

Chapter 289 An Accident

"She is Galilea's substitute," Camden responded.

"I see," Peter acknowledged, his heart filled with compassion, and he gently shook his head.

In this line of work, substitutes were not an uncommon sight.

However, only a handful of them garnered recognition, for various reasons.

Martial arts substitutes typically lacked conventional beauty, while other substitutes bore a striking resemblance to the actors. Yet, they remained enigmatic to the audience and faced disdain from the actors' devoted fans.

With a discerning gaze, Peter observed Sabrina suspended in the air. Despite her occasional lack of finesse, she exuded courage. Her movements brimmed with a captivating blend of tension and grace. Peter could sense her unwavering trust in the wire operator as she dedicated herself to the art of combat.

Had she not been a substitute, her path to stardom would have been considerably smoother with the assistance of a skilled marketing team.

Camden shared Peter's satisfaction and instructed Sabrina to perform a few more maneuvers.

By the time the director issued his command, Sabrina found herself utterly exhausted. Her arms throbbed with pain, rendering them almost immobile. Her attire provided little insulation against the elements, yet she remained impervious to the cold, drenched in sweat instead.

She bowed her head and eased her tension, allowing the wire operator to lower her gradually.

Behind the camera, Bradley, perplexed, filled a glass of warm water for Sabrina. Observing her imminent descent, he intended to inquire about her situation while presenting her with the water.

Sabrina alighted and received instructions from the director during the break. Bradley confirmed she was Sabrina.

He wondered why she assumed the role of a substitute. And why as Galilea's substitute?

In the blink of an eye, the wire suddenly snapped.

The rupture occurred with such swiftness that nobody had a chance to react.

A solitary wire remained and Sabrina immediately found herself off balance.

As she descended, the last wire abruptly snapped as well.

Bradley, quick to regain his composure, cast aside the cup and hastened toward her. "Sabrina!"

Other members of the crew also rushed forward, offering their support to Sabrina, their voices filled with concern. "Are you injured?"

"Do you require an ambulance? Are you alright?"

"Your arm appears to be hurt!"

Sabrina's heart raced and her complexion turned pallid.

She drew a deep breath and reassured them, "I'm fine. An ambulance isn't necessary. It's just a bruise."

Fortunately, the last wire had broken the moment she touched down, causing her to lose her balance and land on a bolt buckle. This resulted in a bruised and slightly bleeding arm but the injury was not severe.

Promptly, a staff member retrieved the first aid kit.

Camden offered comforting words and allowed Sabrina to tend to her

wound.

Covering herself with a warm jacket, Sabrina joined the staff as they headed toward a nearby shed. Order was gradually restored among the crew.

Peter, wearing a perplexed expression, observed her departure. He stroked his chin and inquired, "Why is she substituting for Galilea? They don't bear any resemblance."

With a complex expression on his face, Camden shared a knowing look with Peter and explained, "It's a long story. She is Sabrina Chavez and she volunteered for this role..."

"Who is Sabrina Chavez?" Peter, who paid little attention to the news, appeared bewildered.

Camden leaned in and whispered to Peter, who then gazed at Sabrina in astonishment.

Meanwhile, in the other corner of the shed, Sabrina settled into a chair, lifted a glass of water to her lips, and took a long sip, her chest rising and falling with pronounced intensity.

From the medicine box, the staff retrieved the ointment and Bradley offered, "Allow me to assist you with that."

In an unexpected turn of events, the staff regarded Bradley with surprise, then directed his gaze at Sabrina. Recognizing the connection between them, the staff graciously handed the ointment to Bradley, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Morgan."

Sabrina bestowed a grateful smile upon the staff and remarked, "Please proceed with your tasks. I am perfectly fine here. After applying the ointment, I will head home to rest."

The staff offered kind words and exited the shed.

Amidst the earlier commotion, Sabrina had been surrounded by a crowd,

leaving her with no opportunity to converse with Bradley until now. "Bradley, what brings you here?" she inquired.

"Our crew happened to be shooting in the vicinity," Bradley explained as he gently dispensed a small amount of ointment onto a cotton swab, tenderly applying it to her wound.

