

Chapter 123 Is Her Being Alive A Sin

When asked by Sabrina, Bradley only admitted to some tensions on the film set, assuring her she needn't be concerned for his wellbeing. Sabrina, though skeptical, tried to reassure him, "Don't take those strangers' words to heart. Your focus should be on securing your job."

Bradley replied, "Don't worry."

Indeed, his enemy had inadvertently presented him a chance to reverse his fortunes.

If the assaulted staff member was absent from the interview, Bradley alone would face the brunt of the public's scorn.

But in a bid to amplify the issue, the enemy had arranged an interview that, ironically, nudged Chains towards Bradley's camp.

Now, they were united by a common enemy.

The Cloudwater Town attracted a lot of investment for two reasons. One was that Galilea played the heroine in it, and the other was that the play was directed by Chains.

If the investors were keen on retaining Chains and his crew, they had to exonerate him, justifying his demand for an apology from the staff member as a response to Bradley's provocation.

Consequently, despite the apparent backlash against Bradley, he wouldn't lose his role in the play. At worst, he might encounter some setbacks in his collaborations.

Nevertheless, if he could excel in the Cloudwater Town and advance his career, any loss he faced would be inconsequential.

Having understood these dynamics, Sabrina heaved a sigh of relief and returned to her work.

Abruptly, her phone buzzed.

An unknown number flashed on the screen.

This was her work phone, often used by potential collaborators.

Recognizing the unfamiliar number, Sabrina casually picked up. "Hello? Who's this?"

"Sabrina Chavez, you are such a bitch, rot in..."

Stunned by the barrage of insults, Sabrina remained silent for a few moments before disconnecting the call.

It was a bizarre experience, leaving her slightly bewildered.

A disconcerting thought loomed in her mind.

Almost immediately, another call from an unfamiliar number arrived.

Sabrina had a hunch this was another barrage of insults waiting.

She chose not to answer.

Moments later, she received a text. "Rot in hell, you bitch!"

Another message came. "Home-wrecker! I hope you and your family suffer!"

The onslaught of calls and messages kept escalating.

It dawned on Sabrina that her number had been leaked.

On checking her Facebook, she found a flood of friend requests, all containing vile messages and slander.

Regaining her composure, Sabrina quickly texted her customers and told them to contact her assistant if necessary.

After that, she promptly turned off her phone.

She then relayed the situation to her assistant. Sabrina skimmed through her other social media profiles, finding them too inundated with abusive messages.

Thankfully, her private number and account remained secure.

Drained and ashen-faced, she slumped back into her chair and shut her eyes.

All she yearned for was a calm, ordinary life. Was that too much to ask?

Was her life destined to be like this just because she loved Tyrone?

It felt as if her existence was a sin.

Was she truly in the wrong?

A knock on her office door broke her reverie.

Straightening up, she called out, "Come in."

"Miss Chavez, these are the papers for the meeting. Please review them."

Sabrina was reminded of an executive meeting at ten, where she was expected to present.

The assistant left the documents and exited the room.

Sabrina gathered herself, picked up the papers, and began preparing for her presentation.

"Mr. Blakely, something went wrong." Kylan burst into Tyrone's office. "Ms. Chavez's phone number and all her social accounts have been leaked!"

At this news, Tyrone's expression darkened and he quickly rose from his seat.

"Rest assured. She has already stopped using that phone number."

"Track down the informant's IP address, preserving any related evidence. Promptly contact the authorities!" Tyrone instructed meticulously, his gaze intense. Certain situations called for discretion, others necessitated the enforcement of law.

If certain individuals were hell-bent on antagonizing him, they'd face the consequences.

"Understood, I'll do it right away."

Just as Tyrone was set to depart, his phone buzzed. He retrieved his mobile from the tabletop, proceeding to engage in conversation.

"Mr. Blakely, I have some updates for you."

A male voice resonated from the other end.

"Go on."

"Leon Gordon is a distant relative of Theo Garrett's. Jobless, and has lately been seen in the company of Byron."

Byron was Theo's son and Evelyn's cousin.

Tyrone's brow furrowed considerably.

"Is there any proof of their dealings?"

"I've forwarded it to your email."

"Byron was likely influenced by Evelyn. Dig into both of them."

"Will do."

Ending the call, Tyrone slammed his phone onto the table, resting his eyes for a moment.

It had something to do with Evelyn!

He had imagined her audacious enough to drug him, but this was beyond belief.

It was he who'd reassigned Evelyn to the branch company.

Lately, Evelyn's focus had been on Sabrina.

It all boiled down to Evelyn's envy of Sabrina.

From Tyrone's perspective, her jealousy was entirely unwarranted.

When he first joined the corporation, Evelyn was instrumental in his acclimation. As a sign of gratitude, he esteemed Evelyn, and privately, treated her as a regular friend.

Had it not been for the current predicament, Tyrone would've never entertained the notion that Evelyn would harbor such an obsession for him.

He found himself reflecting on the instance when his relationship with Galilea was exposed by the media. Evelyn broke the news to him in his office and sought his advice on dealing with the matter. Subtly, she implied that the blog, the source of the leak, was linked with MQ Clothing, thereby indirectly pointing the finger at Sabrina.

And that other day when Sabrina disclosed that Evelyn harbored feelings for him, he was more inclined to believe Evelyn than Sabrina.

At this point, he was forced to admit his misjudgment.

Sabrina was the one he should've trusted.

Returning to his seat, Tyrone logged into his email.

By ten in the morning, the meeting attendees entered the conference room.

Seated in a corner, Sabrina had an open folder in front of her, and her face was still a little pale.

Once all attendees had settled in, Tyrone claimed his chair at the head of the table, with Kylan

marking the commencement of the meeting.

Following reports by several managers, it was Sabrina's turn to present.

She inhaled deeply, rising to her feet and moving towards the projection screen. Displaying her characteristic confidence, she illustrated MQ Clothing's seasonal achievements, along with its theme, design, manufacturing process, and next-stage plans.

"That concludes my presentation. Thank you." She clicked to the final slide and bowed to the executives on both sides.

The senior executives then turned their attention to Tyrone.

"Mr. Blakely." Kylan bent down to whisper into Tyrone's ear.

It was the first time Kylan had witnessed Tyrone lose focus during a meeting.

Shaken from his thoughts, Tyrone shuffled through his documents, glanced at the assembly on either side, and asked, "What are your thoughts?"

The two deputy general managers and the executive director shared their inputs, to which Sabrina responded.

Next up was a vice president. He subtly pointed out, "Sabrina is highly competent at her job. While I realize it's not my place to interfere in personal affairs, it's become clear that your

personal matters are impacting the company's reputation and stock value. Perhaps it's best if you take a break."

