

## Chapter 188 What Makes You Think Tyrone Is Sweet

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"What? Why?" Tyrone's eyes darkened.

Logically speaking, Sabrina had been there for a year. No matter what kind of impression she had, it should be very deep.

Rubbing her forehead, Sabrina continued, "Before I returned from abroad, I was in a car accident and lost many memories."

It turned out that her amnesia was due to the car accident.

But Tyrone was still confused. What happened to the child?

Did she perish in the car accident? Or had someone taken her away?

"How did the accident happen? Were you seriously injured?"

"I can't recall clearly. I had a head injury, and when I woke up, much of it was a blur," Sabrina recounted with lifeless eyes.

She tried to reconstruct the memories. But the more she tried, the hazier they became. Eventually, she gave up.

Tyrone frowned in thought.

Sabrina hadn't mentioned the child at all. It appeared she didn't know about the child's existence.

Furthermore, the car accident seemed suspicious, almost as if it had been orchestrated to obstruct any attempts at an investigation.

Did someone take the child while Sabrina was unconscious? Or was she taken from Sabrina before the accident happened?

Tyrone furrowed his brows as he contemplated, then inquired, "So, you told our grandparents that you were going to stay longer to go to a summer camp and come back later so they wouldn't worry about you?"

Sabrina informed Cesar and Wanda over the phone that she was attending a summer camp. The summer break was nearly over, and then she returned from abroad.

Tyrone vaguely remembered his grandfather mentioning something about it back then. Though he didn't take much notice because he didn't care about her back then.

At the mention of Cesar and Wanda, Sabrina's gaze darkened. She nodded and admitted, "Yes, I was afraid they'd be concerned."

Tyrone felt a pang of sympathy for her.

He longed to touch Sabrina's face, and his hand moved instinctively. But he quickly changed his movement and gently touched her shoulder.

She had been alone in a foreign hospital, grappling with memory loss. The pain she had endured in silence was unfathomable.

He recalled her mentioning how she had tried to integrate into his family.

Perhaps they didn't seem like major issues, but those incidents occurred repeatedly, and Sabrina endured them.

He blamed himself for realizing this too late.

Almost ten years had elapsed since she became part of the Blakely family at sixteen.

She had transformed from a naive girl to an elegant young woman.

He could have been more engaged in her life during her formative years. He could have witnessed her transformation into a lovely young woman. However, he allowed that opportunity to slip through his fingers.

The unnoticed jasmine in the corner had started to open its delicate blossoms. Yet Tyrone had remained oblivious to its presence.

Tyrone didn't care about Sabrina in the past.

Even as the jasmine bloomed fully, he remained indifferent to her presence, unaffected by the unfolding beauty.

And when he finally noticed, she was no longer willing to bloom for him.

Sabrina sighed softly. "It's nearly time to board. You should hurry."

Tyrone checked his watch, reluctant to leave Sabrina's side. "Shall I go then?"

"Okay," Sabrina nodded.

Tyrone hesitated, asking again, "Are you sure I should go?"

"Okay," Sabrina affirmed.

"So, I'm really leaving?"

Exasperated, Sabrina gently pushed him away. "Just go. You'll miss your flight."

Tyrone glanced at Sabrina before proceeding to the departure gate. Once there, he stopped and turned to look back at her.

"Go! Have a safe journey!" Sabrina said, urging him to leave.

Even though she was smiling, she wanted him to go already.

Tyrone stood and gave Sabrina a small wave.

Once Tyrone had passed through the doors and was no longer visible, Sabrina turned and left.

As Sabrina thought about the scene where Tyrone was reluctant to leave and wore a sad expression, she smiled gently.

He reminded her of a child standing at the school gate and saying goodbye to his parents. He was reluctant to go, but he could do nothing about it.

It was a side of Tyrone she had never seen before, and she found it endearing.

But almost instantly, a dawning realization replaced the smile.

What was she thinking?

How could she think that Tyrone was sweet? 

It had to be a facade. Tyrone was undoubtedly putting on an act, just as he had done throughout their three-year marriage.

Sabrina felt almost bewitched by his false tenderness once again.

She scolded herself for her lack of caution.

