

## Chapter 90 The Horrificing CEO

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Tyrone turned his head, shielding his left cheek with his palm. "Fine, I'm leaving. Goodbye..."

Meanwhile, Sabrina stood there, dumbstruck. Her intention wasn't to slap him, but in the heat of the moment, her hand found his cheek.

Retreating, Tyrone turned around and made his exit. By the time the assistant comprehended the scenario, Tyrone was already halfway to the elevator.

Frozen in place, the assistant glanced from Tyrone's retreating figure to Sabrina, who was still rooted in the room, unsure of what to do next.

Tyrone's departure seemed tinged with hurt. Noticing Sabrina's gaze on him, the assistant blurted out, "Ms. Chavez, Mr. Blakely requested your hotel room address from me and asked me to knock. I couldn't decline."

Sabrina gave a slight nod, exhaling in relief. "Understood. You can go rest now."

"Alright."

With the assistant's departure, Sabrina shut the door but her mind was too stirred to settle for

some TV.

She didn't wish to relive the events of the preceding night.

However, his visit only served to bring back the memories of his indifference to her humiliation at his friend's hands yesterday and his abandonment for Galilea.

The audacity of him to attempt an explanation! What was there to explain? His concern for Galilea had driven him to confirm her well-being in person.

Sabrina also craved his affection and attention. But he hadn't chosen her. He'd left her all alone. She had told him, "Tyrone, if you abandon me today, our relationship ends."

Despite her words, he had chosen to walk out. There was nothing left to explain.

His actions and demeanor had laid it all bare. Upon leaving the hotel, Tyrone rushed back to Mathias, immersing himself in work as if everything was normal.

He tried to suppress thoughts of Sabrina. However, the harder he tried, the more his mind seemed to rebel.

Each time he shut his eyes, Sabrina's face would come to mind.

He was plagued by images of her various expressions.

Their wedding anniversary night would surface too, especially the vision of her eyes clouded with despair.

Sabrina haunted his dreams for two nights straight. The first night he dreamed of their divorce, with Sabrina loathing him to the point of moving overseas to start afresh, never to return.

The second night, his dream depicted Sabrina marrying Bradley after divorce, and on their wedding day, she beamed with radiant joy.

These dreams startled him awake and sleep remained elusive thereafter.

He hadn't realized how strongly she had captured his heart. ②

Despite his best efforts to focus on work, he was restless.

Kylan and the rest of the senior team were having a tough time.

Tyrone had been on edge of late.

One of the secretary received a stern reprimand from Tyrone over a minor mistake.

Exiting the CEO's office, the employee looked quite distressed.

Ordinarily, Tyrone was a highly respected president.

He was gentle, approachable, and considerate in regular circumstances. In business affairs, he

displayed sharpness, decisiveness, and ruthlessness.

He rarely made things excessively hard for his employees.

His focus was on the present and the future. He didn't want his employees to dwell on past mistakes, instead, he valued corrective measures. If the mistake was rectified, he'd usually issue a minimal punishment.

The Blakely Group employees, in general, had a pretty good boss.

However, Tyrone had been unusually volatile lately. Everyone in the company, particularly those frequently interacting with Tyrone, was on pins and needles, fearing they might provoke their boss.

As part of his usual routine, Kylan stepped in to back up Tyrone's call logs and recordings.

This allowed Kylan access to many of Tyrone's secrets.

Tyrone handed over his phone to Kylan.

"I'll back up the calls and forward it to you later, sir."

With that, Kylan exited the office, phone in hand. Immersed in his screen and typing quickly, Tyrone replied nonchalantly.

Suddenly, he was jolted by an unexpected voice, a recorded voice from a past call.

"Good day, Mr. Blakely. This is Carlson Kingsberg from Grand Tech, concerning that innovative energy project you previously discussed..."

A frown crept onto Tyrone's face as he darted a glance at the Bluetooth speaker.

The device was playing back his earlier phone conversation with Carlson.

His office's Bluetooth sound system must have synced up with his phone, and when Kylan unintentionally triggered the playback while managing the call backups, this situation ensued.

Tyrone eased into his chair, massaging his temples. The sound of Carlson's chuckles permeated the office space.

About to silence the Bluetooth speaker, Tyrone was taken aback as the next call began to play automatically.

"Hello." The voice belonged to Galilea.

"It's me, Sabrina. Where's Tyrone?" It was Sabrina's voice this time.

Tyrone, intending to mute the device, paused and let the conversation roll.

"Oh, Sabrina. Tyrone is cooking a meal for me right now," Galilea announced. "And, Sabrina, you should know that Tyrone is really good at cooking. When he was at university, he frequently cooked for me."

Tyrone's face tightened, a slight furrow settling on his forehead.

There was an evident note of boastfulness in Galilea's voice that irked him. He found it hard to believe she could utter such words.

"Pass the phone to Tyrone. I need to ask him something."

"What's it about? I can relay your message," Galilea responded, her voice laced with provocation.

"I need Tyrone! "I have a question for him and I'll ask him directly!" Sabrina insisted. "And his phone records calls automatically. Unless you want me to let Tyrone hear this conversation, hand him the phone now."

A smile graced Tyrone's lips at Sabrina's clever tactic.

Following this, there was a prolonged silence of over ten seconds. Just as he thought the recording was ending, the conversation resumed.

"Tyrone, Sabrina's on the line."

"Take it. I can't pick up right now. What did she want to talk about?" This time, it was Tyrone's voice.

It struck him that Sabrina had been involved in a car accident on this day. When he visited her in the hospital, she had requested him to cook for her.

Everything fell into place now.

"She didn't mention anything specific when I

asked."

Tyrone asked, "What's the matter, Sabrina?"

"Tyrone, where's my phone?"

"It's here with me."

"Alright. When are you coming home?"

"I can't say. It depends."

The recording moved onto the next one.

Tyrone promptly muted the sound, his mind echoing with Galilea's words from the recording.

Was that truly what she said?

Did she speak to Sabrina in such a tone when he couldn't hear her?

Tyrone cast his gaze downwards, lost in thought.

Once again, Galilea's post crossed his mind.

And the fire accident.

What if Galilea had a hidden side? ②