

Chapter 168 Into You

The building showcased the Gothic style. Its soaring sharp tower boasted clear lines, exuding a simple yet solemn aura. Magnificent round windows and pillars adorned the structure. Two figures stood on either side, adding to the grandeur of the scene.

Unburdening her of the shopping bags, Aylin gestured towards Sabrina and instructed, "Sabrina, you can take the photos for her."

Although a professional photographer herself, Aylin perceived Sabrina's lack of enthusiasm and wished to engage her more in their activities.

"Go ahead, Sabrina. Take a picture for me!" Before Sabrina could refuse, Bettie had already pressed the phone into her hand.

Sabrina had no option but to capture a few photos of Bettie.

"Wow!" Bettie's eyes sparkled as she reviewed the pictures. "Sabrina, you're talented!"

Aylin nodded appreciatively at the photos. "Sabrina, with skills like these, you should be our personal photographer throughout the trip!"

"What?" Sabrina furrowed her brows in confusion.

Bettie, enthusiastic about the idea, chimed in, "Yes, Aylin has a point! You will be our exclusive photographer! And you can't

refuse. If you don't wish to be photographed yourself, you can take photos for us! instead!"

"Alright," Sabrina agreed.

She reasoned with herself that diverting her attention to something else could be beneficial.

Their dinner took place in a dining establishment selected by Bettie based on positive online reviews, renowned for its delectable cuisine.

The restaurant was teeming with tourists like themselves, catered to by bilingual staff who could communicate in English.

After ordering an assortment of side dishes, they proceeded to collect the condiments.

Out of nowhere, Sabrina was bumped by a stranger.

As she turned around, she met the gaze of a young man whose face flushed with embarrassment. "Sorry. I'm so sorry. It was unintentional."

Upon following his gaze, Sabrina noticed that her attire was stained with sauce.

"Don't worry about it," Sabrina reassured him, returning to her seat to dab at the stain with a few tissues. The sauce left a visible brown mark on her pristine white jacket.

The young man, appearing hopeful, followed her back and asked, "Pardon me, miss. Are you a tourist here?"

Startled, Sabrina confirmed, "Yes."



"From abroad?"

"Yes."

"May I have your number? Let me know the cleaning costs for your jacket. If the stain persists, I'll compensate you."

"No, it's not necessary," Sabrina replied.

She led a frugal and practical life. The down jacket cost her over 3,000 dollars, but that was a small fraction of her salary.

The man appeared uncertain, but before he could respond, Bettie joined them with a dish of sauce in her hand. She nudged Sabrina and whispered, "Accept his request, Sabrina. He seems genuine, and maybe we could have a fun time hanging out."

Grinning, the young man gestured to a nearby table and said, "We just got here yesterday. We haven't toured much yet. And you?"

"We arrived this afternoon."

Bettie followed the young man's gesture and noticed two men sitting at the table, roughly the same age as the man in front of her.

"Are you guys students?" she queried, intrigued.

The young man smiled shyly and answered, "Yes, we are final year students. We are here on vacation as well. Do you have any plans? Maybe we can split car rental costs if our itineraries coincide. It could be cheaper and safer."

Bettie responded with a smile, "Perhaps. How about I give you my number?"

Observing Sabrina, the young man discerned she had no desire to become his friend, hence he decided to befriend Bettie first. "Sure."

He turned to Sabrina and said, "Miss, if the stain can't be washed clean, do not hesitate to reach out."

"Understood, she will," Bettie assured, speaking on behalf of Sabrina.

Once the man had departed, Bettie chided Sabrina, "Sabrina, don't be so cold!"

Sabrina, lifting her gaze, queried, "Did I come off as cold?"

"That man's sincerity was palpable, yet your face remained unmoved," Bettie retorted, her eyes wide in disbelief.

"I simply didn't see the need," Sabrina replied, slightly taken aback.

She had always been this way. Perhaps she had grown accustomed to working independently, as she wasn't an overly enthusiastic person.

She was often indifferent to many things and seldom showed interest in befriending people. Avoiding unnecessary social engagements was her preference.

She befriended Bettie and Aylin by chance because they happened to click with each other.

Tyrone was perhaps the only individual she had made an effort to maintain a connection with.

"During our trip, we can mingle and have a good time. It's not

as if they were becoming lifelong friends," Bettie reasoned.

Her words made sense.

"Are we obliged to socialize with them?" Sabrina asked.

"That depends on our schedule. Tourists often visit Violetness. Longer stays mean higher expenses. Being students, they might not linger in Oslo for long."

She glanced at her phone, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "I have his number."

"What? Do you like him?" Aylin teased.

Bettie gave her an eye-roll. "I think he might have a thing for Sabrina."

Caught off guard, Sabrina inquired, "What has that to do with me?"

"He initially intended to friend you! Did you not notice?"

"He just wished to reimburse the laundry cost." Sabrina was calm as ever.

"Don't you see the reason why he insisted on compensating you and having your number? I believe it's not just because he wanted to make up for things."

Aylin exclaimed, "I knew it! How could he accidentally bump into Sabrina? The aisle was wide enough. I suspect he did it on purpose. He was just trying to get Sabrina's number."

Sabrina thought they were reading too much into it. Just as she was about to voice her opinion, Bettie jumped in, "Sabrina, are you familiar with a saying? The fastest way to heal a

broken heart is to start a new love story. You're single, and someone seems interested. Isn't it perfect? Or are you still hung up on Tyrone?"

"No," Sabrina retorted quickly.

"Don't fight it, Sabrina. Just let things flow naturally. If we happen to travel together, and you two develop mutual feelings, wouldn't it be quite the romance?" Aylin suggested.

Sabrina was lost for words.

"His name is Trevor Faulkner," Bettie revealed, looking at her phone.

As Bettie had predicted, Trevor and his friends would leave for Violetness to witness the aurora the following day, while Sabrina and her friends planned to remain in Oslo for a bit longer.

"What a shame! Maybe we'll meet in Violetness," Trevor messaged.

"Enjoy yourselves," Bettie replied.

"Could I ask you for the name of the lady I bumped into? I'd like to apologize personally. Can I have her number?"

