

## Chapter 19 Tyrone Didn't Believe Her

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It turned out Tyrone had given his consent.

Sabrina found the whole situation amusingly absurd.

It was due to Galilea that Tyrone had been interfering with MQ Clothing's operations over and over.

He disrupted her workflow time and time again, all for her, and then expected her to mop up the aftermath.

The previous marketing plan had been meticulously prepared for execution, only to become rendered useless due to the change in spokesperson. He remained oblivious to the immense effort she had invested in preserving the current situation.

All he needed to do was to please Galilea.

As for the potential ensuing chaos, he conveniently dumped it on Sabrina.

He didn't care about her at all.

"Mr. Blakely agreed?" Bettie echoed Sabrina's disbelief. "Why would he worry over such insignificant details?"

"That's exactly what Mr. Blakely expressed. He deemed it insignificant and allowed me the discretion." Galilea offered a smiling clarification.

"When I say insignificant, I'm referring to Mr. Blakely's perspective. The makeup style carries significant weight in a commercial shoot. What puzzles me is why he would interfere," Bettie shot back.

Julia interjected, "Are you insinuating that Galilea is fabricating stories? If you doubt us, feel free to cross-check with Mr. Blakely. He's granted us the authority to make this call. We'll honor it. You can manage the leftover issues. If not, we can part ways. Galilea isn't solely reliant on this spokesperson role."

Galilea, standing aside, remained silent.

Bettie was infuriated by Julia's audacity.

Exiting the dressing room, she clenched her fists tightly. "In all my years in this industry, collaborating with countless celebrities, I've never encountered such unabashed behavior. If she doesn't need this spokesperson role, why snatch it away from Darlene? It's so disgusting!"

Bettie had established herself as a renowned makeup artist in the industry, with numerous movie stars on her client list.

The previous year, a rising actress credited to a TV series faced harsh criticism for her bland looks and poor makeup; Bettie's input transformed her into a ravishing sensation.

Aylin, having observed the situation, attempted to soothe Bettie. "Calm down. We need to strategize if she refuses to conform to our initial plans. We might need to revise the shooting strategy."

Bettie turned to Sabrina. "Sabrina, what's your plan?"

"Wait for me in the lounge. I'll make a call and we'll discuss the next steps when I return."

"Alright, proceed."

Sabrina moved to a quieter corner of the studio and dialed Tyrone.

After a brief delay, the call was answered.

A serene male voice greeted her. "Hello."

"It's Sabrina."

"What can I do for you?"

"Did you grant Galilea the liberty to bring her makeup artist and stylist?"

After a pause, Tyrone replied, "Yes. Any issues?"

"The makeup artist, photographer, and prop guy have all

voiced concerns that her makeup does not align with today's shoot, and she's adamantly refusing to stick to the original plan. Moreover, she's threatened to terminate the partnership. I'm worried it might negatively impact the advertisement's outcome."

Tyrone's silence ensued.

Sabrina clung onto a faint hope that he might reconsider.

Prior to Galilea's return, Tyrone had always come across as serious, rational, and meticulous.

When she faltered, he showed no favoritism or leniency.

When she first joined the company, she had been publicly reprimanded by him, causing her immense embarrassment.

However, everything seemed to have changed since Galilea's return. Tyrone had shown favoritism at work, albeit not towards her, but towards Galilea.

Her hopes were crushed when Tyrone stated, "Could there have been some confusion? Galilea isn't the type to end a partnership without reason. What would she gain from it?"

Sabrina let out a sigh. "There's no confusion. I tried to negotiate, but they're unwilling to compromise."

Instead of addressing her concerns, Tyrone questioned, "Why

did you cancel yesterday's shoot without informing Galilea?"

A wave of suffocation swept over Sabrina.

Tyrone had no faith in her.

"Hmm?" Tyrone took her silence as a guilty conscience. "I'm deeply let down, Sabrina. Galilea never spoke ill of you; she even defended you. But you?"

A chilling feeling spread over Sabrina.

Her hand trembled as she held the phone. Her mind was racing.

She was left speechless.

Like a fugitive, she didn't have the courage to hear Tyrone's upcoming words and hastily hung up the call.

Clap!

In her shaky grip, the phone slipped and fell to the floor.

