

Chapter 335 The Top Search

Sarah's character has been quite prominent in numerous scenes of late. In the daytime, Sabrina remained on the film set, diligently studying between takes.

Upon the conclusion of shooting, the clock had already ticked past 10 p.m.

The film location continued to radiate a vibrant glow, with the crew engrossed in capturing night scenes, while the ensemble of actors awaited their moments. Nearby, restaurants adjacent to the film set continued to welcome diners, with a few operating around the clock.

"Sabrina?"

As Sabrina treaded toward the parking area, her name was suddenly beckoned.

She halted, turning her gaze toward the caller. Observing his attire, she beamed and remarked, "Bradley? Just wrapped up filming?"

Bradley approached her with a friendly grin and inquired, "What brings you here?"

Beneath the luminance of the lights, he discerned that Sabrina was still adorned in the theatrical makeup befitting a television drama. Arching an eyebrow, he posed the question, "Are you still filming here?"

"Well, have you heard about what happened to Galilea? She had to be replaced and the director couldn't find a suitable replacement in such short notice, so I stepped in."

Bradley nodded understandingly. "How about a late-night meal together?"

"Absolutely," Sabrina agreed, feeling a twinge of hunger due to her meager dinner.

They strolled side by side and Sabrina inquired, "You must know this area well, right? Any restaurant recommendations?"

"Certainly. Let's go."

Leading the way, Bradley spoke. "I've heard a bit about Galilea. What happened? Are you doing okay, considering the circumstances?"

Sabrina responded with brevity, "I'm fine. She won't be causing any trouble again."

Bradley's face lit up with relief, and he flashed a warm smile. "I never expected to find you as my colleague one day. I'm hopeful that we'll have opportunities to collaborate in the future."

Sabrina returned his smile, her eyes sparkling. "Opportunities may be scarce. I believe I just bailed out this scene for now. I am not sure there will be future opportunities."

Bradley shook his head, grinning. "Oh, I don't think so, Miss Chavez. I have a photo shoot lined up. Would you be interested?"

Sabrina's eyebrows arched in astonishment. This was an unexpected offer.

"Seriously?" she inquired.

Bradley's smile remained undiminished. "Absolutely!"

Sabrina cleared her throat with a hint of playful skepticism. "Well, if the photos don't turn out quite flattering and your fans aren't pleased with them, remember not to attribute them to me."

In a previous photography class, her mentor, Blayze, had imparted the art of capturing people with diverse styles. With her skills, Sabrina earned the admiration of her models due to her excellent photos.

But she had never photographed a celebrity.

"Okay," Bradley chimed in with a chuckle. "You can gauge the comments once they're released. If the praises outweigh the criticism, you can proudly declare it as your work. If it's the other way around, you can play the vanishing act."

Laughter echoed through the air.

The pair made their way to a restaurant, their conversation bubbling with mirth. Opting for a secluded dining chamber, they continued chatting while savoring their meal.

After their midnight meal, Bradley gallantly offered, "Allow me to drive you home, alright?"

"Thanks, but I don't have any scenes tomorrow. I think it's best if I drive myself back," Sabrina declared.

"In that case... Have a safe journey," Bradley remarked, a hint of concern in his voice.

Sabrina embarked on her journey homeward.

However, their entrance into the restaurant together did not go unnoticed by the paparazzi's ever-watchful lenses.

In the dead of night, their names swiftly ascended the ranks of trending topics. At this time, Sabrina was in peaceful slumber. Thankfully, Bradley's adept team caught wind of the situation and promptly doused the burgeoning hot search. The following morning, all remained serene.

Tyrone, too, had been entrenched in a flurry of activities in recent days. He was engrossed in an economic forum held in Mathias.

The forum's grand opening unfolded, featuring speeches from organizers and prominent leaders, followed by individual thematic presentations from attending guests.

As Mathias' youngest tycoon and the steward of a leading enterprise,

Tyrone had the honor of delivering the inaugural address, his subject revolving around enterprise innovation and growth.

His visage bore a gravitas, his words eloquent and deliberate, delivered with a cadence that swayed between soothing and commanding. At strategic pauses, his gaze swept over the entire assembly, his eyes resolute and penetrating.

His discourse left a profound impact, igniting fervent discussions and garnering hearty applause.

Upon concluding his speech, Tyrone graciously greeted and handed over the microphone to the next speaker.

In a distant corner, Sierra fixated her gaze on Tyrone as if under a spell, unable to regain her composure for quite some time.