Returning to the hotel by bus, Sabrina was eager to share all the events with Bettie and Aylin.

As soon as Bettie saw Sabrina, her face lit up with excitement and curiosity. She rushed over to Sabrina, her body practically quivering with anticipation. "Tell me everything! What happened last night? Weren't you supposed to meet Damon? What happened? What's going on with Tyrone?"

Sabrina began from the start. "Damon's friend is Tyrone."

Bettie and Aylin looked at each other, their mouths gaping. It all seemed to make sense now.

Bettie shook her head and cursed, "Damn! Tyrone is so sly! He's been playing us for fools! No matter where we were, we ended up running into Damon. They must've been following us the whole time!"

Then her brow furrowed with concern. "Sabrina, did Tyrone bully you when you met him yesterday?"

Bully?

A tinge of pink flushed Sabrina's cheeks as she recalled Tyrone's words. "I've touched every part of your body."

However, she quickly snapped out of her thoughts and responded to Bettie's questions. "No. I made it clear to him, and he boarded a flight back this morning. He won't be following us anymore."

"I hope he keeps his word! It's a pity, though. I thought you actually liked Damon," Bettie mumbled.

Following their itinerary, they returned the rental car, embarked on a cruise ship to Walse, and then rented a car for self-touring from Walse to Roveld.

On the sixth day, they reached Peterburg.

Once they returned from Peterburg, their journey concluded.

Before Aylin departed from their group, they discovered a charming restaurant for a delightful meal. They shared laughter and stories while indulging in the food. Afterward, they took out their phones to capture the moment, posing for a group shot to commemorate their time together.

The following day, they packed and headed to the airport.

After saying their goodbyes, Aylin boarded a flight to return home. Sabrina and Bettie proceeded with their journey, embarking on a 30-hour flight from Silvermage to Austrain.

Aylin's flight was two hours earlier than Sabrina and Bettie's. So the girls walked her to the terminal to see her off. Before Aylin left, they all promised to catch up once they returned from their trip.

After checking in, Sabrina and Bettie took the shuttle bus to the plane.

They were seated in economy class next to each other. Sabrina specifically chose the window seat.

As Sabrina and Bettie made their way down the narrow aisle, Sabrina located her seat number.

An elegant young woman occupied Sabrina's assigned seat. She was dressed in lavish attire from head to toe—from an exquisite hat and opulent mink coat to the jewelry and watch. They were all from prestigious luxury brands. Even her sunglasses hailed from the latest

designer label.

Sabrina double-checked her seat number to confirm it was hers, then politely addressed the woman. "Excuse me, miss. You're sitting in my spot."



## Chapter 189 Such An Excellent Man

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The woman inclined her head, lifting her hand to remove her sunglasses. "I know this is your seat. My seat is next to the aisle. I don't wish to sit here. Shall we switch? Name your price."

Sabrina arched her eyebrows, responding, "Sorry, but I'm not interested in switching seats."

The woman eyed Sabrina's bag and smiled scornfully. "Your bag is hardly worth fifty thousand dollars. How about I give you that amount? The seats are priced the same, so you'd get fifty thousand dollars for nothing."

Sabrina shook her bag in response, countering, "My bag cost just eight hundred dollars. I've already told you; I'm not switching my seat."

A look of disdain crossed the woman's face.

She had met many such individuals before, who had worked hard and saved for years for a bit of travel, taking glamorous photos to pretend they possessed wealth and beauty.

"So what will it take? Ten thousand?"

"I wouldn't switch for any amount!" Sabrina declared firmly.

The woman's expression hardened, her eyes darkening. "This is your last chance. Are you really going to pass up ten thousand dollars?"

"She said no. Can't you understand? Continue this, and I'll call the flight attendant!" Bettie yelled at the woman, then turned to Sabrina, complaining, "Can you believe her? Dressing all elegantly but behaving so rudely."

The woman shot an angry glance at Bettie, snapping, "Who are you referring to? Who do you think is rude? It's you who lacks manners!"

Unfazed, Bettie placed her hands on her hips, boldly retorting, "I'm talking about you! You claim to be rich? Why are you in economy, then? Why not first class? Economy isn't for rich people like you!"

