office doorway, scissors in hand.

Tyrone, surprised, met her gaze briefly before averting his eyes. "You can return to your tasks. I can manage."

Sabrina's brows furrowed. "I brought you a pair of scissors."

She proceeded to place the scissors next to the first-aid kit. "I'll resume work. Don't forget to ask your secretary to fetch a change of clothes for you."

She felt compelled to remind him upon noticing his damp trousers.

As Sabrina turned around, ready to leave, Tyrone felt an overwhelming sense of suffocation. "Wait!"

She stopped, turning to face him. "Anything else?"

Slowly rising to his feet, Tyrone fixated his gaze on Sabrina. "Does it sadden you to see me injured? Even just a little..."

Their gazes locked. Sabrina responded with a smile, "Tyrone, there's no use in asking that."

He was just with Galilea, who had defended him against the knife attack. Now, while she was hospitalized, he was questioning whether Sabrina was affected by his injuries.

What was he thinking?

"Why is there no point?" Tyrone took a step forward.

"You should prioritize attending to your wounds and changing your attire before visiting Galilea at the hospital." ⓘ

A shadow fell across Tyrone's face. He understood that if Sabrina could deduce his injuries from the news, she could also ascertain that the other victim was Galilea.

He quickly clarified, "I was at lunch with Chains. He departed first. I encountered the attackers afterward. I had no idea why Galilea was there or why she got stabbed."

"So, it was all coincidental?"

"Indeed." Tyrone met her gaze, nodding earnestly without any hesitation. "If you don't believe me, verify it with Chains."

"There's no need for such explanations."

Truthfully, if Tyrone desired to see Galilea, he was free to do so. He didn't need to conceal it or lie, because she didn't care in the least.

Furthermore, considering that Galilea had taken a knife for him, saving his life, shouldn't he be moved?

Tyrone just needed to agree to the divorce, and Galilea would be his.

Tyrone's brow creased, his eyes growing darker. "You doubt me?"

Sabrina looked down, maintaining her silence for a moment. "I used to trust you."

His deeds had served as a brutal teacher, forcing her to acknowledge the chilling reality. She couldn't even trust the man she had given her heart to in marriage.

The man she had married was capable of inflicting pain and weaving lies with ease.

He was the one who had shattered her faith in him.

Tyrone, taken aback, felt a tightness in his throat. "Sabrina, I..."

She cut him off mid-sentence. "Galilea is hurting because of you. She's alone in the hospital. Go see her. I need to get back to my work."

With that, she turned to leave.

Tyrone reached out, attempting to catch her hand.

However, he was unsuccessful. She departed without a second glance.

Disappointment weighed heavily on Tyrone, left standing alone.

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disinfectant as she emerged from her coma.

Only Julia remained by her side.

"Where is Tyrone?" Galilea asked faintly.

Julia merely shook her head and gestured towards the door, "He didn't show up at the hospital. He sent his assistant instead."

A flicker of disappointment crossed Galilea's face. "Didn't you ask Kylan why he was absent?"

Why hadn't Tyrone been at the hospital with her?

She had taken a blade for him!

Was Sabrina keeping him away?

"I did ask. Mr. Blakely expressed his deep gratitude for your kindness. He has promised to cover all your medical bills until you are fully recovered. He will also assist the police in catching the culprits as soon as possible and ensure justice is served. Should you need it, he's willing to offer a two-million-dollar reward."

Galilea was in disbelief.

She had taken a knife for him, and now he wanted to simply pay her off?

How could he turn so heartless?

It all happened because of Sabrina!

Julia added, "I overheard Kylan asking the doctor if you're in a condition to travel by plane."

Staring wide-eyed at Julia, Galilea lay in shock.



She had taken a blow for Tyrone and was currently hospitalized.

Instead of visiting her, Tyrone planned to ship her off abroad.

Julia nodded gravely.

Galilea sank back into the bed, defeated.

"What do we do now?" Galilea asked weakly, her eyes shut.

She had assumed she knew Tyrone well, and thought her act would induce guilt and he would try to compensate like before. But her plan had utterly backfired.

Julia sighed. "The doctor advised against traveling in your present condition. You need to rest now, we'll figure something out later."

"We don't have much time left!" Galilea responded anxiously.

Once she recovered, Tyrone would ensure she was on a plane out of here. ①

Julia felt a tinge of annoyance at Sabrina's impatient tone and retorted, "Why are you snapping at me? Moreover, if Tyrone digs deeper into this..." ②

She stopped mid-sentence as she saw Kylan end his phone call and return.

Frankie knocked on the door twice, asking, "Ms. Clifford, are you awake?" ①

"Yes."

"May I enter?"

Julia shot Galilea a look.



Visibly irked, Galilea shut her eyes.

Julia then responded, "She's currently weak. She needs rest."

"In that case, I won't disturb her. Ms. Clifford, Mr. Blakely sends his thanks. Rest well."

With that, he left.

Julia lingered in the ward for a while before leaving.

As she exited the in-patient department, she noticed Kylan waiting beside a car, seemingly awaiting someone.

He also noticed her, raised his hand in acknowledgement, and approached her. "I need to discuss something with you. Do you have a moment?"