"What a coincidence!"

"Why are you here? I heard you're substituting for Galilea? Is that true?" Bradley asked with a hint of confusion in his gaze.

With a serene smile, Sabrina responded, "I have a particular favor to ask of Galilea."

"What is it? Why do you seek her assistance?"

"She's the only one who can fulfill this request."

Before Bradley could delve further, his assistant called out to him, "Bradley, it's time to get to work."

After a moment of hesitation, Bradley received a nod from Sabrina. "Go ahead. I'll be heading home after changing my attire."

As Bradley rose from his seat, he offered a parting reminder, "I believe something went amiss with the wire stunt today. Please take extra caution."

"Okay, I will. Thank you."

"In that case, I'll proceed to my duties."

Once Bradley had departed, Sabrina surveyed her surroundings and noticed that Galilea had vanished.

Handing the medicine box to the staff, Sabrina retreated to the dressing room to change her attire.

She meticulously adjusted her clothing and made her way toward the wire stunt operator.

With a sense of remorse, the wire stunt operator offered an apology, saying, "Miss Chavez, I deeply regret this. It was our mistake that placed you in danger. Thankfully, you're fine."

Sabrina pursed her lips and inquired, "How did the wire break? Have you identified the cause?"

The wire puller responded, "It appears to have suffered significant wear and tear. Unfortunately, we failed to detect it before the shoot. I apologize."

"It's alright. Thankfully, nothing serious occurred. Just exercise greater caution in the future."

"Will do."

With that, Sabrina left the film set.

Once she settled into her car, a message from Darren greeted her.

Darren had received numerous similar requests over the years and had swiftly ascertained that the previous night, a vice director involved in a film project had stayed at Galilea's villa. He sent the surveillance footage to Sabrina's phone.

In response, Sabrina requested that he investigate the wire stunt mishap.

While the explanation provided by the wire puller seemed plausible, Sabrina couldn't shake the feeling that it was somehow connected to Galilea.

Putting down her phone, she started the car.

Unbeknownst to her, every move she made on the set had been meticulously recorded and relayed to Tyrone.

Tyrone understood the immense difficulty of performing on a wire. As he witnessed Sabrina suspended in mid-air, he felt a profound sense of sympathy for her, coupled with a deep sense of pride.

This marked Sabrina's debut in the realm of wire stunts and she executed it with remarkable finesse.

Upon her integration into his family, Sabrina initially exuded caution and shyness, her eyes veiled in uncertainty.

However, following her divorce, she emerged as a liberated and self-assured individual, her gaze bright and clear, captivated his attention.

Then, his heart clenched as he observed the fractured steel wire. A haunting question seized him: Had she sustained an injury?

In the video, Sabrina was encircled by a crowd, her face obscured from view.

A short while later, Sabrina reappeared on screen, finding refuge in a shed, her body weary, propped up by a table.

A young man tenderly applied ointment to her wound.

The sight of Bradley left Tyrone's countenance frozen, his fist involuntarily clenched.

Narrowing his eyes, Tyrone watched Sabrina converse and share laughter with Bradley in the video, his visage darkening with each passing moment.

Bradley was truly vexing!

Tyrone had stewed in solitude for two days, while Sabrina, seemingly unscathed, continued to wear a bright smile, especially when in Bradley's presence.

Tyrone seethed with fury.

He had been the one eager to rekindle their marriage. If he didn't reach out to her, she might never think of him!

Such thoughts further fueled Tyrone's anger. However, he recognized that his continued sullenness might provide an opportunity for another

man to steal her away.

For the sake of a lifetime of happiness, Tyrone made the decision to endure. He retrieved his phone and dialed Sabrina's number.

Sabrina glanced at her phone's screen, raising an eyebrow. She casually donned a Bluetooth headset and answered the call while keeping her eyes on the traffic ahead. "Why are you calling? Have you managed to let go of your anger?"

Tyrone found himself at a loss for words, falling into silence for a brief pause.

She knew he was still upset. This was a reaction he hadn't anticipated.

Tyrone suppressed his anger and adopted a composed tone. "I need you to come here. I'm dealing with Jennie's residence procedure."

