


Chapter 192 Where Did She Put Her Hands

"If I didn't come, where would you be going this afternoon?" Bradley inquired, accepting the garnishes from the waiter and setting them at the edge of the table.

"We're planning to take the ferry. I've heard we can capture excellent views of the Opera House and the Harbor Bridge while aboard the ship," Sabrina said, enjoying a piece of meat. 

"Then let's take the ferry. I'll go along with you." Bradley glanced at Sabrina's empty glass. "Would you like more soda? I can fetch you a drink."


"Okay," she agreed, placing two mushroom pieces into her soup.

"All right." Bradley returned the cup to its place in front of Sabrina before sitting down.

"Thank you."

"How have you enjoyed Linbourne these past days? Where are you headed next?"

"We were thinking of Melbo tomorrow, but since you just arrived today and haven't yet explored Linbourne..."

"It's fine. I've been to Linbourne before for work and enjoyed it. We can head to Melbo tomorrow," Bradley said. 

"Sure."

Across the street in a coffee shop, Tyrone glared at Bradley seated beside Sabrina. Fury swelled within him as he watched Bradley assist Sabrina with drinks and food.

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He felt that should be his role.

Since the restaurant was close to the dock, they decided to walk.

Bradley took the bags from Sabrina and Bettie.

As they strolled by a coffee shop with sun umbrellas and round seats, Bradley suggested, "Why don't you wait here? I'll get some coffee."

He knew that sipping coffee while taking in the scenery aboard the ship would be delightful.

Bettie nodded, guiding Sabrina to a chair. "Thank you. I'd like an iced Americano."

"I'll have an iced latte."

"Alright, just wait here. I'll go buy," Bradley said as he entered the coffee shop.

Watching Bradley queue amongst the girls, holding two women's bags, Bettie smiled at Sabrina. "He's quite the gentleman."

Sabrina merely smiled, saying nothing.

Witnessing this, Tyrone snorted coldly from his hiding spot.

In his mind, Bradley was simply ingratiating himself.


Soon after, Bradley emerged with three cups of coffee, handing them to Sabrina and Bettie.

"Thank you," Sabrina said, shaking her coffee, her delicate features curving into a lovely smile.

Bradley, momentarily taken aback, replied, "You're welcome."

After Sabrina took a sip, her heat dissipating, Bradley half-joked, "Sabrina, you should smile more. It makes you look beautiful."

The three of them continued their walk to the dock and boarded the ship, soon departing for Prybush Park.

The farther they drifted from shore, the more magnificent the view of the Austrain Opera House and the harbor bridge became. 

"Bettie, could you take some photos of Sabrina and me?" Bradley handed his phone to Bettie.

"Okay, watch my photography skills. You two stand over there..." Bettie directed them, pointing to a spot on the deck and raising the phone.

"Yes, right there. Now, move a bit closer."

Sabrina glanced at Bradley and moved slightly nearer to him.

With a captivating smile, Bradley moved towards Sabrina until his arm grazed her shoulder.

He angled his body slightly toward her, his long legs on display, and announced, "Good, hold that position. Three, two, one!"

Good? It was not good at all!

Why were they so intimately positioned for a photograph?

From the cruise ship's solitary restroom, Tyrone watched Bradley's advances toward Sabrina, his anger simmering.

He thought that Bradley was so underhanded.

"Sabrina, smile and strike a pose."

Sabrina, unsure how to pose, simply grinned and made a "yeah" sign beside her cheek.

"Okay. We've taken the photos. What do you think?" Bettie asked, showing the phone to Sabrina and Bradley as they clustered around her.

In the image, the woman looked relaxed and elegant in her smile, while the man appeared cheerful, flashing neat, white teeth.

Behind them, the blue seawater, the spectacular Austrain Opera House to the left, and the magnificent harbor bridge to the right provided a stunning backdrop.

The combination was picture-perfect.

Bradley expressed his approval with a nod. "Thank you. It's very beautiful. Do you want photos? I can assist you."

"Okay," Bettie agreed, positioning Sabrina by the railing and striking various poses.

Bettie's skill at posing was evident as she alternated between wrapping an arm around Sabrina's waist, resting her head on her shoulder, and

playfully kissing her cheek. As long as Sabrina complied, all was well.

Observing that Bettie was the one beside Sabrina, Tyrone's tension eased momentarily before his unease returned.

After the photo-shoot, Sabrina and Bettie reviewed the pictures, Bradley's head nearly touching Sabrina's.

Bradley must have planned this, Tyrone fumed.

Ever since Bradley's arrival, Tyrone's mood had soured.

He had envisioned himself romantically sailing with Sabrina, enjoying the sea breeze, the lovely views, and capturing memories.

They had never gone on a honeymoon journey together, despite being married. Following their wedding, Cesar encouraged them to take a honeymoon trip, but he declined. Ⓢ

His work also kept him occupied during the holidays. Time was a luxury he couldn't spare with her, let alone travel around.

Jealousy gnawed at Tyrone, almost driving him to madness. Ⓢ

The photo-taking continued until they reached the opposite dock.

Having reached the shore, they lingered for some time, leisurely strolling and shopping. As evening fell, they made their way back by ferry.

That night, after their meal, both Bradley and Bettie excitedly shared the day's photographs on Instagram.

Within minutes, all the images were forwarded to Tyrone.

Silently, Tyrone surveyed the pictures of Bradley and Sabrina, his face darkening, anger causing him to grit his teeth.

There, in the photograph, Bradley stood near Sabrina, both wearing broad smiles. Bradley's eyes sparkled as he looked at Sabrina, their happiness captured for all to see.

Tyrone glared at Bradley's image.

What an eyesore!

Slowly, his eyes moved to Sabrina, who gazed gently at the camera, a soft smile playing on her lips.

Unable to resist, Tyrone's finger reached out to caress her face on the screen.

But the sight of Bradley again soured his mood, and he hastily switched to another photograph.

His face turned even grimmer as he looked at the pictures of Bettie and Sabrina.

Why was Bettie standing like that?

It was so hot. How could she hold Sabrina like that?

Where were her hands?

She almost kissed Sabrina on the face! ①

Tyrone didn't even have a liking for Bettie.

He then turned his attention to Sabrina, who appeared more lively because of Bettie's pose. Slowly exhaling a sigh of relief, he became lost in thought, his eyes fixed on Sabrina's image in the photo.