

Chapter 196 It's A Waste

"I really appreciate it, But let's do this together," Sabrina said.

She removed her sandals, settled on the beach, and rinsed her hands with water before starting to skewer a combination of meat and seafood.

Nearby, the tour guide was busy preparing various ingredients like slices of bread, lettuce, pork belly sausage, and more. They had purchased the seafood in a nearby town, primarily consisting of fish, shrimp, and scallops, ideal for grilling.

The pork belly was already sliced into small pieces, and the task of threading it onto strings, along with the seafood, was left to them.

On the beach, the gentle sea breeze mixed with laughter and conversation as unfamiliar travelers prepared the barbecue together. It was a memorable experience.

Amid the chatter, the young man introduced himself as Raul Walker, and his friend's name was Lorenzo Blake.

Stringing together all the pork belly and seafood was time-consuming. Realizing this, Raul proposed, "This is taking quite a while. What if we grill them as we skewer the food?"

"That sounds great," Bettie agreed with a nod.

"Alright then, you girls handle the stringing, and I'll take care of the cooking. Feel free to string whatever you like, and I'll roast it for you," Raul offered, smiling and revealing his neat, white teeth.

Bettie eagerly took up the task. She had a fondness for crayfish, so she prepared a plate full and handed it to Raul, instructing, "Raul, I love crayfish. Make sure to roast plenty for me."

"Certainly! And what about you, Sabrina? Anything you like to eat?" Raul asked, turning to her.

"Anything will do," Sabrina replied.

"Then I'll cook a bit of everything."

Soon, the grill was sizzling, and the air was filled with the delicious aroma of cooking food.

As the skewers were ready one by one, Raul arranged them on a clean plate, presenting it to Sabrina and Bettie. "I've placed all the skewers here. Please help yourselves."

"Thank you. You've gone through a lot of trouble."

Raul chuckled, dismissing the effort. "No trouble at all. It's an honor to cook for two lovely ladies."

Bettie and Sabrina exchanged knowing glances before tucking into a string of pork belly.

While the crayfish needed more time to cook, Sabrina opted for grilled sausage first, continuing to string pork belly and enjoying it as she worked.

Observing Raul's constant attention to the grill and the sweat on his brow, she called out, "Raul, don't just focus on grilling. Eat something as well. Take your time."

A flicker of surprise crossed Raul's eyes. "Appreciate your concern. I've got this."

"Okay, let's stop skewering for now. This should be enough. If we need more, we can always make them later," Bettie decided, wiping her hands and eagerly reaching for a skewer of crayfish.

Sabrina also paused, selecting a skewer of toasted bread and pork belly seasoned with cumin. She savored the flavor, all the while taking in the breathtaking view of the surging sea where someone was enjoying a

surf.

After a while, noticing that Sabrina and Bettie hadn't touched much of the food, Raul offered to help further. "Would you like some coffee? I can run to the nearby town to buy some."

Sabrina glanced at the town but declined with a smile. "Why bother? We have drinks in the car."

"In that case, let me fetch them," Raul said, dashing back to the car and returning with several bottled beverages. "Which one would you like?"

"Thank you. Anything is fine," Sabrina replied, taking a bottle at random.


"I prefer soda," Bettie chimed in, selecting a bottle of soda from Raul's hands and smiling at him. "Raul, you must be quite popular at school. You're really considerate."

Raul's response was a bashful scratch of his head.


At two o'clock, the guide called for them to pack up and get ready to leave.

Back on the bus, Bettie leaned in to whisper to Sabrina, "You're not interested in Trevor. What about Raul?"

Sabrina shot Bettie a contemptuous look, retorting, "What's on your mind all day, anyway?"

"No way! Raul must have a crush on you too, Sabrina. Check it out. Your luck's turning up after the divorce!" Bettie exclaimed. 

Sabrina sighed in relief, responding, "Whoever it might be, I'm not planning on anything like that at the moment."

"Fine then." Bettie sighed again, a note of disappointment in her voice. "What a waste." 

"You think it's a waste? Why don't you take a chance?"

"I'd love to, but he doesn't seem to have any interest in me."

"What if you're wrong?"

"That's unlikely. He treats us all the same, but he stares at you whenever he speaks."

Sabrina had no words to reply to that.


"Speaking of which, have you been in touch with Trevor lately?" Bettie inquired.

"Not really."

Trevor often reached out to her, but she seldom responded. He was also from Mathias, and they might have reconnected in the future. Otherwise, she'd just cut him off entirely.

"Look up there! A helicopter in the sky!" a tourist suddenly exclaimed.

Everyone's gaze shifted to the windows, where they indeed saw a helicopter flying at a moderate altitude not too far away.

The tour guide reassured them, saying, "Don't be envious. Once we reach Princiton-Peterborough Road, you too can take a helicopter tour of the Twelve Angels Stones." 

The Twelve Angels Stones was a highlight of the Great Ocean Road and of Byville, famous for its helicopter tours.

They reached Moorwald Bay just before sunset, with plans to camp for the night.

The guide distributed tents and instructions.

Bettie and Sabrina set up theirs together. Raul offered assistance, but Sabrina declined, saying, "It's fine. We can handle it ourselves."

Raul's smile turned awkward, and he felt a palpable distance from Sabrina.

Once camp was set up, the tourists had time to explore.

Sabrina and Bettie wandered to the nearby woods and the Cape

Autoway Lightstation.

On the top of a blue coastal hill, a white lighthouse stood proudly amidst a lush, green meadow. White railings flanked the path leading to the lighthouse, immaculately maintained, almost like a pathway to heaven.

They climbed to the top of the lighthouse, overlooking an endless sea surrounded by magnificent Byville landscapes.

They lingered to watch the sunset, the golden light playing over the waves and seagulls, a sight beyond mere words.

No words could truly capture the essence of this natural wonder. Only a photograph could come close to preserving its magnificence.

As Sabrina was snapping pictures, she was startled by the sound of a camera shutter.

Turning, she found Raul retracting his phone, taking a few steps towards her to show her a captured image. "You are so beautiful. Every photo of you is stunning."

Sabrina glanced at the photo and simply said, "Delete it."

Raul's face showed surprise. "Shall I send the photo to you?"

"No, thank you," she refused, unwilling to waste her time and energy on trivial matters.

Raul watched Sabrina's retreating back, a flicker of annoyance in his eyes.

Time was running out. If he failed to obtain Sabrina's contact within the next two days, he wouldn't have another opportunity.

He had to act, and act quickly.

The following day's itinerary consisted of bus travel and group tours, leaving no room for personal adventure.

Tonight was the only chance.

A beach bonfire awaited them that evening, and he had spotted a box of beer on the bus. A plan began to form in his mind.

Nobody would be able to decipher the acts that alcohol might provoke. Tyrone had betrayed Sabrina, perhaps leaving her longing for sex. If Raul made his move, maybe he could satisfy her hidden desires.

