

Chapter 190 A Gift For Him


Sabrina woke up in the evening and invited Bettie to have dinner with her. Once they finished eating, Bettie proposed they take a stroll outside.

They found themselves on a bustling street, filled with individuals coming and going, many being tourists, enthusiastically taking photos.

Beside the wharf, Sabrina and Bettie relished the refreshing chill of the sea breezes.

Bright lights gleamed, casting sparkling reflections upon the water's surface, creating a grand display.

A few pictures were taken by Sabrina and Bettie, yet Sabrina constantly felt an eerie sensation that they were being watched, though a quick look around revealed nothing wrong.

They continued their walk near the Austrain Opera House before returning to their hotel. 

With Bradley arriving in two days, Sabrina spent the next day with Bettie as well.

On the third day, they visited the Sandra Building, the largest shopping center in Linbourne.

The Sandra Building, steeped in history, featured a glass dome and winding staircase, radiating a classical ambiance. It had initially been a tourist spot, transformed into a shopping mall, and now was a Linbourne must-see for travelers.

Inside the building, there was an array of cafes, eateries, clothing stores, and high-end shops, covering not only local brands but also well-known international ones.

Sabrina's other goal, besides sightseeing, was to find a gift for Bradley and some souvenirs, although she remained unsure of what to get.

Bettie comforted her, saying, "Let's be patient. You might stumble upon the perfect gift soon."

Upon entering a store, Sabrina's eyes were drawn to a men's watch, understated yet luxurious.

The saleswoman displayed it, singing its praises.

Sabrina asked Bettie, "What about giving this watch to Bradley as a gift?"

"Sure. But why do you want to buy him a gift?"

"It's a return gift."

Just as Sabrina was about to ask the saleswoman to prepare the bill, a haughty voice interrupted. A woman pointed to a watch and told the saleswoman, "Please wrap up this watch for me!"

Upon hearing the recognizable voice, Sabrina pivoted and spotted the woman they had encountered on the plane.

The woman recognized them too, though she regarded them with disdain. "Oh, it's you two? How dare you shop here? Can you even afford this? Don't embarrass yourselves!"

"It's our concern, not yours," Sabrina responded in an icy tone. Then, she turned to the saleswoman. "I chose this first. Wrap it for me, please."

Without hesitation, the other woman charged forward, declaring, "Package that watch for me! Don't sell it to them. They couldn't possibly afford it!"

The watch had caught her eye the moment she saw it; it perfectly suited the gentleman she had met on the flight. If their paths crossed again, she planned to gift it to him.

The saleswoman's eyes moved up and down the woman's attire, then turned to Sabrina and Bettie with uncertainty.

Sabrina's and Bettie's outfits were tastefully selected, certainly more refined than those of average people.

The other woman's appearance, however, was striking, adorned with well-known brands from head to foot.

Sabrina confidently placed her credit card on the table, stating, "Since I've chosen to purchase this, you can be certain I have the means."

"I'll pay five times the amount. Sell it to me," the woman demanded, her voice full of authority. "If you give it to me, I'll purchase others as well."

This was obviously a wealthy woman.

Selling several watches to her would ease the saleswoman's concerns about meeting the month's sales targets.

Caught in a mental debate, the saleswoman turned to Sabrina with a troubled expression. "Miss, we offer many styles here. Would you consider selecting another?"

The other woman's gaze fell on Sabrina, her smile smug and taunting.

Sabrina's brow furrowed as she protested, "I arrived here first and chose this watch before anyone else. Shouldn't there be a first-come, first-served policy? Where is your manager? I wish to speak with him."

The woman's arrogance grew as she retorted, "Calling the manager won't help you. Even if he were here, the watch would still be mine!"

Bettie, rolling her eyes at the woman, inquired, "Sabrina, do you hear a dog barking? How strange! Why would there be a dog barking in the mall?"

"Perhaps someone forgot to tie its leash," Sabrina responded, playing along.

"You dare call me a dog?" The woman's eyes blazed with anger.

"I didn't say that. It's not my concern if you want to associate yourself with one." Bettie shrugged her shoulders.

Furious, the woman lunged at Bettie, hand raised to strike.

Sabrina quickly intercepted her, grabbing her arm and pushing her back.

