

Chapter 292 Will You Marry Me

It occurred to Galilea that Tyrone had been very quiet when she had just been rescued. He never broached the subject of their separation again.

Back then, she discerned Tyrone's melancholy, guilt, ennui and sleeplessness. Even so, he had abstained from smoking.

As the son of the Blakely family, Tyrone exemplified a diligent scholar. His relentless commitment to his studies bore copious fruits during his university years.

Galilea, once brimming with self-assurance, found herself grappling with rejection when she pursued Tyrone, a man who defied the stereotype of privileged youths.

He ardently pursued his own aspirations and clung tenaciously to his principles.

She had believed in his unwavering integrity.

Yet, to her astonishment, it was Sabrina who had effortlessly shattered his resolve.

Tyrone delicately extinguished the cigarette, its ember finding solace in the ashtray. As he raised his arm, the sinews on his shoulder artfully accentuated his muscular physique. "To testify. You may state your terms."

Upon receiving Tyrone's call, Galilea swiftly surmised his intent. An irksome blend of anger and jealousy welled up within her.

She gazed at Tyrone and suddenly erupted into laughter. "Tyrone, I'm torn between lauding your persistence or deeming you utterly foolish!"

Tyrone had accepted the reality of Sabrina's having given birth to a child. Moreover, he still sought closeness despite Sabrina's chilly reception.

Only two days had elapsed since Sabrina assumed the role of her assistant, yet he had already come to her to negotiate for the sake of Sabrina.

How had Sabrina managed to capture his affection?

Tyrone responded with composure, "Think as you please. Let's dispense with the pleasantries. Name your terms."

"What if I refuse and have no conditions?" Galilea arched an eyebrow.

"You don't have that choice."

Tyrone's words carried an undeviating flatness, yet there lingered an undeniable air of coercion.

Elton held no regard for Galilea, making it effortless for Tyrone to cast Galilea out from the realm of entertainment.

Galilea clasped the straps of her handbag tightly, directing her gaze toward Tyrone as her words underwent a transformation. "Very well, I can testify. My condition is that you marry me. How do you find that proposition?"

"Absolutely not," Tyrone retorted with unwavering determination.

Observing his frigid countenance, Galilea offered a bitter smile. "Your response is remarkably decisive."

She had once posed the same question to him.

Back then, she lay on the bed, holding him in her embrace as she implored, "Tyrone, will you marry me?"

"Okay." He had responded with unequivocal resolve, as unyielding as today.

However, the answer had shifted drastically.

Her deepest regret stemmed not from heeding Larry's advice and pursuing Tyrone but from her belated awakening.

After Larry wed Lena, she should have recognized Larry's unreliability. Larry had never entertained the idea of marrying her. Those tender words were merely a means to an end.

Regrettably, she had erred at that juncture, ardently insisting that Larry divorce Lena and furnish her with an explanation, all due to her intense love for him.

Predictably, she had been met with a certain outcome, coerced into leaving the country by Larry.

Had she forsaken Larry at that pivotal moment and stood by Tyrone, she would now be enjoying the same privileges as Sabrina!

Observing Galilea's silence, Tyrone prompted, "Feel free to articulate your resource requirements."

With a deep inhalation, Galilea gracefully swept her hair aside and spoke. "I believe I need not specify a particular firm or the like. My requirement is simply to reinstate my resources to their former state."

She alluded to the period preceding Cesar's demise.

Tyrone nodded sagely, affirming, "Consider it done."

"I have another condition," Galilea interjected.

"Please, go on."

Galilea's lips curled into a knowing smile. "A dinner soiree is slated in a few days. I would appreciate your presence as my escort. After the soiree concludes, I will testify."

After a momentary pause, Tyrone consented, "Agreed."

Galilea's laughter was tinged with cynicism. "You'd go to great lengths for her, wouldn't you? Aren't you concerned she might misconstrue our

connection when she sees us together?"

"That's not your concern."

