

## Chapter 35 Pretentious

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At six o'clock in the evening, Sabrina finished work and waited for Tyrone in the underground garage.

Not long after, Tyrone made his appearance.

Their driver escorted them to an exclusive fashion studio.

After her styling and makeover, Sabrina switched outfits in the changing room and emerged, adjusting her dress's hem.

Tyrone, having dressed himself, lounged on the couch, anticipating her. Upon hearing her footsteps, he glanced up.

Sabrina sported a subtle, elegant makeup, her eyes enchanting. Her lip color was coordinated with her eye shadow.

Her hair was styled casually, cascading over her shoulders, lightly curled at the ends, accentuating her petite face.

Her outfit was an off-shoulder blue dress that highlighted her round shoulders and illuminated her skin's softness and fairness.

She walked to Tyrone and twirled, asking, "What do you think?"

Snapping out of his daze, Tyrone nodded affirmatively. His gaze drifted to her footwear and he inquired, "Your ankle has recently healed. Are the heels comfortable?"

"It's okay."

"I'd prefer you switch to flat shoes."

Mindful of the little one she was carrying, Sabrina agreed, "Alright."

Tyrone gestured to an employee to bring flat shoes that complemented her dress.

As Sabrina sat down to remove her shoes, Tyrone squatted in front of her, insisting, "Allow me."

He gently grasped her ankle and proceeded to remove her high-heeled shoes one by one. Then, he retrieved the flat shoes from the shoe box and carefully put them on her feet..

Sabrina looked at him.

His actions were cautious, and his expression bore a serious demeanor. She couldn't help but admire his chiseled jawline.

After changing her shoes for her, Tyrone stood up, declaring, "We should get going."

"This is my first time here. If there are any rules, please guide me," Sabrina said as she intertwined her arm with Tyrone's.

"Of course. The charity party will host a jewelry auction. If anything catches your eye, let me know."

"Will do."

Arriving at the party venue, the couple descended the red carpet hand in hand.

"Ah, Mr. Blakely, welcome. It's a pleasant surprise to see you here."

"Mr. Blakely!"

"Mr. Blakely..."

A group of well-dressed men, flanked by their partners, gathered around Tyrone and Sabrina.

Tyrone exchanged a few words with them.

A curious man pointed at Sabrina and asked, "Mr. Blakely, who might this be?"

"My sister, Sabrina Chavez."

Sabrina greeted them warmly.

"Miss Chavez! Your reputation precedes you. It's a pleasure to finally meet."

"Miss Chavez, you should grace these events more often."

After a round of small talk, Tyrone leaned in and whispered to Sabrina, "A few friends are waiting for me over there. I need to greet them. There's a buffet. You can relax there if you feel out of place. I'll come fetch you when the auction starts."

"Okay."

Sabrina meandered to the dessert counter, chose a sweet treat and a glass of drink, and took a seat in the lounge area. She studied the party attendees while savoring her dessert.

The guests were all elite socialites, wealthy and famous.

This was Sabrina's first time at such an event.

She understood that she wasn't the a real member of the Blakely family, and she hadn't been raised in their world. Although high society was polite to her outwardly, they might not have truly accepted her.

Like Tyrone's friends, apart from Rolf, she felt a distance from them. Unlike Galilea, she couldn't engage in casual banter with

them.

They were all alike in this respect.

A stylish woman approached Sabrina and greeted, "Hello there, why are you sitting all alone?"

Sabrina looked up and smiled at her. "I injured my ankle recently. It's not good for me to stand for long periods."

The woman glanced at Sabrina's ankle but remained silent. She sat down next to Sabrina and nudged her playfully. "I'm Abigail Bensen. What's your name?"

"Sabrina Chavez."

"I noticed you entered with Tyrone. How did you manage that?" Abigail whispered.

Sabrina turned to carefully assess her from head to toe.

Abigail's outfit and purse might have looked pricey, but they were outdated.

Noticing Sabrina's silence, Abigail probed further, "You look stunning, Tyrone must have splurged on you, didn't he? Isn't it tricky to win over wealthy folks like him?"

"I don't know."

"Don't be shy. Could you share your secret? The guy I'm seeing is super tight-fisted. I had to beg for ages to accompany him to this event. I've been wanting to ditch him for a while."

"I can't help you there. I'm not dating him." Sabrina rose from her seat, taking her wine and dessert with her, and relocated to another spot. ☹️

Abigail huffed at Sabrina's retreating figure.

She thought Sabrina was being pretentious, assuming she wasn't aware that they were in the same profession.

The venue continued to fill with guests.

As Sabrina glanced up, she spotted a familiar face, Galilea.

She, too, was attending the charity dinner.

"What are you looking at?" A male voice broke her train of thought. Bradley took a seat beside Sabrina.

Sabrina composed herself, glanced at Bradley in surprise, and asked, "What brings you here?"

"My agent suggested it. Didn't expect to run into you here. How's your ankle?"

"Nearly healed."

"That's good. Are you here by yourself?"

"I arrived with Mr. Blakely."

Bradley raised his brows. "I spotted Galilea earlier, assumed she was Tyrone's date. Look."

Sabrina followed Bradley's pointed direction.

Beyond the scattered crowd, she could see Galilea standing with Tyrone, deep in conversation. Tyrone wore a gentle smile as they chatted, appearing every bit the charming couple.

A pang of sorrow tugged at Sabrina's heart, her complexion turning pale.

Avoiding the scene, she redirected the conversation. "When does the shooting for Cloudwater Town begin? I may swing by

the set when I get some free time."

Immediately regretting her words, Sabrina realized that Galilea was the film's leading lady.

But Bradley took her words at face value, smiling as he said, "That's a deal. Shooting commences at the end of the month. I'll let you know. You must visit then."

"Sure," Sabrina replied, her thoughts elsewhere.

Bradley initiated conversation, and they chatted for a bit.

As the charity auction drew closer, Bradley casually suggested, "The charity auction is about to begin. I imagine Galilea will sit with Tyrone. Why not join me instead?"

Sabrina declined his offer, concerned. "No. There will be reporters around."

Bradley agreed. "You're right."

Noticing Sabrina had finished her dessert, Bradley offered, "What would you like to eat? I'll get it for you."

"Could you get me a Matcha cake, please?"

Bradley returned from the dessert counter with two slices of Matcha cake. "Here you are."

"Thank you."

"Sabrina."

The sound of her name pulled her from her thoughts.

It was Tyrone, his gaze intense.

"Mr. Blakely," Bradley greeted.

Tyrone looked Bradley over and gave an indifferent nod.

Turning to Sabrina, he whispered, "The auction's about to start. Let's find our seats."

"Alright." Smiling, Sabrina stood up and said to Bradley, "Goodbye. We'll catch up another time."

Tyrone's gaze hardened.

"Certainly," Bradley responded.

