

Chapter 93 Sabrina, You Lost

"Ease up, Tyrone," Galilea cautioned.

In response, Tyrone said nothing and fixed his gaze to the corner.

Onlookers presumed they were engaged in playful banter.

Their interactive dance could easily be mistaken for flirtation.

Sabrina nostalgically thought of the time when she and Tyrone had danced. His kiss had landed on her flushed cheek, and in a heartbeat, they had been so close.

If Galilea hadn't called, they might have experienced a wonderful night.

Regrettably, it wasn't so.

Galilea was impossible to disregard.

When the first music was over, all the guests present were dancing in groups.

Distracted, Tyrone released Galilea's hand, only to find her still gripping his.

"Tyrone, aren't we continuing?"

"I've fulfilled my promise," Tyrone replied.

A sting of disappointment led Galilea to grasp Tyrone's arm.

His gaze fell upon her hand before he said indifferently, "In such a crowd, don't let yourself be embarrassed."

Left with no other option, Galilea let him go.

"Galilea, keep this up, and our friendship will evaporate. Mind your actions."

"I was wrong, Tyrone. I apologize. I was just worried you wouldn't show up that day. I...I missed you..."

That day, he had a ring ready for her.

Regardless of whether Eddie was there or not, he had planned to meet her.

Sadly, her own cunning plan had backfired, stirring resentment in Tyrone.

These apologies from Galilea weren't new to Tyrone. Interrupting her, he commanded, "Shut up."

Her complexion paled. Tyrone disregarded her and turned to move towards Sabrina.

But after taking two steps, he suddenly found that she was gone.

He halted and scanned the crowd.

On spotting Sabrina, Tyrone's eyes darkened. ②

Sabrina was engaged in a dance with Bradley.

She had intended to leave, not wanting to indulge in any drama.

However, Bradley's earnest request was hard to decline.

As a novice dancer, she felt a prying gaze which led to several missteps till the end of the dance.

"Enough, Bradley. This is humiliating," Sabrina requested.

"Don't worry. We can slow it down. Practice some more."

"Alright, let's try once more." They resumed their dance.

A glass of wine in hand, Tyrone settled down.

Sabrina and Bradley kept the dance floor occupied, swirling round after round. Sabrina's movements showed noticeable improvement.

Tyrone's gaze grew more intense.

As the song ended, a grand ten-layered cake was rolled out. Each layer featured intricate designs, a sight to behold.

The guests formed a circle, clapping and singing the birthday tune.

"Happy Birthday to you... Happy birthday to you... Happy birthday to you... Happy birthday to you."

After the song concluded, applause filled the room.

It was time for the birthday cake slicing.

As per tradition, Galilea was the first to slice the cake and offered the first piece to Chains, the director.

"Tyrone, could you lend me a hand?"

Silently, Tyrone took over from Galilea and

continued cutting the cake.

Numerous female celebrities were present, all conscious about their figure. They couldn't decline the cake slice but didn't necessarily have to eat it.

Being savvy, some, even after receiving their slice, lingered to engage in small talk.

Standing outside, Sabrina didn't rush in.

Bradley inquired, "Care for some cake, Sabrina? Shall I bring a slice for you?"

"No, I'll get one myself later. I also want to wish Galilea a happy birthday in person."

Bradley found Sabrina's words to be very reasonable, so he nodded in agreement and said, "Okay."

He was unaware of the contrary thoughts brewing in Sabrina's mind.

Sabrina decided to approach Galilea and wish her a happy birthday when the latter thought her birthday party was perfect. She wondered how Galilea would react.

Slowly, people started to drift away.

The cake, once surrounded, was left unattended.

It was then that Galilea questioned, "Who hasn't had the cake yet?"

Approaching her with a beaming smile, Sabrina responded, "That'd be me."

Galilea's smile turned rigid upon spotting Sabrina. Sabrina's grin widened as she wished, "Happy birthday."

Her gaze swiftly darted to Galilea's finger, noticing the familiar ring that she had seen in Tyrone's car.

To outsiders who were unaware of the truth, it would seem as though Sabrina and Galilea had a good relationship.

Yet, Galilea could sense the provocation beneath Sabrina's act.

Forced by the circumstances, Galilea plastered a smile and replied, "Thank you."

"The pleasure is mine," Sabrina answered.

Catching a fleeting glance from Tyrone, she saw him offer her a slice of cake adorned with two strawberries.

"Thank you, Tyrone. You remember I adore strawberries."

Tyrone pursed his lips.

Despite Sabrina's smile, he felt it was out of place.

He had anticipated her cold shoulder or indifference upon her return, maybe even a fight. What he hadn't foreseen was her beaming smile, as if nothing had changed.

As Sabrina left with her cake, she mentioned, "Tyrone, try to return home early tonight."

"Alright," responded Tyrone.

Such statements often led to overthinking.

However, they subconsciously assumed that Sabrina referred to the Blakely family's residence, so it didn't seem problematic.

Only Galilea's clenched fists and the flash of darkness in her eyes indicated her urge to slap Sabrina.

But she kept her poise, not wanting to give away the secret.

Any indication could lead to suspicions about Sabrina's relationship with Tyrone.

Watching Galilea's strained patience brought Sabrina immense satisfaction.

Perhaps she should've made their relationship public earlier, challenging Galilea's stance. That way, Galilea would have to swallow her anger.

After eating, Sabrina headed to the restroom.

Crossing the stairs, she heard Galilea call out, "Sabrina."

Galilea, clad in an extravagant princess dress, appeared out of place in the dim stairway.

"How may I assist you?"

"I need to discuss something with you." With that, Galilea started climbing the stairs.

"What?" Sabrina ascended the steps with a calm demeanor and approached Galilea.

She guessed that Galilea was eager to flaunt her triumphs.

She would show off what happened on September 20th and today's birthday party.

Standing amidst shadows, Galilea glared at Sabrina with envy and animosity. "Sabrina, you lost. I told you Tyrone would be with me on September 20th. He stayed by my bedside all night. If I were in your shoes, I'd have filed for a divorce already."

"Is that so? But the next day, he visited me on my business trip and made a promise."

Taking a moment, Sabrina questioned with an insinuating glance, "Do you want to know what he has promised me?" 

