

Chapter 88 He Was Used

Eddie responded rapidly, "Tyrone, I assure you I'm your friend."

"Then tell me the truth."

"I must ask you something first."

"Proceed."

"After your departure yesterday, Sabrina disclosed that she is your wife. Is this the reality?"

"Yes," Tyrone admitted.

Eddie was taken aback. He was unprepared for the revelation to be valid. "Tyrone, what the hell is going on? When did this happen? How come I was unaware?" ①

"Three years back."

"Three years back?" Eddie was astounded. Did this suggest they had been married for three years?

How was this possible?

"So essentially, Tyrone, you are a cheater." ①

"First, respond to my query. Who informed you to approach me yesterday? How did you become aware of Galilea's injury?"

"I'll tell you, but you must promise not to betray me." Galilea solicited me to track you down. She feared you would not come, hence she compelled me to exaggerate her injury."

"Galilea?"

"Indeed."

"Did you encounter her after her injury yesterday?"

"No, she called me stating you were unreachable. I can't be blamed. Galilea sought my help in fear that you'd forsake her when you were with Sabrina. What was I to do?"

"Do you happen to know what day it was yesterday?"
It was Galilea's birthday. ^①

Eddie, however, comprehended this wasn't Tyrone's anticipated answer.

He recollected the instance when he stumbled upon them at Denning's, engaged in a romantic dinner.

"Your wedding anniversary?" Eddie ventured a guess.
"Correct."

"What an unexpected coincidence!" Eddie chuckled uncomfortably.

He had been manipulated by Galilea.

Galilea was certainly aware of Tyrone and Sabrina's marriage and that their anniversary coincided with her request for him. She had intentionally asked him to seek out Tyrone.

Fortunately, despite Tyrone and Sabrina's dinner engagement, he noticed Tyrone's concern for Galilea. If not, Eddie would be in trouble.

He had known Galilea for a long time and didn't wish to tarnish her reputation. However, this was the harsh reality. At times, it seemed advisable not to meddle in others' affairs.

"You are oblivious to the reality. I forgive you on this occasion. Extend an apology to Sabrina another day. Don't repeat this."

"I understand, Tyrone," Eddie responded instantly. He was aware that irrespective of Tyrone's feelings for Galilea, his wife deserved respect.

Skilled at task management, Kylan promptly dispatched the film set's video footage to Tyrone, stating, "Mr. Blakely, the film set's surveillance malfunctioned. This footage was fortunately captured by the photographer assigned to the extras."

Tyrone sank deep in contemplation.

The surveillance failure. Was it mere chance or...? After viewing the video, Tyrone made his decision and headed straight for Galilea's doctor's office.

The doctor was resting. Seeing Tyrone, he was surprised. "Mr. Blakely, what brings you here?"

"Doctor, I have a query."

"Is it concerning Ms. Clifford's injury? Feel free to ask. I'll share all I know." ☺

"I need to know her actual burn extent."

The doctor's expression altered but he strived to maintain composure. "I'm unsure of your intention. Isn't the information detailed in the medical report?"

Tyrone remained composed and assertive. He looked at the doctor with piercing eyes, a subtle smile on

his face. "Those who adapt their actions to the circumstances are wise. Would you prefer to cross me or Galilea?"

"I'll reveal the truth. Her burn area is less than 1%, with merely two blisters on her leg. I didn't choose to do this, it was at the request of her and her agent. The medical report lacks any signature or stamp, rendering it effectively invalid."

"In other words, she was not in a coma at all."

"She appeared perfectly healthy when she was admitted yesterday."

"Alright, I understand. Thank you."

Tyrone rose to his feet and left the office.

He recollected his hospital visit the previous night; it was nearing ten o'clock. Galilea was awake in the morning, confident her secret would remain concealed.

Outside the patient's room, Tyrone stood in the corridor, gaze fixed on the distant sky.

Had he not done his own investigation, he would've never believed Galilea and her agent's ruse.

What was their motive?

He had a hunch, but yearned for her side of the story.

Tyrone stepped into the patient's room.

Galilea smiled. "Tyrone, you've returned. You've been away quite some time."

Tyrone responded indifferently, "I went out for a

walk. Any lingering discomfort?"

"It's painful. I need you by my side. Your presence soothes me."

If he didn't know the truth, he would have wholeheartedly supported her.

But now that he knew she was pretending, he found her to be hypocritical. ④

She needed to polish her performance skills.

Tyrone asked calmly, "Where exactly does it hurt?"

"Back, waist, legs, shins," she enumerated.

"Your back? Was that also burned? Julia, however, mentioned your abdomen was the affected area."

Caught off-guard, Galilea scrambled for a response. "My stomach was also burned and hurts."

"Is that so?"

Tyrone's gaze bore into her.

His penetrating stare, impossible to overlook, felt like it could unravel all deceptions.

"Yes."

Her eyes evaded his, but she managed a firm nod.

"Oh, I just remembered Julia said your arms, not your abdomen, were burned. Are your arms also aching?"

After a short pause, Galilea's face revealed her realization. He knew the truth.

"You're aware, aren't you, Tyrone? I'm sorry. I shouldn't have lied." Tears pooled in her eyes. "I

am to blame. I apologize. I was terrified. Terrified you'd fall for Sabrina and cast me aside. Your solitary message yesterday made me think you wouldn't visit. That's why I concocted this plot. My yearning for you was unbearable. I...I love you dearly, Tyrone. I can't survive without you."

Tyrone observed her with icy detachment.

It was hard to discern if her tears were genuine or another performance.

The last time she did something wrong, she also said that it was because she loved him deeply.

He had his fill of such justifications. They bored him.

His expression made her heart flutter. Without a second thought, she slid out of bed, flinging herself into his arms, sobbing. "Forgive me, Tyrone. I promise to listen to your words from now on!"

With one arm supporting her, Tyrone produced a small square box from his pocket, placing it on the table. "In truth, I had a surprise planned for you. Even without your deceit, I would have visited you last night." ☹

"I've messed up. I overthought. I shouldn't have lied. Tyrone, I beg for your forgiveness. I promise to abide by your words from now on."

Gazing down at her, Tyrone said, "You shouldn't entertain such thoughts. You don't have to heed my words. Simply embrace your true self. You've led a

fulfilling life during your years abroad. You're perfectly capable of a life without me."

Galilea was gripped by panic. "Tyrone, what are you suggesting? You're not planning on divorcing Sabrina? Are we splitting up?"

