

Chapter 347 Forgiveness

"Sabrina, good morning."

Sabrina was in the studio, casually reviewing the photos she had just taken. The sound of approaching footsteps and hushed voices caught her attention, prompting a welcoming smile as she glanced up and saw Bradley.

Bradley paused upon seeing Sabrina, his expression a mix of curiosity and surprise. "Morning! What's with the early start?"

"First time being your photographer, I've got to be on point, right?" Sabrina replied with a grin, her camera capturing the carefully set-up scene. She seemed too engrossed at her work to notice Bradley's reactions.

"I'm going to prep myself," Bradley announced.

"Go ahead," Sabrina said, still engrossed in her camera, unaware of Bradley's lingering gaze.

Bradley really wanted to know about what had transpired between her and Tyrone.

Was her affection for Tyrone that profound?

Could she truly forgive Tyrone for the latter's infidelity?

"Mr. Morgan?" The assistant's voice jolted Bradley from his reverie.

Bradley snapped back to reality, briefly glancing at Sabrina before retreating to the dressing room.

Two days earlier, Bradley's team had sent Sabrina a detailed request document, which she had meticulously analyzed. However, this inaugural photoshoot was proving less than smooth sailing.

The collaboration between Sabrina and Bradley was somewhat discordant, resulting in less-than-stellar photos.

Bradley appeared preoccupied throughout the process, and they progressed at a snail's pace.

Lost in her own musings, Sabrina remained oblivious to Bradley's altered state. She mistakenly attributed the issues to her own shortcomings and resolved to rectify the situation.

Bradley closed his eyes, rubbing his temples as he attempted to push last night's events from his mind.

Despite the initial hiccups, the photo shoot went on smoothly.

Upon reviewing the photos provided by Bradley's team, Sabrina swiftly grasped their quality standards, striving to align her work accordingly. This adjustment significantly boosted their efficiency.

Bradley underwent multiple outfit changes, each marked by distinct scenes and styles.

As the shoot concluded, the clock neared eight in the evening, leaving everyone thoroughly drained.

"Okay, let's call it a day!" Bradley's agent nodded approvingly as he inspected the photos in Sabrina's camera.

Relief washed over the entire crew.

Bradley, in particular, visibly relaxed, rising from his seat and stretching. "Thank goodness it's over. I'm off to change my clothes."

However, just a few steps away, Bradley paused and turned back to address Sabrina and his agent, "Sabrina, don't leave now. Let's have dinner together. Duane, could you please book us a chamber at Conway's?"

Duane glanced at Bradley and winked at him. "You've got work

tomorrow, you know. You should get some rest."

Bradley had caused a sensation by having dinner with Sabrina late at night a few days ago. How could he still propose a dinner together? He should be more careful of his behavior in the public.

However, Bradley understood Duane's concerns and brushed them off. "It's just a meal. No worries."

"Alright," Duane replied, his acquiescence tinged with helplessness.

Sabrina stowed her camera in her bag and engaged in a conversation with Duane regarding future collaborations.

A while later, Bradley, the makeup artist, and the rest of the crew gathered, making their way to the parking lot as a group.

"It's pretty crowded there. I'll go with your car," Bradley suggested, eyeing the nearby car and addressing Sabrina.

Before Sabrina could respond, Duane intervened, placing a reassuring hand on Bradley's shoulder. "Bradley, it's not that crowded if I am not in that car. Go sit with them. Miss Chavez could take me there. Is this alright with you, Miss Chavez?"

Duane had no intention of granting Bradley and Sabrina any opportunity for solitude.

"I don't mind," Sabrina replied with a smile.

Bradley found himself at a loss for words, casting a glance in Duane's direction.

It marked the first time he'd found Duane's company quite annoying.

Observing Duane's intentions, Sabrina couldn't help but be amused.

Upon their arrival at Conway's, they were ushered into a chamber, taking their seats around a circular table. Bradley's furrowed brow was noticeable as he observed Sabrina seated across from him, separated by Duane and his assistant. Irritation festered.

