

Chapter 126 Feeling Sorry

His gaze skimmed over the texts, a torrent of obscenities, vile insults, and relentless assaults.

Tyrone's brows knitted together, a storm brewing in his dark eyes, his heart boiling with wrath.

The thought of Sabrina reading these horrific messages, of her quietly enduring this torment while pretending all was normal at work, twisted his insides into knots.

Barely moments had passed since he'd powered on the phone, and already fresh messages were flooding in.

He signed into Sabrina's messages, but found no trace of any correspondence with Lee.

It appeared that Sabrina had deleted their conversation after blocking him.

Tyrone had a hunch and decided to check her photo albums. As expected, he found the screenshot evidence of the conversation that Sabrina had kept.

The final message Lee had sent her glared back at him. "In fact, I can promote your brand on my show. Are you available to meet in my hotel room tonight?"

Tyrone's expression turned glacial. He powered off the phone, slammed it down onto the table, and dialed a number on his own phone.

"Mr. Blakely? It's been ages since you last called." The voice on the other end was surprised and delighted, almost incredulous.

"I hear Lee's got a promising talent show in the works?"

"Yes, indeed. Are you considering investing? I must say, I don't foresee much success with this venture. I suspect it's doomed to fail at some point."

"Failure, you say? Let's expedite that. I want Lee's directorial career to crumble. Make it happen and I might just invest in your show instead."

The individual was overjoyed. "You can count on me!"

That night, Tyrone had a business engagement.

It was nearly ten when he exited the private room.

The business partner showed great respect to Tyrone and personally accompanied him to the elevator. He had considered following him inside, but Tyrone politely declined, saying there was no need, before leaving with Kylan.

The driver had positioned the car by the elevator in the underground parking.

As Tyrone emerged from the elevator, he made for the car.

Just then, he heard someone call his name. "Mr. Blakely!"

Tyrone turned, spotting Bradley striding towards him. Bradley locked eyes with him and asked, "May I speak with you?"

Tyrone looked him up and down. "What do you want to say?"

He hadn't forgotten that this was the man Sabrina fancied.

Bradley even spoke ill of him in front of Sabrina.

"It's about Sabrina," Bradley declared.

Tyrone motioned to Kylan and the driver, who instantly

grasped his intentions and retreated from the car.

Tyrone settled himself in the back seat, with Bradley following suit on the opposite side.

Silence filled the car.

Tyrone leaned back. "Go ahead."

"I think you should leave Sabrina alone."

Tyrone's brows shot up.

Bradley's face was somber. "I imagine no one has ever addressed you in such a manner."

"So?"

"You are a man of immense wealth and influence. You can have anything, anyone you desire. But you should stay away from Sabrina. And you shouldn't let her bear the consequences of your mistakes. She is not like those other women!"

"What does it matter to you? Who do you think you are?"

"I am addressing you as Sabrina's friend."

"A friend? A friend who desires her?" Tyrone got it exactly right.

Without any hesitation, Bradley expressed, "Indeed, I have feelings for her, hence I am deeply pained by her sufferings. It seems like individuals such as yourself could never truly empathize. If I could, I would shoulder all these hardships for her."

Formerly, Tyrone had invested in Cloudwater Town and was considered Sabrina's brother in name. Bradley treated him with deference and courtesy.

However, ever since the scandal broke, Bradley's demeanor

towards Tyrone shifted drastically.

In his eyes, Tyrone was seen as an irresponsible playboy, someone who was not worthy of Sabrina's love and affection.

Regarding their relationship, he believed that Tyrone must have coerced Sabrina into being with him.

Cesar's health was deteriorating, and as Tyrone's true nature emerged, Sabrina felt compelled to be with him to avoid conflicts and out of respect for the old man.

It seemed there was no other option!

"So, you mean you were trying to shift some attention away from her and onto yourself?"

Rather than responding, Bradley retorted, "Do you know why I assaulted that man?"

Before Tyrone could respond, Bradley played an audio recording on his phone. "Hear it for yourself."

There was a conversation on the phone. "She looked like a slut."

"Oh, how do you know? Have you slept with her before?"

"I couldn't help but admire her curves. She must be good in bed."

"I could make love to her for an entire night."

"She has so many clients. Why would she sleep with you?"

After a series of crude remarks, sounds of an altercation broke out.

Tyrone overheard someone telling Bradley, "Even if you have many fans, you can't simply resort to violence

without cause."

As the noises subsided, the following words became even harsher. "Sabrina paid you a visit recently. Are you one of the men she has sex with? You're so defensive of her, it seems she has really satisfied you. She's nothing but a bitch. Why can't we state the truth?"

Tyrone clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles turned white. His eyes were as dark as a stormy night.

He closed his eyes, and the message Lee had sent Sabrina resurfaced in his mind.

If slander and insults induced fury in him, these lewd comments were far more wounding.

But Sabrina could not justify herself. Even if she mustered the courage to assert her innocence, she would still be left scarred.

Bradley turned off the recording.

Once more, he couldn't contain his rage. He drew a deep breath and stated, "This is only a fragment of what I've heard. Many others slander her behind her back with words a thousand, a hundred thousand times more despicable than these. You're a man. Don't tell me you're unaware of their malicious thoughts! She shouldn't have suffered this. Why must she endure this? All because of you! If there's any shred of decency left in you, you'll keep your distance from her!" ⓪

Tyrone maintained his silence for a moment before finally uttering, "If you want to use her to make me help you deal with the public opinions that are against you, then you have succeeded."

Bradley, seething with rage, snapped back, "What do you mean by claiming I want to use her to make you help me?"

"Isn't that the case?" Tyrone scoffed. "Are you genuinely fond of her or are you just using her to get my help? Bradley, you may fool her, but you won't fool me!"

Sabrina had confided in him that the man she had feelings for didn't reciprocate them.

Bradley appeared deeply in love with her, but in reality, he only sought to exploit her.

Enraged, Bradley clenched his fists so hard that his veins bulged. He released his grip and declared, "Fine, no point in discussing this further. I hope you reflect on this and let go of Sabrina!"

With that, Bradley opened the door, got out, and slammed the door shut behind him.

Tyrone remained unmoved in his seat, considering the possibility that Bradley was just furious because he had been exposed.

Watching Bradley depart in a fury, Kylan and the driver exchanged glances before stepping into the car.

