

## Chapter 75 Whitewash

Could this be what caused Galilea's illness?

"No, it's not over!" Galilea cried. "Whenever I shut my eyes, memories of the past invade my thoughts. I called out to you in the darkness, longing for you to rescue me..."

Tyrone held his silence.

Sabrina, in the corner, didn't exit.

A "crash" reverberated, and the car door muted Galilea's sobs.

Sabrina clutched her hands and watched. The dark Cayenne left the underground parking lot.

Looking at her phone screen, Sabrina sighed with relief.

She knew Tyrone would make concessions for Galilea. Her faith in Tyrone was negligible, her disappointment, therefore, minimal.

It was as if she had predicted her own disappointment.

She loved him, but dared not pin any hopes on him. Sabrina hailed a taxi to head back home after riding the elevator to the ground floor.

Midway, Tyrone sent her a message. "Apologies, Sabrina. Something urgent came up." ⓘ

"Understood, I'll catch a taxi home," Sabrina

responded.

"Wait for me at home. We'll have dinner together."

"Sure."

Sabrina's reply was nonchalant, not expecting much. She could recall countless times when Tyrone was summoned by Galilea. He always returned after spending an entire night with her.

If he managed to return before dinner, it would be nothing short of miraculous.

It only indicated that Galilea's skills hadn't improved, but rather declined.

Days of work had left her weary. Once home, she trudged upstairs for a bath.

While bathing, she scrolled through her phone. Many were engrossed in discussing the press conference.

The talk of the town was still Tyrone and Galilea. Everyone assumed they were already together.

Supporters and critics waged verbal battles.

However, post the press conference, Sabrina had managed to clear her name.

Netizens had discovered Sabrina's true identity.

Some unearthed the fact that Sabrina was the offspring of the renowned journalist, Connor Chavez.

A decade had passed since Connor's demise; the younger generation was unfamiliar with him.

Yet, when it came to the expose of food additive

abuse, his name was renowned.

Over a decade ago, when online media was yet to bloom, the report on food additive abuse had garnered over a 100 million views, with reprints of the newspaper issue.

The manager implicated in the food additive abuse scandal had been incarcerated for life.

Prior to this, Connor had bravely reported on numerous controversial cases that peers deemed hazardous and unprofitable.

Following the food additive abuse scandal, Connor Chavez's name entered the public view, his past accomplishments revealed and lauded.

Connor's tragic demise in a car accident was met with national mourning. His funeral was packed, with media coverage.

However, after more than ten years, there was little remaining information about it. Only a few blurry photos of the funeral could be found.

At that time, Connor's high-school-aged daughter, Sabrina, mourned deeply. Yet, after a while, she faded from public attention.

Media reported that Connor's daughter was adopted and would continue her studies.

Turned out, post Connor's death, the Blakely family had adopted his daughter.

Having such a revered father naturally elevated Sabrina's reputation.

Moreover, after the press conference, the public largely believed the rumors about Sabrina being the other woman were media fabrications.

Otherwise, how could the three of them have shared the stage with such poise?

It was evident that Galilea had known Sabrina for a while and regarded her almost like a sibling.

How could anyone accept their partner's supposed lover so easily?

Nevertheless, Galilea's followers continued to harass Sabrina.

During the group photo, Galilea nearly toppled over when her dress got stepped on.

At that moment, the camera focused on Galilea, who, steadied by Tyrone, glanced at Sabrina.

While the identity of the culprit remained unclear to netizens, Galilea knew.

Thus, with a mere sidelong glance, all the fault was ascribed to Sabrina by her followers.

Sabrina's posts were inundated with fresh comments. Fortunately, she'd disabled the private messages.

Yet these remarks failed to perturb her. She skimmed over them nonchalantly and set her phone aside.

Whether showered with admiration or barraged with criticism, she remained indifferent as long as they continued to boost the popularity of MQ Clothing.

The sound of a knock resonated. "Mrs. Blakely, your dinner is served."

"Okay, I see."

Emerging from her bath, Sabrina slipped into her loungewear and descended the stairs for her dinner.

"Is Mr. Blakely expected home tonight? Shall we set aside a portion for him?"

"I doubt he'll return. There's no need to save him any food," responded Sabrina.

"Understood."

After dinner, Sabrina retired upstairs while Karen attended to the dishwashing.

Having finished tidying up, Karen exited the kitchen only to find Tyrone returning home.

He unbuttoned his collar and queried Karen, "Has dinner been served?"

Caught off-guard, Karen stammered, "Sir, your arrival wasn't expected." Mrs. Blakely was of the opinion that you wouldn't return tonight, hence we didn't reserve any food. I'll prepare something for you now."

"Alright." Tyrone's gaze darkened as he headed straight to the master bedroom.

Sabrina, who had refrained from working late, was engrossed with her cell phone before turning in.

Suddenly, the door swung open and Tyrone strode in. Taken aback by his presence, Sabrina questioned,<sup>①</sup>

"Why are you home?"

Tyrone stationed himself by the bed, noted her bewildered expression and retorted with a bitter smile, "Didn't we agree on dining together upon my return?"

"We did," Sabrina responded, unruffled. "Considering your habitual overnight stays with Galilea, I assumed you wouldn't be back tonight."

This left Tyrone speechless and he pressed his lips together before inquiring, "Did you see us?"

"Indeed."

"I escorted her to the hospital before returning." Catching her calm demeanor and measured words, Tyrone quickly clarified.

Strangely, he felt a sense of unease.

In the past, whenever he visited Galilea and returned from her abode, Sabrina would treat him with cold indifference.

But her current serenity, as if nothing had happened, was unnerving.

Moreover, during today's press conference, when he and Sabrina participated in the game, it didn't seem unusual.

However, when she later orchestrated an interactive game for him and Galilea, he found himself oddly annoyed.

She was so thoughtful in facilitating a connection between her husband and another woman.

Truthfully, the underlying reason was her lack of affection for him.

Her heart belonged to Bradley. ☹

"Okay," Sabrina replied casually.

She wasn't about to commend him for choosing to return tonight after his regular overnight escapades with Galilea.

She didn't perceive any change.

Only if he rejected Galilea would the situation truly differ.

"Sabrina Chavez." Tyrone voiced her name.

She set her phone down, looked his way, and inquired, "Is there something else?"

