

Chapter 34 Clarification

"I made a vow, Galilea, to stand by you. I intend to keep it," said Tyrone.

"But you already have a wife. You're married. You don't belong to me. What do you take me for? If I had known that you were married, I would never have contacted you or been with you. How am I supposed to face Sabrina now?" Galilea's cheeks were soaked with her tears.

"This is on me. It's not your burden. I've made up my mind to leave her. The divorce is underway. Can you find it in your heart to trust me once more, Galilea? I won't fail you again."

"Really?" Galilea's question was timid.

"Truly." Tyrone reassured her with a firm nod.

Emotion overpowered her as Galilea threw herself into Tyrone's arms, weeping. "I can't bear the thought of leaving you, Tyrone. I truly can't. I'd rather not be alive than be without you."

Tyrone embraced her, gently stroking her back in an attempt to soothe her.

"Mr. Blakely, there's something I must point out," Julia intervened.

"What is it?"

"Don't forget that Galilea is a star. If your marriage comes to light, she'll be seen as a home-wrecker, and her future will

crumble. I trust you comprehend the gravity of this. If you can't ensure her protection, better steer clear of her."

"I won't let any harm come to her." Tyrone vowed earnestly.

"That's reassuring. You can't imagine how bleak Galilea appeared when I encountered her overseas..."

In the midst of this, Galilea noticed a red mark on Tyrone's collarbone. It was unmistakably a hickey. She froze as a sense of desolation washed over her.

Abruptly, she pushed him away, collapsing into sobs.

"What's wrong?" Tyrone inquired, baffled.

"Stay away! Don't lay a finger on me after touching another woman!" Galilea sobbed.

Tyrone's face tightened as he spotted a mirror. Approaching it, he unbuttoned his collar to find a hickey.

Just then, Julia's phone rang. She stepped out to take the call.

An anxious voice came over. "Julia, have a look at the trends!"

Julia followed the instruction and found a trending hashtag. #StarAlignPictures#.

The official account of StarAlign Pictures clarified that their investment in Cloudwater Town was a standard business deal scheduled the previous year.

People quickly filled up the comment section.

"Galilea has been in all sorts of gossip since her homecoming. Yet no sight of her work."

"It's hilarious. Her fanbase is so annoying, even the investor

felt the need to clarify."

Despite not being a celebrity, Tyrone had amassed a considerable following. His fans joined in with their comments.

Julia skimmed through the reactions before hastily returning to the room. "Mr. Blakely, you should see this."

She offered him the phone.

"Mr. Blakely, we need to address this. Or else, everyone will assume that Galilea is stirring the pot for publicity. That can potentially derail her career."

Tyrone scrolled through the comments, promptly dialing Kylan to take care of the rumors. He then reached out to the head of StarAlign Pictures.

On receiving Tyrone's call, the head of StarAlign Pictures conveyed anxiously, "Mr. Blakely, I was left with no other choice. The chairman instructed me. If you have any grievances, he suggested you address him directly."

Tyrone stepped out to call Cesar.

The call was promptly answered.

"Hello, Grandpa."

"Tyrone, how may I assist you?" Cesar seemed happy.

"Was it you who requested the public clarification?"

"Yes. I've stepped away from company affairs since you took over Blakely Group. But this was a different matter and I had to intervene.

Look what you've done! You skip breakfast only to meet Galilea Clifford? Do you disregard my words entirely? How could you betray Sabrina this way?

If you didn't plan on being a devoted husband to her, you shouldn't have married her. I arranged your marriage to her so you could bring her happiness. How am I supposed to face Sabrina now?"

Tyrone was silent for a moment before responding, "I assure you it won't happen again. But I hope you can consult with me before making such decisions in the future."

Upon Sabrina's awakening, the housekeeper prepared her breakfast.

After breakfast, it was already ten, and there was no way she could get to work on time. So, she decided to stay, keeping Cesar and Wanda company, and joined them for lunch.

As she was about to leave, Wanda handed her an invitation. "This is for a charity dinner, and it's addressed to me. I've lost interest in such gatherings. You can attend with Tyrone. I'll let him know."

Sabrina could tell that Cesar and Wanda were attempting to mend things between her and Tyrone.

But they were oblivious to the fact that she had already signed the divorce papers.

"Grandma, I've never attended a formal dinner party. I'm nervous..."

"It's alright. Tyrone will be there to guide you. Nothing will go

wrong. Sabrina, you need to make an effort for him." Wanda reassured her with a pat on her hand. ②

Bolstered by Wanda's encouragement, Sabrina nodded.

Upon leaving the house, Sabrina made her way to the company.

Exiting the elevator, she was en route to her office when she encountered Tyrone's secretary.

"Ms. Chavez, Mr. Blakely requested you meet him upon your arrival," relayed the secretary.

"Understood."

Sabrina then headed to the CEO's office. After knocking and receiving permission, she queried, "Mr. Blakely, how may I assist you?"

Seated at his desk, Tyrone looked up at her. "You just left Grandpa's place?"

"Yes."

"I requested your presence because there's something I need to ask you. I trust you'll be honest with me."

"Go ahead."

"Did you inform Grandpa about me seeing Galilea?"

Sabrina's eyes widened in surprise. She shook her head and responded, "I didn't."

Tyrone's gaze was intense and unwavering as he probed, "Are you certain it wasn't you?"

Maintaining eye contact, Sabrina affirmed, "I am certain. It

wasn't me."

She felt a pang of sadness.

He didn't trust her. ①

Tyrone remained silent, before coldly stating, "It's possible he found out through other means. Even though he and Grandma are retired, they still have eyes and ears everywhere."

Tyrone continued, "Alright, understood. You can go. After work, I'll take you to the hairdresser."

Wanda had informed him about the charity dinner.

"Okay. If there's nothing else, I'll leave." Sabrina was about to exit.

"Hold on!"

Sabrina paused and turned back. "Anything else?"

Tyrone pulled at his collar and said, "Next time, don't leave any marks on my body."

After a brief pause, Sabrina noticed the love bite on his neck, realizing what he was referring to. She smiled and assured him, "Don't worry. There won't be a next time."

With that, she exited the office.

Watching her retreating figure, Tyrone mulled over her words, filled with an inexplicable emotion.

"There won't be a next time." ②

He reclined in his chair, a sense of calm washing over him as he closed his eyes.