

Chapter 86 Burn

It took Sabrina a long time to register the harsh truth that she had collided with a thief.

A sharp discomfort emanated from her stomach; she remained frozen, refusing to move.

She had to protect her unborn child. ②

Clutching her belly protectively, she waited. When the twinge eventually faded, she laboriously got up and remained rooted, confused.

Should she chase after the criminal or scream for help?

The thief was long gone.

Sabrina found herself in a state of uncertainty. She numbly ambled forward, only to discover that her phone and wallet had vanished with her bag. She couldn't make it home.

Eventually, it dawned on Sabrina that she could reach out to law enforcement.

She stopped a stranger and inquired, "Excuse me, could you tell me where the closest police station is?"

"Ah, it's quite far. You'd need to go three blocks down this way, keep moving and make a turn... Well, if you get lost somewhere, don't hesitate to ask others."

"Alright, thank you." Sabrina continued her journey.

After walking for about half an hour, Sabrina finally spotted the police station.

Upon entering the police station, Sabrina relayed her predicament. She borrowed some money from a kind-hearted officer, hailed a taxi and kept the station's contact number, before heading home.

At home, Karen was busy tidying up. When she saw Sabrina come back alone, she questioned, "Mrs. Blakely. What happened to you?"

Sabrina glanced down to see her clothes in a disheveled state. Her elbows and knees bore the marks of a fall.

"I took a tumble. I'll just change and clean myself up," Sabrina murmured.

She ascended the stairs, changed into fresh clothes, took a shower, and retreated to her bed.

The following morning, she roused herself from bed. The bed next to her was tidy, indicating that no one had returned. ☹

After breakfast, she first asked for leave using her home computer, then made her way to the police station, bank, city hall to retrieve her ID card, credit card, and phone number. She bought a new phone, installed her regularly used apps, and used her newly acquired number to log in.

However, all previous records had vanished.

Thankfully, she had always kept backups of crucial documents, but everything else was lost.

Scanning her Facebook feed, she discovered a recent update.

That morning, Julia posted, "Don't disturb them." Accompanying the text was a picture of Tyrone sitting beside Galilea's bed, providing her company.

Sabrina felt a void in her heart, devoid of any emotion.

Later in the afternoon, Sabrina checked her itinerary, informed her assistant about a business trip at month's end, and decided to depart that very afternoon.

She packed her belongings leisurely at home and requested her assistant to bring her work documents to the airport.

As he got into the car, Tyrone's mind echoed Sabrina's words.

"Tyrone, if you abandon me today, our relationship ends."

He shut his eyes momentarily.

If it hadn't been for him, Galilea wouldn't have met this fate. He couldn't leave her now.

If Eddie's claims held any truth, his negligence in responding to her calls had led to this unfortunate situation.

He decided he'd clarify things with Sabrina once he ensured Galilea's wellbeing.

Tyrone sped to the hospital. Upon obtaining the ward number from the reception, he headed straight for it.

Inside the ward, Julia and Galilea's assistant were present.

"How's Galilea?" Tyrone entered.

Upon his arrival, Julia shot up from her chair. "Mr. Blakely, you're here at last. I tried reaching you, but your phone was off. She's yet to regain consciousness. Luckily, her face remained unscathed this time. Otherwise, her career could've taken a hit. Mr. Blakely, you can't imagine how perilous the situation was..." ①

"Did the fire cause extensive damage to her?"

"The doctor said that she suffered burns to about 23% of her body. When we found her, the fire had severely damaged some parts of her. She was in so much pain that she was unconscious and perspiring. It was a sight I didn't have the heart to witness."

Tyrone, having heard Julia's detailed account, struggled to picture the agonizing experience Galilea must have undergone. ①

He took a seat on the bedside, casting a worried gaze over her motionless face.

"But the physical injuries aren't our only concern. She was terrified before losing consciousness, which might trigger her psychological issues again.

Ever since her return, she's been through so much, it's as if she's been jinxed," Julia lamented.

"I'll ensure we get the best medical help for her."

"Mr. Blakely, why was your phone switched off at the time?"

Tyrone raised his eyes to meet hers.

Flashing a smile, Julia continued, "Don't misinterpret my question. There are two missed calls from Galilea on her phone. They were made shortly after she was trapped in that fiery room. She must have been desperate and hoped you would come to her rescue. Had you picked up and alerted the crew, this disaster might have been averted."

Tyrone lowered his gaze, replying, "I was preoccupied. I had no idea this would happen."

According to Julia's source, Tyrone was dining by candlelight with Sabrina at that time.

But Tyrone wouldn't intentionally ignore Galilea's calls.

Sabrina must have turned off his phone.

Despite this, Tyrone took the blame upon himself to shield Sabrina. Galilea was right to worry after all.

"What a tragedy! Galilea might have dodged this disaster."

Tyrone changed the topic. "Any idea when she might regain consciousness?"

"That's uncertain. She might wake up tonight, or

maybe tomorrow morning. Mr. Blakely, please stay here with her. She was murmuring your name before she passed out. Seeing you upon waking will alleviate her fear. Only you can give her that sense of security. Do you understand?" ③

Tyrone frowned, remaining quiet.

If he stayed away from home all night, explaining it to Sabrina would pose a challenge. ③

Noticing Tyrone's hesitation, Julia sighed before trying to convince him further. "Galilea has endured so much to reach this point. The doctor warned that despite a successful surgery, there could still be some residual scars. Mr. Blakely, you understand the devastation a scar can cause to a girl, especially to an actress, right? Before the fire spread, she called you. That was her only hope. Had she reached out to me or the crew, she may not have been so critically hurt, but you let her down. Imagine her waking up and not seeing you there. How heartbroken would she be? ⑦

Today's her birthday. She didn't want to trouble you. During breaks on set, she kept glancing at her phone, hoping for a happy birthday text from you, even if you couldn't make it to see her. Who would have predicted her birthday would turn so disastrous? My heart aches for her." ⑤

After a moment of silence, Tyrone finally said, "I need to step outside to make a phone call."

