

Chapter 60 Sabrina Is The Third Party

In a daze, Sabrina exited the hospital, drifting aimlessly along the streets.

Lost and disoriented, she had no destination in mind.

Although the sun was blazing overhead, she felt an icy chill seeping into her soul.

Taking out her mobile device, she logged into her second, more private, Twitter account, seeking the sordid details of that day.

Anticipating the onslaught of harsh comments, she delved into them anyway, enduring them as a form of self-punishment. She read each demeaning word with grim determination.

She thoroughly checked all the websites and comment sections of relevant news, and eventually grasped the underlying cause of the issue.

In the end, she browsed through the dwindling posts under the hashtag #TyroneAndGalilea#.

Since Tyrone's unfaithfulness had been revealed, fewer posts filled this space, yet some loyalists staunchly defended the couple.

Even Sabrina had to admit that the photographs of Tyrone

and Galilea exuded a picture-perfect quality.

The wealthy man coupled with the stunning actress. It seemed an ideal pairing.

In their narrative, Sabrina didn't exist. She was just an incidental character, mistakenly thrust into a scene she didn't belong.

Closing her eyes, Sabrina composed a post. "Sabrina is not the intruder; Galilea is."

Her message evaporated seconds later.

It was deleted.

Now Sabrina was sure.

This was Tyrone's safeguarding Galilea, ensuring no slanderous rumors against her gained traction.

A frosty smile crossed Sabrina's lips as she typed another post. "Sabrina is the intruder."

This post remained.

Double-checking, Sabrina noted the post had stuck and was visible.

Some even endorsed it with likes and comments, such as "You're right. Sabrina's a lowlife who deserves punishment."

With a sharp intake of breath, Sabrina turned off her phone.

Suddenly, she was besieged by a throng of people.

Lifting her gaze in puzzlement, she found herself halted.

Men and women, all looking like they were part of the paparazzi swarm, thrust microphones in her face, snapping

incessant photos.

"Are you Sabrina Chavez? So, Tyrone and Galilea are in a relationship now, right?"

"Did you intrude on Tyrone and Galilea's relationship? What's your take on being labeled the home-wrecker?"

"What happened between you and Tyrone that night?"

"What's your defense to the allegations of overbearing behavior at work and attempts to overshadow Galilea?"

A barrage of questions struck Sabrina before she had time to react.

The microphones seemed to choke her.

Eventually regaining her composure, Sabrina stepped back.

The press hounds pounced, unrelenting in their inquiries.

Camera flashes blinded Sabrina.

The reporters were in their element, having waited at the hospital gate, tipped off about Galilea's presence.

Instead, they stumbled upon Sabrina.

Sabrina's head buzzed as she managed to utter, "I'm sorry, I have nothing to disclose. Please make way."

But the journalists were unyielding, her refusal just stoked their curiosity. They pinned her down, thrusting microphones in her direction, demanding answers.

"Why won't you tell us anything?"

"Is your reluctance due to guilt?"

"We understand that Tyrone and Galilea are also at the

hospital. What brings you here?"

"Is Tyrone cohabiting with Galilea now?"

"I have no comments. Kindly let me pass," Sabrina replied icily.

"So, your silence implies that the rumors are true?"

"How do you view Tyrone and Galilea's relationship?"

Despite the barrage of inquiries, Sabrina remained silent. Her face drained of color, she felt suffocated.

Despite her refusal to engage, she was trapped and unable to escape.

Sabrina was at her wit's end. "I repeat, allow me to go. If not, I'll dial the police this instant and charge you with harassment."

The reporters had no choice but to begrudgingly retreat.

The hospital's surroundings were always bustling with activity.

Once the reporters departed, onlookers paused to point fingers at Sabrina.

This left her flustered, and she moved away, walking aimlessly until she found herself at a bus stop. As luck would have it, a bus pulled up. Without sparing a glance at its route, she hopped in.

Several individuals disembarked at Healthwell Hospital, and soon, the bus was nearly empty. Sabrina sauntered to the rear, locating a window seat and sinking into it, her gaze fixed outside.

Mathias was a rapidly evolving metropolis.

The area surrounding the hospital was particularly lively,

dotted with restaurants and accommodations.

The passers-by hurriedly walked by, with some of them clutching report bags from different hospitals.

A handful of stops later, the number of pedestrians dwindled, replaced by lush greenery lining the streets, flanked by towering buildings.

They were in the new district now.

As they journeyed through this district, the remaining passengers gradually filtered out, leaving Sabrina alone with a middle-aged woman.

"Our next stop is Northtown Avenue."

The bus was steeped in silence, broken only by the occasional automated voiceover. The sudden trill of a phone caught the middle-aged woman's attention.

A moment passed before Sabrina registered that the ringing phone was hers.

She pulled it out from her bag, finding Tyrone's name flashing on the screen.

Her finger hovered over the screen for a few seconds before swiping left.

She refused to answer the call.

Two seconds later, her phone was ringing again. It was Tyrone again.

Sabrina denied the call once more, turning off her phone before stashing it back in her bag.

She did it quickly.

Out of sight, out of mind.

The middle-aged woman exited the bus at the edge of town.

The bus finally reached its last stop. Unbuckling his seatbelt, the driver left his seat and called out to Sabrina, still at the rear of the bus. "Miss, the destination is here. You should get off the car. Miss?"

Sabrina, lost in thought, snapped back to reality.

"Oh, right."

She disembarked through the rear door.

There were several other buses at the station. One of them had its doors open, and passengers were lining up to board.

Sabrina joined the queue and stepped onto the bus. She found a seat at the back, the same seat she had sat in on the previous bus.

She remained motionless as she observed the ebb and flow of passengers. As each fellow passenger disembarked, another took their place.

Eventually, they reached the starting point of her aimless journey.

As she stepped off, it was noon.

She boarded another bus and got off a few stops down. After covering a short distance on foot, she found herself on a street renowned for its local food stalls.

The snack street was teeming with people during lunchtime.

Youngsters were the primary crowd here, either couples or



groups of friends.

Sabrina navigated through the snack street, waiting in line to buy a hot dog.

She retrieved her wallet from her bag, revealing several hundred-dollar bills.

She handed one to the stall owner.

The young man, taken aback, stuttered, "Miss, do you have a ten-dollar bill? Or you could use your mobile for payment. I'm short on change."

He removed his gloves to show her the cash register, nearly empty.

Most customers opted for digital transactions, so physical cash was scarce.

"Hang on," Sabrina replied.

She retrieved her phone from her bag and turned it on.

Almost immediately, a barrage of messages stormed in.

There were missed calls and messages from Tyrone.



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