

Chapter 120 Do You Know Who I Am

It wasn't a surprise that the internet overflowed with countless photos and videos of Sabrina and Tyrone being surrounded by the reporters.

To people, their actions appeared to be clever sophistry, and their evasion was a sign of weakness.

The buzz surrounding it was steadily intensifying. More and more people were talking about it.

Unable to resist, Bettie reposted the video and left a firm comment. "They're innocent. Stop spreading baseless rumors."

She had defended Sabrina regarding the makeup issue, and people knew the two were friends. They bombarded Bettie's Twitter account with a barrage of negative comments.

Undeterred, Bettie fearlessly engaged in heated quarrels with them.

Later that afternoon, a scheduled meeting took place. Sabrina emerged from the conference room, clutching a document, and headed to the CEO's office.

"Ms. Chavez, are you here to see Mr. Blakely?" Kylan inquired, "There's a document that requires his signature."

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"Ms. Chavez, are you here to see Mr. Blakely?" Kylan inquired, "There's a document that requires his signature."

"I apologize, but he's currently not in the company. If there's no urgency, please hand me the document, and I'll ensure he receives it upon his return."

Glancing at her watch, Sabrina noticed it was already 4 p.m.

"Okay." Sabrina handed the document to Kylan. "The partner is in a hurry. I need this done before the end of the day."

"I understand."

She returned to her office and waited for the message to come through.

As it was time to leave for the day, she checked her phone but found no messages. So she sent Kylan a message. "Hasn't Mr. Blakely returned yet?"

When Kylan received the message from Sabrina, he felt apprehensive. Choosing his words carefully, he replied, "No. He must have been held up by something important."

Something important?

Undoubtedly, it was crucial to be there for Galilea.

"Why don't you call him?" Kylan's second message came.

Sabrina stood by the window and dialed Tyrone's number. The phone rang persistently, but there was no response.

With a scornful expression, she left for home after finishing work.

Shortly after settling into her bed, her phone began to ring.

Opening her eyes, Sabrina glanced at the bright screen. It was a call from Tyrone.

Without bothering to answer, she decided to turn the phone off entirely.

In the late evening, the lights of a two-story building nestled within a villa district were still on.

Multiple electric vehicles were parked in front of the courtyard.

The locals knew the villa was used as a rented studio rather than a residence.

And the vehicles belonged to the employees, serving as their means of transportation.

Their working hours had no set schedule. Sometimes they started early in the day, while other times they worked well into the late hours of the evening.

Once, a curious neighbor happened to run into the villa's landlord and couldn't resist inquiring about the occupants of the villa and their activities. The landlord, however, had limited knowledge about the renters. He only knew that they were involved in the self-media business.

The neighbors could tell they must be busy working on a substantial project during the last couple of days.

The cars hadn't moved at all. No one had been seen leaving the building. The only signs of their presence were the discarded wrappers of takeout food in the trash can.

Meanwhile, inside the villa, the employees toiled relentlessly, leaving no time for meals. And when they did manage to grab a bite, it was well into the late hours of the evening.

The work was arduous and taxing, demanding great effort from each of them.

Despite the challenges, they were all in good spirits. One of the taller men, munching on his takeout, exclaimed with a grin, "Hang in there, boys! Just think of all the money we'll be making."

Another man mumbled, "While I was fretting over nothing worthy of being reported, something unexpected happened!"

The tall man asked, "Rupert, why the long face?"

"I'm worried that Tyrone might discover our whereabouts."

The taller man replied confidently, "How could that be possible? We were fine last time, weren't we? Besides, we now live in a society governed by law. What harm can he do to us?"

Rupert let out a sigh and shook his head. "Just a few days ago, classified information about Blakely Group

got leaked. In Tyrone's absence, other leaders seized the opportunity to pursue their agendas. They persuaded the police to incarcerate Sabrina, but she was released in less than a day. Tyrone returned overnight and posted bail for her. And those two policemen who arrested Sabrina were suspended from duty."

The wealthy operated beyond the constraints of the law, thanks to their influential connections. Tyrone just had to say the word, and someone would come running to his aid. As a result, the two police officers who arrested Sabrina faced suspension from duty, and they couldn't even hold Tyrone accountable.

The rest of the men stopped eating and looked at each other.

The tall man attempted to ease the tension with a smile. "Rupert, don't overthink it. How does it concern us? Let's just focus on making money!"

Just as he finished speaking, the doorbell rang.

"I'll get the door."

Rupert put down his snacks and went to answer it. When he opened it, he was met with a powerful kick from an unknown intruder, leaving him breathless and doubled over in pain.

He immediately dropped to the floor, clutching his stomach, and gasped for air.

The assailant was a strong young man with short, spiky hair.

He wasted no time, grabbing Rupert's collar and lifting him forcefully. "Get up!" he demanded.

Rupert was taken aback, filled with fear and pain. "What are you doing? You're breaking the law."

Disregarding Rupert's words, the imposing man forcefully slammed his head against the wall.

A bone-breaking thud echoed through the room, leaving Rupert dazed and bewildered. Panic and apprehension gripped him in the aftermath.

Within moments, the other four employees, who had been enjoying snacks, heard the commotion and rushed out. Witnessing the scene, their faces contorted with shock and concern.

"Who are you?"

"Why did you hit him?"

Despite their intentions to assist, several more burly men burst in from the outside.

It was October, and the weather had become cooler, especially at night. All the employees were wearing coats.

In stark contrast, the men who launched the surprise attack wore only short sleeves, revealing their inked and robust arms. The abundance of tattoos made it evident that they were gangsters, a group best left unprovoked.

The four employees found themselves in an unfamiliar and unsettling situation. Glancing at each other, they remained paralyzed with fear.

"Who are you? What do you want?" The tall man managed to muster his courage, his fear evident in his blunt

shout.

Pulling out his phone, he dialed 911, determined to call for help. "Release him! Do you want to end up in jail? You're trespassing and have assaulted one of my employees. You'll face the consequences!"

But before anyone answered the call, one of the tattooed men swiftly kicked the phone away.

With a loud crash, the phone smashed against the wall, shattering into countless pieces and littering the floor.

The tall man's face drained of color, trepidation gripping him.

Summoning his courage, one of the employees decided to take action. The spiky-haired man quickly noticed and grabbed an iron bar from another. Swiftly and decisively, he swung the bar, delivering a harsh blow to the employee's legs. The employee screamed in agony and collapsed, writhing in pain.

He continued the assault by stomping forcefully on his back with his heavy boot.

The two remaining employees watched in horror and dared not move.

"What do you want? Please tell us. If we've offended you, we can make amends," the tall man asked feebly. He wanted to find a peaceful resolution.

The employees sat nervously as no one responded to the tall man's pleas. Then, a man dressed in a black shirt and suit pants calmly entered the room.

Their jaws dropped, and their faces turned pale with shock.

Of course, they recognized him.

It was none other than Tyrone.

With an air of nonchalance, he observed the aftermath of his men's actions, glancing at Rupert and the other employees huddled nervously on the floor. Then, fixing his piercing gaze on the tall man, he calmly inquired, "Do you know who I am?"