The other day, Sabrina noticed the peculiar way in which Galilea regarded her. It seemed as if Galilea were scrutinizing her. Since this morning, Galilea had been excessively domineering, quick to anger over trivial matters.

"What's troubling you today?" Sabrina inquired during their break, her eyebrows arched inquisitively.

"I envy your destiny. You are exceptionally fortunate," Galilea uttered these words suddenly, her gaze fixed on Sabrina.

They had both crossed paths with the same man, yet their destinies had diverged dramatically.

Clutching the script in her hand, Galilea was consumed by jealousy.

The contrast in their lives stemmed from their fathers.

As a devoted father, Connor was prepared to sacrifice everything for Sabrina, even though Sabrina was not his biological child. He cherished Sabrina as his own.

In contrast, Osiris, Galilea's biological father, had proven ineffectual. He met his end as a coward.

She didn't wish for Osiris to perish on her behalf but, even if he had possessed greater drive, akin to her uncle, she would not have found herself in this woeful predicament.

Her heart brimmed with resentment toward Osiris.

Sabrina raised her eyebrows, a tinge of surprise adorning her face, and a self-deprecating smile graced her lips. "Why would you think that?"

Her childhood had been marked by the divorce of her parents and the gradual loss of her grandparents. The tragic death of her father in a car accident happened when she was at a young age and the heartbreaking

loss of her unborn child in her youth. She wouldn't deem herself fortunate.

Perhaps, in Galilea's perspective, marrying Tyrone was akin to receiving a divine blessing.

Yet, it had come at the cost of her father's life.

If given the chance, she would undoubtedly trade it all to have her father back among the living.

Galilea chimed in, "Isn't that right? Countless individuals covet your position, yearning to become a part of the illustrious Blakely family but their aspirations remain unfulfilled."

Galilea wished fervently that she were Sabrina, with Tyrone liking her.

A complex array of emotions crossed Sabrina's countenance just as she was about to respond, but the crew interrupted, summoning her to the director.

Today, Galilea was slated for a strenuous fighting scene while Sabrina continued to stand in for her.

Upon completing her part, Galilea sought respite in a nearby shelter.

Suddenly, a mobile phone reverberated within the confines of the shed.

Galilea surveyed her surroundings and discerned the source to be Sabrina's handbag.

Casting a glance at the industrious Sabrina immersed in filming, Galilea retrieved Sabrina's phone from her bag.

The caller's name displayed as Murray, an unfamiliar figure in her repertoire.

She couldn't help but ponder the nature of the relationship between Murray and Sabrina.

Galilea swiftly answered the phone, her voice poised as Murray's voice

emanated from the other end of the line. "Miss Chavez, we've located Hobson near the border. We're on the verge of apprehending him."

At the mere mention of the name "Hobson," Galilea's breath caught in her throat and her heart quickened its tempo.

Hobson had been found!

"Miss Chavez?" Murray queried once more, noticing the silence.

Galilea gathered her wits, her words finally forming. "Sorry. I'm a friend of Sabrina's. She's currently occupied. Although I don't quite grasp the details, I will relay your message to her."

Murray harbored no suspicions. "Thank you. Please do inform her."

Upon concluding the call, Galilea promptly returned the phone to Sabrina's handbag, ensuring it resumed its original position.

She cast her gaze upon the bustling crowd, her mind in a whirl.

In the subsequent scenes, Galilea's attention wandered, causing her to falter and fail to complete her filming.

The director's expression soured, his dissatisfaction palpable as he addressed Galilea, "Your character should exude confidence. What's going on here? You appear burdened with guilt! I am beginning to question whether you've committed some wrongdoing. Forget it. Let's start filming fighting scene first. You can have a rest and pull yourself together."

Then, the director summoned the crew to bring Sabrina to the set.

In his eyes, Galilea, a seasoned actress, paled in comparison to a newcomer standing in for her.

After Sabrina completed her part, Galilea resumed filming. While not entirely composed, she displayed marked improvement compared to her earlier distractions.