

Chapter 103 Defensive

"Have you finished your work today?" Osiris asked.

"I just wrapped it up and made it back to the hotel," Galilea replied.

"Galilea, there's something I need to know. How's Tyrone treating you these days? How's your relationship holding up? Has he ever talked about marriage?"

Silence followed, filling the air.

Osiris' face took on a grave expression.

Clearly, the connection between Galilea and Tyrone was under strain.

Elton bore an expression of concern, yet inside he breathed a sigh of relief. He sensed a rift between Tyrone and Galilea, which would divert Osiris' focus from demanding shares from him.

He was aware that the stronger the bond between Galilea and Tyrone, the more contented Osiris would feel. If they were to indeed marry, Osiris and his daughter could potentially gain significant influence over the company with the support of Tyrone.

This was not an outcome Elton desired. Those shares were rightfully his.

"Why are you asking into this now, Dad?" Galilea inquired.

"Just spill it. What's going on with you? Listen, Tyrone and Sabrina were spotted by your uncle at the



club today."

Galilea was left dumbfounded.

"Galilea, I'm your uncle. If you need a hand, don't hesitate to reach out to your father and me. If something's going off the rails with Tyrone, let us know. We'll lend our support. Never forget that we're your family. We only want the best for you," Elton conveyed.

"Uncle, Dad," Galilea began, a sorrowful note in her voice. "Tyrone is considering breaking up with me."

"Breaking up?" Osiris was shocked. "That's absurd. He adores you. How did this come to pass? Did you upset him?"

Galilea cried, "Dad, it seems unimaginable, but I had a falling-out with Tyrone. He expressed a desire to part ways and move on with Sabrina. We've been distant for quite some time and our relationship is fraying. It's all because of Sabrina. She seduced Tyrone! Dad, uncle, I need your help."

"Please don't cry. Share the entire story with us. We're here to help. Go on."


"Well, it's like this..." She provided a concise account of the events that happened on September 20th.

However, when it came to the relationship between Tyrone and Sabrina, she omitted the fact that they had gotten married. Instead, she insisted that Sabrina had seduced Tyrone.

After listening, Osiris comforted, "Stay calm, Galilea.

Tyrone is merely angry with you. Don't worry. I'll handle Sabrina for you!"

"Thank you, Dad!"

After ending the call, Galilea snorted. "Dad, just watch. I won't disappoint you. Sabrina, you won't be victorious forever. Tyrone, you're mine and only mine. I won't let anyone else claim you." 

Then, Osiris dialed a number. "Find out everything about Sabrina. Be thorough."

As Sabrina and Tyrone drove back, neon lights blinked outside, casting a vivid scene reflected on both sides of the vehicle's windows.

Sabrina gazed out of the car window, specifically fixating her gaze on Tyrone's reflection. She couldn't help but notice his striking handsomeness.

His flawless eyebrows and enticing Adam's apple marked him as a mature man.

Sabrina turned, her lips pursed. "Did you cheat during our card game?"

Tyrone responded evenly, "No."

"No? Then how can it all be so conveniently timed? Don't you understand fairness?"

Tyrone gave a slight smile, took her hand, and gently squeezed her fingers, saying nothing.

"How could you possibly know what cards I needed?" Sabrina asked curiously.

With a glance at her earnest face, Tyrone replied,

"It's easy. Your plays reveal your needs. One can deduce to some extent from the reactions of others while they play."

Indeed, Tyrone had the skill to count cards.

Suddenly, she remembered Tyrone's academic background, which was a degree in math and finance.

He always aced his exams.

At that moment, she sensed a gap between herself and Tyrone.

Years ago, she opted for a marketing major, inspired by him, striving diligently to keep her academic scores at the peak.

Yet for him, it was easy.

By the time she was in university, Tyrone had graduated, leaving a trail of tales behind. His name was etched on the twentieth spot in the hall of fame, surrounded by much older professors with their own accolades and significant contributions.

"What's on your mind?" Tyrone queried.

"Nothing," she responded nonchalantly, shaking her head.

Tyrone diverted the conversation.

"Will you join me at the party tomorrow evening?" Tyrone proposed.

Silence was Sabrina's response. Rarely did she grace such events anymore. The combination of a demanding job and a distaste for the elite had deterred her.

Deep within, she was just a simple girl.

She remembered the opulence of the previous charity dinner, yet all she retained were memories of the chilling pool water and the bracelet gifted to Galilea.

Sabrina finally responded, "You can bring your assistant."

Gazing at her, Tyrone replied calmly, "In that case, I won't go. I'll stay with you."

"That's not necessary."

"Why? Don't worry. It's just a casual party."

Sabrina chose to remain silent at his reassurances.

Back home, Sabrina remained in her study until close to midnight before preparing for bed.

As she opened the bathroom door, she froze.

Someone was there.

It was none other than Tyrone.

His usual routine was a late-night finish, so his early appearance was a surprise to Sabrina.

Tyrone seemed freshly showered, clad only in a towel.

His muscular back, broad shoulders, and slim waist were a testament to his impressive physique.

Damp hair accentuated his youthful appearance, a few strands lying carelessly on his forehead.

His shaving routine had begun, evidenced by the foam on his face and the razor in his hand.

He glanced up at the sound of the door.

"I'm sorry," she uttered in surprise, swiftly exiting to another bathroom.

As she stood in front of the mirror, the image of Tyrone replayed in her mind.

There was no denying that their three-year marriage had been physically satisfying.

Yet, Tyrone's body never failed to leave her awestruck. After their showers, they settled into bed, the room shrouded in darkness and silence.

Suddenly, a hand reached for hers, indicating Tyrone's desire to have sex.

Sabrina remained quiet for a moment.

Their baby was now three months old, they could perhaps attempt intimacy again. After all, Tyrone was an attractive man, and she wasn't at any disadvantage.

Still, she felt a strange hesitation.

She recalled that particular day at the house when he had consumed soup. He had expressed a preference for taking a cold shower rather than engaging in sexual activity with her.

Given her delayed response, Sabrina feigned sleep.

Under the moonlight, Tyrone studied her peaceful face, then gently lay beside her.

He softly kissed her neck.

At this, Sabrina's eyes fluttered open.

For a brief second, their eyes met.

Quickly, Sabrina closed her eyes, pretending to be still asleep.

Amused by this, Tyrone chuckled.

He stroked her hair and whispered, "Sleep well."

