

Chapter 157 Cesar's Plan

Leroy, aware of Cesar's reasons, kept his silence.

The bulk of the shares sat in Wanda's control, and it was inevitable that they would be redistributed in the future. Tyrone's larger stake made sense, given his long-standing contributions to the business.

The other shareholders, after a moment of surprise, readily accepted the situation.

Leroy, preoccupied with his catering business, was not deeply involved in the corporation's workings, so it was natural the shareholders wouldn't envision him as the chairman.

Kira, living overseas and seldom meddling with company affairs, was likewise not a candidate.

Sergio, who possessed no shares and worked in the research and development center, was also out of the question.

Wanda, lacking expertise in company management, was similarly unsuitable.

In essence, no one seemed better fit for the chairman role than Tyrone.

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Harrell's emotions were tangled about this.

He had once advocated for Tyrone's dismissal when the previous chairman was healthy, but was caught off guard when the chairman passed away unexpectedly.


He was forced to concede that Tyrone as chairman was the only feasible solution at this point.

Harrell cast a look at Larry, whose gaze was lowered, his face a mask of cool detachment, as if lost in thought.

Cesar, before his passing, left a will promoting Tyrone to chairman. It was clear he was dissatisfied with the change in presidency and aimed to limit Larry.

Yet, both were Cesar's grandsons. Although Larry hadn't made remarkable contributions, he also hadn't committed any glaring mistakes. So, why the bias from their grandfather? 

Or had Larry done something to provoke Cesar's displeasure?

Kylan relayed the meeting's outcomes to Tyrone, who had just returned to his villa. 

Sabrina had already begun eating and Tyrone could finally unwind.

Tyrone stood on the second-floor balcony, lighting a cigar. After pocketing his lighter, he took a drag, forming a smoke ring as he exhaled. His emotions were even more intricate now.

He had never anticipated this outcome.

He had assumed his grandfather would be profoundly disappointed in him following his meeting with Galilea, yet surprisingly, his grandfather had chosen to defend him, a kindness he felt undeserving of.

Holding the cigar between his index and middle fingers, Tyrone turned around, leaned against the railing, and gazed across the villa.

For three years of Tyrone and Sabrina's marriage, this place had been their home.

Their lives had been tightly woven together, inseparable.

This place held all their cherished memories.

But once they returned from St. Carleigh Church, he would move out of here. Sabrina would be gone from his life.

The shrill ring of his phone interrupted his musings.

It was a video call from Kira.

A cherubic face filled the screen, bright blue eyes twinkling.

Kira was standing beside. "Jennie, your uncle's answering."

"Uncle Tyrone! I miss you!" Jennie's face lit up. ☺

Tyrone's face softened into a rare smile. "I miss you too, Jennie."

But his smile held a touch of sorrow.

Thoughts of his unborn child, who had already taken form but never entered the world, crossed his mind.

If the little one could be born, he would be just as adorable as Jennie was.

"Do you miss me, Uncle? I miss you so much! Are you at your house in Mathias now?" Jennie asked, her chin uplifted in curiosity.

"Yes, I do miss you, Jennie. I'm at home now," Tyrone confirmed, turning his phone to show her his surroundings.

"Humph! I don't believe you! You have Aunt Sabrina. How could you miss me?" She then looked behind him and asked, "Where's she?"

Tyrone's expression froze. "She isn't well; she's in the hospital." Jennie's face clouded with worry. "What? She's unwell? When is she coming home?"

"Several days later."

"Why not gift her with some sweet cake? She'd certainly appreciate that!"

Tyrone couldn't help but chuckle. "Sure thing, I'll bring her some cake."

Taking over the phone, Kira instructed Jennie, "Jennie, time for you to do your homework."

A significant time difference existed between the two cities. It was midday in Mathias, but nighttime in the city where Jennie

and Kira resided.

Upon hearing Kira's directive, the little girl sulked and protested, "But I want to spend time with Uncle Tyrone."

Kira was well aware that this was a mere excuse to avoid her academic responsibilities.

"If you don't get your homework done, you won't get a slice of the cake."

Jennie dithered for a moment. Finally, the young girl gave in to her sweet tooth, choosing cake over a chat with Tyrone. She waved a pouty goodbye to him, "Uncle Tyrone, off to do my homework I go! Bye!"

"Off you go. Study hard. I'll drop by to see you when I can."

Soon, only Kira remained in the frame of the video call.

She studied Tyrone's face, probing, "Have you been missing out on sleep lately? You seem weary."

