

Chapter 184 I Want To Be Your Girlfriend

Sabrina didn't go to Oslo that day, and she had informed her friends that Damon had returned her wallet.

Bettie, with a touch and an ambiguous smile, said to Sabrina, "You really don't want us to accompany you?"

"I can manage on my own," Sabrina replied, smiling.

Though she could have included Bettie and Aylin to show her gratitude towards Damon, she decided to go alone.

Bettie, misreading the situation, assumed Sabrina harbored feelings for Damon. She playfully patted Sabrina's shoulder and winked. "Alright, go on, you can win him over tonight!"

Aylin also thought Sabrina liked Damon and chimed in with concern, "Sabrina, be cautious. After all, we know nothing about Damon, and we're not sure who he is."

"I understand your worry, but it's not what you think," Sabrina reassured, feeling a strange curiosity about Damon and wanting to investigate further.

Bettie, pretending to be wise, added, "You don't need to explain yourself. We all understand..."

Sabrina was left without words.

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As Damon mentioned, he reserved the second-to-last private room.

Upon arrival, Sabrina found Damon waiting.

Pulling the curtain aside, she entered, and Damon greeted her with a smile. "You're here. Please, take a seat. Did you catch a glimpse of the whales?"

Setting her bag aside, Sabrina sat opposite him and replied, "I did. I was fortunate to witness the whales leap from the water today. Such a breathtaking sight! Would you like to see the photos and videos?"

"Perhaps later," Damon suggested, handing Sabrina the menu. "You can order now. I've selected some dishes already. Feel free to browse."

"Alright." Sabrina's eyes twinkled as she perused the menu, a smile playing on her lips. "Wow! We have the same taste. What a coincidence!"

Even through the screen, Damon sensed a change in mood in the next room, sending a chill down his spine.

Feigning innocence, Damon remarked casually, "Meeting in a foreign land must be destiny."

"You could be right," Sabrina agreed, adding a few more dishes and handing the menu to the waiter.

Damon then poured a glass of water for Sabrina, placing it before her.

"Thank you." She smiled, then inquired, "Damon, how old are you?"

"Me? I'm thirty."

"Are you married?" Sabrina asked, taking a sip of her water.

"No."

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

Damon's eyebrows shot up in surprise at Sabrina's question. "No."

He had jokingly told Tyrone that Sabrina might have feelings for him, but he never truly believed it.

Now, her inviting him to dinner and asking these questions left him bewildered.

Sabrina seemed equally confused. "You're so handsome and wealthy. Hasn't anyone pursued you? Or is there someone you're interested in?"

Just then, a knock sounded from the next room. Sabrina glanced behind Damon but saw nothing due to the screen.

She hadn't heard any noise from that room before, assuming it had been unoccupied.

Damon noticed that the person in the neighboring room appeared even more disheartened.

He grinned and said, "No, I don't wish to hold anyone back."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I value freedom. Stability in work or housing isn't for me. I want to live life on my terms. To some, it might seem like I'm aimlessly wandering, accomplishing nothing. I know I won't change, so I better avoid relationships altogether," Damon explained lazily, a wild gleam in his eye.

With her elbows propped on the table and chin resting on her hands, Sabrina gazed at Damon with admiration. "Honestly, I admire people like you!"

Crack.

A sudden sound from the next room interrupted them.

Sabrina seemed unfazed, sighing as she continued, "My family makes me cautious and constrained. I envy your freedom to do as you please. You don't worry about what others think and have the bravery to leave when you wish. I could never give up everything as you have."

After a sip of water, she added, "And you have a strong sense of justice. You helped me recover my wallet and don't want to hold other girls back. Not all good-looking men think as you do."

"I'm flattered, really. You're giving me too much credit," Damon replied, his expression stiffening at the intensity of Sabrina's gaze.

Did she truly like him? That seemed impossible.

A chill ran down his spine.

"I'm telling the truth," she assured him, but Damon was at a loss for words.

Luckily, the waiter arrived with their food, relieving his tension.

After placing the plates on the table, Damon urged Sabrina, "Enough talk. Let's eat."

"Okay," Sabrina agreed. "Why did you choose this restaurant? You even booked a private room."

Caught off guard, Damon hesitated, but Sabrina's raised eyebrows prompted him. "Afraid of disturbances?"

Damon found himself speechless.

Her remark made it sound like they were on a date, a thought that felt bizarre.

All of a sudden, a harsh squeak emanated from the next room, akin to the sound of a knife and fork scraping against a plate while cutting into a steak. It was quite a grating noise to listen to.

Damon could almost visualize Tyrone's grimace.

He hadn't anticipated this.

Sabrina let out a sigh. "Listen... When I first joined the Blakely family, the breakfast tasted unfamiliar. I wasn't happy. I was afraid I wouldn't adapt. I feared people would mock me. Later, I even watched how others ate, pretending to be knowledgeable..."

The next room fell silent.

"Despite being adopted by the Blakely family, I never really fit into their class. I prefer to hang out with people like you, ordinary yet special. With you, I don't have to be fearful. I can be just be myself."

While they were eating, Damon managed a forced smile and admitted, "I'm not very observant. I don't really understand what you're saying..."

Sabrina fixed her gaze on Damon, blinking seriously, and inquired, "What do you think of me?"

Damon's face momentarily tightened, and he feigned ignorance. "You are quite beautiful," he replied, thinking that any more might earn Tyrone's wrath.

"That's not my question. I want to be your girlfriend. What do you think? Will you agree?" Sabrina asked, tilting her head and bestowing a smile upon Damon.

