

Chapter 87 The Truth

"Alright." Julia could tell her words had an impact on Tyrone.

Exiting the hospital room, Tyrone was greeted by a refreshing gust of wind.

He made his way to the stairwell, exhaled deeply and pulled out his phone to dial Sabrina's number.

His commitment for the night was here.

Could he hold Sabrina accountable for ignoring Galilea's calls?

Nope.

She was just trying to keep him away from Galilea that evening.

Her knowledge of the situation was limited.

What about placing blame on Galilea?

Nope. 🕒

She put her trust in him at a crucial moment.

The responsibility lay with him.

He shouldered an undeniable responsibility for the situation.

The call went unanswered. A second try only led him to her switched off phone.

Tyrone's mind concluded that Sabrina was probably furious, refusing to answer his call.

After mulling over it, he sent Sabrina a text.

"Galilea has been severely injured. She rang me up for aid. Her injury is, unavoidably, my burden too. I'll be staying overnight at the hospital to look after her. We can discuss any matters tomorrow. Wait for me at home." ③

After sending the text, Tyrone stayed outside for a bit, then retreated back to the ward.

Early next morning, Tyrone checked his conversation with Sabrina on his phone. Still no response.

He paced down the corridor and attempted calling Sabrina again. Her phone remained shut off.

After a moment of thought, Tyrone called Karen. "Hello, sir. How may I assist you?" she asked.

"Karen, hand the phone over to Sabrina. I need to discuss something with her."

"Understood." Karen speculated that Tyrone might have ticked off Sabrina again, leading her to avoid his calls.

Roughly two minutes later, a dejected Karen reported to Tyrone, "Sir, Mrs. Blakely is refusing to speak with you."

Tyrone responded with silence, finally uttering, "Alright."

Soon, Galilea regained consciousness.

Upon opening her eyes, she saw Tyrone by her bedside, which brought a comforting smile to her face.

She extended her hand to Tyrone, who stood up and

took hold of it. "How are you holding up?"

"It's painful," Galilea managed to whisper.

"I'll fetch the doctor," Julia offered immediately.

"Tyrone, I was so terrified. Why didn't you pick up my calls yesterday?" Galilea clutched his hand. "I feared you stopped loving me. I was stuck in that room with flames lunging at me. I screamed for help, but nobody came, and it was agonizing. I was convinced I was dying. If you don't love me anymore, I'd rather be dead." 🕒

Tyrone looked at her, his emotions undecipherable. He consoled her softly, "Don't overthink. I simply missed your calls."

"It's not your mistake. Just stay by my side. You'll always be there for me, right, Tyrone?"

"Rest your mind. Prioritize your recovery."

"As long as you're by my side, I'll do my best to recuperate." 🕒

The doctor soon arrived for an examination.

Tyrone gave them space and stepped out of the ward.

At ten in the afternoon, someone from the crew was scheduled to visit Galilea, as coordinated with Julia.

The lead actress getting injured during filming was not a trivial issue, especially considering the production was backed by StarAlign Pictures and the injured party was Galilea. The crew was highly concerned about the situation.

Four individuals decided to pay a visit, an assistant director, a producer, and two actors, one of them being Bradley, known for his role as Aaron Griffin in their recent play.

Upon entering the hospital ward, the assistant director led the way and greeted, "Mr. Blakely."

The others greeted Tyrone too.

"Quite surprising to see you all here. Are you here to see Galilea too?"

"Yes. I'm going out for a walk. Please, make yourselves comfortable but don't tire her out too much." After leaving his words hanging in the air, Tyrone left them in the ward, stepping out into the hallway.

A while later, he estimated the visitors must have left and decided to return to the ward.

Passing by a corner, he overheard a conversation between the producer and Bradley.

"Wasn't you present during the incident? It wasn't that grave, right?"

Bradley cast his mind back to the event. "As the fire broke out, chaos ensued, but the situation was quickly under control. The fire didn't escalate. I distinctly remember her being pulled out with only her left trouser burned. I didn't notice any physical harm, but perhaps I missed it."

"I believe you didn't miss anything. I received similar accounts, her clothing barely suffered any

damage so the injury can't be severe. Agents are prone to overdramatize. If word of this gets out, Galilea's fans will be furious. She has a knack for playing the damsel in distress. I've warned her about this..."

In the producer's view, the exaggeration of Galilea's injury was a publicity stunt, a method to garner sympathy and elevate her role's significance in the play.

The crew felt helpless.

Cloudwater Town, a novel adaptation centered on Aaron Griffin, Bradley's character, was the essence of the play, hence Aaron held the crucial role.

"Regardless of her motives, the fact remains that she got hurt. We've all failed in ensuring her safety. Chains mentioned we must be supportive as we can be," Bradley retorted.

"It only means we'll have to push back the shoot."

"It's not a big deal."

"I heard Mr. Blakely kept vigil here all night. It appears he is genuinely concerned for Galilea."

"Quite unusual."

The conversation halted when the others joined them and they left the hospital.

Watching their retreating figures, Tyrone fell deep into thought.

What Bradley said contradicted completely with what Julia had told him.

While Bradley vouched for prompt rescue, Julia claimed it was significantly delayed due to the crew's negligence.

Bradley insisted her injuries were minor. Contrastingly, Julia claimed Galilea suffered burns on over 20 percent of her skin. ②

The producer's insinuations suggested Galilea had a part to play in the accident.

Though his instincts pushed him to trust her, a private post she made for Sabrina came to mind. ③

His perception of her began to change.

Tyrone rummaged the internet for any footage of the incident. Most videos were short and unclear. All he saw was a frenzy of fire, smoke, and panicked cries for help.

After a moment of silence, Tyrone dialed Kylan's number. "Kylan, send me the footage from when the fire erupted."

"Sure thing. I'll fetch it immediately," Kylan replied.

As soon as he ended the call with Kylan, Tyrone dialed another number.

"Hello, Tyrone."

"Eddie, I need some honest answers from you."

"Sure, Tyrone. I'm all ears. I'll tell you everything I know. What do you want to ask?"

"Who sent you to see me yesterday?"

His question silenced Eddie.

"Who told you Galilea was severely injured?"

Again, Eddie remained silent.

With a knowing smile, Tyrone said, "Eddie, I know you and Galilea are tight, but you should consider who your true friends are."