

Chapter 400 Flatter Herself

Sabrina sat on the steps beside the fence, her gaze fixed on the sparkling river. Her mind drifted while tears streamed down her face, uncontrolled.

The blow from Tyrone was unexpected and devastating, leaving her heart in pieces.

Sabrina had never imagined things would turn out this way. It was laughable, really. His kindness had been nothing but the effort he made for a bet.

Tyrone had never cared for her. Not when she first arrived at the Blakely family's villa, not when they married. Why did she think he would care for her now? It was all her delusion. She had longed for his affection which was never meant to be hers. She flattered herself. How could Tyrone ever care for her?

She remembered Tyrone's scrutinizing gaze when she first entered the Blakely family's villa as the adopted daughter. His indifferent response to her greeting and the cake he gave her out of pity... He had always looked down on her. He would never love her. Now, she finally understood this.

The love she had romanticized was like a bubble in the sun. As soon as she touched it, it burst, scattering and disappearing with the wind.

Sabrina remained by the river bank all morning.

Her tears had dried up. Her heart was numb with pain.

But a call from her assistant reminded her that she had to return to the set for the afternoon shoot.

She had only this morning to be sad.

Life marched on relentlessly. She could survive without Tyrone.

In her heart, she whispered a defiant truth. Even if Tyrone didn't love her, so be it. She wouldn't let despair consume her.

Her life still held promise and purpose.

With a deep breath, Sabrina quelled the bitterness within and returned to the set.

Her eyes, red and swollen, caught the attention of the makeup artist. The artist's concern was palpable. She quickly fetched an ice bag and pressed it against Sabrina's eyes.

The onset of summer warmed the air, yet the ice bag's chill made Sabrina hiss.

"Is it too cold?" the makeup artist inquired.

"Yes, it's cold," Sabrina responded, her honesty unguarded.

"That's to be expected."

An awkward smile played on Sabrina's lips.

After some time, the redness and swelling of Sabrina's eyelids subsided. Under the skillful application of makeup, the signs of her earlier tears were skillfully concealed.

The afternoon's scene involved Sabrina and the antagonist. Sabrina played the role of Sarah. It was a flashback to Sarah's youth, where she suffered harsh punishment for failing to thwart the villain.

As the shooting progressed, Sabrina found herself

immersed in the role more quickly than usual.

Despite her somber mood, it didn't hinder her performance.

On the contrary, the director was captivated by Sabrina's portrayal. Watching through the camera, he observed her tearful eyes and trembling shoulders, charged with emotion. Her portrayal of loneliness and despair as the character she played led to prison was riveting. He couldn't help but heap praise upon Sabrina.

Through Sabrina's nuanced performance, Sarah emerged as more than a simple, one-dimensional villain. She was like a cunning fox, evoking both frustration and sympathy in the audience.

The director shared his enthusiasm with Peter, who had come to visit the set.

Standing next to Camden, Peter observed the footage on the monitor. He nodded in approval, remarking, "Sabrina is gifted. She could reach even greater heights with my guidance."

"What are you implying? That I'm not doing a good job?"

"That's not what I meant," Peter chuckled and offered a light explanation, masking his true thoughts. Privately, he harbored reservations about the acting of the lead actor and actress. Their performances, he believed, would not be well-received by audiences once the show aired.

Despite these thoughts, Peter chose to keep his opinions to himself, not voicing his concerns aloud.

Peter understood the nature of fantasy dramas. They were often vehicles for boosting certain actors' popularity, courtesy of their capitalist backers. With stunning costumes, intricate plot settings, and compelling stories, these shows tended to succeed as long as the acting

wasn't abysmal. Modern romance dramas, on the other hand, faced more critical audiences who were quick to spot flaws in logic and performance. Many recent hits were high-concept fantasy dramas, while contemporary stories either faced criticism or lacked popularity.

The fairy drama Camden was directing, funded by sponsors, was meant to promote the leading actor.

After reviewing the script, Peter felt that the leads lacked distinction, particularly the heroine, who seemed unremarkable. In contrast, the character of Sarah stood out vividly.

With the role of Molly in the play still unfilled due to Galilea's accident, Peter considered Sabrina a potential fit.

That evening, hearing the sound of the door opening, Bettie turned her head and took a look at Sabrina. She raised her eyebrows in surprise. "You're back? Didn't Tyrone want you to stay longer with him?"

Sabrina, avoiding eye contact, tossed her bag onto the sofa and poured herself a glass of water. "Bettie, let's not talk about him anymore," she requested calmly.

Bettie's curiosity piqued as she sat up. "What happened?" she inquired. "What did Tyrone do this time?"

Sitting beside Bettie, Sabrina wrapped her arms around Bettie, confiding the day's painful revelations. "I went to Tyrone's office today and saw him with Galilea. He confessed he's always loved Galilea. He only approached me because of a bet..."

Sabrina poured out the whole story to Bettie.

Sabrina would never have shared such a personal humiliation with anyone else. It was a deep embarrassment. She had been fooled by Tyrone not once,

but twice.

Tyrone was a man who had been unfaithful during their marriage. When she had finally begun to heal, she not only forgave him but also yearned to reconcile.

However, it turned out that his feelings for her were nonexistent. Her hopes for reconciliation were nothing but wishful thinking. The realization was mortifying, like knowingly being a second choice yet still clinging on. Sabrina was too humiliated to admit this to anyone else.

