

# Chapter 74

## Resurrection

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"Wow! This is going to be fun!"

Tyrone's expression remained tranquil beneath the unwavering lens of the camera, his eyes revealing profound depths.

Amid the public scrutiny, he strode onto the stage, coming to a stop next to Galilea.

Despite Galilea's high heels, she was significantly shorter than Tyrone.

A storm of media flashes assaulted them.

The cameraman kept a steady focus on the duo, with occasional pans to Sabrina, who sat to one side of the stage.

Grinning, the host initiated his inquiry, "The audience would like to know, Ms. Clifford, where you first encountered Ms. Chavez."

The host's mandate was to broach this question.

Galilea paused, her lips tightening as she glanced at Tyrone.

"If you prefer not to respond, that's entirely up to you. But I believe the audience has made some assumptions. I know I have. What about those watching the livestream?"

The netizens answered, "We have."

"For our next question, Mr. Blakely, when did you meet Ms. Clifford?"

Tyrone took a few moments before revealing, "During university."

"That's quite a history between you two," the host commented with implication.

The netizens reacted with stunned disbelief.

Though the pair hadn't made any formal declarations, they were considered an item by the public.

Their fans were in a state of frenzied confusion. The orchestrators of the activity certainly knew how to play into the fans' fervor.

Earlier, their fans were discouraged by Sabrina and Tyrone's interaction, but now they could see a glimmer of hope.

"Let's move along. Next, we have a game for the two of you."

Sabrina had arranged a balloon-bursting game for Tyrone and Galilea.

Their task was to burst three balloons by embracing each other.

Tyrone and Galilea exploded the balloons in unison. The host took the lead to applaud. "Thank you, Mr. Blakely and Ms. Clifford!"

They left the stage one by one.

As Galilea descended the stairs, Tyrone offered his

hand for support.

The camera operator promptly framed them in the shot.

A group photograph on stage was mandatory for all attendees post the conference.

The guests rose to their feet and approached the stage.

A scramble for spots ensued.

Staff members scurried about amidst the mild disarray on stage.

Sabrina took her place at a corner on stage. As she started moving, she inadvertently stepped on Galilea's gown, nearly causing a stumble.

"Be careful!" Tyrone swiftly steadied Galilea.

Recovering her balance, Galilea shot a glance at Sabrina and reassured Tyrone, "I'm alright."

Tyrone also spared Sabrina a glance, then suggested, "Let's join the group photo."

"Sure."

As Tyrone and Galilea moved, they were given precedence by everyone except the two officials.

Thus, they occupied the center stage, shoulder to shoulder, in the group photo, highly conspicuous.

In contrast, Sabrina, relegated to a corner, appeared dimly lit and distanced.

Later, the photo made its way online, and fans latched onto it as further proof, declaring, "The

signs are clear."

As the activity wrapped up, the guests departed. Some lingered for the final round of interviews.

One reporter queried Tyrone, "Mr. Blakely, are you currently involved with Ms. Clifford?"

People thought Tyrone would acknowledge it, but instead, he announced, "We are here for the unveiling of MQ Clothing's new line. Let's keep the focus on the products. I won't dive into my personal life but I'm open to answering fiscal queries." ①

Though he denied their curiosity, he did it with grace.

This courteous refusal earned him an even greater fan following.

Sabrina, on the other hand, opted out of subsequent interviews, choosing instead to assist the staff with tidying up.

A media reporter accompanied by a photographer attempted to interview her, but Sabrina declined.

The journalist didn't push further. The press conference had already provided ample material for coverage.

As a result, the fame of MQ Clothing swelled, its brand name now recognized by everyone.

Once the event concluded, Sabrina encouraged the staff to wrap up early.

The promotional phase had reached its conclusion. However, with the official product launch next on the agenda, they couldn't afford to slacken.

On exiting the studio, Sabrina was met with a message from Tyrone stating, "Meet me in the underground parking."

Eyebrows arched in surprise, she read the message. She had assumed he had left with Galilea since she hadn't seen him after the event.

To an outside eye, Tyrone seemed untroubled, but Sabrina could detect the shadow of annoyance on his face.

Despite his wealth, Tyrone kept a low profile. His fanbase was substantial, yet he didn't maintain a personal Twitter account.

Accusations and taunts of infidelity online didn't faze him. In his eyes, there was no obligation to justify his personal affairs to strangers on the internet.

The event planner seemed to view him as a celebrity, even asking him to partake in amusing activities to appease the crowd. But he wasn't a star, he was the CEO of Blakely Group.

To participate in two frivolous games with the women he was recently linked to was far from his usual demeanor.

His patience and respect for Sabrina were apparent as he managed to keep his irritation at bay during

these onstage interactions.

Sabrina could only imagine his anger.

Regardless, confrontation was inevitable. Resolved, Sabrina boarded the elevator to the underground garage and made her way to Tyrone's location.

"Tyrone, would you dine with me tonight? It's been a while and I finally got some time off from the shoot."


At the corner, Sabrina caught a glimpse of Galilea's voice and came to a halt.

"You should head home. There are prying eyes tonight," Tyrone replied.

"But..."

"Listen, Galilea. I promised Grandpa that I would maintain a cordial relationship with Sabrina for a while. It's best if we limit our contact, especially with the possibility of the press capturing it and Grandpa learning of it. He doesn't need any more shocks."

Galilea began to weep. "I understand your concern for your grandpa. But what if you fall for Sabrina? What if you stop loving me? I can't lose you, Tyrone."

"Didn't you always feel indebted to Sabrina and regretted returning? If it comes to that, I will arrange for you to live abroad, free of worries." 

Galilea's expression froze.

Sabrina almost chuckled. The irony was too sweet.

Galilea had been masquerading as vulnerable and kind-hearted before Tyrone, only to now taste her own medicine.

"Tyrone, I can't live without you. Don't cast me aside. I know I owe Sabrina, but the thought of life without you is unbearable. Night after night, I dream of being forced into a rickety minibus and trapped in a small, dim room. Those men..."

Galilea's voice trailed off as she buried herself into Tyrone's embrace, sobbing.

In a softened voice, Tyrone reassured her, "That's all in the past now. Try not to dwell on it. I'll have your agent take you to your therapist."

Sabrina's frown deepened.

Tyrone's words implied these things not mere fabrications.

