


Chapter 31 Dispute

While browsing the internet, Sabrina turned to Bradley and asked, "Is this the series you were going on about a while back?" 

"Indeed, it is."

A chilly grin etched on her face, Sabrina remarked, "Congratulations! The dream role you've always craved is finally yours. Give it your all! I can't wait to see you up on that award stage."

Bradley had a knack for acting. He was gutsy, unafraid to take on any role.

Not long ago, he was the star of a film, receiving plenty of praise and recognition.

"Do you want me to achieve an award?"

"Absolutely. It's the highest honor."

"That's right. I will give my utmost effort to win an award."

After her call with Bradley, Sabrina absentmindedly scrolled through her phone, when a new trending hashtag piqued her interest.

#TyroneBlakelyandGalileaClifford#

Sabrina had a hunch about the nature of the tag, yet she

succumbed to curiosity and tapped on it.

Just as she had predicted, it was buzzing with shipper conversations.

The shippers deduced that Cloudwater Town marked Galilea's first acting gig since her return from overseas, and StarAlign Pictures was the backer of the series.

StarAlign Pictures, a Blakely Group subsidiary, had invested in Cloudwater Town, and Galilea was its leading lady, a fact that fans couldn't possibly overlook.

Sabrina, too, wasn't naive enough to believe the two were unrelated.

The hashtag was pulling in viewership, and more and more people shipped Galilea and Tyrone.

As Sabrina read through their exchanges, a pang of sorrow pierced her. 🌀

Her gaze hardened, her lips pursed, and her grip on her phone tightened.

Some created a heartfelt video for Tyrone and Galilea, incorporating clips of Tyrone in financial news and Galilea in a TV series. The video appeared to be deeply moving.

As the video concluded, Sabrina realized she had been holding

her breath the entire time.

Under a new account, Sabrina delved deeper into these posts.

"Are you alright, Sabrina? I just witnessed what happened online. I'm furious!" Bettie sent a stream of messages to her.

"Galilea and her team have some nerve! They're pinning all the blame on you?"

"I'm holding up. I was livid when I first saw it, but I've cooled down now."

"Why not counter with some proof? You can't just stand by while they tarnish your image."

"We're still tied in business, internal feuding won't do us any good."

"This isn't like you. Galilea's got someone pulling strings for her, hasn't she? Damn it! Tyrone Blakely is such a fool. Can't he form his own thoughts?"

"Just ignore whatever they say. It will be forgotten in a matter of days."

But Bettie couldn't suppress her rage and vented, "Some woman insisted on her own makeup artist, and when things backfired, she threw the blame elsewhere!"

She had a considerable following, including numerous makeup artists.

Anyone could tell Bettie's post was about Galilea.

Several journalists shared her post, hinting at a bigger narrative.

Galilea's defenders found Bettie's account and started launching verbal attacks, standing up for Galilea.

The studio director contacted Sabrina, informing her that the leak culprit had been identified and penalized.

After some contemplation, Sabrina shot Aylin a message.

"Aylin, are those photos ready?"

"Yes. Want to put them to use?"

"Yes, just forward me a picture from the first day of the shoot."

Aylin promptly sent Sabrina the photo. The image she got was starkly different from the leaked ones. The manipulated image had an oddly beautiful Galilea.

Sabrina passed on the photo to her assistant, instructing, "Crop the image and share it on MQ Clothing's official account."

Acting swiftly, her assistant posted the image from MQ Clothing's account, captioning it, "First look! Galilea is breathtaking!"

Below the caption was the image.

Galilea's fans flooded the comment section.

And with that, the crisis was defused.

Before long, Sabrina's ankle had healed, and she was back at work by Wednesday.

Exiting the restroom, she crossed paths with the elevator just as the doors slid open, revealing Tyrone and a group of secretaries.

"Good day, Ms. Chavez," Kylan and the other secretaries chorused, spotting her.

Returning their greeting, Sabrina addressed Tyrone, "Mr. Blakely. You just came back?"

Tyrone glanced at Sabrina and uttered, "Hmm."

"I'll be heading back to work now."

Before lunchtime, Sabrina's phone rang, Tyrone on the other end.

Only when the ringtone was about to fade out did she answer.

"Hello, Mr. Blakely, how can I assist you?"

"Join me in my office during lunch."

"I've planned to eat in the canteen."

"I ordered food for you."

"Alright then."

When it was twelve o'clock at noon, employees promptly left their desks, heading for the canteen.

With no one in sight outside, Sabrina exited the office and went straight to the CEO's office.

She let herself in without knocking.

In the reception area of the CEO's office, the coffee table was already full of food for lunch.

From the packaging, Sabrina recognized it as takeout from Conway's.

"Have a seat." Tyrone handed her a small box. "Here's a little something for you. Check it out, see if it catches your fancy."

Upon opening the box, Sabrina found an intricately crafted watch.

"Pleasing."

She tried it on and showcased it to Tyrone.

"Quite fitting for you. Let's dig in. I've ordered your favorite dishes."

"Thank you, Mr. Blakely." Sabrina addressed him, seated across.

"Just us two here. No need for formalities."

"But we're still within the company."

Loading some food onto her plate, Tyrone inquired, "How's your ankle? Why didn't you take a couple more days off?"

"The pain's gone. Plus, being idle at home wasn't much fun, so

I returned to work."


"I owe you an apology for doubting you last time," Tyrone admitted, scrutinizing her reaction.

He should have placed more faith in her competence.

Apologies from him were rare.

After a moment of silence, Sabrina quietly dismissed it. "Let's let bygones be bygones. You've already apologized over the phone."

"You mentioned feeling a bit drained last time, perhaps hiring more assistants could help?"

Sabrina dismissed the suggestion with a shake of her head. "I have enough assistant for now." 

"For now? What do you mean?"

"Nothing much."

As days turned into weeks, her pregnancy was getting increasingly difficult to conceal. Tyrone would not let her have the baby. And even if he did, there might be a custody battle.

Hence, she had to undergo the childbirth in secret, without anyone's knowledge.

"If you need anything, feel free to reach out."

At that, an idea sparked in Sabrina. Looking up at Tyrone, she voiced, "I do have a request, though you might not be on

board."