

## Chapter 137 Got Hurt

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Three days later, a piece of news went viral.

The heroine of Cloudwater Town was replaced, and the director would choose an actress for the role.

Many began speculating that the root cause of this change might be a falling-out between Tyrone and Galilea, given Tyrone's recent interview video.

To add weight to these suspicions, some pointed out that Galilea's posters were removed from Blakely Group's official website, fueling speculation that Tyrone was contemplating a return to his wife. ②

Amidst all the chaos, Chains found himself with conflicting emotions upon receiving the news.

However, he was more pleased than disappointed.

On one hand, the idea of reshooting scenes was a daunting prospect as it meant wasting precious time, energy, and money.

But on the bright side, all the costs caused by replacing the heroine would be covered by Tyrone. Now that he had the opportunity to handpick the leading actress according to his standards, Chains didn't mind investing more time in the project.

The project manager of StarAlign Pictures invited Chains and Tyrone to a dinner meeting.

They chose a popular restaurant located in a remote area known for its delectable cuisine and impeccable service. Though the location was less than ideal, it was worth the trek.

As the evening unfolded, Chains couldn't help but reminisce about the last dinner he shared with Tyrone. Back then, Tyrone and Galilea shared intimate interactions, while Bradley and Sabrina had a jovial conversation.

Now, Chains felt slightly uneasy, considering the jokes he had previously made about Sabrina and Bradley in Tyrone's presence.

Tyrone appeared unperturbed. Raising his glass, he proposed a toast to Chains and said, "I'm sorry for causing any trouble to you, Chains. I won't interfere in the affairs of the shooting anymore."

"Not at all. It's my honor and pleasure to cooperate with you, Mr. Blakely," Chains said, raising his glass.

As the meal progressed, the weather took a turn for the worse with a heavy downpour.

After dinner, Chains and the project manager took their leave first.

Tyrone stayed for a chat with the restaurant owner and then braved the rain outside with an umbrella.

The alleyway, usually bustling with people, now lay deserted as the rain poured relentlessly. The only sound that permeated the air was the heavy drops hitting the ground.

Suddenly, echoes of boisterous chatter and laughter filled the

alleyway as a group of men emerged from the shadows.

Tyrone soon found himself confronted by six menacing figures, their faces concealed by the shadows cast from their umbrellas.

When Tyrone tried to pass, one of them lunged at him with a flick knife. The attack caught Tyrone off guard and took him by surprise. However, his well-honed instincts and years of combat training instantly kicked in, allowing him to react swiftly.

Tyrone deftly sidestepped the attacker. The sharp blade cut through the air where he had just been a moment before. Moving quickly, he delivered a precise strike to his opponent's wrist, forcing him to drop the weapon with a yelp of pain.

The remaining five assailants closed in, each with a knife in hand. Their eyes burned with fury as they circled him.

Tyrone dodged another attack, kicking the knife out of one of the men's hands.

Unyielding, they relentlessly continued the assault. Their coordinated strikes left little room for Tyrone to escape unscathed.

Despite his best efforts, Tyrone couldn't escape unharmed. During the struggle, a blade grazed his arm, drawing a crimson line. Fuelled by adrenaline, he swiftly retaliated by flinging one of the men over his shoulder.

Tyrone stood in a vigilant stance against the wall. Rain cascaded down his face, making it difficult to recognize any of

the men before him. Nevertheless, his unwavering gaze remained fixed on them. "Who are you?" he demanded, undeterred by the danger he faced.

"Give our money back!" roared the tall man, his eyes ablaze with fury. With unbridled rage, he lunged at Tyrone.

Tyrone dodged sideways. Then, in one fluid motion, he clasped the assailant's wrist with a vice grip, gaining control over the situation. Using his strength, he elbowed the man's chest, forcing him backward with a sharp gasp of pain.

The other five men wasted no time launching a coordinated assault on Tyrone. His reflexes were fast, but the overwhelming odds proved challenging. He couldn't avoid every blade and soon got hurt.

