

## Chapter 61 Apologize

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Sabrina settled her bill with her phone and surveyed the lengthy list of unanswered calls and messages from Tyrone.

The first message read, "Sabrina, where are you? I'll come to you."

The following one said, "I can clear the confusion about the news."

The third was a mere apology. "I'm sorry."

Two simple words that triggered a frosty smile on Sabrina's face.

I'm sorry.

Sorry again.

This was the only thing he could say.

He knew his actions would warrant an apology, yet it didn't deter him from causing harm.

The fourth message arrived half an hour after his last attempt. "Sabrina? That interview outside the hospital was doctored. I've had it taken down. Where are you? I can come pick you up. Don't forget to call me once you see this message."

Sabrina logged into Twitter and came across the news about herself, which had been released just a short while ago.

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The media had conveniently painted her silence as guilt. Below the news, comment threads dissected her appearance and character.

"I don't understand what goes through men's minds these days. Galilea is so beautiful, so why would he cheat on her with someone who is clearly inferior to her?"

"It just goes to show that men's infidelity has nothing to do with how attractive their partner is. They simply crave something new."

"Men are all like this."

During this period, numerous edited videos featuring clips of Galilea's performances in movies circulated online.

The most popular video was titled: "Tyrone's Mistress VS Tyrone's Girlfriend." There were countless similar videos, not to mention the ones for now.

There was also a trending: #BlakelyGroupOfficialLikedIt#.

After clicking on it, Sabrina discovered a screenshot showing that the official account of Blakely Group had liked a post.

The post accused Sabrina of intruding into Tyrone and Galilea's relationship.

However, the official account had since unliked the post.

Nonetheless, it sparked numerous speculations and theories.

People were engaged in widespread discussions, believing that the incident confirmed all the rumors. Even the employee responsible for managing the official account of Blakely Group felt unjust for Galilea.

Sabrina was aware that the public relations department managed the official account of Blakely Group across all platforms.

After a brief check, she logged out.

Just as she was about to switch off her phone again, Tyrone called her.

Without a second thought, she turned off her phone.

Securing her phone in her bag, she made her way to a coffee shop. She ordered a lemonade and a hot dog, and took a seat.

A young man suddenly took a seat next to her, holding a cup of milk in his hand. He took a sip from the straw and glanced at Sabrina for a moment. Gathering his courage, he said, "Miss, do you need someone to talk to?"

Taken aback, Sabrina offered a polite decline with a smile. "No, thank you."

"Sorry to bother you." the man's ears turned a noticeable shade of red.

Having finished her meal and drink, Sabrina lingered a bit before heading out.


She strolled leisurely down the sidewalk, pausing at a pub across the street.

It was under the ground.

The pub had few customers, with bright lights casting a luminous glow throughout the space.

A woman graced the stage, her voice twining with the lyrics of a folk song.

As Sabrina took a seat at the bar, the bartender asked, "What can I get you, miss?"

A quick reality check reminded her that she was expecting. "A Sprite, please," 

The bartender was left momentarily speechless.

He thought she was kidding, but he still brought a bottle of Sprite for Sabrina. "Enjoy your drink."

"Thank you," Sabrina replied, securing her drink and finding a secluded spot. She settled into her chair, her gaze focused on the singer on the stage, her mind adrift with thoughts.

"Join me through the summer's song of cicadas, beyond the city's noise. Your gaze, simply mesmerizing. I fear losing sight of it. Time refused to pause, leaving me in a constant wait for you. I really miss you, in every rainy season. What you choose to discard is what I most yearn to grasp. There wasn't enough time. My story is all about you. How did I find myself entwined in your love? Relinquishing all that I possessed. Yet, words

elude me when expressing my love. My story is all about you..."

The performer's voice wasn't extraordinary, just ordinary. Perhaps due to the small audience, her voice seemed to lose a bit of its luster.

But for Sabrina, the song stirred something profound. Her eyes welled up and her heart ached with the lyrics.

Years of pent-up emotions chose this moment to break free. Over a decade, she'd observed Tyrone's journey from a naive college boy to the influential president of Blakely Group.

He was her target, a beacon in her murky existence, and her singular narrative for the past decade.

She'd crawled from the shadows, muddied and bruised, always striving to reach him.

In their three-year marriage, she had fought to keep it afloat, exhausting her vitality.

He had tried his level best to fulfill his role as a husband.

But all was a charade in the end.

Time refused to halt, and he moved on to the woman who held his heart. She alone waited for his return. ①

In his world, she was never his wife, merely a secret lover.

In the past three years, he had visited Galilea annually, but never revealed his marital status. ①

Galilea's words were true. In love, the one who wasn't loved was the outsider.

She was the intruder in the story of Tyrone and Galilea.

How they'd been so affectionate days ago; how her heart ached now.

His tender gestures were merely a performance.

The realization hit hard. Ⓞ

Her trust in him was shattered.

"Sabrina? Is that you? What a pleasant surprise to see you here."

A known voice echoed beside her. Sabrina turned to see a man with a mask and a hat, his eyes alone visible.

Despite the disguise, Sabrina recognized Bradley at once. She composed herself and offered a smile. "Bradley! You seem to pop up wherever I go these days."

Bradley revealed part of his face, replying, "Had a lunch meeting with the TV staff earlier."

He gestured to the upper floor of the club and shot Sabrina a sideways glance. "You seemed troubled, thought you might be here at the bar. Took a chance, and there you are! Didn't anticipate running into you for real. Why didn't you respond to my texts?" Ⓞ

"Sorry, my phone is turned off."

"Are you hiding here?"

His question sounded more like a confirmation.

Sabrina responded by pursing her lips and sipping her Sprite.

"Don't let the online noise get to you. I detest such unprincipled journalists who can weave any tale for their gain."

Bradley had caught the day's headlines too. He figured Sabrina was upset and sought to soothe her. Ⓛ

"When I started in the industry, I too was fixated on online chatter. Over time, I realized they're just a fraction of the billions, strangers I'll likely never meet. They can't know me, only the narratives spun by journalists. Why then should their views matter? My life is far more vibrant than theirs. Eventually, all this will fade into oblivion."

"You're right," Sabrina responded with a smile.

But her real concern was not public opinion, but Tyrone's actions. Ⓜ

