

Chapter 28 What's Wrong With Tyrone

A glacial expression fell over Tyrone's face as he spat out, "What, do I not have a say in your matters? Remember, you're not just my wife, but my sister too. Why do you think he invited you to travel overseas? Once you're there, with no family or friends, can you predict the consequences?" ②

Sabrina was at a loss. And she was pissed off right now. In her annoyance, she forcefully kicked the quilt.

"Ah!"

She managed to thump her already hurt ankle, a piercing agony shooting through her.

The pain was so intense that she inhaled deeply and broke into tears.

Raising the quilt, Tyrone spotted her injury. "What happened? Did you hurt yourself again?"

Sabrina could only respond with a teary-eyed nod.

Tyrone stepped in to assist her, taking charge of the medicine. He carefully unwrapped the bandage on her ankle, cleansed her wound, tenderly massaged it, and applied soothing ointment to alleviate the pain.

Placing the ointment aside, Tyrone's voice turned solemn. "Sabrina, resigning is not an option for you. Let's drop the subject." ⓪

Sabrina merely sighed, lowered her gaze, and remained silent. Perched on the edge of the bed, Tyrone continued, "We're still legally married. I'd prefer if you didn't invite anyone over." ⓪

Looking up, Sabrina questioned, "Even friends?"

"Is that all he is to you?"

In response, Sabrina turned her face away, frustrated.

What was wrong with Tyrone?

"I don't want to discuss this with you."

She was utterly exasperated.

That night, after their meal, Sabrina discovered some paperwork on their bedroom table as she went to freshen up.

Had Tyrone returned from his office rather than Galilea's place?

On closer inspection, it wasn't work-related but rather medical records from Healthwell Hospital, labeled with Galilea's name.

What could possibly be wrong with Galilea?

Sabrina pondered, her curiosity piqued.

As she extended a hand to peruse the records, she hesitated, pulling back.

Instead, she made her way to the bathroom.

When she emerged, the file had vanished.

The following morning, Sabrina hobbled downstairs for breakfast.


During their meal, she posed a question to Tyrone. "Shall we proceed with the divorce today?"

Tyrone glanced at her, then at her injured ankle. "Are you sure you can manage, given your condition?"

"Yes, I have a crutch." Sabrina indicated the crutch by the table. "I'll manage."

Tyrone shook his head. "I've a business trip scheduled for today. We'll have to delay this till I return."

Puzzled, Sabrina furrowed her brows. "A business trip? What's the purpose?"

"It pertains to your department. Would you like to accompany me?" Tyrone's gaze was steady. 

Shaking her head, Sabrina replied, "No."

"Then, wait for my return."

A whirlwind of emotions raged within Sabrina. It seemed like a loving conversation between husband and wife. Yet, the reality was their marriage was on the brink of collapse.

Following Tyrone's departure, Sabrina remained at home for

an additional two days.

In her idle moments, she indulged in browsing news feeds, thanks to big data algorithms that catered to her interests.

One day, a headline caught her eye. "Galilea Clifford, Future Mrs. Blakely, Takes Part in a Photo-shoot."

Assuming it to be clickbait at first, Sabrina clicked the link only to find it surprisingly substantial.

The article featured several images of Galilea.

But these weren't ordinary shots; they were captured at MQ Clothing's commercial shoot.

Judging by the precise angle and clarity of the pictures, Sabrina deduced they were taken by someone from within the company.

The real surprise, however, was Galilea's peculiar makeup.

It was intended to enhance her persona, but it made her cheekbones stand out excessively, lending her an almost fierce look. Her lush, red lips seemed unusually pointed, diminishing the gap between her upper lip and nose, an odd contrast to her overall makeup style. Plus, her eyebrows were too rigid and straight.

The online paparazzi predicted a disastrous tenure for her as MQ Clothing's spokesperson.

Comment sections were overflowing with critical remarks.

Darlene's fans launched a relentless assault on Galilea, bombarding the comment sections of MQ Clothing's posts with remarks like, "It's a shame you didn't pick Darlene."

Galilea also faced a barrage of attacks from her haters.

Through the collaborative efforts of the three parties, the hashtag quickly gained traction and sparked widespread discussions among a larger audience.

Galilea's fans demanded answers from MQ Clothing and Blakely Group.

"The makeup artist is deliberately sabotaging Galilea's look!"

"That's highly unprofessional." "Why not stick to her usual makeup style?"

"I'm utterly speechless. This is the future Mrs. Blakely we're talking about. How dare you!"

"It's nothing out of the ordinary. Makeup artists in this country are simply not on par with their overseas counterparts."

"Galilea shouldn't have returned at all. Everyone knows how things work in this industry here at home."

The accusations and complaints from fans were intertwined with the chaotic clash between Darlene's and Galilea's supporters.

Seeing the spike in comments on MQ Clothing's official account, Sabrina immediately contacted her assistant. "Has the PR department begun damage control? Ensure this is resolved as soon as possible."

Later, her assistant called back, sounding distressed. "Ms. Chavez, the PR department mentioned they've received Mr. Blakely's approval to collaborate with Galilea's team for damage control."

Sabrina stayed silent before disconnecting the call.

In the past, Tyrone and the VP responsible for MQ Clothing trusted her to handle all PR matters concerning the brand.

However, since Galilea's appointment, Tyrone had transferred PR responsibilities to Evelyn.

A bitter smile graced Sabrina's lips, hoping that Evelyn could deftly handle the crisis without adding to her troubles.

At this moment, the housekeeper entered, announcing, "Mrs. Blakely, a package just got delivered. I think you should inspect it yourself."

"Package?" Sabrina was puzzled. She hadn't placed any online orders recently, and it couldn't be Tyrone.

Seeing her confusion, the housekeeper asked, "You didn't order anything? Did they deliver it to the wrong address then? But

your phone number is mentioned."

Sabrina brushed it off, smiling, "No worries. It might be a gift from someone. Let's just open it."

The housekeeper handed over the parcel.

Sabrina sliced open the tape and peeked inside.

Upon seeing the contents, her face contorted. With a start, she tossed the box away, hunched over the bed's edge, and began to retch.

