

## Chapter 101 Abandon The Old For The New

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With a steady gaze, Tyrone turned to Eddie and stated, "I've decided. My decision is final."

Eddie asked seriously, "Do you love her?"

It was clear to Tyrone that the topic of conversation was Sabrina.

With a spark in his eyes, Tyrone admitted, "I don't know if it's love, but the idea of divorcing her is unbearable. The mere thought of her leaving me breaks my heart."

"Perhaps you're just accustomed to her presence. After the divorce, you might find being single liberating."

In response, Tyrone fell silent, his gaze drawn to the window.

Eddie's advice did not seem to sway him.

Uncertain whether to feel shocked or sympathy, Eddie sighed. "Do you think Galilea will agree to part ways?"

With a furrowed brow, Tyrone replied, "She has no say in this."

Observing Tyrone, Eddie wasn't sure whether to label him as cold-hearted.

He had cherished Galilea for years, yet he chose Sabrina, his wife of only three years.

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He had cherished Galilea for years, yet he chose Sabrina, his wife of only three years.

Eddie saw him as someone who discarded the old for the new.

Recognizing the futility of further conversation, Eddie made his exit.

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In the room, cards had been dealt multiple times. Sabrina, with her legs crossed, waited for her next card, poised for victory.

Upon Tyrone's arrival, Tyson teased, "You should see Sabrina's card-playing skills, Tyrone. She hasn't lost once."

A subtle smile appeared on Tyrone's face as he sat behind Sabrina.

Sabrina turned to face him, suggesting, "Tyrone, you should play."

Tyrone smiled and declined, shaking his head. "You go ahead and play."

Catching a glimpse of Tyrone and then Sabrina, Tyson chuckled. "Sabrina, don't say that again. The winnings are all yours."

Tyrone simply grinned, his gaze fixed on Sabrina.

The game went on, but Sabrina's winning streak ended with Tyrone's arrival.

It seemed as though her luck had disappeared entirely.

As another round began, Tyson glanced at Tyrone, smiling slyly. "Perhaps you should step out, Tyrone. You seem to have jinxed Sabrina."

Tyrone responded with a smile and remained silent.

Sabrina pinched her fingers and said, "How about you play?"

"No, you should continue."

"I'm afraid I'll end up losing a lot of money."

"It doesn't matter."

Tyson smiled and said, "That's right. Sabrina, you don't have to worry about him. He has a lot of money."

Sabrina had to continue to play.

Rolf then rose from his chair, requesting Tyrone, "I need to use the washroom. Can you play for me?"

Tyrone agreed without hesitation.

Rolf exited the room, making his way to the restroom.

In his place, Tyrone picked up the deck of cards, arranging them with precision.

Sabrina, however, wasn't so lucky. Her poor hand caused a ripple of anxiety beneath her calm exterior. Her fingers slowly stroked the card.

"Hearts five," Tyrone declared.

"I have it!" Sabrina exclaimed, grabbing the card with quick fingers.

The game continued, and Tyrone presented a square five.

"Got it!" Sabrina declared triumphantly, her winning card held high.

Tyson, perplexed, glanced at Tyrone. After another two rounds, Tyrone revealed a hearts nine.

"I win!" Sabrina declared, laying her cards on the table.

"Wait a minute," Tyson intervened. "Did you let her win on purpose, Tyrone?"

Sabrina, surprised, glanced at Tyrone.

She had thought her victories were pure chance. Could he have intentionally let her win?

"No," Tyrone denied.

However, Tyson didn't listen to him and boldly extended his hand, eager to catch a glimpse of Tyrone's cards.

Tyrone made a decisive move, scattering the cards about.

The revelation was clear to all.

Tyson erupted, "No fair, Tyrone. It's cheating!"

With a dismissive grin, Tyrone brushed him off. His gaze found Sabrina, suggesting, "It's late. Time to head home?"

"Sure."

"Want another round?" Tyson offered.

"Another day. You guys carry on; tonight's on me."

Waving a farewell, Tyrone and Sabrina intertwined their hands and departed.

The person at the front was short and fat. When he noticed Tyrone, he approached him cheerfully, saying, "Hello, Mr. Blakely!"

Unruffled, Tyrone returned the acknowledgment. "Mr. Clifford."

"Quite a surprise to bump into you here," Elton Clifford said.

A brief exchange of small talk followed, after which Elton chuckled. "Mr. Blakely, you really did splurge on Galilea's birthday party. Is she still on the set?"

Without a word, Tyrone simply nodded.

Clearly, he had no interest in discussing anything related to Galilea.

Glancing at Sabrina standing beside Tyrone, Elton mused, "Time sure does fly! Galilea was a little ponytailed girl calling me uncle not long ago. Now, she's all grown up, all about her work while her peers have kids."

"Each person has their own aspirations and goals," Tyrone replied indifferently.

Sensing Tyrone's reluctance to discuss Galilea, Elton turned his attention to Sabrina, curiously asking, "Who's this lovely lady?"

Tyrone provided a concise introduction. "This is Sabrina Chavez."

Elton's face lit up in recognition. "Ah, Miss Chavez, I've heard much about you. It's a pleasure to meet you."

His gaze slid over their intertwined hands.

Sabrina replied politely, "Nice to meet you, too."

Upon noticing Elton's gaze fixed upon her, she

maintained a warm smile.

She was aware that Elton was Galilea's uncle.

She also knew that the Clifford family had amassed their wealth through business, starting as a small family and gradually solidifying their standing through dealings with Blakely Group. Their mutual connections flourished, allowing the Clifford family to gain renown in Mathias.

Right at that moment, the elevator chimed. The doors slid open.


"Mr. Blakely, after you."

Tyrone guided Sabrina to the corner of the elevator, draping his arm around her.

Elton cast one final glance at Tyrone and offered, grinning, "Miss Chavez, you're twenty-five, aren't you? Do you have a boyfriend? Would you like me to set you up?"

As Sabrina was about to respond, Tyrone intervened, "There's no need for your concern."

Elton sensed the implications and kept further inquiries to himself.

After their departure, Elton lingered, pondering. His assistant rushed over and revealed, "Sir, Mr. Blakely's visit wasn't a social call. He was meeting friends." 

Elton echoed, "Friends?"

His assistant affirmed with a nod. "Yes."

Elton urged, "Let's go back."

Had Tyrone been introducing Sabrina to business

associates, Elton wouldn't be concerned.

But friends? That was a different story.

He knew of the adopted Blakely girl who was rather introverted and seldom socialized. She wasn't expected to inherit any Blakely family's assets, so Elton had never given her much thought.

When rumors circulated about Tyrone and Sabrina, Elton dismissed it as media rumor, considering Tyrone's close ties with Galilea.

However, today, he noticed that Tyrone treated Sabrina with a distinct and unique demeanor.

A hint of concern seeped into Elton's thoughts.

