

## Chapter 78 Piss Her Off

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Drained of strength, Sabrina could hardly stand on her own. She nestled into Tyrone's embrace, her flushed face gasping for air.

Tyrone, sensing her tremors, gently asked, "How do you feel? Feeling any better?"

Nestled in his comforting embrace, Sabrina didn't want to break free. Like a kitten, she purred a soft "Yes" in response.

Supporting her, Tyrone allowed her to sit on his lap.

Understanding his intentions, Sabrina squirmed, saying, "No, you can't."

She was in no condition for such intimate relations, especially with their baby in mind. ③

"But we can take it slow, we don't have work tomorrow," Tyrone reasoned.

Two months without sex was taking a toll on him. Plus, his recent efforts to help her relax had only increased his longing for her.

Sabrina found it hard to resist him, just then a knock on the door provided a momentary distraction.

Breathing deeply, she gently pushed him aside.

"Answer the door."

Cursing under his breath, Tyrone groaned. Of all the times, their dinner had to be delivered now.

Wrapping himself in his bathrobe, he fetched their meal from the door.

Laying out the extravagant dinner by the hot spring pool table, Tyrone watched as Sabrina relaxed in the warm waters, thoroughly enjoying her meal.

Once she finished her dinner, she rose from the hot spring pool, clad in a bath towel, and declared, "I'm heading back. You can have the rest."

Tyrone's mood soured at her departure.

After Sabrina left, he ate a bit more, exited the hot spring and tidied the pool's edge.

Back in the living room, Tyrone found a phone on the sofa. Just as he was about to switch it on, he realized it was Sabrina's, not his.

He knew the password.

Unlocking the phone, he noticed what she had been reading before.

Two clicks in, he froze.

It was a post from Galilea from the previous night, expressing appreciation. "Grateful for your company in the early morning."

A quick click on the attached photo, and he recognized his own hand.

The timestamp matched the night he visited Galilea

behind Sabrina's back.

A pang of guilt and anxiety hit Tyrone.

Had Sabrina seen the post? ④

Perhaps she hadn't.

Hopefully, she hadn't. ①

Frantically, Tyrone checked his own phone. The time was right but the post was missing.

Using Sabrina's phone, he examined Galilea's profile and confirmed the match.

A sudden realization struck him.

He texted Eddie, "Eddie, did Galilea post something two nights ago?"

Eddie promptly replied, "No. Why do you ask?"

"Never mind." A grim understanding dawned upon Tyrone. ②

Only Sabrina could see the post.

Why would Galilea make such a move?

Was it deliberate?

Was she trying to provoke Sabrina?

Hadn't she always expressed guilt over Sabrina's situation?

Tyrone hoped he was wrong.

Pondering over the situation, Tyrone decided to call Galilea. ①

As the call connected, Galilea's cheerful voice echoed. "Tyrone."

"It's me. Have you had dinner?"

"Yes, I just did."

"Are you at the set or the hotel?"

"I'm at the hotel. Wrapped up early today. What's the matter?"

"I need to ask you something. Be honest." ①

Galilea's tone changed to a cautious one. "Alright."

"Did you post something two nights ago?"

Galilea fell silent.

Tyrone's expression darkened. "Only Sabrina could see the post. Why?"

After a pause, Galilea broke into sobs. "Tyrone, I did it. Please don't hate me. I... I was just terrified of losing you. You mentioned falling in love with Sabrina. You even declined the divorce and suggested I move overseas. I panicked. The fear of being away from you was unbearable. In desperation, I made that post. I'm sorry. Can you forgive me?" ②

Galilea was confident that Sabrina wouldn't show the post to Tyrone, so she dared to make her move. But she never expected Tyrone to find out.

Tyrone was silent.

His perception of her shifted when he saw the post. Over the phone, Galilea continued pleading for his forgiveness, her voice shaky.

"Tyrone, can you forgive me? I can apologize to Sabrina right now. I can't imagine life without

you."

"Please, don't do this again. Delete it." ①

"Alright, alright, it'll be gone immediately. Tyrone, have you forgiven me? I've disappointed you, Tyrone. What have I done to Sabrina? I've hurt her once more. She must despise me now."

"I don't think she caught a glimpse. You don't need to be so hard on yourself. Keep your distance from her going forward." ②

"I understand."

Though Galilea agreed, she was not at peace.

She regretted that Sabrina missed the post.

After disconnecting the call, Tyrone scrutinized the post using Sabrina's phone, and it was nowhere to be found.

He exhaled in relief.

Possibly, Sabrina was unaware of his departure that night.

Just then, a knock echoed from the door.

Tyrone moved to answer. It was Sabrina indeed.

She eyed him and uttered, "I think I left my phone here."

"Yes." Tyrone handed over her phone.

"Thanks." Sabrina turned around to leave, then something flashed in her mind. "Could you lend me a hand?"

"Come in."

Sabrina made her way inside.

Tyrone latched the door and proposed, "Just ask. Do we need to observe formalities?"

"Could I take a picture of you and upload it?"

Tyrone grew slightly jittery. He moistened his lips nervously and questioned, "Take my photo and upload it?"

Did she happen to see Galilea's post? ⓘ

"Bob inquired in the car if I was single because he wants to pursue me. I told him I had a boyfriend, but he wasn't convinced. I'm worried he won't leave me alone. I just want him to back off from an uncomfortable situation. Don't worry. I won't expose your face."

Initially, there was this man obsessing over Sabrina every day. Later on, it was Tyrone who had him reassigned.

Hearing this, Tyrone promptly consented, "Okay, how do you propose we proceed?"

"I'd prefer a more intimate picture. It's believable."

"Alright."

"Okay, so I'm nestled in your arms, with your arm around me. Can I take a selfie capturing your jawline with my phone? Is that okay?"

"Absolutely. Let's take photos on the bed."

The two of them positioned themselves on the bed and struck a pose. Sabrina snapped a few shots and eventually selected a pleasing one.

Her face dominated the center of the picture. A man in a robe was visible next to her, half of his chest, collarbone, and neck on display. Only his jawline was captured, his face remained unseen.

"This one's quite good. I can't upload it today. I'll post it in a few days."

If she shared it today, her colleagues would immediately think of Tyrone.

"Sure."

"I'll head back now."

Sabrina, phone in hand, exited swiftly.

Watching her spirited departure, Tyrone's face was etched with melancholy.

To her, he was merely a backdrop, casually discarded after serving his purpose. ☹

She found her way back to her room, settled on the bed, and started fiddling with her phone.

She searched for Galilea's post from two days ago, but it was not to be found.

Did she delete it?

That would certainly infuriate her.

The picture she captured with Tyrone wasn't for Bob but for Galilea. She was certain that it would bother Galilea.

Moreover, she had a legitimate excuse. Even if Galilea threw a tantrum at Tyrone, he wouldn't compel her to delete it.

She could barely contain her excitement to witness Galilea's reaction.