

Chapter 62 Rumors

Outsiders couldn't harm Sabrina; only Tyrone had that power. Sabrina was accustomed to interacting with the press for her work, promoting MQ Clothing's merchandise and managing various projects. So, she had a clear grasp that most online users merely jumped on the bandwagon.

They witnessed only what someone desired them to.

The current news, for example, had a media bias, guided by Evelyn's hidden agenda. Someone wanted Sabrina to be the target of the internet's wrath.

Yet, what they didn't wish to be known, such as her defense, was shrouded in obscurity. Tyrone prevented any attempts at clearing her name. If she dared to share the truth on the internet, her post would be erased.

Bradley and Sabrina spent some time together at a bar.

"Are you free this afternoon?" Sabrina inquired.

"No. My agent would be blowing up my phone if I had any engagements. I can stick around with you for a while. How about dinner at my place tonight? I've finally got some downtime."

"Sure," Sabrina agreed. "I'll need to pick up some gifts for your parents, though. It wouldn't be right to show up empty-handed."

"Oh, they won't mind. Seeing you will make them happy."

"No, it wouldn't be polite."

Sabrina then stood up, a shopping center was just around the corner.

"I'll accompany you."

"No, you're too well-known. I'm at the center of a controversy. You could get dragged into it if you're seen with me."

Sabrina was unperturbed by the online remarks.

In the eyes of the public, she was merely a normal person. Once the news lost its relevance, most people would forget about it.

Galilea's followers might keep on criticizing her, though.

"How about this? You can take my car and I'll wait for you in the parking."

"Sounds good."

Sabrina then accompanied Bradley to the underground parking.

After getting into the car, Bradley drove to the parking garage of a nearby shopping mall. Sabrina pushed open the door and stepped out of the car.

"Don't overdo it with the shopping. They've got everything they need at home," Bradley advised.

Sabrina dismissed him with a wave. "I won't."

She selected two bottles of wine, a radiant pearl necklace, and some food.

Depositing them in the trunk, she dusted her hands, slid into

the passenger seat and declared, "Let's go."

The car navigated its way into the villa.

Sabrina and Bradley got out of the car, retrieving all the gifts from the trunk.

Upon entering, Bradley changed his shoes and called out, "Mom, Dad, guess who's here?"

"Who could it be?" Cathy, Bradley's mother, rose from the sofa and approached the door. Upon recognizing Sabrina behind Bradley, she exclaimed in surprise, "It's Sabrina! Please, come in. Why did you bring so much stuff? We've got everything we need here."

"Mrs. Morgan!"

"We're so happy to see you. Leave your things here, I'll have someone put them away later. Please, sit down." Cathy took Sabrina by the hand and guided her to a seat on the sofa.

"It's been a while since I last saw you. How have you and Mr. Morgan been recently?"

"We're doing just fine. Bradley is caught up with work and doesn't come home often. We really appreciate that you find the time to visit us every now and then."

"I'll make a point of visiting more often."

Bradley reclined in an armchair, watching the two women converse.

Cathy, now advanced in years, had little interest in surfing the internet.

However, as the mother of a famous star, she couldn't help but pay attention to the comments about her son on the Internet. When she came across praise for her son, she felt overjoyed. But when she encountered slander, it made her uncomfortable, and sometimes she would even engage in arguments with those individuals. However, she always ended up losing and being mocked.

She had read the news about Sabrina on the Internet.

Having been in the entertainment business for years through Bradley, Cathy understood the tendency of the media to fabricate stories.

She comforted Sabrina, assuring her not to let such things get to her.

Cathy pondered the long-standing relationship between Sabrina and Tyrone. If there was truly something going on between them, why would Galilea be caught in the middle of it all?

"Thank you, Mrs. Morgan. Don't worry. People can say whatever they want, but I will continue living my life. Their words won't have any influence on me."

"Good to hear. However, I still wonder why Tyrone hasn't dismissed these rumors. Won't they tarnish your image?"

Sabrina gazed down, mustering a smile. "The world already knows me as Tyrone's sister. Still, the gossip continues. Denying it won't make any difference. Erasing the posts after a while is the better approach."

Cathy agreed, believing this was indeed the best way if there was no truth to the gossip.

"You have a point. Tyrone is indeed too tied up to fuss over public opinion," Cathy said, nodding her head.

Recalling past rumors about Bradley, she knew the same strategy worked. The gossip would die naturally over time.

Suddenly, Bradley interjected, "Mom, didn't you buy a necklace for Sabrina?"

"Oh, yes, of course." Cathy remembered, fishing a necklace out of her drawer and handed it to Sabrina. "I got this for you when I was shopping. I hope you like it."

With a heartfelt smile, Sabrina accepted the necklace. "Thank you. I am truly grateful."

"It's nothing."

The rest of the evening was spent in laughter and conversation with Bradley and Sabrina.

As night fell, Sabrina joined the Morgan family for dinner.

After dinner, Sabrina bade goodbye to Bradley's parents.

Bradley offered to drop her home.

On the way, Sabrina requested, "Please drop me at Healthwell Hospital."

"Aren't you going home? Why the hospital?" Bradley asked and made an U-turn.

"Grandpa is unwell and in the hospital. I promised to visit him."

"Understood."

Bradley nodded, steering the car to the hospital.

Once they reached, Sabrina thanked Bradley and stepped out.

He quickly followed, clearing his throat. "I could accompany you upstairs. It would be only right to visit your ill grandfather."

His offer was kind and Sabrina saw no reason to refuse.

"Alright, but wear a mask. We don't want you getting recognized," she responded.

Delighted, Bradley donned his mask and followed her upstairs.

Once they reached the ward, Sabrina knocked and entered.

Cesar was lying in the bed while Wanda fed him.

"Grandpa, Grandma."

As Sabrina entered the room, she noticed another person sitting on the opposite side of the sofa, leaning against the backrest with his legs crossed. It was Tyrone.

When their eyes met, Sabrina's gaze turned cold, and she quickly averted her eyes.

Bradley, unaware of the tension between Sabrina and Tyrone, nodded at him. ☹️

"Sabrina, have you eaten?" Wanda asked, noticing Bradley. "Who's this?"

"This is my friend, Bradley. He drove me here."

Feeling an intense stare, she knew immediately who it was, even without turning around. ☹️