

Chapter 121 Be Locked Out

The tall man was rendered speechless.

Moments ago, Rupert had warned that Tyrone might track them down, but he hadn't anticipated being discovered this quickly.

As they remained silent, Tyrone refrained from probing further. Instead, he asked, "Are Gossip About Love, News Disclosure, and Entertainment Industry's Secrets your accounts?"

Their response was a collective, heavy silence.

The tall man felt his heart pound in his chest as he dropped his gaze.

Despite his previous bravado, he knew Tyrone's revenge would be swift and none amongst them were brave enough to step forward.

Recognizing their reluctance, a young man applied pressure to an injured employee's leg, eliciting a sharp cry. With his eyes filled with terror and sweat dripping down his face, the man looked around fearfully.

The young man surveyed the group, then commanded, "Answer the question."

Barely able to catch his breath, the man under his foot admitted, "Yes, those are our accounts, but I'm not responsible for them. They have nothing to do with me!"

Tyrone threw a cursory glance at him, then directed his gaze to the taller man. "Who is responsible? Who commanded you to leak the information?"

The tall man, swallowing hard, retreated a step without uttering a word.

The other two employees trembled in fear.

Cracking under the strain, one shoved the tall man forward, nervously confessing, "Barnes manages the accounts, and Rupert gave the orders. I'm not involved at all!"

Barnes, the tall man, found his vision blurring as the betrayal hit him. "Liam, don't pin this on me! You're the one who used hundreds of phones to stir up trouble."

Liam retorted instantly, "What has that got to do with me? Without Simms' connections to other companies, how could I have caused such a commotion so quickly? Jax reached out to the rumormongers. How could I have done this alone?"

Jax, now panicked, responded, "This was all your idea. Don't put this on me. I was ready to negotiate and retract the news, but you insisted we release it."

Simms, pinned under the young man's feet, protested, "I didn't contact anyone. They shared it because it was trending! Stop falsely accusing me!"

An argument erupted among them, each desperate to absolve themselves of blame.

Tyrone cast a glance at Barnes and the others,

signaling the young man.

The young man proceeded to lock the door, confining them in the room, before shouting, "Shut up!"

Silence descended.

"Who is Rupert?" Tyrone queried, settling down on a couch.

Rupert, who had been previously beaten, trembled but tried to play dumb.

Barnes pointed at Rupert, declaring, "That's him! It was his greed that led us here. We're just employees. We couldn't have done anything but..."

Rupert interjected furiously, "Barnes! You were the most pleased when the order came in!"

"Lies!"

Tyrone turned his attention to Rupert.

The young man approached Rupert, iron bar in hand.

Terrified, Rupert dropped to his knees. "I'll tell you everything. Please, don't harm me. I was given a video and told to leak it. The man promised me \$200, 000!"

They had previously leaked news about Tyrone without any repercussions, so they decided to repeat the act.

The deal would allow them to split the \$200, 000 evenly. The surge in online traffic would also generate substantial revenue.

"Who is this man?"

"The money was sent by Leon Gordon."

Tyrone's face remained impassive, but his intensity was

palpable.

"I have all the chat and audio records," Rupert said, glancing up at Tyrone.

Everyone in the room was on edge.

Tyrone took the phone and reviewed the records.

He looked up at the young man and said, "Look into this Leon."

"Understood." The young man nodded.

Observing Tyrone's ever-deepening scowl, Rupert felt a chill of fear. Had he known what he was in for, he would have never accepted the mission.

Cornered, they stood helpless against any harm that might come their way.

It was evident that these individuals were gangsters, unafraid of getting caught. Besides, Tyrone was present, and even if the police were called, they might not be able to take any action against them.

On the contrary, if he retaliated, he would be forever entangled with them, and his life would be far from peaceful.

Tyrone glanced at him.

Rupert's body shuddered as he pled, "Mr. Blakely, I regret my actions! Please, set me free! I don't desire the money anymore. I'll erase the news right this instant. I'm ready to apologize to both you and Sabrina. Just promise not to make my life miserable, and I'll comply with anything you ask!"

"So, you've worked with Leon before, haven't you?"

The color drained from Rupert's face, his legs shaky as he admitted, "Yes..."

Tyrone remained silent, his gaze steady on him.

Rupert confessed, "In August, Leon approached me with a few pictures."

He darted a glance at Tyrone before continuing, "Photos of you and Galilea at the Blakely Group headquarters."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing more, only these two instances."

Noticing Tyrone's doubtful expression, Rupert quickly clarified, "I swear it's the truth! Mr. Blakely, there's no reason for me to lie now. Only these two instances. The rest of the news was not from us!"

He was referring to the images of Tyrone and Sabrina caught at the theatre.

After securing the proof he needed, Tyrone rose to leave.

Rupert watched him in terror as Tyrone opened the door to depart.

Pausing, Tyrone looked back and issued a warning. "Be cautious not to kill anyone."

With that, Rupert crumbled to the floor.

Exiting the villa, Tyrone got into the car. He leaned against the back seat, rubbing his forehead.

After a moment, he reached into his pocket, only to realize his phone was missing.

Turning, he found it on the other side of the back

seat.

Upon unlocking it, he saw a missed call from Sabrina from a few hours back.

He was at dinner with Rupert and the others at that time.

Immediately, he dialed her back.

Silence enveloped the car as the phone rang.

Tyrone sat back, tapping his fingers on his knee as he awaited a response.

Abruptly, the call was disconnected.

He tried once more, only to find her phone switched off.

A sense of unease settling, Tyrone sent a message to Rupert, then moved to the driver's seat and drove off.

It was nearing midnight when he arrived back at Starriver Bay.

The surrounding area was tranquil. The living room was shrouded in darkness, Sabrina hadn't left any lights on for him.

He made his way upstairs, only to find the door to the master bedroom locked.

Confused, he tried to push it open but to no avail.

He knocked on the door and asked, "Sabrina, are you asleep?"

There was no answer.

He repeated his question, but silence greeted him.

Defeated, Tyrone headed back downstairs to search for

the spare key but found it missing.

The noise stirred Karen, the housekeeper. She asked, "Sir, why aren't you in bed?"

Tyrone ignored the question. "I recall leaving a spare key here. Where is it?"

"Oh, Sabrina mentioned losing her key. She borrowed the spare one. Didn't she return it?"

Tyrone was speechless.

After a pause, he said, "Never mind. You can return to your room."

He switched off the light, returned upstairs, and after a quick wash, he resigned himself to sleep in the guest room.