"Indeed," Tyrone responded with disinterest, taking a puff from his cigar.

"When did you pick up smoking?" Kira queried in surprise.

"Just recently."

"Do you know the outcome of the general shareholders' meeting? Your grandfather held you in high regard."

With downcast eyes, Tyrone admitted, "I'm aware. I feel a pang of guilt for Grandpa."

"Why the guilt? Perhaps he realized his mistake before passing away, understood that he shouldn't have forced you

into a union with Sabrina."

Tyrone remained silent.

Undeterred, Kira continued, "I heard that Sabrina is expecting? Is her hospitalization due to the baby?"

Tyrone hesitated for a moment, then shook his head, confessing in a soft voice, "No, she suffered a miscarriage."

Taken aback, Kira voiced her thoughts. "Perhaps it's for the best. Divorcing her would be more challenging if a child were involved. Now that your grandpa is no longer here, when do you plan to divorce her?"

"Once she recovers from the miscarriage."

"That's sensible. What about Galilea? After the divorce, you should consider marrying her promptly. She's been waiting for you for so many years!" ②

"Galilea is responsible for Grandpa's death. She's disappeared. I have no plans to marry her. Aunt Kira, I'd appreciate it if you didn't bring her up again."

"It's alright if you don't wish to marry Galilea. I could introduce you to someone else..." ③

"Aunt Kira!" Tyrone interjected in a stern tone. "I don't have immediate plans to remarry after divorce. There's no need for your concern."

"I have your best interest at heart. You're nearing thirty and due to your grandfather's misguided decision, you lost three years..."

"Grandpa made the right decision!" Tyrone asserted strongly. "Without Grandpa, I might never have understood who my heart truly longs for."

Kira was taken aback. "Tyrone? Has Sabrina bewitched you? She..."

"I have other matters to attend to. Goodbye."

Tyrone promptly ended the video call.

Despite Kira's attempts to reestablish the call, Tyrone repeatedly disconnected.

Having snuffed out his cigar, he was about to retire when his gaze landed on a black car pulling up and coming to a halt at the front of his villa.



Chapter 158 She Used To Adore Him

A pair of men emerged from the vehicle, the first was Harrell, the second, Cody, both members of the board of directors.

Tyrone left the door open, welcoming the pair into his study, extending an invitation for coffee.

The formalities quickly subsided as Harrell voiced the board's resolution from the recent shareholders' meeting.

Tyrone's demeanor remained composed, despite the information. He gracefully prepared a pot of coffee for the two directors, subtly signifying his lack of interest in rejoining Blakely Group.

There were two reasons. First, his grandfather had just passed away, and then his wife lost their baby. These two events hit him hard, and he needed some time to come to terms with them. He didn't have much energy left to handle company matters.

Furthermore, he had previously expressed his differing opinions from the board, and with his brother Larry as the CEO, he had no desire to engage in a power struggle.

Harrell and Cody exchanged a look of resignation. Their attempts to sway Tyrone proved unsuccessful, and they left.

However, with the chairman's position unoccupied, the

shareholders would remain uneasy.

Cody revisited Tyrone twice more in hopes of changing his mind, but his efforts were in vain.

Sabrina, meanwhile, spent five days in the hospital. On the fifth day, she was visited by Bettie.

Bettie attempted to console her, offering, "Children and families are important, but they're not our entire lives. We don't live solely for them. We live for ourselves too. We should live life to its fullest, for our own sake."

This philosophy was something her parents had instilled in her.

Bettie felt fortunate for her affluent upbringing and her parents' progressive thinking.

However, she understood that her life experiences and personality were drastically different from Sabrina's.

Due to Sabrina's childhood experiences, she valued family affection immensely. Bettie knew that Sabrina would not recover from the grief in a short time.

"Speaking of which, when are you planning to divorce Tyrone?" Sabrina replied, "After we visit St. Carleigh Church to hold a memorial for our child."

"And what are your plans after the divorce?"

Sabrina gazed out of the window, shaking her head.

She was unsure of what her life would look like after divorcing and resigning.

Bettie attempted to lighten the mood. "Tyrone should be leaving you with quite a hefty sum after the divorce, right? You don't need to work; you can do something you love. Maybe adopt a cat, read, travel, anything you want to. You'll be the envy of many, being able to do as you please!"

"What am I passionate about?"

Sabrina pondered deeply but couldn't pinpoint what truly sparked her interest.