Conversations and laughter filled the air throughout the dinner.

As the meal approached its end, Bradley still hadn't found an opportunity to converse with Sabrina. After a moment's contemplation, he discreetly pulled out his phone and sent her a message.

Sabrina's phone chimed, and she retrieved it to find a message from Bradley.

Her brow furrowed in confusion. What was he doing?

Noting that Duane was oblivious to his actions, Bradley silently gestured toward his phone.

Sabrina glanced at her own device. Bradley had requested she concoct an excuse to step outside as he had something to share with her.

She muted her phone, then glanced at Duane. She started to type a reply, saying, "Why can't you discuss it over the phone? What if someone photographs us..."

Bradley countered, "Are we never going to meet again just because of a potential photograph? Don't worry, it won't affect my work."

"Alright," Sabrina agreed.

Sabrina stashed her phone and concocted a pretext to exit the chamber.

After coming out of the bathroom, she positioned herself near the fire exit, waiting patiently.

After a brief interval, Bradley approached her. "Have you been waiting long?"

"No, not at all. What did you want to talk about?" Sabrina inquired.

Bradley gazed at Sabrina, his expression a tangle of emotions, his eyes harboring profound affection.

Sabrina's heart fluttered as she discerned the intensity in his gaze.

Commented [Ma1]:

Bradley... Hadn't he given up yet?

Since she'd turned down Bradley's advances at the restaurant during their previous encounter, their contact had grown sparse. Sabrina earnestly hoped Bradley could regard her as a friend.

She probed, "What's on your mind?"

Bradley remained silent for a few moments before speaking in a hushed tone. "You... have you reconciled with Tyrone? I saw you getting into his car yesterday."

Sabrina was taken aback by Bradley's revelation.

She hesitated, wrestling with her inner turmoil.

She hadn't reconciled with Tyrone, but she couldn't deny they were somewhat close.

However, it had been against her will. They were far from being back together.

Observing Sabrina's silence, Bradley felt a pang of sadness, as though a gust of cold wind had swept through his heart.

He suppressed the bitterness and frustration brewing within and made an effort to steady himself. "I don't know what transpired between you two, but have you forgotten that he cheated on you? There's no guarantee he won't do it again in the future. I don't understand why you..."

His words trailed off, replaced by a resigned sigh. He didn't expect this.

Seeing that Bradley had misunderstood her, Sabrina chose not to defend herself. Perhaps this was an opportunity to make Bradley relinquish his affections.

After a brief pause, she responded, "No one can predict the future."

"But..." Bradley started. His emotions began to surge with each passing moment. He let out an exasperated sigh and gazed at her with

disappointment. "Why do you like him? Aren't you afraid he'll hurt you again? Sabrina, I hope you can address it rationally, and weigh the pros and cons. Don't let emotions..."

"Bradley, I understand you're looking out for me. I've considered everything you've said. I've thought long and hard before reconciling with Tyrone. I hope you can understand..." Sabrina started.

"I don't understand!" Bradley cut her off bitterly. He locked his gaze on her and continued, "Why don't you consider being with me? Tyrone had an affair with someone else while he was with you and I'm the one who's not good enough?"

Sabrina shook her head gently and replied, "It's not a competition. It's about love. Sometimes, feelings are irrational. Besides, there's nothing between Tyrone and Galilea. Bradley, please understand that even without Tyrone, we can't be together. I value our friendship and sincerely hope you can move on."

Bradley forced a bitter smile and shook his head. "Forgetting someone isn't as simple as you make it sound. Just as you can't forget Tyrone, I can't forget you either. You said you wouldn't remarry Tyrone. I thought that if I stayed by your side, you might accept me someday..."

Sabrina interjected, "I've shared my perspective with you. Bradley, I'll talk to your agent during our next work engagement. I'll give you some time to cool down. If you continue like this, then... I might have no choice but to let go of our friendship."

Then she turned around and was about to leave.

"Sabrina!" Bradley's voice, laced with sadness, broke the silence as he grasped her wrist. "Are you truly this heartless?"