

Chapter 187 Are You Worried

"Thank you. Neither of us wins." Sabrina set her fork down.

"I will go back, but I insist you accompany me to the airport." Suddenly, Tyrone proposed a condition.

Sabrina showed a hint of surprise. Could Tyrone let her go that easily?

"When shall we go?" After pondering for a moment, Sabrina consented.

"Tomorrow."

"Alright."

Tyrone selected a bottle of wine and poured a glass for Sabrina. "Try this. It's this restaurant's celebrated wine."

He then poured himself a glass.

Sabrina lifted the glass and toasted Tyrone. After taking a sip, she discovered the wine was delightfully sweet and flavorful.

"How do you find it?"

"It's delicious." She smacked her lips, enjoying another sip.

"Don't drink too much or you'll get drunk."

"Okay." Sabrina nodded. "On the day of our divorce, I planned to treat you to a meal. The day we married, you took me for a meal. I owe you this closure for a clean break. I didn't anticipate the unexpected event. Today, I can make amends. Starting tomorrow, you can resume work, and I'll carry on my journey. It's time for us to move forward."

As she spoke, she struggled to contain her tears.

She knew this was the right decision.

"Agreed."

Tyrone's faint smile concealed his sorrow.

Sabrina drank a few more glasses and appeared slightly drunk.

Feeling a twinge of dizziness, she set the glass aside, rubbing her forehead. "I must leave now."

As she stood, dizziness overcame her, and she hastily steadied herself with her hands on the table.

Tyrone immediately supported her. As he drew close, he inhaled the familiar scent of her hair. "I'll drive you back."

"No need."

"Worried I might try something?"

"Would you?" Sabrina's dizziness and a blush provoked her sudden inquiry.

Tyrone, momentarily stunned, remained silent.

Sabrina then exited, rubbing her head.

After settling the bill swiftly, Tyrone followed Sabrina and escorted her from the restaurant.

"Sabrina, you are drunk. Allow me to drive you."

Sabrina, aware of her incapacity to return to the hotel alone, conceded.

Tyrone guided her to the back seat.

He then started the car, glancing at Sabrina through the rearview mirror.

"If you feel tired, rest."

"Alright," Sabrina leaned back, replying in a lazy tone.

After the winter wine's warmth spread through her, she felt relaxed and snug.

Though initially lively, Sabrina grew drowsy as she gazed out the window. Her eyes closed, and sleep soon overtook her.

When Tyrone parked, Sabrina was already asleep.

He gently unbuckled her seatbelt, opened the back door, and leaned in.

Beneath the moonlight, he could only see Sabrina's lovely sleeping face.

Her lips were flushed, her faint smile suggesting a joyful dream.

If only she could always be his.

Tyrone delicately brushed Sabrina's lips with his finger, silently admiring her for a lingering moment. He then carefully lifted her from the car and carried her into the hotel.

After gently placing Sabrina on the bed, Tyrone knelt to remove her boots and socks, revealing her soft, pale feet. Her rounded, adorable toes tempted him to pinch them before he tucked her in.

He helped her in removing her down jacket and wiped her face and makeup with warm water.

Suddenly, the hotel room door flew open, and Bettie's astonished voice rang out. "Tyrone? What are you doing here? Why?"

She rushed over and interrogated, "What have you done to Sabrina?"

Bettie had overheard the door opening from next room, expecting Sabrina's return. Coming over to inquire about Sabrina's situation with Damon, she was shocked to find Tyrone instead.

Tyrone met her gaze impassively. "Shush."

He continued to tenderly wipe Sabrina's face.

Bettie suddenly realized Tyrone was removing Sabrina's makeup.

"What's wrong with Sabrina? Did you drug her?" Bettie asked, her voice filled with serious concern.

Tyrone looked up at her, his face somber and terrifying. A shiver of fear ran through Bettie.

The man's presence was so overpowering she could hardly bear it.

But she couldn't back down. Not when her best friend was involved.

Gathering her courage, she warned him, "I'll have you know, Sabrina has divorced you. If you harm her in any way, I won't let you off the hook."

Tyrone's face softened slightly at her words.

Though she often annoyed him by pushing Sabrina to find a new man, he knew that Bettie truly cared for her.

For Sabrina's sake, he would let Bettie be, at least for now.

"Sabrina had some wine and fell asleep," Tyrone explained.

Bettie's surprise was evident, but she let out a sigh of relief.

Tyrone placed the towel in the basin and headed for the bathroom.

As he did, Bettie went to Sabrina's bedside, touching her forehead to check her breath. She looked to the bathroom, still on guard.

When Tyrone emerged, empty-handed, she immediately demanded, "Wasn't Sabrina supposed to have dinner with Damon tonight? Why are you here?"

Tyrone ignored her question, moving towards the door. "Take good care of her."

"Hey..."

He stopped, turning his head slightly to look at Bettie with an indifferent expression. "Don't show Sabrina those photos on your phone again!"

"It's not your concern!"

"Choose. Do you want someone to hack your phone or have it smashed?"

"Well..."

Bettie fell silent.

She decided not to show Sabrina the photos. Her phone was too precious to risk, and besides, it would be a shame if her carefully collected photos were compromised.

There were other things on her phone that, if exposed, could ruin her.

After Tyrone had gone, Bettie returned to her room, satisfied that Sabrina was okay.

The next morning, Sabrina awoke to find a note from Bettie. "Bestie, please tell me why you were with Tyrone last night."

Then Sabrina messaged Bettie. "Bettie, I'll take Tyrone to the airport first. I'll fill you in on the details when I return."

"You'd better explain clearly!" Bettie replied quickly.

As Sabrina was washing her face and brushing her teeth, a message from Tyrone arrived. "Are you awake? I've purchased the air ticket. We'll have breakfast at the airport, and I'll come pick you up."

Along with his message, Tyrone sent a screenshot of the air ticket, bearing his information, to assure Sabrina of his sincerity.

"Be here in ten minutes."

Ten minutes later, precisely on time, Tyrone knocked on Sabrina's door. He was impeccably dressed, standing at the door in a short grey suit, black dress pants, and handmade leather shoes. A black suitcase stood beside him.

"Let's go." Sabrina grabbed her bag and closed the door behind her.

Upon their arrival at the airport, they found a restaurant and ordered breakfast for two.

After they finished eating, Tyrone handled the check-in formalities and led the way to the gate of the waiting hall. Sabrina halted at the gate, saying, "This is where I leave you."

"Well, I'm not going in. I'm talking to you," Tyrone replied casually, eyeing Sabrina. "What will you do after leaving Norwen? Will you return or continue to travel?"

He then reassured her, "Don't worry. If I wanted to follow you, I could easily obtain your schedule."

"Our destination is Austrain. We'll be back by Christmas."

"Austrain sounds great. The Austrain Opera House, Reef Island, Penguin Rock, Kangaroo Island... It's a wonderful time to travel there. By the way, Sabrina, why don't you visit Philade? Didn't you study there for a year? Why not go there?"

Sabrina was an exchange student at the University of Penns, situated in Philade.

After a brief pause, Sabrina recalled Philade's location.

After some thought, she shook her head gently. "Philade doesn't leave a strong impression on me."