As Sabrina spoke, Bettie's anger flared. Clenching her teeth, Bettie exclaimed, "Damn it! Tyrone has crossed a line. How can he be so heartless? To gamble with someone's feelings on a bet... What a cruel man!"

What made it worse was the timing. When Sabrina had just lost their child, spiraling into depression in the aftermath, Tyrone was off making bets with Galilea, continuing to inflict pain on Sabrina.

Had Tyrone ever considered the consequences if Sabrina's depression worsened? Or did he not care at all about Sabrina's well-being and life? Perhaps it was the latter.

Reflecting on the past, it seemed Tyrone had never truly respected or cared for Sabrina. He had manipulated situations to his advantage, all for the sake of winning a bet. His actions were always calculated to achieve his goals, regardless of Sabrina's feelings.

Not long ago, Sabrina was kidnapped and trafficked. In a disturbing turn of events, it was revealed that Tyrone had allowed her to be kidnapped. His intention was to make her feel immensely grateful to him for rescuing her.

If Sabrina hadn't acted in self-defense, pushing Andrew off the bed which led to him hitting his head, Andrew might have already raped her.

Tyrone's actions were unfathomably cold-hearted. How could Sabrina possibly see through a vicious and sophisticated man like him?

Bettie wrapped her arms around Sabrina, offering comfort, "Sabrina, you had seen the truth this time. A scumbag like him isn't worth your tears."

"I know," Sabrina replied, her voice tinged with sadness.

Sabrina was now aware that Tyrone was far from a good man, yet the pain and disappointment lingered.

However, Sabrina believed she would soon recover from this emotional blow. She was no longer the person who saw Tyrone as her life's goal and motivation. She was determined to thrive, even without Tyrone in her life.

After ten days, Sabrina completed her final scene, marking the end of her shooting schedule.

She had previously informed the director that there was no need for a wrap party.


The crew members showed their appreciation by presenting her with flowers. Sabrina posed a photograph with the director and other staff members, signifying the conclusion of her involvement with the production.

However, Peter came when Sabrina shot the last scene.

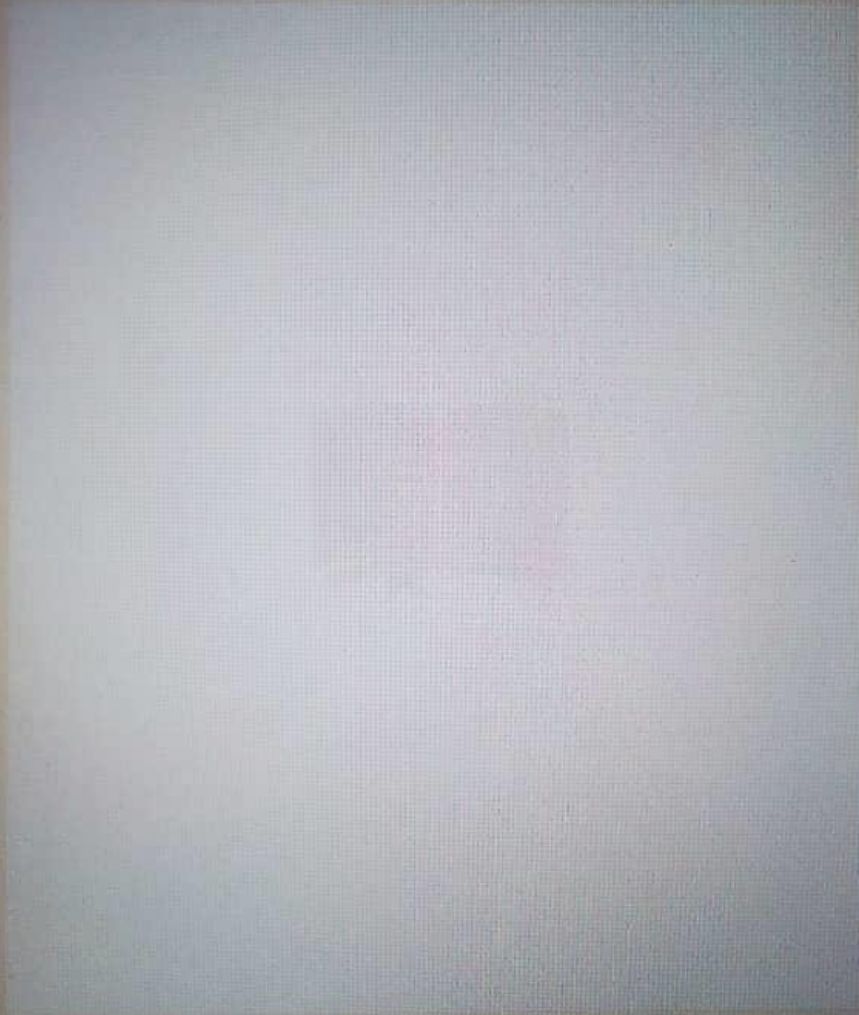
Aware of the incident with Rowell, Peter was concerned that Sabrina might harbor reservations about his crew. He believed a personal appearance would convey sincerity more effectively.


After extending his congratulations to Sabrina, Peter inquired about her future plans. "Miss Chaves, do you have any commitments lined up next?" he asked.

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