

Chapter 125 Call Me Tyrone

Had it not been for this predicament, Evelyn's future within the branch company would've been undeniably prosperous.

However, Tyrone now held no intentions of retaining Evelyn within Blakely Group.

Sabrina responded without much surprise, "She's your employee. You make the call."

Her suspicion about Evelyn had been lingering since the start.

All Galilea could do was propagate rumors, not defame directly. Sabrina could do nothing about it.

Galilea dared not push her boundaries too far, for fear that Tyrone might expose the truth, jeopardizing her career.

Evelyn, on the other hand, had lesser inhibitions, her fondness for Tyrone acting as a magnet for attention.

Tyrone steadily advanced towards Sabrina, halting when he was right before her. He raised his hand to lightly touch her temple hair, whispering, "I'm sorry."

His remorse about the Evelyn situation was overdue.

Had he placed his trust in Sabrina then, perhaps the current chaos could have been averted. She would not have been the subject of online hostility.

Despite her innocence, she was trapped in a virtual

Evelyn within Blakely Group.

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Despite her innocence, she was trapped in a virtual cesspool, with every appearance instigating a wave of fingers pointed at her.

Subconsciously, Sabrina recoiled a step, averting her gaze. "Mr. Blakely."

An earlier apology might have stirred her emotions deeply.

"There's no one else here. You can call me Tyrone."

Maintaining a serene facade, Sabrina quietly responded, "Mr. Blakely, I agree with Harrell. My personal matters have inflicted heavy losses upon the company. I should bear the responsibility. Therefore, I intend to resign."

A frown crossed Tyrone's face. "This issue is mine, not yours. Focus on your work, don't overthink."

Sabrina pressed her lips together.

She didn't wish to overthink.

But, under such immense pressure, even breathing was a struggle.

Even within the company, she felt scrutinized wherever she went, faces filled with queries, scorn, and lewdness.

Struggling to maintain normalcy was the best she could manage.

Did this issue truly not involve her?

Then why was everyone targeting her?

"Perhaps you could take a few days off?" Tyrone suggested, observing her silence.

"We'll discuss this later. I need to get back to work."

Sabrina turned to leave.

"We are visiting my grandparents on Saturday morning," Tyrone abruptly said, halting her.

Stunned momentarily, Sabrina replied, "I remember."

Saturday marked the death anniversary of Tyrone's father and Larry's mother.

Tyrone stood still, watching her recede. Then, he turned around, walked to his desk and made an internal call.

"Have Theo meet me in my office."

Theo guessed Tyrone's intent to retaliate for Sabrina but was confident about Tyrone's inability to dig up any dirt on him. Thus, with a lifted head, he entered the office.

"Mr. Blakely, what can I assist you with?"

Tyrone, sitting with crossed legs on the sofa and leisurely sipping his coffee, gestured at the opposing sofa. "Sit."

"This coffee has a wonderful aroma." Theo sat opposite Tyrone.

Tyrone offered a faint smile. "Let's get straight to the point. This is a document, Theo. Have a look. Any comments?"

He slowly pushed a folder on the table to Theo.

The folder appeared quite ordinary, a plain blue without any label.

However, it was this unremarkable folder that made Theo slightly uneasy.

He was aware that there must be something inside, but he couldn't ascertain its contents.

Theo opened the folder, and his expression changed dramatically. "Surely, there's a misunderstanding! My son is an honorable man. It can't be him!"

"Where's the room for misunderstanding with evidence this clear? If you're doubtful, go ahead and question Leon and your son."

Theo's complexion turned pale, contrasting with Tyrone's evident confidence. It was clear that Tyrone was certain about something.

Observing Theo's silence, Tyrone pressed on, "As Harrell mentioned, this incident has significantly impacted the company's reputation, stock, and resulted in substantial financial losses. I, along with the company, plan to sue Leon and Byron for defamation and slander. You've been a loyal company man, Theo. I'm confident you back my decision."

Blakely Group's legal department boasted the finest lawyers.

Plus, the recent scandal did cause a stir. If Tyrone and the company prevailed in the lawsuit, Leon and Byron would have to pay a hefty fine and could potentially be incarcerated.

A defamation and slander case being private, even if Theo was aware that Byron was manipulated by Evelyn, Tyrone could ignore her in the legal proceedings, leaving Byron solely liable.

Theo's regret for aiding Evelyn was palpable.

She was so infatuated with Tyrone that she lost her senses and dragged Byron into the situation.

Maintaining his composure, Theo asked, "In that case, let's be straightforward. Are you denying your affair with Sabrina? Are you certain you can win this case?"

Casually leaning into his sofa, Tyrone responded with bravado, "If you don't trust me, you're welcome to see for yourself!"

Theo fell silent, as if mentally tallying potential gains and losses.

"You're left with two options. One, you gamble on me

losing the case. High-risk, high-reward. If you lose, however, your son will face a harsh sentence. His assets are already being audited. You can't transfer them now.

Two, you can voluntarily resign from the board, apologize to Sabrina for your misdeeds, and I'll pardon Byron.

Evelyn was bold enough to involve your son. She likely has a way to dodge the blame. She can make Byron the scapegoat. Ponder over it."

If Tyrone pardoned Byron, his sentence could be reduced. He might have to pay some damages, but jail could be avoided.

In a twisted way, Tyrone owed Evelyn gratitude for involving Byron, giving him leverage over Theo.

Otherwise, expelling Theo would've required a formal proposal at a board meeting.

A spectrum of emotions crossed Theo's face before he succumbed to fear. "I choose the second one."

His climb from the ranks to vice president was a grueling journey. He could've soon secured a stake and become a shareholder, but now he had to resign voluntarily.

It was hard to swallow, but he prioritized Byron, his only son. Jail would shatter his life.

"Mr. Blakely, I've retrieved Ms. Chavez's phone. Should I deliver it to her or..."

Kylan's voice interrupted Theo's thoughts. Sabrina's phone had been seized by the police for evidence collection related to the harassment case. Company sensitive documents were in that phone, necessitating Kylan's

presence at the police station.

"Just leave it here."

"Understood, sir." Kylan placed the phone on the table before exiting the office.

After a moment's pause, Tyrone picked up the phone and unlocked it.

Opening her messages, a text caught his eye immediately. "Sabrina, go to hell!"