Blayze, too, participated in this forum.

Sierra proactively volunteered to lend her assistance.

As Blayze's cousin, Sierra's offer to volunteer was warmly accepted by the event's organizers.

Sierra had anticipated Tyrone's presence but she was unprepared for the profound impact he would make on her.

Taking the stage, Tyrone spoke with eloquence and passion, delivering his speech without the crutch of prepared scripts.

His words flowed naturally, captivating the audience and guiding their thoughts.

Tyrone possessed an innate charisma, impossible to overlook. In Sierra's mind, his allure eclipsed the very content of his speech.

Throughout the entire presentation, Sierra fixated on his countenance, oblivious to the words he uttered, even though their meaning eluded her.

The first person to astonish Sierra was her nominal cousin, Blayze.

Since she knew him in Violetholt in her childhood, he had always been outstanding and unreachable.

Sierra was deeply attracted by him.

Blayze had cast an irrevocable spell on Sierra. She was well aware that marriage with him was an unattainable dream.

Over the years, Sierra's aunt had introduced her to numerous men, all of them commendable in their own right. Yet none could hold a candle to Blayze, leaving Sierra's interest waning.

Initially, after seeing Tyrone's photos on the internet and reading the adulation of online admirers, Sierra harbored a trace of skepticism toward this man who bore a striking resemblance to her cousin. She perceived Tyrone's speech as merely average.

However, when she beheld him in person, the resemblance to her cousin, coupled with his undeniable handsomeness, stirred an irresistible desire within her to capture his attention.

Gazing at the commanding presence before her, Sierra found herself biting her lower lip, a silent admission echoing in the depths of her heart: Tyrone was every bit as remarkable as her cousin.

If only she could wed Tyrone...

A rosy blush graced her cheeks as she lowered her head.

In contrast to Blayze, she was his stepmother's niece, hailing from a modest, ordinary family.

Yet when it came to Tyrone, she was Mrs. Fowler's niece and had grown up with the esteemed lineage of the Fowler clan. The Fowler family could stand tall beside Tyrone's family.

In terms of appearance, she assumed she could compete with Sabrina and Galilea. In terms of social standing, she asserted that she far surpassed them with the background of the Fowler family. With this

confluence of advantages, Sierra brimmed with confidence in her ability to win Tyrone's heart and marry him.

Following the first day's forum proceedings, an evening soiree unfolded. Sierra attended the event alongside Blayze.

Upon entering the hall, she couldn't help but sweep her gaze around, subconsciously in search of Tyrone.

But her quest remained fruitless.

Fending off a sense of ennui, Sierra located a spot to perch and soon her attention was ensnared by the arrival of Tyrone and the prominent leaders of Mathias.

Tyrone, ensconced amidst a sea of admirers, deftly maneuvered his way through the gathering. Holding a glass of wine, he genially exchanged pleasantries, engaged in conversations and offered astute observations when needed. His words were concise, yet packed with impact.

As the crowd around Tyrone momentarily thinned, Sierra, holding a glass of wine herself, hastened toward him. "Tyrone, we meet again!" she greeted, her voice infused with enthusiasm.

Tyrone swiveled to meet her gaze, his voice tinged with polite curiosity. "Excuse me, but may I inquire about your identity?"

A momentary chill gripped Sierra's countenance, yet swiftly, her smile returned, albeit somewhat strained. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Sierra Rivera. Blayze Flower is my cousin. We crossed paths at a bar not too long ago."

Spectators in their vicinity exchanged glances, discerning the unfolding interaction between Tyrone and Sierra, then tactfully withdrew.

"Oh, Miss Rivera. Excuse me."

Tyrone turned away and exited the scene.

Taken aback, Sierra took a few hurried strides forward and inquired, "Where are you headed, may I ask?"

Tyrone remained silent, seamlessly melting into the bustling crowd.

Sierra, her frustration mounting, impulsively stamped her foot in vexation.

What was Tyrone's attitude?

Wasn't she, after all, sort of a member of the illustrious Fowler family? Wasn't she worthy of his attention?

"Sierra," Blayze materialized behind Sierra, his gaze fixed on the direction Tyrone had taken, his words carrying a significant undertone. "Do you harbor feelings for Tyrone?"

Sierra spun around, her cheeks flushing. "Blayze."

The expression on her face did not go unnoticed by Blayze and his countenance took on a more resolute aspect, understanding her sentiment.

