

Chapter 245 Hunger Strike

Sabrina returned to the room, lunch boxes in hand, which she promptly set on the table.

Jennie, eyes gleaming with excitement, parked herself on the couch, already making selections. "I want to eat this one, and oh, this too..."

Sabrina's gaze shifted to Tyrone as she inquired, "Which ones do you want to eat? I can get you some of each of the dishes."

But Tyrone declined with a shake of his head. "I'm not up for eating."

Her frustration evident, Sabrina retorted, "Really, you can't eat? Why did Damon mention you've gone without food today because of something I said?"

A hint of hurt flashed across Tyrone's pale face. "What? Why would I know? Are you holding me responsible for his words?"

Feeling cornered, Sabrina held her tongue.

Fine! After all, scolding a patient wasn't right.

She closed her eyes briefly, seeking a brief reprieve from the situation.

While Sabrina and Jennie tucked into their meal, Tyrone sat next to them, engrossed working on his laptop.

Once the meal was done, Sabrina tidied up.

At this time, there was a knock on the door.

"Mr. Blakely?"

Upon opening the door, she was met with the sight of two middle-aged gentlemen.

Behind them, a pair of younger men held a trove of fruits and presents.

Recognizing them, Sabrina greeted, "Mr. Ellis, Mr. Palmer."

While they were clearly taken aback by Sabrina's presence, their expressions remained perfectly neutral.

"Is Mr. Blakely around?"

"He's right inside. Please, come in." Sabrina stepped aside to let them through.

Jennie, perched on the couch, looked up at Harrell and Cody with wide-eyed wonder. "Hello there."

Upon seeing Jennie, Harrell and Cody were caught off-guard.

They couldn't help but wonder when Tyrone had a daughter.

"Hello." Harrell gave a warm smile and then acknowledged Tyrone. "Mr. Blakely."

Tyrone lifted his gaze, offering a subtle nod in return.

Seeing that they might have something important to talk about, Sabrina interjected, "Jennie, it seems your uncle and these gentlemen need a moment. How about we head out for now?"

"Okay." Jennie assented with a nod, hopped off the couch, and cheerily waved at Tyrone. "We're heading out! We'll drop by tomorrow!"

"Take care. See you tomorrow."

As Sabrina and Jennie faded from view, Harrell signaled his assistant. The secretary promptly set down the assortment of fruits and presents and took up position outside the door.

"Mr. Blakely..."

Tyrone paused, pulling his hands away from his laptop. He reclined on the couch, remarking, "If you're here regarding our prior discussions, I suggest heading back. Given my poor health, overseeing Blakely Group's affairs is beyond me."

Harrell and Cody exchanged glances. It was evident upon entering the room that Tyrone looked much thinner, suggesting a grave illness.

Yet they were cornered and left with no choice. After mulling it over, Harrell said, "We understand your current health predicament, Mr. Blakely. But we're in a tight spot. The group is battling internal dissent and external pressures. You're the only one capable of fixing the situation."

Larry wasn't well-versed in the intricacies of Blakely Group's operations, and adjusting would require a significant chunk of time.

Rival businesses seized this window of vulnerability to grab Blakely Group's assets and projects.

The top executives in the company weren't working together, and two of them were even lured away by rival firms. The board members had conflicting views, making it challenging for Larry to manage them.

Ever since Cesar's passing and Tyrone stepping down, Blakely Group's share value had been on a decline. Although there was a small rise occasionally, they were short-lived.

Before the New Year's day, Blakely Group hosted an end-of-year media briefing. Here, a group of shareholders demanded clear answers from the higher-ups.

The company had gone through over two months of chaos, and Harrell had to acknowledge that while Tyrone might be a bit authoritarian, he was the best leader for the team. He was a leader who could bring the employees together and guide the company through the challenges of the business world.

Tyrone, arching an eyebrow, queried, "Internal conflicts and external threats?"

Harrell elaborated, "A handful of our real estate ventures in Centenia were unexpectedly swiped in recent weeks. Additionally, our various departments face fierce competition."

Some board members were of the view to reclaim those projects or put competitors in their place.

Others believed the firm needed stability; hasty moves could further jeopardize the group.

Leaning back, hands resting on his knees, Tyrone asked with a discerning look, "Any leads on the person who did it?"

Larry was family, and Tyrone had a soft spot for him.

However, no one was to tarnish the legacy meticulously built by his grandfather.

"We believe it's the work of the Fowler family."

"Fowler family?" Tyrone repeated in a low voice, his gaze dropping as he processed this revelation.

Why were the Fowler family targeting Blakely Group?

"You've reached out to them?" Tyrone probed further.

Exhaling heavily, Harrell responded, "I instructed my assistant to schedule a meeting with the head of the Fowler family, but failed. I did, however, manage a sit-down with a couple of Fowler Group's senior executives, but they remained tight-lipped."

