

## Chapter 67 A Fool

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"Sabrina, I'm glad to see you back in good health," Evelyn said with a warm smile.

"Thank you," Sabrina replied curtly.

"You've been out of sight recently. I imagined you were too embarrassed to face anyone."

Sabrina retorted lightly, "Yet, you seem cheerful, despite losing half your year-end bonus. Are you trying to make me feel bad about your generosity?"

Evelyn's expression hardened, then she shot back, "Are you convinced you've won, Sabrina?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Raising an eyebrow, Evelyn retorted, "You think the mistake was made by the intern?"

Sabrina remained quiet. She was fully aware that the incident was Evelyn's doing, with the intern merely serving as the scapegoat.

Seeing Sabrina's silent admission, Evelyn added, "You know I was behind it. Don't you think Mr. Blakely is aware too? Yet he defended me, blaming the intern. What do you think it means?"

What did it mean?

Sabrina's head dropped, the realization hitting her that


Tyrone's protection of Evelyn implied his indifference towards her, prioritizing Galilea instead.

The ongoing feud with Evelyn would not lead to her transfer from her current position as public relations director, regardless of Evelyn's attempts to tarnish her reputation.

Evelyn was much more important than her reputation.

Evelyn continued, "Even if I lose my entire year-end bonus, it's just a bonus. My salary remains unaffected. Plus, the year's not over yet. There's a chance I could regain that bonus. You, Sabrina, are the one obsessing over this trivial punishment. I hope you now understand your standing in Mr. Blakely's eyes. He was defending you in the group, but in reality, you gained nothing."

Her reputation was tarnished, and her work performance was still abysmal.

She was relieved she hadn't fallen for Tyrone's defense act, else she would've felt utterly foolish. 

Thankfully, she had discerned Tyrone's true intentions.

"What's your reason for despising me so much?" Sabrina suddenly asked.

"Why should there be a reason? I simply don't like you."

Sabrina insisted, "That can't be right."

Sabrina, being an adopted member of the Blakely family, had always been favored by the vice president. Even if some didn't like her, they didn't dare to express it openly. Like everyone else, Evelyn also had the natural inclination to seek benefits and

avoid drawbacks.

Therefore, it was understandable that she chose to be straightforward in her approach.

But Sabrina knew from their years of working together that Evelyn was very diplomatic and had two faces.

She wouldn't target her without reason.

"Why can't it be?"

"Is it because you're in love with Mr. Blakely, Evelyn? You resent me because you're jealous. An ordinary person like me got adopted by the Blakely family. Isn't it unfair that I get to be closer to Mr. Blakely?" Sabrina boldly guessed.

"Sabrina, what kind of rubbish are you spouting? Don't defame me!" Evelyn's face twisted in anger.

"What's wrong? Did I hit a nerve?"

"I have no clue what you're insinuating," Evelyn deflected, and quickly exited the confrontation.

As Evelyn left, Sabrina shot a cold smile in her direction, then headed back to her office.

Once back in her office, Evelyn pondered for a while before messaging Tyrone. "Mr. Blakely, kindly overlook any offensive remarks Sabrina might have made."

"?" was Tyrone's delayed response.

"Never mind. I just thought it prudent to inform you."

If he had faith in Sabrina, it could become a challenge for her to remain by his side.

In the evening, as Sabrina was wrapping up her day at work, a text from Tyrone lit up her phone. There was a dinner party he had to attend that night, and he suggested that she head home alone.

Instead of requesting a driver, Sabrina chose to hail a taxi to Maplefield Square.

She had a craving for their cupcake.

"Kindly hold on here for a bit, I'll fetch something and return shortly," Sabrina instructed the driver, hopped out of the vehicle, and darted into Maplefield Square.

The bakery, known as Afternoon Time, had been a staple in Maplefield Square for countless years, and had amassed a fervent following.

The moment Sabrina stepped in, she was met with a bustling crowd.

She immediately bee-lined to the display case on the left, asked the bakery staff to pick out a cupcake and a cheesecake for her. Once she had paid, she made her exit.

Exiting the bakery, Sabrina bumped into two ladies. Muttering an "excuse me," she prepared to sidestep them and proceed on her way.

Suddenly, a familiar voice stopped her. "Sabrina?"

Sabrina halted and spun around, spotting Galilea, the one masked and hatted among the two women.

The other woman was her assistant.

Stepping forward, Galilea glanced at the bag in Sabrina's

possession and queried, "You're here for the cakes? You like these as well? What a coincidence! I like them too."

"Ah, it's you. Amid your busy schedule, you still find time to fetch your own cakes?"

"Certainly."

"Well, carry on then. I have things to attend to, so I'll be on my way." With that, Sabrina turned to leave.

"Hold on, did you get a cupcake?" Galilea called out.

Sabrina was taken aback.


The cake was tucked into a lovely box, obscuring its contents. How had Galilea guessed it right?

"You're wondering how I knew, aren't you?" Wearing a broad grin, Galilea leisurely approached Sabrina. "It's because I'm fond of the cupcake too."

Nibbling on her lower lip, Sabrina had expected what she would say.

She should've departed.

But her legs felt like lead, immobilizing her.

"I still remember, back when Tyrone and I were together, he knew of my affinity for this shop's cupcake and would often bring me one. It worked like magic whenever we had a spat, he'd present me a cupcake and I'd forgive him. But there was one fierce argument where I rejected his peace offering, a cupcake. Later, I guess he must've given it to you. That night I stumbled upon your Instagram and noticed how much you enjoyed it, so I didn't point it out." 

Sabrina felt a stab in her heart, as the chill wind swirled. 

She understood now.

Holding the bag, Sabrina made her way out of Maplefield Square.

Spying a trash bin on the pavement, she hurried over and dumped the bag with an impassive face.

Regaining her composure, Sabrina marched towards the waiting taxi.

"Miss, you weren't planning to purchase something? Why didn't you?" the driver questioned as Sabrina climbed back in.

Wearing a thin smile, Sabrina responded, "They were out of stock, so I couldn't. We can leave now."

The driver didn't probe further, simply started the engine.

Reclining on the back seat, Sabrina peered out the window. Her gaze flickered, her eyes welling up involuntarily.

Why was she drawn to the cupcake?

When she initially joined the Blakely family, she was meek and mindful. Everyone commended her for her obedience.

She maintained her distance from Tyrone.

Sabrina would sneak glances at Tyrone a handful of times, content with the stolen glimpses.

One day, Tyrone returned home with a bag in his hand. Sabrina was studying in the living room, and upon seeing him, she greeted him. Tyrone paused halfway up the stairs and placed the bag in front of her. "It's a cupcake for you, Sabrina."