

# Scars Of A Broken Bond Novel

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+135 Points at most

## Chapter 20 Her Crush

Sabrina's gaze was drawn to the phone lying on the floor. She remained motionless for an extended period, standing upright before slowly bending to collect the device.

Did she keep humiliating herself? ②

From the very beginning, Tyrone had held a bias in his heart. He had always been inclined towards Galilea's side.

If Tyrone had truly sought the truth about yesterday's events, he would have ordered an investigation. Yet he accepted Galilea's words as the absolute truth.

It's often said that a man's first love is the most unforgettable, and it turned out to be true in his case.

"Ms. Chavez, they are awaiting your presence in the lounge."

When the assistant noticed Sabrina's dreamy stare, she cautiously approached to bring this to her attention.

"Understood, thank you." After regaining her composure, Sabrina walked to the lounge.

"How did it go? What did Mr. Blakely say?" As soon as Bettie spotted Sabrina entering, she wasted no time in asking her

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the question.

Aylin eagerly awaited her response.

Sabrina only offered a shake of her head.

Aylin heaved a sigh.


"I would never have guessed Mr. Blakely to be as shallow as most men." Bettie sighed.

"And our next steps should be..."

"I'll have a conversation with them to explore the possibility of making minor adjustments, such as borrowing some props. Aylin, I'm afraid you may have to clock in some additional hours. I've got a plan forming. I'll share a sample sketch later tonight," Sabrina interjected.

"Sure thing."

Sabrina returned to the dressing room to consult with Galilea's team, hoping for minor modifications to the current makeup style.

Despite her growing impatience, as the key person at MQ Clothing, Sabrina bore the burden of her responsibilities. 

Should the endorsement not live up to expectations, Sabrina, as the person in charge of MQ Clothing, would bear the brunt of the blame.



However, Galilea would face far greater repercussions.

When photos of Tyrone and Galilea together, confirming her role as MQ Clothing's spokesperson, surfaced online, it sparked a virtual brawl.

Darlene, with her substantial fan base, had been the original choice for spokesperson. Although Sabrina compensated her, Darlene secretly rallied her fans in a quest for justice. They launched an online attack against Galilea on Facebook.

If the endorsement were to flop, Galilea would be a prime target for ridicule.

This being her first endorsement since returning home, it held significant importance.

Reluctantly, Galilea agreed to Sabrina's suggestions.

They finally tackled the makeup issue.

At last, the official photo-shoot was underway.

Exhausted after a grueling day, the shooting wrapped up.

Sabrina raised her gaze to the window. Night had fallen.

She stretched out and headed for the parking lot, car keys in hand.

"Sabrina."

Upon reaching the open parking area, she heard her name

being called.

Turning around, Sabrina greeted the caller with a surprised smile. "Bradley, you're here! I haven't seen you in quite a while. What brings you here? Work?"

Bradley approached her, grinning. "I thought I was seeing things. It's really you. I'm here for a magazine cover shoot. You're wrapping up rather late, aren't you?"

"I've been quite caught up with work lately."

"Is it the MQ Clothing ad shoot? I caught the news."

"Yes, it is. How about you? Any work after the magazine cover shoot?"

"Nope. I've been working my fingers to the bone lately. I'm due for a break. Why don't we grab dinner together? We've been out of touch for quite some time."

Sabrina pondered briefly before answering, "I'm afraid I'm booked tonight. I have a work-related discussion with Aylin."

"Are you in a hurry? If not, we could invite Aylin along."

Bradley had previously worked with Aylin, so they were fairly acquainted. 🕒

"That works. By the way, how are your parents?"

Bradley gently removed a dry leaf from Sabrina's hair. "My parents are doing great. They've missed you. Perhaps you could pay them a visit."

"Sure, I'll drop by once my work is done," Sabrina replied, flashing a smile.

While waiting for Aylin, Sabrina struck up a conversation with Bradley, inquiring about any recent TV series he might have.

Her friendship with Bradley dated back to their elementary school days when, after her parents' divorce, she moved in with her grandparents in the countryside.

Bradley was the son of her grandparents' neighbors, and they'd spent a good deal of their childhood playing together.

Reflecting on those carefree days, Sabrina felt a great deal of time had passed.

Years later, Bradley's family struck it rich and relocated.

She didn't cross paths with Bradley again until he became a minor celebrity as an actor and they recognized each other. Last year, they worked together on a brand campaign and reconnected.

Aware of the demise of Sabrina's grandparents and father, Bradley paid his respects at their graves.

Sabrina, too, had visited Bradley's parents, their reunion bringing joy to all. Sabrina even joined them for a Christmas dinner.

However, Bradley's work schedule kept him busy, and their last encounter had been about six months ago.

Across the street, inside a black vehicle, Tyrone happened to glance at the pair in the open parking lot, his eyes narrowing.

Perhaps this was the man Sabrina mentioned.

From a distance, he could make out the smile on her face.

The silence inside the car was palpably tense. 