

Chapter 36 I Have Feelings

Sabrina traced his steps to the front row.

Situated in the premiere seat, Galilea turned her head and waved at Tyrone. "Tyrone, over here."

"Let's go." Tyrone cast a quick glance at Sabrina before walking over.

Sabrina's glowing face dulled.

She had anticipated that she and Tyrone would sit together alone.

She had presumed she had won Galilea this time, but the truth was bitter.

"What are you doing lingering there?" Tyrone turned to query Sabrina.

Downcast, Sabrina inhaled deeply, and proceeded to take a seat next to Tyrone, uttering, "Quite unexpected to see Galilea here."

Galilea, as pale as moonlight, nibbled her lower lip and murmured, "I apologize, Sabrina. My agent wanted me here. I wasn't aware you'd be present. If you're uncomfortable, I can switch to the back."

With that, she stood and started to retreat.

Tyrone seized her wrist and stated, "You can stay here." 

"But..." Galilea peeked at Sabrina.

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"But..." Galilea peeked at Sabrina.

"Don't worry. She won't be bothered."

Sabrina's fingers, resting on her dress, clung to the fabric. Her heart throbbed with a pain that suffocated her breath.

How could Tyrone assume she wouldn't mind? 

She had feelings!

She sealed her eyes, attempting to regain her calmness, but it was futile.

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Sabrina burned with jealousy seeing Tyrone's tender exchange with Galilea.

She grabbed a brochure nearby, providing details about the auction items for the evening. They were all famous, accompanied by images.

In desperation, she sought to divert her mind with it, else she was certain to lose her sanity.


Despite her efforts, flipping through the pages, she couldn't concentrate.

"You like this?" Tyrone whispered suddenly.

Startled, she peered at the brochure in her hands, resting on a page displaying an emerald bracelet named "Heart of Ocean." It complemented her attire flawlessly.

She nodded in agreement.

"I'll purchase it as a present for you," Tyrone declared.

"Thank you." 

Initially, Sabrina was eager about the charity dinner.

Now, however, her mood was far from being interested.

On the other hand, Galilea was engaged in a hushed conversation with Tyrone about the auction items.

"This one seems intriguing," Galilea highlighted a piece of jewelry in the brochure.

"Do you want it? Alright."

"No, I don't need it." Galilea tugged at his sleeve, sneaking a glance at Sabrina.

Tyrone was aware of her nature. In Sabrina's presence, she hesitated to spend his money.

Sabrina's breath hitched and her expression froze.

She noted the watch adorning Galilea's wrist mirrored the one Tyrone had gifted her after a business trip. ②

The silver watch belt and the tiny square dial pierced her vision.

Suddenly, it all made sense.

She knew Tyrone wouldn't have specially picked a present for her.

In reality, it was a token for Galilea; he had just duplicated the same for her.

He couldn't be bothered to select a different one.

What an act of indifference!

Sabrina scoffed internally!

Only when the Heart of Ocean was introduced did Sabrina somewhat divert her attention.

The Heart of Ocean's initial bidding price was set at 5 million.

After several competitive rounds, the bracelet found its new owner, Tyrone, who bought it for \$30 million.

In a hushed tone, Sabrina confided in Tyrone, "I need some air. I feel a tightness in my chest."

"Sure. I'll reach out when we're about to head out."

Subsequently, she stood up and departed the room.

She made her way to the back door of the banquet hall, which was connected to the back garden and a large swimming pool.

A gentle gust brushed past her face, offering a sudden jolt of alertness.

Choosing a chair by the poolside, she closed her eyes, letting her mind unwind.

"Did they kick you out?"

It was Abigail, who had seemingly appeared out of nowhere.

Sabrina opened her eyes briefly to acknowledge her presence before shutting them again, choosing not to respond.

"Stop pretending. Didn't you notice Galilea with Tyrone?" Abigail scoffed. "She's his real girlfriend. Our kind is destined for secrecy. I'd advise against pining for things out of your reach."

"Can you shut up now?" Sabrina retorted, her patience wearing thin.

She assumed her disinterest was conspicuous enough for anyone sensible to leave her alone.

"Oh, so you're angry now? Just because you managed to snag Tyrone Blakely, you think you're superior to us? We're cut from the same cloth. You're no different."

"Enough! I don't want to hear any more of this. Leave, please."

"I'm not going anywhere. This isn't your place."

"If you won't, then I will."

Sabrina rose from the chair, her strides resolute as she walked away.

Abigail was left seething, watching Sabrina's retreating figure. Why was it Sabrina who managed to land Tyrone Blakely, a man of youth, charm, and wealth, while she was stuck with an overweight older man?

They were all just mistresses. Why did Sabrina act so high and mighty?

Her resentment flared as she thought about it, and in a sudden fit of anger, she shoved Sabrina.

Sabrina, caught by surprise, lost her footing and toppled into the pool.

With a jolt of panic, Abigail ran away.

The icy water engulfed Sabrina, causing her to panic and gulp down several mouthfuls of water.

She was overtaken by a sense of suffocation, the familiar fear spreading throughout her body, making her tremble with uncontrollable spasms in her limbs.

Her breath grew shorter, her consciousness fading. ⓘ

Fleeting images flashed in her mind.

Those people said she was an orphan. A bastard.

Her schoolbag, torn. Homework, shredded. Cornered in the restroom. Slapped across her face. Dunked in the pool, till she nearly choked...

"Sabrina!"

Upon spotting the figure in the pool, Bradley dove in without a second thought. He swam to her swiftly, ensuring her head was above water before carrying her to the edge and pulling her up.

"Sabrina! Sabrina! Wake up!"

Bradley cried, his voice filled with panic.

The commotion drew the attention of the banquet staff. Bradley promptly dialed 911 and fetched a blanket to cover Sabrina. "I can give first aid."

Bradley made room for him instantly.

The staff member started administering first aid to Sabrina. After coughing out a few mouthfuls of water, Sabrina stirred to consciousness.

Her vision was hazy, and it took her a while to fully grasp her surroundings.

"Someone shoved me into the pool," Sabrina managed to say.

"Okay." The staff member helped Sabrina up. "Let me assist you to the lounge to rest. When the ambulance arrives, you can be taken to the hospital for a check-up. I'll notify the manager about this."

"Alright, thanks."

Bradley and the staff member aided Sabrina in walking back through the banquet hall and into the lounge. As they crossed the auction hall, Bradley informed, "I saw Galilea feeling unwell earlier. She left with Mr. Blakely."


Sabrina's heart gave a small flutter. "Understood."

Sabrina spent a short while in the lounge, awaiting the ambulance.

Once it arrived, she was escorted into it and whisked away to the hospital.

Bradley accompanied her.

Sabrina was against it. He could easily be identified.

But Bradley was firm, insisting he needed to ensure her complete safety. 

The medical staff in the ambulance recognized Bradley. Seeing him so concerned for Sabrina, they couldn't help but give her a few extra glances.

