

Chapter 109 A Relationship Crisis

At eleven o'clock, Tyrone returned, and together, he and Sabrina shared a home-cooked lunch. ①

They were driven to the airport where their secretaries were already assembled.

This time, Tyrone was accompanied by four secretaries. Apart from Kylan, the remaining three were oblivious of Tyrone and Sabrina's relationship.

Thanks to Kylan's possible prior briefing, the three assistants met Sabrina with poise, likely assuming she was on a business trip as well.

Once checked-in, they proceeded to the VIP lounge. Tyrone found comfort on a plush sofa and was promptly offered a cup of coffee by the staff.

Sabrina picked a seat near the French window, which offered her a view of several planes parking outside.

She glanced at Tyrone, engrossed in a financial magazine, then observed the other passengers engrossed in their books, magazines, or phones.

The room was engulfed in silence.

Sabrina's phone buzzed twice.

Tyrone glanced up.

Meeting his gaze, she gave a shy smile and silenced her phone.

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It was a text from Bradley.

"Do you have any plans for your vacation?"

"I'm actually at the airport now."

"Where are you heading?"

"New York."

"How long are you staying?"

"Around a week."

"Oh, how I envy you! I only get three days off and then it's back to work. Plus, I've got to release my show."

"That's unfortunate!"

They continued their banter.

Bradley queried, "What's the status of your relationship between you and your boyfriend? Didn't you mention a potential breakup last time?" 😞

A quick glance at Tyrone before Sabrina replied, "So far so good. We haven't split yet. Time will tell."

A man approached Tyrone. "Mr. Blakely? What a coincidence! Where are you going?"

Sabrina looked up to find a middle-aged man in a suit, his youthful handsomeness still evident.

Tyrone put down his magazine, shook the man's hand, and replied, "I'm going to New York."

replied, "I'm going to New York."

"What a coincidence! I too have business in New York."

The man then turned to Sabrina. "Would this be Miss Chavez?"

As the man addressed her, she nodded and asked, "And you are?"

After a lengthy stare at Sabrina, the man introduced himself, "I'm Osiris Clifford, Galilea's father."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Clifford," Sabrina greeted him respectfully.

"Nice to meet you, too." Osiris replied.

Osiris had a brief conversation with Tyrone, though his gaze frequently shifted towards Sabrina.

Sabrina felt odd. She presumed he bore some grudge against her due to Galilea and was plotting his next move.

Soon, it was time to board the plane.

They had first-class seats.

Tyrone opted for a window seat.

As they settled in, a familiar voice greeted them. "Mr. Blakely, what a pleasure to see you again."

Osiris glanced at Sabrina before taking his seat in front of Tyrone.

A few hours later, they touched down at New York airport.

Osiris bid them farewell.

Watching him leave, Sabrina whispered to Tyrone, "Do you think he's here to spy on us?"

She had an odd feeling about Osiris.

"Just ignore him," Tyrone advised.

Their secretary collected their luggage while a representative from the local office was waiting to drive them to their accommodations.

Arriving at their destination, Sabrina was surprised. "Aren't we staying at a hotel?"

"The staff will be staying in the hotel. We will be here," Tyrone clarified.

He was referring to the secretaries.

They were in a villa district, each building a unique masterpiece.

The landscaping was immaculate too.

Gazing at the opulent villa, Sabrina couldn't hide her astonishment.

Catching her staring, Tyrone flashed a smile and asked, "Do you like it?"

"It's stunning," Sabrina acknowledged.

"If you're fond of it, we could make frequent visits," Tyrone suggested.

"Alright... Wait, what?" Sabrina was taken aback.

Tyrone raised an eyebrow and asked, "Don't you want to come?"

"Of course, I do. Is this place yours?" Sabrina asked.

"Yes, I visit quite often for work. Hotels don't always cut it," Tyrone explained.

Sabrina paused before asking, "Do you also stay here when you visit Galilea annually?"

Tyrone's expression froze momentarily. He closed the distance between them, taking her hand. "I stay here. She has never been here."

"Why are you so hasty to clarify?" she asked.

Tyrone wasn't sure how to respond.

Sabrina's smile widened. "So, if she ever visits, would you deny her entry?"

"Well..." Tyrone fell silent, quickly changing the subject. "Let's get our stuff sorted."

At his expression, Sabrina couldn't help but grin mischievously.

Previously, any mention of him being with Galilea would sadden her, but now she found amusement in it.

The villa had a housekeeper who assisted in arranging their belongings.

Sabrina, while surveying the villa, noticed Tyrone on the other side, seated in an armchair, meticulously peeling an apple.

Tyrone offered her the perfectly peeled apple. "Try this."

She took a bite. "Delicious."

"If you like it, have more," Tyrone suggested.

"You should try some too." Sabrina handed back the

apple and returned to assist the housekeeper.

The house was cleaned regularly, ensuring that the bedroom was tidy. The clean bed sheets were ready to use, and Sabrina placed her suitcase in the wardrobe.

They hadn't brought much with them. Shortly after, the secretary arrived with some essential items.

Once they'd settled in, the housekeeper prepared lunch. Frankly, the meal left a lot to be desired.

They couldn't rely on dining out every day, so Sabrina decided she would handle cooking duties.

The journey from Mathias to New York had taken several hours, even in first class. Long flights were always a discomfort.

After lunch, they decided to take a leisurely stroll. They greeted a few passersby along the way.

The neighborhood was vibrant, with supermarkets at every turn.

During their walk, Tyrone was called away to the local branch office.

Sabrina returned to the master bedroom for a nap. By the time she woke, it was already evening.

Turning on her phone, she found a message from Tyrone. "Are you awake? Let me know when you're up. I'll arrange for someone to pick you up for dinner."

After texting him back, Sabrina changed into appropriate attire for the weather.

A secretary arrived shortly to drive her to dinner.

The villa was conveniently located near the city, so the ride took just thirty minutes.

As the car glided through the city streets, she gazed at the passing scenery, lost in her thoughts.

The local branch office was based in New York. It was a budding industry and wielded significant influence over Wall Street.

Tyrone's speech at Wall Street had previously made waves on the internet.

Back then, Sabrina was a naive 18-year-old girl. Having watched countless dramas, she had high hopes for love.

Now at 25, and three years into her marriage, she was having a relationship crisis.