She had devoted so much of her life to her studies and work, all in an effort to impress Tyrone, a man she held in high regard.

Back then, still mourning her father's death, Sabrina sought something that could command her focus. Her pursuit to keep pace with Tyrone led her to secure admission into a prestigious university, one where Tyrone himself had studied.

But that wasn't enough for her.

To have more shared interests with him, she decided for the same major he had pursued at the same university.

Her dedication to her studies was fueled by her desire to enter Blakely Group through her own merit, to earn his respect, to work alongside him, and to always be in his presence.

As time went on, her professional commitments began to consume most of her time.

She committed herself to excel in every project, hoping to catch his eye.

A single word of praise from him could fill her with joy for an

extended period, even invading her dreams with a smile.

The day she married him, she was over the moon. Even though she knew he didn't harbor the same feelings for her, she bent over backwards to adjust herself to his ways and preserve their marriage.

Over the course of the last decade, Tyrone had dominated her life and been the center of her attention.

Little did he know the depth of the adoration Sabrina held for him.

The realization of having to remove him from her life was overwhelming.

"You could find something that you're interested in. For example, I love doing makeup. What about you?"

"I don't know," Sabrina admitted.

Bettie reassured her, "Don't stress. Take your time to figure it out. Once you're divorced, let's go on a vacation to unwind!"

"Will you come with me?"

"Absolutely." Bettie nodded solemnly. "We can even see if Aylin is free to join us."

Having no immediate plans or idea of what the future held, Sabrina agreed, "Okay."

"I'll go back to reflect on our next winter destination."

From the sixth day onward, Sabrina took to the seclusion of her home, recuperating until she was back to her full strength.

Karen was her diligent caretaker.

Tyrone remained at the villa, though he and Sabrina barely exchanged words.

The once close pair now felt like strangers to each other.

Tyrone was rarely seen by Sabrina.

Often, she would spend the entire day basking in the sun on the master bedroom balcony.

The winter sun was warm, not blistering. It was very comfortable.

One night, upon Tyrone's return, he found Sabrina silently lost in thought on the balcony.

She had been unusually quiet since their baby's departure.

The morning after, Sabrina was roused by an animal's cries at the door.

It was unclear if the sound was from a cat or a dog.

Unable to resist, she rose from the bed. As she opened the door, she was greeted by a hungry little kitten with white fur and round, pleading eyes, meowing for attention.

A tender moment overcame her. She decided to take the kitten downstairs to find something to eat, but it stayed put, gazing at her with a tilted head.

Reluctantly, she lifted the kitten into her arms. Descending the stairs, she ran into Karen exiting the kitchen.

"Karen, where's the cat food?"

Sabrina assumed the kitten's presence indicated Tyrone's

provision of food for it.

"Mrs. Blakely, why have you left your bed?"

"I'm alright. Just a bit hungry."

"Oh? Where'd the little kitty come from? It's simply charming!"

"Is there any cat food?"

Karen shook her head and surveyed the living room. "I don't believe so."

Sabrina was at a loss for words.

Had Tyrone brought the kitten home without procuring any food for it?

"Should I purchase some?" Karen suggested. "But there's no cat food available nearby."

"Is there anything in the fridge that's cat-friendly?"

"Chicken?"

"I suppose that could work."

"Would you mind preparing it for the kitty? I need to run some errands."

With her shopping bag in hand, Karen left.

Sabrina was forced to set the kitten on the floor, remove the chicken from the refrigerator, and cook it for the kitten.

As the water heated, she stroked the kitten's head, assuring it, "Just a little longer."

From his spot outside the kitchen, Tyrone silently observed Sabrina busying herself with the kitten, feeling somewhat relieved.

Quietly, he retreated.

What she needed was a distraction, something to occupy her.

Caring for a kitten could serve as a suitable pastime, providing her with companionship.

Once the kitten was fed, it tailed Sabrina wherever she went, almost being stepped on several times. ③

With no other choice, Sabrina took it upon herself to look after the kitten.

From that day forth, she had a new living companion.

Sabrina named it Bun.

Adorably fluffy, it resembled a little bun.

Upon her next visit, Bettie noted that Sabrina looked healthier than she had in a while.

She deduced that the kitten's arrival was Tyrone's doing, deeming it a clever move.

Before long, Sabrina was fully restored. After bathing, she patted Bun's tiny head and messaged Tyrone. "Shall we venture to St. Carleigh Church tomorrow?"

After a long time, Tyrone's response came. "Sure."

