

Chapter 73 Draw And Guess

The host announced with enthusiasm, "Today's my lucky day. Mr. Blakely, you've been selected. Please, join me on stage."

The photographers were all in a frenzy, clicking away.

The netizens were abuzz with comments.

"Can't be real."

"Is this staged?"

"We're in for a treat."

Tyrone rose and made his way to the stage.

"Before the game kicks off, how about a quick chat, Mr. Blakely? Do you know what the first game for tonight is?"

Tyrone shook his head and replied, "No clue."

His ignorance was genuine.

With Blakely Group dabbling in diverse sectors and owning multiple brands, he was no stranger to such events. He usually took off after delivering his speech, uninterested in the entire event proceedings.

"So you must be aware you're up for a game with Ms. Chavez, right? What's your opinion on her?"

Tyrone glanced at Sabrina standing next to him and commented, "She's extremely capable. MQ Clothing wouldn't be where it is today without her. I want to thank her sincerely."

The host, clearing his throat, slyly looked at the paparazzi beyond the stage. "Mr. Blakely, that's not the kind of response

we were hoping for."

Tyrone was taken aback. He hadn't anticipated the host to probe further, causing him to cast an uncertain look at Sabrina.

The host's lines were pre-scripted by the event team. They wouldn't suddenly throw in a curveball. This question must have been included at Sabrina's request.

Tyrone was all too aware of what Sabrina was attempting, which was to stir up a storm by hinting at a relationship between them.

Gossip, especially between high-profile personalities, was a guaranteed crowd-pleaser, and even more so with Galilea still in the audience.

The director had already cut to her multiple times.

The media, hearing the emcee's question, leaned in closer, worried they'd miss some juicy detail.

The netizens too were eagerly following the unfolding drama. The event was heating up and fast becoming the talk of the town.

After a pause, Tyrone responded, "She is smart and sensible."

This was a safe response.

The host grinned and retorted, "I must say, you're quite a smooth operator."

Now let's turn the spotlight on Ms. Chavez. How would you describe your rapport with each other?"

Sabrina, microphone in hand, beamed at the camera but chose to remain silent for a few moments.

The netizens was growing impatient.


A hush fell over the audience.

To heighten their anticipation, Sabrina finally responded with a grin. "Why don't you take a guess?"

The live chat went wild. "Seriously! We're all ears and that's all you've got to say?"

"Ms. Chavez, you're outsmarting even Mr. Blakely. Alright, let's commence the first game. The threading challenge. Let me walk you through the rules."

As the name suggests, it involved threading a needle.

"But you couldn't use your hands, only your mouth. That is, one contestant holds the needle with their lips, while the other holds the thread. The challenge is to work together and thread the needle." 

The audience could envision how close the two contestants had to be.

As the game rules were announced, the comments rolled in. "Damn it! Who thought of the game rules?"

"Who does this at a product launch?"

The audience chuckled while the photographers were thrilled.

Such games were usually reserved for reality TV. Who would've guessed they'd feature in a product launch too? Once the footage hit the internet, it was bound to go viral.

Tyrone bowed his head.

Without a doubt, this game had Sabrina's approval.

It could be anticipated that after the press conference, Sabrina would face further criticism and scolding.

The event staff brought in the props.

"Feel free to discuss," the host encouraged.

Surveying the needle and thread, Sabrina inquired, "Which do you prefer?"

Tyrone chose the needle first, positioning it between his lips. Sabrina then selected the thread, biting down on one end.

"The game starts now. You have two minutes. Failure within the time limit results in a penalty."

Sabrina and Tyrone locked eyes and got to work.

With the needle clenched between his teeth, Tyrone leaned in close to Sabrina, who reciprocated.

Their faces were so close, their foreheads nearly touching, noses brushing against each other. The tension was palpable.

The camera operator, astute as ever, zoomed in on the pair.

Unintentionally, their lips brushed against each other in a fleeting moment.

Meanwhile, Galilea was being filmed off-stage by the director.

A myriad of reactions flooded in.

The challenge they faced was quite tough.

They came close to succeeding several times, but it always fell just short.

"Darn it! Is she doing this deliberately?"

"They're acting this way. They've got to be involved with each other."

"Isn't this just a game?"

The big screen began to display a countdown.

In the final ten seconds, they achieved their goal.

They managed to complete the game.

"Congratulations, Mr. Blakely and Ms. Chavez. No need for any penalties. How disappointing! Now, if you would kindly return to your seat, Mr. Blakely. We're about to invite our second guest for interaction."

The large screen started cycling through faces, and predictably, Galilea was chosen.

"This is definitely rigged."

"They've organized this so well."

Under the scrutiny of the audience, Galilea made her way onto the stage.

Galilea and Sabrina shared the frame.

An eventuality they never anticipated, yet it felt oddly harmonious.

However, the netizens were anything but harmonious.

The host started off with a brief interview with Galilea.

"Everyone knows you as MQ Clothing's spokesperson, and this is your first promotional campaign after returning. Can you share how you became the face of MQ Clothing? Did anything interesting happen during this time?"

"There's not much to tell. Both parties had interest, so we signed the deal," Galilea responded.

"Oh really? Rumor has it that Mr. Blakely had a part to play in you securing the endorsement. What's your take on that?"

The question was direct and precise.

Galilea glanced at Tyrone, flashed a smile and retorted, "Absolutely not."

The host wore a knowing grin. "I understand."

She faced the camera and asked, "Dear viewers, did you get that?"

The chat flooded with "understood" comments.

Yet, a diehard fan of Galilea ranted, "What's the host's problem? Galilea has already refuted it. What's she trying to imply?"

"Next up, what are your thoughts on each other? Ms. Chavez, would you like to go first?"

"I believe Ms. Clifford is stunning and tender."

Her reply was fairly generic.

"Ms. Clifford, your turn."

Galilea glanced at Sabrina, and replied, "She's a good girl. I met her when she was just 16. She was incredibly courteous."

Her response echoed Tyrone's, but hinted at more.

The fact that they had known each other since such an early stage was surprising.

Sabrina was sixteen then, around the time she was adopted by

the Blakely family.

Galilea had met Sabrina at that time. What could this signify? Did this suggest that Tyrone had already introduced Galilea to his family?

Galilea's comments stirred up the chat once again, triggering heated debates amongst the fans.

Next, the host initiated a draw-and-guess game between Sabrina and Galilea.

Sabrina was guessing, and Galilea was drawing.

Their performance was neither synergized nor disjointed.

The game concluded.

As Galilea was about to exit the stage, the host announced, "Ms. Clifford, please hang on. We have another activity that requires your participation. Ms. Chavez, you may leave the stage and take your seat."

"Alright."

Sabrina handed her microphone to a crew member, descended the stage and occupied her seat.

Her unruffled demeanor suggested that she was aware of the forthcoming proceedings.

"I bet something's about to go down. The host is probably up to some mischief again."

"Do you think they'll call up Tyrone again?"

"Ha-ha, I think you are right."

The host announced with a smile, "Mr. Blakely, kindly grace the

stage once more and conclude the final game with Ms. Clifford."