

Chapter 119 I'd Rather Die

Sporting a distressed look, Galilea cast herself into Tyrone's embrace, clutching his clothes tightly, and wept, "Tyrone, I was afraid you wouldn't come for me! What took you so long?"

Tyrone hesitated momentarily before gently placing his hand on her back, soothing her. "Fear not. Everything will be alright."

Tears streamed down Galilea's face as she wept in his hold.

The two were a remarkable sight, hugging each other and shedding tears. It was a deeply moving sight.

A short distance away, Sabrina stood motionless, staring at them without emotion.

Did she feel upset? Not quite.

She had anticipated this prior to her hospital visit.

She had expected to feel sorrow and anger.

Yet, she felt strangely calm now.

"You're still bleeding. Let the doctor attend to you."

Tyrone grasped Galilea's bleeding wrist and motioned for the doctor to approach.

But the instant the doctor approached, Galilea abruptly hid behind Tyrone, shouting vehemently, "I don't want to be treated! Don't touch me! Stay back!"

The doctor looked at Tyrone helplessly.

Tyrone knitted his brows and declared, "If you don't stop the bleeding, it could be fatal."

With her eyes filled with tears, Galilea looked at Tyrone fondly and declared, "I'd prefer to die in your arms!"

"Stop this foolish talk!" Tyrone retorted, his expression hardening, his gaze drifting to Sabrina.

Sabrina merely watched them with a calm smile, which sent an inexplicable wave of fear through Tyrone.

"I'm not being foolish! The pain of our breakup has been unbearable. Every time I close my eyes, you're there. Given another chance, I would never choose to leave you. I knew you'd obey your grandfather, so I had to leave. I'm willing to die to prove my love! I'd be content to die in your arms!" Tears flooded Galilea's eyes as she spoke earnestly.

Tyrone, now preoccupied with Sabrina, looked at Galilea impassively. After a moment of silence, he advised, "Don't overthink. Tend to your wound first."

"I refuse the bandage! I'd rather die without you!"

Tyrone's expression darkened. "Well, if you're so set on dying, no one can dissuade you. I won't waste my time here."

With that, he stood, turned, and began to leave.

Shocked, Galilea clung to Tyrone's arm and pleaded, "Tyrone, please don't leave!"

Tyrone halted and looked at her. "Are you going to keep

using your life as a bargaining chip?"

Shaking her head, Galilea sobbed and wiped away her tears, inadvertently smearing blood on her face.

"I'm not threatening you. I was just afraid that you'd leave once I was treated. I can't bear for you to go."

"If you refuse treatment, I'll leave this instant."

"Okay. I'll get treated, alright?" Galilea conceded, wiping away her tears, her voice filled with resentment.

Tyrone nodded at the doctor.

The doctor approached Galilea and attended to her wound.

Galilea didn't resist. She appeared somewhat frightened, nestling into Tyrone, clutching his arm tightly, unwilling to release him.

Watching them, Sabrina quietly exited the room.

In the corridor, she stared out the window at the distant horizon.

She had been right.

As long as Galilea remained, she and Tyrone could never live peacefully.

She had no desire for a life overshadowed by constant dread.

It was too exhausting.

Then, a figure approached from behind.

Julia stood beside her, a triumphant grin on her face.

"Sabrina, did you see that? Mr. Blakely and Galilea

have been in love for years. Their breakup is anything but easy!"

Julia expected Sabrina to argue, but instead, she agreed, "You're correct."

Julia was taken aback. "Since you understand, you must also know that clinging onto Mr. Blakely is pointless. You should let him go. At least you'll maintain your dignity."

"Galilea needs to know about this. Regardless of how profound their affection may be, it's not justification enough to meddle in others' marriage. This morning, Bettie, upon believing the rumors, said to me, 'I won't be friends with a mistress.' It appears the old saying was right. Birds of a feather really do flock together!"

Julia's face turned icy. Just as she was gathering words for a response, she detected footsteps behind her.

Emerging from the ward, Tyrone paused behind Sabrina and suggested, "Let's go."

"Has her therapy session ended?" Sabrina queried as she turned around.

"Yes."

Suddenly, the terrified scream of Galilea echoed from the ward.

"Mr. Blakely, you're not staying with her any longer? She..." Julia attempted to continue, but the frigid gaze from Tyrone stopped her mid-sentence.

Sabrina took a quick glance at Tyrone.

He took hold of her hand and together they descended the stairs.

Spotting them, the driver promptly abandoned his cigarette and swung the car door open. "Sir, are we returning to the office?"

"Yes."

The car exited the hospital premises, smoothly navigating the speed bumps, and was about to merge onto the main road.

However, the driver suddenly hit the brakes.

Instantaneously, a crowd encircled the vehicle, brandishing cameras and hurling a volley of questions, hopeful that Tyrone and Sabrina would step out for an interview.

It was a group of reporters lurking near the hospital. Sabrina gazed in astonishment at the chaotic crowd outside the car.

What a familiar scene!

But this time, she and Tyrone were the ones entrapped. Tyrone, with a grim countenance, ordered the driver, "Proceed. I can manage the consequences!"

The driver blanched, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. He nudged the car forward.

While Tyrone could afford any consequences, he was currently driving the car.

If he accidentally injured someone, it could lead to a new wave of negative publicity.

Since the reporters had already spotted them, it wouldn't be easy to escape the situation so effortlessly. Despite the commotion, the reporters were unwilling to disperse. They clustered around the car, following its pace, undeterred by the silent and sealed windows, continuing their barrage of questions.

"Mr. Blakely, Ms. Chavez, could we have a word?"

"Mr. Blakely, what do you think of the news this morning?"

"What is the nature of your relationship with Ms. Chavez?"

No one responded.

With the incessant honking and bustling traffic at the hospital, the security personnel arrived to instate some semblance of order.

Finally finding an opening, the driver accelerated, leaving the reporters behind.

The reporters were wary of getting injured. Even if they were to get compensation, dealing with Blakely Group's formidable legal department wouldn't be a walk in the park. The reporters tried to generate public opinion, but it had minimal impact on Blakely Group's stock. Compared to Tyrone, the other CEO were leading more promiscuous lives. This news was hardly noteworthy.

On the contrary, they could end up facing retaliation, experiencing losses, and finding themselves without any recourse for help.

With the hospital in the rearview, Tyrone's expression

remained unchanged.

Their arrival at the hospital had gone unnoticed, yet a short while later, they were swarmed by the press.

The driver sighed in relief.

His employment remained secure.

Abruptly, Tyrone's phone buzzed.

He retrieved it from his suit pocket, glanced at it, and hung up.

Sabrina cast a sidelong glance at him, asking, "Why didn't you take the call?"

"It was a spam call."

Sabrina didn't say anything.

Moments later, a notification buzzed.

Tyrone, however, didn't acknowledge it.

Sabrina speculated it was likely another attempt by Julia or Galilea to reach out to him.

As they entered the parking garage of Blakely Group, the car came to a halt by the elevator.

Tyrone said abruptly, "I've some matter to attend to. Head up first."

Sabrina paused briefly, then opened the door and responded, "Alright."

She closed the door behind her, and the car slowly backed away.

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Despite his ongoing attachment to Galilea, he still put on a facade before her. If so, why didn't he simply remain at the hospital?

