

Chapter 71 Enjoy His Service

Tyrone found himself shocked. "Sabrina."

Yet, she gave no acknowledgement. Flipping to her side, she fell back into sleep.

Was she making a fool of him?

Later, the rhythm of her steady breath echoed in his ears.

Tyrone was lost for words. ①

Despite lying beside her, Tyrone was engulfed in a heat that thwarted his attempts to sleep.

He felt akin to a prostitute without getting paid for his service. The woman next to him was the one exploiting his service without paying. ②

MQ Clothing's latest styles had launched their marketing phase. ③

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Sabrina directed her team to keep an eye on it.

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phase. ②

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MQ Clothing's advertisements were being displayed on the LED screens of the largest shopping centers in Mathias.

Sabrina had been buried in work for several days. When she finally had a respite, she learned that the Cloudwater Town shoot had commenced three days prior.

Her assistant entered hastily without knocking. "Della Davies is ill. What should we do?"

Della Davies was the public spokesperson of MQ Clothing. ①

In three days, a live product launch was scheduled. Each year, Della would take the stage to present an in-depth analysis of the products.

"Ill? What caused it? Is she alright?" Sabrina ceased her work.

"Yesterday morning, she was rushed to the hospital due to sudden abdominal pain, diagnosed with acute gastroenteritis. The doctor prescribed a minimum of three days in hospital. As for the press conference, it seems..." ①

Seeing Sabrina's silence, the assistant asked with trepidation, "What should we do now? Can we delegate it to Carl?"

Carl was the product manager at MQ Clothing, handling communication with the designers and factories.

"Fetch me Della's prewritten speech. No need to worry."

Spotting Sabrina's lack of worry, the assistant sighed in relief. She provided Sabrina with the hard copy and digital version of the speech.

Before leaving, Sabrina asked, "Did you reach out to Galilea?"

"Yes, I did. She will arrange her schedule for the shoot."

"Alright, you can go now."

On the fifth of September, the MQ Clothing product launch event was to take place.

Many people eagerly anticipated the unfolding drama.

"Is the gossip accurate? Will Sabrina take the stage?"

"Traditionally, Tyrone will deliver the welcome address. As the brand ambassador, Galilea's presence is a given. If Sabrina joins them onstage, it's bound to be quite a spectacle."

"That will be fun."

Since the previous day, the internet had been buzzing with speculations that MQ Clothing's official representative was unwell, and that Sabrina, the brand manager, would take over the product introduction at the press conference.

Under normal circumstances, this wouldn't be a big deal.

However, Sabrina was recently at the heart of controversy. The prospect of Sabrina, Tyrone, and Galilea sharing the stage

during this press conference stirred up quite a buzz among internet users. They were all poised to witness the spectacle on the day of the conference.

Sabrina, as the brand director, and Galilea, the brand ambassador, were scheduled to interact as per the press conference agenda.

The thought of them sharing the stage was tantalizing.

The assistant glanced at the online chatter. "Is this really a good idea?"

Her colleague assured her, "It will be fine. Don't worry. Ms. Chavez must have her reasons."

The news was intentionally released by Sabrina.

Indeed, she was prepared for this.

Now somewhat of a public figure, despite the swirling negative rumors about her, served as a magnet, drawing attention to MQ Clothing.

The fame of Tyrone and Galilea amplified this effect, morphing the forthcoming press conference into a highly anticipated event.

Preceding the press conference, Tyrone messaged Sabrina. "I'll meet you tonight. We're heading home together."

Sabrina responded with a simple, "Sure." ☹

Having stayed behind after work, she messaged Tyrone that she would be waiting for him in the car.

Sabrina proceeded to the basement parking, sliding into the

back seat to kill time on her phone.

About ten minutes later, Tyrone appeared in the basement parking.

He hopped into the back seat, instructing the driver, "Let's go."

The driver complied, pulling out of the basement parking.

"Is it true Della is unwell?" Tyrone queried.

"She fell ill a couple days back and she's still in the hospital. I visited her yesterday," Sabrina replied honestly.

Tyrone turned to her and asked, "You really planning to show up at the press conference tomorrow?"

Having seen the news, he knew Sabrina was behind its release.

Undeniably, this move had paid off, generating a buzz.

Sabrina locked eyes with him. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Well, of course you should. As long as it doesn't scare you."

"I'm not afraid of anything," Sabrina retorted, exhaling.

She didn't appreciate the scrutiny of being on camera, but that didn't equate to fear.

Her father, a journalist, had stood confidently before countless viewers, and she could do the same.

"Don't worry. I'll be with you," Tyrone reassured her, holding her hand, reminiscent of a father bird concerned about his fledgling's first flight. ☺

The live streaming of the press conference was scheduled for 3 p.m. on September 5th.

They had two rehearsals planned for the morning.

Bright and early, Sabrina made it to the venue, she conferred with the staff, ensuring all preparations were accurate and foolproof. Additionally, she considered contingency plans for any mishaps.

"Ms. Chavez, Ms. Clifford is over there." An assistant approached Sabrina.

Looking over at Galilea, positioned near the door, Sabrina instructed, "She needs to rehearse."

Just then, Galilea approached Sabrina, extending a paper bag. "Sabrina, I brought you a cupcake from Afternoon Time. Got it while passing Maplefield Square."

Taken aback, Sabrina looked at the bag. She thought that Galilea was deliberately trying to provoke her.

"You're also a fan of their cakes. I couldn't possibly take it."

"It's a gift for you," Galilea retorted.

Ignoring her, Sabrina turned to her assistant. "Take her to rehearse."

The studio was teeming with people and other staff members. It was unfitting for Galilea to persist. She left Sabrina with one last remark. "Sabrina, remember to eat the cupcake."

As Galilea was led away for rehearsal by Sabrina's assistant, she noticed Tyrone entering the studio. Waving to grab his attention, she called, "Over here, Tyrone."

Spotting them, Tyrone ambled over casually, throwing them a glance. "What were you two discussing?"

"Nothing."

"I got Sabrina her favorite cupcake on my way here."

Sabrina and Galilea spoke simultaneously.

After a quick glance at Sabrina, Galilea bit her lip and said, "Sabrina, it's just a gift. If it's not to your liking, you needn't accept it."

Casting his eyes on the bag in Sabrina's hand, Tyrone quipped, "Keep it. It's just cupcake. A small gesture from Galilea."

