

## Chapter 104 I Believe You

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The following morning, Sabrina woke up to find that Tyrone had already gotten up.

He was neatly dressed and seated at the table, patiently waiting for her to join him for breakfast. Afterward, they headed to the company together.

A knock sounded on the office door, and Sabrina looked up from her computer. "Come in."

"Ms. Chavez." Kylan entered. "Mr. Blakely sent me to deliver this document."

"Put it over there," Sabrina said, pointing to the desk.

Kylan placed the document on the desk and left.

Sabrina picked up the folder and opened it.

To her surprise, the folder didn't contain any serious documents. Instead, it held a piece of paper containing Tyrone's detailed schedule for the next week.

He always reported his schedule to her in the past, but it wasn't as detailed as this one.

While Sabrina read through the schedule, she received a message from him. ⓘ

"I won't be in the office at noon. I've ordered lunch for you. After you finish eating, you can rest in my lounge."

"Okay."

During the lunch break, Kylan brought in the takeout. After finishing her meal, Sabrina headed to Tyrone's lounge for a nap.

When Sabrina woke up, she looked at the time and realized the break was nearly over. It was time to go back to work.

She slipped her shoes on and straightened her clothes, preparing to leave. However, just as she was about to, voices from outside the lounge caught her attention.

"Well, is there anything else?"

It was Tyrone.

He must have returned.

"There is one more personal matter," a female voice said.

Sabrina recognized it as Evelyn's.

"Mr. Blakely, today is my birthday. I'm inviting my colleagues to dinner after work, and then we'll go to a karaoke bar. Will you please come?"

"No, thanks. You enjoy yourselves."

Noticing his lack of interest, Evelyn continued, "It would mean a lot to me if you could join us. You can treat this party as a departmental celebration. Everyone would be delighted if you were there. I heard you recently went on a hot spring vacation with the other departments, so you can't be biased. Please reconsider."

"Okay, I'll see."

Once Sabrina heard that Evelyn had gone, she opened the door and stepped out.

Tyrone stood by the French window when he heard the door open. He turned to find Sabrina entering the room, and he greeted her with a smile. "You're awake."

"Yes."

"Tonight is Evelyn's birthday. She invited the entire department to the party. Would you like to come with me?"

Sabrina glanced at him. "You know that Evelyn and I don't see eye to eye. If I go to her birthday party, she'll be upset. Besides, I'm not in her department."

"So what? If you come with me, who would dare kick you out?"

"Then under what pretense would I go there?"

"What would you like to go as? Colleague or my wife?"

Sabrina looked up at Tyrone and saw the sincerity in his eyes.

Lowering her head, she pursed her lips and said, "You'd better go by yourself."

There was gossip circulating about them in the company. If Sabrina went with him, it would be impossible to dispel these misconceptions.

The rumors were true. But Sabrina wasn't ready to make it public yet.

"Didn't you say that Evelyn likes me? Aren't you worried?" Tyrone looked at Sabrina meaningfully.

Didn't she feel any jealousy?

"You don't believe she has feelings for you, do you?" Sabrina asked, raising her eyebrows. "Then you can go by yourself. I trust you."

Sabrina believed that Tyrone didn't perceive any romantic feelings from Evelyn.

She didn't want to burden herself with worries about his faithfulness.

Considering her pregnancy, she knew it would be best to rest at home.

Despite his efforts to persuade her to go with him, Sabrina stubbornly refused.

The lack of jealousy from Sabrina left Tyrone feeling frustrated and unhappy about the situation.

"Well... Fine."

Since she was unwilling to go, he wouldn't force her.

"If there's nothing else, I'll return to work," she said.

"Okay," he replied.

As Sabrina stepped out of Tyrone's office, she suddenly stopped.

Evelyn was standing nearby. Her eyes filled with burning intensity as she stared at Sabrina.

With a faint smile, Sabrina said, "Good afternoon, Evelyn."

However, Evelyn glared back and responded with a dismissive snort before leaving.

In the restaurant Evelyn had booked, after Tyrone settled into his seat, the rest of the employees sat around the spacious round table.

