

Chapter 139 I Won't Give Up

In the quiet corner of a nearby cafe, not far from the hospital, Julia and Kylan sat facing each other, each with a cup of coffee.

"If you have something to say, just say it," Julia urged.

"Mr. Blakely wanted me to remind you that although ambition can be a great motivator, it can also be your downfall," Kylan retorted with a smile.

Julia's face fell, confusion creeping into her voice. "I don't follow. What is he implying?"

"Remember the shooting incident at the Grand Theatre with Mr. Blakely and his wife? And the subsequent online disclosure? You orchestrated that, didn't you? Don't rush to deny it. The fact that I'm mentioning it means Mr. Blakely already knows."

The blood drained from Julia's face.

"And there's the matter of your dealings with Julius and Alick."

Taking a deep breath to regain her composure, Julia retorted, "I have no idea what you're referring to!"

She was caught off guard. She hadn't anticipated that Tyrone would unravel everything so quickly.

Kylan, wearing a confident smirk, calmly stated, "Julius, Alick, and the remaining attackers have been apprehended by the police."

"So?" Julia attempted to maintain her denial.

"Despite your efforts to cover your tracks, it's impossible to execute such a scheme without leaving some evidence. Did you really believe Mr. Blakely to be a fool and his men, incompetent?" Kylan asked, fully aware of the covert operatives Tyrone employed, including a young ex-convict.

Pale-faced and stunned, Julia defended herself. "This was all Galilea's doing!"

She had no intention of taking the fall for Galilea, certainly not to the point of imprisonment.

She realized Tyrone had been aware of their schemes all along, yet had chosen to ignore them.

But now, his tolerance for Galilea's actions had run dry. There was no escape left.

When the verdict of the administrative review upheld the initial sentence, Julius reached out to Harrell's secretary, hoping for a private resolution.

At the time of the accident, Harrell had proposed the same, to avoid undue attention.

But Julius had declined, choosing instead to amplify the issue through media outlets.

Now, with all that had transpired, Blakely Group would certainly not settle privately. Instead, they would compensate for the deceased and injured according to legal provisions.

Based on the existing evidence, it was highly unlikely that the

fatality would be classified as a work-related death. The deceased worker would bear the primary responsibility for his negligence, reducing the compensation significantly from Harrell's initial offer.

This left Julius incensed.

Julia phoned Julius and analyzed the situation. "Validating responsibilities will likely take at least a month, and negotiating compensation will also be time-consuming. Given the trouble you've caused Tyrone Blakely, he'll probably try to prolong the negotiations and reduce the compensation amount. He might even push you to resort to a lawsuit, which could take several more months. The lawyers at Blakely Group are top-notch. They might be able to delay the process even further. It's possible that you won't receive the compensation until one or two years from now. Furthermore, if your father is deemed primarily responsible for his death, Tyrone might sue you, and you could end up having to compensate him for his loss. He's a capitalist. You can't fathom how despicable those capitalists can be."

The more Julius dwelled on it, the angrier he grew. He loathed Tyrone and desired vengeance against him.

As a result of these events, Blakely Group's stock price plummeted, inciting some shareholders to protest outside the group's headquarters.

One of them, Alick, spurred by his financial loss and personal issues, along with Julia's manipulation and incentives, decided to retaliate against Tyrone.

"Galilea, Mr. Blakely will ship you off overseas, and you won't be able to return. But my parents are here. I can't leave. From now on, you're on your own." In the hospital room, Julia bade her farewell to Galilea.

Having once aspired to make Galilea Mrs. Blakely and use his influence to elevate her own status, Julia now realized that her fate rested in Tyrone's hands.

If Tyrone despised her, Julia would be unable to use his influence.

She had seen with the replacement of the Cloudwater Town's leading actress and the MQ Clothing's spokesperson. All of Galilea's work engagements were abruptly canceled, despite her attempts to negotiate.

Galilea was taken aback by Julia's words. "Julia, are you abandoning me too? Please, don't leave me. I won't give up!" she implored, struggling to sit up despite the searing pain from her wounds.

"Tyrone's affection for you has faded. No matter what you do, it's futile. Perhaps going abroad isn't such a bad idea. It might present an opportunity for a fresh start. But I can't join you. You're on your own now," Julia replied, before walking out of the ward.

To avoid ending up in jail, she decided to keep a low profile from now on.

"Julia! Julia..." The desperation in Galilea's voice was unmistakable as she called out for Julia.

As Julia departed, Galilea's eyes widened, and they turned red with emotion.

Even Julia wouldn't stand in her corner.

It seemed she had to be sent abroad.

In the ward, Galilea's mother, Evie, set the soup on the table, filled a bowl, and murmured, "Look at the state you're in. Tyrone couldn't even be bothered to show his face after you were injured."

Leaning against the headboard, Galilea remained silent, her irritation palpable.

Oblivious to Galilea's mood, Evie, perched at the edge of the bed, continued her litany of complaints. "You've known Tyrone for years, yet Sabrina managed to outdo you. It's beyond me why you were so adamant about leaving the country. If not for that, you'd be Mrs. Blakely now. You must swallow your pride, give him what he..."

"Enough! Can you just shut up?" Galilea interjected, her patience worn thin.

If she'd had her way, she wouldn't have left all those years ago. But the choice hadn't been hers.

"I'm your mother. I'm only looking out for you," Evie grumbled, her lips curling into a pout.

She fed Galilea some soup, pressing on. "It's common knowledge that you two were a couple. How did things come to this? You've barely returned and now you're leaving again. It's embarrassing for your father and me. We're at a loss when

our friends ask about you."

Eyes closed, Galilea asked in a measured tone, "Where's Dad? What has he been up to lately?"

He'd made a promise to deal with Sabrina, but had he followed through?

How disappointing her parents had proven to be!

"Your dad? Don't bother with him. He's probably with his new mistress by now."

Galilea held her silence.

Why were these people her parents?

Her father, ever so ambitious yet utterly ineffective when it came to family affairs, knew only how to juggle mistresses.

Her mother, constantly bickering with her father, did nothing but nag.

She found herself envying Sabrina.

Despite her difficult upbringing, Sabrina had effortlessly secured the title of Mrs. Blakely.

"Don't rely on your dad. If there's anything you need, just tell me."

Galilea glanced at her mother without uttering a word.

"What's with that look?" Evie questioned, irritated.

"Nothing. Don't read too much into it," Galilea snapped, clearly exasperated.

After her spat with Galilea, Evie returned home and flung her purse onto the sofa.

Osiris, her husband, hadn't come back yet. She fumed, assuming he was off with some tramp.

Just then, Osiris' secretary walked in, clutching some paperwork.

"Osiris isn't here."

"I'm aware. He asked me to deliver the document to his study."

