

## Chapter 92 Play The Piano

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"Isn't Galilea badly burnt?" Sabrina asked.

Bradley answered, "I visited her the day following the incident. It wasn't grave."

"Alright."

Then why did Eddie paint the picture as if Galilea were at death's door?

"You are free right now. How about you accompany me?" Bradley suggested.

"I don't believe that's a good idea."

Tyrone was bound to be at Galilea's birthday party. Seeing him was the last thing Sabrina wanted right now.

"What's stopping you? The invite clearly states we're allowed a plus one. Tyrone is your brother, and Galilea could potentially be your sister-in-law. You have every right to be there. Just like the press conference, the more you avoid the press, the more they'll stir up speculation."

Sabrina averted her gaze, her lips tightly pressed together.

Bradley, observing her, continued, "I heard that Tyrone has spared no expense for the birthday party. The venue was meticulously designed by a

renowned international designer. The dress Galilea will be wearing is a limited-edition piece that was air-freighted. Even the birthday cake was specially crafted by a famous baker. Don't you want to see it for yourself?" ①

Sabrina's eyes seemed to darken further.

Tyrone had always been fond of Galilea.

The birthday celebration must have been in the works for quite some time.

Galilea made Tyrone keep her company on September 20th. And now, he was throwing a party for her. Everything must have filled her with joy.

Sabrina was aware that her presence at the party would piss Galilea off.

"Fine, I'll accompany you." ①

Once they landed, the two of them quickly styled their hair in a casual yet chic manner before heading directly to the party. ①

Since Galilea had just returned from overseas, her circle here was limited, hence the modest guest list. It mostly consisted of attendees from her last show and the crew from the Cloudwater Town production.

Upon entering the banquet hall, they were met with a sight of opulence and grandeur, akin to an extravagant castle. It was all so intricate and lavish.

Anyone who witnessed it would be amazed by Tyrone's meticulous attention to detail. It was flawless.

Despite anticipating this, Sabrina found herself feeling sad.

This special attention was Galilea's alone.

Sabrina had once dreamt of a grand wedding, where he would take her hand and they would stride together under everyone's eyes.

Unfortunately, she never experienced this dream wedding. Instead, she was met with a divorce.

The melodious piano music filled the hall, serene and enchanting. It sounded a little familiar.

"Tyrone is quite the pianist!" Bradley, looking in a specific direction, expressed his surprise.

Following his gaze, Sabrina saw a piano nestled in the banquet hall's left corner.

A man, dressed in a formal suit, sat poised before the piano, engrossed in the musical notes before him, his fingers dancing on the keys.

The delightful piano music reached her as his fingers swayed rhythmically.

His expression was one of deep reverence.

Sabrina recognized Tyrone instantly.

He was adept at the piano.

It was incredibly romantic to witness him playing at Galilea's birthday celebration.

Yet, the romance should have been hers.

"Chairs and a few crew members are over there. I should greet them. Will you join me?" Bradley

inquired.

"No, you go ahead." Sabrina casually picked up two pieces of dessert and settled in a corner, savoring them leisurely.

Despite a decade spent rubbing shoulders with the elite, she still felt out of place. At such events, her only refuge was in the food.

Soon, the birthday girl made her appearance.

Dressed in a ball gown, Galilea commanded the room like true royalty. With a microphone in hand and a warm smile, she announced, "I appreciate everyone for making it to my birthday party today. And thank you, Tyrone, for throwing this party and for playing Adina by the Water. It was music that brought us together. Today, we dance to it."

Sabrina was left speechless.

No surprise, the melody resonated with her.

Tyrone was the one who revealed its title, Adina by the Water.

Unexpectedly, he could perform it.

It turned out to be their song.

That explained his instant recognition at the restaurant.

With a sarcastic grin, Sabrina was suddenly captivated by something. She took a closer look and noticed a ring adorning Galilea's finger.

From afar, she couldn't make out its details, but a gut feeling told her it was the same ring she

spotted in Tyrone's car.

Applause erupted.

The gathering was small and Galilea seemed more approachable.

Just as her speech wrapped up, the music from Tyrone's piano dwindled.

Rising from his piano bench, he strolled leisurely towards Galilea. Hand in hand, they moved to the banquet hall's heart.

He positioned his hand on her waist, and she rested hers on his shoulder—the classic commencement of a dance.

Music filled the hall.

Their bodies swayed in harmony with the rhythmic beats.

As an observer, Sabrina had to acknowledge that the dance postures of the two were perfectly synchronized and complemented each other.

Galilea, a seasoned dancer, twirled like a feather-light butterfly, dancing with the music's pulse and nestling in Tyrone's arms.

Their synergy suggested they were frequent dance partners.

Sabrina, a novice, had once stepped on Tyrone's toes in a dance.

She finally comprehended Galilea's air of superiority.

She was the one who first savored Tyrone's kindness.

He serenaded her on the piano, danced, tutored her in German, narrated German tales, purchased her cakes, and cooked.

Sabrina always lagged behind.

She wore a dejected look.

It felt like the chasm between her and Tyrone had never been clearer.

She once believed she understood Tyrone, but that was an illusion.

Tyrone never fully exposed his genuine self to her. The man she knew was merely the facade he chose to display.

She was oblivious to aspects he preferred to keep hidden, like his piano skills she had only just discovered.

Yet it was logical.

Tyrone hailed from a wealthy lineage, naturally he was multi-talented.

He was multilingual, proficient in ballroom dancing, a decent cook. He was disciplined, exercised regularly, opted for sugarless coffee, refrained from smoking, and seldom drank.

Sabrina felt herself pale in comparison.

She was average. She was adopted by the Blakely family by sheer luck.

Without this stroke of fortune, she might never



have crossed paths with him, let alone considered marriage.

Maybe they were simply incompatible.

Suddenly, Tyrone's footwork faltered, nearly causing Galilea to stumble. Luckily, his swift reflexes prevented a fall as he drew her into his embrace.

Galilea regained her rhythm.

She murmured, "Tyrone, are you okay?"

He looked down and muttered, "I'm fine."

Glancing back at the corner, he wanted to confirm he wasn't hallucinating. Yes, it was indeed Sabrina.

What brought her here?

Had she been here long?

