

Chapter 11 Hype

"I don't have any plans for this evening." Tyrone reclined on his chair, massaging the bridge of his nose. He powered off his computer and rose to his feet. "Let's go."

Arriving home, they found that the servants had already arranged dinner.

Once they had eaten, Tyrone secluded himself in his study for more work.

Sabrina sat in the living room, flipping through TV channels. Eventually, she got up, poured herself a glass of water, retrieved her medicine from the cupboard, and swallowed it down.

"You're taking medicine? What's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

Tyrone's query echoed from behind her.

A shock passed through Sabrina's heart. She turned around, meeting his gaze with a composed demeanor. "Just a bit of a stomach ache."

Striding over to get a glass of water himself, Tyrone asked, "Have you seen a doctor about it?"

He remembered her excuse earlier that day and found no

reason to suspect anything.

"Yes, everything's under control."

"Good. Just make sure you prioritize your health, alright?"

His words of concern elicited a small nod from her, but her heart ached with sadness.

In the early morning, her phone began to ring.

She opened her blurry eyes and reached for the device on the bedside table. Glancing at the caller ID displayed on the screen, she answered the phone in a weary voice. "Hello."

The assistant's voice sounded anxious over the phone.

"Please check the latest trends immediately."

"What happened?" Sabrina questioned, her heart racing.

As she fired up her tablet, notifications from several news platforms began flooding in.

"Mr. Blakely and Galilea Clifford were photographed."

Sabrina's heart skipped a beat as she clicked on the news and skimmed through.

Her assistant, noticing her prolonged silence, asked hesitantly, "What's our move?"

"Get in touch with Galilea's team. Hold off on any responses for now. I'll handle it once I get to the office."

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On her tablet screen, the trending topic was dominated by a single photo of the pair entering a restaurant together, sparking wild speculations.

They could have posted a group photo of both teams enjoying a meal together at the restaurant to generate excitement about the collaboration.

"Understood."

Just as the assistant was about to hang up, Sabrina interjected, "Make sure you have a copy of our group lunch photo from yesterday. Find one where they don't look too close."

"Got it, on it."

After ending the call, Sabrina promptly rose from the bed and hastened to freshen up in the bathroom.

As soon as she arrived at the company, her assistant approached her with a greeting.

"Did you manage to reach Galilea's agent? What did they say?" Sabrina asked as they made their way to the elevator.

Her assistant hesitated, choosing her words carefully. "Mr. Blakely has already forwarded this issue to the public relations department."

Sabrina bit her lip and remained silent.

Exiting the elevator, they ran into Evelyn.

The sight of Sabrina brought a smug grin to Evelyn's face. She taunted, "Well, if it isn't Sabrina. Did you happen to notice Ms. Clifford and Mr. Blakely arriving together yesterday? Some people will go to such lengths to lure get his attention, yet he seems uninterested. He even openly declared that he's not close to you. If I were in your shoes, I'd be too mortified to stick around Blakely Group. It's utterly embarrassing."

Despite her assistant's visible anger, Sabrina remained nonchalant, brushing past Evelyn.

Undeterred, Evelyn intercepted her, "Sabrina, don't you want to know how Mr. Blakely has decided to handle the rumors?"

Sabrina froze.

Evelyn smiled complacently and walked slowly to Sabrina. "I'll tell you the truth. He has requested me to inform the press that he and Ms. Clifford were once in a relationship. Can you imagine what that implies?"

The news hit Sabrina like a cold shower. She could feel her face drain of color. Stunned, she wandered back to her office

in a daze.

She checked the trending topics again, only to find the narrative had shifted.

The implication of an actress being involved with a CEO generally led to assumptions of the woman being a gold digger.

This was particularly damaging to Galilea, who had recently returned to the country.

Yet, now the media was abuzz with the news of Galilea and Tyrone being college sweethearts. Photos of their past were being circulated, showing them as the ideal couple.

The narrative now suggested they had rekindled their relationship.

Furthermore, there were reports circulating that Blakely Group had replaced Darlene with Galilea as its spokesperson.

People began to piece together the dots.