"You dare to hit us?"

Noticing that she was overpowered, the woman yelled at the saleswoman, "They attacked me together. Kick them out!"

The store's manager appeared at that moment.

The woman charged toward him, demanding, "Sir, these two poor bitches didn't even buy anything, and they hit me. Please remove them immediately!"

Examining the situation, the manager commanded, "Escort her out!"

"Did you hear him? He told you to leave!" The woman smirked at Sabrina.

But a saleswoman approached the woman, saying, "Miss, please exit. You're disrupting our business."

The woman's face went pale. "Remove them, not me!"

"I'm talking about you!" The manager pointed at the woman. "Leave now! Be quick!"

"Madam, please leave."

The woman's eyes widened, rage burning in them. "Are you sure you want to kick me out? Consider this carefully. If you do, I'll have my father remove your counters!"

"Go on then!"

"We'll see!"

The woman shot Sabrina a cold glare before storming out.

"Ladies, I apologize for this inconvenience. Here's a free discount card for you both. I hope you enjoy the rest of your day," the manager offered, personally apologizing to Sabrina and Bettie.


"It's all right. Rude people are everywhere. Proper handling is all that's needed," Sabrina assured him.

The watch was eventually purchased by Sabrina.

After the two ladies left, the manager retreated to the VIP room, telling the man on the sofa, "Mr. Blakely, everything is taken care of."

"Good."

Tyrone nodded, his eyes fixed on the watch in Sabrina's hand through the monitor.

He wondered why Sabrina would buy a men's watch. 

Was it perhaps a gift for him?

A self-satisfied chuckle escaped his lips at the thought.



Chapter 191 Bradley Wants To Be With Sabrina

The following afternoon, Sabrina and Bettie, weary from shopping, settled into a restaurant for lunch.

Once the dishes arrived, Sabrina glanced at her phone, a puzzled expression on her face, and inquired, "Has Bradley not shown up yet? Why haven't I heard from him?"

According to Bradley's flight details, he should have touched down in Linbourne that very morning.

Bettie stole a glance at Sabrina, her eyes gleaming with amusement. "Perhaps the plane was delayed. Let's just wait."

"Alright, we'll wait," Sabrina agreed.

At that instant, something suddenly obscured Sabrina's view.

Two hands reached out to cover her eyes.

Sabrina's reflexes kicked in, and she grabbed the hands.

The hands' owner, disguising his voice, teased, "Guess who I am? If you guess correctly, you'll receive a gift!"

Recognizing the voice, Sabrina grinned. "Bradley, are you still playing childish games?"

With a sheepish smile, Bradley released her, admitting, "Was it that obvious?"

"Definitely! Where would you like to sit?" Sabrina asked.

An empty chair waited beside her and Bettie.

"Right here." Bradley pointed, settling next to Sabrina. His unfamiliarity with Bettie made his choice quite reasonable.

Sabrina scooted over, placing her bag on the vacant chair opposite her. Eyeing Bradley, she demanded, "When did you get here? Why didn't you notify me?"

Adjusting the tableware, Bradley confessed, "I wanted to surprise you."

"And how did you figure out we were here?"

He glanced at Bettie and replied, "I made a guess. I'd actually recommended this place to Bettie before."

"You're clever. Finished with your work?"


"Yes, nothing left before Christmas. The rest is for next year."

Hearing next year, Sabrina sighed. "How time flies! Another year gone! Oh, I've got something for you."

She pulled a delicate box from her bag, placing it on the table. "Open it. See if you like it."

Smiling, Bradley countered, "I've brought something for you too," revealing a small box that likely contained either rings or earrings.

Surprised and somewhat bewildered, Sabrina protested, "Why another gift? It's neither a holiday nor a special occasion."

"Sabrina, Bradley's giving it to you. Accept it," Bettie interjected, looking between them. 

Bradley nodded. "I did say if you guessed right, you'd get a gift. Consider this your prize."

Sabrina joked, "Had I known, I'd have guessed wrong on purpose."

Bradley chuckled. "If you'd guessed wrong, I'd find another chance to give it to you."

As Sabrina pondered how to decline, Bradley produced another identical box, sliding it before Bettie. "Bettie, I got one for you too. It's my first trip with two girls. Forgive me if I've been inconsiderate."