"I am rich. You'll never earn as much as me. Jealous? If my friend hadn't made a mistake, do you think I'd be stuck here? I was trying to be kind. If you refuse, so be it!" the woman spat, storming off to seek an upgrade.

Sabrina and Bettie settled into their seats.

"What a shameless person!" Bettie huffed.

"Just let her be. At least she's gone, and we have more room," Sabrina said, dismissing the matter.

After being upgraded, the woman's anger still simmered. She stood in the passage with a dark expression, telling a man, "Move."

He didn't budge, looking up at her impassively.

Only then did she notice his face, and her breath caught.

It was her first time seeing a man so handsome!

His eyebrows were flawless, his eyes held depth, and his nose was both tall and straight. He seemed like a blend of different qualities.

She adored his nose, his lips, his chin, and every inch of him.

Quickly composing herself, she put on a gentle smile, blinking. "I'm sorry. Nice to meet you. Could you let me through?"

The man cleared a path for her, stepping aside.

She moved ahead of him and took a seat.

As she approached, he extended his long legs once more.

Initially, she had found his lengthy legs an obstacle, but now they seemed to be an asset to the man.



Sneaking a peek at him, she estimated his height to be at least six feet ten inches.

Once she was seated, he resumed reading his magazine.

Out of the corner of her eye, she studied his hand. His fingers were slender and elongated, with distinct joints, and the blue veins were visible on the back of his hand.

Though her expression remained composed, excitement stirred within her. His hands were flawless!

It had been a while since she'd encountered a man so captivating.

If she let him slip away, she knew she'd regret it!

As the plane reached stability in the sky, she couldn't help but continue to watch him.

The woman inadvertently brushed the man's arm with her elbow as it rested on the armrest, and swiftly apologized, "I'm sorry."

"Okay," he responded in a low, resonant voice.

His voice thrilled her with its charm, and she eagerly pressed on, "Where are you headed?"

"Linbourne, Austrain," Tyrone answered, flipping through a magazine, seeming indifferent to her presence.

He knew that Sabrina was on this plane, though she was unaware of his presence.

In fact, he didn't get on the plane after she left.

Sabrina didn't personally witness him boarding the plane.

Damon's return had allowed Tyrone to keep his whereabouts hidden, especially while alone with Sabrina.

The woman exclaimed with surprise, "I'm also going to Linbourne!"

Tyrone continued reading, seemingly deaf to her words.

She tried again, "I'm sorry. May I know which country you come from?"

Tyrone was uninterested in conversation and said in a detached tone, "Please don't disturb my reading."

"Okay, okay... You can read," the woman conceded, watching Tyrone with admiration growing in her eyes.

Most men were drawn to her, like annoying flies, if she simply spoke to them.

The man before her was refreshingly different. He was not swayed by her beauty or wealth. He stood out among others.

She wished to know more about this intriguing man, but her hopes dimmed, and disappointment flashed in her eyes.

After a nearly thirty-hour flight, the plane landed in Linbourne.

Tyrone, situated in first class, got off the plane before Sabrina. He boarded the initial shuttle bus to the terminal to retrieve his luggage.

Spotting his own black suitcase, Tyrone hurriedly departed. He worried that if he moved any slower, Sabrina might catch sight of him.

"Hi!" The woman caught up with him, wheeling her suitcase beside his. "Have you booked a hotel? If not, we can go together."

"Sorry, I've already booked," Tyrone replied, his expression unchanged.

"Which hotel? I'm unfamiliar with this place. Can I accompany you?" she persisted.

Tyrone stopped, looked at her sternly, making her shrink back, unable to meet his penetrating gaze.

"No. Please don't follow me anymore."

She wanted to protest, but his eyes silenced her.

Tyrone walked away, leaving her standing, sighing, and wishing for another chance encounter.

Outside, the sun shone brightly.

Sabrina spread her arms, letting the rays warm her chilled body.

She and Bettie headed to the airport to retrieve their bags.

"Humph!" The woman haughtily raised her chin and snorted as she passed Sabrina and Bettie.

Bettie rolled her eyes. "Why is she so arrogant?"

The two gathered their luggage and headed to their hotel, exhaustion overtaking them. Once checked in, they promptly fell asleep in their respective rooms.

