

Chapter 58 Taking Her Place

Tyrone had taken Galilea to meet his grandfather. He had brought his mistress to his grandfather's ward. Inside, Sabrina was engulfed by sadness and shivering with coldness.

What was his intention behind this act?

In the midst of their intimate moment, he left because of Galilea's assistant's call. Then, he accompanied her to the hospital to meet his grandfather.

How could he treat his wife this way?

Sabrina stood at the door, eavesdropping on the discussion within.

Galilea's words were tinged with insincere flattery, but Cesar and Wanda were unimpressed.

In the midst of the conversation, Wanda shifted the focus to Tyrone and voiced her disappointment. "Tyrone, weren't you supposed to return home with Sabrina last night? Why did you come here with Ms. Clifford today? She must be swamped with her work, and so are you. Why trouble her to come here? If paparazzi capture you two together and it goes viral, won't it hamper her career?"

"Mrs. Blakely, the decision to come here was mine," Galilea retorted promptly. "When I came to know that Mr. Blakely was hospitalized, I was gravely concerned, hence I requested Tyrone to accompany me here."

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Wanda looked displeased and said, "Tyrone, it isn't necessary to involve outsiders in our personal matters. Ms. Clifford, please don't take it personally. I'm just worried about people with ulterior motives showing up here upon hearing the news, which can be quite bothersome."

Despite having the intruder of her grandson's marriage right in front of her eyes, Wanda managed to maintain her courteous demeanor.

With a complexion as pale as a ghost, Galilea cast a pitiful glance at Tyrone.

"Grandma, sorry. It was my idea to bring her here. You can hold me accountable," Tyrone said.

He had searched for Galilea for a long time last night.

Owing to his prolonged absence, she had started to feel neglected and had even begun to self-harm.

Left with no alternatives, Tyrone decided to bring her here as an assertion of his commitment towards her.

Cesar's face turned grim. He clutched his chest and succumbed to a severe bout of coughing.

"Grandpa!" Tyrone rushed to him, concern evident in his voice.

Wanda held onto Cesar's arm and instructed, "Ms. Clifford, now that you've seen Cesar and shown your concern, we are grateful. But he isn't doing well currently, he needs rest. Tyrone, get someone to escort her home and call the driver to bring Sabrina here."

"Sure," Tyrone responded. "Let's leave, Galilea."

"Wait, Ms. Clifford, you may leave alone. I have something to discuss with Tyrone," Cesar intervened abruptly.

Galilea paused and looked at Tyrone.

Tyrone gestured her to exit the room first. "Grandpa."

On hearing this, Sabrina made a swift exit to the restroom. She had no intention of bumping into Galilea.

She remained in the restroom for a while, only stepping out when she presumed Tyrone and Galilea had departed.

To her surprise, she bumped into Galilea right outside the restroom.

"Hi, Sabrina. You're here!" Galilea greeted her, her face beaming with a smile. "Then why didn't you step into the room but hide out here?"

"To spare you the discomfort. I am well aware that it would be embarrassing for you if I witnessed you being driven out."

Galilea's smile was instantly wiped off her face.

Seeing her expression, Sabrina smiled and brushed past her.

"Sabrina." Galilea called out to her from behind. "Why the rush? I have something to share with you."

Sabrina halted and turned to her. "I don't see any topic of discussion between us apart from Tyrone. Or do you wish to share your cherished moments with Tyrone? Is that all you have left?"

"No, you are mistaken." Galilea, with her arms crossed and a smug expression on her face, countered. "What I have to share involves you."

Sabrina arched her eyebrows but remained silent.

She had a feeling that the news wouldn't be pleasant and that she should leave. However, for some reason, she couldn't bring herself to do so.

"A few days back, you encountered a car wreck, right? It was my supporters who rammed you. Can you guess

why?" Galilea questioned, her lips curved into a sophisticated grin, sauntering to Sabrina.

Sabrina responded with a tranquil gaze.

"It's because you slid into my relationship with Tyrone!" Galilea divulged.

With a cold smirk, Sabrina retorted, "You only have the nerve to say that before me. It's clear who the intruder was. You continue to peddle these lies to me; aren't you worried I might spill it all to the media, ending your career in a snap?"

An uproarious laughter slipped from Galilea.

"Why are you laughing?" Sabrina asked, puzzled.

"I'm laughing at your ignorance, Sabrina. The news of you being the other woman has already spread across the media and the internet."

Sabrina remained silent, prompting Galilea to add, "You've been out of the loop for a while. Had you been more attuned to online chatter, you wouldn't be so ignorant."

Sabrina felt her heart drop. Lately, her vision had been cloudy, especially when focusing on digital screens like her phone. She hadn't been using her phone or browsing the web much these past few days.

What could have happened during this period?

Why had no one informed her?

Had Tyrone been withholding the truth?

"What? Scared to confirm it for yourself?"

Sabrina dug her nails into her palms, marking them red.

She understood Galilea was trying to rattle her.

The more Galilea taunted her, the more resolute Sabrina became in not giving her satisfaction.

"Sabrina, you claim to be Tyrone's wife, right? Don't you trust him? One thing I admire about you is that you know Tyrone doesn't care for you. See, just yesterday, my assistant called him and he immediately came to me. He even introduced me to his grandparents. Without you, Tyrone and I would have been wedded long ago. He loves me, and you're the one intruding on us." ☹

"You're the one who knows the intruder's identity best, Galilea. Tyrone and I were married when you two were already over. I never came between you two; you've been coming between us!" Sabrina's voice quivered as she struggled to hold back her emotions.

"Why are you avoiding your phone then? Stop pretending. You fear it because you know the truth. You've accepted it. You're the one disrupting Tyrone and me."

"Humph," Sabrina scoffed. "You want me to look at my phone? Fine, it's no big deal. Even if the online crowd brands me as the other woman, can it alter the fact that you are, in reality, the intruder?"

Sabrina knew she shouldn't have checked her phone. But her hands moved of their own accord, retrieving her phone from her purse and opening Twitter.

Numerous unread messages waited for her.

Her hands quivered as she opened the first one.

The number of replies to her most recent post had exploded into the thousands.

She had braced herself for it. When she came across those

hurtful words, she wasn't taken aback. What did surprise her, though, was the timing.

It had been several days since the first comment accusing her of being a third party had appeared.

It was dated August 16th.

What happened that day?

She racked her brain, remembering that it was a Saturday when she had watched a show with Tyrone and later fetched him from the club.

They must have been caught on camera.

Sabrina tried to compose herself, switching off her phone and casually saying, "I've seen it. Now what? Those folks don't know the real story. Do you think I should be bothered by their words?"

Galilea laughed in response. "Sabrina, you're so naive. Didn't you wonder why you're only discovering this several days later? Or why no one stepped in to set the record straight?"