Bettie eagerly took the box, uncovering delicate earrings, and smiled. "Okay. Sabrina, why not accept it?"

Since they both received gifts, Sabrina could hardly refuse. She accepted the gift, but as she prepared to put it away, Bradley urged, "Won't you open it and take a look?"

She opened it to find a pair of earrings matching Bettie's.

"Are they lovely? I don't know how to pick gifts. This took quite some time," Bradley confessed, a trace of worry in his eyes.

"They're nice," Sabrina reassured him with a gentle smile.

In fact, she appreciated Bradley's effort, even though his taste might not have been perfect.

Sabrina's thoughts drifted to Tyrone, who had presented her with many exquisite pieces of jewelry.

But she never really cared for them.

They were merely bestsellers that Kylan had selected from the jewelry store.

She'd never worn them, even though they were beautiful.

"I'm pleased you appreciate it."

"It's perfect. We'll wear them tomorrow. Why not check out what Sabrina gifted you? We encountered a rude person while shopping for presents yesterday. Thankfully, the shop owner was sensible."

Bradley lifted the box from the table, examining it meticulously. "It seems to be a watch. I've been in need of one lately."

With those words, he opened the box, revealing the mechanical watch within. It was delicate yet unpretentious, resonating a sense of modesty and generosity.

"Wow, Sabrina, your taste is impeccable! I adore this watch. Would you

mind helping me put it on?" Bradley requested, placing the watch into Sabrina's hands and resting his wrist on the table.

Accepting the watch, Sabrina carefully fastened it around Bradley's wrist, her head bowed slightly, her hair falling into disarray.

From Bradley's perspective, her eyelashes were long and thick, fluttering like gentle shadows. Her skin was pale, reminiscent of a freshly peeled egg, fine hair visible upon it.

"It's done," she announced, holding Bradley's wrist and giving it a slight shake. "Is it comfortable?"

Bradley glanced at his wrist, smiling in satisfaction. "Perfect. I won't take it off!"

Sabrina's smile chilled, and she felt a sudden coldness creeping down her spine.

Was Tyrone nearby?

No, impossible!

A quick scan of the room confirmed his absence.

It must have been her imagination.

On the coffee shop's second floor, across from the restaurant, Tyrone gazed at Bradley with a grim expression.

Why was Bradley there?

He had no intention of backing down!

Soon, Tyrone's eyes widened as he saw Sabrina pull out a box and hand it to Bradley.

His eyes fixed on the gift box, disbelief washing over him; he recognized it as the men's watch that Sabrina had purchased the previous day.

So, it was a gift for Bradley!

She had known Bradley would be there that day.

Had they arranged a meeting?

Why had she chosen to gift Bradley?

And Bradley had reciprocated with a present of his own. Such a connection they had!

Tyrone's fists clenched, his knuckles popping.

So, this was why Sabrina had been pushing him away. She had feared he might catch her with Bradley.

She had even called their dinner a farewell and urged him to move on. Clearly, she had planned to be with Bradley all along.

Anger surged within Tyrone, his teeth grinding together.

Bradley intended to be with Sabrina!

This could not happen!

With a face shadowed by anger, Tyrone withdrew his phone and dialed a number.

"Do you have knowledge of Bradley's current engagements? I need to know them all!"

"I'm not sure. I only know about a talent show, and he has a couple of advertisements to shoot. We're also investing in a contemporary play, with him as the lead actor..."

"How are preparations for that? When does shooting begin?"

"We're nearly ready. It should begin after Christmas..."

"The shooting will begin tomorrow."

"What?" the person on the line exclaimed, clearly shocked, thinking they had misunderstood. "Mr. Blakely, are you serious?"

"I'll cover any additional costs caused by the accelerated schedule."

"Well... It's not just about money. Advancing the schedule could conflict with other actors' plans..."

"You have three days to negotiate. Three days from now, I want to see Bradley at work."

"Well... Okay. I understand. I'll begin immediately."

It didn't matter if other actors couldn't start, as long as Bradley could. Since he had no other commitments, he must have time.

"I'll be waiting for your good news."

After ending the call, Tyrone fixed his grim stare back on Bradley, knowing he had to endure his presence for just a few more days.