Tyrone frowned slightly. "Direct confrontation with the Fowlers isn't wise right now. Get someone to dig deeper. If we inadvertently upset them, we can reach out, and find a middle ground. If not, focus on our ongoing ventures and stay alert for the right moment. Hold off any new ventures until then."

Harrell gave a nod of understanding. "Got it. And how are you feeling now? When do you plan to rejoin the company?"

"I won't be back in the near future. Just ensure things remain steady for now."

Both Harrell and Cody exchanged glances, nodding in resignation.

After their exit, the room was left in silence, occupied solely by Tyrone.

However, shortly after, Damon made an entrance, taking a seat across from Tyrone. After sipping some water, he began, "Galilea's psychiatrist reached out. She's growing restless. If you continue to avoid her, she's threatening to expose Sabrina's identity."

Tyrone adjusted his sleeves casually, responding, "Arrange for her to visit tomorrow."

When Tyrone saw Galilea again, he almost couldn't recognize her.

She looked worn out, with dry, brittle hair and unkempt attire. The radiant star she once was seemed lost.

Her deep-set eyes emphasized further by their eerie, protruding appearance, hinted at a harrowing narrative. She moved sluggishly, possibly due to an overdose of sedatives, often staring blankly into the distance.

Catching Tyrone's startled expression, she mustered a smirk, asking in a hoarse voice, "Are you surprised? You have yourself to thank for the state I'm in."

Lounging in the armchair, Tyrone lit up a cigarette, responding, "Had you heeded my advice and left for overseas, you wouldn't have been like this. Your greedy desires led you down this path."

Galilea's laughter filled the room.

Tyrone took a drag on his cigarette calmly and opened his mouth slightly. The smoke came out from his mouth.

Once her laughter subsided, Galilea settled onto the couch opposite Tyrone, saying, "My greed? Ha! The title of Mrs. Blakely was meant for me. You guys broke your promise and now dare to point fingers? After everything I've done, don't I deserve something?"

Chapter 246 Half-sister

Swirls of smoke veiled Tyrone's face.

The phrase "you guys" caused a slight frown on Tyrone's face, but he didn't dwell on it, assuming it was just a mistake or a moment of confusion on Galilea's part.

As for the past, they were just memories for him, and he had no desire to keep revisiting it with Galilea.

Cradling a cigarette between his fingers, Tyrone inquired nonchalantly, "So, did you visit Grandpa? What did you and Grandpa discuss about?"

Galilea's gaze, sharp and piercing, locked onto Tyrone's. "Do you want to find out? I'll keep that to myself."

Tyrone's mind was already a maze of confusion.

Tyrone had thought Galilea had told to his grandfather that he was hopelessly devoted to her, but given the allocation of company shares, Cesar seemed less miffed with Tyrone and more distant with Larry.

After all, his grandfather was no stranger to Tyrone's past affair. Could the old man really be that fragile?

Unable to piece it together, Tyrone attributed it to his grandfather's waning years.

Tyrone continued, "Past is past. Damon mentioned you've been wanting to meet me?"

"Are you playing dumb? Aren't you aware of the leverage I hold? It's amusing to find out Sabrina's actually my half-sister. Seems like our fates are intertwined with the Blakely family," Galilea said.

"So? And what do you want?"

As the final embers of his cigarette died out, Tyrone extinguished it into the ashtray.

Rather than responding, Galilea scoffed, "It's been ages since we last met. I assumed my leverage was useless. Yet, here you are. Despite your divorce, you're still giving up your interests for her?"

Without hesitation, Tyrone affirmed, "Yes, that's a choice I willingly make."

Galilea's facade faltered, the envy apparent in her gaze. Through gritted teeth, she spat, "She's a bitch!"

When circumstances led her to end her relationship with Tyrone and go abroad, she realized she couldn't forget about him.

She couldn't let go of this man or the influence he wielded.

She was filled with remorse.

She had longed for a chance to reunite with Tyrone, but he was already married.

Tyrone raised his eyes and asked coldly, "What was that again?"

His eyes were piercing, sharp enough to slice through the toughest metals.

With defiance, Galilea met his stare, asserting, "I merely mentioned that Sabrina is as lowly as her mother. She's acquainted with many beds, having been with countless men. Am I mistaken?"

Tyrone's eyes darkened, simmering with fury. He retorted, "It's clear you're not here for a peaceful conversation. Return to your psychiatric ward then!"

"Try sending me back to that hospital, and you will see Sabrina's reputation crumble! Did you think my only card to play was that piece of knowledge? Why would I take such risks if I wasn't armed with more?" Galilea's face was nearly contorted with self-satisfaction.

