

## Chapter 136 Broken Into Pieces

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"We've arrived, sir," the driver announced, glancing at Tyrone's resting form reflected in the rearview mirror.

"Okay," Tyrone murmured, his eyelids remaining shuttered, his form suggesting sleep.

Detecting the strong scent of alcohol in the car, the driver hesitated, unsure whether to persist in reminding him.

Two minutes later, a shift in the back seat broke the silence.

Tyrone, blinking lazily, rummaged in his pockets and took out his phone, dialing a number.

The ringing echoed momentarily before a surprised woman's voice greeted him. "Tyrone? It's really you!"

"I'm at the parking lot of your hotel."

After Tyrone had sent bodyguards to keep an eye on her, Galilea knew that he would not spoil her anymore.

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With a sense of urgency, she stood up promptly, intending to change into a new outfit. However, before proceeding, she had a sudden realization. Walking up to the mirror, she carefully assessed her reflection.

Her long hair was in disarray from just waking up, and her eyes showed signs of lingering drowsiness. Her chosen attire for sleep was a floral slip nightdress, with the hemline reaching her thighs.

After a moment's consideration, she slicked on some lipstick, threw on a short coat from her closet, grabbed her room key, and headed out.

"Tyrone!" she called in the underground parking, her voice echoing in the hush.

Tyrone looked out from the car window, stepping out as she approached.

"Why didn't you come up?" Galilea inquired with surprise. "I thought you'd never see me again. Did you drink? Would you like to come up for some coffee?"

"No. I'm here to tell you something," Tyrone retorted, leaning against the car in the dimly lit garage, his expression masked by shadows.

"What is it?" Galilea inquired, a gnawing sense of unease tugging at her.

"You need to leave. I'll arrange for you to go overseas. Don't return."

"Tyrone, what did you say?" Galilea asked, her eyes wide with disbelief.

"I'll arrange for you to go overseas. Don't return."

"No!" Galilea blurted, clutching at Tyrone's sleeve. "I don't want to go abroad. I can't be alone, Tyrone. You can't understand what my life was like all those years abroad, waking up in terror night after night, too scared to sleep. I'm at ease only when you're by my side. I can't live without you. Please don't send me away!"

Tyrone, his face impassive, extricated his sleeve from her grasp, retorting, "If that's the case, why did you insist on leaving me?"

"I... I didn't feel worthy of your kindness anymore, I felt dirty. I didn't know how to face you," Galilea confessed, wiping away tears. "I was wrong. Those years apart made me realize I couldn't live without you. I know you wouldn't care about my past. I want to be with you again!" 🕒

"Sadly, it's too late for that. I've moved on. You have two options. I can send you abroad. Your career here is effectively

over, but you still have fans overseas. You could continue your career there."

"I don't want to leave you," Galilea said, shaking her head vehemently.

Tyrone glanced at her and asked, "Do you want the second choice then? You can remain at home, but we will no longer have any connection. Not only will I replace the leading lady of Cloudwater Town, but your role as the MQ Clothing spokesperson will be filled by someone else. Take your time to decide."

Stunned, Galilea stared at him.

In her industry, connections were the backbone of success.

Even those with immense talent, if bereft of the right connections, struggled to make their mark.

The Clifford family, of which she was a part, was a prominent name in Mathias.

However, she knew her father was good-for-nothing. He was too self-absorbed and conceited to be of any help.

Tyrone's backing was the sole reason her uncle showed any semblance of respect to her father.

Without him, she would be left with nothing. She couldn't let that happen!

Galilea shot Tyrone a look that was meant to appear torn. For a fleeting moment, her eyes were filled with hatred and envy. Her hands turned into tight fists.

"Tyrone, why are you doing this to me? Do you hate me so much? After that interview aired, they labelled me the home-wrecker..."

"Don't you consider yourself that?" Tyrone retorted with an air of indifference. ②

Galilea's expression froze. She was at a loss for words.

"You knew I was married to Sabrina. But you manipulated your condition to coax me to your side. You used my guilt to wound Sabrina repeatedly. Didn't you for once think you were in the wrong?"

Tyrone's voice was frosty. His harsh words were directed at her, but internally, he despised himself even more. He knew that the greatest perpetrator of Sabrina's agony was not Galilea, but himself. He was the one who set all this in motion. He was the real villain!

Tyrone sighed at the shocked woman. "Galilea, it's time we both released our hold on the past and started anew. I was at fault for giving you false hope and feeding your delusions. I can provide you with a promising future, but nothing more. The choice is yours." ②

"Tyrone, you can't be this heartless..." Galilea sobbed.

"If I truly were heartless, I would've left you overseas," Tyrone responded icily.

If he had acted cruelly earlier, the current predicament would not exist.

Seeing her silent, drowned in her tears, Tyrone paused for a

moment before saying, "Since you won't make a choice, I'll make it for you. Tomorrow, someone will escort you to the airport. Pack your belongings beforehand."

He then proceeded to open the car door.

Galilea, in desperation, clutched his arm, tears streaming down her face. "No! Tyrone, I'll listen to you. I'll move overseas and not return. Please, give me a few days to bid farewell to my parents and friends!"

"Fine. In one week, someone will take you to the airport."

"Alright..."

Tyrone calmly entered his car, shutting the door behind him.

He drove off in his black Cayenne. His presence there remained a secret, known only to Galilea.

He stopped his car at the villa in Starriver Bay.

Leaning against the back seat, he told the driver, "You may leave now."

"Alright, sir. Goodnight."

After the driver exited, Tyrone disembarked from his car, leaning against it while gazing up at the master bedroom on the second floor.

It was dark.

Sabrina was likely asleep.

The bed she now occupied alone was once their shared sanctuary.

Over the past three years, they had spent countless nights making love on that bed.

They were once a blissful couple.

But he had destroyed all of that.

Everything was ruined.

Now, he felt a profound emptiness.

His heart felt like it was shattered into fragments.

Tyrone pulled out his lighter, followed by a pack of cigarettes.

He took one out, placed it between his lips, and ignited it with his lighter.

The acrid smoke filled his nostrils, causing him to cough.

Once he regained his composure, he took another drag.

