

## Chapter 46 Guilty Expression

The top comment was a provocative one. "Could anyone honestly buy into the notion that a man like Tyrone Blakely wouldn't cheat? This isn't some Hollywood script. Wealthy men like him are always like this."

The comments were a mix of thoughts and emotions. Supporters of Tyrone rallied to his defense, while Galilea's fans sought to sever ties with him. A handful even went so far as to hurl insults.

A new hashtag had surfaced. #SabrinaChavez#.

This was the hot topic last night. Following several hours of digital detective work, people had managed to uncover Sabrina's personal account. They had even scrutinized the clothes she wore in various pictures and found similarities to those in the scandalous photo.

Moreover, it wasn't a secret to many that Sabrina was the adopted daughter of the Blakely family, as well as the head of MQ Clothing brand.

The comment section was split in two.

Some speculated that Sabrina had grown up alongside Tyrone, having been adopted by the Blakely family, and perhaps Galilea was the one who came between them. Alternatively, they suggested that the relationship between Tyrone and Sabrina could be purely familial.

Others thought that Sabrina had intruded on Tyrone and

Galilea's relationship. They even dredged up a past incident involving the makeup accident to argue that Sabrina bore a grudge against Galilea.

Soon, Sabrina's social media posts were inundated with their thoughts. This time, the situation was more severe than the last.

As the comments kept pouring in, her fan base and private messages also surged.

Tyrone, using Sabrina's phone, immediately asked Kylan to tackle the issue and remove the posts.

Soon after, Kylan rang back. "Mr. Blakely, we're in the process of taking down the posts. However, it seems like this was deliberately leaked during nighttime, catching us unaware. Deleting them now won't erase the fact since a lot of people already know."

"Just do your best."

"Understood, sir."

After ending the call, Tyrone perused the comments under Sabrina's posts. Many people were accusing her of home-wrecking and demanding an apology. Only a handful supported her.

In the private messages, the language was even more vile, with people swearing at her and her family.

Tyrone couldn't bring himself to read anymore.

With a stern expression, he blocked all incoming messages and comments on her behalf.

Yet, in the eyes of the outsiders, this seemed like an admission of guilt.

Tyrone asked Kylan to expedite the post removal process, and then requested the club to deliver his phone.

The club, catering to the elite and influential, quickly arranged for his phone to be sent over.

The young man who delivered the phone remarked, "Mr. Blakely, your phone was ringing incessantly on my way here. Someone might be trying to reach you urgently. You should get back to them."

Upon turning his phone on, Tyrone was greeted with numerous missed calls.

Calls from Kylan, his other secretaries, and the public relations manager filled his log. They had evidently noticed the trending topic and tried to alert Tyrone, but couldn't reach him.

Julia had also tried contacting Tyrone several times.

Concerned about the potential fallout on Galilea, Tyrone promptly called Julia back. "How is Galilea holding up?"


"Galilea is distraught. She feels terrible about drawing Sabrina into this mess. Had I not stopped her, she would've already jumped online to quell the rumors about Sabrina. As Galilea's agent, I have to consider her professional future."

"I understand."

"I'm eager to know how you're planning to handle these rumors. This is a bit self-serving, but I don't want Galilea to be impacted by this scandal. You made me a promise that she



wouldn't be blamed for coming between your marriage. The best course of action might be for you to refrain from any public comments. You and Sabrina aren't celebrities; this scandal is just a way for people to vent. They'll forget all about it in a few days."

"That's my plan as well. I've already ordered someone to delete the posts. It won't affect Galilea." 

"I trust you'll stand by your word. But remember, just because you don't clarify things doesn't mean others won't."

Tyrone got the hint of what Julia was insinuating. "I'll take care of it."

Only a select few were aware of his marriage to Sabrina; his grandparents were likely to help clear Sabrina's name.

"Thank you. Please, you should see Galilea now. She's quite upset."

"Understood."

Once the call ended, Tyrone dialed Kylan, instructing him to closely monitor the situation and prevent any clarification from being issued.

He planned to discuss it with his grandparents face to face once the rumors died down.

Tyrone considered returning the phone to Sabrina's room, but upon reaching her door, he had a change of heart and put the phone in his pocket.

In the living room downstairs, he informed the housekeeper,

"Please refrain from discussing the current events with Sabrina."

What was plastered all over the internet was fleeting; people would soon get distracted and move on to the next shiny thing.

The housekeeper seemed unsure. "What if she stumbles upon the news herself..."

"No need to concern yourself with that. Simply keep her in the dark."

Having no choice, the housekeeper gave a nod of understanding.

Tyrone then made his way to Galilea's place.

As Sabrina awoke, her hand instinctively searched for her phone under the pillow, but came up empty.

Blinking her eyes open, she stretched languidly and sought her phone once again, this time around the pillow, to no avail.

A hand pressed against her forehead, she tried to retrace her actions from the previous night.

She recalled carrying her phone with her when she went to fetch Tyrone. But upon her return, she shifted to a different guestroom to sleep.

Her phone should have been in her original room.

With this realization, she got out of bed, freshened up, got dressed, and headed to her room in search of her phone.

The room was empty. Tyrone must have left hours ago, as the

bed was cold to touch.

Despite looking in every nook and cranny, her phone was nowhere to be found.

She even rifled through the bedding.

Rubbing her temples, she considered the possibility of having left it in her car or at the club.

She proceeded to her car to carry on the search.

Even after scouring every inch, she still couldn't find it.

That left one place, it must have been left in the private room when she had picked up Tyrone.

Unable to retrieve it immediately, she decided to go for breakfast.

After her meal, she drove to the previous night's club. Approaching the counter, she inquired, "Have you come across a lost phone in Room 502?"

"Yes, miss. But it has been given back to the rightful owner."

"Given back?" Sabrina asked, raising an eyebrow. "You might have handed it over to the wrong person. I haven't received it."

After verifying with a colleague, the staffer assured, "Miss, we have personally handed it over to Mr. Blakely."

Sabrina knitted her brows. There was no reason for the staff to deceive her.

Tyrone must have taken her phone and kept it in a place she hadn't checked.

Returning to her house, Sabrina searched the living room, Tyrone's study, even the master bedroom, but her phone remained elusive.

It was utterly perplexing.

Sabrina dialed her number from the housekeeper's phone. No ring echoed as she paced the stairs, leading her to call Tyrone.

The phone rang incessantly, only to be answered at the very last moment. "Hello?"

A feminine voice echoed from the other side.

Sabrina instantly identified it as Galilea's voice.

He was with her.

Sabrina's heart plunged. She asked in a subdued voice, "It's Sabrina. Where's Tyrone?"

"Oh, Sabrina. Tyrone's in the kitchen cooking for me at the moment."

