

## Chapter 100 A Perfect Match

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Sabrina was accustomed to referring to Tyrone as brother when his friends were around.

Upon hearing Tyrone's inquiry, Sabrina reciprocated with a grin and questioned, "So, how should I address you?"

"What do you think?"

"Tyrone?"

Tyrone gave her a beaming smile but offered no reply. Briefly, he harbored the hope that she would fondly call him honey.

Yet, he realized she wouldn't.

Such endearing terms of address had not been part of their vocabulary before.

To them, this kind of nickname was peculiar.

As Eddie studied the exchange between the two, his countenance became increasingly perplexed.

Although Rolf couldn't guess the exact details of what had happened, he could tell what was going on.

He approached Tyrone and asked, "Why are you late today? Caught in your job?"

Tyrone responded, "No. Sabrina and I were preoccupied with selecting our couple rings, which took some time."

"You really ought to have bought rings. You've been married for quite some time, it's high time for you to have rings," Rolf stated.

Tyson was taken aback.

Was Rolf implying that Tyrone and Sabrina were married? But his astonishment was somewhat tempered. Seeing Tyrone enter with Sabrina, hand in hand, he understood that with Cesar's assistance, a marriage wasn't far-fetched.

He also remembered that Tyrone had recently thrown a grand birthday celebration for Galilea, filled with opulence. Even though no journalists were in attendance, an illicitly captured video of the couple dancing had been surreptitiously shared online, causing a bit of a stir.

Today, Tyrone accompanied Sabrina to purchase wedding rings and introduced her to his circle of friends.

"Didn't I say that Tyrone would never marry Galilea?" someone mumbled from a corner.

"After all, she's merely an actress. She must have returned because she couldn't make ends meet overseas anymore."

"Yeah. She was just a plaything to Tyrone."

"Hold your tongue. Tyrone isn't a playboy. There must be something we're unaware of," Tyson countered.

Having known Tyrone for numerous years, Tyson was certain that he wasn't the sort of person who toyed with people's emotions. ①

However, even with his assertion, he remained baffled.

In his perspective, Tyrone and Galilea were an ideal duo. Conversely, Tyrone and Sabrina were virtually strangers. So why did they marry out of the blue?

No matter how bewildered everyone seemed, they hid it well.

They maintained their composure. One friend teased Tyrone with a chuckle, "What sort of ring did you pick for Sabrina? Was it adorned with a massive diamond, perhaps?"

Another began to flatter Sabrina. "It's been ages, Sabrina. You've become even more stunning."

Rolf proposed, "Shall we play poker? It's been a while since we last played."

All eyes were on Tyrone.

"Sure." Tyrone rose to his feet, grinning.

The room was outfitted with various forms of amusement. Everyone made their way to the table.

Eddie, with an excuse, declined the invitation to play. Finally, the four people, Tyrone, Rolf, Tyson, and another man, were seated at the table.

The others clustered around a different table, while a pair moved their chairs to spectate.

One of them brought a chair for Sabrina and placed it behind Tyrone.

She expressed her gratitude and settled into the seat. Tyrone glanced back at Sabrina and inquired, "Are you familiar with this game?"

Sabrina nodded. "I played it as a kid, but I'm not certain if the rules are the same as yours."

Her grandfather had once taught her how to play poker. His grandfather, a humble farmer, had led a simple life. He worked in the city during his youth and later returned to the farm as he grew older. Throughout the year, he remained occupied, with only a few days of rest during the Christmas.

During the cold winter months, when people preferred to stay indoors, they would gather and play poker to pass the time.

When Sabrina was just a little girl, she would drag a tiny stool over and perch behind her grandfather, her eyes glued to the flurry of cards. Gradually, she picked up the game.

"Just observe a couple of games, and you'll get the hang of it."

Not long after, Tyrone's phone started ringing.

He retrieved his phone from his pocket and glanced at the screen, noticing that it was a business call.

He rose from his chair and strolled out, his voice trailing behind him. "Sabrina, play for me."

After observing a few more games, Sabrina had the game rules down pat. She nodded and said, "Alright."

Taking up Tyrone's spot at the table, she had a few rounds before a question popped into her mind. "So, what's the worth of a single chip?"

Tyson held up two fingers in response.

Her eyebrows arched in surprise.

Rolf chimed in with an explanation, "That's twenty thousand."

Bewildered and a little alarmed, Sabrina's attitude to the game quickly shifted.

At the stairway of the corridor, Tyrone finished his call and turned to see Eddie a few steps away.

"Why'd you step out?" Tyrone inquired.

"Just needed a bit of fresh air." Eddie walked over to Tyrone and paused next to him. "I realize I might be overstepping, but I've got to ask. What's your plan, Tyrone?"

Eddie probed further when met with silence. "Are you planning to keep Galilea as your mistress indefinitely?"

"No."

"And when will you end things with Sabrina? Your grandfather..."

Tyrone cut him off. "Galilea is in my past. There's no future for us."

Eddie was taken aback.

"But... you introduced her to us and you've been caught with her so many times by the media."

It all hinted that he wished to reconcile with her, didn't it?

Eddie felt confused.

That was exactly what Tyrone had insinuated previously.

There was a time when he thought he was still smitten with Galilea.

Now, he wasn't so sure.

Relationships were tricky things. All he was certain of was his unwillingness to divorce Sabrina.

Seeing Eddie's bewildered expression, Tyrone stated, "It's done. I've made my intentions clear to her. She can stay here or relocate. It's her choice."

Looking at Tyrone, Eddie was at a loss for words.

This was an unexpected turn of events.

He'd never imagined Tyrone would sever ties with Galilea.

He could still recall their third year at the university when Tyrone was doubled over in pain from a sudden stomachache. Galilea had dashed out in the middle of the night to fetch medicine.

Eddie also remembered the pair of crystal shoes Tyrone gifted Galilea during their graduation ceremony. Those shoes had been the envy of the entire campus.

Their relationship was subject to skepticism at the time, but they remained inseparable throughout their university years.

Eddie wasn't privy to the specifics of their split, why Galilea moved abroad, or what happened when they crossed paths again.

All he knew was that it hadn't been an easy reunion, and at one point, both seemed interested in rekindling their relationship. However, Sabrina's appearance threw

a wrench in those plans.

But Tyrone remained unfazed. He gave Eddie a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "Don't overthink it. I'm heading back in."

"Wait, Tyrone." Eddie stopped him.

Tyrone turned around.

Eddie approached him and looked into his eyes. "Tyrone, are you absolutely sure about this? About leaving Galilea? Are you certain?"

