

Chapter 275 Tyrone Is Crazy

Bettie returned after a few days.

Exhausted, she pushed the suitcase aside and slumped onto the sofa, rubbing her forehead with irritation.

"What's wrong?" Sabrina poured a cup of coffee and handed it to her.

Bettie let out a long sigh but remained silent. She looked visibly distraught.

She had always been energetic. It was the first time that Sabrina had seen her like this.

"Bettie, what happened? Did anything happen to your parents?"

Bettie lowered her gaze, clearly in distress. "Sabrina, do you think men's brains are between their legs?"

Sabrina paused, sensing the underlying issue.

Bettie smiled sarcastically and continued, "I just discovered that my father cheated on my mother and has a son with another woman. His son is in college now. Then I realized why he kept pressuring me to go on those blind dates."

Although Sabrina suspected something like that, the revelation left her visibly shocked. Bettie's father had always been an amiable figure in her mind.

Sabrina sat beside Bettie on the sofa and wrapped her arms around her friend, offering a warm and comforting embrace. "I'm here for you. You don't have to go through this alone."

Bettie remained silent.

Sabrina gazed up at the ceiling, lost in thought. "When I was young, my

parents got divorced. My mother left and never came back. I can barely remember what she looked like and only have a few hazy memories of her. But I heard rumors that she had an affair, and my father couldn't forgive her for it and divorced her.

I was also sad, confused, and angry. At that time, I thought that if I had the chance to see her again, I would ask her why she did it, but I never did see her again. I wonder if she even remembers or thinks of me at all."

Bettie lifted her head from her shoulder. "You seem to have faced greater tribulations than I have."

Comparing her life to Sabrina's tragic tale, she realized her situation was comparatively more fortunate.

At least her father provided her with a good life, and she enjoyed the treatment as the only child in her family for over 20 years.

"So, there is nothing we can't endure. Things happen, and we need to move forward. We have to think carefully about what we do next."

"Do next?" Bettie sneered. "I know what his plan is. He wants me to get married and move out of his house. The mistress's son will inherit the remainder of the family business. No chance of that! He can have his illegitimate son, but I won't give up a penny of my family's property!"

"Then what are you going to do next?"

"Well... I don't know," Bettie said dully.

The question snapped her back to reality.

Once carefree and focused only on her hobbies, Bettie never had to worry about her future. Her father never pressured her to work at the family company, so she remained ignorant of its inner workings. However, now she was afraid that her lack of knowledge would make her father hesitant to entrust the company to her.

"Hmm... I suggest you don't resist for now. It might be better to hide

your strength and wait for the right moment," Sabrina advised.

Bettie nodded. "You're right!"

She took a sip of water and put her hand on Sabrina's knee. "Enough about me. I saw Trevor's post. Did you two break up? What happened?"

"Hmm. It's a long story."

"Then give me the short version."

Sabrina pursed her lips and recounted what had happened at the hot spring resort.

Bettie couldn't believe what she heard. She patted Sabrina on the shoulder. "Well, maybe it's for the best. People who lack self-control when drunk will cause trouble sooner or later."

"Actually... It's not that he couldn't control himself. It was Tyrone who set him up."

"What?" Bettie's eyes widened in disbelief. "Tyrone is crazy and insane!"

Sabrina smiled, realizing she had the same thought as Bettie.

"By the way, I was reading the news before I came here and saw that Tyrone has been appointed the chairman of Blakely Group."

Sabrina raised her eyebrows in surprise and was curious, so she picked up her phone and opened Twitter. She didn't need to search for it since it was the top trending topic.

Tyrone had returned to Blakely Group. The official company's account announced that he would be taking over as chairman effective immediately.

Sabrina couldn't help but wonder if the company was in trouble.

Regardless, it had nothing to do with her. So she decided to put her phone away and focus on other matters.

"Has Jennie gone back home?"

"No, she's sleeping in the bedroom," Sabrina replied, pointing to the room. "She wants to come with me when I go with Blayze to take photos."

"Is Aylin going?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll go as well!"

Meanwhile, at a club, the lift descended to the ground floor with a distinct chime, and the sleek doors glided apart.

Tyrone stepped inside and pressed the button to close the doors.

When the doors were about to shut, an arm suddenly reached in, causing them to retract immediately on both sides.

A young man dressed in a navy blue suit, looking sharp and polished, stood by the elevator doors. He held a black coat draped over his elbow, adding a touch of sophistication to his already refined appearance.

As he stepped into the lift, his gaze met Tyrone's, who moved to the side to make room for him.

Tyrone shifted his gaze and looked ahead.

As the elevator doors prepared to close, a voice from outside called out urgently, "Wait!"

Immediately, the young man extended his fingers and pressed the "open" button.

Kylan rushed into the elevator, clutching his chest and gasping for breath. Without paying attention, he turned to the person beside him, assuming it was Tyrone, and said, "Mr. Blakely, here's your phone."

He held out the phone to the man, who didn't take it.

Kylan looked up and gently reminded him, "Mr. Blakely."

His voice trailed off abruptly.

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Kylan stood stunned for a couple of seconds.

The man in front of him wasn't Tyrone.

Tyrone cleared his throat, drawing Kylan's attention.

Embarrassed, Kylan turned around and saw Tyrone standing behind him.

"Sorry about that," Kylan said to the young man with an apologetic smile. He then handed the phone to Tyrone. "Mr. Blakely, here's your phone."

Tyrone raised his eyes to look at him, causing Kylan to break out in a cold sweat.

"Okay."

He took the phone and slipped it into his pocket. His eyes inadvertently met the young man's.

Their eyes met with invisible enmity and were filled with tension, as if in a silent battle.

Neither of the two men averted their eyes.

Inside the elevator, a heavy, suffocating silence settled.

Kylan felt the weight of the atmosphere and found it oppressive.

Holding his breath, he stole a glance at the young man.

Tall and impeccably dressed, the young man stood at a similar height to Tyrone. His stoic face rendered him distant and enigmatic.

He glanced again and noticed that the young man bore a striking resemblance to Tyrone. That explained why Kylan had made the error earlier.

Finally, the young man regarded Tyrone disdainfully, assessing him from head to toe, and inquired, "Tyrone Blakely?"

Tyrone raised his eyebrows slightly. "Blayze Fowler?"

"I heard that you've just announced yourself as the chairman of Blakely Group today. Congratulations," Blayze said, offering a polite smile.

"Thank you. As far as I know, there have been some conflicts between Blakely Group and the Fowler family. Would you care to join me for a drink upstairs?"

The elevator beeped.

It arrived at Blayze's floor.

"Perhaps another time. I have some pressing matters to attend to. We can discuss it later," Blayze replied calmly.

Then he turned around and exited the elevator.

The doors closed, leaving only Tyrone and Kylan inside.

Kylan let out a sigh of relief. "Mr. Blakely, I'm sorry about mistaking that man for you earlier."

"It's fine."

"But Mr. Fowler does bear a strong resemblance to you."

"Is that so?" Tyrone arched an eyebrow. "I don't see it, but he does seem quite hostile towards me."

Although Blayze had concealed his feelings well, Tyrone sensed the tension from the moment they met.

Tyrone even suspected Blayze might have been the instigator behind the Fowler family's attempts to steal projects from Blakely Group several times.

But why did Blayze hold a grudge against the Blakely family?