She burst into laughter and said, "Snap out of it, Tyrone. Don't be so stubborn! Sabrina is a bitch who would settle with anyone. Her audacity surpasses even the most brazen prostitute."

Tyrone's fingers instinctively tightened, his temples throbbing.

He'd never hit a woman, but Galilea was pushing him close to the edge.

However, he managed to control his anger and inquired, "Is there anything else you're aware of?"

From her attire, Galilea took a picture, sliding it across to Tyrone. "See for yourself. Everything will become clear."

Tyrone's gaze dropped to the photo unveiling before him.

His face was calm as he picked up a corner and looked at it.

The picture showed a foreign setting with buildings and surroundings unfamiliar to him. Sabrina was captured during her college days, wearing a dress and walking on a street corner, exuding a youthful and naive vibe.

What stood out the most was Sabrina's prominent belly, which appeared quite large, as if she were on the brink of giving birth.

Even though Tyrone was aware that Sabrina had given birth before, he couldn't help feeling a surge of anger and sadness upon seeing the photo.

He gripped the photo firmly, his hand veins standing out and his knuckles turning pale. He gazed at the picture intensely, as if trying to bore holes into it.

Noticing Tyrone's expression, Galilea grinned triumphantly, remarking, "Interesting, isn't it? She was carrying another man's child. Does your affection for her remain unchanged? And just to remind you don't even bother ripping that photo. I have plenty more."

Tyrone paused, taking a deep breath. He slowly placed the photo back

down, raising an inquiring eyebrow. "Where did this photo come from?"

Had Galilea had the photo earlier, she surely would have used it to push for a divorce from Sabrina.

It was evident she had recently acquired it.

That must be the reason for her urgent request to meet him.

If he could persuade Galilea to delete the original copy, Sabrina might be spared public embarrassment.

For a split second, Galilea's confident demeanor wavered, but she recovered swiftly, countering with a smirk, "That's not for you to concern over. Ensure Sabrina's secret and this image remain private by meeting my terms. Refuse, and watch Sabrina's reputation crumble."

She was equally clueless about the origin of the photo, but one day, it just appeared on her room's table out of nowhere.

It was clear that Sabrina had rubbed someone the wrong way, and they intended to target her through her.

Sabrina's mother had an affair and Sabrina wasn't actually Connor's daughter. Her life abroad was filled with chaos, and she even had a child during that time.

Adding to the rumors and speculations from before, Sabrina would be unable to provide any further explanations.

However, Tyrone's reaction was unexpected. He chuckled and said, "Did you assume that, after seeing this, I'd defend her?"

Galilea's self-satisfied smile faltered.

Unfazed, Tyrone carried on, "You've made your point. She's not worth the effort, so there won't be any negotiation. Perhaps it's best you return to your psychiatric hospital."

Flustered, Galilea tried to keep calm, saying, "Really, Tyrone? Are you

sure? Aren't you concerned about Sabrina's tarnished image? Surely that will reflect poorly on you, won't it?"

Why did he change his mind so soon?

"Do you really believe I'd be swayed by idle chatter? Damon, take her..."

"Remember, she's part of the Blakely family. Aren't you worried about tarnishing your family's name? Aren't you afraid of ruining your grandfather's reputation? He'd done so much for charity. Can you bear to see Sabrina ruin the Blakely family's reputation?" Galilea's voice quivered with unease.

Tyrone held his response.

Seeing that her words struck a chord, Galilea quickly proposed her terms. "If you just let me go, we won't meddle in each other's affairs anymore, and Sabrina's background and this photo will never be exposed. This is definitely not a loss for you!"

She longed for Tyrone's proposal to marry her.

However, she knew he wouldn't agree at the moment, so she had to settle for a second option.

"How many copies exist? If you wish to negotiate a deal, present every original and duplicate," Tyrone demanded.

"If I hand them over, I lose my leverage. What if you suddenly go back on your word?" Galilea countered.

"Damon, send her back!" Tyrone's voice shouted.

"Fine! I'll surrender every copy, originals and all," Galilea quickly agreed.

Tyrone's eyebrow arched, a hint of amusement in his gaze, and he said, "Considering you played a role in my grandfather's death, it's against my better judgment to release someone like you. Yet, out of respect for the Blakely family's name and my grandfather's legacy... Damon will go with you. Ensure all copies are destroyed. After that, you're free to go."

With a sigh of relief, Galilea said, "Okay."

After the negotiation, it was time for her to leave.

Galilea caught her reflection in the glass. She was momentarily stunned, feeling the weight in her legs.

She used to be so beautiful, but somehow, she ended up like this.

A sorrowful smile crossed her lips as she made her way to the door. Pausing at the door, she turned, eyes brimming with melancholy, and whispered, "Tyrone, did you ever truly love me?"