Evelyn pre-ordered the dishes, and the wait staff efficiently served each course as soon as everyone was seated.

Before the gathering, Evelyn took the initiative to send a personal message to Tyrone, inquiring about his food preferences. His response was simple. "It's up to you. Ask the others what they would like."

Evelyn chose not to probe further.

Evelyn and Tyrone had worked together for a few years and shared countless dinners throughout their time working together. Despite their familiarity, she could never quite discern his favorite dish.

He always exuded maturity and composure, maintaining an enigmatic poker face.

Once again, as a show of respect, the employees patiently waited for Tyrone to commence his meal before they followed suit.

The public relations department was known for its cheerful nature. One or two individuals were always engrossed in conversation. Their lively presence soon lightened the mood and created a convivial atmosphere.

Tyrone settled back in his chair, holding his glass while occasionally engaging in conversation.

Even in his relaxed posture, he emanated an air of dignity and detachment.

Noticing this, Evelyn saw an opportunity to foster a deeper and more intimate connection with him. She gracefully served a plate of vegetables and asked, "Would you care for some?"

Tyrone's gaze briefly swept over the vegetables on the plate, yet he didn't provide a direct answer. Instead, he politely responded, "Thank you. You don't need to pick food out for me."

Evelyn was embarrassed and rendered momentarily speechless.

She placed the plate back and secretly glanced at Tyrone.

She felt disappointed when Tyrone didn't eat the vegetables.

Just then, Tyrone's mobile phone on the table lit up with a message.

Tyrone reached for his phone and unlocked the screen. As he began to respond to the message, Evelyn couldn't help but notice the contact name—Sabrina.

She couldn't see the content of the message, but witnessing Tyrone's softened expression as he replied made her feel a pang of jealousy.

Another message arrived, making Tyrone smile and continue typing.

Most of the time, he would make phone calls or send e-mails. It was rare for him to send messages.

As Evelyn continued observing Tyrone's actions, thoughts of his interactions with Sabrina resurfaced,

intensifying her feelings of envy. Unconsciously, she tightened her grip around her fork.

Tyrone's phone screen lit up again, signaling another incoming message.

He was about to respond when Evelyn decided to speak up. "Mr. Blakely, I'd like to propose a toast to you. Thank you for your care and support throughout the years. I am committed to making valuable contributions to Blakely Group in the future."

Tyrone turned off his phone and raised his glass. "You're welcome."

The deputy director followed the example and made a toast to Tyrone, followed by the rest of the employees in the department. Each expressed their gratitude and respect.

Tyrone graciously accepted three more toasts before politely asking them to refrain from further toasting.

Halfway through the dinner, Tyrone's phone rang. It was a call from his driver.

Tyrone excused himself and walked to the corridor to answer the phone.

"Mr. Blakely, we have a flat tire. I have called the repair shop and asked them to deal with it. Shall I get another car?"

After a moment's pause, Tyrone replied, "No, you can head back. I'll ask my wife to pick me up after dinner."

"Very well, sir."

After ending the call, Tyrone checked the recent chat history with Sabrina on his phone.

He noticed a new message from Sabrina, asking if he was still planning to go to karaoke.

Instead of replying through text, Tyrone decided to call her.

The phone barely rang twice when Sabrina answered the phone. "Are you out of the private room?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Don't get drunk," Sabrina reminded him, emphasizing what she had mentioned during their previous chat.

"I won't."

"Are you going to karaoke? When will you come back? Should I wait for you?"

"I won't stay long. The driver had a flat tire. Will you pick me up after karaoke?"

Sabrina hesitated momentarily before replying, "Okay, just don't be too late."

"Sure. Drive safely on your way," Tyrone said in a low voice.

After ending the call, Tyrone stood beside a window in the corridor, taking a moment to collect his thoughts.

A cool breeze blew against his skin, relieving him of the heat he felt all over his body.

He removed his coat and draped it over his elbow.

Unbeknownst to Tyrone, Evelyn stepped out of the



private room. Her attention was immediately drawn to his imposing stature and strong back. Spellbound, she stood there, gazing at him for a long, lingering moment.