

Chapter 193 She Was Fooled By Tyrone Again

On the following day, Sabrina, along with the two others, made their way to Melbo.

It wasn't until evening that they found a place to dine.

At dinner time, Bradley's phone buzzed with a text from his agent.

"Bradley, your vacation plans are in shambles. 'Love in Summer' will commence shooting in two days. Return as soon as you can."

Upon reading this, Bradley was frozen in disbelief.

He scrutinized the text once more, ensuring he hadn't misread. "Duane, are you playing games with me? Wasn't the shoot scheduled for after Christmas?"

"The team just told me it's been moved up."

This left Bradley dumbfounded. "Why?"

"I have no idea. I heard nothing about this earlier. You must return by tomorrow. Your assistant's booking your ticket as we speak. If you miss the opening ceremony, the media will begin speculating once more."

The realization that he'd have to leave so soon crushed Bradley. He managed to ask, "Can't I take some time off?"

"What do you think?"

While others involved might be able to delay, Bradley, the lead, couldn't afford such luxury. Moreover, since Bradley had been without work lately, the staff knew his schedule well.

Bradley's expression was one of despair.

His discomfort was palpable.

The trip was dead before it had even begun.

Sabrina, noticing Bradley's distress, finished chewing her food and inquired, "Bradley, what's going on? You look upset. Is something wrong?"

With a heavy sigh, Bradley slumped back into his chair, grappling with his emotions. He just wanted to strangle the person who had decided to shoot in advance.

"What's the matter?" Bettie asked.

Exhaling deeply and full of sorrow, Bradley replied, "I have to leave tomorrow."

"What? Why? Didn't you wrap up all your work?" Sabrina questioned, taking a refreshing bite of meat, succulent and perfectly cooked.

"I've got one more film. They told me it would start after Christmas. I don't know why they've moved it up." Bradley's voice was filled with frustration and helplessness.

He'd persevered through many long days to finish his work, only to be blindsided now.

Sabrina was at a loss for words. "What's happened? I've only ever heard of shoots being delayed."

"It must be a request from the investor."

"Then, there's no choice but to go back tomorrow. We'll catch up when we find time," Sabrina said.

Bradley's heart ached even more at her words.

"Man proposes but God disposes. Let's drink to good luck," Bettie said, filling their glasses.

Bradley was in the depths of despair. He grabbed his wine and drank it down in one go, vowing, "If I find out who moved the shoot up, I'll make them pay."

"Come on, let's eat. You'll be leaving tomorrow. You'll have other chances to come back here for work."

"It's not the same," Bradley lamented, burying his face in his hands, still struggling to accept the situation.

His dreams of traveling with Sabrina had been shattered, and the opportunity he had so carefully planned was lost.

How he had looked forward to confessing his love to her after the trip! But now all he could do was reassure himself that there would be another time.

With Sabrina still holding on to memories of Tyrone, she might not even accept his confession.

The following day, Sabrina and Bettie accompanied Bradley to the airport, where people bustled back and forth in the terminal hall.

Not far from the scene, a crowd had gathered beneath the massive screen displaying flight schedules. Various individuals held signs, appearing as if they were there to welcome someone from a flight.

Sabrina paused, gesturing to the check-in counter and suggested, "Why don't I leave you here? The check-in counter is just over there. I won't accompany you further."

Bradley glanced at his watch, hesitating before responding, "Alright, you can go. Don't let me hold up your journey. We'll catch up when you return."

Sabrina was about to reply when a shout from behind interrupted her. "Bradley's over there!"

As the words were spoken, she heard the sound of countless feet rushing in their direction.

Sabrina turned around to see a frenzied crowd surging towards them.

Before she could react, she found herself enveloped, squeezed in the chaos.

People brushed past her in a flurry, disorienting her.

The crowd's excitement escalated, and suddenly, Sabrina was struck hard, falling to the floor. Her cry was lost in the commotion, and a foot landed on her leg.

More people passed, some accidentally stepping on her, others inadvertently kicking her.

Sabrina's screams went unheard.

As she struggled to rise, a foot came down on her back.

A person in high heels nearly stepped on her head.

Sabrina protected her head with her hands and waited for the crowd to disperse.

The air was thin at the bottom, and breathing became a challenge. Sabrina soon found herself feeling dizzy.

A sharp kick to her head nearly caused the person behind to trip over her, and she was scolded as she lay there on the floor. "What's the matter with you? Why are you lying there?"

The kick inflicted a sharp pain throughout her body.

On the brink of passing out, she was unexpectedly held by a man, lifted, and taken away from the crowd.

Relief washed over Sabrina as she realized she was still alive.

She caught a familiar scent and thought it was a figment of her imagination.

"Someone is injured. Move aside!"

The sound was so recognizable.

Looking up, Sabrina's eyes met the stern face of Tyrone, the sunlight

casting a shadow over half his face. He had saved her, pulled her from her peril, and a feeling she couldn't put into words filled her heart.

She murmured, "Tyrone? It's you? Really?"

He looked at her, his eyes tinged with anger. "What's wrong? Disappointed to see me?"

"Why are you here? Still following me?"

Sabrina's face fell at the thought.

She'd been deceived by Tyrone again.

He was a liar!

"If I hadn't been here, you'd still be on the floor! You might be dead, and no one would care," Tyrone said with conviction. "How about I put you back now?"

He pretended to step back.

"No!" Sabrina clung to his neck.

Sometimes, conceding was the only option.

As she saw the smile curling at Tyrone's lips, she knew she'd been deceived. How could he leave her?


Annoyed, she punched his chest.

Tyrone grunted, "I saved you. Is this how you treat your savior?"

Sabrina turned away, muttering, "Thank you."

Though resentment lingered, she had to thank Tyrone. Without him, she might have lost her life.

Turning to the crowd, she asked, "What's happening? Bradley's fans came to pick him up at the airport. They were obsessive fans."

Tyrone's face darkened. "You're worried about Bradley? Look after yourself. If it weren't for him, you wouldn't be in this mess." 

"Oh, where's Bettie?"

"She won't get lost. I'm taking you to the hospital first."

