

Chapter 76 I've Never Been Afraid

"Today's press conference was executed well," Tyrone stated, gritting his teeth.

Sure enough, he was coming to blame her.

Straightening in her chair, Sabrina met his gaze and earnestly responded, "Apologies. I'm merely doing what's best for MQ Clothing. Given we're on a topic, shouldn't we utilize it to boost our product?"

"Anything else?"

"I should've refrained from organizing those activities for you. You're not like those other celebrities."

"Anything more?"

More?

What more?

Sabrina was at a loss.

She blinked, staring silently at Tyrone.

"Why was there an interactive game between me and Galilea?"

"Didn't you enjoy it?"

A shadow crossed Tyrone's face. Did he enjoy it?

Sabrina said honestly, "You command a significant fan base. A little privilege for them could boost your popularity."

Tyrone chuckled, at a loss for words.

She sure knew how to exploit every opportunity.

Seeing Tyrone's silence, Sabrina stated with assurance, "Today's activity was a hit, and I have high hopes for future ones. I don't believe you should hold this against me."

"Do you believe you're performing well?"

"I'm doing it all for the firm."

"Are you not scared of backlash?"

"Indeed, I've never been."

"Don't repeat this."

"Appreciate it." Sabrina flashed him a smile.

Tyrone went down to dine, subsequently retiring to the master bedroom for a shower.

Soon, the sound of running water ceased. He emerged in a bathrobe, briefly towel-drying his hair before sliding into bed.

Observing Sabrina engrossed in her phone, he nudged closer, resting his head on her shoulder. "What caught your attention?"

"Nothing. Just a casual phone scroll." Sabrina promptly switched off her phone.

Just before, she had been browsing news using a nickname.

Clips from the press conference had been edited and posted online.

At her guilty expression, Tyrone narrowed his gaze, inquiring, "Nothing? Then why shut your phone?"

His warm breath tickled her neck, causing her to reflexively shrink back. She pushed him away. "Keep some distance, please."

Tyrone seized her phone, and Sabrina lunged forward to retrieve it. "No!"

He knew the password.

If he entered it, he'd see the news she'd been reading.

She couldn't let that happen.

Tyrone extended his arm. With his height, how was Sabrina supposed to reach? She could only attempt to pull his arm.

She managed to pull his arm down, but the phone was secured in his other hand.

All her struggles were futile.

"Return my phone!" Sabrina demanded.

Tyrone couldn't suppress his laughter at her flushed face.

Upon closer inspection, he noticed her pajamas had come undone during their playful interaction.

His Adam's apple bobbed. Nibbling her ear, he proposed, "Will we have sex tonight?"

They had been sharing the bed for a while. But lately, Sabrina was buried in work, falling asleep early without energy for anything else.

Now that she finally got past the initial stages, she had some downtime.

Sabrina shook her head and pushed him aside. "No, I'm worn out today. I'm not in the mood."

"You don't have to exert yourself."

"No."

"So, how about I help you unwind?"

Sabrina remained silent. Tyrone understood her consent. ③

She knew how to enjoy herself.

After that, as she lay in the bed, Sabrina felt too exhausted to stir. Tyrone took care of cleaning her up.

With a serene sigh, Sabrina surrendered to sleep.

In her drowsy haze, the shrill ring of a phone startled her.

The phone was promptly answered. She convinced herself it was a dream.

Following that, a whispering voice echoed, and a door creaked open and then shut.

Suddenly, Sabrina's eyes shot open. The room was engulfed in darkness. Illuminated by the moonlight, she looked to her side, only to find the bed empty.

It dawned upon her that the earlier events were not figments of her imagination. Someone had indeed called Tyrone.

After a while, the door handle gently turned. Tyrone tiptoed in, sparing a glance at the dozing Sabrina before silently heading to the closet to dress.

With that, he quietly left the room.

The door clicked shut, restoring tranquility in the room.

Shortly, the hum of a car engine filled her ears. Sabrina's eyes fluttered open as she gazed at the ceiling shrouded in darkness.

A suspicion arose in her mind, suggesting that the call had been from Galilea.

She longed to ask, yet her courage faltered. Her fear of humiliation deterred her from confronting the situation.

Even if she pleaded with Tyrone to stay, he wouldn't oblige.

Sabrina shut her eyes, but sleep eluded her. She spent the night tossing and turning.

As dawn approached, she heard the familiar sound of the car.

After a while, the door opened. Tyrone discarded his coat and nestled next to her, as if he had never left.

Sabrina chose to feign ignorance about his late-night escapade.

At half past six in the morning, Tyrone rose as usual, heading downstairs for his morning run.

Once he departed, Sabrina slowly opened her eyes. Her clear gaze was tinged with red. Rest had been elusive.

She lingered in bed for a bit and didn't get up until it was almost seven o'clock.

After dressing, she descended the stairs. Tyrone was awaiting her on the couch, breakfast at hand.

"You're awake. Let's eat." Tyrone set down his newspaper, standing to inspect her. "Didn't sleep well, did you?"

Sabrina deflected, "I've just been really worn out lately."

Tyrone held his peace.

Upon reaching work, Joshua from the secretary department added her to a group chat named "Hot-spring Vacation".

The group announcement declared, "Acknowledging the efforts of MQ, MF, ME, and other departments, Mr. Blakely has decided to treat you all to a two-day vacation at the Hot-spring Vacation in the suburbs."

MQ, MF, and ME were all subsidiaries of Blakely Group. MF was a cosmetic line, ME a skincare brand. Being sister brands, they had always maintained amicable relations.

This wasn't an official company group chat.

The employees displayed a hint of cheerfulness.

"Mr. Blakely, thank you."

Sabrina added her own emoji, then shifted her attention to Instagram.

Suddenly, she froze.

Galilea had posted a message at three in the morning. "Grateful for your company in the early morning." ☹

The accompanying picture was of two intertwined hands; a man's and a woman's.

Having been Tyrone's wife for three years, Sabrina could identify the man's hand instantly.

A gut feeling told Sabrina that she was the only one meant to see this post. ☹

She found the situation mildly amusing. Tyrone tried to keep this from her, while Galilea aimed to reveal it.

Sabrina considered sending a screenshot to Tyrone, but then stopped.

She dismissed the idea as childish.

She had shared her suspicions about the makeup with Tyrone, yet he disregarded her. She had explained why Evelyn opposed her, still, he wouldn't believe her.

He saw Galilea as gentle and kind, someone who wouldn't stir up trouble.

And he loved Galilea.

So, he wouldn't trust Sabrina.

He might even condemn her for defaming Galilea.

