

## Chapter 134 She Will Always Be A Backup

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Tyrone's gaze was firmly fixed on the executive in charge of the branch.

The executive instantly straightened. "I'm in accord with Harrell. Our primary goal should be to alleviate the media pressure, followed by a behind-the-scenes negotiation. Just a monetary compromise should suffice. Continuing to allow Julius to cause chaos will only spell disaster for the company."

Casually leaning back on the couch with his right hand resting on the armrest, his fingers rhythmically drumming against it, Tyrone remarked, "The situation is deteriorating. There's bound to be journalists swarming Julius' residence by now. If we try to handle this privately, it'll look like an admission of guilt. The verdict isn't out yet. We should be patient."

Harrell, however, begged to differ. "Lately, the company has been receiving negative publicity, causing the stocks to plummet, much to the shareholders' discontent. Let's not concern ourselves with the outcome. Regardless of the deceased's fault, it would be a compassionate gesture on our part to treat the deceased's family well, which could also protect the company's image."

"Harrell, you were always a person of stature. The development of the branch owes a lot to you. Why have you grown so faint-hearted over the years?"

Harrell was left dumbfounded.

"The reporters have their sights set on Blakely Group. Do you believe we can alter public opinion by secretly offering the deceased worker's family money? What would our course of action be if a similar event were to occur in the future? If we're truly at fault, we will voluntarily offer compensation. But if we're innocent, why should we bear the loss?"

The executive cast a sidelong glance at Harrell.

Given Tyrone's persistence, Harrell let out a sigh, instructing the executive, "Follow Mr. Blakely's orders. Be mindful of your choice of words with the press awaiting downstairs. Neither be too assertive nor too submissive. Wait for the police's investigation results!"

The executive, regaining his composure, concurred, "Understood."

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

"Mr. Blakely."

It was Kylan.

"Come in."

"Mr. Blakely, Aldrin will meet you at seven this evening."

Public sentiment and compensation weren't major issues. Tyrone was more apprehensive about the authorities causing them trouble, which was why he was present there.

"Understood."

Harrell, wearing a smile, noted, "We've amplified our investment attraction efforts in recent years. Aldrin has been

a significant help."

Upon the outbreak of the fire, he promptly halted production, awaiting investigation.

Now that the potential risk was removed, it was advisable to resume operations as soon as possible, given the hefty costs of delay.

"Both the two of you excel in management," the executive commented, his face beaming.

Two days hence, the branch was back in operation.

"Mr. Blakely, aren't we departing yet?" Kylan inquired.

Tyrone could have left the previous day, but he chose to extend his stay by a day. No one knew the reason.

Tyrone glanced at the date displayed on the screen and lapsed into silence.

Following the fire incident at the company, he once again witnessed the relentless power of public opinion.

The masses were plenty on the internet, and no amount of evidence could convince them.

He could only imagine the hopelessness and despair Sabrina must have experienced.

Was his attempt at reparation too late? 

Did she catch his interview?

What was on her mind? Would she choose for a divorce?

"Book my flight ticket."

On Wednesday evening, Sabrina returned home from work to

find a pair of men's handmade leather shoes at the entrance, a black windbreaker hanging beside it.

Surprised, she wondered if Tyrone was back.

"You're back."

As she looked up, she spotted Tyrone leaning against the back of the couch, his legs crossed, his gaze fixed on her.

"Yes. Did you finish your work?" Sabrina, regaining her composure, continued to switch her shoes.

"Almost. The remaining will be handled by the others."

Adorned in her slippers, Sabrina walked into the living room. Tyrone filled a glass with water, sliding it to her. With feigned nonchalance, he queried, "Have you watched the interview video?"

"Yes." Sabrina perched herself on the sofa, savoring a mouthful of water.

Caught off guard by Sabrina's indifference, Tyrone hesitated before cautiously questioning, "Any thoughts on it?"

Sabrina met his gaze with a shrug. "None."

A shadow crept into Tyrone's gaze.

"So, when is our divorce?"

Tyrone was taken aback by the question. He turned to look at Sabrina and asked, "Are you still determined to go through with the divorce?"

"Absolutely."

"Our relationship is now public knowledge."

"And why would that hinder our divorce?"

"Why?"

"Didn't we go over this previously?"

"Because of Bradley, right? He disregarded his own welfare and reputation to protect you, creating quite a stir online. Did you listen to the recording?"

Sabrina's forehead wrinkled in confusion as she questioned him, "What are you implying? Bradley caused harm on my behalf? What recording?"

"Never mind." Tyrone averted his eyes and dismissed the matter with a shake of his head. "So, what drives your insistence on a divorce?"

"I simply don't wish to share a life with you anymore. Can't you respect your promise to Galilea and grant me the serenity I seek?"

"Is this about Galilea? What do you want me to do? I promise you."

"Haven't you always wanted to be with her? Here's your opportunity."

"Alright. If you dislike her presence, I'll arrange for her to leave the country. She'll stop to interfere. How does that sound?"

Observing Tyrone's unyielding stance, Sabrina rose from her seat, inhaling deeply to maintain her composure. "Tyrone, stop deceiving yourself. No matter your actions, I will proceed with the divorce!"

With that, she turned around and went upstairs.

"Don't leave, Sabrina!"

Tyrone enveloped her from behind, his arms cinching her waist tightly, his warm breath cascading down the back of her neck. "Please, give me one more chance, will you?"

Don't be so merciless."

Just as he had come to the painful realization of his love for her, of his inability to live without her, she was adamant on a divorce. ☹

"Tyrone, you've had a lot of opportunities. Not once did you seize them," Sabrina said, her voice icy. "I never abandoned you, but you consistently chose someone else over me."

She'd always been his backup.

Even now, Tyrone only decided to publicly acknowledge their relationship when her personal details were leaked and the situation spiraled out of control.

She thought back to the cupcake.

His manipulations were like a bitter game, yet her love for him remained steadfast.

Her emotions back then were akin to a bittersweet chocolate cupcake.

Had she known then that Galilea had discarded the cake, she would've rejected it, just like she would've rejected the bitterness of the chocolate.

Their marriage, seemingly glamorous on the surface, was nothing more than a bitter experience cloaked in false hope.

From the very beginning, she was nothing more than Tyrone's plan B, a pawn sacrificed for Galilea.

Yet, she was blindsided by the allure of the chocolate's exquisite packaging.

Now, however, she realized her preference for the sweet, uncomplicated candies of her childhood, inexpensive yet genuinely satisfying.

Tyrone, on the other hand, offered her a beautifully wrapped confectionery, a bitter chocolate masquerading as a sweet treat.

"All I need is another chance," Tyrone implored, his typical cold, arrogant demeanor replaced with humble pleading. "Sabrina, let me make up for you, okay?"

Silently, Sabrina wriggled free of his grasp, making her way upstairs without looking back.

The sweet fruit candy was eventually forsaken.

Tyrone felt a void in his embrace as he watched her walk away, leaving his heart shattered. ③