A blade tore through the sleeve of his suit, penetrating his flesh, and crimson liquid spilled from the deep gash. The raindrops pelted down, washing away the blood stains.

Filled with anger and adrenaline, Tyrone let out a fierce roar as he delivered a powerful kick to the assailant who had wounded him. The force of the kick sent the man flying backward, clutching his stomach in agony. A guttural sound escaped the man's lips as he spat a mouthful of blood.

"That's enough. Let's go!" urged one of the assailants, his desire to retreat evident in his voice.

Their original plan was only to rough him up.

But the intensity of the confrontation seemed to have stirred something primal within the others. In the heat of the

moment, they seemed to have lost sight of their initial intent.

Tyrone fought hard to protect himself.

Amidst the chaos, an assailant attempted a surprise attack from behind, catching Tyrone off guard. But before the blade could be thrust into his heart, a sharp warning echoed from behind.

"Tyrone! Watch out!"

Reacting to the urgency in the voice, Tyrone instinctively turned just in time to see a blurred figure leap into the spot where he was standing.

"Ah!" A blood-curdling scream pierced the air.

The incident quickly grabbed the attention of media outlets. In a matter of moments, push notifications flashed on screens throughout the city:

"BREAKING NEWS: Violent Altercation Leaves Two Injured, Investigation Underway."

Oblivious to the unfolding events, Sabrina remained engrossed in her work, unaffected by the news.

However, just ten minutes later, Bettie sent her a link with an urgent message. "Sabrina, check the news. Does the man in the video look like Tyrone to you?"

Sabrina was stunned and clicked the link.

It was a video shot by a passerby.

The video was zoomed in, but it wasn't clear. Accompanied by the sound of rain, Sabrina could barely make out a few medical staff members hurrying to carry the injured into the

waiting ambulance.

Amidst the chaos, a man's profile briefly flashed on the screen, lasting no more than a fleeting second.

Though she wasn't sure, Sabrina couldn't shake the feeling that it might have been Tyrone.

Sabrina clicked the pause button, but it was a moment too late. The video froze at the fifty-eighth second, offering a glimpse of another injured person on a stretcher. Clad in black attire with exposed arms, the individual appeared to be a woman.

A glint of something caught Sabrina's attention, drawing her focus to the woman's wrist in the blurry footage.

There, she spotted a distinctive bracelet adorning the woman's wrist.

A hunch formed in Sabrina's mind. Could it be Galilea on that stretcher?

Furrowing her brows in concentration, Sabrina examined the woman's attire more closely. She recognized it as one of Tyrone's windbreakers.

Then suddenly, the penny dropped, leaving no doubt in Sabrina's mind. The man in the video was undoubtedly Tyrone.

A hint of irony flashed through her mind as she recalled Tyrone's previous claim of sending Galilea abroad, which now seemed contrary to his true intentions.

Why didn't he agree to the divorce, then?

He could have just divorced her and been with Galilea. She would gladly support their union.

Approximately half an hour later, the assistant knocked on her office door and said, "Mr. Blakely wants to see you in the CEO's office."

Her surprise evident, Sabrina responded, "I thought he wasn't at work?"

"I don't know. Kylan called to inform me," the assistant replied.

"Did Kylan mention why Mr. Blakely wanted to see me?"

"No, he didn't."

"Alright, I'll head over there later."

After finishing her work, Sabrina stood up and headed to the CEO's office.

Approaching the door, she intended to knock, but it appeared that the person inside had already detected her presence.

"Don't knock. Come in," a voice called out from within.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Sabrina pushed the door open and stepped inside. However, the sight that greeted her left her utterly stunned.

"Why are you half-naked?" she asked.

Embarrassed by the situation, Sabrina quickly turned around, not wanting to look at Tyrone's bare torso. Her face flushed with a tinge of red.

Tyrone leaned against the sofa, cradling his injured shoulder

with one arm as he fixed his gaze on Sabrina. His voice was low and weak as he spoke. "Sabrina, I'm injured. Come and help me bind up my wounds."

With his clothes soaked by the rain, Tyrone had originally planned to head home, but he changed his mind and decided to come to the company instead.

